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THE BARRIO AND THE
GOVERNMENT

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MAN MAY BE FORCED TO FARM IN TROPICS

New food crops may soon be developed for growing in the hot, rainy climate of the tropics.

Man soon may be forced to do so, Dr. John E. Cantlon of Michigan State University, believes because of a growing world population.

"This is not an easy task," he said. "The trouble is major grain plants, except rice, are not suitable for large-scale farming in the humid tropics. One approach is to domesticate new food plants that will be suitable."

He said that "when, for instance, corn is grown in the rainy tropics, it is not in harmony with the climate and cannot retain the soil's fertility.

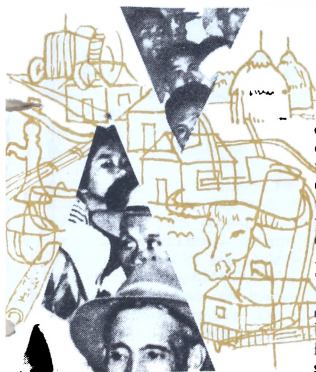
"Farming for crops such as corn means there will be exposed ground during parts of the year. The rain beats down on the bare earth, bleaching nutrients out of the soil. Even many of the current tropical crops such as the yam do not fit into the pattern."

Fertilizers are being used to make up for the loss of nutrients, Dr. Cantlon said. However, there are definite limitations to the supply of some important substances, such as phosphorus, and potassium. "That is why we cannot continue to exploit the world's farm lands indefinitely at the present pace," he said.

Look homeward, angel

The Barrio and the Government

by **Alejandrino G. Hufana**



COMMUNITY development are big words. In a country like the Philippines, especially, these outcroppings of "social amelioration" programs are usually taken as the solution to ease the backwardness of everything in the nation except its politics. As a working program, community development is bigger in its scope than its slogan value. Consider that there are 19,000 barrios which are involved in the experiment to determine whether barrio competence can receive full benefit from government assistance.

In the recent past, government projects have been established like the ACCFA-FACOMA, the NARRA and more recently the PACD. Evaluation of their work does not necessarily summarize the big task of government assistance when it is spread out over these 19,000 rural communities. The standard for such progress report will be one of comparison.

Further back, in the Commonwealth era, and even before it, Philippine administration had recognized the backwardness of these rural areas, and it was taken as the reason for the rise of "radicalism," with emphasis in mind of the Central Luzon uprisings from 1925 to 1935. This backlog of progress led Manuel Quezon to formulate his "social justice" program, and the same situation, in graver form, led the postwar administration to establish the EDCOR.

Talks about rural industrialization have suddenly intensified. This had been presaged since President Quirino's time when there was talk of total economic mobilization. But it took Ramon Magsaysay to come up with a formula for helping the barrios come into their own. It was in his time that indeed the central government implemented its often avowed intention, and home rule was introduced into the Philippine barrio.

Home rule must be qualified before the enthusiasm for it can muddle the issue at the level of definitions.

In defining it, Dr. Buenaventura M. Villanueva, executive secretary of the Community Development Research Council, points out in his study *The Barrio People and Barrio Government* that competent barrio government is dependent upon at least three factors: "skills and competence in barrio institutions, values and cultural matrix." The study also classifies a barrio's cultural affairs into the "formal" which are mainly political and economic activities and the "informal" which are the personal and inter-personal or family practices which are variables set by tradition and by superstition.

For the 19,000 barrios to develop along the community development plan, they should adopt programs which take these factors into account. In other words, the people can help develop themselves if they take a ready hand as well as demonstrate their efficiency in managing their own affairs.

Community development is not a new idea in government policies. It has operated before through several agencies: the PACD, the NARRA, the ACCFA-FACOMA—all of which were started on the premise that the national government could be strengthened if it extended to its

lowest possible political unit the principle of barrio home rule.

Now, there seems to be a paradox here: barrio home rule is actually decentralization yet local autonomy would help develop the national government's own central position. This is so because even as these agencies, working on a coordinated scale, allow local autonomy to take effect, their success or failure will reflect on the incumbent administration . . . for its neglect or concern regarding the implementation of the field projects of these agencies. It is the individual agency's responsibility, however, to effect its plans of community development through its humblest agent in the field who provides each and every barrio with the stimulus for self-help.

The office of the Presidential Assistant on Community Development was created on January 6, 1956, upon President Magsaysay's Executive Order No. 156 "to implement the program of community development throughout the Philippines, to carry out effectively the program of giving the rural population fair and full opportunities in the pursuit of a dignified and abundant life, and to provide effective planning and coordinating machinery in insuring the success of the above policies." As a coordinating agency of the government, it aimed to avoid overlapping and duplication of community development goals of

various government agencies—a situation uncovered by the Community Development Planning, a local fact-finding council. This council found out that these government agencies were running multi-purpose projects towards these goals.

TO ACHIEVE the necessary coordination, the PACD upon its establishment undertook the training of Community Development Workers, CDW's, in short, who would link the PACD office and the barrio people directly. A cursory glance at this initial step indicates a centralization of functions which, though happily streamlined this way, seems finally destined to follow the usual practice of the government to govern its lower and dispersed political units from an exclusively central vantage. In this set-up, the CDW's act as representatives of the central authority. There is a semblance of decentralization, however. The organizational structure of the PACD shows that on the national level it is assisted in its work by an Inter-departmental Coordination Committee composed of bureau representatives who are directly connected with rural development activities. On the provincial and municipal levels the pattern is similar, with the local government heads acting as chairmen of their respective Community Development Councils, their CD officers as execu-

tive secretaries thereof, and the representatives of their departments as members. Apparently, decentralization courses through these channels that branch out to the farflung communities to which community development plans are directed, with the Municipal Community Development Council as the last depository of policy formulations being directly in contact with rural problems.

To achieve a nationwide scope of activity, the PACD established community development training centers in strategic points throughout the country, where trainees undergo a recruit curriculum and orientation and become pledged CDW's. There used to be eight training centers, but they have been closed after one training term to meet with circumstantial difficulties. Only the original Luzon Community Development Training Center, now called Community Development Center, was retained due to its favorable site in Los Baños and to the limitless co-operation given it by the U.P. College of Agriculture. Here, the training of CDW continues, in order to assure a steady number of workers who will do the actual work of community development and consequently bring about the envisaged barrio home rule. Since most CDW's are natives of the communities to which they are assigned to work, it is



expected that stimulation to barrio self-rule can start much faster in the light of their skills.

As of May 1959, these trained workers numbered 1,510 (plus 3 foreigners on specialized training on what is known as "third country" extension). They constitute the office and field force that implements the PACD program which is categorized into: 1—*grants-in-aid projects* which contribute to increased production and income, like swine, rabbit, duck and poultry raising, livestock and plant disease control, oyster farming, seed and fruit tree dispersal, nursery and gardening, coconut dryer, communal irrigation, pasture, salt and threshing ground development, and fishing; 2—*self-help improvement projects* which include community centers, footbridges, communal roads, multi-



purpose playgrounds and the like; and 3—*health and sanitation projects*, like communal toilets, artesian wells, garbage disposal systems, and others.

Grants-in-aid projects originate from the barrio people themselves. The barrio council embodies their petition for a project in a resolution which is channeled through the local government councils to the President who in turn relays it to the PACD. This office, with the cooperation of the various government agencies directly engaged in community development, usually undertakes the launching of a project aided by government assistance in the form of materials, not cash, on the first-come first-served basis.

Self-help improvement projects proceed from the grants-in-aid approach. They form a pattern of

acceptance by the barrio people that they can do on their own with partial government assistance. Accordingly, self-help is the next logical step towards barrio improvement, in which barrio and local government resources combine, the former donating locally available materials and tools, and supplying volunteer labor, the latter footing the expenditure for construction equipments and wages of operators. The PACD, with the government bureau concerned, provides processed materials, equipment and not locally available technical guidance. By latest accounting in 53 provinces, self-help grants-in-aid projects total 12,410 worth ₱10,508,139.38 while health and sanitation projects are worth ₱4,946,810.25. It is interesting to note that in all these project-categories barrio share shows no falling below half the total expenditures, and that it is even higher than the shares of the PACD, the local government, and technical agency combined. This bespeaks well of the capacity of barrio people for self-improvement.

THE AGRICULTURAL Credit and Cooperative Financing Administration (ACCFA) was created by Republic Act No. 821 on August 14, 1952. Its function is to assist small farmers in securing credit which they cannot otherwise obtain, except at conventionally usurious rates from

moneylenders, and to aid them in marketing their products by encouraging them to group themselves into cooperative associations known in the collective as FACOMA. Thus, the ACCFA evidently aims to raise living standard in the farming areas and, more particularly, to place agriculture on equal economic footing with other industries.

These aims find implementation in a five-fold ACCFA-FACOMA program that (1) grants personal loans to qualified small producers actually engaged in agriculture, thereby promoting producer-controlled and producer-owned cooperatives which should make for a unified system of processing, storage and marketing of agricultural products; (2) extends financial assistance and other essential services to the construction of facilities for cooperative processing, storage and marketing, as well as for production; (3) facilitates placement of FACOMA-stored commodities in domestic and foreign commerce so that farmers may be able to profit directly through their FACOMA's, thus checking inefficient distribution of agricultural products; (4) encourages credit institutions to be established in rural areas by enticing private banks with accumulated farm produce and with availability of comprehensive production and credit information; and (5) holds privilege of rediscounting its qualified indebted-

ness with the Central Bank, the Development Bank of the Philippines (formerly the RFC) and the Philippine National Bank in the pursuance of its authorized activities.

The ACCFA carries out its activities through its central office and field personnel who have been trained primarily as co-op organizers. As of 1959, more than a thousand of them were assigned to 512 FACOMA's covering 51 provinces, 669 towns and 12,464 barrios. Registered with the Securities and Exchange Commission and affiliated with the ACCFA, these FACOMA's have a total membership of 295,187, including 20 federations of co-ops and the Central Cooperative Exchange, a national federation, which are capitalized at ₱28.6





million, of which ₱6.1 million has been paid up.

Extension of credit services in the form of production, farm improvement, commodity, facility and merchandising loans to FACOMA's and individual FACOMA members is the basic objective of the ACCFA FACOMA program. These loans, as of May 1959, show a cumulative total of ₱184,185,819, with the production taking up the most, farm improvement the least. The liberality of credit is mutual—the loans are granted almost without collateral and loan repayments average 85 per cent, the unpaid balance of which represents chattel mortgages for carabaos and crops and community storage in FACOMA warehouses.

CERTAIN special operations are conducted by the ACCFA. There is, for instance, its implementation of the congressional price support program for Virginia leaf tobacco through short-term from the Central Bank, now estimated at ₱240 million but readily covered up by the actual stock of redried tobacco leaf sold to aromatic cigarette manufacturers. Since 1954, the ACCFA has been buying and re-drying tobacco leaf from tobacco co-ops at subsidy prices ranging from ₱3.60 to ₱0.80 per kilo in accordance with grades determined by its own personnel and the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

Another ACCFA operation lies in the ramie industry through a ₱16 million contract with the CCE which buys ramie fibers from farmers, processes it in Japan then allots it to ramie producers for local distribution. Other operations involve distribution of fertilizer and certified seeds which the ACCFA undertakes in cooperation with the Department of Agriculture and Natural Resources. In 1958, ₱2,269,420 worth of R.A. 1609 and imported and locally-produced fertilizer was distributed to farmers.

By any accounting, these achievements are laudable. Again, as in the PACD set-up, the tendency to delegate central powers to field representatives must account for the ACCFA-FACOMA's being this active. Recently,

however, this agency has been thrown into bad light in the press by the abuse of the same powers. Whether it will redeem itself by the nature of its function in the cooperative system, which in itself is conducive to barrio home rule, remains to be evaluated.

REPUBLIC Act No. 1160 created the National Resettlement and Rehabilitation Administration (NARRA) on June 18, 1954. This agency is actually an improved version of two earlier agencies—the National Land Settlement Administration (NLSA) and the Land Settlement and Development Company (LASEDECO)—which were established in 1939 and 1950, respectively, to solve the problem of uneven land distribution in the Philippines.

The NARRA has for its purpose the development of public land suitable for agriculture, homesteading and organized settlement; the resettlement of families from congestedly tenanted and over-populated areas into sparsely occupied provinces; the survey and subdivision of public lands believed suitable for agriculture into family-size farms of six to ten hectares each; the expansion of road and bridge constructions, public health and social work, school and agricultural extensions, and of other government services to settlement sites; and the securing of land titles for qualified settlers.

Presently, the NARRA maintains a total of 18 settlement projects in Bukidnon, Sulu, Lanao, Cotabato, Tarlac, Masbate, Capiz, Negros Occidental, Palawan, Isabela, Laguna, Negros Oriental, Rizal, Davao and Camarines Sur. A total of 23,201 individuals have been resettled in these areas as of May 1959, and of this number, 10,205 are pioneers. Patents approved total 7,338, vesting qualified settlers with ownership of farm lots originally allocated to them for home-building by raffles.

To these resettled individuals, this new lease on life is an enviable one. They receive assistance in the control of plant and animal disease, in seed selection, and in the methods of planting root crops and legumes and proper plowing. Direct aid comes to them in the form of medicine, seeds and seedlings, farm implements, fowls, hogs, carabaos, and the like. To safeguard their health and to guide them along hygienic lines, maternity and child care, nutritional and such cultural education, the government provides the services of experienced physicians, dentists, nurses, midwives and clinic aides. Periodic calls on settlement communities are made by government experts on agriculture, health and rural living and by education officials who deliver lectures and conduct barrio seminars.

Above all, the NARRA patron-

izes the produce of the settlers at current market prices to protect them from the aliens who buy their crops at give-away prices. Bodegas are also built and stocked up with sufficient staple crop supply to meet crop failures on settlement sites. With other phases of public service—like helping build roads to facilitate marketing of crops at commercial centers, laying out bridges and culverts for purposes of communication and irrigation, setting up artesian wells to insure continuous water supply, and maintaining and operating lumber mills to provide cheap construction lumber, fuel and fertilizer from sawdust for settlement farms—the NARRA is certainly doing its full share in community development. It shows, among the government agencies described, the least tendency to being politically exploited. This is due perhaps to the absence in its structure of an elaborately stratified gradation of authority, or to the unlikelihood of extracting from its operations big personal gains. It therefore presents an ideal enterprise, more of actual work than of ways-and-means, that will redound to the realization of the barrio home rule idea.

THE FACTS of achievement shared by the foregoing government agencies, of course, outweigh the fallible conduct of some individual personnel who di-

vine in their duties some opportunity to subserve themselves. Evaluation of these facts will be more in demand in the light of the "new deal" pledge to the barrio people by the Office of the President in 1953. For all its sensational appearance in a politically charged scene, this deal—community development—has taken up the best available conviction to give way for the rural areas to assert their capabilities for social and economic advancement, though they will not in the main turn out to be model villages. True, in social behavior there can be no precise measurement of result or even of cause. But somehow evaluation of work accomplished may provide the clue, especially when "welfare," as of now, has acquired an occupational identity. Such evaluation is being done at the Community Development Research Council (CDRC).

A joint project of the University of the Philippines and the PACD, the CDRC started work by a memorandum of understanding drawn by the presidential assistant and the university on August 28, 1957, and which will remain in effect, unless sooner terminated by the contracting parties, until June 30, 1961. The contract obliges its parties "to set up a cooperative endeavor . . . for qualitative evaluation of the methodology employed in the Philippine Community Develop-

ment Program in order to determine better ways and means to increase the effectiveness of the Program; and to create a research organization therefor . . ."

Being this organization, the CDRC has explored the community development program and formulated four broad problem areas which were then made subject of research for 1957-58.

The first area relates to PACD operations, an examination of the grants-in-aid and community development training program and the effectiveness in the assignment of CD workers; the second deals with the different levels of coordination among government agencies engaged in community development, and with how the village power structure receives the impact of community development work; the third covers the participation of people in the program which includes innovations and proposals made by CD workers as they go along in their field work, the phases of daily life in the barrio where the CD

program is applied; and the fourth explores "the etiology of rural poverty," that is, the factors—special psychological, economic and others—that keep the people from improving their conditions.

These formulations are based at most upon the methods of problem-solution and the approaches that can combine ideal and practicality. The researchers cannot afford to be vague where they are committed to the dedication that they are finding a way for the upliftment of barrio life, an upliftment, by the way, that is long overdue. Their findings are now utilized as guides in the implementation of the CD program at large.

ALREADY Congress has formulated a barrio code for the acceleration of community development based upon a barrio study furnished by the CDRC and copies of which were made available to public schools for class material. Barrio leadership, according to this study, mentioned earlier in this article, is wanting in many respects, chief among which is the problem of founding a bureaucracy in the barrio. There simply are not so many activities to justify such a system and to keep the barrio busy along this line. Nevertheless, the study recommends eventual home rule when literacy and competence warrant it, and the most elemen-



tary education that can bring this about has a big task at hand.

Other completed research projects have probed into the problem areas which the CDRC has formulated as subject-goals.

One study is on rural health practices and conditions in two municipalities in Laguna from which practical corrective measures were drawn. Another study is on factors related to the acceptance or rejection of innovations in swine and poultry production in rural areas; a third is on the integration of resources in community development in Batangas; a fourth on some socio-economic effects of building barrio roads.

Together with studies in progress and in outline form—which promise to be noteworthy in that they aim to examine the dynamics of power in a municipality receiving the impact of community development, agricultural innovations, levels of living among rural families, marketing farm products, leadership competencies in community developed areas, and even the role of the ACCFA-FACOMA agency—the completed projects serve as indicators of work done and values or significance attained under the CD program which seems to advance, deleting its defects by sheer momentum, allowing no quarter for its detractors to put in a criticism or two.



Yet, evaluation does not cost much, considering that, as of June 30, 1959, it only amounted to ₱119,470.96. This means that of the CDRC peso, 76% goes to research, 5.1% to supplies and equipment, and 18.9% to administration.

With this systematic and intensive evaluation, the CD program may finally become a remedial program, auguring a maturity for home rule in Philippine barrios. If the PACD, the ACCFA-FACOMA, and the NARRA are the means towards this end, their defects must automatically be overlooked.

Keeping in mind the barrio home rule idea, the paradox seems to be that, while the government decentralizes through its delegated representatives in the field, the lesser the chance of home rule appears to effect. Whereas, if there is maximum centralization, that is, a liaison between government and community, the people show more response to self-improvement.

PLANS, any plan, look good on paper. It is, however, not the case when practices are concerned. The CD worker, for instance, is trained to initiate discussion groups in the barrio in the expectation that these will redound to the understanding by the people of their own problems. Understanding makes for half of effective participation in barrio affairs. And in most rural areas, such affairs would mean the relationship of tenants and landlords.

In this respect, the PACD program is pitifully deficient. It does not give ideological training to its trainees, with the result that the CD worker may be indeed a trouble-shooter as regards scrutinizing the needs of the barrio and placing order for materials here and there. But how can he even discuss the undesirable aspects of subsistence farming or the more elementary evils of tenancy with the people who live it from tradition and usage? Without this basic discussion the daily activities and habits of the rural population he serves will remain what they are—social and economic variables subject to the exploitation and caprices of the landlord caste—as in the beginning.

Accordingly, intentions for local autonomy will be inseparable from agrarian troubles. It will be too much to expect from the PACD that its community work-

ers behave beyond their technical capacity and be land reformers, too.

Neither can the ACCFA and the FACOMAS to which the CD worker is told to turn his barrio group for agricultural help, do full service. The encumbrances these agencies suffer need not be recited. For one, perhaps the bluntest, they have not realized for the farming groups under their influence any substantial increase in farm income. This points to the defect in their cooperative system, which is most discernible in the tobacco boom in the Ilocos and the northern reaches of Pangasinan.

In our last visit to La Union (where buyers prefer the quality of its leaf to the yield elsewhere), the people benefited by tobacco, wholesale or retail, are not the small producers but the middlemen who, expectedly, are Chinese or mainly Chinese-invested. The farmers instinctively go to these middlemen who pay on the spot and in take-home cash where the FACOMAS would take several weeks to disburse an equal amount, duly receipted. Hence, the government agency is up against private competition that operates without taint of any kind; it thus considerably loses what should accrue to its co-op funds.

THE FARMERS, on the other hand, are not any wiser to the fact that the prosperity they

are experiencing is artificially induced by artificial demand. Not encouraged by storage facilities FACOMAS should offer, they are attracted to sell even immature leaves outright before the coming rainfall will wash their crop away. They know that tobacco is good only for six months in a year when the dry season holds for picking. In turn, the middlemen buy everything and are quickly rewarded because the farmers are in a hurry and that grading does not matter to them. As a result, most of the choicest leaves are classified at lowest prices, mixed clandestinely with a few real low-graders.

Meanwhile, the ACCFA and the FACOMAS have plenty to do in improving the level of living of the rural folk. The Mag-singal experiment in Ilocos Sur has been cited precisely for its success along this line. (F. Sionil Jose, *"The Filipino and His Land"*). But generally, the trouble with these agencies is they seldom explore possibilities of crop diversification in the areas they operate, their functions following, if at all, a one-crop economy. This results in idling between planting and harvest, the bodegas empty. If harvest depends on the outcome of pests and typhoons, the ACCFA and the FACOMAS necessarily rely most of the time on extracurricular eventualities, such as primitive seed selection, unchanged

ways of planting, and the tropical weather. Rizal did not speak wildly about Filipino indolence. It is a birthright, aggravated by the absence of rural activity in every sphere of living.

The ACCFA-FACOMA entity should be reinvigorated, in which case a training program, as we would wish for the PACD, be followed. As the ICA land tenure advisor to the Philippine pointed out, the ACCFA is one of the logical agencies to cope with detailed training in land tenure, credit and marketing. An ACCFA team should be sent to each 20-barrio unit to instruct good farming methods at farmer level, conduct barrio meetings—as the PACD personnel is doing—in which farm education is tied with credit know-how, the local FACOMA instituting pilot projects on the understanding that FACOMA loan funds are to be used for workstock, farm implements, seeds, fertilizers and insecticides. As further encouragement, the FACOMA will have finances readily available to farmers towards the eventual stamping out of middlemen who take in as much as 25 to 40 per cent of farm income in the share tenancy system.

THESE FIRST steps will clear the ground for the farmer's faith in their activities and will direct the increase of ACCFA borrowers and of agricultural pro-



duce channeled to FACOMA warehouses. Care must be taken that clean records are kept at the start and must be kept open to the members. One of the great grounds of distrust in the tenant communities is the keeping of books for farm products in secret or by the landlord's word of honor which of course can be readily withdrawn come the time when it will work against his interests.

It is said only too well that farm tenancy will not disappear. Had historical events indicated that it should, there would be no need for literatures on the subject, all of them enclosing ideas that did move men, who embraced them as ways of life, to do or die. Historical fact is infallible, especially when it is applied to economics. Population pressure alone bears testimony that land cannot just support it. In the hundred years prior to 1940, writes William Vogt in

Road to Survival, the world population more than doubled—from 1,000,000,000 to 2,200,000,000. The excess could be partly relieved by industrialization.

*N*OWADAYS conditions are scarcely better. And in this situation the NARRA has been envisioned to work wonders. By a series of agreements, this agency should have all the coordination it required from the Bureau of Forestry, in matters of timber concessions; from the Bureau of Lands in the adjudication of land claims, contract-survey procedures and transfer of title to settler; from the Bureau of Soils in the classification of land usefulness within reservations sought by the NARRA; from the NAWASA in the matter of water wells for the settlements; from the Department of Public Works in the construction and maintenance of feeder roads in and out of these communities; from the Depart

ment of Health in the establishment of sanitation centers for the settlers, from the Department of Education in servicing settlement children with elementary education; from the Bureau of Plant Industry in seed selection, improvement and distribution to settlement farmers; from the Bureau of Agricultural Extension in the development of agricultural productivity and marketing channels for farm products; from the ACCFA, PNB and RFC in the extension of credit services to these rural sites; from the Land Tenure Administration in the screening of settlers from congested estates for NARRA resettlement; from the local government in terms of police and other intermediate support; and from the PACD in left-off phases of community development.

Again, these impressive agreements are not practicable. In a report of the acting land settlement adviser, the Bureau of Forestry and Lands find their records, maps and surveys so inaccurate, missing or incomplete that they cannot point to arable tracts to allocate the minimum 10,000

hectares that NARRA seeks to break even with the administration expense of settlement. With 22,000 or more families applying for title only 6,600 titles have been issued, and these on few good land. Crop failures are the result. The nature of the soils on these settlements has not been predetermined, the Bureau of Soils studying soils and classifying land in several settlements after the settlers were moved in.

The Narra has met with serious difficulties in nearly every other phase of settlement life. Fact-finders know that the surface-water pumps it has installed are almost entirely useless. Half the wells it dug—1 to 3 to each settlement against the NAWA-SA minimum standard of 10 to 20—are dried up.

Feeder roads fare no better. They serve only about 10 percent of the total farm lots most of which can be reached only by power-wagon. An allweather road sometimes connects three or four settlements, but the rest cannot be negotiated even by carabao sled.



Public health staffs could not maintain themselves too. The department concerned discontinued payment of personnel at 8 settlements. Only a few clinics, built by the Charity Sweepstakes, are housed in more or less permanent buildings, though they are pitifully equipped, and in malarial cases they run short of drugs. If they are adequately supplied refrigeration is still to be wished for the quickly spoiling serums.

A brighter side appears in the critical condition of the NARRA settlements. Elementary schools, though proceeding without textbooks and sufficient schoolhouses to shelter the 14,000 children enrolled, usually manage to dish out education by the strength of their teaching staff which includes teachers with college degrees. Besides this, the NARRA is justifiably proud of its 2-centavo charge on seedlings from its own nurseries against the 10-centavo each for coffee seedlings obtainable elsewhere.

One of the more significant failures in the NARRA program is its Land Tenure Administration coordination work. The LTA has for its primary function the screening of tenants for NARRA resettlement, for which in its original efficient farm lots would then be selected by lot for NARRA settlement sites. The LTA seems not to have favored this idea which must have ended at its office.

However, this is little felt in a situation where ineptness is prevalent. It can be pointed out at the very beginning that, anyway, the NARRA is not the redemption it could be in the integrated land reform movement. It has resettled, on direct order of the President, only 89 families from the Batanes in January 1958; it has moved a mere percentage—some from the unrest in Central Luzon—to the four projects it has opened at the Lasedeco pioneer projects. The ICA-supplied tools for the farms have been delivered indiscriminately; many, as a result, received not enough of the implements. The six-month subsistence rations the NARRA should furnish the settlements for the production season are charged to the settlers' account in Manila where all NARRA's high-salaried employees, about 200 of them, are situated against the 500 in the field force who are cursorily trained.

AT BEST the NARRA exhibits haste. In Palawan, where the EDCOR at one time rejected a farm site, the NARRA established the Panacan settlement which involved a million pesos (F. Sionil Jose, *"The Filipino and His Land"*). Because of the general aridity of that farm, the amount may just as well be counted as a loss.

Other EDCOR pointers should give the NARRA direction, am-

ong which are the former's method of screening its settlers with emphasis on ability to work, together with considerations about their age, civil status, and education. Or it should take the cue from the report of the Advisory Committee on Large Estates Problems when it examined the deficiencies of the Bureau of Lands in the administration of landed estates in 1951. The committee recommended a type of administration similar to that of Lascodco. This is to forestall the unhappy situation of the homesteader, purchaser, or lessee finds himself in when the awarding entity leaves him to his own resources upon acquiring the land, to rise or fall according to his ability.

But, as the ICA land tenure advisor said in 1958, the Philippine land tenure agencies are to be congratulated for the progress they have made in land reform, working as they did under adverse conditions compared with those which education in this country has overcome. The tenant-farmer's average annual income, it is recalled, is less than 400 pesos, his production per hectare of staples (rice and corn) has for a half-century remained the same. This constitutes the biggest unsolved land reform problem in 1958 several causes of which are: the large number of share tenants—700,000 more or less; the difficulties in the trans-

fer of land ownership; congestion in farming areas and reluctance for resettlement; restrictions on farm mechanization.

The first of these causes alone is enough to engage government effort for a while. Share tenancy, predominant in rice-crop areas, is an endeavor of both tenant and landlord, the former furnishing the labor, and the latter, the land. Fortunately, Republic Act 1199, known as the Agricultural Tenancy Act, now provides a net 70% for the tenant in the division of the produce. Under the old system his share was 50% though he furnished the labor, workstock, farm implements, and half the transplanting expenses. The government, therefore, should attempt to increase the percentage of tenants receiving the 70% share.

Moreover, the government has yet to combat the stranglehold of the lessee, the farm overseer, the tenant-leader, and the rice merchant on the share-tenant. These middlemen, it is found, take 25 to 40 per cent from the tenant's income for all kinds of representation on the gross yield. And it also has to provide credit and marketing facilities for the tenant who, in the final analysis, is managed by the landholder on a 55-45 sharing arrangement. The landholder has simply advanced to the tenant certain interest-laden credit and price-fixed the

farm commodity with the rice merchant.

DIFFICULTIES in the transfer of land ownership are the official headaches of the Land Tenure Administration in its task of acquiring large estates and subdividing and reselling them. For one thing, only a negligible percentage of the 200 big landholders with whom it has negotiated have sold portions of their landholdings. This is understandable in this country where land is the surest source of income and prestige. While its tax is minimal, land is priced so excessively that tenants acquiring them may not be able to repay. All this is due to the absence of systematic farm appraisal based on productive value and political influence exerted on the LTA to buy unclassified land at more than its fair market value. Though the market value of land, however, was reasonable, large scale purchases by the government could not still be effected for lack of necessary funds.

Regarding congestion and reluctance for resettlement, the 1948 census shows 60% tenancy in the provinces where farm population pressure is most felt. While the Bureau of Lands maintains that there is no lack of arable public lands, at least for the next 10 to 15 years, for resettling purposes, many of the tenants are reluctant to migrate from their

domicile though this is steadily becoming impossible to live in. Much more, if moved into the new sites, they show signs of complete dependence on the government for livelihood.

Farm mechanization could be the answer to these ills. Yet, it could work both ways—for and against tenant interests. The Agricultural Tenancy Act, for example, can give the owner legal basis for evicting tenants in order to mechanize his land. The application for mechanization is directed to the Secretary of Agriculture and Natural Resources through the Agricultural Tenancy Commission which will then investigate the suitability of the land in question for mechanized farming. The Court of Industrial Relations, created by Republic Act 1267, approves or disapproves the application. An executive order from President Magsaysay restricted this pursuit, however, stating that no tenants can be ejected under any circumstances by the landowner mechanizing. The order highlights the fallacy of mechanization of overloaded farms. Mechanization in these cases entails large scale transportation of tenant families and land is not readily available for them.

Of course this again calls for government action. The government may be forced to negotiate for machinery, fuel, and technical advisers with an exporting nation, since the reasons on the

towards the creation of tenant side of mechanization are hopeful employments heretofore unavailable. The field contacts of the Agricultural Tenancy Commission and the Court of the Agrarian Relations may yet argue for the adoption of modern farming methods. Only recodified agrarian

laws that the peasantry understand, together with agricultural and other economic education, can bring this about. Eventual decentralization of government powers, implemented with a means of honesty in the rural communities, will be one of that progress' happiest aspects.

* * *

Huge Seamount Discovered Off African Coast

A huge undersea mountain, higher than California's Mt. Whitney, has been discovered in the South Atlantic.

The formation, termed a seamount by geologists, rises 15,980 feet from the ocean floor. Its platform top is 210 feet below the surface of the ocean, with one isolated knob rising to within 120 feet of the surface.

Discovered by Columbia University scientists aboard the university research vessel Vema about 550 miles west of the Cape of Good Hope, South Africa, the cone-shaped seamount is some 35 miles across at the base and five miles across at the top.

Previously unknown to mariners, the seamount could have proved a menace to mariners, scientists said. A submarine with its sonar not in operation could possibly have rammed the formation before being aware of its existence.

*

Scientists Probe Cliff Dwellings for Lost Secret

IN THE remote southwest corner of Colorado, archeologists are digging into the history of early cliff-dwelling Indians who flourished for centuries, then mysteriously vanished.

The site is Wetherill Mesa, one of the tree-studded, canyon-carved hills in 80-square-mile Mesa Verde National Park. There, through the joint efforts of the National Park Service and the National Geographic Society, a year's work in exploring and restoring cliff-side ruins has just been completed.

The first major settlement to be studied and rehabilitated is Long House. Park officials plan eventually to open it as an alternate attraction for the floods of visitors now literally wearing out the ruins at nearby Chapin Mesa.

A REPORT on what has been learned so far about Mesa Verde Indians appears in the November National Geographic Magazine. The article, by Park

Service archeologist Carroll A. Burroughs, reveals a wealth of detail on every day life in stone villages laboriously built into the caves and under sheltering ledges.

But still tantalizingly out of reach are the answers to basic questions raised by the findings.

From about A.D. 600 to 1100, most Indians living in small farming villages on lower elevations moved up into large, compact communities on the mesa top. Why?

Equally puzzling is what happened next. The Indians moved again in about 1200 to caves that reached deep into canyon walls. The building problems must have been enormous, Burroughs points out. "Just to terrace some of the steeply pitched cave floors must have taken as much work as building a good-sized village on the mesa top."

In all, some 800 ruins have been found—proof of a prodigious investment in time and labor. Yet by 1300 these homes, too,

had been abandoned. Their inhabitants moved "right off the pages of history."

FOR CENTURIES, the vacant settlements of the Mesa Verde remained undisturbed. Then in 1888, ranchers named Wetherill discovered one of the huge cliff villages while chasing stray cattle.

Soon stone corridors echoed to the crunch of sightseers' feet. Souvenir hunters and commercial prospectors scoured the ruins for artifacts. A Swedish archeologist dug into several sites in 1891, and gathered a large and valuable collection destined eventually to wind up in the National Museum at Helsinki, Finland.

The end of the treasure hunt came in 1906, when Congress created Mesa Verde National Park to give the area Federal protection.

The current Park Service-National Geographic undertaking is a major scientific drive to solve mesa mysteries. The job is expected to take five or six years, with still more time needed to evaluate the finds.

From bits of pottery, bones, and animal snares, information on the Indians' way of life is gradually emerging. Studies of pollen and soil hint at the kind and extent of farming carried on. Hunting apparently went on steadily to supplement a diet of corn, beans and squash.

Of special interest are burial sites uncovered near Long House. "Such discoveries," writes Burroughs, "will provide new clues to the customs of the people who once lived here, and may help link them historically with present Southwestern Pueblo Indian tribes."

* * *

Good Start

MOST of us with average nerves will feel sympathy for the TV announcer doing his first commercial for a new sponsor. With cameras centered on him, the announcer smiled, took a deep draw of the sponsor's cigarette, blew out a ring of smoke and sighed blissfully: "Man, that's real coffee!"

*

The Filipino Writer in Asia

by N. V. M. Gonzales

SEVERAL well-known people, among them James T. Farrell, have opined that perhaps the time has come for books from Asia to come to the fore; Western readers have overlooked them (with the recent exception of Japanese writing); or if they haven't been overlooked Western readers have asked of the writers from Asia as Western a view of their material as can possibly be presented. This attitude has kept away many able writers in Asia from readers of the West—a situation hardly encouraging in the light of the current need to understand the so-called Asian mind.

All of which may be well taken, but the fact of the matter is that writers in Asia know each other even less than Western readers know them individually. Nick Joaquin attests to this shocking circumstance from his own experience at the International PEN Conference held in Tokyo last year. Not that nothing can

be done about it nor that what ought to be done need not be undertaken now; but we in the Philippines find ourselves burdened with the responsibility of acting out all sorts of roles. Some would have us act as a bridge between East and West, others would have us spearhead a Pan-Asian literary awakening of some kind or other. No one has so much as suggested that we write more and publish better books, or that we read more and cultivate a serious appreciation for things that literature brings.

We may not be prepared to admit it but there is in Asia a growing community of writers a good half of the civilized world (the Philippines included) do not know anything about. Nor is it a fact that these writers know one another quite well. Who has read the novels of Raja Rao, R. K. Narayan, Ooka, and K. S. Karanth? Who can speak with authority on the works of Chairil

Anwar and Asrul Sani? Not too long ago, at a Manila cocktail party, a twenty-seven-year-old Chinese novelist happened along, accompanied by an interpreter. Who was she? What things has she written? In English or in Chinese? She was wearing that evening the standard high-collared, amply-slit costume that Chinese women wear, and which proved more attractive than any literary performance her physical presence might have suggested to the senators, newspapermen, and serious writers in the company. She was on her way to America, it turned out. There her latest novel was being translated, and may soon be published. She has been writing since she turned nineteen. All these details had to be attested to, however, by a newspaper clipping—which, to my mind, was the least appropriate proof that the situation called for.

Japanese publishers, who have made big business of translations from Western literature into Japanese, have so far as I can ascertain up till now only one Filipino in their list. A *Japan Quarterly* report for 1952-1955 lists only seventeen (17) Chinese authors and one (1) Philippine author, as having had copyright translations published in that country during the three-year period.

On the other hand, a new situation has arisen. Carlos Qui-

rino's work on Ramon Magsaysay finds today as avid readers in Cagayan de Oro as in Seoul, while it may well be R. K. Narayan, the Indian novelist and creator of *Malgudi*, who will write the next Magsaysay biography that will be read the world over. "R. M.'s life has a story—a beginning, middle and end!" is how Narayan looks at his delightful commitment. All of which, in any case, has come about neither by accident nor by design, but rather "in the fullness of time."

MAGAZINES, as active galleries of culture, have been of immense help. After *Pacific Spectator's* pioneer interest in serious literature from Asia emerged such reviews as *Encounter*, *Vak*, *Comment*, and *Diliman Review*. Also, governments as well as private associations have made a program of exchange of writers possible. Australia, we may well recall, is soon to launch an anthology of Asian writing; and so will Japan.

If this is how things are shaping up, at no time then has the position of the Filipino writer become more promising. He has only to tell the Filipino story as he and his generation know it and be assured of a hearing. He may well take a lead from the writers of an earlier day who plucked the fruits with fingers crude, as a Milton might say,

aware of course that they were guavas and not apples, or that they were perhaps *atis* and not pears. Several displaced generations, though, were out looking for crab apples when coconuts were all over the place. Today, as we might well have done earlier, the Filipino writer has a lesson from American literature to remember when, in Dean Howells' day, he warned a compatriot imitating French symbolist poetry that a writer doesn't have a native country for nothing.

Force and relevance are the obvious benefits. But how resolve the many dilemmas peculiar to our time and place? Strictly on the level of communication, one pressing question is whom must he reach? Will striving for an audience at home suffice and automatically make possible a hearing abroad? Or, conversely, will a reputation abroad generate a hearing at home, among his own people? There are indeed a good many delicate questions, whose answers, however tentative, can point to a great number of delicate possibilities. But, speaking as a mere practitioner and at the same time thinking out my own problems aloud, I'd say this: That I'd work with whatever I have, and say what I feel I have to say in the best way I know at the present time. I'd sidetrack the communication problem entirely, give only a fleeting thought to

the audience question; but I'd come to grips, if I might, with something peculiarly Filipino—and the more particular the better. And I'd leave the rest to the devices of art and the grace of God.

We begin in 1958, I believe, the Age of Identity. "Who am I?"—an age-old question, of course—but an all-too-important one just the same. The possibility that in a nuclear disaster graveyards and markers will become terribly out of fashion makes for too awesome an inspiration. But on the more positive side, identity devices in due course a system of possibilities too exciting to miss. "Who am I?" means, actually, "What am I capable of?" And given the willingness to live as bountiful a life as the gifts of our good earth may provide, the answer comes readily enough. To carry one's identity card in the long run means setting up an embassy on behalf of the essential unity of man.

And this is not a truth too small for a writer to think about. The genius makes of it, as Tagore did, the center of his idealism. From there the import radiates. Kipling notwithstanding, East and West do meet. They have, in fact, no other alternative but to do so. By 1959, the Filipino writer ought to have begun in fuller measure his contribution to that inspiring certainty.

Ulcer Surgery Causes Iron Deficiency Anemia

THE ULCER PATIENT may be wheeled from the operating room straight into new trouble—iron deficiency anemia.

It has long been known that the upper gastrointestinal tract has the body's greatest capacity for iron absorption. When all or part of the stomach is removed, the patient's ability to maintain an adequate iron supply is reduced, Nutrition Reviews reported.

Even when only a small part of the stomach has been removed, there can be difficulty: the entire digestive system may go into an abnormally high-speed cycle. The remaining portion of the stomach has less than an adequate chance to absorb iron.

One reason is that the meal passes swiftly through the stomach, which acts as little more than a temporary cul-de-sac in a continuous passage. Or some patients, bothered by rapid elimination, will tend to cut down on the amount of food they eat.

Even iron pills work less effectively on ulcer patients who have undergone surgery. The overly fast workings of the digestive system reduce the effectiveness of iron pills given to persons without stomachs. Normal or near normal utilization of the pills was found to be possible, however, when the patient consumed the pill while lying down.

POSTURE, SPEED of the digestive process and the quantity of food intake do not tell the entire story, however. Some persons suffering anemia who have undergone stomach excisions are found to eat an entirely adequate amount of iron and show no signs of hasty digestion.

Using atomic isotopes of iron as "tracers," recent investigators have found that some of these patients just do not have the ability to absorb iron from their food. The problem can be met successfully, however, by consuming inorganic iron in a soluble form. Even among persons who have lost all of their stomach, iron in this form is adequately assimilated.

The Vernacular Writer

by **Andres Cristobal Cruz**

THE FILIPINO of today is confronted with the alternatives that will determine whether he is to be liberated from the enslaving forces of Western economic colonialism, religious intolerance, and alien attempts at economic domination.

It will be a difficult choice; nevertheless he has to make it enmeshed as he is in a morally corrupt society, his national life threatened both economically and politically.

But while his Southeast Asian neighbors are redirecting their dedications towards their own national survivals, the Filipino has yet to decide on making the leap from an ancient bondage to a new freedom.

Having been alienated from his beginnings, because of his long subservience to the Western approach to almost every phase of

life, the Filipino is already beginning to forget that, as an Asian, he has his own system of culture and modes of expressions. He confuses between the Western approach to art which tenaciously upholds the individual, and the Eastern artist's belief in the universal; he is at a loss whether to identify himself with the Western artist who would anchor himself to earth in order to express himself to the littlest of details, or with the Eastern artist who goes well beyond himself, reaching out to the inscrutably unattainable by simply re-creating the essential idea behind the object.

Although it is presumed today that Filipino society and culture were magnanimously guided by both Spanish and American traditions, the Filipino people's basic way of life already enjoyed an

identity of its own in the pre-Spanish times. This is evidenced in the country's literary tradition that is rich not only in modes of expressions, but also in the intellectual and spiritual as well as in the aesthetic aspects of its message and value.

FROM THE AGE of magic incantations, folktales, legends, and ritual songs came a Filipino epoch of epics which reflected the confluences of the Malaya-Oriental cultures in the islands: the Vishayan epics *Maragtas*, *Hinilawod*, *Lagda*, *Harayaw*, and *Hari sa Bukit*; the Mindanao Moro *Bantugan*, *Indarapatraat*, *Sulayman*, *Daramoki a Bahay* and *Bidasari*; the *Dagoy* and *Sudsod* of the Tagbanwa-Palawan groups; *Parang Sabir* of Sulu; *Biag ni Lam-Ang* of the Ilokanos; the Benguet-Ibaloy epics *Kabunian* and *Bendian*; the Ifugao *Hudhud* and *Alim*.

However, because of governmental and academic neglect and indifference, the oral literatures of the past are dying in the memories of old men and women in the hinterlands and mountains who have received these epics from the past, but who now find no audience to whom to transmit a people's history and myth. To begin with, our primitive literature had no chance against the inroads of Christian indoctrination and orientation. Out of this

cultural and literary tampering resulted the works of friar-scholars, and later on, the introduction of literary forms evolved from a Spanish-Moorish civilization. Filipino priests wrote their versions of the Passion Play and as the metrical romances in vogue abroad were adapted, there began the period of *awits* and *corridos*, the first *comedias* or *moro-moros* that became the forerunners of the *karagatan*, *duplo*, *zarzuela* and the *Balagtasan*.

It was not until the Propaganda Period that Filipino literature's potential influence upon the thinking of the masses was to be felt. In *Plorante* at *Laura* Francisco Baltazar (Balagtas) allegorized the abusive practices of the Spanish friars and civil administrators. Dr. Jose P. Rizal's *Noli Me Tangere* attempted to "reproduce the conditions of his country faithfully and without fear, raising away the veil that hides the evil." Marcelo del Pilar, Mariano Ponce, Antonio Luna, Andres Bonifacio, Emilio Jacinto, and Apolinario Mabini, in words and deeds, generated the beginnings of a national self-awareness that eventually exploded in the violence of the Katipunan.

Then came the early American period in the Philippines which was characterized more by polemics than by significant advances in literature. Taking ideological positions on the current political

issues of the period were Sergio Osmeña's *El Nuevo Dia*, Rafael Palma's *El Renacimiento*, and Pascual Poblete's *El Grito del Pueblo* which, incidentally, were among the first newspapers. Severino (Lola Basyang) Reyes, Ananias Zorilla, and Aurelio Tolentino presented plays, while Cecilio Apostol, Claro M. Recto, Manuel Bernabe, and Jesus Balmori experimented successfully in traditional verse and prose.

Vicente Sotto, the Father of Cebuano writing, Buenaventura Rodriguez, Vicente Rama, Uldarico Alviola, and Piux A. Kabahar are to Cebuano literature what Eriberto Gumban and Magdalena Jalandoni are to Ilongo literature as Marcelino Crisologo and Leon Pichay are to Ilocano writings. Comparatively speaking, of the six major languages (Tagalog, Cebuano, Ilongo, Ilocano, Bicol, and Samar-Leyte) of a total of 87, Tagalog and Cebuano literature are richer.

For the contemporary Filipino vernacular writing, one looks towards the successfully circulated vernacular magazines, the "small magazines" and the house-organs come to existence before deadline time for the annual Palanca Memorial Awards for Literature, and also in the campus literary pages. In them as in the English publications one finds a hybrid form of writing that finds sustenance in foreign stereotypes and

cliches. Both the Filipino writer in English or the Filipino writer in the vernacular, are faced with the same dilemma of their society: they have become strangers in their own land.

IN THE PAST there has been a divisive attitude between the Filipino writer in English and the Filipino writer in the vernacular. It was an attitude of indifference and snobbery. The Filipino writer in English ignored his counterpart in the vernacular who in turn, retaliated in equal measure. Incidentally some vernacular writers are under the impression that Filipino writers in English are a class higher. This is a misleading impression for in spite of the fact that some Filipino writers in English have been published abroad thru literary agents, they are, at best comparable to the beginner in the vernacular and to the established hack who will never be the artist because he has become a literary hustler.

Where then is the Filipino vernacular literature? Or to be specific, where is Tagalog literature of the present?

TO THE MAJORITY of Tagalog writers, the money is in radio commercial translations and advertising copies, in radio commentaries and soap opera. But the pot of gold is in the movies.

Towards this end, a lot of them are bent on attracting the attention of movie producers by slanting their literary output for filming potentialities. One is in fact, inclined to suspect that almost every Tagalog novelist has adapted his writing for movie prospects, forgetting the fact that cinematographic interpretation of the novel or story is the producer's and the director's job. This pernicious practice is further abetted, unwittingly, by the masses whose dictates at the box office ultimately decide the type of Tagalog literature in circulation.

In the field of poetry the contemporary output is lean as always. Tagalog poetry has a world of tradition all its own evolved from the incantations, the *salawikains* and *bugtongs*, the exhortative verses of the tribal groups, with a characteristic beauty, intelligence, and thought. That it should be bound with moralistic and reforming lines, and that it should limit itself to the conventional metrics is of course to be regretted; and there is little hope for a refreshing change as long as its practitioners refuse or are not able to strike out with experimental poetry. Fortunately, Alejandro G. Abadilla, Manuel Principe Bautista, Manuel Car. Santiago, and Gonzalo K. Flores have already attempted innovations in Tagalog poetry, with Abadilla providing the extreme in terms

of image and thought, while Eustaquio G. Cabras and Leonardo C. Diokno are doing the same with Cebuano poetry.

In the case of the Tagalog essay, the appearance of *Aliwan*, a Liwayway Publication weekly may yet provide legitimate outlet for its practitioner. It regularly features Emilio Aguilar Cruz's *Labu-labu* (Free for all . . .) and now and then Amado V. Hernandez's subtly humorous and anecdotal articles. In the past, the late Macario Pineda's column *Sabi ni Ingkong Terong* in *Ilang-Ilang* and also the late Jesus A. Arceo's essays provided thought and charm, while in his *Bagong Buhay* column Edilberto Parulan wrote on the imponderables of life. The last known collection of essays in Tagalog is Gemiliano Pineda's *Sanaysay* (Essays).

The year 1957 saw Tagalog literary rebel Alejandro G. Abadilla being cited by the Institute of National Language for his contribution to Tagalog literature as exemplified in his book of poetry *Ako Ang Daigdig* (I Am the World). Abadilla is a writer who astonishes his better-informed colleagues with his obstinate lack of background on even the writing trends of two decades ago. His reading are mostly confined to the D.H. Lawrence, Sigmund Freud, and Alberto Moravia school of sex and literature.

The year 1957 also saw the anthology of short stories *Maiikling Katha ng 20 Pangunahing Awtor*, published by Pangwika Publishing House, the main life-line of which is a fortnightly booklet of the latest song hits. As the Abadilla PBPPineda anthology was published "literature-wise" it had to contradict itself by selling its authors. Although it had complained about "commercial writing," the anthology published several which first saw print in *Liwayway*.

LAST YEAR Pangwika Publishing House also published Alejandro G. Abadilla and Genaro Kapulong's *Pagkamulat ni Magdalena* which challenges the most Catholic of taste with an ambitiously handled theme of sex and nationalism. The original jacket design of the book is a brilliant example of ludicrously poor taste in book selling. No sooner was it offered to leading bookstores in the city than it was quickly asked to put on another jacket. The book has yet to be reviewed in context for all the commendatory statements well-meaning and polite, but less critical sympathizers have on the jacket flaps.

Last year, the Carlos Palanca Memorial Awards for Literature prize stories from 1950 to 1955 were published between covers, the Tagalog short stories includ-

ed, thus providing a particular body of supposedly good writing in the vernacular.

Last year also the "Lubas sa Dagang Bisaya" an organization of Cebuano Visayan writers awarded prizes to winners of its first short story contest. The first prize of ₱150.00 went to Eugenio A. Viacrusis for his *Sagib* (Survivor); the second prize of ₱75.00 for Fornarina Enemencio's *Ang Kuwintas Nga Manol* (Sampaguita Necklace); and the third prize of ₱50.00 to *May Usa Ka Patay nga Punoan* (There's a dead tree trunk) by Diosdado C. Mantalaba. At present, there are only three magazines publishing Cebuano fiction, the *Bisaya* which has the widest circulation, the *Alimyon*, and the *Silaw*.

In December of 1957 this writer went on a cultural sojourn in the south to tape Cebuano poetry by the poets themselves, Cebuano songs, recitations and other pieces. The project was a personal one for the library of the Institute of National Language, but it is hoped that a Cebuano group in Manila may yet be interested well enough to sponsor the first public presentation of the tape-recorded materials.

WHERE IT isn't plain indifference or ignorance that hampers the florescence of vernacular writing, other causes just as des-

tructive and distractive could be found. The following is indicative:

A few months ago, this year, an editor for an anthology of Tagalog short stories asked a young writer for his piece. This particular young writer wrote the editor asking the kind of audience the proposed anthology would address itself to so he would know the kind of story he would send. He also asked quite frankly if there was anything to be expected by way of remuneration. Why is it? the young writer wrote, that when it comes to money matters we seem to feel shame . . .

In less than a week the answer came. The editor was offended and slighted and in so many words expressed the common, but unhappy belief that writers must not expect rewards, and that anthologies of such kind (addressed to students with the blessing perhaps of the Textbook Board) do not profit. The young writer sent his piece written as the phrase goes "in blood and sweat and tears." But it came back with a piece of note, unsigned, from the editor saying that the manuscript came too late for the press. This in less than a month and a half-time!

Many writers in Tagalog, particularly among the elder ones, believe in the myth of the writer as a bohemian, with a lean and

hungry look, and as a special kind of person with tendencies of a psychopath. For him a lot of girls must fall, he must more or less hug the bottle as often as possible, and he must be regarded as one blessed with the gift of the gods from Olympus. A criticism of their work is considered a personal offense and he who offended must suffer the consequences—ostracism and back-stabbing, a prejudice of long standing against the offender's life and works past and present and in the future.

If among Filipino writers in English there have been cliques and coteries of various hue and cry, the worst can be found among writers in Tagalog where there is so much boasting going around, "to much wind," to use a vernacular image, but very little writing really to be truly proud about. The pride is illegitimate: it merely hints an excuse for having nothing really of worth. Even those who savagely decry against so-called commercial writing are merely rhetorical, never aesthetic, nor at the least, artistic about it.

OVERBEARINGLY disgruntled for no reason at all, the young writers in Tagalog behave like literary juvenile delinquents. By their manuscripts, one can deduce that they are suffering from the wrong impression that to imi-

tate this author's style or that one's technique, is to assure publication. Imitative without knowing why they spend so little time keeping their third eye on their story. Most of the beginning writers do not seem to realize that even editors can get fed up with the same themes and subjects and manner of writing. They have a remarkable tendency to be shallow and not even entertaining.

When not engaged in bickerings our so-called established writers in Tagalog are either busy with social functions or with the mirror of their achievements. Some of them can be as immature and shallow as the young, blindly eager ones because they refuse to grow within, to be involved in the daily realities of life; or that having had no personal crisis or crises they remain emptied, after several accidental writings. That too much generous friendship tends towards cliches in spirit and aims responsible, in turn, for a clique of writing is harmful and should not be overlooked.

Those who keep on, among the young and the old, are those who labor quietly and slowly and are never bothered if the editor's frame of mind for the moment reflects a lack of understanding of the recent criteria for effective, wholesome and worthwhile writing and also a suspicion of any new style, which is termed

"literary writing" when it is just plain old fashioned good writing, with a beginning, a middle, and an end.

IN 1958, THE LIWAYWAY Publications organized and opened a writing workshop in the company resthouse in Cabcaben, Mariveles, Bataan for staff members. With the modest opinion that "even so-called popular writing should be written well," A. C. Fabian, general manager and novelist and the Liwayway writers intended to write several months' supply of stories so that after a time the writers can take it easy on their own pieces as well as encourage young and new writers. Story-wise and reader-wise there is an informally serious discussion before or after a story is written. During one of these discussions at the Cabcaben workshop the need for fortifying the skeletal Tagalog short story by effective characterization, dialogue, description was pinpointed. Thereafter, improvements in vernacular stuff can be expected. The workshop is the only one of its kind in the country, and perhaps in the whole Southeast Asia.

Comparatively speaking, Filipino writers are paid higher than writers in Southeast Asia, excluding Japan where writers could live on the patronage of their audience.

TAGALOG WRITING has again earned added lustre by the return of Amado V. Hernandez to a re-invigorated writing. His short stories and his articles happily bring a new hope for honest-to-goodness, uncluttered writing. His play "Muntinlupa" won the first prize last year in the Palanca Awards. Fortunately, the vernacular comics (and the movies) have not claimed him yet for its next votary as it had Clodualdo del Mundo who, in spite of becoming a threat to Mars Ravelo, the undisputed dean of Tagalog comics writers, still maintains a sensible and sensitive critical eye.

1958 also saw the founding of the *Kilusang Makabansa* (Nationalist Movement) headed by Jose Domingo Karasig, an organization advocating patriotic support of Filipino lifeways, and of the *Kapatiran ng Mga Alagad ng Pambansang Wikang Pilipino* (KAPAWIPI) for the dissemination and enrichment of Filipino art and culture with an awe-inspiring ceremony and symbology not unlike that of Freemasonry. The KAPAWIPI was conceived by Jose Joson Santoyo and Lazaro Francisco, both writers of note, the latter being one of the very few who command respect for uncompromised novels with a broad base of social awareness.

The year 1957-'58 has served to indicate more positively new

trends in vernacular literature. For one thing, vernacular writing is coming to terms with the human condition and the social situation; the craft of fiction among vernacular practitioners is slowly being examined in spite of an acute absence of textual criticism on the best existing materials. Happily for the vernacular writer, he has no critic to worry about, except the board of judges of the Palanca Awards.

It remains for the vernacular writer to define, with ethical consciousness, human experience either personal or societal from an emotional and intellectual distance, controlling it with consummate artistry and with organic unity. He has to have firm conviction on human folly and wisdom, human stress and strain as he lives and as he works, guided by the one obligation of his creative gift: to do what he has to do in terms most suited to his specific utterance.

When the Filipino writer, either in English or in the vernacular finally comes to believe in the potent force of literature, when he preserves with humility and frankness the written hopes and aspirations of his generations and by these learn and live and be free, when he becomes deeply aware of the things within him and without, when in his prose and in his poetry he learns to find, as his countrymen did, the

deathless and telling record of the rise of the Filipinos from their beginnings in the love of God, of man, of country, and find

these again, then and only then can he rededicate himself as an artist and as a Filipino to Art and to Life.

* * *

Big Wine Plant Discovered Near Well of Gideon

A wine-making plant, complete with storage space for a total of 30,000 gallons of wine, has been found near the famous well of Gibeon, at the modern village el-Jib, Palestine.

The 2600-year-old winery, probably the oldest in the world, was discovered when handles from wine jars found in the well suggested further investigation. Each handle bore the name and address of the maker of the wine, indicating that ancient Gibeon was a wine industry center.

In the course of excavation, 28 unusual small vats were found cut out of limestone bed-rock. Each one has a small opening of about 29 inches in diameter that could be covered with a stone. Each measures about six feet in diameter and averages seven feet, four inches in depth. The scientists decided they had served as cellars for storing and aging the wine.

Stoppers for the jars also turned up, but the scientists were reasonably sure these could not have provided the air-tight seal to keep wine from spoiling.

A wine maker at a nearby monastery provided a possible answer. If olive oil is poured on top of wine in a jar or bottle, a seal is provided, he said. The finding of two olive presses on the site confirmed this answer.

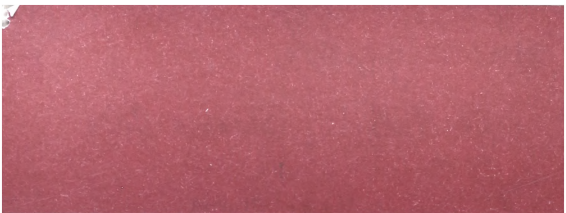
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A Bridge of Chinese Jade

by Thomas Hefferman

WITH THE SHRINKING of today's world, there is an inevitable friction of disparate ways of life reacting to one another. This phenomenon has had important effects in the political, economic, social, and cultural aspects of human existence. The dichotomy is especially crucial in the historical division of the world into East and West, which is becoming less distinct as these two halves have approached closer and closer to interdependence. In many ways, however, the joining of these parts is a forced one and can never result in anything permanent, unless a proper disposition and attitude is cultivated by both parties. Essentially, it seems that the first approaches must be made on as basically human a level as possible. Since it is in artistic expression that this quality is to be found, this means of communication must be examined as a possible aid. To test this thesis the examination by a Western nonspecialist of an Eastern work of art could be effective.





As 17th century France was the cultural superior of her neighbors and was imitated by them, so did China shape the aesthetic criteria of her neighbors Korea and Japan. Many examples of Chinese art testify to her achievements and indicate as well something of the transcendent appeal of true beauty as a means of effecting a deeper interest in, and a consequent communication between, one people and another. As an example of the kind of knowledge to be perceived from an object of art it might be of assistance to examine a Chinese vase produced during the Ch'ing Lung period which extends from 1736 to 1795.

Carved from a piece of white jade, the vase is exquisitely formed, so delicate and paper-thin that it is translucent. The attention to significant detail which makes masterpieces out of minutiae is particularly impressive in this piece, but even more immediate is the delicacy of rhythm, a grace of proportion and harmony. At first, the emphasis seems to be most certainly on the flowers, particularly on the central, larger one; and this seems so because of the small scale of the birds as well as because of their subordinate position. The birds are no mere ornamentation, however. They provide a subtle contrast. Though both the flowers and the birds are formed so as to look almost real, the flowers give no hint of motion, of a breeze swaying them ever so delicately: they look real, indeed, but only in the sense that a floral display is real—at the same time it is dead. The birds, on the other hand, are bursting with life. The very attitudes and poses are studies of motion. For instance,



the egret on the left side stands with one leg supporting him, the other raised to walk toward the center. The hen in the center is balancing herself on a branch with the aid of her outstretched wings. The rooster on the right is standing so that his body is pointed away from his two companions; his head, however, is turned back to watch the peregrinations of his companions. Thus the two pheasants and the egret themselves are a marvelously balanced tableau in addition to contributing to the unity of the piece at the same time that they provide a contrast.

The vase, then, is appealing to eye and, from that point of view, is beautiful. It possesses qualities of proportion, harmony, contrast, and unity, as well as the further refinement of expert craftsmanship evident in its careful chiseling and highly polished surface. Another viewpoint, however, is that, given all the above-mentioned qualities, an object cannot be considered beautiful in the fullest sense unless it succeeds in being what it was intended to be. Under this aspect a gorilla is just as beautiful in its own way as a saffron sunset. Accordingly, we must ask the question: how beautiful is this vase *as a vase*?

Beauty is not something appended to a thing after it has already been fitted to some purpose. It is rather a quality infusing the being of something that is well made according to its nature. Examining this vase, one has no choice other than to admit the competence—rather more the genius—of its maker. We have seen that the attention of the observer is directed towards the three

lilies, especially the large, central one, by two devices: first, the proportional magnitude of the flowers to the other parts; and second, the directing of the observer's attention toward the central flower by the posturing of the birds.

The flowers are the specifically functional parts of the vase because their cuplike shape is adapted to hold the contents. Functionally speaking, of course, a broken bottle could fulfill this purpose just as well, but not so beautifully. The jade flowers are arranged so that the natural flowers to be placed within their cupped shapes would become part of a unified decorative effect. The natural flowers rise out of the artificial ones which hold and support them. It seems as though the artist were trying to say in a concrete way that all matter is one. Visually, there would be little indication of which flowers were the craftsman's creation and which were not.



TO UNDERSTAND the nature of tools and materials, and to activate them under the touch of a creative imagination is the only way true art can be effected. The process is a combination of intellectual understanding, spiritual-emotional stimulation, and physical labor. Thus the completion of a work of art in the true sense requires a co-ordination of all the artist's faculties. Consequently, besides being itself, being what it was made to be, an artifact can tell an observer certain things about the maker, and—because the maker is to some extent a product of his time and environment—also about his contemporary and cultural world. Beyond the aesthetic or emotional appeal, then, art does, or rather should, communicate (whether or not it does rests somewhat upon the acuity of the beholder).



Among the various ways it does this is the illustration of religious truth, such as in Western medieval cathedrals, the ancient churches of the Byzantine world, the temples of the ancients such as Harnak. Not only in the religious sphere, however, is this true. A well-delivered political appeal, for example, attracts us because of the mastery of the speaker's rhetoric. But the purpose of this rhetorical adornment is purely and simply to gain the auditor's ear for the content of the statement. So it is with this vase that its *raison d'être* is not merely to be beautiful, but to communicate something. I have suggested that the artist may perhaps be demonstrating the unity of matter, but whether or not this is what the artist was attempting to do is unimportant because any single work can have several valid interpretations.

There is no doubt of the importance of the artistic legacies of the past in helping us to document the story of the past. Civilizations far back in time and distance are in part described, and made understandable to us through the still-enduring objects of art produced during their sway. In our own contemporary world, this is just as true. Closer contacts between divergent contemporary civilizations and the increasing shrinkage of the size of the globe, make mutual understanding not only desirable but absolutely necessary. To a certain extent, I maintain that art can be a means of producing a sympathetic interest between East and West today, that it can be useful in communicating something of the values and characteristics of a people where another means would fail.

Beauty has a magical ability to absorb the interest, attention, and concentration of people. Indeed, that is truly its function—to attract us, not to beauty itself, but to the beautiful thing. Beauty is some quality which makes a truth attractive to us, whether that

truth be a religious doctrine, a man, or a vase—all of which can be said to be truthful insofar as they exist. All human beings have had the experience of being so stimulated by a beautiful thing that they are almost compelled to investigate it. We *must* know more about it. This is the effect that I believe art will have in bringing the East closer to the West and the West closer to the East—a stimulus toward sympathetic understanding of people who are different from one another.

The East is so different from the West in its historical development especially during the past four or five hundred years that one cannot expect too much from this one means, however. Art appeals to all people because, regardless of philosophical, religious, or national differences, the emotional—and to a certain extent the intellectual—response is similar. A Westerner may be captivated by a Chinese jade vase for different reasons than an Easterner would be, but both are unanimous in their appreciation of it. The Easterner can see this work of art as part of a living system, whereas a Westerner who is not well versed may not. But for the Westerner, Eastern art is a likely starting point.

That the Easterner would be as affected by Western art as the Westerner by Eastern seems rather doubtful to me, however, because Western art is not part of a unified system. As materialism grips the minds of a people and transposes its set of values from a spiritual plane to one based more exclusively on worldly considerations, artistic expression tends to reflect more and more the personal peculiarities of the individual artist, rather than a common body of truth upon which the society's soul rests. Western art today has no unanimity. Sculpture and painting and all the rest (except perhaps architecture) are often so highly subjective that they communicate nothing to people. It seems in accordance with the facts to maintain that for many Westerners art has no meaning; it is merely a matter of technique. At best it seems to be an ephemeral expression of a momentary emotion. Perhaps it is closer to the truth to say that rather than being just the result of some artist's subjectivity, this characteristic of discreteness is symptomatic of the West's spiritual ailments. The whole of Western society is basically fragmented and disoriented; it recognizes no higher meaning in human existence than the amount of money one possesses, or the newness of his car, or the Dow-Jones average. This is not true, of course, of individuals, but it is of the society—insofar as it can be considered as a whole.

For the reasons stated above, it seems to me that the more the

East accepts our ideas, the less chance there will be for mutual understanding. We must have *some* things in common, of course, but if they were to accept, as I hope they will not, our ways and our values, whatever spiritual unity their lives possess will be lost.

It was Charles Malik, the Lebanese delegate to the UN who stated that the West can hardly expect to benefit the East until it cures its own spiritual ills. I concur with this to the fullest extent. That the East, for self-preservation, must adapt and change some of its age-old ways, is doubtless. But once she loses her spiritual values and motivations, she will be a mere competitor with the West. Today we still have opportunities for meeting on the human plane—because the East is still societally human. The craftsman and the individual artisan still have a place there. The whole man, the man spiritually satisfied in his work, will become less and less common as the factories and the other industrial and economic influences of the West displace the old ways and negate the old truths. Should this happen, should the East become torn from its proper antecedents and spliced to Western tradition, a sick hybrid will result—neither one nor the other, and manifesting only what is worst in each tradition. Not to be unduly pessimistic, I am forced to this conclusion because the East can never be, and never should be, another West. If she is forced to abandon her true nature, she will be even more spiritually frustrated than the West, she will be as spiritually scatterbrained as the West corporately is, and as a result will be even less able to communicate with us (on the human level) than she is today.

It is true that Westernism has already made heavy inroads in the East in both its forms—capitalism and Communism. To speak only of the former, it is perhaps axiomatic to say that capitalism has brought both good and bad. However much the good (or bad) may be, it seems fair to say that East is no closer to the West than she was one hundred years ago. With the foreseeable possibility of a world culture in the next few millenia, there will never be true understanding until both East and West modify. It is not a case of one side being right and the other wrong. It is a case of a necessary partnership in which each must bear equal responsibility. With all our differences, we still have a common participation in the human family.

It is often pointed out that in the East the individual does not count for as much as in the West. It seems to me that that statement should be re-examined at least from one aspect. It is not true that the societal solidity which was so much a part of India,




China, and Japan was possible only because millions of individuals sacrificed some of their rights for the common good? Is it not true that in the West of the rugged individualist, the attitude is more likely to be one of competition with every-man-for-himself? The difference to me seems to be that the Easterner is more self-disciplined, not that in reality the individual is less important.

As long as the West is forced by its materialistic scale of values to be introverted, to be unable to see anything worthwhile but a mad, self-acquisitive scramble, she will be unable to seek a true identification with her neighbors. When the West is able to truly understand the human values, she will be able to understand the East. Because of its intimate association with the intellectual, emotional, and spiritual facets of man's being, it seems to me that art is one of the primary means of breaching the gap. Eric Gill in *Money and Morals* made this statement: "I can tell you the absolute truth about art in a couple of sentences. Art is skill; it is the deliberate skill of men used in the making of things, and good art is the well making of what needs making." This statement, it seems to me, would receive wide acceptance in the East than in the West, because the Eastern practice more closely approximates it. When the West understands this principle, more men will make more things *deliberately*, more men will appreciate the fact that "artistic" is not just another word for "bizarre," and more men will be able to comprehend the Eastern approach to the little things. Perhaps we will never be able to appreciate as do the Easterners, but or lines of communication will be open. — *Humanities*.

Fiction

BLOOD OVER THE LAND

by Carlos G.
Platon

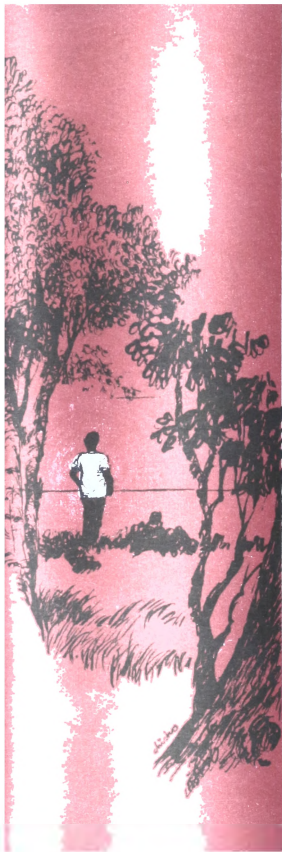


THAT NIGHT, his wife told him the baby she bore was not his. He wanted to scream. In fury, he slapped her twice and she fell to his feet. She rose and he slapped her again. This time she remained weeping on the floor. He wanted to kick her in the face, in the belly; he wanted to spit at her. But he felt weak and he walked away.

He came back at near-morning and found her at the stairs waiting for him. He looked at her and he sensed pity at the sight of her swollen eyes. He entered the house.

"Nonong," he heard her voice from behind. It was clear and soft. "Nonong," she repeated.

He turned to her. But he did not speak.



"Forgive me, Nonong," she said.

He looked at her in the eyes. They were misty and red against the light. "You're a bitch," he cried, and walked toward the room. He heard her faint footsteps trail behind him and he slammed the door against her.

When he woke he felt a rock inside his head. He was hungry. He fumbled for cigarettes in his pockets and started to smoke.

"Marina!" he called from the bed. Everything was still. He rose and went out of the room. Marina was asleep on the chair. He walked past her and disappeared into the kitchen. At the cupboard he found a pot of rice and what was left of the dried carabao meat they had the previous night. He started to eat.

MARINA was still asleep when he left the house for the fields. He stood before the wide expanse of blackish earth and his eyes traveled from where he stood up to where the river started to run. The field was starting to turn green with tiny blades of palay.

Many months ago, the field was wild with talahib and weeds. His father left it to him before he died.

"This land is now yours, Rafael," the old man said. "Take good care of it. Love it as I have always done."

He was in the field wondering

how he could rid the land of weeds when Marina appeared with a bundle of clothes from the river.

"You work too hard," he said.

"I need money," she said, "and the Americans at the camp pay well for the cleaning of their clothes."

Everyday she was at the river and at sundown he came to her and walked her home.

"Your land is full of weeds," she said, pointing to the field.

"Yes, but someday I'll clean it and grow palay."

"When?" she asked, giggling.

"Soon," he said. "I still have a dozen cavares of rice from my father's last harvest."

Summer slipped away and Rafael turned twenty-five. You are ripe for marriage, his Tiyo Andoy told him. The idea stuck in his mind. That night he saw Marina.

When the planting season came they got married and settled at a cottage overlooking the land. He had promised a half-dozen cavares of rice as payment for the cottage. Now it is time to work, he told Marina, and he walked out into the field and started to clean the earth of weeds with his hand.

Marina still laundered for the soldiers at the camp and every sundown they walked together home and talked of the land. Soon, he told her, the seeds I sowed will sprout. He imagined



enche

the golden stalks of palay swaying in the wind and the sun. He held her hand.

"Our children will have plenty to eat," he said.

RAFAEL stared at the greening field. But now he no longer cared. The birds and the wind could uproot all that grew from the earth and he did not care.

"Now, be careful, Marina; the baby is three months inside. My, Rafael must be anxious. What will you name it?"

Rafael pushed the door open and looked at them. It was Nana Sabel talking. "Rafael, I was telling your wife here to take good care of herself. My, you must be a happy man."

Rafael looked at Marina and she looked away.

"Now, look," Nana Sabel turned to Marina. "Every morning you walk with your husband to the field. It's a good exercise. Besides," then she rose and spat out of the window her *buyo*, "besides, won't you want to see how the palay has grown? I passed by there this morning on my way to the river and saw the beautiful land."

Marina rose from her seat.

"Nonong," she said, as she walked toward the kitchen. "I'll get your lunch." She came out of the kitchen with plates in her hand. "Nana Sabel, won't you join us?" Marina asked.

"No, Marina," she said. "I had

already mine." She turned to Rafael. "And what will you name the child?"

Rafael stared at the rice. "Let's eat," he said.

"No, no, I must be going," the old woman said, rising slowly. "Remember, Marina, what I told you. Take carabao milk every morning. And have enough exercise. My, my, won't it be a handsome baby?" She closed the door behind her.

Rafael ate his lunch in silence. Just a few days ago it was different. When he came home he told Marina everything about the land. He spoke of the palay and how many cavares of rice they would get from the harvest. And they talked of the baby.

"It's going to be a boy!" Rafael would guess.

"A girl!" Marina would reply.

Rafael sorted the meat from the bones of the fish. She sat beside him at the table and he felt her eyes on his face.

"Who is the father?" Rafael asked. Marina did not answer. She started to rise but Rafael caught her by the arm and pushed her back to her seat. "Who is the father?" he cried. He drank his water. Then he stared at Marina. She was pale.

"Bob," she said. Her voice was weak.

HE REMEMBERED Bob, the American soldier at the camp whose clothes Marina laundered.

He was a lanky man with blond hair and blue eyes. He used to come to the cottage in a battered jeep. Whenever he came he had with him boxes of canned goods and packages of cigarettes.

"You're very kind," he told the American once. "We Filipinos will never forget the things you have done for us."

"We are friends," Bob said. "We must help each other."

Every weekend he came in his jeep. He talked of Rafael's land.

"Your land is very fertile," he said. "The earth is black and the plants are green."

"Is your land in America fertile, too?" Marina asked.

"I come from New York. You won't find plantations there, but instead, rows and rows of factories and skyscrapers." He paused and lighted his cigarette. "But America is so darn big, you see, and in the south we have vast spreads of land. We grow cotton and wheat there and many things."

"Is it bigger than our land?" Marina asked.

"Gosh, it is! It's a million times bigger."

"That is why I say you're very kind," Rafael said meekly. "Your land is so big and you are rich yet you make friends with us. I don't know how we can repay you."

"Aw, skip it," Bob said. "We're friends and we must live together in peace and friendship."

ONE MORNING Bob came with a sullen look in his eyes. On his shoulder he carried a big box.

"Our troop is leaving for the States tomorrow," he said. "Here," laying the big box on the table, "I brought along some canned goods," he said. "Got cigarettes here, too; yes, sir! Genuine American cigarettes!" He put an arm around Rafael.

Rafael looked at him. He was speechless.

"By the way," Bob said, drawing his arm away from Rafael, "I got something here for you." He went out and came back with a gun. "We call this Caliber 45," he said. "Here, take it." Rafael did not move. He stared at the gun. "Now, c'mon," he urged, "keep this; you can shoot the crows and the wild animals that pester your land."

Rafael gripped the gun in his hand. "The bullets are in the box," Bob said. "Here, I'll teach you how to use it." He took the gun from Rafael's hand and walked to the window. He looked out. Then he raised the gun into the skies and Rafael heard the shrill sound of something breaking echo in the land.

The American turned to them. "See?" he said. "Well, guess I'll be going now." He patted Rafael at the back and shook Marina's hand. "I hope to see you again someday, folks," he said, blinking an eye.

"You're very kind," Rafael said. "You'll be with us for the rest of our life."

The American waved his hand and they followed him to his jeep with their eyes. The engine roared and the jeep moved with a start. Bob waved his hand again and soon the jeep disappeared into the cloud of dust.

II

The first rain of the season came at midnight and Rafael woke up to the noise of the river. He looked out the window. The rain was strong. He yawned and stretched his arms and felt the emptiness of the bed. He remembered the nights he and Marina shared the bed together. Since that night she told him the baby she bore was not his, he had not touched her; not even her hand. He could not remember how long it had been; two months or so, he guessed. But he was not sure. It seemed to be so long ago, like years and years.

There was a time he came home and found her sleeping on the bed and he drove her out of the room with a push. He could still hear her voice, asking to be taken in again. She was afraid to be all alone in the sala, she said, and besides, it was so chilly there. She pleaded. This time he gave her a stronger push at the back and she cried.

He felt thirsty. He rose and wiping his eyes with the back

of his hand, he walked out of the room.

It was darker at the sala. His eyes traveled the floor and paused and the dark, sprawling figure of Marina. He snickered and walked into the kitchen.

He returned to bed, pulling the blanket to his chin. Outside, the rain continued to fall. Shivering with cold, he started to sleep again.

The rain was gone and the sun was all over him when he woke up in the morning. Marina was not in the house. He called her repeatedly and he cursed her name. He looked into the field. In the distance he saw Marina approach in haste as she trailed the narrow path along the paddies. A native bag dangled from her shoulder. He stared at her belly as she came nearer. It was already big.



She was panting when she appeared at the door. "Where have you been?" he asked. He sounded impatient. "To another lover?" He snickered.

She stared at the bag in her hand. "To Nana Sabel," she said. "I asked for dried meat in exchange for a ganta of rice." She walked and disappeared into the kitchen.

That afternoon, he went into the field. The sun was already gone, leaving in the skies only the traces of its golden blaze. He looked at the land and saw the palay wave at the slightest puff of the wind.

Along the narrow path that led to the town a group of boys shouted and screamed as they chased each other. One of them banged against him and he hit the boy at the head with the back of his hand. He fell and

cried. Rafael pulled his belt and cursed repeatedly. The children stared at him in fright and started to run.

It was already dark when he reached the town. He walked along the rugged street, past little stores where young men huddled and laughed. In the air, he sensed the smell of wine. Soon he disappeared into a dark alley. He appeared again at the other end of the street. He crossed and paused at the stairs of a house. Looking about, he went up and knocked. He heard the faint sound of footsteps and the clatter of bolts. The door swung open and he closed his eyes against the glare of the light. An old woman stood before him.

"Is Meding in?" he asked.

"Meding!" the old woman called. "Rafael is here." Her voice trembled softly. "Come in and sit down," the old woman said. "She will be out soon."

He stared at the door to Meding's room. He tried to recall that afternoon he saw her at the river with a group of girls. They were having a picnic, they said. He accompanied them to the town and Meding invited him to her house. She was from the city, she said, and she used to work at a club. She was a different girl, he told himself once. She laughed a lot and she did not care what was going on outside the house. Sometimes she danced to her songs and the sight



of her whirling around the room made him feel light.

"You're a nice boy, Rafael," she told him once. "Very nice." And she danced again.

Every evening he came to her and they talked until midnight. She talked about herself in the city. "I hate it there," she said, "the city is full of noise. I like it here Rafael; it's peaceful. Quiet. I'm tired."

She asked about him and there was a time he nearly told her about his wife and the baby. But he held his tongue in fright. He had been wanting to tell someone about it but the fear that the people in the town would know and laugh at him sent a shiver all over him. But Meding knew he was married. She did not care.

He heard the opening of a door and he turned around. Meding appeared. He caught the scent of perfume as she approached toward him. She sat by his side. She wore a flimsy gown and her face was red.

"That lod woman," Rafael said, "does she know?"

"Yes, honey," Meding said.

"Won't she tell?" He was cold with fear.

"No," she said, "she won't."

He felt her hand on his. It was warm. "And what if she does?" she said, smiling.

Soon the midnight birds started to call in the hills. They looked at each other. Meding rose

from her seat and walked into her room. Rafael trailed behind.

She put on the light. It was a small room but neatly decorated. He followed her with his eyes as she dropped herself on the bed. "I'm tired," she told Rafael. He sat by the bed. He felt her hand on his arm. He gripped her hand. Then he moved his hand from her knees to her thighs. They were soft and warm. "Rafael, honey," she said, "put out the light."

He returned to the cottage at noon the next day and found Nana Sabel in the sala with Marina. When he appeared at the door, Nana Sabel turned to him.

"Ah," she said, "here comes our proud father." She wiped her mouth with her hand. "Why, Rafael," she continued, "I've never seen you so thin and haggard before. Why, you're growing thinner everyday." She rose and spat her *buyo* out of the window. "Am I not right, Marina?"

Marina looked at her but did not reply.

"Why, you should be happy; imagine, two months from now you'll be the proud father of a handsome boy." She dipped her hand into her pocket and put some more *buyo* into her mouth. She started to chew. "And the land, my, I saw it this morning and just look at the palay. I'll never speak again if you don't get at least fifty *cavanes* of rice this harvest." Then she turned

to Marina. "How do you feel?" she asked.

"Fine," Marina said.

"And the carabao milk? Do you take them every morning?"

"Yes," she said.

Rafael knew she was lying. He had not given her any money in the past months and he knew she could not afford a bottle of milk. Sometimes he wondered where she got the fish and the meat he found at the kitchen.

"Good!" Nana Sabel said. "And the exercise? Do you have any exercise?"

"Yes," Marina answered.

"Good!" she said again. "These eggs I brought you," she said, pointing to the native bag on the table, "these eggs, take them every morning."

"Thank you, I will," Marina said.

"Rafael," she said, turning to him. "Rafael, two months from now you will see yourself and Marina in one piece."

Rafael stared at her. He wanted to scream in anger. Inside him he felt something burn. He felt hot in the face. He did not reply but turned and started for the room.

"Rafael," Nana Sabel called, "don't leave now. What will you name the child? Tell me. Will you name it after you?"

Rafael stopped and turned to her. His hand landed suddenly on her face and she twisted and

fell to the floor. Marina stood with a start and helped Nana Sabel up. She was silent. Nana Sabel looked at her. She was silent, too.

III

That month the last rain of the season came in torrents and the days turned more crisp and gray. From the window, Rafael viewed the land. Now the palay bowed to the earth with golden stalks of rice. His Tiyo Andoy had suggested to him that it was time for harvest, but he did not reply. During the past months, he had wished that all the rain in heaven would fall and wash away every grain of rice from the field. He did not care anymore.

Everyday he locked himself in his room, trying to sleep. He had learned to hate the sun because whenever he came, it bared Marina's bulging belly and he felt a deep agony inside. And so he closed his eyes all day and wished all the time that it were night again.

There were many times when he wanted to run to the town and shout to the people all the hatred and loneliness in him; but he was afraid. He imagined the people talk about him and his wife. Already he felt hot with shame.

Every night he went to Meding and they often made love in her room. He had always told him-



self that only Meding mattered to him now. And he wished Marina would die. He could start all over again, he said to himself. He could sow the field anew with palay and he and Meding would sit by the window and watch it grow.

He looked at himself at the mirror. He had grown thin and the tiny lines around the hollows of his eyes had become more defined. The bones in his cheeks were now starting to show and he felt afraid. Lately, he had been feeling pain inside his breast and one time he saw blood when he spat at the floor.

Outside, he heard the voice of Nana Sabel. She still came to the cottage, only it was much oftener now. He heard the old woman tell Marina that she would come every other hour, lest Marina would give birth to the baby while alone.

He lay on the bed again. Then he heard the roar of an engine outside the house and he knitted his brows. He looked down from

the window. It was an army jeep. He rushed to the sala.

An American appeared at the door. He was dressed in a neatly pressed khaki uniform. Tiny buttons glistened on his shoulders and breast. "Good afternoon," he said. "I'm Keaton. Major Keaton."

Rafael stared at the American. The first impulse he felt was to jump at him, strangle him and spit at him. But he had lost all his strength and he only stared at the American. Inside him, he felt weak.

The American fixed his eyes at Marina, then turned to Rafael. "Are you Rafael?" he asked. Rafael nodded. He walked toward Rafael. "I'm a friend of Bob's," he said. "I have a gift from him." Then before Rafael could speak, he turned and walked out of the door. He came back with a box. "It's American wine," he said, opening the box. "I hope you'll like it." Then he turned to Marina. "How are you, Lady?" he asked. Marina merely looked at him. "Fine I hope," the American said.

A few minutes later, he left.

At first, Rafael did not like to touch the wine. He had never drank before. One night he took a sip and he felt warm and itchy in the face. But that afternoon, he heard Marina moan and cry in pain and Nana Sabel scamper for the kitchen. He grabbed a bottle and started to drink. Soon he felt hot in the throat, in the breast, in the stomach. A haze

started to shield his eyes.

Marina was screaming now and he heard Nana Sabel's shrill and trembling voice console her. "It won't be long now," the old woman said. "It won't be long . . ."

Until late that evening he heard the groan of Marina. Rafael drank some more and started to laugh and dance around the room. He ran out of the room and through the haze in his eyes he saw Nana Sabel by Marina's side on the floor.

He remembered Meding and he staggered his way to the town. Soon he was knocking at her door. "Meding!" he cried. His voice was drawling. "Open up! It's Rafael! Open the door!" Meding came out of the door. Rafael stumbled into the house.

"You're drunk!" Meding cried.

"Who's drunk?" he asked. "Here kiss me," he said, twisting his lips. Meding tried to move away. There was fear in her eyes. Rafael gripped her skirt and pulled her down to the floor. She fell with a thud. "Kiss me, honey," he said again. Meding turned her face away. "Kiss me!" Rafael shouted. Meding did not move. In rage, Rafael hit her on the head with his hand. Meding cried. Rafael rose abruptly and cursing repeatedly, walked out of the house. He groped his way out of the alley and appeared at the main street where the lights were bright. He looked around.

All about him he saw faces and eyes. He laughed and he cursed and staggered his way out of town again.

On the way, he vomited twice and he felt a severe pain in his head. He cursed again.

He paused at the door. From where he stood, he heard Marina scream. He entered the cottage and found his way into his room.

He laid on the bed. He was feeling better now though the pain was still in his head. He heard Marina scream again and he cupped his ears. Then she became silent.

Rafael imagined her on the floor. Soon, he told himself, Bob's baby will come. The thought made him tremble. He wanted to cry. He rose and went to the locker. He pulled out a gun, then tucked it to his waist.

Outside he saw the field. It was dark. He heard the faint rustle of palay. He stared at the gun in his hand. Then he remembered Bob. He tried to recall that morning he came and



gave the gun.

He trembled when Marina screamed. He saw the baby in his mind; blond hair, blue eyes. He imagined the people talk at his back about him, Marina and the baby. He shuddered in fright.

He raised the gun to his temple. He heard Marina scream again and felt cold sweat on his neck.

He looked up. The skies were unmoving and dark. Over the land, the wind was still.

* * *

Blush Betrays Hiding of Truth, Report Doctor

A blush does not betray a sense of shame at the truth, but rather a feeling of shame that we have concealed the truth.

This interpretation of a red face was given to the American Psychoanalytic Assn. by Dr. Sandor S. Feldman of the University of Rochester Medical Center, Rochester, N.Y.

Blushing can be observed in both sexes and all races. In people of dark skin, the blush does not look red; it makes the skin darker. Blushing occurs in persons who live nude. And persons who were born blind blush like those with eyesight.

The blush is proof that there is a basic tendency for truth, Dr. Feldman said. If truth is hidden, it appears as redness on the face.

Children represent the truth and they are not ashamed. They begin to be ashamed and to blush when hypocrisy is imposed upon them and they are taught to conceal the truth.

Several decades ago, Dr. Feldman pointed out, women were expected to be bashful and to blush at the slightest violation of etiquette, but when men blushed it was considered a weakness. Today women are not expected to blush and when men blush it is considered rather charming.

The Evil Domain of INTERNATIONAL CRIME

by Herbert Brean



INTERNATIONAL crime is the world's biggest invisible business. In prosperous times like the present, when money is generally plentiful, it flourishes and feeds off the prosperity of others. Every year it costs the citizens of the world billions of dollars and an unmeasurable amount of suffering, and yet very few people are even aware of how it works and how it affects them. A small carton leaving Genoa tonight may cause a stick-up murder in Chicago next month. A car stolen tomorrow from a driveway in Dallas may almost literally vanish from the face of the earth—until it reappears in South America, to which it has been smuggled piece by piece and reassembled for profitable sale. The pound note which a London shopper may receive in change at one of the Bond

Street shops this weekend may have been printed last month by a counterfeiter across the Channel in Paris.

The practitioners of international crime are hardheaded businessmen with only one guiding principle: money. Their vast networks are spread throughout the world, and have more ramifications and branches than any three international corporations put together. The diversity is endless. The products of international crime travel across the oceans, through the skies and across national boundaries by ship, plane, truck, pack mule, junk, camel caravan and human messenger. The "product" may be almost anything: not only diamonds and dope and counterfeit money but also pinball machines, cars, con games, financial credits, coffee, 4-slaves. Whatever the product and year-old children who are sold as whatever the means of transportation, the result is always the same: fast, illegal profits.

This article reports on this little-known world and the people who inhabit it. It defines this world, stripping it of the legends (familiar to mystery-story readers and viewers of the movies and TV) that obscure its true character, and reveals the methods and accomplishments of the one group designed to combat international crime on an international basis—the self-effacing, brilliant organization known as Interpol.

ONE OF THE many legends surrounding international crime is that it is run by one or more super-criminals heading far-flung networks of malefactors with branches in all the principal cities. Such organized efficiency does not exist in the criminal world. There are perhaps 12,000 really first-class international criminals and perhaps 500 times that many who play smaller roles. But when any of these six million-odd culprits work together as a gang, they usually join forces in a temporary and haphazard way. For 30 to combine is unusual, and a gang of 120 working together is a big ring. In any case, when trouble looms their alliances swiftly dissolve. The one exception is the famed Mafia, which is probably the closest thing to what might be called an "international crime syndicate." But even the Mafia is a limited operation in the over-all picture of world crime, for its operations are concentrated almost entirely in the U.S. and Sicily.



Many international criminals are professional pickpockets, con men and counterfeiters whose names are familiar entries on the world's police blotters. Others are professional "carriers" who, armed with a small library of passports, concentrate on smuggling from country to country. But a sizable number are otherwise respectable businessmen or legitimate airline or shipping company employees—amateurs unable to resist the temptation of an easy profit.

To the professionals the world is a strangely restricted place, for there are only certain areas where they care to operate. The European continent mightily attracts them, but the British Isles do not. The Mediterranean basin is pleasant for them but most of Africa is not. South America's mountains and broken eastern coastline, the major ports of both U.S. seaboard and certain Asiatic cities are highly attractive, but Australia virtually does not exist for them. Neither do countries like the Scandinavian ones and those behind the Iron Curtain. The Pacific Ocean is regarded mainly as an obstacle created to hinder police pursuit.

Within this curiously limited world international criminals are quick to respond to changing conditions. Automobile theft, for example, is now very profitable and is therefore on the increase, but white slavery has fallen off severely. Improved police proce-



dures have not only forced international criminals to shift constantly but have also required them to specialize. A good example is the theft of travelers checks, a crime that frequently affects world travelers. Until recently a continental hotel prowler (a Hungarian specialty) gained entry to the foreigner's room and stole his checks while he was out, or a pickpocket (a Spanish specialty) lifted the traveler's book of checks from his pocket while he gaped at the Eiffel Tower. In either case the thief tried to cash the checks by forgery, a risky procedure in any alert bank or store.

TODAY this operation has its own production line manned by a succession of specialists. The first specialist is the thief himself for, while he may use the same old methods to get the checks, his assignment ends at that point. He simply sells the checks for 15% of their face value to a second specialist, the middle man of the operation. The middle man turns over the checks for 40% of their face value to a third set of specialists, the "selling gang" which must perform the most difficult part of the operation: passing the checks. A traveler's check is, of course, signed once by the owner when he purchases it and once again when he cashes it. The selling gang has its choice of two methods: 1) it can remove the original signature by a delicate chemical operation and replace it with the signature of the criminal who will actually cash the check, or 2) it can employ a skilled forger who will be able to reproduce the original signature under the wary eyes of a bank clerk.

The specialization does not end with the cashing of the check. If the check is used as payment for a purchase, the item bought is likely to be something easily disposed of at close to actual cost, such as a camera or a pair of binoculars. Such items are promptly sent out of the country to still another gang which specializes in disposing of goods.

International crime is not always as clearly criminal as this because what is illegal in one country may not necessarily be illegal in another. Anyone engaged in the narcotics trade in the U.S. is a criminal. But many other countries remain undisturbed about it because they have no narcotics problem of their own. Decent, respectable Turkish farmers grow acres of poppies under government license to produce opium, as legally as Nebraska farmers grow wheat to produce flour. Opium smoking is still legal in parts of India. Macedonian women use the drug to flavor pastry.

IN SOME countries international crime is actually encouraged by antiquated or inconsistent laws. Spain, for example, is a "car-poor" country: it produces few automobiles. But because Spain imposes a tariff of 150% on legitimate car imports, smugglers of new or stolen cars have strong financial incentive to operate there. Spain also imposes a heavy duty on foreign machine parts, even when Spain herself does not manufacture them. As a result an entire turbo-generator once had to be smuggled into the country to complete a vital dam because the legal duty would have been exorbitant. Because Brazil's tariffs contain many similar inconsistencies, its long coastline plays host to a lively inva-

sion of illicit U.S. cigars, whisky, nylons and cars. (The smugglers often depart with tons of Brazilian coffee purchased for less than the artificially pegged price, thereby compounding the crime and the profits.)

Population shifts sometimes favor the international criminal. London, traditionally free of narcotics problems, is now worried about marijuana, which has shown up among English teenagers since the recent immigration of Jamaicans and other British West Indians who use the drug. The British Isles, however, are a good example of how geography and innate respect for the law can inhibit the international criminal. British traffic in illegal goods is confined to relatively few ports and airfields that are easy to supervise. The British customs service exercises tight supervision over incoming aliens (an average of 2,500 are excluded annually), and its meticulously polite customs inspectors are well trained to detect guilt from a traveler's nervousness, his eye movements and what he does with his hands. While one inspector makes a casual examination of luggage, a second may stand by simply to study its owner—and a third who is stationed at the exit may gently ask to glance through a coat just as the traveler is leaving.

Other countries have been made vulnerable to crime because of their geography. Lebanon, at

the eastern end of the Mediterranean, has been an international trading center since the time of the Phoenicians. Uruguay, tucked in between Brazil and Argentina, is not only a convenient haven for criminals fleeing from its neighbors but is also a handy clearinghouse for cocaine leaving South America and for opium coming in from the Middle East.

Whatever the local conditions of geography, law and police work, one condition for a flourishing international crime overrides all others: the opportunity for profit. Criminals will go to any lengths and take any risks when this opportunity exists. The French Sureté recently broke up a far-flung ring which was actually using the military mail service as its means of transportation for illegal gold ingots. The gold was shipped, ostensibly as presents from loving wives, to French army officers stationed in Saigon, Indochina. The packages were keyed alphabetically by the initials of the addressees and were purposely mailed with insufficient postage so that they would come to the attention of postal clerks who could recognize them by the initials. The scheme was discovered only because some packages accidentally fell into the hands of a clerk who was not in on the plot. When he sent them back for additional postage, the return addresses proved to be nonexistent. But before this happened,

an estimated two tons of gold was smuggled out of France at a profit of more than one billion francs.

INTERNATIONAL traffic in women is still profitable, but the infamous white slaver of several decades ago is now a victim of technological unemployment caused by increasing feminine sophistication. It is no longer very easy to entice unknowing women into a life of prostitution from which there is no escape, and so the white slaver has been replaced by the "theatrical agent" or "talent scout."

Then she gets a ticket and traveling expenses. In Beirut or Aleppo, she goes to work in a nightclub where she may dance, if she can stand on her feet, or sing, if she can open her mouth. But her main job soon becomes that of B-girl. She must mingle with the customers, encourage them to drink and, if they request, agree to spend the night with them after the nightclub has closed.

Even more vicious is the enslavement of children in Nigeria. This lucrative trade is carried on near the eastern and western borders where Negro children 4



To get women for the nightclubs of Beirut and Aleppo, for example, where oil-rich Arabs come to spend their money, the "agent" advertises in European newspapers for models, dancers or nightclub singers. If a girl answering the ad has a union certificate, she will be free to travel abroad and can be signed up at once; if not, she is quickly taught the rudiments of kicking in the second line of the chorus so that she can qualify for a

to 12 years old are kidnaped and sold into Dahomey or the Cameroons to become house or farm servants. Sometimes the child never crosses a border but instead is sold to a local believer in juju who thinks that if he sacrifices a human being to the god he will grow rich, or that by eating some parts of the slaughtered anatomy he can rejuvenate himself or prolong his life. The current price is £300 (\$846) per child.

The international criminal

need not be a big operator to make handsome profits. A sailor who wants to take a little flier in Indian hemp, from which marijuana is made, can buy a 12-ounce package in Rangoon for about \$4.20. When he gets to an English port he can sell the package for \$22 to someone who will come aboard and take the risk of carrying it ashore. If the sailor wants to take that risk himself, he can get \$44 for it ashore, a better than 500% profit on his original purchase.

Automobiles offer incredible opportunities for profit in some parts of the world. Smuggling cars out of Germany, for example, is a big business, and some 2,000 persons are listed by police as smugglers. Volkswagens, Opels and Mercedes bring two to three times as much in Greece and Turkey as they do in Germany. In the Middle East the ratio is three to four times as much, in South America it is six to eight times as much. If the car was stolen to begin with, the profit is enormous. One ingenious thief recently cabled five car rental agencies in Zurich and asked each

one to deliver a Mercedes to five exclusive hotels on a certain day. The unsuspecting agencies delivered the five cars—and by the time the rental period had expired the automobiles were long gone. If their ultimate destination was South America, each car, worth \$2,400 in Germany, could have sold for \$19,200.

To make his fast dollar the international criminal must expose himself not only to the risk of capture but also to the vagaries of chance, to treachery within his organization and to sudden sociopolitical changes. Havana, for instance, with its big tourist trade, wide-open gambling, flagrant prostitution and generally relaxed morality, was for years a convenient home-away-from-home for international criminals. Then Castro took over and frightened the tourists away, so soon the crime business was bad. Havana today is relatively "clean," not so much through police effort as through political upheaval.

There are other kinds of risk. A Lebanese flew into Athens from Zurich a few weeks ago, collapsed in the airport and was



taken to a hospital where he died. An autopsy revealed the cause of death: coronary thrombosis induced in part by a heavy corset containing 1,500 contraband Swiss watch movements. Another kind of risk was taken by a naturalized Frenchman named Zellingold; who was hired to travel to India with an Oldsmobile containing 550 pounds of gold concealed in various compartments. Zellingold and the Olds got to India safely, but then he could not get in touch with the people to whom he was to make delivery. He found himself in a strange country, with an Oldsmobile and a fortune in illicit gold, and nowhere to go. He decided to return home and did—accompanying the car through customs inspections, always undetected. Then he concluded that there was little point in returning the gold to his employers. When they learned what had happened they fingered Zellingold to the police as a gold smuggler and he was arrested. He confessed everything, naming his employers as gold smugglers too, and they in turn were arrested.



EVEN THE MOST ingenious technique can go wrong. A French "antique dealer" entered English ports regularly every few weeks for some 30 months, always accompanied by a bottle of Scotch whisky (which he ostentatiously declared) and a little girl who carried a big doll. Actually both bottle and doll contained raw French perfume on which Britain sets a heavy duty. The antique dealer developed quite a friendship with the customs and immigration men. Then one day he accidentally dropped the whisky bottle on the customs house floor.

If the only way to catch international criminals were through such accidents, the world would plainly be overrun with vice. Nor will strict and meticulous customs inspections, carefully worded laws or energetic national police work suffice. All such local efforts are vulnerable to the international criminal simply because he never stops moving. If things look bad in one place, he merely folds his tent and slips away, popping up elsewhere with a new variation on his racket. Years ago the major countries of the world decided the only answer was cooperation among themselves. And so a remarkable organization called Interpol came into existence.

Even though its name stands for International Criminal Police Organization, Interpol is not an international police force, as some

moviemakers have portrayed. Centered in a dignified old town house on the rue Paul Valéry in the heart of Paris, it is a supercommunications center for the police around the world. While it employs some brilliant policemen, not one of them has made an arrest on behalf of Interpol since its founding in 1923.

Interpol serves 63 nations in Europe, Asia, Africa and North and South America by maintaining a thorough filing system, operating a radio transmitter and using its members' collective brains. Each country has at least one veteran police officer as its Interpol representative. These men meet periodically at Interpol conventions like one held recently, but normally work in their own countries until an international case comes along. Then they go to work for Interpol. When the police in Copenhagen, for example, want to check a report that a man they want is in Rio de Janeiro, the Danish Interpol representative asks Interpol to check the Interpol man in Brazil and the latter immediately issues the necessary orders. This sounds obvious, but until Intrepol was set up the routine was very different: the Danish officer asked his foreign ministry to ask the Brazilian embassy in Copenhagen to communicate with its home office in Rio and ask it to ask the police there to check on the presence of the suspect. The lat-



ter by that time could have reached San Francisco by slow freighter.

Interpol's entire administrative staff, whose job is to locate and cause the arrest of the world's smartest international crooks wherever they may be, consists of only 59 people. All but 14, who are assigned to operate the Paris radio station or run a special counterfeiting branch at The Hague, work at the Paris headquarters. Many of them are veteran career French policemen lent to Interpol by the French government, which pays their salaries. Interpol gets along on a minuscule annual budget of 600,000 Swiss francs (\$138,000).

Interpol flashes crime bulletins and "men wanted" information around the world through a network of 21 radio stations that handle 55,000 police bulletins a year. It also keeps a routine file of international criminals consisting of 400,000 names (120,000 real names, 280,000 aliases) and an elite file of about 6,000 top criminals.

AS IT DOES its job of keeping the various worldwide police departments informed and in touch with each other, Interpol makes use of the best investigative agencies and resources in the world. It calls on the scientific index systems of the German police, the U.S. Treasury Department's T-men and Britain's astonishing crime detection laboratories which specialize in such particulars as poisons, spilled blood and dusts from grasses and weeds. But Interpol also has some unusual resources of its own.

One is a quiet, thoughtful police officer named Louis Beaulieu, "borrowed" 12 years ago from the Paris police to set up Interpol's record bureau. Beaulieu worked out his own fingerprint filing system and made other innovations for the bureau but his greatest triumph is his method of profile analysis. He adapted it from a system of basic terminology for describing people that he had originally learned in police academy.

Beaulieu's problem was to find a way of making positive identification from photographs sent in from perhaps a dozen different countries, in which varying camera techniques were used and the subjects were people who changed their appearance as much and as often as possible. Beaulieu divided the human profile into six zones and subdivided each into two to eight types according to characteristics: jutting

or receding chin, sloping forehead, tilt of nose and the like. His reasoning was simple. While a criminal can change his hair style or may suffer a broken nose or start wearing glasses, he cannot change the entire outline of his face.

Beaulieu knew he had to prove his method to his superiors, and he said nothing about it for four years until the right case came along. Algerian police had picked up a young dark-skinned man with a shaved head and had sent photographs of him to Interpol for possible identification. Beaulieu analyzed the profile, set down the proper numerical formula and went to his files. He found a corresponding set of numbers—together with a photograph of a bushy-haired, mustachioed man who had a long record as a thief and swindler. There was no apparent resemblance. Nevertheless, Beaulieu showed the picture to his superiors. He was laughed at.

Undaunted, he sent back to Algiers for the man's fingerprints and compared them with those of the thief. The two sets were identical. "Since then," Beaulieu says now, "when I say that two photographs show the same person no one disputes the fact."

An important part of Interpol's job is preventive police work. When a known swindler or jewel thief drops from sight in his native city the local police

tell Interpol that he may be on the prowl, and Interpol sends circulars on him to other areas where he might turn up. When a large international gathering, like a coronation or a religious pilgrimage, is about to take place, Interpol checks on the whereabouts of known pickpockets. If they do not appear to be at their home stations, it circularizes them to the police guarding the event.

How effective this system can be was strikingly illustrated at the 1958 Brussels World's Fair. Early raids on suspicious hangouts before the fair opened, a close watch on ports of entry, Interpol's invaluable circulars and checks with police of other countries enabled the Belgian police to scare off or turn back a large number of potential marauders. When the fair opened, a special pickpocket squad was assigned to it with instructions to make a big early roundup for deterrent purposes. This they did, hauling in an entire gang during the first month. As a result pocket pickings averaged less than two a day during the entire run of the fair, despite 200,000 to 700,000 daily visitors.

INTERPOL'S most dramatic function is the pursuit of a specific criminal across national borders. A famous recent case was that of Hans Flecken, a German who was suspected of having killed a 16-year-old girl for the

14,500 marks he allegedly induced her to steal from her employer. The girl's body was found on a Cologne highway and police began searching for Flecken as "the autobahn murderer." An innkeeper near the Swiss border reported seeing a man resembling the fugitive on a bus. German police, through Interpol, immediately asked the help of police in Switzerland, Austria and Italy, supplying pictures of the wanted man.

Flecken soon showed up in Tosens in the Tyrol where he took a *pension* room under the name of Landmesser. The landlady had seen pictures of "the autobahn murderer" and had her suspicions, but by the time she got around to reporting them to the police, Flecken had fled, taking with him a passport stolen from a fellow lodger, Werner Parth. Next day he was glimpsed on another bus near the Italian border, again not in time. Soon he turned up in Florence, still calling himself Landmesser, and there he convinced the representative of a German company that he was from the company's home office in Bonn, had been robbed and needed 5,000 lire. He got it. But the company representative grew worried, called the home office that night and learned that Landmesser was not an employee. He called the Italian police. A new alert went out all over Italy.

Flecken showed up in Palermo, Sicily, and used his Werner Parth passport to register in another *pension*. The Italian police promptly swooped down—only to find he had moved. But they knew he was in the neighborhood and, armed with Interpol photos, they began checking all *pensions*. He was finally found and is now being held in Palermo for extradition.

Interpol has matched wits with some remarkably ingenious people. One was a forger who traveled to various cities with what appeared to be a very handsome and expensive valise, impressively heavy. No hotel man would suspect its owner of being anything but well-heeled. Actually the valise was made of plastic and filled with water. When he had papered a town with spurious checks, the forger emptied the water from the valise in the hotel washbowl, folded it up, tucked it under his coat and walked out without paying his bill. But the uniqueness of his *modus operandi* proved his undoing, for it made him easy to identify. An Interpol circular caught up with him in Nice.

An even greater talent belongs

to 77-year-old Attilio Pollastri, a Genoese who is currently in jail. A onetime jewelry faker, Pollastri branched into counterfeiting, starting first with Spanish coins. At the outbreak of World War I, Pollastri converted to the manufacture of French and Swiss francs, Italian lire and U.S. dollars. A fine technician (he once made such perfect 50-lira notes that Italy had to withdraw the entire legitimate issue from circulation), he did well until he changed to 100-lira notes and was caught. From jail he wrote the Bank of Italy polite suggestions about how to make their notes more nearly counterfeit-proof. He never got a reply, but the Bank of Italy's 500- and 1,000-lira notes in due time displayed the improvements Pollastri suggested.

Of all varieties of international crime confronting Interpol, by far the most prevalent is smuggling. It attracts the widest variety of people, it involves the widest and most incongruous variety of substances and it has given rise, to some of the gaudiest and most profitable escapades in recent criminal history. — *from Life*.

* * *

Wheel of the Rimless Spokes

By Leonard Casper

Boston College

PART I*

FAULKNER'S LONGSTANDING ideological quarrel with himself has as counterpart the struggle for decision within that other Southern movement, the early Fugitives. Louise Cowan (authorized by research so thorough that, during their 1956 reunion at Vanderbilt, Fugitives deferred to her knowledge of exact dates and sequences) speaks of the "unity of feeling" shared throughout the twenties, rather than of any group esthetic or social prescriptions. Sometimes Fugitive antagonisms were not only logically irreconcilable but so intensely personal that they required apology. Ransom and Tate bitterly divided over the admissibility of *The Waste Land's* counterpoint as poetry. Similarly, Tate and others felt that Donald Davidson should be recognized sole editor of *The Fugitive* whose burdens, in fact, had already fallen on him, although Ransom preferred to pretend that the magazine was a communal effort. Davidson constantly urged the folk epic on men inclined to lyric irony; and later he alone refused to go into self-exile from the South which all felt did not deserve them.

Such differences were the calculated risk taken by men of private imagination who abhorred being programmed. Each honed his intellectual edge on the other, to the limit of nervous endurance. Beyond that limit there still was mutual charity (when Tate complained about others' contributions, he was reminded that some of his poems had also been published under protest). In some cases kinship helped, or their common training in classic humanism. The temper of such uneasy discussions—an admittedly special "unity of feeling"—encouraged the formulation of Ransom's extended dualism, Brooks' theory of paradox, and Warren's drama-

* Louise Cowan, *The Fugitive Group: A Literary History* (LSU Press: Baton Rouge, 1959); Hyatt H. Waggoner, *William Faulkner: From Jefferson to the World* (University of Kentucky Press: Lexington, 1959)

tization of the dialectic negotiation of identity. They were essentially united also to the extent that their awareness of controlled violence as a principle of evolution reflected the South's often submerg'd "torture of equilibrium," as Ransom called it.

Perhaps because Faulkner has withheld himself so long from such conversations, he has had to act as his own adversary. Unfortunately, divisions which in a group can be respected as mutual provocations may seem in a single writer unwarranted indecisions. The clutch of critical books that first ran analogical surveys on Faulkner's work nearly ten years ago were satisfied to trace the socio-mythological coordinates of his macrocosmic county. Now Hyatt Waggoner has considered it due time to calculate the horizons themselves, Faulkner's metaphysical over-plot. The result is a near-parody of pietistic Scriptural name-dropping and close misreading. Christ-images abound (only Jason Compson is spared, though his initials are as suggestive as Joe Christmas!). Benjy becomes the "Word swaddled in darkness, 'unable to speak a word'." Because Vardaman in *As I Lay Dying* confuses a fish with his mother, Addie Bundren is designated Redeemer first-class (although she loves only one of her own children).

Midway, after Waggoner realizes that Popeye, in *Sanctuary*, was born on Christmas Day, he begins to see the possibility that many of these religious parallels so strenuously pursued might be questionable. Although intermittently he continues to confuse God with Gavin Stevens; calls Lena Grove a "natural saint"; and, paraphrasing Sherwood Anderson's self-pity, intimates that every man undergoes crucifixion, gradually he defines Faulkner more credibly as a humanist exploiting Christian legend for its dramatic value. (In "Mirrors of Chartres Street" Faulkner referred to the Christian "fairy tale"; more recently, overseas, he undefined Christianity as generalized humanitarianism, uncommitted to creed.) No longer trying to justify what Faulkner apparently never intended, Waggoner has confirmed the suspicions of those earlier critics who thought that Faulkner's theological implications were pagan or neo-romantically Promethean.

PART II**

ADMITTEDLY, certain kinds of critical judgment are difficult to pass on a writer who has declared his personal dissociation

** Frederick L. Gwynn and Joseph L. Blotner (eds.), *Faulkner in the University* (University of Virginia Press: Charlottesville, Va., 1959); Olga Vickery, *The Novels of William Faulkner: A Critical Interpretation* (LSU Press: Baton Rouge, 1969); William Faulkner, *The Mansion* (Random House: New York, 1959).

of art and belief longer and more stubbornly than any Fugitive, as New Critic, has. But the solution surely is not to multiply the ambivalence already in Faulkner by assigning him an organon of meaning whose occasions of absence are thereafter derided. Throughout his term as Writer-in-Residence in Virginia and before a dozen different audiences, Faulkner has disavowed doctrinaire commitments of any kind, claiming he is not even a novelist but a failed poet, driven by his lyric demon, not by ideas. His convictions, he would insist, are intuitive and gratuitous, not rationally derived. The Old Testament has been available to him as tall tales of heroes and blackguards; the Passion Week, "a ready-made axe to use, but it was just one of several tools." Furthermore, the "ancient virtues" are offered as ethical imperatives not because of their possibly divine origin and sanction but, pragmatically, because without them men might feed on one another and neither prevail nor even endure.

The formlessness of *Faulkner in the University* is accidental but appropriate. (Originally Gwynn and Blotner had arranged their 40,000-foot taped transcript according to subject matter—likely, a pocket-size work—but later decided to recapture the incoherent, repetitious, often inconsequential spirit of the sessions, almost a parody of plots in Faulkner's lesser novels.) While trying sincerely to compensate for years of reticence, Faulkner's answers are still evasive to the degree that they describe what was *not* his intention, rather than what was. They are the words of a man as unwilling as any Fugitive to be programmed.

All the more remarkable, therefore, is the patterning of insights prepared by Olga Vickery who would have been disbelieved had she discovered a canonic consistency in *The Novels of William Faulkner*. Each of the major works is presented as its own experiential trial-truth. None is an illustration of received ideas, but each a totally unique and unprepared exploration, a multiple perspective of face in time's transit, its changes therefore best apprehended intuitively through the indirect heart and perhaps never comprehended. Certainly language is the most inarticulate means of its expression, as Olga Vickery demonstrates admirably in *Mosquitoes* and *Pylon*, usually ignored or patronized. As a consequence, no dogma is true; and ritual erodes into convention when it is regularized or imposed on, rather than evoked from, the individual; often the law is the adversary of justice; morality is self-righteousness clutched by any congregation, since every church to some degree is destructive of pure faith. (Her brilliant explication

of *The Fable* is particular proof of Faulkner's neo-romantic revolt against mass action or dicta.) Consummately, Faulkner has unsystematized his world; and this is what Olga Vickery's equal skill sees, a rhetorical un patterning far more indicative than the simplistic Yoknapatawpha "grand design" offered by Malcolm Cowley. Understanding this, one can explain the necessary deviousness of Faulkner's successes—the frenetic disorder of reverberators, the surprise ricochet structures, the interbedded textures—as well as the flaw inherent in such relative failures as *The Mansion*, an entertainment for the unquestioning.

This latest novel's difficulties are due not so much to the thirty-odd years between its inception and execution, nor to its narrative complexities (these are superficial: Gavin, Ratliff and Chick's nearly interchangeable points of view constitute a sanctioning Over-voice). The difficulties derive from Faulkner's indecision about Flem Snopes' supposedly deserved death for crimes against the supposedly uncorrupt and uncontributing Eula (as well as her daughter Linda) and Mink. Flem is kept gagged so well, despite the babble of other voices allowed, and so many peripheral issues intervene, that his murder seems more contrived than doomed, and less than justified, dramatically or morally. Faulkner has admitted a grudging admiration for Flem during his early machiavellian rise from Frenchman's Bend to Jefferson; respectable now, he is useful only as scapegoat. But by victimizing Flem, Faulkner betrays again his old ambivalence, here expressed by Ratliff's declaration that no man is evil, they just lack sense. Hyatt Waggoner might argue that this is the ultimate Christian act: to regard even Flem as crucified man. Or is it mere token that in the blur of motion all cats are streaks of gray?

—From *Southwest Review*.

* * *

Editorially Speaking

AN ARTICLE in a medical digest, discussing why doctors refer to themselves as "we," attributed this statement to Benjamin Franklin: "The editorial 'we' traditionally and historically is reserved for the exclusive use of heads of state, editors and people with tapeworms."

*

Andre Schwarz-Bart*

THE 1959 GONCOURT PRIZE novelist was born in 1928 into the large family of a peddler, a former rabbinical student from Poland. At home Andre learned Yiddish; on the streets of Metz, French. The Nazis ended this attempt at assimilation by cremating his parents. Pretending to be 16, Andre himself joined the Resistance movement.

In postwar France, Andre worked in a factory and read detective stories, until 1946 when *Crime and Punishment* taught him life's seriousness could be reached by art. He was sufficiently self-educated to enter the Sorbonne, but he left after 15 days because his fellow students were too casual. He began to write.

So desperate did he become when his work did not go well that he even hoped to catch t.b. from his friend so that he would have more care and leisure. Like most writers, he "wrote in order to clarify my thoughts." His Jewishness, for which his family perished, did not succor him but it did provide some inner stimulus. "All the present-day Jews of the West," he has written, "are not simply the descendants of persecuted individuals, not the descendants of individuals who did not have a passive relationship of victim to executioner but an active relationship." In his prize-winning novel, *The Last of the Just*, a twelfth-century rabbi puts 250 of the faithful to death rather than let them be converted to Christianity.

What has made Andre more sensational than earlier Goncourt winners is the number of plagiarism charges now being made against him, even if one kindly critic has said, "If someone borrows four copper coins and returns a ton of pure gold, is he a thief?" At least a dozen lines of the novel came verbatim from *Travels of Benjamin III*, a Yiddish classic by Seferim. There are also exact parallels, discovered by a critic named Parinaud, between

* Exclusive Panorama feature.

the novel and historical accounts of the extermination camps and with the religious writings of Isaac Babel, Martin Buber, Manes Sperber (also a novelist), and others. The epigraph, attributed to a dead Yiddish poet, really are the words of a living Polish Roman Catholic; the Zionist anthem, "Hatikvah," is hardly the thousands of years old as claimed by the novel.

On the other hand, a number of weeklies have defended Andre Schwarz-Bart by saying that he necessarily had to research the Middle Ages, since he could not possibly have any first hand knowledge; and since he was writing fiction, giving credit would have been difficult. The Goncourt judges made their decision before the case could be clarified, deliberately, so that the judgment would not be harassed by, to them, extraneous matters. The novel, according to them, is brilliantly written, regardless of who is responsible for each of its parts!

Critics today still cannot decide whether a prank or crime has been committed; whether the insertions, so anachronistic, are the product of playful editors or of Andre's lack of education. The most serious charge has come from Arthur Sandauer who claims that Schwarz-Bart invented his own Middle Ages in such a way that the Jewish martyrs act and talk like Christians. For what purpose? Will Andre Christianize the Jews among his readership; or convert Christians to the Jewish faith; or simply become wealthy behind his dark dirty smile? Thinking that no man deserves to be poor forever until he has had the luxury of sinning, many readers anxiously forgive Andre, hoping he will join them in their own suffering loss of innocence.

* * *

Deftly Speaking

*A non-conformist is a person who keeps gloves
in the glove compartment.*

*

Tail on Man? Never!

MAN'S ANCESTOR never had a tail, and the size of his brain was not a measure of his intelligence.

These are two statements, contrary to the popular conception, reported by a panel discussion at the University of Chicago during celebrations of Darwin's Centennial.

Dr. L. S. B. Leakey, British anthropologist who recently found the fossil skull of Kenya's Zinjanthropus, who he believes was the first true man, said no evidence was ever found to show that any of man's ancestors ever had a tail.

"I doubt that they did," Dr. Leakey said. "We hope one day to find fossils that will satisfy us completely on this point."

He said that the coccyx, sometimes referred to as "vestigial tail," shows that the vertebral column in man simply did not develop into a tail as it did in apes and monkeys.

DR. LEAKEY also emphasized that not the size but the shape of the brain reflects intelligence.

"Size, except when taken in relation to the total body weight of the creature, is not important at all," he said.

"The Neanderthal man had a

larger brain than any other man, and today, Eskimos have the largest brain and Japanese the smallest, which does not reflect their relative intelligence," he explained.

"There is no reason to believe at all that because, shall we say, Australopithecus of South Africa had a brain only about the same size as a gorilla, that his ability in the use of his brain was of the same order because he could have had a brain of the same size but of a much greater complexity in its cortex."

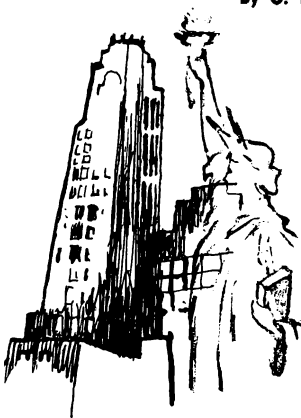
The panel also discussed whether man's ancestors ever traveled by overhead locomotion, that is, by swinging from branch to branch. This is called brachiation.

Dr. F. Clark Howell, Chicago University anthropologist, said the first detailed study of brachiation was undertaken this year, that the idea of whether or not man went through a brachiating stage "has been terribly obscured" and that the term itself is complex and covers, so to speak, a multitude of sins.

The study of brachiation, he said, is crucial to the understanding of evolution. But brachiation, another scientist pointed out, is generally so poorly defined that some will include as brachiators city's subway strap-hangers.

Our Position in Southeast Asia

By O. D. Corpuz



A TILTED CRESCENT, of which the horns are Burma at the northwest, and the western half of New Guinea at the lower southeast, defines what the map-makers call Southeast

Asia. In this sense, the region is made up of nine independent countries: Burma, Thailand, North Vietnam, South Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, Malay, Indonesia, and the Philippines, with the latter lying about mid-way athwart the imaginary line between the two horns. In addition, some commentators frequently use the term "Southeast Asia" more loosely to include, besides the countries named above, also Pakistan, India, and Ceylon. For convenience, the more comprehensive meaning of the latter usage is used in this discussion.

It has been fashionable for some time now to say that the Philippines belongs to Southeast Asia, by reason of its geography; therefore, it is urged, our foreign policy should be Asian in orientation, both in terms of our rela-

tionships with our neighbors and in our outlook upon the non-Asian world. We all quite widely accept this point of view in principle. However, there are those of our countrymen who are quick to observe that it is one of those nice principles that are customarily forgotten in practice. They maintain that recent as well as present Philippine foreign policies are actually West-oriented rather than Asia-oriented. They further point out the ironical fact, possible perhaps only in the Philippines, that the majority parties avoid the slogan "Asia for the Asians" as if it were some awful and dreaded affliction. Thus, in this Asian country, "Asia for the Asians" is perforce a slogan of the political opposition.

Why the apparent inconsistency between the policy we ought to profess and those which we actually practice? We can begin to understand the problems of Philippine policy in Southeast Asia only by understanding the nature of Southeast Asia itself.

Southeast Asia as an area is rich in manpower; it has some oil and tin, and a great deal of rubber. It is, likewise, one of the three areas in the world that periodically produce disorders or threats to the peace in seemingly calculated fashion—the other two are the Arab Middle East, and the Soviet satellite complex in Eastern Europe. But these



characteristics are not our main concern.

We are interested primarily in the question, whether the dozen countries which we collectively denote as Southeast Asia possess or share enough common characteristics or circumstances, besides geographical proximity, that would justify our treating them as a single whole. This is important for our analysis because, if it turns out that there is no shared sense of identity among those countries, then we cannot say that the Philippines belongs to a community of states known as Southeast Asia. To say so would have little meaning because we cannot belong to a community that exists only in name.

IN FACT, the countries of the area are similar in at least three important respects: (1) Their national economies are all underdeveloped. (2) With the single exception of Thailand, they all share a common history of colonial subjection under western powers. (3) Finally, and almost without exception, the twelve countries are all nationalistic in temper and outlook, and have only recently acquired independent political status. It remains to find out what these similarities really mean.

The underdeveloped economies in Southeast Asia give the different countries, as it were, a common face. The cities, great urban centers are few and far between. The soil and its products are more important, supporting the population and earning the foreign exchange. Production methods and implements are generally labor-consuming, a condition which conceals a great deal of disguised employment. Population pressure bears down heavily on the national product. The economic situation has sociological concomitants. There is a great deal of corruption in politics, and administrative organization and techniques are notoriously inept and patronage-ridden.

The Bandung Conference of 1955, in its final communique, gave primary emphasis to "the urgency of promoting economic

development in the Asian-African region." The participants called for economic cooperation covering a long list of measures and actions. These included: technical aid to one another, the establishment of regional training and research institutes, collective action for stabilizing international commodity prices, trade fairs, exchange of information and samples, and the establishment of regional banks and insurance companies. The Asian-African delegates, nevertheless, stated that: "It is, however, not intended to form a regional bloc."

Needless to say, the cooperative and collective measures called forth at Bandung have not been undertaken, and there is no indication yet that they will be undertaken in the near future. One suspects that the communique as such did not so much express a sense of common interest, as it was an incident in the temporary gathering together of men who wanted to be nice to each other. For the truth is, that economic relationships, to be meaningful, must be expressed in actual trading and exchange. In this respect, the economies of Southeast Asia, all primarily agricultural and raw material exporting, do not complement each other. There is very little intra-regional trade. It must be recalled that production, practices, consumption behaviors, industrial re-

quirements, and trading patterns and outlets were established during the period of each country's dependency under the West, during which time the dominant country and its economic needs occupied the preferred and pre-eminent position. These last-named factors, inasmuch as they have been institutionalized, will persist for a long, long time. Furthermore, it will be noted that two of the critical needs of underdeveloped economies are capital assistance and technical aid, and the countries of Southeast Asia are competitors and rivals, rather than mutual cooperators, in these respects.

IN THE SUM, the fact that the countries of the area are all in a stage of economic underdevelopment has endowed them with similar problems, but that in itself has not proved to be a sufficient force for welding the various countries into the semblance of an economic community.

The shared history of colonial subjection which the Southeast Asian countries (except Thailand) have undergone under the domination of western powers has bequeathed a common memory and attitude to the former dependencies. This is most evident in their readiness to sponsor declarations against the continuation or resumption, in any

form, of western imperialism. The Philippines, indeed, has consistently sided with its neighbor countries in this respect, to the extent, we are officially reminded, of occasionally being on opposite sides with the United States.

So far as it goes, the common anti-western imperialism of the SEA countries is an unassailable fact. But it would not do to overburden it, by inferring from it that it makes the countries of the area into a solid regional bloc. An attitude against imperialism in the past does not itself create common objectives for constructive action or behavior in the present and future. As has been pointed out, no collective action in the form of concrete measures for economic cooperation and development have been undertaken by the SEA countries towards meeting the declared intentions of the Bandung meeting. One of the most obvious facts of Philippine foreign relations is the fundamental difference in the way we and our SEA neighbors look at problems of regional security, diplomacy and trade with Red China, foreign aid, American military assistance, Soviet Russia, and other issues of similar import.

It appears clear that the colonial experience of the Southeast Asian peoples has not up to the present provided a basis for com-

mon objectives and common action. The main reason for this is the nature of the colonial experience. During the period of dependency, the countries of South-east Asia were colonies of *different* western powers. Burma, Ceylon, India, Pakistan, and Malaya were dependencies of the United Kingdom; Indo-China, of France; Indonesia, of The Netherlands; and the Philippines, of the United States. What happened then was that the dependencies were practically isolated from each other, and their contacts with the outside world and the outside influences upon them, were limited to those of the corresponding western power.

In each case, the decisive influence upon the dependency came from the culture, institutions, and decisions of the dominant country. This is the explanation for the fact that today the political system in each of the former colonies reflects in varying degrees of faithfulness to form and spirit the political institutions and practices of the former political master. In the Philippines, our political vocabulary, electoral practices, system of party government, doctrines on constitutionalism, and theories of administrative organization were evolved from American principle, practice, and prescription exported to a Filipino situation. The same holds true with equal validity for each

of the other SEA countries.

But the impact of the colonial experience went far beyond the merely political sphere. The dominant power also exported its own language, ideas of education and educational administration, currency, industrial products, and other less tangible aspects of its way of life, such as its movies, fashions, and fads, and, to a greater or less extent, its hier-



archy of social values. The impact has proved to be lasting, for, while the formal political connections have been severed, the other influences, which we may sum up in the term "cultural imperialism," continue to influence the life of the once dependent country.

Thus, during the period of dependency, the web of pervasive influence woven by the dominant power over and around the subject country not only tied them

together into a tight and intimate relationship, but also cut off the latter from any significant associations or contacts with other countries. This is the fundamental explanation for the absence of frequent interaction and association among the SEA countries today.

IT ONLY remains now to deal with the nationalistic temper



and the newly independent status of the SEA peoples and states. Like the other two similarities already discussed, the similarities in temper and status of the countries of SEA today are often supposed to give them a common personality. From our point of view, however, they have not made the individual states of SEA region-conscious. The evidence is obvious, and all around us. There is no regional approach to problems which logically require re-

gional study and action, such as subversion, the overseas Chinese and economic underdevelopment. The SEATO, which is the only organized approach to military preparation and defense in the area, has no less than five non-area and non-Asian members (the United States, United Kingdom, New Zealand, France, and Australia), and no more than three Asian members (Thailand, Pakistan, and the Philippines).

New Delhi, Jakarta, Manila, Karachi, and Bangkok do not consult regularly on regional or global policies, and are as likely as not to take different sides of international issues and controversies. Filipino delegates in interstate meetings, moreover, usually find themselves having a choice of separate blocs, depending on the occasion—the American, the Catholic, the Latin, and the Southeast Asian.

THE TRUTH is that a nationalistic temper makes a people inner-directed, rather than regional minded. The masses in each of the countries of the area today are being exhorted more than ever before to look to their national past, to emulate their national heroes, and, in general, to "think for themselves." Nationalism permeates and pervades their respective educational systems, and is being tapped to provide the propulsive psychology for eco-

conomic and social development.

There are variations among the dozen countries in the intensity of their nationalisms. Those whose demands for self-government were satisfied only recently appear to be the more nationalistic, and more inner-directed, than those in which the independence issue had been settled at an earlier time. The existence or absence of a well-established indigenous culture also seems relevant, with those countries being more nationalistic which have ancient and distinctive cultures of their own. Beneath these variations, however, the nationalistic temper is expressed in a self-oriented outlook; it emphasizes the "interests of the nation" over divisive group interests in domestic policies, and over distracting involvements in world and regional politics.

The self-oriented outlook of nationalism is a natural condition for the newly independent states of SEA. The change of political status from dependent colony to sovereign state has in each case required major adjustments and confronted the new state with a series of domestic crises. There is mass poverty and economic underdevelopment in all countries; political corruption, tax evasion, and unassimilated minorities in most; and civil war, subversion, banditry, and serious boundary problems in a few. Each country has had to face these difficulties

practically without appropriate institutions, without enough skilled personnel, without adequate capital, and without strategic material resources. What, then, can be more natural, than that these countries should wish to be left alone, in order to apply their undivided attention and energy to their domestic difficulties? External commitments and relationships become unnecessary abstractions, except when they can be made the means to provide the wherewithal for the solution of domestic problems.

IT HAS been suggested in the foregoing analysis that similarities of colonial history, of economic underdevelopment, and of nationalistic temper have not sufficed to create a Southeast Asian community. It has been shown that similarities among the countries of the area serve to divide, as well as to unite, them. The only bases at present that may underlie a sense of community among the peoples of SEA are geographical proximity and a general, but vague, feeling that they are all Asians. Even the geographical nearness must be qualified. Burma, Vietnam, India, and Pakistan are at least as close to Red China, Central Asia, and to West Asia as they are to their SEA neighbors.

But geography and the Asian feeling are merely predisposing

factors; they have not produced community interaction. Compared to other distinct regions in world politics, the SEA states do not have the doctrinal and military solidarity of the Soviet eastern European satellites, the emotional fervor that excites the Arabs of the Middle East, the cultural homogeneity of Latin-America, or the intense political, economic, and cultural inter-relationships within the NATO arc of Europe and America.

The countries of SEA may be likened, paradoxically, to big-city neighbors whose relationships are intermittent and haphazard. They are too occupied with their private problems to pay sustained attention to each other, and their individual histories have given them habits, institutions, and interests that lead to associations outside of the neighborhood. They are all in Southeast Asia, but they are in a geographical area, and not in a political or economic community.

LET US now inquire how our analysis of SEA as a whole bears upon the problem of Philippine political relations in the area. Actually, some implications are obvious. For instance, it is clearly suggested that we must ascertain whether the conditions requisite for sustained and sympathetic interaction between the Philippines and other SEA coun-

tries exist. These requisites include (a) a mutually shared sense of common interest, reciprocally oriented institutions, complementary economic systems, and adequate information about each other interpreted sympathetically. In addition (b) there must be no commitments outside the area that occupy us so much as to disallow opportunities for engaging ourselves in area activities and affairs. Finally, (c) our own domestic affairs must be in some degree of order. If they are not, either we will be constrained to withdraw from foreign distractions in order to solve our domestic problems, or we enter into relationships with other countries in order to secure aid for solving those problems. In the latter case, the commitments referred to (b) might crystallize.

These requisites apparently do not exist at present. Mutual sentiments and appropriate area institutions are not in evidence. The Philippines itself is committed and bound to relationships with the United States covering a broad area of mutual concern. Because of these conditions, we rely for assistance in coping with our urgent needs not on SEA but on the United States; this reliance reinforces our commitments outside of the area, and orients us away from it. Were we to decide, therefore, on a drastic shift in our foreign policy orientation

from America to Asia, it seems that we would have to maintain a foreign policy from which the necessary conditions do not now exist. The intimacy, strength, and variety of the sentiments, bonds, and chains that tie us tightly to America simply have no counterparts in our relations with our SEA neighbors.

So much for our American orientation. The foreign policy of the Philippines in SEA involves two other aspects, which are not usually considered in popular or partisan discussions. The thoughtful reader, however, will require their consideration, or at least their mention.

THE FIRST is the problem of area leadership, the second involves philosophy and foreign policy. There is an indeterminateness about our position in the hierarchy of influence among the countries of SEA. Our resources constrain us to resign ourselves to a position of less than leadership, but our stature does not allow us to take up the role of a mere follower. This indeterminateness necessarily prevents us from formulating or adopting forthright area policies and straightforward or consistent area relationships. Equally important, it makes it difficult for our neighbors to interpret our declarations and actions without doubt or suspicion.

The task of finding an appro-

priate political role for ourselves in SEA is further complicated by the different types of leadership found in the area. The late Mag-saysay, Nehru, U Nu, and Soekarno represent leader-types that show up our deviation from what seems to be an Asian norm. Leadership in almost every SEA country except the Philippines rests on traditions and institutions which make it possible, if not customary, for the same one man to dominate his country's politics for a long time. In addition, the contemplative nature that seems common to the leaders of other Asians has been conspicuous for its absence in the crop of post-war Filipino leaders. The problem of leadership is important, because a country's voice in foreign affairs is usually that of its national leader.

The second problem requires little elaboration. It is related to the fact that the leading SEA countries aside from the Philippines pursue foreign policies which are rather faithfully and consistently derived from distinct philosophies of humanity and of world politics. These countries are India, Indonesia, Burma, and perhaps Ceylon also. It is perhaps no accident that it is the policies of these countries that are usually regarded as expressing the "true" Asian point of view, with the suggestion that the policies of other countries, including that of

the Philippines, do not do so.

Lacking a distinct philosophical basis, Philippine foreign policy must derive consistency from non-philosophical sources, which happen to be our "special historic ties with the United States." This immediately disqualifies us in the eyes of Asian militants from representing the spirit and viewpoint of Asia. This is another obstacle that the Philippines must overcome in order to develop political rapport, and thereby acquire "status," with its neighbors in SEA.

IT APPEARS now that the road that will take us to Southeast Asia, foreign policy-wise, is not a straight and obstacle-free road. Actually, our reasons for wishing to get on that road are of crucial importance. Essentially, those of us who believe in a Southeast Asia-oriented policy may be divided into: (a) those who believe in that policy because they reject our American orientation; and (b) those who believe that policy because they consciously feel that Philippine interests are

best met by our active involvement in mutual relationships with our neighbors. These two reasons are independent of each other.

This discussion is not an argument for the status quo. It does not assume that the present disunity of Southeast Asia and our ties to the United States are eternal and unchangeable verities. Rather, it is an attempt to explain why rejection of the conditions that underlie our present relationships with the United States cannot by itself bring about and sustain a SEA-oriented policy. While that rejection leads us away from old relationships, it does not *per se* create new ones ready to hand.

This discussion is also a presentation of some important objective conditions necessary to a policy of close and sustained relationships with our SEA neighbors. It is a plea for a return to intellectualism in the analysis of foreign policy. Nothing is more ineffectual than a sentimental approach to the politics of nations, in criticism as well as in conduct.

* * *

So Be It

The parents of a large brood of children deserve a lot of credit; in fact, they can't get along without it.

Einstein Theory Proved

YEAR-LONG TESTS, believed the most precise yet made, have confirmed preliminary results by the same method that Einstein's special theory of relativity is correct.

The experiments showed no measurable variation in frequency of radio waves radiated by ammonia molecules as the earth moved around the sun during a year. Einstein's special theory postulated that the velocity of light, 186,000 miles a second, is independent of its frame of reference or of the motion of the light source itself. It also applies to radio waves, which travel at the speed of light.

Results of the experiments, conducted at Columbia University at the suggestion of Nobel Prize winner Dr. Charles H. Townes, are reported in *Nature*, a British scientific publication. His associates found that, at most, less than one-thousandth of the earth's velocity around the sun could affect the speed of light propagation.

High precision of the tests was possible by using two masers. The coined word maser stands for "microwave amplification by stimulated emission of radiation." Previous experiments, starting with the classic Michelson-Morley tests, have confirmed Einstein's theory but not as precisely as the present test.

Calculation

"How old are you, little boy?"

"I don't know. Mother was 30 when I was born but now she is only 28."

WINGATE: Strange Genius of Jungle Wars

by Joseph Stocker

IN MAY, 1943, a ragged column of British soldiers emerged from the Burma jungles and the veil was lifted from one of the best-kept secrets of World War II. For three months these audacious fighters had roamed behind the Japanese lines, wrecking bridges and airfields, blasting ammunition dumps, spreading confusion and panic among the enemy. They had surmounted incredible hardships, even subsisting—when their aerial supplies failed—on boiled python meat, elephant steaks and grass soup. The news of their exploits, released only when they were safe at their base in India, thrilled the Allied world. Since Pearl Harbor, the Japanese had been having things pretty much their own way throughout Asia and the western Pacific. Now they had been forced to swallow some of their own medicine. It marked a turning point of the war.

The man who planned and led that bold thrust into Burma was Orde Charles Wingate, one of the most colorful and controversial personalities in British military history. He went to war wearing a full beard and a pith helmet, carrying a Bible under his arm and dangling an alarm clock from his little finger. He ate onions in prodigious quantities, claiming that they had special health-giving properties.

In the rare moments when he rested, he liked to lie naked in his bunk, reading Plato and scratching himself with a stiff toothbrush. He had contempt for most of his fellow officer, referring to them as "military apes." Wingate even kept a special grease-stained uniform to wear when meeting VIPs, to show his indifference to them.

HE WAS a slightly built, intense and moody man with thick, shaggy hair and piercing

blue eyes. Born in India in 1903, he grew up in an environment dominated by the Bible. His father, a retired army colonel, belonged to a sternly Puritan branch of English Protestantism. Young Orde Wingate committed large portions of the Bible to memory; and in later years, in the quiet of a jungle night, he could be heard reciting Biblical meditations in his tent. He also liked to use Biblical language in battle. Once in Burma he radioed his subordinate commanders: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

He was given a military education and, after graduating, entered the Army. His first major assignment, in 1928, was to the Sudan, in northeastern Africa. Bored by this peace-time duty, he staged a one-man expedition in search of a legendary lost oasis. To save money for the hunt, he gave up smoking. He didn't find the lost oasis, but on a liner taking him back to Britain shortly afterward, he found a bride.

She was Lorna Patterson, the beautiful daughter of a Ceylon tea planter, and one story—possibly apocryphal—has it that she introduced herself to him by saying, "You are the man I'm going to marry." To which Wingate is supposed to have replied, "You are right. When?" Two years later (the story goes) she wrote him a letter which contained one word: "Now."

Wingate was sent next to Palestine. And it was there that the rebellious pattern of his career began to take shape. The British authorities were pro-Arab. But Wingate sympathized with the Jews. In their restless struggle to carve out a homeland, he saw the fulfillment of Biblical prophecy.

Wingate was only a captain. But with typical brashness he wrote directly to Winston Churchill to urge that the Jews be armed. The British finally agreed to let him organize "Special Night Squads" of Jews and British soldiers for a campaign of guerrilla warfare against marauding Arabs, who had been financed by Axis funds.

Wingate saw himself as a modern Gideon, commanded by God—like Gideon before him—to "go in this thy might, and thou shalt save Israel." His tactics even paralleled those of Gideon. Gideon fought by night and so did Wingate. Gideon sent 22,000 men home for cowardice and fought with 300 chosen warriors. Similarly Wingate, instead of using a large force, led 300 carefully trained men against the Arab insurrectionists.

In a short time the Arab revolt was broken. Captain Wingate was given a DSO and a promotion—and then recalled from the country for being too friendly to the Jews.

IN 1940 HE WAS assigned another important mission. It was to retake Ethiopia from the Italians, who had bombed the helpless natives and toppled Emperor Haile Selassie from his throne. Again he took command of a "Gideon's force," this one comprising about 1,800 Sudanese, Ethiopian patriots, British officers and Palestinian non-coms. And again he used Gideon's tactics of dividing his men into small units for swift guerrilla raids at night.

Although vastly outnumbered, Wingate's half-pint army soon had the Italians in wild retreat. They fell back so quickly that he captured one enemy command post while its field telephone was still functioning.

"You speak Italian," Wingate snapped to a newspaper correspondent. "Call them up and tell them that a British division, 10,000 strong, is on its way." The correspondent cranked the phone and conveyed Wingate's message.

"What shall we do? What shall we do?" wailed the Italian who answered at the other end.

"If you want my advice," said the correspondent, "clear out as quick as you can."

The Italians thereupon evacuated an impregnable position at a vital river crossing and Wingate captured it with a small detachment.

It took him just six months to vanquish Mussolini's African

pro-consuls. When they requested an honor guard for their surrender, he had to refuse because he didn't have enough men; and he was reluctant to humiliate a beaten enemy by disclosing the real size of his force. Later, on a white horse, he escorted Haile Selassie through the streets of Addis Ababa back to his throne.

But Wingate paid a price for his Ethiopian victory. He had incurred the disfavor of superior officers by ignoring messages and obeying only those orders with which he agreed. He arrived at General Headquarters in Cairo to find—not a hero's welcome—but cold indifference and even hostility. One night in his hotel room, worn out by the months spent in the African bush and deeply depressed, he slit his throat with a rusty Ethiopian knife. He eventually recovered from the wound and from his depression.

In 1942, Field Marshal Sir Archibald Wavell summoned Wingate to India. The Japanese had driven the British out of Burma and were getting ready to invade India. Wingate was made a brigadier and given the job of organizing a guerrilla force to go behind the enemy lines and sabotage their invasion preparations. His guerrillas, whom he called "Chindits" after a mythological Burmese dragon known as the "chinthā," numbered only about 3,000 and had little actual battle

experience. But they were honed to a fine edge by months of training.

On February 7, 1943, wearing his familiar pith helmet, Wingate led them into the Burma jungle. He knew that their only security lay in speed, and he ordered that all their waking hours be spent in marching and fighting. They were forbidden even to shave, for that would waste about ten minutes a day.

Supplied by air drops, co-ordinated by Wingate with a radio mounted on a mule, the guerrillas penetrated a full 300 miles behind the enemy's lines. It was a grueling campaign. Wingate had no field hospital with him and thus had to abandon his sick and wounded. But he effectively harassed the Japanese, probably staved off an invasion of India and, in the end, brought two-thirds of his force out of the jungle.

This marked the first time that the sorely pressed British lion had turned on its Japanese tormentors. Orde Wingate became a British hero—a man hailed everywhere as “the Lawrence of Burma.”

WINSTON CHURCHILL sent for Wingate to accompany Churchill to his Quebec conference with Franklin D. Roosevelt and other Allied leaders. There Wingate was made a major general and assigned the job of open-

ing the road from northern Burma to the Chinese border so that American and Chinese forces might pour in against the Japanese.

The U. S. Army Air Force was to support Wingate's jungle fighters. Command of the air element was given to Philip Cochran, a good-looking young colonel from Erie, Pennsylvania. Cochran already had gained considerable renown from having inspired the character of Flip Corkin in “Terry and the Pirates,” a comic strip drawn by his friend, Milton Caniff.

Wingate originally had thought of using planes to fly supplies to his new army of Chindits and bring out the sick and wounded. But Cochran came up with a far bolder idea: use gliders to fly in not only supplies, but the Chindits themselves. Wingate was delighted, although some of his native troops had misgivings. “We aren't afraid to go,” said one Gurkha soldier to a British captain, “and we aren't afraid to fight. But we thought you ought to know—those planes don't have any motors.”

At dusk one day the initial wave of planes and gliders took off for a jungle clearing 165 miles behind the Japanese lines. Wingate, nervously combing his beard, waited beside a radio to hear how they fared. For the first time he was not at the head of his troops.



At 4 a.m. a single word came crackling out of the loudspeaker: "Soyalink!" It was a prearranged code, meaning disaster. (Soyalink actually was a wartime ersatz sausage which the British hated.) Then, for long hours later, came another code word: "Porksaus-age!" This meant that everything was all right—carry on with the operation.

SOON WINGATE learned what had happened. The clearing, which had appeared smooth from photos taken by reconnaissance planes, actually was full of holes. Numbers of gliders in the first wave had crashed and 30 men had been killed. But the wreckage was cleared away, the holes were filled and planes and gliders came swooping on in until near-

ly 10,000 troops had been moved into the heart of enemy territory.

Wingate's second Burma expedition was successful beyond all expectations. Enemy supply lines were cut and the Japanese withered on the vine. One-fifth of their air force in Burma was destroyed. Finally all of northern Burma fell to the invading Allies.

Orde Wingate lived long enough to know that victory was in the making in this, his greatest military adventure. Then, on March 24, 1944, he took off in a B-25 bomber for a tour of inspection. The weather was bad. The plane became overdue. Next day its wreckage was found in the Burma jungle.



For days Wingate's death was kept a military secret, lest the news cause his men to lose heart. Then it was announced. "With him," said Winston Churchill, "a bright flame was extinguished."

Wingate's ambition had been to go back to Palestine after the war and help his Jewish friends win their independence. They won it without him, but the encouragement he had given them, with tactics he had taught them and with military commanders whom he had trained. Thus, in spirit at least, this 20th century Gideon—a man who ranks among the most romantic warriors ever to stride across the world's stage—finally did lead the forces of Israel to victory.

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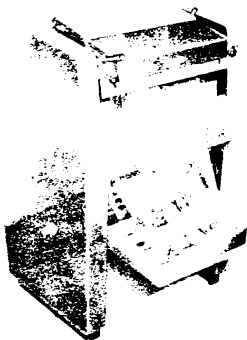
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