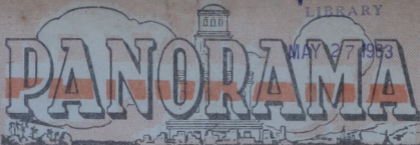


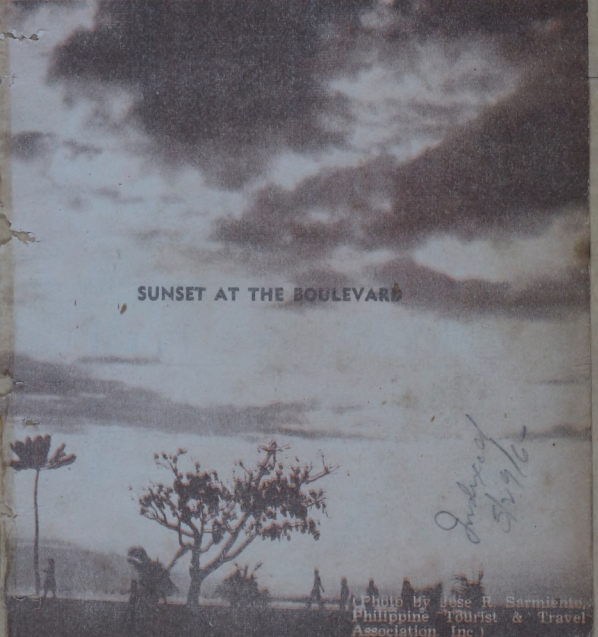
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PANORAMA



THE PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE OF GOOD READING



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THE PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE OF GOOD READING

Vol. XV

MANILA, PHILIPPINES

NO. 4

WHY LEGALIZE GAMBLING?

The move to make gambling legal in the Philippines raises several questions not the least among which are those concerning the Filipino moral fiber. While it may be justifiably denied that Filipinos are inherently gamblers, such a move seems to underscore a weakness in the national character. For one thing, the bill would be consistent with what has been observed as a lack of patience and strong will among our people to rid themselves of unhealthy and wasteful activities. For another, it encourages distaste for hard productive work.

At a time when the country is in need of workers who can really devote their talents and energies to the task of accelerating national growth, a law which virtually sanctions laziness is oddly out of place. In effect, it would convert what to some is still merely an activity to be indulged in during their leisure hours into a full-time livelihood. Besides eventually making them shirk clean, healthy work for endless sessions at gambling houses, the gambling law would consequently channel much of the nation's needed manpower into activities which have little to do — or to add — to national progress.

Finally, this question may be asked: what do we really want to do with ourselves? If instead of investing in new and necessary industries, cooperating with governmental programs for national development and otherwise working for a better life for ourselves and succeeding generations, we construct, under the protective aegis of the law, mammoth gambling houses and later spend time and money in these places, then we deserve the kind of life we are living now.

- "I feel that the human race may well become extinct before the end of the present century".

QUOTING BERTRAND RUSSELL

"He is all flame and no ash," observed a reporter after a talk with Bertrand Russell. "He has a brain that burns when you come near it."

This was the same feeling expressed by an editor of the American magazine *Playboy* when he interviewed Lord Russell on his last birthday, the 90th, in his secluded home in the mountains of North Wales:

The venerable philosopher who played a decisive role as an intermediary between East and West in the recent Cuban crisis had a lot to say on a lot of subjects. Hereunder are some of the more pertinent, and compelling quotes:

Risk of war: Speaking as a mathematician, I should say that the odds are about three to one against survival. The risk of war by accident — an unintended war triggered by an explosive situation such as that in Cuba

— remains and indeed grows greater all the time. x x
Just as it is a wicked thing for one man to murder another, it is 10 times as wicked to murder 10 others, and 1,000,000 times more wicked to be responsible for the death of 1,000,000 men. x x x
Today we face the prospect of total obliteration in a single day. If mankind is to survive at all, intelligent people must learn to think and act in a less provocative manner than in former times. x x x
The essential thing to understand is that no conceivable solution to any problem is worse than a nuclear war. It is necessary to realize before it is too late that any act — whatever its motive or rationale — is to be considered wicked if the consequence is an atomic holocaust. x x x
What is most likely in Berlin or elsewhere (Cuba) is simply war by misinterpretation. You may get a meteor on a radar screen,

and someone will press the button. There is no time to consider. It could so easily happen, in a day, in a moment.

Price of war: I could give (you) a *minimum* estimate (of destructive consequences of a disastrous "misinterpretation"). I believe you must generally estimate that, at the very least, the price of nuclear war would be that half the population of both America and Russia, plus the whole of the population of Western Europe and Britain, would be wiped out.

Cuba and Berlin: I believe that if a blockade is defensible when applied to Cuba, then the precedent can be applied also to Berlin and even to Britain, which is an advanced American nuclear base. America should remember the War in 1812 when the United States would not tolerate a British blockade. This is the very heart of what I have been saying for years: If nuclear bases are intolerable in Cuba, then they are intolerable anywhere in the world. Nuclear bases threaten the survival of mankind and the Cuban crisis has

shown us how very close we are to annihilation.

Disarmament: Fear is very much a part of the incentive for armaments. If the fear were removed, each side would be more reasonable. I think that if the West were to voluntarily divest itself of nuclear weapons as a token of its peaceful intentions — this would greatly impress the Russians. They would then feel that they had nothing to fear and that they could enormously reduce their own expenditure on armaments. One side says that America is to blame for the stalemate (in disarmament talks) and the other says Russia is responsible . . . That has been the excuse for not reaching agreement. But I think the true explanation lies deeper than that. Neither side *wants* agreements and they have something plausible to disagree about. On both sides (are) people with interest in armaments and all the apparatus of preparation for war.

Civil defense: I am opposed to civil defense preparations. They are diabolical inventions calculated to tell lies and to deceive. Everyone who knows anything knows

that. People may think themselves safe in their deep shelters — but they will roast. Governments must be made to give up the habit of lying in order to persuade people to die quietly.

Russia or America? — I would strongly recommend an agreement on both sides not to teach that the other side is wicked. For Americans, communism is the Devil; for the Russians, capitalism is the Devil. The truth is that neither is wickeder than the other. They are both wicked. x x x They are *both* abominable systems. I am inclined to prefer the American systems, but only because it is more allied with what I am used to. But if I had been born in Russia, probably I should prefer the Russian system. x x x The Americans will tell you they stand for freedom: What they mean is that you must be quite willing to perish in order to be free in hell. In Russia, they punish you if you espouse capitalism; in America they punish you if you espouse communism. What is the difference?

And the UN? The only important matter is to find

some way of compromise between them (US and USSR) which will avoid war. x x x It can't be done through the UN as it is now, because the UN does not embrace China. Its exclusion is a colossal stupidity. The veto is also an absurdity.

World government: Neither of these conflicting interests will be arbitrated equitably and amicably until we have a truly representative and authoritative world government. In the absence of one, it will be a tug-of-war, a question of who is stronger.

Foreign aid: It would be better if such aid were given cooperatively by both sides, but I don't think that this is practical politics at the moment. In either case it should be given not on cold war grounds, but simply because these people need help.

Appeal to the two K's: You seem anxious to destroy the world, to create vast misery and total destruction. All this preparation for war is childish — and suicidal. If you only begin to tolerate each other, you would be perfectly happy.

Faith in man: It would not be difficult to build a peace-

ful world if people really wanted it. It is certainly worthwhile to live and act and do what one can to bring it about x x x I have lived in pursuit of a vision, both personal and social: personal, to care for what is noble, for what is beautiful, for what is gentle, to allow moments of insight to impart wisdom in

mundane times; social, to envision in imagination an attainable society in which the individual can grow freely, in which hate and greed and envy will die because there is nothing to nourish them. These things I still believe. So you can see that the world for all its horrors, has left me unshaken.

Not Really?

In the case of the Philippines, we recall that only a few years after their annexation, Theodore Roosevelt was already disillusioned, was already repenting his initiative and wishing we could be rid of them. Finally, let us remember, in the thirties we decided to set them free, and we recently did so, **but not really primarily for their sake** — not primarily because we were sorry for them or thought them prepared for freedom and felt that we had an obligation to concede it to them — but rather because we found them a minor inconvenience to ourselves; because the economic intimacy that their existence under our flag implied prove uncomfortable to powerful private interests in this country; because, in other words, we were not ourselves prepared to endure for long even those rudimentary sacrifices implied in the term “the white man’s burden.” — George Kennan in *American Diplomacy*.

- Former enemy is inclined to the establishment of a working economic bloc, an Asian Common Market.

JAPAN'S TRADE WITH THE SOVIET UNION AND RED CHINA

Year in and year out over the past decade, Japan has been second only to Canada as the United States' biggest world customer, and every year, with the exception of 1959, the balance of trade has favored the US by about £200 million annually — in 1961, by nearly £300 million. The same year US imports from Japan reached a record \$1,126,527,000. Thus while Japan is naturally striving to exploit still further the American market and erase the unfavorable balance-of-trade, most Japanese industrialists feel today that Japan has saturated the US market. The economic inter-dependence of the two nations, growing out of the American occupation of Japan, has been invaluable and contributed more than any single factor to the resurgence of Japan as an economically powerful

country — but if, in fact, a plateau, perhaps permanent, in US-Japan trade has been reached, then Japan must necessarily turn elsewhere.

Geographically speaking, the Soviet Union and Communist China represent the best hopes. But trade with the Soviet Union is, of course, as much, if not more, a political issue as an economic issue. Japan's conservative government has progressed most cautiously along the path of increased trade with Russia, for fear of treading on American toes. Even so, the Soviet Union has become Japan's No. 2 customer and Premier Keda, bolstered by his re-election as Liberal-Democratic Party leader and thus as Japan's Prime Minister for another two years, has in his recent public pronouncements been more as-

sertive of Japan's right to establish stronger economic links with Soviet Union, although he has not gone so far as the country's major opposition parties — the Japan Socialist Party and Democratic Socialists — which in the last election campaign came out foursquare for trade with both Russia and mainland China. But after the election campaign Mr. Ikeda did go so far as to say that Japan's so-called import liberalization "would be applied in principle to Communist nations on an equal footing with free nations", an indication perhaps of his recognition of the need for even more trade with Russia and Communist China should Japan be isolated by the anti-Communist EEC bloc.

A Japanese economic mission composed of leading businessmen visited the Soviet Union, sometime last year, in response to the tour of Japan by Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan. Later, Mr. Mikoyan told Ichiro Kono, Japanese Agriculture and Forestry Minister, then visiting Moscow, that he was "stunned" by Japan's industrial power, and he asked

for Japanese assistance in developing the USSR's Far Eastern territories — a project most appealing to Japanese industrialists and one which the Japanese government may soon feel compelled to undertake, in view of the EEC.

While a further increase in the trading pattern with the Soviet Union raises political problems, the question of trade with Communist China is politically even more explosive. Mr. Ikeda stirred up a political storm in Japan with his announcement that Japan would continue to accelerate its trade with mainland China even if the US raised objections. He said simply that trade was necessary, for Japan must expand her export markets, and that Japan was losing out to West European countries in Communist China. Much of Mr. Ikeda's bold pronouncement, observes in Tokyo felt, stemmed from pressures brought by Japanese trading firms who have long urged the government to approve a deferred payment formula for Communist China trade. Much of his pronouncement, it was also felt, was purely political and that, in fact, he

has no real intention of vigorously advancing trade with Communist China.

The ruling Liberal-Democrats did, however, send a delegation of politicians and economists to Peking late in 1962, an action which reportedly caused American officials in Tokyo to fear a rapprochement in not only economic but political matters between Tokyo and Peking. Whether the delegation is indicative of a dramatic change in Japan's trading pattern with Communist China, which at the moment amounts to a scanty 0.5 per cent of her total overseas business, remains to be seen. Political considerations, at least so long as a conservative government rules in Japan, will probably eliminate any drastic increase in trade with Japan's Communist neighbors. Japan may, then, turn more and more to the south.

While Japan has a recent history of enmity with Britain difficult to forget, the Commonwealth nations of Asia have histories, both real and sentimental, of deep friendship and cooperation with Britain. Yet if Britain

goes into Europe on terms that severely damage Commonwealth economic ties, then Asian Commonwealth countries will share with Japan, in varying degrees, the dreaded state of economic isolation and, history or no, there seems no more obvious course than closer economic cooperation with Japan. Japan is a very promising market for Commonwealth countries — and, one might add, vice-versa. The trend in accelerated trade between Japan and Australia, for instance, has been apparent for some time, and a considerable section of the Japanese press has long urged the government to approach at least Australia and New Zealand more earnestly.

Apart from Australia, New Zealand and Hongkong (which, in many areas such as textiles, is too direct a competitor for Japan), however, Japan encounters the formidable problem of economic underdevelopment when she looks to the south. Southeast Asia's markets are, generally not sufficiently developed to accept many of Japan's capital-intensive industrial goods; at the same

time, they are themselves developing the labor-intensive light industrial goods which, heretofore, have been the mainstay of Japan's exports to the region. Leaders have warned that Japan "should not let the present strong competitive position of its light industry goods overshadow its future needs" — i.e. Japan must strive to change its exports composition to Southeast Asia in favor of heavy and chemical industry goods centering around heavy machinery, a trend already initiated by highly industrialized western nations, West Germany in particular, in their trade and technical cooperation with Southeast Asia.

Certainly, Japan, as a highly industrialized nation, is capable of supplying the capital goods required by Southeast Asian nations. But the fact is that Japan's post-war schemes for greater economic involvement with Southeast Asia have not matured as fully as was hoped.

Quite apart from the bad name Japan has in Southeast Asia, from the war years of "the mutual co-prosperity sphere", Japan has talked more than acted on the matter of economic cooperation with Southeast Asia. Loans have been most modest, especially in view of Japan's booming economy; reparations payments to Burma and South Vietnam have been made only after prolonged tough bargaining; and the best record in the sphere of technical assistance. Japan is conscious of the need to expand further her economic partnership with the Asian Commonwealth countries and with the developing nations of Southeast Asia.

If, then, as is apparent, Asian Commonwealth countries and Southeast Asia stand to gain so much from economic partnership with Japan, the logical step appears to be the establishment of a working regional economic bloc, an Asian Commonwealth.

HOW EDUCATED ARE THE AMERICANS?

In the decade from 1950 to 1960, with Americans spending more time in school, the median number of years passed in formal training by adults who, in 1950, were 25 years or more had risen from 9.3 to 10.6 in 1960. This general upgrading reflected the rising educational attainments of the United States' younger generation.

While only 18 per cent of the population aged 75 or more in 1960 had completed secondary schooling, 61 per cent of those aged 25 to 29 had finished high school and 23 per cent had had some university training. On a regional basis, the median level of schooling was highest in the West and lowest in the South — reflecting in part the continued lag in the education of Negroes.

Comparative figures on the percentage of adults 25 years or over, among whites and non-whites, whose education was finished after the

following categories (4 years university or more, secondary school or more, primary school or more, and less than 8 years) are revealing.

First category (4 years university or more):

Whites — 6 per cent (1950); 8 per cent (1960)

Non-whites — 2 per cent (1950); 4 per cent (1960)

Second category (secondary school or more):

Whites — 29 per cent (1950); 35 per cent (1960)

Non-whites — 11 per cent (1950); 19 per cent (1960)

Third category (primary school or more):

Whites — 39 per cent (1950); 37 per cent (1960)

Non-whites — 25 per cent (1950); 32 per cent (1960)

Fourth category (less than 8 years):

Whites — 26 per cent (1950); 20 per cent (1960)

Non-whites — 62 per cent (1950); 45 per cent (1960)

- How much can an intelligent man know, and how much should he try to know, of previous or current human learning?

ON SELECTIVE READING

JOHN R. PLATT

From our present vantage point we see that the number of books a man can digest in a lifetime is very small. A vigorous editor or book critic may scan four books in day, or perhaps 1,000 a year. But to read and digest articles or books worth reading, the rate is much lower, and the average literate adult probably cannot absorb more than two to four books per week, even including those in his own specialty. If we say 160 books per year for 50 years, or 8,000 books, we will be describing a very bookish lifetime.

What it adds up to is four of the microprinted sheets of the 10,000 in our Universal Library.

We realize suddenly that even the men most famous in history for their learning could not have known from their own reading more than a microscopic fraction of the

lore of their times. The supposition that there was a time when a man could "know everything" is one of those Great Man myths that worshipers use to make their contemporaries seem small and themselves seem excusable. Most of us today are omnivorous readers — or scanners — of newspapers, magazines, current books, and even encyclopedias. We were brought up to think it is good, and it is. I suspect that millions of us read more than any of the great men of the past. But do we profit more from it?

The trouble is that we were not brought up selecting. This is the wisdom of the wise men, not that they knew but that they chose. It is a wisdom anyone can practice. We are harassed and hypnotized by print. But it is time to stop being passive about how we spend our minds.

Are you not frightened by the thought of that long path of newsprint unrolling ahead of you down the years? Put some other kind of print beside your coffee cup. After you have read some of the newspapers, like an intelligent citizen, read something that touches your real interests more closely, like an intelligent human being.

There is no need to be all grim and serious about this, of course. We all have different jobs to do, and different intellectual hungers, and we all need different kinds of things to read at different times, from whodunits to history, from *Pogo* to the *Perennial Philosophy*. Often nothing will restore our sanity like gales of laughter. Nevertheless it is salutary to ask yourself when you next reach for a book, is this one of the 8,000 — or the 4,000 or the 2,000 — I really want to build into my life? It clarifies your choices wonderfully.

And why not 4,000 or 2,000? Since the most a man can read is trivial anyway in comparison with the total human library, why not enrich yourself by spending

more time and thought on just the 40 per year or the 20 per year that are most relevant to your own condition and purposes? The original references, not the texts. (You could think, in between.) The original authors, not the critical reviews. (You could live, in between.) The original poets, not the discussions of poetry. (You could write, in between.)

All this is a considerable oversimplification, of course. How does a man know what he would profit most from when choosing his reading? He must get advice and read reviews and decide whose judgment he trusts. How does he know where to find it? By looking it up in the indexing systems and hoping they are accurate and complete. How does he know what his own interests really are? Ah, there's the problem. By self-exploration, in the light of the challenges he gets from being interested in what he reads. It is all a cumulative problem, with another step in self-development after every round.

A man who has well-educated himself knows how the different parts of the body

of knowledge fit together, even though he cannot know all the details except in one or two tiny corners. He knows which parts are generally relevant to his interests. He decides for himself when to read the Gee-Whiz reporters or the digesters and when to leave their tidbits untouched. He knows what he wants to explore more carefully or contribute to, and what he does not. But when in areas outside his own competence, where he must to some degree trust the experts and evaluators — as Socrates and Aristotle and every other philosopher or synthesizer has had to trust them — he can still tell sloppy reasoning from sound, and to some degree judge these various experts for himself.

Those universal men who were supposed to know something about every science are not really celebrated for the completeness of their information but for this kind of selection and comparison, judgment and insight. Their learning was microscopic,

compared to all human learning, as it always will be; their judgment was large, as it always can be.

The reason we do not have such men in our time is that we lack confidence in our choice and judgment. As scholars and scientists and philosophers and teachers, we get started in one specialty and often go on all our lives without ever looking around. We feel surrounded and small, and we may talk about being overwhelmed by the sweep and complexity of modern knowledge. I have often heard scientists say, "There is just too much!" But we need not feel this way any more than the scholars of old; what one man can know is not significantly smaller now than it was then, compared to the vast unknown total. As soon as we begin to put facts in their place and to reason about larger relationships, we can begin to recover the universal attitude. A universal man is simply a man who refuses to be overwhelmed. —*American Scholar*.

- Herefore our history has been seen through foreign eyes; it is time we read it with our own eyes.

CHALLENGE TO FILIPINO HISTORIANS

JEREMIAS U. MONTEMAYOR

One striking fact about Philippine history is that it has never been written by Filipinos. It is true, some Filipino names appear on the covers of a few Philippine books. But practically all of these Filipinos merely rely upon, summarize or compile not only the works but also the viewpoints of foreign writers. Perhaps this is inevitable, considering that it was foreigners, not Filipinos, who until recently had been making Philippine history.

This fact of foreigners making Philippine history for Filipinos has very interesting effects even to this day. For instance, we have always been told that it was Magellan, not Filipinos, who discovered the Philippines. So deeply has this been ingrained in the Filipino mind that sixteen years after independence, Filipinos still almost completely rely on foreigners to discover and ca-

talogue the bones and necklaces of their ancestors.

Of course, Filipinos are not necessarily better historians than Spaniards, Americans or Englishmen. And history is supposed to be an objective science. But since all men without exception cannot help being subjective in one sense or another, it seems that objectivity can be attained only by hearing views from all sides. To get the whole truth, one must hear not only the shouts of the victors but also the cries of the vanquished.

Take the case of the great Magellan. It is written that when he stopped at one of the small islands in the Western Pacific, some of the natives stole a small boat belonging to his fleet. Immediately he called them thieves, and named their land "Ladrones Islands." Shortly thereafter, he reached our

shores and without the slightest "by your leave" he started to claim the whole archipelago by force. Quite naturally, he did not call himself any special name. Nor did any Filipino chieftain, historian or commentator. And to this day our children are taught that Magellan was simply a brave soldier and one of the greatest navigators of all time.

Indeed, we teach our children that the Spaniards came to the Philippines for three reasons: evangelization, political aggrandizement and commercialism. Cross, scepter and money. To the colonizer, perhaps, it was a happy and most fortunate combination. And even the most respected thinkers today do not see anything grievously wrong with the idea. In fact, they write and talk about the "romantic saga of the Sword and the Cross." How would Christ have looked if He had come to this world in the company of Roman generals and Jewish businessmen? There is no record of such a question being asked either in Philippine history or in commentaries thereon. What is recorded is that the Fili-

pinos are a very impressionable people.

Exactly one week after Magellan landed in Cebu, 800 Filipino pagans were baptized. History does not record how many times Magellan fired the cannons of his ships before that — just to greet the Filipinos or to satisfy their curiosity. But it looked as if the Spaniards were at the point of discovering a method more effective than Christ's: redemption without too much crucifixion. Unfortunately, a few days later, Magellan happened to be killed in battle and some of his men became fresh with Cebuana girls. The newly baptized Filipinos lost no time in inviting the Spaniards to a rare version of Filipino hospitality from which very few Spaniards came out alive. Up to this day, commentators on Philippine history appear to be unaware of any impracticality in the partnership between the Sword and the Cross.

Our history books are filled with accounts of how colonizers like Martin de Goiti would ask Filipino rulers to give up their thrones, swear allegiance and pay tribute to

the king of Spain, in a manner almost as simple and natural as though the colonizers were just asking them to abate a minor nuisance. When some of the Filipino rulers refused, they were naturally wiped out — just as one would naturally wipe out a plague that stood in the way of human progress and happiness. No one recorded the reactions, the astonishment, the conflict, the pathos and the human drama that happened in the souls, the families and the people of the local chiefs.

This man was a great Spanish conquistador — that a great colonizer — that, a great Governor-General. He "pacified" various regions, he commanded naval fleets, he built the city walls, he constructed churches. To this day we and our children consider them as the greatest men of that period. But who took the pains to record the number of Filipinos killed, how they were forced to build the ships, how they were wrested from their families, how they and their children were impoverished, how they were forced to carry the

stones and build the walls and churches?

Philippine history pointedly records in a number of places how costly it was for the Spanish Crown to keep the Philippines. Of course, no one should begrudge the Spaniards that credit. But no mention is made of how costly it was for the Filipinos!

Finally, historians make a summation of judgment on Spanish colonization in the Philippines. Eminent scholars, scientists and writers are consulted and quoted. They come from various parts of the world: Reinsch, Jagor, La Perouse, Bourne, LeRoy, etc. The majority opinion seems to be that Spain was a remarkable success. Who is to quarrel with such a judgment? But the interesting fact is that the man most concerned and most affected in the issue—the Filipino—was not asked to render his opinion.

Towards the end of the nineteenth century, Filipinos finally decided to make their own history and perhaps write it, too. But unfortunately (or fortunately?) the

Filipinos found themselves tossed from the lap of a Christian civilizer to that of a Democrat teacher. So, again, the Filipinos were not able to make or write their own history. Again, it was to be made and written by somebody else for them.

Then came the third intruder. What blunders made the intrusion possible—so that the invaders were more surprised at their own success than the self-appointed defenders—to the untold misery of those who were supposed to be defended? Who was responsible for those blunders? Why bother about these things—in the light of the glorious liberation? The Japanese were over-ambitious, too many Filipinos were incompetent (although they redeemed themselves in Bataan)—but did not the great General return as he promised and settle all scores?

Why dwell on the darker aspects of our history? What good can come of it? Are we not well enough off, without discovering or reopening old wounds?

Indeed, we are not without some rewards. For the gift of Christianity, no suf-

fering would have been too great. And in many respects America enriched our democracy and humanity. Unfortunately this faith and this enrichment were implanted among us with congenital defects. Perhaps it would have been too much to expect more. But unless we realize these defects by tracing their historical roots, we might still lose what we have gained at so dear a price.

The historical defect of our Christianity arose from the fact that it was in one way or another imposed upon us by force and fear. Our very churches were built by forced labor. To a great extent, then, Christianity becomes for us a set of external rituals, or an alternative to social ostracism, or a haven of opportunity, or at best an anti-ting-anting against eternal fire. It has not quite become, as it should, an all-possessing, super-charging way of life that ignites the mind with conviction and consumes the heart with a passion which enslaves only because it liberates.

We should, therefore, take a second, careful look at this priceless heritage. What was

previously thrust into our hands by force, we should now reach out to in freedom in our own fashion. What was impressed upon as by the power of external rite and ceremony we should reabsorb with the warm embrace of understanding, conviction and self-possession. In that way Christian Filipinos will not only be firmly rooted deep in this universal faith but they may also hope to blossom in it with their own distinctive flower. And this they can hope to do only if, under a regime of freedom, they learn to look at truth, past and present, squarely in the face.

The Philippines and America have embarked on a partnership of freedom and human equality. Today this partnership is by no means free of irritants and anomalies. Many of these problems grew out of the hypocrisies, weaknesses, and misapprehensions of the past.

Our present social, economic and political problems arose directly or indirectly from American policies and actions during the American regime. It is the grave obligation of America, then,

under justice to help the Filipinos solve these problems. Such problems, therefore, as those on war damage or foreign aid are not "lovers' quarrels" as some Filipino officials might want to describe them. They are problems of justice and conflict of interest. To solve our problems with America, we must grow out of that adolescent mentality characteristic of our outlook on our colonial past.

Nor can we really presume with certitude that we are now more free and more democratic than we would have been if America had never intervened in our people's revolution against foreign domination. This is so, if only because of the contradiction inherent in American colonial policy: to teach the Filipinos freedom by taking it away from them. On the other hand, in certain respects American influence has enriched our democracy. Exactly where, how, to what extent—it is terribly important for us to determine. For while in some respects we have undoubtedly improved, in others we have degenerated or will degenerate, because

of American influence. Hence, certain adaptations and modifications have to be made, if American influence is really to enrich and not deform Philippine democracy. But we cannot find the true answers, if we go on viewing our past like rah-rah boys or colonial apologists or

starry-eyed lovers or wistful maidens.

This is the great challenge to Filipino historians today. And if it might prove too late for Filipinos to write their past history, they could at least learn now to read it with their own eyes. — *The Manila Times*.

THE TRUTH HURTS!

An old reporter inherited a sizable sum of money and promptly set out to realize his life's ambition—to own a newspaper. He purchased a weekly and used it as a medium to reform the town. His policy was "The truth—even if it hurts," and he had it put under the masthead. Because of his almost fanatical dissemination of the truth he encountered a few difficulties with the advertisers. Soon he was forced to study his masthead policy again. He ordered a new line: "The truth—all that is necessary to print."

- Here's the truth about Bataan at last. A well-known Filipino journalist explodes the fancy myths about the 'sorriest moment in our history'.

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED IN BATAAN

QUIJANO DE MANILA

Bataan may be said to have fallen, not on April 9, 1942, but on December 8, 1941, the very first day of the Pacific war; for on that day the Philippines was, to put it bluntly, abandoned by the United States, at least for the time being.

While we waited for mile-long convoys and a skyful of airplanes, while the American authorities in Manila assured us that help was on the way, no help was being even even contemplated in Washington. On the contrary, what help was already on the way was snatched back: a convoy and three troopships already bound for Manila bearing arms and planes were, on that first day of the war — December 8, 1941 — ordered to turn back. The convoy was diverted to the Fiji Is-

lands; the troopships returned to San Francisco. All this was kept secret from the Philippines, even from MacArthur.

The order to turn back may have been prompted by Washington's fear of losing more men and ships right after Pearl Harbor. Panic stayed the Americans from a bold risk. Yet the Pacific was still American water and might have been kept so for some time with a little display of nerve. Wake had not yet fallen; Guam still stood; the Japanese could not possibly have established already a blockade line across the South Pacific. MacArthur indeed doubted that the Japanese ever established such a line — or, if they did, whether such a long, long line could be held so strongly at

every point it couldn't be broken by a determined push.

If the convoy and the troopships that were turned back had been allowed to continue and had succeeded in reaching Manila, the feat might have set a precedent for the first months of the war. Not only Philippine but American morale would certainly have benefited, and the result could have been a determination, an effort to keep the Pacific open and supplies pouring into the Philippines and Allied bastion in the Far East, in the same way that the Atlantic, despite zealous German U-boats, was kept open throughout the war. But Washington refused to take the risk, made no effort to send supplies, simply gave up the Pacific on the very first day of the war. So, Bataan fell.

The chief reason was the secret pact between Roosevelt and Churchill (Filipinos should have no fondness for either) that if the United States joined the war it would be Britain's war against Hitler: the colonies in Asia could wait. There thus arose the paradox that the Americans declared war because they had been attacked by the Ja-

panese, but instantly began fighting the Germans. The resistance in Bataan was used to inflame the American war spirit against the Nazis. Filipino boys died so American boys could fight Britain's war more fiercely.

The blood spilled in Bataan was merely color for a propaganda poster.

The fight there served no other purpose. We boast that the USAFFE, by holding out in Bataan for three months, fatally upset Japan's war timetable. If any timetable was upset it was the Allies', not the Japs'. Homma expected to take Bataan in six months; he did it in three months. And during those three months, the Japanese advanced, according to schedule, all over Southeast Asia, had spilled over its extremest limits into the shores of Australia by the first week of May, 1942, barely five months after Pearl Harbor. They had swept up the whole East Indies and had annihilated the Allies' Pacific fleets in the process.

There's no evidence that Bataan's defenders threw any kind of monkey wrench into the Jap's war machine, or

that the Battle of Bataan in any way proved a hitch to the Japanese drive across the South Pacific. That myth is but a *consuelo de bobo*. As far as the Japs were concerned, Bataan had no military importance whatsoever. For them, too, its value was merely a propaganda value; and its conquest, merely a matter of pride, of not losing face. It was certainly not they who lost face in Bataan.

We console ourselves with the belief that the Battle of Bataan tied up choice Japanese troops and a top Japanese war leader urgently needed elsewhere. Nothing is farther from the truth.

An elite Japanese division, the 48th, handled the first part of the Philippine campaign, but this division, after taking Manila, moved on to Java, for further conquest and glory. What was thrown into Bataan, for a mopping-up campaign, were Japanese army second-stringers: the 65th Summer Bridge, mostly composed of over-age soldiers who were going into battle for the first time in their lives, their middle-aged lives.

When the Battle of Bataan began, this neophyte brigade

had a strength of only 7,500 troops; and against it were arrayed mountains it had never explored, jungles it had no maps of, and the USAFFE forces of 15,000 Americans and 65,000 Filipinos, at least 10,000 of these troops being professional soldiers, either U.S. army, Philippine Scout or Philippine Constabulary. But even the USAFFE's citizen soldiers had had more war experience than the foe's 65th Brigade.

So, there goes that myth of the Japs' "superior forces" in Bataan. Nor was Homma, though his name had such resonance locally, really top drawer as a general. He belonged to the anti-war, pro-West faction in Japan, and was therefore suspect to the party; in fact, he was a bitter enemy of Tojo, Japan's war-time premier. Far from desiring a quick victory in Bataan, Premier Tojo, it seems, couldn't have cared less. He wanted no glory for his enemy. Homma was fed poor maps, poor intelligence reports, and as little reinforcement as possible, but was continually being taunted for the delay in the mopping-up

operation, which was all the Battle of Bataan was to the Japs.

It's evident now that poor Homma was fighting not only the USAFFE but Tokyo too. His arch-enemy Tojo wanted Homma to *fail* in Bataan, but Homma chose to win in the foolish, futile, frustrating fight, though he and his officers saw no need for it, except to save face, and could have, if Tokyo were only willing, more easily disposed of the USAFFE just by keeping it holed up in the peninsula with dwindling rations and the malaria. Of the executions of war criminals, that of Lt. Gen. Masaharu Homma seems the most vengeful, the most spiteful, the most unjustified. It's natural that Filipinos and Americans should nurse the strongest feelings against him, because he showed them up, because he won over them against all odds; but it now seems rather petty to hang a man for proving himself a better general than MacArthur.

Who should have faced trial after the war are all the brilliant military geniuses who led the USAFFE into the

virtual slaughterhouse of Bataan, to perish in horror on the chopping block of funk, ineptitude and stupidity. Who should at least have smelled the rope are all the brave strategists who fought the Battle of Bataan in Washington, and who, while the USAFFE writhed in its last agony, still adamantly refused to permit even the thought of surrender and ordered that the peninsula be defended to the last man. Bataan was to be a symbol of the free man's readiness to fight for his liberties to the bitter end — but it mightn't be much of a symbol if it were to be surrendered when thousands of its defenders were still alive, or even half-alive.

And so, on the very week Bataan fell, the order from Washington was still: No Surrender! It's too bad Washington couldn't send over at least some of that valor.

The defense of a fort, a pass, even a town, to the last man can become glorious legend, not senseless carnage, because only a limited number of people are involved. But to forbid surrender in Bataan was to ask for the im-

molation of an entire national army. If there had been the slightest hope that help was coming, the resistance could have had some meaning: a strategic part of the country must be kept open for the coming reinforcements; the army must be kept intact to resume the war. But the leaders in Bataan knew that no help was coming; the leaders in Washington knew there no intention at all of relieving the beleaguered peninsula. Yet a futile resistance was demanded, though there would have been no loss of honor, since no help was coming, to end the labors of the USAFFE with the fall of Manila.

The Filipino boys held out in Bataan because they so firmly believed that any day now the sea would darken with mile-long convoys, the skies would darken with swarms of ariplanes. They didn't know they were holding out just so the Free World could have one more symbol of the free man's readiness to fight for his, etcetera. They didn't know help was so long in coming because it wasn't coming, had

never been sent, had even been withdrawn.

But we were our own deluders. The mile-long convoy myth was of our making, not Washington's. For whatever Washington may have said, before the war, about defending us instantaneously, there was suddenly, it has not been noted enough, a prudent vagueness about us in Washington statements after the war had broken out.

Davao, Baguio, Aparri and Tuguegarao were bombed on the first day of the war, and in a single raid on Clark Field the Japs disposed of the American air force in the Philippines. Yet from Washington came no angry pledge to restock our naked skies, left defenseless because of panic and futility in Clark Field. One winces to recall the slogan there in those days: Keep 'em flying!

We did not know it, but even our shores had been left naked; for on the night of December 8 the U.S. navy sneaked out of Manila Bay and sailed away, abandoning the Philippines to the Japs' invasion fleets.

We were thus, right from the beginning of the war, un-

defended in the air, undefended on sea — but did we feel any alarm? No, we took it for granted our protectors would do their duty by us. We read "mile-long convoys on the way" into every American statement. But what, actually, was Washington saying about us in those days? Mightily little — and that little vaporous.

On December 11, when a great battle was supposed to be raging in Lingayen (it was another myth, that battle) President Roosevelt sent short messages to MacArthur and Quezon. "All of you are constantly in my thoughts," said the American president to MacArthur. "Keep up the good work!" And to Quezon he said: "Magnificent defense against wanton invasion. Continue your splendid work!"

Not a word about convoys planes, reinforcements, aid. The messages didn't even come directly from Roosevelt but were released by the Washington office of information.

The Japs landed on Philippine soil, in Lingayen, with the greatest of ease, having encountered more opposition

from the rough surf than from defenders, and started their blitz down Luzon, crushing the 11th and 71st Division of the USAFFE and driving back the 21st. By the end of Christmas week, 1941, nine days after they had landed, the Japs were approaching Manila.

With the capital city of the Philippines about to fall, what was Washington saying? Roosevelt had been very busy that Christmas week having a "tayo-tayo lang" conference with Churchill, during which they decided that Europeans in peril from Hitler had, of course, the priority over Orientals in peril from Tojo. A pact with a friend outweighed, of course, the duty to a ward. But Roosevelt did find time to send a message to Manila, which still did not know it was about to fall, which still believed that the Japs were being repulsed far away in the north and that American convoys were speeding to the rescue.

Said Roosevelt to the Filipinos, on December 30, 1941:

"The resources of the United States, of the British Empire, of the Netherlands

East Indies, and of the Chinese Republic have been dedicated by their peoples to the utter and complete defeat of the Japanese war lords. I give to the people of the Philippines my solemn pledge that their freedom will be redeemed and their independence established. The entire resources, in men and material; of the United States stand behind that pledge."

That pledge should have struck a chill in us, for if Roosevelt was pledging to redeem our freedom he must have assumed it was already lost. In other words, we had already been written off. But that wasn't how we read the message.

Headlined the *Tribune*: "Positive Aid To P.I. Pledged By Roosevelt." And the same paper joyfully editorialized that the message was "all the Filipino people could hope for; the Filipinos cannot ask for more."

In a grim way, the *Tribune* was right: the message was *all* we could hope for.

But some people saw nothing positive about the message because they had, since the first day of the war, been

expecting more specific statements from Washington, like how much aid was coming, and how soon — or, even, if no aid was coming at all. All they wanted was a little more honesty and less double-talk. Filipinos had never wavered in their faith that America would "not let us down"; but the vague messages we got from Washington could not but arouse a feeling that we were being duped.

So, the U.S. commissioner's office felt obliged, right after the release of the Roosevelt message, to issue this statement:

"Help is surely coming — help of such adequacy and power that the invader will be driven from our midst and he will be rendered powerless ever to threaten us again. It is our duty to refrain from giving currency to depressing rumors. Obviously, we are all hungry for news, but details cannot be disclosed."

Instead of telling us the truth, the commissioner's office fortified our hopes by hinting at great news the details of which could not be disclosed.

They couldn't be disclosed because they didn't exist. The commissioner's office must have known full well that there was no news from Washington that could make Filipinos happy at that hour; yet it chose not to refrain from giving currency to illusive, delusive rumors. And in fact the Japanese had already come, were already at the gates of Manila; and the USAFFE was retreating into Bataan.

WPO-3

The retreat was decided on two days before Christmas, after MacArthur learned that the USAFFE's 11th and 71st Divisions had been routed by the advancing Japs. The invader could no longer be stopped. So, the order went forth putting into effect WPO-3: War Plan Orange-3.

The U.S. army in the Philippines had long ago devised that plan as a desperate, last-resort measure in case of a successful enemy invasion. The army was to retreat to Bataan and Corregidor and would from there keep Manila Bay open for the coming of reinforcements. According to the plan, it was

possible for the army to hold out in Bataan for at least six months, during which period, it was hoped, the U.S. navy could arrive with supplies and troops.

What should be noted here is that WPO-3 was conceived with a definite purpose in mind: to create a fortress that could stand until the arrival of the U.S. navy. The whole point of the plan, the only reason for it, the primary assumption, is the coming of reinforcements. Bataan was chosen precisely for that reason: to keep Manila Bay open. If the plan had so specific a purpose, it follows that it couldn't just be applied simply because the country had been invaded and the defenders were in a losing, a desperate situation. The army was not to be led into Bataan simply to make a heroic stand or to become a "symbol." It could be led there only if there was a clear expectation — or, at least reasonable hope — that reinforcements were coming; for that's the plan's reason for being. You don't just use a plan because it's there; you use it to serve the

purpose for which it was designed.

Now the question is: Did the men who put WPO-3 into effect have any definite word from Washington reinforcements were coming, that the U.S. navy could be expected — or, at least, that some effort would be made to send reinforcements and the navy within six months? If there was such an assurance, then the resistance in Bataan was justified, was logical, and the villain in its fall was not Homma but Washington. But if there was no such assurance — and all the indications are that Washington had been very discreet and coy — then Bataan was a bureaucratic crime: the utilization of a plan simply because it was official and with utter disregard for its intention or the conditions it presupposed.

In effect, our boys in Bataan died for a plan and of a plan: WPO-3. The plan told them to fight until ships came — but no ships came because none had been sent.

The retreat had seemed to be orderly, until it was found too late that quantities of vi-

tal supplies had been left behind in the army depots. The food supplies carried to Bataan were enough only for a month's rations; so, the USAFFE was put in half rations from the start.

By January 9, the troops had dug in. The western half of the peninsula was placed under the command of Wainwright; the eastern half was under Major General George Parker. Between them ran the thickly forested mountains. The first line of defense stretched from Mount Natib to the sea, just above Abucay town, and was manned by the 51st Division (under General Jones), the 41st Division (under General Vicente Lim), and the 57th Infantry of the Philippine Scouts. The Filipino troops, who had disgusted their American instructors by running from the Japs during the Central Plan battles, were, in Bataan, deliberately placed in positions where they had to fight because they had nowhere to retreat to.

The foe's 7,000 troops were under Lt. Gen. Akira Nara, who plunged into the jungles of Bataan in pursuit of the USAFFE and prompt-

ly mislaid an entire regiment. With what he had left, he attacked the Abucay Line with no preparation at all, not even a preliminary survey of the terrain and the enemy's position. His artillery barrage didn't hit the USAFFE line because he didn't even know where exactly it was. The first Japanese assault flopped, but the Japs kept on probing.

By January 15, the Abucay Line was disintegrating and had to be reinforced.

MacArthur shored up his men's sagging morale with a message: "Help is on the way from the United States. Thousands of troops and hundreds of planes are being dispatched. No further retreat is possible. We have more troops in Bataan than the Japanese have thrown against us; our supplies are ample; a determined defense will defeat the enemy attack."

But, on Corregidor, Quezon already knew the truth and insisted on sending a savage letter to Roosevelt:

"This war is not of our making. We decided to fight by your side and we have done the best we could and

we are still doing as much as could be expected from us under the circumstances. But how long are we going to be left alone? Has it already been decided in Washington that the Philippine front is of no importance as far as the final result of the war is concerned? If so, I want to know, because I have my own responsibility to my countrymen. I want to decide in my own mind whether there is justification for allowing all these men to be killed when for the final outcome of the war the shedding of their blood may be wholly unnecessary."

The men of the 51st Division guarding the Abucay Line counter-attacked and found themselves between pincers, for Nara's mislaid regiment, which had been wandering all over the slopes of Mount Natib, suddenly turned up behind enemy lines.

That was the end of the first phase of the Battle of Bataan. Of General Jones' 51st Division, only 100 men survived. General Lim's 41st Division had casualties of over 1,200. The Philippine Scouts got lost in the jungles.

As the Japs pressed forward, the all-American 31st Infantry (it used to be known as "Manila's Own Regiment" and occupied barracks on Arroceros and in Intramuros) was hurriedly sent in to stop the Japs but got stuck in the woods.

Meanwhile, 5,000 Japanese troops had been landed on the other half of the peninsula, on the west coast, and had pushed Wainwright out of his headquarters in Moron town. About 1,500 Jap soldiers put ashore on the tip of the peninsula to infiltrate USAFFE lines didn't get very far from the beach, holed up in caves, and had to be flushed out in a long, laborious operation.

On January 23, MacArthur found he had lost 35 per cent of his forces and ordered a general retreat to a new line of defense fixed on the Pilar-Bagac highway, in the center of Bataan. The upper half of the peninsula had been relinquished. The Filipinos didn't understand why they were being ordered to retreat; they thought they had been winning in Abucay. They didn't know the Japa-

nese forces had been closing in on the Abucay Line.

Homma ordered an attack on the new USAFFE line on January 26; but, again, Nara, who had lost 2,000 of his 7,500 men, had no idea where the line was and blundered into the main line thinking it was merely an outpost line. It was a costly blunder, and January ended with a Japanese rout.

February began with the Commonwealth officials on Corregidor murmuring about "abandonment" and "sellout" by Washington. Quezon had heard Roosevelt on the radio announcing that thousands of aircraft were on the way— to Europe.

Exploded Don Manuel: "For thirty years I have worked and hoped for my people. Now they burn and die for a flag that could not protect them. *Por Dios y todos los santos*, I cannot stand this constant reference to England, to Europe! Where are the planes this *sinverguenza* is boasting of? *Que demonio!* How American to write in anguish at the fate of a distant cousin while a daughter is being raped in the back room!"

Quezon had a plan: to have the Philippines made and then declared neutral, so that the U.S. and Japan could withdraw their armies. Roosevelt rejected the proposal and declared that "so long as the effective circumstances will permit resistance should be as prolonged as humanly possible."

Poor MacArthur now understood what was expected of him: make Bataan a symbol of resistance. It had no other importance as far as Washington was concerned.

The retreat to the Pilar-Bagac highway had resulted in a stalemate that lasted through most of February, but the USAFFE was now being felled by malaria, dysentery, scurvy and hunger. The Japs tried a propaganda campaign during the lull and showered the USAFFE lines with leaflets, facsimiles of Manila restaurant menus, and photos of voluptuous girls in lewd poses. The message all this was intended to convey was: Go home, Filipino; stop fighting the white man's war.

In March, the troops in Bataan knew it had been de-

finitely written off when they learned MacArthur and Quezon had been flown out of the country to Australia. MacArthur seems to have consented to leave only because he had been led to believe that a great army had already been assembled in Australia and was waiting for him to lead it to the Philippines. His "I shall return" must therefore have had greater immediacy when he said it; he didn't mean "I shall return eventually" but "I'm coming back right away." When he reached Australia and found no army waiting, he almost collapsed.

As for Quezon, that agonized man had to be dragged out of the country. He had left Corregidor three weeks ahead of MacArthur, but, on March 18, he was still in the country and still insisting he had to stay there. He could not bring himself to go. He was finally taken, almost by force, to Mindanao, but there, instead of taking the plane to Australia, he fled to Dansalan. It took Osmeña a week to persuade Quezon to go with him to the Del Monte plantation, where the plane for Australia

waited. But having reached the plantation, Quezon disappeared again, with all his family, and was found in a house up in the hills. "Everyone," he groaned, "gets help from Roosevelt except the Philippines."

On the night of March 26, he was carried at last to the plane, and it seemed to spectators that the presidente was forcibly pushed into it.

Unholy Week

Good Friday, 1942, fell on April 3. On the morning of that day, General Nara launched his final offensive. The climatic battlefield of Bataan was at the foot of Mount Samat, where the USAFFE made its last stand.

The offensive began with a mighty artillery barrage that ripped the USAFFE boys out of their foxholes and sent them scurrying to the second line of defense. Jap planes dropped incendiary bombs, and under cover of the smoke and flame the Jap troops started the attack, at three in the afternoon of Good Friday, the saddest hour of the year.

By nightfall, the Japs had torn a hole three miles wide through the USAFFE lines.

The mighty ground and air bombardment continued all day Saturday, all day Sunday, which was Easter Sunday. When the offensive began, the USAFFE stood between the Japs and Mount Samat. On Easter Sunday, the shattered battalions lay scattered behind the mountain and the Japs were climbing the height to plant their flag on the summit.

On April 6, the USAFFE launched a counterattack that began in desperation and ended in chaos. Entire divisions simply went to pieces, and what was an army turned into a frantic, fleeing mob.

However, the USAFFE troops under Major Gen. Edward King on the west side of the peninsula were still intact. Should they be sent to try to save the east side? Wainwright thought so, and he ordered King to send out his men. Major General Jones opposed the plan as senseless. The men were too weak from disease and hunger; and a counterattack was futile: it might delay but would not change the end.

Major General Jones and King had finally decided to face the inevitable.

On the afternoon of April 8, King sent his chief of staff, Brig. Gen. Arnold Funk, to Corregidor, to warn Wainwright that the surrender of Bataan might come any moment.

As Wainwright listened to the message from Bataan, two other messages stared at him.

One was from MacArthur: "I am utterly opposed under any circumstances or conditions to the ultimate capitulation of this command. If food fails, you will prepare and execute an attack upon the enemy."

In other words: die fighting.

The other message was an order from Roosevelt forbidding surrender "so long as there remains any possibility of resistance."

At last, Wainwright spoke to Funk: "General, you go back and tell General King he will not surrender. Tell him he will attack. Those are my orders."

Said Funk, tears springing to his eyes: "General, you know, of course, what the situation is over there. You know what the outcome will be."

Said Wainwright grimly: "I do."

Doomsday

To Edward King fell the grisly choice between annihilation and capitulation, between obeying Wainwright and Washington and saving the lives of 76,000 men. Toward midnight of April 8, he conferred with General Funk and Colonel James Collier, operations officer. Both said no attack could now stop the Japanese from reaching Mariveles, the extremest tip of Bataan, the next day.

King, in tears, made his decision: his punishment might be a court-martial, but he would not immolate the USAFFE's 76,000 remaining soldiers.

At six the next morning, April 9, two American emissaries were sent to the Jap lines under a flag of truce to arrange a meet; if a meet could not be speedily arranged, the emissaries were empowered to surrender Bataan themselves. Only after the emissaries had left did King call up Corregidor to tell Wainwright what he had done. Aghast, Wainwright tried to stop what could no longer be stopped.

In Bataan, the ammunition dumps were being exploded. The ground shook and rumbled all day, and the fear-crazed troops thought the end of the world had come.

The formal surrender took place at past nine in the morning, at the Experimental Farm Station in Lamao, with General Nakayama, who represented Homma, accepting the "unconditional surrender" of the USAFFE forces in Bataan from General King, who stressed that he represented only himself, not Wainwright. After wards, King and the Americans with him were taken to Balanga.

That night, on Corregidor, Wainwright, who had had no word from Bataan all day, and didn't know what had happened, got an odd message from Roosevelt that must have provoked a bitter smile from the suffering defender of Corregidor.

Said the American president: "I am modifying my orders to you. My purpose is to leave to your best judgment any decision affecting the future of the Bataan garrison. I feel it proper and necessary that you should be assured of complete freedom

of action and of my full confidence in the wisdom of whatever decision you may be forced to make."

Roosevelt thus revoked his order of no surrender on the very day of surrender, when there was no more need to revoke it. He had, as throughout the Philippine campaign, missed the bus. History had already resolved what his last word on Bataan thought to resolve.

When the news reached Australia, General MacArthur was ready with a floridity:

"The Bataan Force went out as it would have wished, fighting to the end its flickering, forlorn hope. No army has done so much with so little, and nothing became it more than its last hour of trial and agony. To the weeping mothers of its dead, I can only say that the sacrifice and halo of Jesus of Nazareth has descended upon their sons, and that God will take them unto himself."

The last hour that so became the USAFFE saw a frenzy of flight, mass desertions, a confused and discouraged leadership, and one man, Clifford Bluemel, the only

general left on the front lines, trying to organize a last line of defense but unable to get any officers to help him—"although there were at least thirty American officers on the II Corps staff who'd been eating and sleeping regularly, yet not a damned one could be spared for the fighting line."

The surrender at least restored some order to the chaos.

What followed the fall of Bataan has long been regarded as a deliberate torment inflicted by the Japs on their prisoners to humiliate them; but there's no evidence that the horrors of the Death March were planned by the Japs. The evidence, rather, is that Homma and his staff took some pains to plan a quick and orderly transfer of the prisoners from Bataan to Capas. The prisoners were to be gathered in Balanga, then carried by trucks to San Fernando, then transported by train to Capas. But to the very end Homma had no exact idea of the size of his foe. He thought that there were

only from 25,000 to 35,000 USAFFE soldiers in Bataan at the end of the fighting and preparations for the transfer were therefore tailored to that number.

When the Japs found themselves swamped with over 70,000 prisoners, organization collapsed. How, for instance, transport over 70,000 men on only 200 trucks? So, when the transportation gave out, the prisoners were marched by Jap soldiers weary from battle, vexed by this post-campaign chore, and brimming with all those pretty qualities developed by the daintiest culture in the Orient.

But the USAFFE had been led on a death march for months all over the mountains and jungles of Bataan, and many of those who fell on the road to Capas were victims, not of Jap brutality, but of the hunger, disease, exhaustion and terror of that madder march from Mount Natib to Mount Samat. Wherever they died, they died in Bataan. — *The Philippine Free Press*.

- The impressive growth of scientific research and educational progress in Japan.

JAPANESE SCIENCE TODAY

When in 1941, the Japanese crippled the American Pacific Fleet at its own base at Pearl Harbor, less than a century had gone by since the Japanese warrior fought in a suit of quilted armour. In fact, that century has not passed yet. In a frighteningly short space of time Japan has changed from a feudal — one might almost say medieval — state into a modern technological power, strong and self-confident enough to attack the mightiest nation in the world. The myth that this miracle had been achieved by nothing but clever imitation of the West was destroyed in 1934 by an event that went almost unnoticed. In that year a Japanese physicist by the name of Hideki Yukawa published a scientific paper in which he predicted the existence of a new fundamental particle which, he postulated, is responsible for holding the atomic nucleus together. The

mass of this hypothetical particle was to be entirely different from the type of particle known at the time, so hardly any notice was taken of Yukawa's paper—until two years later when such new particles, the mesons, were actually discovered.

Even then, only a handful of people, the scientists, grasped the significance of Yukawa's work and still fewer fully understood the far-reaching significance of Yukawa's success. The Japanese had shown that, far from copying the achievements of Western science, they had taken the initiative in fundamental research. And Yukawa was not alone: in the preceding decades, Japanese science had advanced on a broad front. In that time the Japanese had established a number of universities and research institutes from which a rapidly increasing output of scientific and technological work began to issue. By

the 'thirties, they were drawing abreast with the rest of the world.

When the dust had settled over Hiroshima, the Allies, and in particular America, faced a difficult problem. What was to be done with Japanese science and technology? The first reaction was strongly influenced by the memory of Pearl Harbor, to which were added the memories of Nanking and Port Arthur. Japan had consistently used her technological potential for aggression and expansion: therefore this technological potential must be destroyed. It was in this spirit that General MacArthur's soldiers descended upon Osaka University, hacking to bits the research cyclotron and dumping it into the Pacific, together with all the other scientific apparatus which they could lay hands on. When this childish exploit became known, it gave rise to violent protests by American scientists, who also saw to it that Yukawa was made a Visiting Professor at Princeton and Columbia Universities. Even so, the general policy of restricting Japanese technology went on

for a while, until these attempts to put back the clock of Japanese progress were suddenly reversed. With the rapid rise of Chinese power, Japan changed from a former enemy to a future ally. The Japanese factories began to hum again, faster than ever before, and, in less than a decade, exhausted, and largely destroyed, Japan was transformed into a booming, affluent society.

My Japanese colleagues had taken up their research work again and they were keen on branching out into new fields. But they had very real difficulties: shortage of equipment, shortage of buildings, shortage of scientific contact—in fact, shortage of money. The most lamentable aspect of this financial shortage was the pitiful level of academic salaries. In England or America a good scientist earns about five to seven times as much as the lowest paid worker. In the Soviet Union this ratio is as high as fifteen or more, but in Japan it is only two or even less. I soon found it embarrassing to realize that a meal which a Japanese colleague and I ate in a good

Kyoto restaurant cost about as much as he and his family had to live on for a week or two.

Sooner or later this state of affairs is bound to act as an effective deterrent for any young Japanese who contemplates an academic career. Recruitment into the universities has so far been kept up by the great social prestige which the Japanese—in common with other Easterners—accord to the position of a teacher. But this kind of argument is losing its force in a society where business is booming and where traditional values are fast disappearing.

The indifference which Japanese society shows towards their scientists must appear strange and incongruous in a country that owes her spectacular progress so patently to scientists and technologists. But here we find, perhaps, one of the reasons for this indifference. Japan's technological progress had resulted in war—a lost war. There is a certain parallel between the post-war attitude to science in Japan and in West Germany. In Germany, too, there has been a conspicuous lack of

popular support for science. Somehow, instinctively, people feel that science and war have been too closely connected in the recent past. Subconsciously, they fear that progress in science may encourage another war, and so what they want is to make money, to live pleasantly and comfortably—and not to be involved.

The desire of the Japanese affluent society not to be involved and its indifference towards science are a direct consequence of the new prosperity by which America hopes to insure Japanese support against China. On the other hand, the American attitude to Japan is not confined to the political and military strategists who yesterday wanted her to turn back to a state of underdevelopment and who today want her to be a bulwark against communism. There has been, from the beginning, a strong voice in America advocating a healthy and undisturbed development towards democracy, not by coercion but by education. It must indeed seem ludicrous that Japanese science has suffered relatively little from either MacAr-

thur's soldiers or the prophets of co-prosperity and that her main troubles have been caused by her well-wishers and selfless friends. But that is exactly what has happened.

The American idea that education is best served by a great number of universities has taken root in many parts of the world but nowhere as luxuriantly as in Japan. On the basis of an unjustified principle of similarity, the American educational experts believed that a Japanese Prefecture should correspond to an American State. They therefore had to have at least one university each. Thus, by one stroke of the pen, *the number of Japanese state universities was increased from seven to seventy-two*. This increase has been matched by a similar rise in the number of private universities and other educational establishments. That mushroom growth of higher education has promptly resulted in an appalling drop in standards. It is inevitable that this should have happened. Apart from the difficulty of providing suitable buildings and teaching equipment,

there is the problem of staff. You cannot have universities without professors and lecturers. At the shortest possible notice the Japanese were suddenly required to recruit a whole army of university teachers, and, in order to fill the almost astronomical number of new academic posts, they had to take what they could get. Consequently, many of the new professors have qualifications that are closer to those of schoolmaster than to a university teacher, and even with the best intentions and with the hardest work, most of the new universities are far removed from the standard to which the Japanese were accustomed—and that standard was remarkably high. Faced with this educational deluge, the old universities have done a good job in preventing their own standards from being watered down.

The proliferation of universities has had another and very serious result. Like most other countries, Japan has its vicious spiral of rising prices and wages, and again, as elsewhere, the salaried occupations had the worst of it. Not only have the professors' in-

comes lagged behind, but to raise them to a reasonable level has become an almost impossible task. Now there are ten times as many universities as before, and to give a substantial increase to all the holders of academic positions would require a major financial effort. It is clearly impossible to single out those few institutions that have a really high standard. A state university is a state university, and differentials in academic achievement can hardly be advanced as an argument for salary differentials. All things considered, the good intentions of the American educationists have not worked out too well for Japanese science.

But they suddenly realized that if somebody is going to help Japanese science, they must do it themselves. So they have set to work. The Science Council of Japan, which was established after the war, originally to advise the government, has suddenly taken on a life of its own. It is rather cumbrous, having seven divisions with thirty members each, but it is elected by the scientists them-

selves, and they seem to manage quite well.

The Council operates with government funds under the Prime Minister's Office. By making reasonable and well-planned proposals, the Council members appear to have impressed the Government. One of their plans will go a long way towards reversing the diffusion of effort caused by the large number of new universities. The idea is to set up a number of well staffed and well-equipped central research institutions. An example of these is the new Institute of Solid State Physics at Tokyo University which has just come into operation. It is a magnificent five-storeyed building, with a floor space of almost 50,000 square feet, and provision for doubling this area. It is well-equipped laboratory which would do credit to any Western country. Besides its permanent staff, it provides physicists from other Japanese universities with opportunities for working there on specialized equipment as guest scientists.

There is a spirit of confidence about the place, and a consciousness of past and future achievement. It has im-

pressed on the Japanese scientists that the time may come when Japan will have to look after herself. This desire to be self-reliant is not confined to academic science. Japanese industry, too, is establishing new and large research and development laboratories. For a long time the Japanese industrialists were inclined to take a lead from the West, and especially from America, where new developments were concerned.

Now the trend is reversed. There is no militant note in this new spirit of Japanese independence, and no aggressiveness. The scientists of Japan want to play their part in the great adventure of scientific exploration and technological achievement. Soon they will be able to do this again, on equal terms with their colleagues in other countries. — By Kurt Mendelsohn in the *The Listener*, Jan. 10, 1963.

THOSE YANKEES

An American tourist was being escorted through Cairo. Since it was a good deal hotter in Cairo than it has been in Vermont, the traveler was soon dripping with perspiration.

"Boy!" he puffed as he mopped his brow, "it's hotter than Hades here."

"Ah," breathed the guide in unconcealed admiration, "you Americans. You go everywhere, don't you?"

- A distinguished British churchman plugs for radicalism but warns that the besetting sin of the radical is self-righteousness, as complacency is of the reformist and ruthlessness of the revolutionary.

ON BEING A RADICAL

DR. J.A.T. ROBINSON

Radicalism is not a clearly defined band in the political spectrum so much as an attitude or temper of mind. True, there have been from time to time both in British and French politics specific party groups using the name Radical, located somewhere on the Liberal left. But radicalism is more of a perennial protest than a particular policy. When at certain moments of history that protest erupts, it takes whatever outlet is available.

Radicalism represents the built-in challenge to any establishment; any institutionalism, any orthodoxy; and it is an attitude that is relevant to far more than politics. Indeed, the essence of the radical protest could be summed up in the statement of Jesus that 'the Sabbath is made for man, and not man for the Sabbath'. Persons are

more important than any principles. He illustrated this by his shocking approbation of David's action in placing concern for human need, even his own, above all institutions however sacred. 'Have you not read what David did, when he was hungry, and those who were with him: how he entered the house of God and ate the bread of the Presence, which it was not lawful for him to eat nor for those who were with him, but only for the priest?

Yet radicalism is not anarchy. It is not just being 'bolshy' or individualistic. It knows well enough that persons can matter, and freedom can flourish, only in a context of order. But, dissatisfied as it is simply with freedom *from*, it will always be asking: order *for* what? When the structures of order

take over and persons become subservient to them, when the movement of the Spirit hardens into the institutional Church, then the radical voice will begin to be heard.

What the radical stands for can perhaps be more clearly seen by comparing him with the reformist on the one hand and the revolutionary on the other. The reformist — corresponding in political categories to the tory reformer — continues to accept the basic proposition, that man is made for the Sabbath. But, he says the Sabbath regulations have become too rigid; we must modify them and bring up to date. So he steals the whig's clothes while he is bathing and lifts planks here and there from the Liberal platform. He overhauls the institution and titivates the orthodoxy; and in this way everything is enabled to go on smoothly, and the revolution is averted. The revolutionary, on the other hand — in political terms the Robespierres and Lenins of this world — will have nothing of the Sabbath at all. The institution must

be changed if man is to be free.

The radical will often be found siding with revolutionary in regarding the reformist as the real enemy. For the reformist would lull people into supposing no revolution is necessary, whereas the radical knows that for man to be made for the Sabbath is ultimately death. But equally he sees that if man is to live — rather than be subjected to a differnt, and perhaps deadlier, Sabbath — another revolution is required. The radical's response is to go to the roots — hence his name. It is to ask what the Sabbath is for, what human values it exists to frame, and then to try to see at whatever cost to the institution or the orthodoxy, that it does so. Unlike the reformist, the radical is concerned constantly to subject the Sabbath to man. Yet, unlike the revolutionary, he *believes* in the Sabbath — for man.

This introduces another important characteristic of the radical viewpoint. Being a radical means an 'insider', an insider to the Sabbath — as Jesus was. The revolution-

ary can be an 'outsider' to the structure he would see collapse: indeed, he must set himself outside it. But the radical goes to the roots of *his own* tradition. He must love it: he must weep over Jerusalem, even if he has to pronounce its doom. He must believe that the Sabbath really is made for man.

This means that the radical must be a man of roots. The revolutionary may be *deracine*, but not the radical. And that is partly why in our rootless world there are so few genuine radicals.

The roots of the radical must go deep enough to provide the security from which to question, even to the fundamentals. No one can be a radical who is uncertain of his tenure — intellectually, morally, or culturally. Only the man who knows he cannot lose what the Sabbath stands for can afford to criticize it radically. Faith alone can dare to doubt — to the depths.

For the same reason a radical is necessarily a man of passion. He is jealous for the truth, the root-meaning, of what the institution has corrupted. He cannot be

content to snipe from the sidelines. To be a radical means involvement, commitment. True, it means travelling light, being prepared to laugh at the institution one loves. And therefore he welcomes genuine satire. For irony is very near to faith — as it was for the Old Testament prophets. But always underneath there is a certain intensity and controlled fire. He has the salt of humour — but the salt that savours and stings.

The radical is an 'insider' — yet always a bad party-member, an unsafe churchman. He is continually questioning the shibboleths, re-examining the orthodoxies. And he will have a disconcerting habit of finding himself closer to those whose integrity he respects than to those whose conclusions he shares. Certainly, I frequently feel myself in far more instinctive sympathy with agnostics whose honesty I admire than with many of my fellow Christians or even clergy.

Let me illustrate this temper of mind, not from the field of politics or religion, but of morals. For here there

is a bewildering flux of orthodoxies, and the old landmarks have disappeared beneath the flood. Amid the many cross-currents, the radical will find himself afloat in strange company, and yet he carries an anchor and a compass which belie the impression that he is merely drifting with the rest.

In the sphere of morals, we live in an age in which 'the Sabbath' is challenged on all sides. The law, the commandments, the standards of conventional morality, are all under fire. The established orthodoxies creak. The yoke of our fathers is too heavy to be borne. In this situation, the reformist advocates that the Sabbath must be brought up to date. The old absolutes still remain valid: certain things are wrong, 'and nothing can make them right'. But what continue to be sins, like suicide for instance, need not necessarily be crimes. Man is made for the Sabbath; principles take precedence over persons.

The revolutionary, on the other hand, will shed no tears for the old morality. 'Objective moral values and

their supernatural supports can happily be swept away. For the Sabbath did nothing for man anyhow, except inhibit him and burden him with feelings of guilt. Absolutes are out. Ethical relativism is the order of the day. And these modern moralities have this in common: they have taken their stand, quite correctly, against any subordination of the concrete individual personal relationship to some alien universal norm. What is right *for me* in this particular situation cannot be prescribed or deduced from some impersonal law laid up in heaven. But in the process all sense of the unconditional is lost in a sea of subjectivism, where everything goes — that is, until the Sabbath reasserts itself under the guise of Big Brother.

The radical believes with the revolutionary in 'the ethic of the situation', with nothing prescribed — *except love*, in the New Testament sense of intense personal care and concern. And this is the decisive exception. For love — utter openness to persons in all their depth and uniqueness — is the 'root' of

the Sabbath. What is right is not laid down for always in 'laws which never shall be broken': it is what love really requires of me in this particular and unrepeatable relationship. Love is the end of law precisely because it does respect persons, absolutely and unconditionally. Love alone can afford to be utterly open to the situation, or rather to the person in the situation, uniquely and for his own sake, yet without losing its direction. Really love God, really be convinced that persons matter, then, as Augustine said, you *can* do what you like.

Such an attitude to living is, as I have said, dependent upon having roots that reach very deep. For myself, I doubt if I could sustain it unless I were Christian: for God is for me the 'depth' of love, indeed of all reality, and it is in Christ that love is given its definition and power. But I have the utmost respect for the integrity of the radical humanist. Or perhaps it would be truer to say that, because I am a Christian, I *am* a radical humanist. For that I believe

is the quality and direction of life to which Jesus referred when he said that the Sabbath was made for man, and when he summoned his disciples to be salt to the world.

But it would not be fair to equate the Christian outlook with the radical, to suggest that all Christians should be radicals any more than all radicals should be Christian. For radicalism is simply an attitude of mind and its relevance is to some extent a matter of degree. The radical cannot claim to have the whole truth. To remember that should help to keep him humble, for the besetting sin of the radical is self-righteousness, as complacency is of the reformist and ruthlessness of the revolutionary. Nevertheless, I believe that the radical temper is a uniquely precious element in our cultural inheritance. I have no doubt that the other two are needed — and I find myself embracing each at times. But, if I had to choose, I would rather rest my reputation (for what it is worth) on being a radical. — *The Listener*.

■ East Germans have their backs to the Wall with a sagging economy and little prospects of improvement.

A LOOK AT EAST GERMANY'S ECONOMY

Once or twice a year foreigners are given special facilities to visit the Leipzig Fair. It provides a glimpse of Communism's fairyland. This spring (1962) extra stocks of potatoes and meat were laid in at hotels and restaurants catering for visitors to the Fair; yet the feeling of gaiety and expectation usual on such occasions seemed to have deserted newcomers and natives alike. The volume of trade concluded and the number of foreign visitors were less than last year. The shadow of the Wall heavily across the land. It had been erected to do away with such problems as the ever-growing stream of refugees to the West; yet, when it had been completed, its architects had created as many problems as they had tried to solve. The pull of the Germany that lies West of the Wall has grown and not vanished, despite the Socialist Unity (Communist)

Party's attempts to counteract it by such devices as the legend spread by its functionaries that the Hilton Hotel in West Berlin is empty and lit up every night simply to deceive the million inhabitants of the walled-in Eastern sector of the town. The pull of the West clearly remains, although it has been out of reach for nine months.

When the Wall was erected on 13 August 1961, a state of suspense which had lasted fifteen years was finally brought to an end. East Germans, on holiday in Czechoslovakia and Soviet Russia, could be overheard saying: 'We have ceased to be Europeans; now we are Easterners (Ostler).' In Eastern Europe the 'Iron Curtain' has never been regarded as the brain-child of Western imperialists and cold warriors but as a reality, a fact of life. Nevertheless, as long as the traveller from the East could

ascend after a short ride on the underground to a world where no Communist writ could be served, the division of Germany, of Europe, of the world could be interpreted as in interlude. Now it has taken on the complexion of finality and the impact of this change cannot yet be grasped to its full extent.

One thing is certain: the East German Communist leaders did not waste any time in taking advantage of the new situation. At long last their concept of detaching the 'German Democratic Republic' from the rest of Germany and bringing it into line with the Soviet Union and its European empire had come within reach. It may well be a matter of years rather than months before this aim can materialize, but the economic steps taken following the erection of the Wall are a clear indication of a new direction of policy. This does not mean, however, that it will be easy to sever the country's ties with the West, to adopt Soviet patterns of industrial production, and to integrate the national economy with econo-

mies as far apart as, say, Czechoslovakia in the west and Bulgaria in the east. The statements made in March (1962) at the Fifteenth session of the Central Committee of the Party left no doubt about the mistakes made in the past and the difficulties expected in the future. Herr Ulbricht, the First Secretary of the Party and Head of State Herr Mewis, the Chief Planner, and Herr Rumpf, the Minister of Finance, showed no signs of exuberance over a victory gained but presented a programme that aimed at retrenchment and austerity.

In fact East Germany's economy is in a precarious state, and has been so for some time. It thus came as no surprise when in the spring of 1961 the quarterly reporting of Plan results was discontinued. When the economic Plan for 1961 was presented at the Twelfth session of the Central Committee in the spring of that year, it had been known for some time that the economy had progressed at a much slower rate than in 1958 and 1959. 1960 had, in fact, been the turning point. Since then industrial output has increased at

a steadily declining rate of growth, namely in 1959 by 13 per cent, in 1960 by 8 per cent, and in 1961 by 6 per cent.

These are the official claims for gross industrial production. Even the reduced rates might seem high by Western standards, but it must be borne in mind that they are inflated by statistical padding and multiple counting at fictitious prices. Although the concept of gross industrial production is known to be faulty, it continues to remain in use in East Germany as elsewhere in the Soviet orbit. The gross national product figure, which eliminates some of the statistical errors has not been published for 1961, but an increase of 3.5 per cent is thought to have been achieved, compared with rates of growth of 8.5 and 6 per cent in 1959 and 1960 respectively, again a steadily declining rate of progress in the last three years.

The output of the metal industry, key sector of the economy, was particularly disappointing last year; it lagged significantly behind both the 1961 target and perform-

ance in 1960. The supply of fuel and power was equally unsatisfactory. Among the major sectors of the economy, the chemical industry alone did better than planned. Against this, building stagnated and transport continued to be a serious problem. The reasons for the reduced rate of expansion are manifold, but the general uncertainty about the future was undoubtedly one of the most important. It was not surprising, therefore, that during the seven and a half months before the frontiers were sealed more East Germans fled to the West than during the whole of 1960. After the erection of the Wall the drain of manpower ceased, and 50,000 East Berliners formerly employed in West Berlin were added to the East German labour force. This advantage was lost when conscription was introduced early in 1962.

When the Wall was erected, the East German population suffered its greatest psychological shock since the war. But the party *cadres* were given little time to enjoy their newly gained freedom of action, and when Mr.

Khrushchev announced at the opening of the Twenty-second Congress of the C.P.S.U. that he would no longer insist on December 1961 as the deadline for the signing of a German peace treaty it was the turn of the East German Party functionaries to suffer their shock. Since then the political confusion has been nation-wide and has left its mark on the performance of the economy.

An important aspect of the economic situation has been the substantial reduction in capital investment, the growth rate of which declined from over 16 per cent in 1959, to half as much in 1960; it was hoped to maintain this level in 1961 but in fact the increase was only approximately 3 per cent. If allowance is made for rising costs, investment appears to have become stagnant—an event almost unheard of in a Communist-planned economy. In these circumstances, it was not surprising that the appeal to produce more in the same time and for the same wages, which was launched by the Party after sealing the border, had only a limited effect.

As long as there was a way open to the West, the Party had been forced to use discretion in exercising pressure on the wage incomes of the workers. In fact, incomes rose faster than supplies of consumer goods with the inevitable inflationary result. The subsequent forced savings campaign was intended to put this matter right, but by the end of the year had not yielded any tangible results.

The proclaimed target to raise living standards sufficiently to overtake West Germany in the supply of important consumer goods per head of population has been dropped without explanation, and comparisons between levels of income and consumption in East and West Germany are no longer made. When the East German Seven-Year Plan, like that of the Soviet Union, was inaugurated in 1959, one of its aims was to surpass the Federal German Republic in the same way as the Soviet Union undertook to surpass the United States. As West Germany has increased her industrial output and nation-

al product substantially faster than East Germany in recent years, this goal is more remote today than it was when it was set.

Working conditions are of supreme importance to the majority of the citizens of the German Democratic Republic, since more than one million East Germans have moved from self-employment to wage-earning, and more than two-thirds of all women between fifteen and sixty of age are employed. In this sphere much remains to be done. The five-day working week, which Herr Ulbricht had promised in March 1956 for certain industries before the end of the second Five-Year Plan in 1960, is nowhere in sight. Nominal industrial wages are still below those paid for corresponding categories of workers in West Germany, and in terms of purchasing power wages are at least one-quarter lower. The same is true of old-age pensions. The supply of consumer goods remains unsatisfactory. The volume of retail trade increased by 10 per cent in 1959 but by only 7 per cent in 1960; the planned rise for 1961 was no more

than 6 per cent. Price increases have blurred the picture, but, as the output of the food industries has fallen badly behind the Plan, the 1961 target is unlikely to have been achieved. At the end of the year substantial quantities of food, clothing, and housing had to be transferred from civilian consumption to the armed forces.

The year 1961 was moreover the worst agricultural season since 1953. Farming seems to be the child of sorrow wherever Communists are in control, and in East Germany it is in a particularly sorry state. As elsewhere in the Soviet orbit the weather is blamed for low yields, but there can be no doubt that forced collectivization is largely responsible for the magnitude of the crop failure. Most agricultural data are withheld nowadays, but at the Farmers' Congress held by the Party in Magdeburg in March 1961 some of the essential facts became known. Output of grain and sugar-beet can be estimated at 15 per cent less in 1961 than in 1960. Potato yields declined by more than one-third.

As the acreage was also reduced, the total potato crop was at least four million tons lower than the year before. The shortfall of grain and potatoes amounted to 2 million tons of grain equivalent, and thus more than doubled East Germany's traditional grain deficit. Animals went short of fodder, milk and meat production therefore stagnated, and there was premature slaughter of livestock.

Even in more normal years, East Germany's farm output is unsatisfactory. Grain yields are usually about 15 per cent below those of West Germany. The difference is even greater in the case of livestock farming where milk yields are one-quarter and slaughter weights one-third lower. An equal quantity of farm output thus requires a greater number of workers and animals than in West Germany. Stern measures are to be applied in future to remedy this situation. First of all grassland is to be brought under the control of the collectives. In this way the private livestock sector is to be deprived of its principal source of feeding stuffs and members of collectives

are to be denied their predominant interest in their private plots, which are their main source of income. At least one-tenth of the collective farm income is to be set aside for investment purposes. At the same time the dual prices system is to be maintained to provide farmers with premiums for deliveries of milk and meat in excess of the compulsory delivery quotas. On the other hand, farmers will be paid for their labour in strict proportion to the fulfilment of their monthly work plan. Hard times lie ahead for the farming community.

In spite of these efforts East Germany will remain dependent on large-scale Soviet aid. In May 1961, a credit covering the years 1961 to 1965 and equivalent to more than \$500 million was made available; this was the largest Soviet credit so far offered to East Germany. As East Germany's short-term debts had accumulated by the end of 1961 to at least twice this amount, another credit became necessary in 1962. This was made available in the Commodity Credit Agreement signed by Mr. Mikoyan

during his visit to the Spring Fair in Leipzig. It provided for Soviet supplies on credit during 1962 to the equivalent of over \$300 million, the largest amount of Soviet assistance offered to East Germany in any one year. No

convertible foreign exchange appears to be involved. East Germany will thus move still farther in the direction of an 'economic community' with the Soviet Union, a target dear to Ulbricht's heart.

Photos, anyone?

I took scores of pictures at random of all kinds of people in the Bund gardens and along the waterfront and in various Shanghai streets. Like the pictures I took everywhere else in China, they showed people poorly dressed, none of them fat. They were all dying but apparently only at about the same rate people are dying everywhere; among them were no diseased beggars, no mangy infants, no policemen beating up anybody, no rice riots. These pictures got the same reception abroad that others taken by foreign visitors have gotten. Editors thought they looked too "posed." They wanted to see "the real China." A few months after I left, the Swiss journalist Fernand Gigon photographed some summer-naked infants playing around a pile of coal balls. *Time* bought that, called it "scavenging children," and its readers got a full page of "the real China" at last. From the same source, N.B.C. picked up some movie film, spliced it in to freshen ancient shots of prerevolutionary China, and presented it under the title "White Paper on China." Included in it was a remarkable scene of street executions by Kuomintang gendarmes in Shanghai — presented in a context which left the audience with the misapprehension that it had witnessed Communists shooting down the people. — Edgar Snow in *The Other Side of the River — Red China Today*, p. 533.

- The Nacionalistas must create a new image as the party of the future — if it is to survive.

THE FUTURE OF THE NP

BLAS F. OPLE

Reformers who come to power tend to pre-empt a whole field of the available social; moral and political causes. Thus President Macapagal, launching successive reforms on a broad front ranging from decontrol to land reforms, gives the image of an ubiquitous crusader. And the crusader communicates his own ardor and vitality.

Intentionally or not, the crusading stance of the Macapagal administration has compelled the opposition to take a defensive-conservative posture. Among the popular causes taken over by the Macapagal regime was "nationalism"; there was no mistaking the assertion of Philippine independence on the Malaysia question—the most clear-cut proof that we have begun to steer our own course in the affairs of the world. The

Nacionalistas need not wonder then, how their sources of moral and intellectual vitality had so quickly dried up.

The NP had been left without a cause, whether to mobilize its own desperate elements, to catch the public imagination, or to furnish the crest on which a new popular hero can ride to victory.

The most obvious evidence of this intellectual and moral enfeeblement lies in the new NP platform itself. This document, prepared by a committee headed by Sen. Jose Roy and ratified at the Nacionalista Convention last March 31 is incredibly inane for an opposition platform. On many a social and economic question it takes a weaker position than the actual policies now being carried out by the government.

The party's rhetoric—the language of its spokesmen—reflects the new conservative orientation of the NP. The conservative rhetoric is profuse with words of caution against change. It looks askance at such changes as land reforms. It likes to confuse democratic reforms and Communist-style changes. It is the language of the witch-hunter, at its worst.

The fact that not so long ago it was Macapagal and his men employing the same rhetoric against some of the Garcia "nationalists"—for advocating, among other things, drastic land reforms and an independent foreign policy—is an amusing commentary on Philippine politics. The truth is that Macapagal's campaign line did not anticipate the extent of the Liberal reforms he would later carry out as President; it is in this sense that it can be said, he has exceeded some of his own campaign promises, in land reform most of all.

The perfervid changes initiated by the new administration, one after another, caused the first rupture in the cohesion of the Nacion-

alista Party. The first to go — not to join any other party but to resume their wonted privacy — were the young men who composed the party's intellectual-literary fringe. These were the writers and journalists who had been attracted to the party by its nationalist slogans — and who did yeoman service manning the NP polemical arsenals and giving the party's cause the glow and polish it required. The coming to power of special economic blocs within the party did not augur well for a party of reform or for the loyalties of disinterested men.

The NP derived much of its intellectual and moral stimulus from the Filipino First policy — the rhetoric for which was fashioned by the party's literary supporters. With this support gone, the party lost an invaluable resource. A party of conservatives cannot serve as a vehicle for idealist ardor.

The NP's Filipino First policy has ceased to be meaningful, however, for the simple reason that President Macapagal, rather than repudiate this policy, has in fact assimilated it. The President

has indeed made dramatic use of this policy to enhance his own prestige at the expense of his nationalistic critics.

The Presidential decision transferring the Independence Day from July 4 to June 12; his decision to defer his trip to the US when the war damage bill failed of passage in the American Congress; his bold action against several alien magnates considered untouchable under previous regimes, and his show of adamant opposition to Malaysia in the face of a flat Washington endorsement of it — all these add up to an impressive effect of bold and courageous independence which gratified the people's sense of nationalism and racial pride.

Accordingly, even when the President decides to press for the amendment of the retail trade nationalization law, to make it more liberal to aliens in certain cases, his motives would be less suspect.

Even on the Filipino First issue, the President has therefore placed the Nacionalista opposition on the defensive. It is not pleasant to be reminded that it took the op-

ponent of Filipino First to discipline the big alien tycoons, some of whom conspired to bring about the September 1961 rice crisis which was perhaps decisive in precipitating the defeat of the NP in that election.

What is then the NP to do in order to revitalize itself? What causes can it appropriate which can give it a new intellectual and moral vitality? The following alternatives exist:

1. The NP can ignore the value of ideas and carry on a sporadic, uncoordinated guerrilla war against the administration. This is what the party is now doing.

2. It can put up a program of reforms rivalling the Macapagal program itself.

3. It can adopt a consciously conservative program designed to put the brakes on the Macapagal reforms.

If the party persists in the first alternative, it will hardly recover from its strategically subversive position vis-a-vis the Liberal Party. It will be most of the time reacting to Malacañang initiatives. It will be fighting its battles on grounds chosen by Malacañang.

The second alternative is unfeasible because of the dominant sway over the party at present of economic oligarchies whose interests cannot be reconciled to meaningful social and economic reforms. The third alternative is perhaps the most feasible course. It is highly suitable to the temperament of those who wield real power within the party.

If the NP hierarchical interests were more permissive, the party should not hesitate to take the second alternative; meaning, to put up a program of reforms rivalling Macapagal's. These proposed reforms should be oriented precisely to correct the economic hardships of the people, not at some remote Utopian age, but within a foreseeable time.

The NP can denounce the rise in prices — but does it have any solution to offer? Should the party propose a radical increase of the minimum wage, by legislation, it succeeds in dramatizing concrete relief to increasingly unbearable high prices and at the same time offers a burden for the lowest-income groups. The NP in the same manner can take an advanced posi-

tion in the question of taxation. In a country where up to 70 per cent of taxes are borne by the poorest citizens, in the form of indirect levies, a just cause exists for radical and far-reaching tax reforms. To raise the cedula tax from the present ₱.50 to ₱2.50, as proposed by the administration, is truly a backward step.

But it is on the question of land reforms that the NP, under the alternative we are considering, would probably feel stumped. For Macapagal's program is nearly faultless as a plan to carry out a peaceful and democratic revolution in land tenure. This program looks upon land reform properly as a complex of factors, involving credit, irrigation, extension work, marketing, feeder roads, voluntary organization, and the services of dedicated and highly trained personnel.

The NP should enter freely into the spirit of this "peaceful revolution"; rather than obstruct its realization, the party should wholeheartedly support the program, and at the same time require of the administration the scrupulous fulfillment of the program at the local levels.

The Nacionalista Party can emphasize such a shift in orientation through a coalition with the Labor Party of the Philippines, which is the political articulation of nearly a million-strong organized wage-earners in the country.

The truth of the matter is that it is easier to persuade the Laborites to coalesce with the LP than with the NP. Notwithstanding that a majority of the labor federation heads supported the NP in 1961, a great many had developed private sympathies for the Macapagal administration on account of the social reforms initiated by the regime. With the launching of the land reform program, this trend has grown stronger.

Still, a Nacionalista Party under a progressive-minded leadership should find common cause with the party of workers. If they moved too late, they might find the Labor Party fully aligned with the Liberal Party right in these coming elections.

The Nacionalista Party should find its way back to the masses, from which it has been increasingly alienated since the death of Ramon

Magsaysay. This way back lies not in thwarting social reforms for the masses, but in espousing them. If the present leadership of the party finds its economic interests cannot permit a bolder championship of reforms, it can better preserve itself by giving way to others who, not being burdened by wealth, are capable of more flexible action.

The momentum of the Macapagal "revolution" is at full tide. But every revolution has its Thermidore, the point of internal cleavage and the beginning of dissipation. The NP, to be ready, must cease looking and sounding like the party of the past. It must strive to gain a new image — as the party of the future.

No party can gain such an image by anchoring its principles to the status quo at a time when the people cry for change, amidst a revolutionary world. A party of the future is one that provides an ample vision of a better life and true human dignity — certainly a life beyond serfdom.

The alternative is for the NP to languish in its present

mediocrity, unworthy of its great past.

Some time ago, a group of young Nacionalistas, now jobless, were speculating on the future of their party over cups of coffee. One of them said: "We are now called the young Turks; by the time we return to power, we shall probably be called the Old Guard of the party." The lament turned into a laugh.

"Right now I feel like being a rebel without a cause,"

said another. "If Macapagal does a Franco — well that will at least give us a cause to fight for."

The levity of the young men in fact concealed a serious message. If the NP insists on being the party of the status quo and therefore of the past, it may wait for its turn at power long enough for the young men of the party to become old fogies. — *Sunday Times Magazine.*

A NATION IN ITSELF

Of all armies, those most ardently desirous of war are democratic armies, and of all nations, those most fond of peace are democratic nations. x x x

Among democratic nations it often happens that an officer has no property but his pay and no distinction but that of military honors; consequently, as often as his duties change, his fortune changes and he becomes, as it were, a new man . . . war makes vacancies and warrants the violation of the law of seniority which is the sole privilege natural to democracy . . . Moreover, as among democratic nations, the wealthiest, best-educated, and ablest men seldom adopt the military profession, the army, taken collectively, eventually forms a small nation itself . . . Now, this small uncivilized nation has arms in its possession and alone knows how to use them; for, indeed, the pacific temper of the community increases the danger to which a democratic people is exposed from the military and turbulent spirit of the army. — *Alexis de Tocqueville.*

- We are not justified in expecting too radical a change in the language, particularly in its sound-and-grammar structure, provided the present trends continue.

ENGLISH IN 2061: A FORECAST

MARIO PEI*

If a modern-day Rip Van Winkle went to sleep and didn't wake up for 100 years, how well would he be able to understand an American of 2061?

It does not take a linguist to know that language changes. Educated laymen know that the language they speak was once Elizabethan English (a little difficult to follow today, especially in the pronunciation of Shakespearean actors), and before that the half-incomprehensible language of Chaucer, and before that the Anglo-Saxon that no one today can read, let alone speak, unless he has had a graduate course in it.

Yet many people fail to realize that language is also going to change in the future. The English of 1,000 years from now (granted that

English is still a living tongue by the year 2961 A. D.) will probably be as different from the language of *Saturday Review* as the latter is from the spoken tongue of the Venerable Bede.

The big difference between the past and the future is that we know, or can reconstruct with some degree of accuracy, what has happened in the past, while we have no way of knowing — or so it sometimes seems — what course the future will take.

But is the last proposition altogether true? We know that governments, business organizations, even private individuals make projections into the future, based on present tendencies and trends. These forecasts do not, of course, have the same value as recorded history, since they may be thrown completely out of kilter by the unexpected or accidental. Never-

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theless, barring the unexpected, it is quite possible for our government experts to say: "We anticipate that the population of the United States, growing at an average yearly rate of about 2,000,000, will reach the 200-million mark, more or less, by 1970." In like manner, a business firm may say: "Our profits have grown about \$1,000,000 a year over the past ten years. Barring a major depression, we estimate that by 1965 they will be about \$5,000,000 higher than they are today." When you estimate your income tax for a year that is just beginning, as the Treasury Department somewhat unreasonably asks you to do, you go through this process of reasoning: "My income over the past five years has been about \$10,000. As of this moment, I cannot anticipate any sizable change. Therefore, I am putting down the same figures for 1961 that appear in my 1960 declaration."

It is quite possible to do the same thing with language, always with the understanding that some outside factor may come along to knock the calculation into a

cocked hat. One such factor in the development of the English language, for instance, was the Danish invasions of England that antedated the Norman Conquest. One effect of them is that today we say, "Take the knife and cut the steak" instead of "Nim the metter and sneed the oxflesh," which is the logical development of the Anglo-Saxon of King Alfred without Scandinavian interference. Another factor was 1066 itself, by reason of which we say, "The army pays out large sums of money" instead of "The here tells out great tales of gild."

A projection of the English language into the future on the basis of present-day indications is something like the predictions of an IBM machine on election night when only the first 2,000,000 votes are in. It can be fascinating, though many things may come along to upset our predictions. Nevertheless, despite the hazards, the questions can legitimately be asked: What can we prophesy at this moment about the English of 100 years hence? How will our descendants of 2061 A.D. speak and write.

By looking at the changes that have taken place in the past, and at the way the language is changing now, I think we can make some reasonable predictions.

Let us first of all recall that language consists of sounds (or phonemes, which are sounds that are distinctly significant to the speakers); of grammatical forms (like *love, loves, loved, or see, sees, saw, seen or child, children*); of word arrangements, like the characteristics "John loves Mary," which indicates that John, coming before the verb, is the doer of the action, and Mary, coming after the verb, the recipient; and of individual words, laden with their distinctive meanings. Language change may and does occur in any of these four divisions: phonology, morphology, syntax, and vocabulary.

But the changes do not occur at the same rate or to the same extent in all four. In times of trouble and stress, when communities become isolated, or when an alien tongue comes in direct contact with the native language of an area, changes in sound and grammatical structure

seem favoured; when conditions are stable, sounds and grammar change moderately, but vocabulary grows quickly.

For this reason, the big sound-and-grammar changes in the English tongue took place primarily in the days of the Anglo-Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans, then again through the troublous times that preceded the stabilization of English society down to the days of Queen Elizabeth I. There were numerous vocabulary changes in those days, too, but the most dramatic vocabulary accretions have come since the dawn of the scientific era.

Our projection for the next hundred years, assuming there will be no major cataclysm (such as an atomic war that plunges us back into mediaeval conditions), therefore involves a very limited amount of sound changes, a very moderate amount of grammatical transformation, and extensive vocabulary changes, mainly along the lines of accretion.

In the sounds of our language, the omens point to a process of stabilization and standardization, with local

dialectal variants tending to be replaced by a uniform style of pronunciation. Indeed, it is likely that even the cleavage between British and American English will tend to be effaced. There are many reasons for this. Large, centralized government units, easy communication between speakers of different areas, widespread trade and travel, and widespread education all favour unification and standardization. This was proved in the days of the Roman Empire, when a strong central government, good roads, unrestricted trade among the provinces and a fairly good educational system (at least for that period) led to the use of a standardized Latin throughout the western part of the Empire and a standardized Greek in the eastern regions. Today we have not only the American Union and the British Commonwealth, with their highly centralized features; we also have highways, railroads, swift ships, and jet planes bringing the speakers of the various English-speaking areas into fast and easy contact with one another; we

have public schooling for all social classes, with illiteracy practically eliminated; above all, we have the ubiquitous printing presses, radio, TV, and spoken films, bringing a standard King's English and a standard General American to all readers, viewers, and listeners. The local dialects will probably never quite disappear; but they will be driven more and more underground, particularly with the new generations of speakers. Only those mispronunciations that have spread throughout the country, like *margerine* for *margarine* and *Febuary* for *February*, will come out on top. As for the cleavage between British and American English, the tendency has been towards reunification since the First World War. Spoken British films were almost incomprehensible to American audiences when they first appeared, while American plays presented in England often were accompanied by printed glossaries in the programs (or should we spell it *programmes*?). Today, a British accent barely causes us to strain our ears, while the British have grown quite accustomed

to the Midwestern voice. Actually, we are slowly and insensibly modifying some of our forms of pronunciation to conform with the British, and they are doing the same with regard to ours.

The pronunciation of the year 2061 will probably not differ very widely from the General American of our best radio and TV announcers today. There will be an elimination of marked vulgarisms and localisms, which will be looked upon as old-fashioned (Cicero, writing in the first century B.S., used such expressions as *rustici dicebant*, "the rustics used to say," and *rustico sermone significabat*, "in rustic speech used to mean"; his use of the imperfect past in this connection is a dead giveaway that these local forms of speech had gone out of fashion by his day).

In the matter of grammatical forms and arrangements, our language today is far too standardized to permit of much change. It is possible that a few stray levelings may take place (*oxes* and *deers* for *oxen* and *deer*, for instance; or *I heard him* in the place of *I heard him*).

But despite the widespread rantings of the apostles of "usage" (however that much-belauboured word may be defined), it is not likely that substandard forms will make much headway. The primary reason for this is that such substandard forms are normally in the nature of localisms. Such rank atrocities as "Then dogs are us'ns," "I seen the both'n of 'em," and "I'll call you up, without I can't" are too localized to survive the impact of schools and TV. The only grammatical changes that have a real chance of becoming part of the standard language are those that have nation-wide currency, such as "Its me," "Who did you see?" and "ain't." Judgment may be suspended for some ignorant uses in sentences like "I should of done it" and "I seen him."

One historical factor that may blast our calculations to smithereens, however, is the possible growth of a pidginized form of English for international use, and its influence upon the native speakers. If this happens, it is possible that we may get such analogical standardiza-

tions as *childs, mouses, gooses, foots* (so that all nouns may form their plurals the same very without exception, and *I did see, I did go for I saw, I went* (so that the basically simple English verb may be further simplified by having a universally regular past).

The really big changes will come in vocabulary. It will be the multiplicity of new words that will really make the English of 2061 a startlingly different language from that of today.

Here there are several factors at work. As man's activities become increasingly complex and multiform, new words have to be coined, combined, borrowed, or otherwise created to take care of such activities. All we have to do is to go over the list of vocabulary accretions since 1900 to realize what is in store for the language in the next hundred years. Think of *futurama, micromatic, jitterbug, genocide, corny, snafu, gremlin, smog, zoot suit*—all words that would have been meaningless to Dickens or Edgar Allan Poe. Add to these the words of specialized

fields of activity (*megavolt and psychosomatic, electronic and morphophonemic, isotope and positron, kodak and latex*), and consider also the words that pre-existed the turn of the century, but which are now used in a variety of new acceptances (*atomic fission, integration, featherbed, release, etc.*). It is easy to see that the language of the future will be only partly comprehensible to the speaker of present-day English, even if the basic sounds, forms, sentence structures, and connecting words remain largely unchanged.

The future tongue will sound from the point of view of present-day speakers, somewhat like doubletalk or, better yet, those nonsense sentences that linguists often construct when they want to get away from meaning and concentrate on form—sentences in which the sounds, the grammatical forms, the word order, and the connecting words are all standard English, but in which the vocabulary is imaginary: something like "Foring mests larry no granning sunners in the rones." Yet this vocabulary will of course be easily under-

stood by speakers who have grown up with it.

How many of our present, current, everyday words will be altogether obsolete, or even archaic, by 2061? A good many, no doubt. All we have to do is to look closely at the vocabulary of 100 years ago and notice how many words were in current use that we can still recognize, but would not think of using ourselves, words like *drawing-room* and *trencher*, *conscript* and *sparkling light*, *eximious* and *mansuetude*, or, to go a little further, *vocular* and *viduous*, *gossipaceous* and *dandiacal*. If we care to go, a few centuries further back, we can find *deruncinate* and *suppeditate*, *whirlcote* and *begeck*, *yuke* and *pringle*, *toom* and *mizzle*, *jarkmen* and *priggers*, *assation* and *clancular*, *dignotion* and *exolution*.

Since the language of radio and TV, in the English-speaking countries, is largely a matter of commercial promotion, a special word may be in order for the future ramification of the Madison Avenue tongue.

In the field of sounds, the promotional language tends to avoid, save for occasional

picturesque effect, localisms and special accents. It is a powerful, perhaps the most powerful, factor in the standardization we anticipate. It is only occasionally that we get a deliberate distortion of pronunciation, like *halo* for hello. This laudable conservatism does not, by the way, extend to spelling. Forms like *nite*, *kool*, *Duz*, and *chaise lounge* are there to plague us and to confuse the foreigners and even the native learner of English.

In grammar and syntax, the language of promotion tends towards those vulgarisms that are nation-wide (like a cigarette should" is a good example), but not towards local or extreme forms.

In the advertising vocabulary, two distinct and contradictory trends are noticeable. One is the tendency to stress the short, pithy, monosyllabic elements of vocabulary, as when an earlier "If headaches persist or recur frequently" was replaced by "if headaches hang on too long or keep coming back." But side by side with this, we have droves of commercialized scientific and pseudoscientific long words, like *hydramatic*

and irradiated, homogenized and naugahyde, chlorophyl and duridium, even oldsmobility and beaverette.

One grammatical peculiarity of the language of commercialism is the avoidance of the personal pronouns *it* and *they*, replaced with endless and annoying repetitions of the name of the sponsor or product. This may eventually lead an as yet unborn chronicler of the English language to say in the year 2061: "Personal pronouns, still quite alive in British English, are obsolescent in American. This is particularly true of the third person neuter pronoun *it*; which only the older generation of American English speakers occasionally use today. Instead, Americans prefer to repeat the noun

over and over again, often with ludicrous effects."

But all in all, despite the multiplying of human activity; the advances of science and its nomenclature, the ravages of commercialism, it seems to this writer that we are not justified in expecting too radical a change in the language, particularly in its sound-and-grammar structure, provided the present trends continue.

Remember, though, that this picture may be violently changed by the unexpected and unforeseeable. A historical upset, a political upheaval, a military disaster may place the English language in swift motion once more, so that a century or two could bring on the same differences that appear between the Anglo-Saxon of Aelfric and the Middle English of Chaucer.

The chief lesson I have learned in a long life is that the only way you can make a man trustworthy is to trust him; and the surest way to make him untrustworthy is to distrust him and show your distrust.
— Henry L. Stimson.

- From birth to death, the typical westernized Filipino lives a life closer to the Babbitts and the Smiths than to the Negrito.

THE VANISHING TRIBES

From the moment the school child learns to sing the tune

Negritos of the mountain

What kind of food do you eat?

he mentally exiles his forebears. With each succeeding year his fund of knowledge of the world beyond the seas increases, and before he knows it his life is conditioned by pauses that refresh, cigarets that satisfy and dreams that wander around in girdles.

When on his door comes knocking what appears a strangely dressed group — stripped *tapis*, loose blouses, long bead necklaces, G-string and colored head bands, who for ten centavos will circle, dip and curtsy in a dance swayed to the music of two tiny instruments that give out a monotonous tune, or to their own monotonous chant — our young native is even more surprised at the

novelty than he would be were he regaled with the American boogie, or the English booms-a-daisy.

For the small ethnographic tribes in the Philippines have no way of letting their blood brothers know of their existence. With no newspapers or telephones, no representation in congress and no beauties in thrones, they are known only in the places where they wander, if they wander. And while white travelers come to the Philippines in search of these tribal groups, the Filipino traveler prefers to cross the seas and look at the Egyptian mummies in the Metropolitan Museum (New York).

From birth to death, the typical westernized Filipino who comprises the major portion of the country's population lives a life closer to the Babbitts and the Smiths than to the Negrito. When Mark Twain wrote his famous *To the People Sitting in*

Darkness, satirizing the American desire to bring civilization to an "uncivilized" country, he was also pointing up the fact that wherever foreigners go it is the quaint and the primitive that they perceive and magnify by their one-sided reports.

However, it is still these reports which to a large extent have helped in the compilation of data on Philippine tribes, and besides the names of such well known scholars on the subject as Otley Beyer, there are those of Laurence Wilson and Tage Ellinger, and a group of Filipinos mostly in search of indigenous art, music, and language.

It is now generally accepted that the first inhabitants of the Philippines were the Negritos. Of these there is still an estimated 30,000 existing. Aptly enough, the Negrito, in appearance is a diminutive negro, black-skinned, curly haired. His face tapers to a narrow chin while his jaw protrudes. His nose is broad, at times its width measuring more than its length. There is no Negrito over five feet tall, which

is perhaps the reason why a decade ago, when Filipino six footers went abroad foreigners usually remarked, "you can't be a Filipino. You're so tall."

In a civilization which treasures the remnants of a figurative dinosaur, living ancestors still hold no special significance. It is perhaps because the ancestry might be merely geographical, blood relationship hardly existing. Whatever the reason, the Negrito now hardly holds any place in the Filipino scheme of things. In fact they have been showed aside as the tribe with the most primitive way of life, their homes hardly more than crude lean-tos, beyond the bow and arrow.

In the last years they have turned into nomads, wandering in bands from town to town, walking in single file down the barrio's narrow footpaths hardly ever entering the capitals. Their mountain homes, whence they were driven after the influx of the Malays are no longer as secure as they used to be before the war. Others have discovered that their

mountains hold both food and refuge, and have turned the Negrito into a virtual wandering Jew. The fact that he speaks no language of his own, but a local *patois* of the dialect native to the region, has not helped in the unification of this tribe which is represented even as far as the East Indies, the interior of the Malay Peninsula and in the Andaman Islands of the Indian Ocean.

Still, the Negrito aesthete who decorates his face by sharpening his teeth to tiny points, has a very advanced sense of music. The guitar, nose flute, bamboo violin, and an instrument similar to the jew's harp is the Negrito's superior answer to many a Manila combo.

This musicality extends to the other tribes which may be found from Aparri to Jolo. The largest concentration of their population, which was roughly estimated before the war at 700,000 are around northern Luzon, Palawan and Mindanao. There are around twenty of these tribes, some of them virtually alien to most lowlanders others mixing quite freely with the latter when they

leave their mountain or valley abodes to go to town.

There are two schools of thought with regards to them. The first, composed mostly of foreigners, and a few Filipinos, believe in the preservation of this culture, without, however, forcing it down people's throats. Then there is a third group, composed of Filipinos, who are no school at all since they don't think anything about the matter, are perhaps hardly aware that people are born, marry, and die in a manner so different from them.

While most Filipino babies wail their way out in hospitals or in their mother's homes, with doctors or midwives ministering to them, the Ilongot mother instead looks for nothing but a tree with a comfortable looking horizontal bark to lean on. This is supposed to aid delivery. The Ilongot mother nurses her baby, too, but after a week she feeds the infant the same food she herself eats, after properly masticating it first for the toothless one. And while the city father probably busily hunts an appropriate box of choco-

lates for the new mother, the Ilongot father might easily be imagined triumphantly lugging a head home, a valuable trophy to bring good luck to his family.

If the Ilongot mother is as modern as the newest pediatrician in the feeding of her baby, the Bontoc youth goes back to the ultra-modern Plato when it comes to wooing. The *olog*, dormitory for unwed girls, is many a young man's dream of what courtship should include and does not. The Bontoc version of Manila's own boarding houses, its quarters are definitely more cramped and crude, its practical morality, certainly more frank and refreshing.

A young man attracted to an *olog* girl slips quietly into the dormitory at night, and searches for his lass among the rows of females that lie side by side on the floor, each with a blanket of her own. When he finds her, he slips between her and the girl next to her, facing the one he favors. He woos her with verses whispered softly into her ear, partly for effect, partly for privacy. This goes on for some nights. If the girl is won, she will allow him to

love her, and share with him her blanket, which is to her what the chastity belt is to her foreign sisters.

But marriage does not come until the girl is pregnant, sometimes not even until she has given birth. For to the Bontocs, as to the Ifugaos and Christians, the prime purpose of marriage is procreation, and a woman's chief function is child-birth.

With the Ilongots, this courtship is made more exciting by various tests of bravery which the wooer has to undergo. One of them savors of the saga of William Tell: the suitor with bow and arrow has to shoot through the hollow of a bamboo tube held under the armpits of the girl he loves, and woe to him should he harm a single hair on her body! The girls firmly stand behind him as he shoots, ready to chop him down at the slightest mistake.

If the Bontocs are practical with their wooing, the Kalingas are logical with their reasoning. Betrothals are arranged at birth or early youth, a feast or *cañado* given by the girl's parents to celebrate the event. But should another wooer come along and win

the fair lady's hand, the ill-fated fiancee has to give back all the money spent by the girl at the *cañao*, Kalinga logic judging the man who was not able to hold his fiancee's affection guilty.

This practical turn of mind becomes even more apparent in their custom of keeping their many wives in separate villages, instead of allowing them to see each other, let alone live together. The first wife, however, enjoys Number One privileges, and the others are called *dag-dagas*, which though sounding very much like the Tagalog word *dagdag* really means *stop-over*: in sailor's language, a girl in every port.

Among all the customs of our tribes, what seems to throw their brother Filipinos are their head-hunting activities. To the lowlanders culture dictates that death by a gunshot is definitely more civilized than by beheading. It seems all the more gruesome to the average mind when the heads are preserved and kept in special places in the home as trophies.

The simple logic of these people though, gives a clear reason from the fact that the

Ilongots, for example, believe the head to be the center of life, and thus to be treated with the greatest respect. To get an enemy's head is a triumph, to have one's head touched by an enemy is an insult.

Unlike the South American headhunters, the Ilongots as well as Apayaos and Ifugaos do not shrink them, but first cut the meat, remove the brain, then smoke the skull till it is dry. For a time it was supposed that the heads of Pittman and Conklin, American explorers who braved the wilds of Bontoc, reached such an end. Later, however, it was rumored that they were killed for their blood, which was used to irrigate the rice lands which were suffering from drought.

The general conception of a tribesman is that he is small and black. However, of the around twenty various groups in the Philippines may be found the red-skinned, the caucasian, and some brown skins. Among the last are the Abenlens of Zambales, claimed to have been just discovered by the Danish. Tage Ellinger, some time in 1954. No taller than Negritos, they

and a half feet, have long straight hair, light skin, and light brown eyes. According to Prof. Beyer, the description fits the typical proto-Malayan. There were only twelve families of about 150 people in the village where they stayed. Friendly enough, drinking cups were still made out of enemy's skulls.

Once in a while, aside from feature articles which appear in local magazines, and cloth-bound books which are sold in the better bookstores in the States, the ordinary reader gets a glimpse of tribal life through the newspapers. Small items which recount headhunters committing murder to win their girls, different tribes warring with each other for possession of land, and groups seeking protection from the encroachment of the civilized, break into print.

In 1954 the Social Welfare Administration launched a probe of the Mangyan's state in Mindoro. Reports had reached the administrator that the tribe was being exploited, and made to work like slaves by public officials, that the Mangyan women

were being abused by Christians, and that their land was being squatted upon by people who had the backing of provincial authorities.

Besides the probe, which yielded conferences between the SWA representative and the town officials, public assemblies were organized for discussing the problems of non-Christians, including their rights and duties as citizens of the country which had hardly seen a tribesman's vote since the polling booth was invented.

Considering that there must be around 100,000 potential voters running around loose among these tribes, one may think that some politician will eventually think up a bill to provide for teaching these people how to read and write, even the Tagbanuas who already do but whose literature are written in vertical columns reading from top to bottom and from right to left. And while they are at it, our lawmakers might even think of tossing in a few hundred thousands for land reservations and housing for these Filipinos — *Saturday Mirror Magazine*.

- A moving short story by a many time winner of national literary awards for fiction writing.

THE BEGGAR

ESTRELLA ALFON

There could be no mistake. The beggar in the huge enlarged photograph on exhibit in the window was himself.

So he looked like that, that man with the baleful expression: eyes sharp with suspicion, the mouth sneering, the moustache on the upper lip dirtier deeper etchings than the many lines that crisscrossed his face. Unconsciously, as he looked at himself, he took on the very expression of the beggar in the photograph. The photographer had caught him in a moment of especial malevolence, a displeasure at his fellow men, a cunning against them displayed so patently on the face caught by the click of soul stealing camera.

This beggar in the photograph —looking at himself, he was nevertheless of the feeling that he was looking at another man. Someone else. A man whose secrets

somehow he knew, yet never as fully, as completely as now, face to face with a picture blown larger than life, the face of a man whose journey through all the days since he was born, he the man looking into the window, knew. Traveled, detoured, not arrived.

He looked down at the rags that clothed him. Except for the shoulders, the photograph did not take any more of him than his face. Yet it was as though he were there, displayed, in the raiment he usually used to proclaim his lack of estate. Anyone looking at the photograph would have known that his hands at the moment when that shutter clicked to picture him forever in his beggar state, were extended like claws. That his feet with rags, were ready to shuffle after some adamant passerby.

He put up a hand to his chin, where no beard grew because when there were no people passing by his chosen stand, he liked to pull out the hairs that grew on his lower face, dirty nails efficient and sure, each abrupt rewarded gesture sometimes sign of his very vindictiveness when people would not respond to his whine. Even now as he contemplated his own picture, he picked at the coarse growth on his chin, and he tried to remember when this photograph had been taken.

He had been on the overpass over Quezon Boulevard. Right in the middle of the wooden structure in the very stream of the people hurrying in the noonday heat. He had been holding out his hand, his left held to his chest in a manner to suggest that it was defective, useless, and therefore — he had learned to curse the people who did not respond to his own malevolent kind of harassment with a stream of low mouthed words that they never fully heard but they understood. Nevertheless, for men, looking so well pressed

his meanings would be unmistakable in the flash of his eyes, in the curl of his foul lips.

He especially liked to hold out his hand to the better dressed men, although it wasn't they who really liked to be generous. The generous ones were actually the women, not the richly clad either, nor the successful looking, but the ones who were dowdy, who looked as though they themselves found it hard to feed their families. This kind of women he didn't whine at, for them he reserved a look of dull-eyed apathy, a shake of his head as though it sat heavily on his head, a licking of his lips as though the heat and hunger had parched him near to desperation. Then the housewives sometimes staggering under heavy market baskets, or perhaps hurrying to catch a contraband morning tagalog movie in spite of all the housework, would fish hurriedly in their dress pockets, or in their market bags, one saying perhaps, sounding almost annoyed, Well, don't stay in the sun! and the other perhaps in tones of compassion, I still

have a five left me, and hand him a ragged five-centavo note.

But the better dressed men, they looked at him with a contempt they did not bother to disguise, when in quick method to get rid of him they gave him a bill they carefully separated from neatly folded bills in their pocket, or perhaps from a wallet, they did not like to meet his eyes, and they brushed aside from his person, disdainingly contact with his rags. He had a method of passing in front of men like that, so that he obstructed them, and in the crowds that daily used the overpass, there was nothing better he liked than to know he had annoyed these men, looking so well pressed, and in such a hurry to reach their offices wherever their business took them.

Then he had noticed this photographer stand still.

It had been a favorite pastime of his, looking at the young girls against the sun, so that their legs showed through their clothes, revealed to him by sun's glare. He kept his eyes lowered but his pleasure showed on his face, and it was therefore with

some kind of guilty shock that he noticed this cameraman looking at him.

He had his camera slung over his shoulders but as he watched the beggar, he began to hold it, to open it, to look inside it, walking slowly, glancing around him up at the sky, playing with gadgets; he got out of his pocket, with which he fiddled as he tried his best not to let the beggar know that he had noticed the beggar's little game of sun against the girls' legs.

They had kept at it for a little while more, the man with camera pretending it wasn't the beggar he was interested in, and the beggar pretending to go about his business of making the world pay him alms. But after he had almost reached the other end of the overpass, he came back to where the beggar was plying his trade, sat on the wooden rail, perched there like a giant bird, and nodded at the beggar as if to say Go ahead don't let me bother you. But he kept aiming his camera at people and things: the church spire, the heads of the crowds down in the square, the rushing traffic. Only, now and then,

when he thought the beggar was not watching, aiming it at the ragged mendicant.

It was the beggar who had finally placed the game out in the open, when he sidled to the cameraman and sneered, You're taking pictures of me but don't want to let me know.

The cameraman grinned at him, saying You have any objections?

The beggar looked at the crowd and the clock advertising a soft drink, calculating in his mind how much he would make that day, temper of the crowd and heat of the day taken into account. He looked at the cameraman and boldly proposed, What is in it for me?

Correctly guessing at his own thoughts, the cameraman asked him, Up to you.

Shrewdly the beggar said You.

The cameraman eased himself off the guard rail, pushed a free hand into a pocket, housed his camera back in its case, used both hands to look into all his pockets and came out with all the money he had on him. A count under the hot sun, as diligently

attended to by the beggar as the owner of camera, made it some seventy centavos over three pesos.

The beggar said, Five.

The cameraman pocketed the seventy cents, slapped the three pesos into the old man's outstretched hand and said You're lucky I have that much on me!

They went into the churchyard and in a corner attended by almost all the other mendicants and peddlers and vagrants who noticed them, had a session of it.

But he knew he had not posed for this picture on exhibit at the window. This picture had been taken when he wasn't looking, he had been told to look weary, to look old, to look hot, to look beggarly, but he had not remembered having been made to pose like the man in the window.

Depraved, malicious, sly, by heaven abandoned to sin and sinning — How long had he stood there? He knew some time must have passed by when he felt a hand give him a tap on the shoulder and a voice say, You like yourself?

He looked up. The man who had come out of the shop with the window displaying the beggar picture was the very cameraman who had taken it. He looked at the young man, not knowing how to feel, or how to answer the question he had just asked. He looked at the picture again.

Had this young man then seen in him what the picture showed clearly? There was no apology in the young man's manner. There was no hint that he was sorry or that he felt he should not have done this thing to him.

You have no right, the beggar said, and although he tried to make his voice arrogant and angry, he couldn't. He could only say, displeased, he should not have done this thing to him.

Today the young man was jaunty and flaunty. Specially when other young men came out of the shop and recognizing him for the beggar in the picture, grouped around them, interested in their conversation.

The young man said, so that the others heard him, You don't like yourself, huh?

Picture tells the truth too much, huh?

Something in him told the beggar he should keep quiet, but something in the manner of the young man, an arrogance he recognized because he had it himself, a lack of feeling for others, a wish to hurt and to be admired for something cruel, made the beggar angry. He was so angry he was shaking. He said, You are a thief!

The words surprised his own self. What had the young man stolen from him?

The young man threw back his head and laughed. Thief? He shoved the other young men away, and rashly put his hands on the beggar's arms so he could turn the mendicant around and face himself, enlarged, looming like something unnatural in the blown up proportions of the print.

Look at you. Thief. Rapist. Glutton! Everything else! Look!

He looked. At that man whose secrets he knew, but never as fully, as completely as now. That man there, that beggar in the photograph, he.

He tore from the young man's grasp. He had to say something, yet he who had so many words to throw and mutter at the people from whom he had cadged and bamboozled the pennies with which he had managed to live, he could only say, without the vehemence he so wanted, Thief!

The young men laughed insensately. He turned his eyes on them and their laughter became louder, near to screaming. Look, they said. Look at the old so-and-so imitate himself.

He no longer knew how to control his shaking. He was sick to his stomach to realize that indeed, at this very moment, he probably looked every line, every expression, like that old reprobate, that lecherous beggar in the picture that so-and-so who was better off dead!

Then one of the young men stopped laughing long enough to point at him saying Look! he is crying.

The beggar put up a shaking hand, and touched his

cheeks and was shocked to find them wet. He was crying. Why was he crying?

But they all started to laugh again, and now they crowded around him and slapped him on the back and gave him playful nudges. They fished inside their pockets and pooled some money together. They got a paper bag from somewhere and put the money in it and they gave the bag to him, clinking and bulging.

You don't miss a trick, do you? The man who had taken his picture said to him. Even tears!

They turned him away, as they all went into the shop. They said to him, For the tears, there! *Nakasupot pa ang pera mo. Ang galing mo, talaga!*

And as he held on to the money in the bag, he still looked at his picture. There in the terrible quiet from the absence of their laughter. They could not see that he had not yet stopped crying. —*Sunday Times Magazine.*

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