

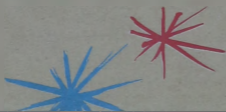
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# Panorama

Magazine of Good Reads



Merry  
Christmas



DECEMBER 1960

75 Centavos

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# FIREFLIES

From a distance you see a tree all lighted up at night and you wonder whether somebody has set it afire. You expect the flames to leap to the surrounding trees and bushes but as you approach it you note that the tree is not on fire. Fireflies are flitting about the tree. Like a string of tiny electric bulbs wound all around the tree, they light up the tree.

Fireflies are not flies but beetles. They belong to the order Coleoptera. The adult fireflies are about half an inch long and are dull colored. Their bodies are softer than the other beetles.

The wingless females and the larvae are called "glow-worms". Their luminescence which is accompanied by almost no heat is one of the marvels of nature. They have a row of luminous spots on several segments of the body which flash light intermittently. These enable them to find their mates even in the dark.

Fireflies have mouth parts adapted for sucking juices from plants and small insects. They feed voraciously on plant lice.

Larvae are usually found in wet decaying logs feeding on vegetable matter.

## *How Universities Can Help Develop Southeast Asia*

By **Vicente G. Sinco**  
*President*

*University of the Philippines*

ON AN OCCASION such as this it seems to me timely and appropriate to ask ourselves in what way a university, such as yours and mine, may be of maximum use and service to our common region of the Southeast Asian communities. To be able to suggest any kind of answer to this question, an answer that may have any merit and validity, we should not proceed without first recalling the basic nature and the specific purpose of a university. We should ever remind ourselves that a true university is not a social club, nor a political party, nor a business organization,

nor a center for sectarian or racial propaganda. It is primarily an intellectual center, a community of men and women seeking knowledge through the instrumentalities and processes of art, philosophy, and science. It pursues its career not to satisfy mere idle curiosity, nor to fill the empty hours of those who can afford to lead a life of ease and luxury, but rather to develop the mind and the spirit of man so that he may understand himself and his environment, improve his capacity to meet the problems of life, and make himself capable of rendering useful service to his commu-

nity and to human race. Thus we come to a university to prepare ourselves for service; for the ultimate purpose of a university is human service. Any departure from that purpose is a corruption of the idea of a university.

The universities in Southeast Asia are mostly young institutions when we place them side by side with the centers of higher learning in Europe. Perhaps the oldest university in this region of ours is the University of Santo Tomas in Manila which was founded by Catholic priests of the Dominican Order in the year 1611. But since the latter part of the last century and during the present century other universities have been established in different countries in Southeast Asia and their influence upon the education of the people has been steadily increasing. The benefits they confer on the individual and the group have been varied in direction, quality, and extent. The effectiveness of their performance and their academic standards doubtless account for such variations. But in addition to these causes, there are other factors affecting their program and work over which they could exercise but slight control. These factors proceed from the social, economic and political atmosphere of the nation where each one of these universities

is situated. This is naturally an unavoidable condition because the school and the university alone and by themselves do not exactly constitute an all-powerful agency that can determine the social temper and mold the national character.

Nevertheless, education is a major social force. To a certain extent it has the capacity to develop characteristics and traits which a nation particularly and passionately desires. Therefore the social preferences and the established character of a people give color and shape to its nature, aim, and direction. A democratic society is likely to produce a system of education that gives emphasis on the development of individual initiative and individual freedom. An aristocratic society may be expected to encourage a system of higher education designed to produce a ruling class. A highly materialistic society promotes an educational system directed towards the enhancement of purely economic ends, technical efficiency and physical strength.

The program of higher education and the mission of a university to advance the frontiers of learning impose on the university the responsibility of keeping the educational system of the country ever dynamic and ever watchful of new and progressive ideas and ever ready

to try to assimilate, and to disseminate them. The successful accomplishment of this task requires a condition in which the free play of the university, on the one hand, and the social organization as well as the political system, on the other, is not only made possible but is actually encouraged as interacting forces.

We are fortunate... that we live in an age of expansion of democratic ideas, a growing appreciation of democratic practices, and a gradual understanding of the basic advantages of a democratic social and political system. It is true that this system today is far from being Utopian. It is likewise true that actual democratic procedures in the political field are still in their early stages in many countries in Asia and Africa today where they are often disregarded as they clash with ancient tribal practices or adverse traditional customs. One significant thing, however, cannot escape our attention, and that is the growing sentiment against any attempt to throw a monkey wrench on the gear wheels of the machinery of democracy even in the newly independent nations that have arisen in the last few years. This sentiment of disapproval against any action that seeks to thwart or to suppress democratic practices is observable even in the

older independent nations where the spirit of authoritarianism and reaction now and then gains adherence from ambitious elements aspiring for special privileges and undue advantages. The role of a modern university is to develop insistently those ideas which encourage the creation of social conditions conducive to a deep understanding of the values of democracy.

This is the challenge to the universities in Southeast Asia. With this statement, it is not meant that European and American universities cannot contribute much towards this end for this part of the world. They have done so and are still doing it. In many ways learning and education are universal in their character and Western universities have been centers of democratic ideas.

**B**UT EVERY COUNTRY and every region have their special problems, conditions, and needs arising from particular features of their histories, their customs, their traditions, their social outlook, and their ways of living. For these reasons, every university in Southeast Asia should feel as its special obligation to perform those distinctive services which no university in any other part of the world with a different social environment and directly serving peoples with distinct

needs and idiosyncracies may be able to perform with a large measure of interest, enthusiasm, and familiarity.

These considerations should convince us of the error or the inadequacy of indiscriminately importing the educational practices of foreign countries in their entirety. We should realize the nearsightedness of a policy that merely copies the pattern of Western educational systems and their specific methods and procedures. The wiser policy to follow, in my opinion, is to adjust the pattern, the process, and the practice of our universities to the distinctive character of each of the countries in Southeast Asia, taking into account our own conditions and our immediate need for mutual understanding and co-operation.

An imitation of Harvard in the Ryukyus, of Columbia in the Philippines, of Sorbonne in Vietnam, of Cambridge in Malaya, of Oxford in Thailand, of Leyden in Indonesia might impress thoughtless people and superficial scholars who think of universities not in terms of agencies for the development of their geographical environment and the cultivation of the national ethos but as institutions isolated from the society in which they are physically located. But a university is incapable of rendering usefulness

to the nation if it stands apart, psychologically, spiritually, and socially, as an ivory tower. The learning a university pursues, the scientific ideas it produces, the researches it undertakes must be useful to the place and the people where it is located, otherwise the university will be a mere luxury or a costly toy. It should be able to draw from the cultural assets of the nation, to develop them to the highest degree of excellence, and to offer them as its distinctive contribution for the enrichment of human knowledge.

In expressing these views, it is not suggested that a university in Southeast Asia should take pains to promote the spirit of ultranationalism. A university never can be an ultra-nationalist; for if it works toward that end it is bound to die as a university. It will be no more than a center of bigotry, encouraging pettiness of spirit, promoting emotional prejudices, and working against the very purpose and aim of a higher institution of learning.

On the other hand, a university in this part of the world cannot afford to neglect the study of the great philosophical thoughts of China, India, and other Asian countries while studying the basic ideas of the West. It cannot afford to disregard the need for a deeper acquaintance with the lang-



uages, the histories, the cultures of the countries in Southeast Asia and other parts of Asia. Such omission is not only wrong but in a sense culturally perfidious. But again, in our desire to develop what is distinctively our own culture, it would be equally wrong to turn our minds away from the great ideas of the advanced societies of the world. That would be fatal.

Most of Southeast Asia lies in what has been described as the underdeveloped areas of the world. The idea of an underdeveloped country is that of a land that has not experienced a satisfactory measure of industrial development and an advanced system of agriculture; and its people do not enjoy a satisfactory standard of living. In a general way, an underdeveloped country is a materially poor country, economically backward, and educationally unprogressive. These are the factors that economic thinkers and Western leaders consider as signs and characteristics of underdevelopment. Perhaps we might question the use of some of these criteria for classifying a country as underdeveloped. At any rate, the degree of development which a people should attain is not easy to define in absolute terms. For each nation has its conditions by which to determine

the attainment of the good life, the life of peace, happiness, material welfare, and spiritual satisfaction. It is the university of the country that should identify the proper standards of development and should devote its energies to helping the people attain the proper conditions of progress and general well-being.

**T**HERE IS NO institution better than the university to develop men and women capable of understanding the use of science and technology in the solution of the agricultural, the industrial, and other economic problems of the country. Poverty is a normal condition in many places in Southeast Asia. Nowhere is the statement that the poor is always with us more applicable than among peoples in this part of the world. This is a serious problem among us. It is not merely economic in its effects but also social and political. To abolish poverty altogether is well-nigh impossible. Its causes are not confined to economic and social conditions but are also traceable to personal and individual habits and conditions. But it is certainly within the realm of possibility to abolish a general condition of abject poverty. Mass unemployment, especially the involuntary kind, is primarily a problem that addresses itself to social leadership, eco-

nomic enterprise and political statesmanship. But these instruments of amelioration could acquire a great degree of effectiveness with the aid of the education which universities provide. The application of the physical and biological sciences in such activities as agriculture, fishing, forestry, manufacturing is rendered highly feasible through experiments and researches in the laboratory and workshops of the university.

The development of trained craftsmen and technicians in polytechnic schools is not easy of attainment without the assistance of the university in the educational preparation of men and women who are to handle or manage the classrooms and students of these institutions. For let us remember that the skills and techniques required for an efficient operation of farms, fisheries, and factories have to change and improve if economic development is to continue meeting the increasing needs of fast growing populations. The university has to provide the kind of men and women that could help turn out workers capable of meeting these changes. For it is not enough for a country to have highly qualified engineers and top-level scientists. An extensive economic development cannot take place without skilled craftsmen and ordinary

technicians. The countries in Southeast Asia are in great need of these classes of workers. Their vast natural resources on land and at sea will remain greatly undeveloped unless well-trained workers are made available for their proper exploitation. Capital investments, whether local or foreign, will not be capable of solving the problems of development without numerous trained hands under the supervision and management of superior administrators.

But we cannot even begin to plan for economic development, for the abolition of poverty, for the raising of our standards of living if the problem of peace and order in our communities does not receive constant attention from those entrusted to perform this duty. This is principally a problem of government. Disregarding for the moment the serious troubles and disorders arising from foreign sources, the maintenance of internal peace within each country in Southeast Asia should naturally be the concern of the police. But experience shows that the solution that the police or other armed forces usually provide is no more than a temporary expedient, uncertain in its effects and doubtful in its efficacy. A more lasting stability and greater assurances of security to life

and property could be expected only through the creation of a preponderant majority of educated persons in every community who understand not only their individual rights but also their personal and social obligations as citizens of a free nation.

Thus, it is increasingly realized by governments all over the world, governments led by men and women who are moved by a deep sense of responsibility, that the tranquility of the nation can be better safeguarded through the inculcation of civic education among the masses and through the advancement of higher education of those who hope to be their leaders. No wonder then that in several countries today, countries that cannot be considered underdeveloped in any sense of the word, public funds spent for education are constantly being increased to figures exceeding even those set aside for military defenses. The leaders in Southeast Asia would be doing work of high statesmanship if they follow the samples set by these countries giving the highest priority to public investments for education.

**9** HOPE THAT this brief description of the problems common to Southeast Asia will give us an idea of the role that the universities in this region are expected to play if they

should faithfully perform their fundamental obligation of serving the individual and society in this part of the world. They might be recreant to their duty if they leave to European and American universities the sole task of preparing men and women for the various fields of activity in these areas. They have to assume the responsibility of producing the type of scholars, scientists, and technicians that can best understand the difficulties of the problems peculiar to this region. To make themselves equal to this important assignment, our higher institutions of learning should improve their performance and raise their educational standards to the highest possible degree. This is the first duty of every university if it is to win the respect of the academic and the scientific world and if it is to attract to its halls the most highly qualified and intellectually gifted men and women in the different Southeast Asian countries. For purpose of giving the proper culture and education better suited to their environment, our universities should do what is necessary for keeping our future workers and leaders right here. From the point of view of financial and economic considerations, no country in Southeast Asia is in a position

to support the number of men and women for higher training abroad.

But the work of each university in this respect could be enhanced and rendered more effective by cooperation with other universities. There are different ways by which this could be accomplished. One is through the establishment of a strong, active, and compact association of colleges and universities in the different countries in Southeast Asia, an association with energetic members moved by a vision of a progressive and self-reliant Southeast Asian community. It should plan a program of constant and regular contacts with one another through regional bilateral conferences. It should provide a system of exchanges of visiting professors and advanced or graduate students. It should have a common publication to which scholars and scientists of the different univ-

ersities should contribute the product of their studies and researches. It should provide for an exchange of publications issued by the different universities and of books and pamphlets written by their respective professors. In addition to the association of colleges and universities, mutual cooperation and more effective understanding could be achieved by the establishment and maintenance of one or more associations of individual scholars, scientists, and leaders of the different countries of Southeast Asia.

Through these different methods and devices, we may yet hope for the development of a strong and well-knit community of the countries in this particular region of the world that can be instrumental in raising the standards of living, in strengthening the cause of democracy and freedom, and in promoting peace and prosperity through education.

\* \* \*

### Empirical Guesses

*"He drove straight to his goal," said the political orator. "He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but pressed forward, moved by a definite purpose. Neither friend nor foe could delay him nor turn him from his course. All who crossed his path did so at their own peril. What would you call such a man?"*

*"A truck driver," shouted someone from the audience.*

*Go away, go away!*

# Leprosy Is Going

**F**OUR YEARS AGO, 12 men bearing the old stigma of leprosy began a new life in an isolated valley in the Philippines.

Led by a young American missionary, they faced a challenging future: to prove that former leprosy victims can support themselves and continue to live as members of normal, happy families.

Many other former patients who had tried to establish homes in this wilderness had given up the attempt. Plagued by drought and then flooded by rain, frustrated by their inexperience and the outside world's seeming indifference, those first settlers finally returned to a life dependent on the sanitarium colony 17 kilometers away.

The discouraging memory of this defeat had made it difficult for the missionary—Harold Baar—to recruit new volunteer settlers from cured or “negative” cases at the sanitarium.

But Dr. Casimiro B. Lara, who was then chief of the sanitarium, fully supported Baar. For he knew after many years of service how important it was to restore former patients to their normal place in society.

Twelve men eventually agreed to attempt the new mission. They swore to themselves that they would succeed.

Wisely, they first organized themselves into an executive body. They called this the “Culion Agricultural Laboratory Farm (CALF) Board.”

They named Baar their project coordinator. A Catholic priest who offered his garden as an experimental plot agreed to become their adviser.

From dawn to evening, the men dedicated themselves to the backbreaking tasks before them.

They cut and cleared a trail through the choking thickets so as to allow the first jeep to reach their settlement. Not long afterwards, the national

Government took steps to assist in the project's success.

Meanwhile, with help and advice from the missionaries, the volunteers tested varieties of seeds on the soil. They discovered which plants would grow and multiply. They learned to rotate crops and to grow only those suited to the changing dry and rainy seasons. And they kept the rough road open and cleared of landslides caused by seasonal downpours.

As months passed and the men labored, help started to arrive. Asia Foundation donated vegetable seeds from its Seeds for Democracy program.

The Cooperative for American Relief Everywhere (CARE) sent garden and carpenters' tools. And a farm machine manufacturer willingly donated a plow and a harrow to new settlers as they arrived.

In the first year, the men selected and surveyed a 250-hectare area in the valley. They laid it out into farm plots of four hectares each.

Patag Village today has grown into a community of 19 families. It is rapidly building itself to become part of the political and economic life of the Philippine Republic.

The villagers have elected a Barrio Lieutenant (village head) who shares his authority with two policemen.

Patag's community spirit is kept alive by many self-help projects. The villagers "pay" taxes one day a week by donating their labor for the construction of a park or playground, the repair of a road or some other civic undertaking.

The men also are busy producing hollow blocks of rammed soil mixed with cement. Two blockmaking machines recently donated by CARE can produce as many as 400 blocks a day. Two teams of five men each operate the machines with increasing skill as the days pass.

With some of the blocks the men have produced, the community already has constructed a generator shed and a permanent piggery. The blockmakers also have entered into a contract with sanitarium officials to build a two-story recreation building for the colony.

Baar and his associates foresee other industries thriving at Patag before long. They point to shell craft, basketry, leather craft, fishing and weaving as "promising potentials." So far, the community already has started a modiste and tailor shop, barbershop and a general store.

Life in Patag is exemplified by the family of Hipolito Miano—one of the 12 volunteers who set out to build the settlement four years ago.

Hipolito's wife was among the first women to volunteer joining the new pioneers at Patag. Soon after her arrival, the Mianos welcomed a son—the first to be born in the community.

The newcomer seemed a good omen for the family's future.

A working carabao, along with Leghorn hens and a Lancaster rooster, were "advanced" by the village board so that the family could get a good start in farm life.

As Hipolito's farm began to produce, he started paying installments for the carabao which he now owns in full. He replaced the original poultry stock with one-month-old chicks. He began selling part of the farm produce to people in the outlying colony.

Meanwhile, the Government's Magsaysay Cattle Dispersal program reached out to Patag. And today, the Mianos proudly own a sturdy young heifer.

Hipolito's day begins early. Leaving his wife and four children in his palm-and-bamboo house, he heads for his

four-hectare rice plantation. He plows and harrows his fields or weeds the paddy and vegetable beds. Once in a while, he cultivates his banana and pineapple plants.

His wife helps with the farm chores. She also sews for the neighborhood to help increase her family's income.

The Mianos go to church on Wednesdays and Sundays in the village chapel. They spend some of their leisure watching or playing games in the community playground or park.

A rural health team visits Patag Village each week. It gives doses of "DDS"—the miracle drug Sulphone—to help safeguard the villagers from acquiring leprosy over again.

Except during the rice planting and harvesting seasons, Hipolito gives "bayani"—cooperative labor—for community projects every Friday of the week.

Today, he proudly wears a Special Policeman's badge. He says that it reminds him constantly that although his community's "first fight" has been won, "we must continue to be industrious and responsible citizens."

\* \* \*

# Hokkaido's Ainus

**T**HE LIGHT-SKINNED, hirsute Ainus, fast-disappearing descendants of Japan's earliest known settlers, are to experience some of the amenities of modern living that few of them have known.

Such is the plan of the Hokkaido prefectural government, which has charge of the few remaining Ainus. The Ainus, whose origin is indefinite, once were the sole occupants of this country. The approximately 16,000 who are left live in a few settlements on Japan's northernmost main island.

Once such group of about 1,000 dwellers in Shiraoi, a village whose name in the Ainu language means "Place of Many Horseflies."

The Hokkaido authorities concerned with Ainu affairs are putting the finishing touches on a five-year program to improve the lot of this mysterious, dying race. With an expenditure of 144,000,000 yen (about \$400,000) the prefectural government hopes even-

tually to bring all the Ainus out of their ramshackel villages and settle them in more comfortable housing with electricity, and communal cooking and bathing places. These facilities are enjoyed by few Ainus today, although they are available to virtually all the 92,000,000 Japanese, whose warlike ancestors drove the Ainus north.

Now it is the Japanese official problem to make the Ainus happy, and keep them that way. Giichi Asari, the Japanese Mayor of Shiraoi, a town that contains one of the largest Ainu communities, says that the Ainus generally have little liking for the settled, industrious life of modern Japan.

At the same time, there is little chance of deriving a satisfactory livelihood, by Japanese standards, from the traditional Ainu occupations of hunting and fishing. Formerly confined to reservations, the Ainus are discouraged from pursuing their old nomadic way of



life, even if it were practicable in a country where nearly all the land is occupied and industries are developing fast.

Mayor Asari said about 1,000 Ainus of Shiraoi live a typically casual existence. The men will work three days at fishing or cutting firewood, for which they earn about 1,100 yen (about \$3). This will keep them in comfortable idleness, satisfactorily lubricated with sake (rice wine) for the next five days, the Mayor said. After the money is gone, he added, they report for work again for two or three days.

**S**OME LIVE WELL by their own standards, with even less exertion. An example is Tomoramu, the hereditary chief of the Shiraoi Ainu clan. The 53-year-old, heavily bearded patriarch and his wife, whose lips have been deeply outlined in the blue tattooing that once was a universal fashion among Ainu women, earn their living by posing for tourists' cameras and showing their traditional Ainu house. The one-room thatch house has a single door and window and an altar to the Ainus' primitive deities. The Ainus religion is animistic, ascribing souls not only to men, but also to animals and inanimate objects.

The efforts of the United States occupation authorities on Hokkaido to improve the Ainus' lot has shown few lasting results, Mayor Asari declared. The Ainus enjoy the equal voting and other civic rights decreed by the occupation forces and still honored for all Japanese citizens, but the benefits of the land redistribution ordered by the United States military regime failed to interest many of these non-agricultural people, the Mayor said.

The land reforms under the occupation gave the Ainu families of Shiraoi with about 1,800 acres, he said, but nearly all of it now lies abandoned. At the same time, according to Government records, slightly more than half of the dwindling Ainu community depends partly upon the Government dole for support.

Many younger Ainus have drifted away from the home settlements to work in Tokyo or elsewhere. These often marry non-Ainu girls and are rapidly being absorbed into the Japanese population. But the older folk, Mayor Asari said, remain simple, uneducated, and apparently unable to comprehend modern principles, such as the value of property ownership and regular work.

While their race is rapidly disappearing, these anachronistic people live out their days as either feckless casual workers or as living museum pieces for the education of tourists. It is hoped by Hokkaido officials

that the prospective five-year uplift program will bring the remaining Ainus into closer attunement with the bustling life of the new Japan that is passing them by.

\* \* \*

### **Carbon Materials for Missiles**

*Diamonds, apart from being a girl's best friend, are among the hardest things known and find many industrial uses. They are a form of carbon. Graphite, another form of carbon, also finds many uses in atomic reactors, in lubricants, and in pencils.*

*Now another form, pyrographite, has been developed by the Raytheon Company sponsored by the Navy Bureau of Ordnance, as a possible answer to some of the problems in missile construction.*

*The material, a high purity form of graphite, withstands temperatures up to 6700 degree Fahrenheit higher than any other known element, and remains strong, chemically inactive and impervious to gases.*

*The secret of its great heat stability is that heat is conducted along its surface 500 times better than through it, thus preventing any excessive build-up of heat.*

\*

*Are you joking?*

# *Is the Death Penalty Necessary?*

by **Giles Playfair**

**I**N JUNE of 1955, a blonde London model, named Mrs. Ruth Ellis, was hanged for shooting and killing her faithless lover. The execution caused considerable criticism of British justice even in countries which still retained capital punishment for murder, one Paris newspaper remarking editorially that it symbolized "a pitiless legal system which, alone in the world, refuses to recognize the human sentiments of life."

As a matter of fact, the hanging of women murderers in Britain had become much more exceptional than usual. Although both English and Scottish law made the death sentence mandatory for any kind of murder — in other words, left the trial judge with no choice but to impose it — the Home Secretary had by virtue of the royal pre-

rogative of mercy, a power of reprieve. Of late years this power had been exercised more and more liberally, with the result that a male murderer's chances of escaping the rope were now better than even and a female murderer's a good deal better than that.

Quite possibly Mrs. Ellis was ill-served by all the clamorous publicity that her case aroused, for this may have decided the then Home Secretary that if he spared her he would appear to be yielding to pressure and to be betraying the principle of capital punishment — a principle to which his government was staunchly committed. On the other hand, her execution provided so-called abolitionists with an opportunity to launch a new campaign to outlaw the death penalty for mur-

der, which except for treason was the only remaining capital offense in Britain.

The new campaign was intensively conducted and mustered very influential support in and out of Parliament. But all it won in the end was a promised reduction in the number of possible executions and in the already low number of likely ones. This was brought about by a half-baked piece of government-sponsored legislation called the Homicide Act, which became law last March and which, while it reaffirmed the necessity of retaining the power to hang, in the interests of law and order, enunciated the bizarre proposition that henceforth only some types of murder (for example, murder by shootings as opposed to murder by any other means) need be considered a sufficient threat to law and order to be called capital!

Such an outcome was for two reasons illogical. In the first place, every other European country, save France and Spain, had long since renounced the death penalty for murder without any consequent undermining of public safety. Secondly, the allowed penalty in Britain was clear indication of a declining faith on the part of successive governments in both the moral rightness of capital punishment and its practical usefulness.

One must conclude, therefore, that however close the British people may be led to abandoning the death penalty in practice, they are, as a whole, peculiarly resistant to abolishing it in principle.

But whatever may be true of Britain in this respect is true of nearly all English-speaking countries, and particularly of America, where devotion to the principle of capital punishment seems more firmly rooted today than it was a couple of generations ago. Back in 1917, abolitionists had excited a nationwide interest in their cause and appeared on the verge of winning a nation-wide victory. Twelve states had already passed abolition acts, and in several other states legislation to outlaw the death penalty was pending and had been promised passage. But with America's entry into the First World War, and the concomitant atmosphere of insecurity, a sudden retreat from abolition began, which has yet to be halted.

In those states where legislation to outlaw capital punishment had been introduced, the bills, almost immediately, were either dropped or defeated. Since then six of the twelve formerly abolition states have restored the death penalty, while under federal law capital offenses which, numbered four in 1917, now number nine, three

of the additions — peacetime espionage, dope-peddling to minors, and causing death through sabotage of a commercial vehicle — having been made in the last three years. By contrast with the position in 1917, the abolitionist cause today, so far as the country as a whole is concerned, seems almost dead. Indeed, theoretically, America now makes a wider use of the death penalty than any other civilized nation in the world.

Throughout its jurisdiction, state and federal, some twenty different capital offenses remain on the statute books, including such archaic-sounding ones as train-wrecking. Though the majority of these cannot be fairly called more than capital in name, executions do in fact take place for other crimes besides homicide and treason. Thus in 1953 the Rosenbergs were executed for wartime espionage on behalf of an ally, another couple were executed for kidnaping, and in the South six Negroes and one white man were executed for rape. A year later, a Negro was executed in the South for armed robbery. There have been three comparatively recent executions in California for aggravated assault, and this year there has been an execution, again in the South, for burglary.

**T**HE American people do not have to look as far as Europe for evidence of the practical needlessness of the death penalty. That evidence exists, and perhaps even more impressively, within their own borders. A statistical comparison has been made over five yearly periods between contiguous abolition states and states that retain capital punishment. In these states, where social conditions are undeniably similar, the homicide rate is about equal and is subject to almost identical fluctuations. For instance, the homicide rate per 100,000 of the population between 1931 and 1935 was 5.0 in the abolition state of Michigan and 6.2 in the retention state of Indiana; between 1936 and 1940 it was 3.6 in Michigan and 4.3 in Indiana; and between 1941 and 1946 it was 3.4 in Michigan and 3.2 in Indiana.

Moreover, while throughout the country the power to impose the death penalty has been buttressed and widened during the past forty years, the actual exercise of that power has, just as in Britain, become steadily less likely. Between 1930 and 1950, the average number of annual executions under civil state and federal authority stood at 143. That number has dropped since to 79, and according to present indications will continue to drop. While the great majority

of executions that do take place are for first-degree murder — virtually all of them outside of the South — statistics show that at present the chances against a person convicted of intentional homicide ever entering the death chamber are a hundred to one. Several states which remain obstinately loyal to capital punishment in principle have in practice, apparently, ceased to use it at all. There have been no executions in Massachusetts, for example, since 1947. And South Dakota, which, though once an abolition state, went to the trouble of restoring the death penalty in 1939 for three offenses — murder, killing in a duel, and harming a kidnaped person — has conducted only one execution since then.

Nor, though the pardoning power exists in American jurisdictions, as it does in Britain, is this solely or even mainly responsible for the dwindling number of executions. By contrast with the position in Britain, the imposition of the death sentence in America is now largely left to the discretion either of a judge or a jury, and this discretion is being less and less used. Only in Vermont and the District of Columbia is the death penalty for first-degree murder mandatory. For rape, and which accounts for the second largest number of executions, it is mandatory only in Louisiana. Un-

der federal law it is not mandatory for any offense — not even for treason, which is generally conceded to be the most heinous of all crimes and is still punishable by death in every European country save Western Germany.

This increasingly bashful use of the death penalty makes nonsense of the two main arguments for retaining it: namely, that it is a necessary form of retribution — the only adequate means of expressing society's condemnation of a particular crime—and a necessary deterrent against this same crime. Clearly, if first-degree murder is legally defined and some first-degree murders are punished by death and others are not, society is using the death penalty to express its condemnation of selected first-degree murderers rather than of first-degree murder as such. Hence the dividing line between retribution and vengeance, always a thin one, disappears; and an objective appraisal of such executions as do still take place, alike in Britain and America, strongly suggests that they are mostly vengeful in character. Thus it would be hard to deny, judging from the statistics, that the death penalty for rape in the southern American states exists essentially as a discriminatory weapon against Negroes. The most flagrant admission of this occurred in 1915

As for deterrence, any parent should know the absurdity of threatening a punishment and then not carrying it out. Indeed, by definition, the deterrent effectiveness of a penalty depends on the extent to which it is certain to be imposed, and the perpetrators of capital offenses must be well aware by this time that even if they are apprehended the death sentence is far from certain to follow.

But this is not the only reason why capital punishment, if it ever was a truly effective deterrent, is now plainly no longer so. By definition again, the more fearful, the penalty, the greater its deterrent value must be. But capital punishment is not such a fearful thing as theoretically it could still be, and as undoubtedly it once was. Gone are the days of preliminary torture, boiling in oil, burning at the stake, burying alive, and so forth. The whole tendency during the past fifty years and more has been to make the death penalty as "humane" as possible. Executions are now held in private rather than in public; in America, though this is not true of Britain, the bodies of executed people are returned to their relatives for burial in consecrated ground. The twenty-six American states that have substituted electrocution for hanging, and the eight that have

substituted lethal gas, have done so in the belief that these are less, not more, fearful ways of dying. And the British have kept hanging as their method of execution only because they have yet to be persuaded that a practicable alternative method exists that would cause the victim less suffering or provide more certainty of instantaneous death.

**T**HE FACT is that capital punishment belongs historically to a penal system based on violence of an unspeakably brutal kind; and the morality which allowed this system to operate has for some two hundred years been in retreat before the advance of humanitarian and scientific influences. Hence there is no wonder that the death penalty should be falling into disuse. It was already an anachronism during the first half of the nineteenth century when, initially in America and later in Europe, the system of assaulting the bodies of criminals was replaced, broadly speaking, by the system of assaulting their minds, through solitary confinement in penitentiaries. Today, no civilized society would permit capital punishment to be practiced in accordance with the penal theory that fathered it. Admittedly, it can still be effectively employed, and is unfortunately from time to time in authoritarian coun-

tries, for preventive purposes — as a means of wholesale political suppression. But otherwise, regardless of whether or not it is morally justifiable, there no longer seems to be any logical point in its retention.

One may wonder, then, whether it remains an issue of any real importance. Couldn't it be safely left to disappear on its own?

Orthodox abolitionists would answer no to this question, because if and when the annual number of executions falls to one, that, from their point of view, will still be one too many. Further, they could fairly argue that so long as the power to impose the death penalty exists in principle, the chance and the danger persist that, under exceptional circumstances, it will be wielded in practice. This was shown at the end of the last war when the traditionally abolitionist Dutch, Norwegians, and Danes executed native traitors.

But there is another, and perhaps more compelling, reason why the issue cannot be disregarded. Though capital punishment was a contradiction to the chosen methods of nineteenth-century penology, which had revolted against violence, that penology still accepted the necessity of exacting retribution from criminals. Present-day penology, by contrast, puts its emphasis not on retribution, nor

even on deterrence, but on rehabilitation. It combats crime by such reformatory and essentially non-punitive means as probation and psychiatric help in and out of prisons. It seeks eventually to replace the old concept of "the punishment to fit the crime" with a quite new notion: "the treatment to fit the criminal." Clearly, the death penalty is wholly inimical to this aim, inasmuch as it serves the purely punitive ends of retribution and deterrence. Hence its retention is bound to produce a confusion of purpose in the whole penal picture, and to impede those reforms which are necessary before a policy fully in accord with modern penological theory can be put into operation.

Regrettably, organized abolitionists are apt to make little of this point. They are chiefly concerned with the moral objection to punishment by killing. They give the impression of being nineteenth-century penal reformers in the sense that to them abolition is an end in itself, and they are prepared to buy it with promissory notes of alternative punishments which, they claim, would prove no less retributive and no less deterrent.

Thus in Massachusetts recently, after an abnormal youth named Chapin had been sentenced to die for a horrifying but motiveless murder, aboli-



tionist spokesmen made no attack on the idea of punishing rather than treating this boy whose mind was clearly disordered. They urged clemency on the curiously illiberal grounds that life imprisonment would be just as terrible a punishment for him as death, but would avoid the affront to social decency which his execution would entail.

And, indeed, from the point of view of the individual, natural life imprisonment as an alternative to capital punishment is apt to be little better than the substitution of a slow death for a quick one. In both cases the convicted man's only way of putting paid to his debt to society is through dying. But while natural life imprisonment is unknown in European abolition countries, where the outlawing of the death penalty clear the way for a curative approach to the problem of crime prevention, it is the alternative to execution that has been adopted in the American abolition states.

In 1919, for example, a psychopathic young hooligan, named Joseph Redenbaugh, who had spent most of his brief life in and out of reformatories, was convicted of first-degree murder in the abolition state of Minnesota and was sentenced to life imprisonment. Prompted by an illusory hope of regaining his li-

berty, and through exploiting an innate intellectual curiosity, Redenbaugh accomplished a remarkable job of self-reform or cure. He grew from an unmoral, undisciplined, semiliterate "tramp kid" into a peaceable, law-abiding, highly educated man. It is years now since both the prison and parole authorities in Minnesota were persuaded that Redenbaugh, who has become learned in an immensely varied number of subjects and the master of several trades, had conquered his criminal aggressiveness; years since they were persuaded that he would no longer prove a danger to society. Yet Redenbaugh remains in prison. Short of special legislative action, there appears to be little or no chance that he can ever be released.

It is not surprising that this man, when he looks back on some thirty-eight years of what now seems wasted effort to equip himself for freedom, believes that from the individual's point of view it is better that the death penalty should be retained than replaced by natural life imprisonment. At this point, certainly, his punishment would appear to be as vengeful in character as any execution, and to make as much of a mockery of the new penology, which places rehabilitation before retribution or deterrence. In short, the abolitionists are content.

**T**HIS may go far to explain the oligical reluctance to suggest life imprisonment as a suitable alternative to the death penalty, they are in effect offering society an alternative form of vengeance, without giving society and solid reasons for believing that it will be better off if it accepts it.

So long as vengeance is socially permissible in certain circumstances, the average citizen, who does not happen to share the abolitionist's emotional objection to punishment by ropekilling, prefers to stick to the rope or the electric chair or whatever it may be as the most satisfying method of exacting vengeance which the law, in theory at least, allows.

An unhappy illustration of this was provided a few years ago by the acts of William Edward Cook. On December 29, 1950, Cook began a hitchhike from El Paso, Texas, that turned into a homicidal rampage. At the end of the following week he had been in and out of Oklahoma, Arkansas, New Mexico, and California, and had fled to Mexico City. He had shot and killed eight people, including a whole family.

Murder on such a horrific scale inevitably excites a demand for vengeance. Cook was in an unusually weak position to escape, or be protected from,

the satisfaction of this demand. He was young man of twenty-two from a broken and underprivileged home; he had no money, friends, or influence; and he was grossly unbalanced mentally.

He was tried, first of all, under federal law at Oklahoma City. Presumably on the advice of his attorney, he pleaded guilty; and one may doubt whether he could have supported an insanity plea (his only possible defense) before a jury. The prosecution had mustered three psychiatrists to say that he wasn't insane. Their view may have been correct according to the strict legal test, which defines sanity as the ability to make an intellectual distinction between what is right and wrong (punishable by law). Though this test was originally propounded by the law lords of England more than a hundred years ago, and is entirely outmoded by medical knowledge, it remains in force in most American jurisdictions.

Nevertheless, the federal judge used his discretionary power to circumvent the death penalty. He had appointed four independent psychiatrists to advise him and, on the basis of their findings, he decided that though in law Cook might be responsible for his actions, in fact this derelict young man was "hopelessly insane." According-

ly, he refused to sentence him to death, as the prosecution urged, and instead sent him to prison for three hundred years. The decision prompted Cook's own attorney to an almost lyrical flight of appreciation. "The result proves conclusively," he said, "that even the vicious, the homeless and the friendless can be dealt with compassionately and justly."

He spoke too soon. The state of California demanded Cook's extradition, so that he could stand trial for the murder of one of his victims, whom he had killed within the jurisdiction of the California town of El Centro. This demand was backed by a bloodthirsty local newspaper and radio campaign to which the El Centro district attorney and sheriff were prominent contributors. The United States attorney general opposed no objection. Cook was removed from Alcatraz, where he had been sent to serve his federal sentence, and was handed over to the California authorities.

By then he had been publicly called "Badman" and "Butcher." Moreover, California's purpose in extraditing him was openly and avowedly to do the job that the federal judge had shrunk from doing. The result of his trial, therefore, could hardly have been other than a foregone conclusion. Under California

law there was an automatic appeal and, one is tempted to suggest, an equally automatic rejection of it. On December 12, 1952, William Edward Cook was gassed to death at San Quentin.

Here was a flagrant example of the kind of legalized vengeance that the existence of the death penalty encourages — and one all the more remarkable because it happened in California, which, with its wide use of such rehabilitative techniques as prisons without bars, has the reputation of being among the most penologically advanced jurisdictions in the world.

Yet the federal disposition of the case was also an attempt to satisfy the public's thirst for vengeance, and, looked at objectively, showed little of the justice and compassion that Cook's attorney saw in it. True, the court's hands may have been tied. But that does not alter the fact that to punish a "hopelessly insane" man by imprisonment in Alcatraz, toughest of the federal maximum-security institutions, is only in degree less barbarous than to execute him.

The interests of society must, of course, be placed before the rights of the individual! and no judge would be doing his duty if he permitted men of Cook's kind to remain at large. But society's interests would have

been adequately protected in this case if Cook had been committed to a custodial non-punitive institution until he died or was cured. Society's interests would have been far better protected if he had been committed before and not after he killed eight people.

This last suggestion is something that could and would have happened under a genuinely curative penal system. Though murderers of Cook's type are not legal madmen, they are often popularly referred to as "mad dogs" — a fact which makes their treatment under the criminal law as fully responsible people all the more ironic. Murder is seldom the first crime they commit, and a competent diagnostician, given the chance, can usually detect their homicidal tendencies before these erupt. Certainly Cook's murderous rampage was predictable in general terms. He had a history of antisocial, psychopathic behavior dating back to his ninth year. At the Missouri intermediate reformatory, which he entered when he was still in his early teens, he was classified as incorrigible. Consequently, he was transferred for closer custody to the state prison, where he was held until, on the expiration of his sentence, he had to be released. In other words, though his condition was diagnosed in a rough-and-ready sort of way,

no attempt was made to treat it, and no power existed to prevent this obviously sick and dangerous boy from reentering the free world once he had paid his so-called debt to society.

But nothing much better can be expected so long as an archaic legal test of sanity allows psychopaths and other grossly abnormal people to be held fully responsible to the law. The practice of punishing rather than treating these people, who are incapable of helping themselves, does worse than violate the right of the individual: it threatens public safety. For, as Cook's case illustrates, while punishment has no beneficial effect on them, its infliction means that society cannot be permanently safeguarded from them unless and until they commit a crime of such gravity that the legal sentence is life imprisonment or death. The law of criminal responsibility must be reformed if the problem that the abnormal offender represents is ever to be solved by curative means; and this is a reform, vital to modern penological principles, that the death penalty and other purely punitive symbols are holding back.

Yet there are examples to demonstrate how much society would have to gain from it and how little to lose — except the right to vengeance. Some two years before Cook was executed

in California, a number of psychiatrists and other public-spirited people had successfully launched an attack on the "right and wrong" test of sanity. Like Cook, Brettinger anti-social history dating back to his childhood! like Cook, he had not responded to punishment; and like Cook he was a severe psychopath. Unlike Cook, he pleaded insanity.

He was incapable, they said, of controlling his impulses; he had virtually no moral sense. One of these expert witnesses, the late and distinguished Robert Lindner, boldly predicted from the stand that if Brettinger were not treated and confined, if he were merely sent to prison for a determinate term, he would eventually do murder. It was this

prediction which in all probability decided the jury, after much debate, to accept Brettinger's insanity plea. So instead of being punished again, he was committed to a hospital for treatment over an indefinite period. Today, seven years later, he has been released on parole. He is holding down a good job, and shows every indication of being a useful member of society.

The moral of this story has, unfortunately, not been widely heeded, but it provides, surely one of the most persuasive messages for abolitionists to proclaim. Granted a reform in the law of criminal responsibility, murder can be prevented through cure — not every murder, obviously enough, but a great many of the murders which, in practice, the death penalty is retained to punish.

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### **Cooking Adage**

*Which reminds us of the newest cook book from deepest Africa.*

*"How to Serve Your Fellow Man."*

# The Challenge of to the Filip

**I** DON'T THINK there is any poet, essayist, or fiction writer who wouldn't be pleased to know his work could produce a laudable course of action. In this afternoon's discussion I shall attempt to present the point of view of a fiction writer and that of a student of literature, particularly in the field of criticism, poetry, and drama. I post the following as my thesis: If a literary piece must contain propaganda, such as Mr. Soliongco seems to suggest, then the propagandistic content of the work must possess an internal relationship with the other artistic elements of the work; the writer's effort must follow the concept of necessity, or inevitability, as Aristotle calls it; it must have intrinsic rather than extrinsic conviction. I shall discuss the idea of necessity, or inevitability, more fully later.

**N**OTE that I used the conditional if — if a literary work must contain propaganda. If literature were nothing but propaganda, then probably we shouldn't be meeting in this conference. We should be at editorial desks, or standing before pulpits or on soap boxes, or in government bureaus of information. The danger of any extremism in assuming the functional category is the resulting demand for literature with an overemphasis on utilitarianism or moralism which sacrifices everything else that is in the work.

In our own lifetime we have seen two movements that stressed the utilitarian function of literature. First, there were the literary humanists, whose followers are still among us. They insist that modern literature has generally lacked centrality be-

# National Growth into Writer

By Edilberto K. Tiempo

cause it ignores the ethical core of human experience. The humanists demand that literature be the handmaiden of whatever they assume to be the Supreme Good. There is nothing fundamentally wrong with that demand, but the literary humanists so accentuate the moral and ethical content of literature and what results is didacticism.

The other movement, popular in the thirties, was the leftist movement which flowed from the Marxian concept of the class struggle and which required the conscious utilization of literature as an instrument of revolutionary action. In what may become a lopsided stress to make literature an instrument to promote national growth, we may sound like Michael Gold, the most famous representative of left-wing writers in America, when he said: "One of the basic

tasks of the writer is to stimulate and encourage and help the growth of proletarian literature ... We must realize that only this literature can answer these intellectual abstractions into which petty bourgeois people fall."

I may mention another school of thinking whose persuasion may not be too distant from the values we may be considering at this moment. I refer to the American muckrakers near the turn of the nineteenth century. *The Jungle* by Upton Sinclair, *The Octopus* by Frank Norris are examples of this school. The intention was to use fiction to rake up America's muck in the last decades of the nineteenth century, hoping that in the process of aeration its various elements would be bleached clean.

My reason for mentioning these movements is that in de-

fining the function and scope of the creative writer — or any artists of the fine arts, especially in relation to his milieu, any prescriptive injunctions are artificial and can choke the growth of any artistic enterprises. I categorically affirm that our Philippine writers concern themselves with the local — the national — scene, but doing so is only the initial step in the writer's creative effort — if he is still concerned with art at all. What he does with his material is his most challenging, his most important task. In dealing with issues and events, the writer must be aware of certain dangers.

One of them is this: If the writer aims to present a system of ideas as ideas, he will end up not as a poet or fiction writer but as a theoretician or a pamphleteer. There's nothing wrong with being a theorist or a pamphleteer; we need them in the Philippines. But a novelist and a pamphleteer belong to two different irreconcilable categories. Literature, we must recognize, is not so directly concerned with finding answers to social problems that will be immediately embodied in action; and, furthermore, novelists and poets are not equipped to substitute for political or economic leaders. Their concern is not so much to act as recorders of life and events, for that is the func-

tion of the historian or the sociologist. The writer's chief concern is that of interpreter, of generalizer. Literature commonly follows in the wake of life and events, and the writer's task is to give them synthesis, to give order and coherence. It is only as he creates universal form and coherence that the writer unconsciously assumes the role of legislator and prophet because he speaks the truth that is above the petty wranglings of his time; because he speaks for all mankind.

The writer's acceptance of utilitarianism as a primary consideration amounts to an explicit disbelief in the autonomy of the writer's art. "Art," said Goethe, "is but form-giving." Art is giving form to an idea. In explaining that incisive definition John Addington Symonds says, "There is not a work of art without a theme, without motive, without a subject. The presentation of that theme, that motive, that subject, is the final end of art. The art is good or bad according as the subject has been well or ill presented."

It would indeed be convenient to point to Rizal as a fine example for the Philippine writer. I am bracketing Del Pilar, Mabini, and Lopez Jaena with Rizal because the first three were unadulterated propagand-



ists. Rizal stands above his contemporaries as a writer. Setting him as an example for our generation of writers I heartily endorse. In the words of William Dean Howells, the eminent critic and novelist, *Noli Me Tangere* was the greatest novel written in any language within a hundred years of its publication. *Noli Me Tangere* is great not because it is propagandistic, but because it is a brilliantly executed novel. I say this in spite of the fact that the novel has the characteristic flaws of nineteenth century novelists like Thackeray and Dickens. Since we are writers, in evaluating Rizal as a novelist I should like to bring out the criteria by which novelist and critic James T. Farrell evaluates Dostoevski. First, are we going to slam into his ideology, disprove it, which is easy), and then throw him into the discard? This approach remarks Farrell, oversimplifies our extra-literary functionalism. Second, shall we say that Dostoevski was all right for his time, that for his time he was or was not reactionary, that in any case he was a revolutionary in his younger days, was exiled to Siberia, and once was even on the verge of execution before a firing squad? This method, Farrell says, would stow Dostoevski away in a museum, and attribute to his novels only the interest we find in any historical

curiosity. Third, shall we recognize that his characterizations are among the most profound and incisive to be met with in any novelist? Using this approach, which is a universal approach, Farrell concludes, we assimilate Dostoevski's values in and for our time.

If we use these criteria for *Noli Me Tangere*, Rizal would emerge as a triumphant figure in our literary history. The strongest proof of that assertion is this: that Rizal's dreams for reforms are past history, but *Noli Me Tangere* still lives in Sisa and Doña Consolacion and Padre Damaso and the philosopher Tasio. Rizal lives in the indignation with which he presented the errors of his day. It is this persistence value that makes *Noli Me Tangere* a living novel.

While still on Rizal, I should like to comment on the so-called "genuine Filipino tradition" which stems back, so responsible people among us say, to the tradition of the propaganda movement, to the days of Balagtas, Del Pilar, Rizal and Lopez Jaena. Let us not forget that Balagtas, Del Pilar, Rizal and Lopez Jaena were using the tools of Anglo-European culture and tradition. The outstanding writer of them all, Rizal, used the same satirical approaches as Juvenal, Voltaire, and Jonathan Swift, and commits the same

fictional flaws as Hugo and Thackeray. It's a fine thing to be nationalistic, to be truly Filipino, but we will be losing our perspective if we denied the continuity of the Anglo-European tradition of our forbears and denied the extension of this tradition through the Americans, in spite of Longfellow. American literature itself is a continuation — and until the middle of the nineteenth century a weak echo of English literature. English literature itself, one of the greatest conglomerations in history, had its roots in and its directions from Continental Europe. From Beowulf through Bede, through Chaucer, through the Renaissance and Shakespeare, through Dryden and the Neo-classical period, and then through the nineteenth century, Continental influences continually poured in to help shape English literature.

Literature is complex in origin and growth. Our own Filipino *balitao* — and we may not find a better illustration of an indigenous art from than the *balitao* — is a mongrel product. It traces its history back to Provence in the Middle Ages, and from there through Spain. As a Filipino writer I have not the least embarrassment or apology for riding down on the stream of Anglo-European-American tradition, since this Anglo-European-American tradition itself is

a mongrel breed. I am proud of it and blessed with it. The Philippines has been in a unique position in Far Eastern history; to deny the impact of external influences upon our own culture is to deny the facts of our history, of which we should all be proud.

The writer — the Filipino writer — must begin with an idea, with a theme, with a subject. But granting his theme, whether it be propagandistic or anything else, the writer's chief interest is to make that theme significant, and this he can do only through his art. If he were not concerned with his art, with his manner of communicating his subject, no matter how significant the theme, he has no business being a writer. Thus the statement of Mr. Emilio Aguilar Cruz that at this conference the delegates are 'apparently apathetic to the problems of craft,' if this were true, would be a wilful evasion of our responsibility as creative writers or as students or patrons of literature.

I do firmly advocate the writer's involvement in his milieu because this gives him authenticity, a solidity of specification, as a contemporary critic calls it. And if a writer aims to propagate a course of action, in other words, if a writer's work must embody propaganda, the work must contain that in-

ternal consistency and that essential external reference, it must follow the concept of artistic necessity, or it is no work of art. The propagandistic novelist's fundamental weakness lies in his inability to apply the principle of necessity in an essential and compelling manner. Inevitability must necessarily flow as events and implication from what has already been presented in the structure of events. If this principle is violated, then what emerges is the subjective imposition of the author's plea for a course of action, or whatever it is that he wants to present in the name of progress or morality. Regarding this subjective imposition the poet and critic Shelley warns that the more exclusive the writer's emphasis towards ethical or utilitarian demands, the farther it is from artistic realization.

**C**ONTENT is important in living literature, but this content must not be taken as synonymous with formal ideology, generalized themes, and the explicitly stated ideas of a writer. This content — whether of a public or private nature, whether it is about exploding a national policy or about a character's salvaging of his own private failure — this content must be the shaping of life itself into literary form, or in the words of James T. Farrell, "a way of

feeling and thinking and seeing life that the creative artist conveys to his audience—the structure of events, the quality of characterizations, the complex impact of the work itself." In evaluating Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*, we do not judge Shakespeare's personal position in the conflict between the Roman aristocracy and the plebeians (the bias in this play happens to be patrician), but the evaluation should be on the basis of the inevitability of *Coriolanus'* decision, as he vindictively stands with his conquering army before the helpless city of Rome. In other words, the basic critical question is: When he decides not to attack Rome, and by this decision his own life is endangered the hands of his allies, the Volscians, has Shakespeare prepared us for this final prostration of *Coriolanus*? Shakespeare, as in his other plays, has given us adequate foreshadowing for this scene, one of the most dramatic in all of Shakespeare, in fact in all literature. Through the artist's craft we forget the issues of empire for the more vital problem of a man who must make a crucial decision upon which his life perilously hangs.

As a summary of what I have said, I suggest that what ultimately counts is what the writer does with his material.

If this were not so, then we are relinquishing our primary responsibility, then we may even pretend to bear the name of creative writers. The main business of the creative writer is not preaching. By the tools of his art, his main concern towards his audience and towards his material is that of bringing a shock of discovery, of recognition, of revelation, so that in his work the reader sees

himself in new awareness and evaluates himself with a more quickened spirit, and is given a richer insight into life and into his fellow beings. Thus the successful writer transcends the incidents of his time and becomes a sage and prophet. The writer of the highest integrity can rest his case on this. Artistic revelation is his final responsibility to himself and to his art.

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### **High-Power Camera**

*An Japanese camera firm recently announced the entry of the world's brightest lens system which it produced experimentally in the current International Camera Show at Cologne, West Germany.*

*The lens system has four times the resolving power of the human eye in a standard lens of fifty millimeters made up of five groups of seven lenses each.*

*If the system is used along with an ASA 2,000 high sensitive film, the camera can easily catch fast moving objects in the dark, its maker, the "Canon" firm, said.*

*Canon cameras using this system of lenses will be put on sale sometime next year after some further improvements, it was announced.*

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## **"PERMALIFE"**

*Modern book paper withers so fast that nine out of ten books will crumble in only fifty years.*

*A Virginia librarian, however, has now come up with a durable and unexpensive book paper he says will last for 300 years or more.*

*William J. Barrow, chief of Document Restoration at the Virginia State Library, worked with a group of chemists for several years to develop a new chemical wood pulp formula called permalife.*

*Permalife is now being produced by Standard Paper Manufacturing Co. of Richmond, Virginia. Competitors are expected to start turning out their own versions soon, however, because the state library has published the basic formula.*

*In seeking a long-lasting paper, Barrow and the others found that aluminum sulphate caused most book paper to dry up, become brittle and then crumble.*

*They sought a way to reduce this acidity built into the paper. They dismissed rag fiber, which withstands acidity, as too costly.*

*Finally, they discovered the material they needed in acquapel, a commercial product developed by Hercules Powder Co. Acquapel is reportedly similar to nylon although its formula is a secret.*

*One of Barrow's collaborators was A. L. Rothchild, Standard Paper's chief chemist. Thus, the company was able to jump into permalife production almost immediately.*

*Standard Paper officials acknowledged that permalife is unlikely to capture even one per cent of the mammoth paper market since the biggest paper consumers, such as newspapers and magazines aren't concerned with the longevity of their paper.*

*But Charles Beckler of the company's sales force declares that "whenever books of lasting value are published, this will be the logical choice."*

# MAN in t

by A. G. Hufana

Our time starts at 7:00 a.m., December 29, 1896.

Fort Santiago chapel. One long bench and the steps to the altar are the most prominent fixtures of the scene. A seven-branched candelabra, in turn, is the most prominent fixture of the altar which is draped with a blue mantlepiece with yellow trimmings. Lording over it is a painted full-moon-like Host on which is etched the Great Eye of God radiating unto a painted chalice. Enter Rizal, in black suit and derby hat, with Spanish officers.

## Scene I

**RIZAL** (looking around, fixes his eyes on the altar, and takes off his hat) Are you sure this is the right way, gentlemen? I thought you were taking me back to the cell.

**OFFICER** (taking off his cap; the others follow) The General's order, Señor Rizal.

**RIZAL** (facing officers politely) I see. It is very fine of the

General. (Walks up to the altar; turns back) But what shall I do here?

**M. CHAPLAIN** (coming in) Prepare your soul, my son. I offer my services.

**RIZAL** Oh... oh. Thank you very much, Father. (Walks up to the altar, mounts the steps and fingers the candelabra) Would you mind, señores?

**M. CHAP.** Be it so. We have not much time left. (Walks up to Rizal)

**RIZAL** (lighting the candles with a match) Father, I prefer to be alone, if you do not mind. (Walks down to the officers) Would you mind, señores?

**OFFICER** As you wish, señor. As long as you will not receive outside visitors until further orders.

**RIZAL** I appreciate the orders very highly. And it was an honor to have had breakfast with you. The roll and the coffee-cake were very good. The coffee — Dutch, I suppose?

# he MOON

**OFFICER** (chuckling in spite of himself) Very Dutch, señor. Recently imported.

**RIZAL** (chukling with officer) Aliens produce our wants. (Seriously) Father, this matter of soul... I feel queer about it.

**M. CHAP.** Queer, indeed, my son. That is why we cannot help being human. Every human being must be guided to understand.

**RIZAL** Understand? To be guided to understand? (Looks at the altar) I have kept you long and I have kept God waiting. Father, I shall be very glad to borrow your books on meditation.

**M. CHAP.** Be it so. I will have them sent. God be with you.

**RIZAL** Thank you. God for everybody is God for nobody. Thank you, señores. Oh, before you go, may I ask you a favor: Would you let in my pupil who is detained by the guard at the door? (One of the officers goes

and returns with a boy of 17, held by a guard who begins searching him)

**RIZAL** You need not look for contraband on him, guard. I did not teach my disciples to carry arms. (To the boy who looks happy at being freed) How are you, Doming?

**GUARD** Remember: only five minutes.

**OFFICER** Man, you are giving orders! Remember yourself that Señor Rizal is to be given all courtesy due to a prisoner.

**GUARD** Excuse me, sir.

**RIZAL** Thank you, guard. You are very civil. Come, Doming. We have lessons to do. (Exit officers, chaplain and guard)

**BOY** (taking Rizal's hand; kisses it) What did they do to you, Maestro?

**RIZAL** Not that I discourage you but from now on, you must not kiss anybody's hand if you are an orphan. A man should not worship another man. Now, to lesson two. You must not...

**BOY** Can we not go home again, Maestro? Will they not let you go?

**RIZAL** (troubled, walks up and down) Yes, the farm must be harvested by now. Our chickens are starved. Tomorrow, you go back to Dapitan, huh? That is lesson two. I am afraid I have to stay for a while. You see... they got me... and... (forces himself to smile) You are really a big boy now. How tall are you? Let me see. (Makes boy stand up and stands back to back with him) Just as I thought: you are taller by three inches.

**BOY** You are much stronger, Maestro.

**RIZAL** Keep s rong: that is the secret of strength. Come, let us test ourselves. (They play Indian wrestling on the bench. Trick lighting fades in the Dapitan pupils of Rizal — ranging from 10 to 16 in age —and they gather around the wrestlers. They clap when Rizal wins the match) Oho! You surprise me. How did you get here?

**BOYS** Bravo, Maestro! We were fencing by the river as you told us to when you left. (They show Rizal the big sticks they carry)

**RIZAL** God! Do not mob me again with these, ha? Be good: I am not always with you. Tell you something? I never really left. How did you know I was back?

**BOYS** Cosme Paez shouted it from the tree up there.

**VOICE** (upstage) Hellow! I am here, Maestro! I saw you riding on your handkerchief over the surface of the river. You landed on the other side. Then you jumped over to this side.

**RIZAL** Lord! I could not believe it myself! That is twenty feet across. Cosme, can you reach for the moon up there?

**VOICE** (upstage) O, yes, Maestro! I could even see the fiesta in Dipolog. Climb up and see for yourself.

**RIZAL** You are joking, Cosme. Come down before you see too much.

**BOYS** No, Maestro, he is not joking. Have you forgotten that you drew the map of Mindanao from the top of that tree?

**RIZAL** I am not sure. Be careful of legends. They are only told for entertainment.

**BOYS** Show us how to shoot, Maestro.

**RIZAL** (taking a gun) Very well. Whose initials will I shoot on the bark of that tree?

**BOYS** (together) Mine! Mine!

**RIZAL** Easy! Easy! Since I cannot please all of you I will have to please Cosme. He likes to see people shooting except at himself. (Levels gun upstage) Aim, hold breath, steady, count one, two... three... (gun report)

**VOICE** (upstage) Eeoow! (A hat flutters down)



**RIZAL** (laughing) Do not worry, Cosme! I just closed your eyes. That is it, boys: do not shoot to kill. Aim high. Now, do not play with guns. Run along now. See you. (Trick lighting fades out boys)

**BOY** (pointing to Rizal's back) Someone comes, Maestro. (Trick lighting produces a 20-year old girl with a waterpail who picks up Cosme's hat and approaches)

**GIRL** Doctor, I want to see you...

**RIZAL** (turning around) Bonifacia! How are you?

**GIRL** I heard the shot. I was down to get water. O, it is good to walk again.

**RIZAL** Do be careful yourself. Relapse is a harder thing to cure. (Trick lighting produces Josephine, big with child)

**JOSEPHINE** (eyeing the girl crossly) I'm sorry. He's my husband.

**GIRL** (innocently) Are you... you... married?

**JOSEPHINE** Can't you see? (Embraces Rizal) Who's she, darling?

**GIRL** I am his patient. I have the right to know from my doctor what is wrong with me.

**JOSEPHINE** Okay. Okay. Nothing's wrong with you that's not the matter with me. If Pepe and I are not married, we think we are. And that's as good as any of your outward ceremonies.

**RIZAL** Josephine! When will you behave? Love is not a public scandal. I am sorry, Miss Elumba, Miss Taufer is my wife.

**GIRL** (sobbing, produces, from her bosom a packet of letters tied with a red ribbon) Burn these for me... (Rizal takes the packet. She stares at him undecidedly. Rizal stares back at her and is about to put a hand over her shoulder when she shrinks and runs away, sobbing.)

**JOSEPHINE** Well?

**RIZAL** (absentmindedly) Well.

**JOSEPHINE** Well, I didn't know you had written her so many. Aren't you going to review your relics?

**RIZAL** (skimming over the letters) From my sisters... except Narcisa and my favorite sister who died when I was four. I'm condemned to love one woman. That woman is you. Believe me.

**JOSEPHINE** But one called Leonor?

**RIZAL** Leonor is dead. Forget her.

**JOSEPHINE** Let's not quarrel again, darling. I shalln't burden you, I promise. You've other problems.

**RIZAL** Problems! I'm out of politics. Now I can attend to my own house. Let's live here in peace. You and I alone. (Josephine swgons) Josefina, what's wrong?

**JOSEPHINE** Nothing . . . I just fell down the stairs. No . . . I struck against the iron stand.

**RIZAL** The child! It's my fault. I'll tear down that step. I wish it is that friar who bungled with our license. I'll wrench out that stand. I wish it is that friar who played politics with our love.

**JOSEPHINE** Darling, take me home. I feel it kicking inside.

**RIZAL** It'll be a boy! I'll barter with heaven for it to be a boy!

**JOSEPHINE** Pepe! It's dead . . . I know . . . I know. I am seeing things . . . (Trick lighting produces a man carrying lamps.)

**MAN** It is just Tamarong.

**RIZAL** Are you also part of this bad dream?

**MAN** In person . . . fulfilling his personal promises. I promised when you restored my sight I would light the way to town so that no soul would stumble in the darkness that I once knew. Well, here I am — with the lamps.

**RIZAL** What there! Who tempts me again? (Trick lighting produces a lay Jesuit with a bandaged finger) Ah, Brother Tildot!

**LAY JESUIT** A leak in the dike. I stopped it with a finger till your boys came to the rescue.

**RIZAL** Brother, you are a hero. But please do not mention this incident again. The dam is dreamed up by Father Sanchez

and everything dreamed up by the Fathers ought to stand for ever.

**LAY JES.** Do not be modest, Jose. The dike was laid out on your plan and direction. I sent the plan to the Governor this morning — with your name. I affixed mine in the order as constructor.

**RIZAL** I am absolutely out of politics now, Brother. You could have signed the plan alone.

**LAY JES.** And tell a lie in science?

**RIZAL** Until science is known by another name. As of now, even God and man are intermixed. Brother, please look after the mixing of the concrete. One of cement, two of sand. I will come down later. Come, Josephine, to our ivory tower. (Trick lighting fades them all except the boy who falls on his knees in the attitude of silent prayer.)

### Scene II

(The boy is seen still on his knees when Rizal reappears from the shadows)

**RIZAL** On your feet, Doming. That is lesson four. What did I tell you about our past?

**BOY** There was the Dawn Man . . . the Little Man . . . the Tall Man . . . the Brown Man . . . the Men of Cham-pa . . . then Men of Band-jar . . . I forget easily. After them I think no more.

**RIZAL** More, Doming. And more. Our history is an honor roll. We have only to sit back like in a *moro-moro* play. But someone has to call these players out. They know their audience. You do the calling, Doming. I like to pretend I enjoyed them myself. Do you know who comes next?

**BOY** Lima... Lima... Lima-hong?

**RIZAL** See? You forget because you are serious. What did I tell you? Take it easy. History is not catechism. To refresh your eye on the past, the next is a suicide.

**BOY** One who killed himself?

**RIZAL** Why not? History is the lives of suicides.

**BOY** I do not get you, Maestro.

**RIZAL** I do not even get myself, Doming. Someone did get himself. This someone got himself after getting another. Lapu-lapu! (Trick lighting produces a well-built, nigh handsome warrior with long hair kept in place by a headband. Around his neck is a string of teeth. The most striking part of his body is his G-stringed torso, a deep bronze like the suntan of a recluse, on which leans a huge *kampilan*. He holds a big shield by his side. A man, in battered Spanish coat-of-mail, lies at his feet. The face of the lying man is bloodless and were it not for his bushy beard, we could take

him as cut out of marble. His hands and the flesh out of his metal dress are caked with blood)

**WARRIOR** (sternly) What do you want?

**BOY** (fearfully) He is asking what you want, Maestro.

**RIZAL** (matching his voice with the warrior's) Relax, Mr. Lajulapu. I am a friend.

**WARRIOR** If a friend, why do you not speak my tongue?

**RIZAL** Ay, ay, *kalisud*...

**WARRIOR** *Kalisud*... Aha, you are just a poet. So what?

**RIZAL** So what? Poets have no country. I, without a country, respect you, with a country. Hail, Patriot!

**WARRIOR** Stop it! Stop it! You are flattering me. I fear flatterers. They do more harm than a fighting enemy. The enemy can only kill or be killed. A flatterer can sell or buy you. I must be on guard against your kind. You cannot buy me with talk as that Humabon and that Zula were bought. Pshe! Humabon with his granary! Zula with his goats! It is really their flattery I fought this morning. This stranger (pointing to the man at his feet) was their medium. He stood in my way so I cut him down.

**RIZAL** By cutting him down, what did you get?

**WARRIOR** Flatterers, that is all. Myself, above all.

**RIZAL** Why so?

**WARRIOR** You are like a historian. Historians are like women. They are very fertile from the neck up where women are from the neck below.

**RIZAL** (determinedly) Why so?

**WARRIOR** You are like a hunter. You please me. (Relaxes)

**RIZAL** Not to flatter you or anybody, because I do not flatter easily, I know the facts. Long long before and long long after I meet you today I was, am, and shall be used to you.

**WARRIOR** *Ay, ay, kalisud.* It is my regret that I am Lapulapu. Today I have become an *anito*. Everybody is asking me to tell his fortune, to cure his mother-in-law, and so forth. I should not have led the day. It is far far better to have slept through the battle and to eat and sleep and live and die normally. I even had to please a newborn which could not be fed but with coconut milk. I climbed that high tree there, and fell. I stood up for fear of displeasing anybody. But I was really hurt by that fall. I am hurting all over now. But what can I do? I am Lapulapu so I have to stand here, pretending to be as useful as a dog and as long-lived as a cat.

**RIZAL** This pretense will kill you. It is too late: you cannot die anymore. That is the trouble.

**WARRIOR** Be gone! You are telling the truth. Truth is very hard to take. I'd rather climb many coconuts and fall many times than take the truth. If you desire passage, I give it free, but be gone! Be gone like the sea wind!

**RIZAL** I am a magician. I could send you to the shades if I like. But I would not do that. I will bring your enemy to life so that you can rest at ease. You see, it is this killing that really bothers you. Blood is on your mind. Magellan, come forth! (The prostrate man arises, shakes himself as if from deep sleep, and looks around but seems not to see anybody)

**RESURRECTED MAN** *Pobre me!* What a nightmare! (Laughs to himself) Killed by an Indian! Me, killed by an Indian? (Looks at himself). But I am wounded and it is painful. Where are my... Barbosa! Serrano! The cowards! They have left with the boats. Nothing but seagulls in the distance. I wonder if the birds will feed me with worms. Not even roots perhaps on this godless reef. Exiles usually choose their domiciles but now I reside actually on nothing, without family, country and church. And what did I

think once? Ha! Ha! An empire. . . An empire on a reef? A reef for the Queen? That Queen has a vast amor propio. She fell for my fish talk about a land of onions, garlic and pepper where the sun pops up every morning unmindful of current events. Now where is this land of the morning? This? (Scoops up dirt from the ground) This? What will the Queen say? Poor Queen! She cashed in her jewels in this hide-and-seek on an outdated paper map that promised spices. I pity her. She has been dieting on the King's dog biscuits just to let me have five boats to look for onions, garlic and pepper. O, she must be very thin by now. Dieting on a husband's dog food is very bad for a blueblooded wife. I should not have played with her amor propio so. Now, she must be dreaming of me and onions and so forth. Hungry women have hungry dreams. If I could only kiss her lips to lips — I am not very old for a lover, am I? Then she would forget I bring her this earth—a fistful of barren earth. But I could not do that. A woman's lips are reserved for a man who tickles with sweet promises, not with results. Such a man is the King. Wait a minute! I got an idea! I am always leading with misleading ideas. I hope they lead me back to

the Queen this time. There are footprints on this earth. Aha! I named such a foothold of dust on March 17. Would the Queen understand and forgive? I have not known any woman who understands and forgives. The King could not even advise her without advancing grounds for divorce. Ah, me, Spain's darling!

RIZAL I would that you were criticized to death. To be criticized is to be immortalized.

R. MAN (looking around) What is that? It sounds like my scriptwriter Pigafetta. Pigafetta is always whispering greatness into my ear. Pigafetta, if you are alive come out and do not converse at the back of my head! Come out to be seen!

RIZAL He has written your epitaph, Magellan. You will like it next to an empty stomach.

R. MAN Who is that who speaks unseen? Pigafetta has never been like this. He compliments in the face. He values face values very much. Pigafetta, come out to be seen! You have not been false to anyone. I thank you, Pigafetta! We are the only ones left. The others have run away. A pack of cowards. Pigafetta, can you hear me? You have always stuck to my side like a spare sword,

even in thirst and drunkenness, how could you talk at my back like that! You who have willingly made me a shadow, I respect you! Come, let us drink what is spilt and be sad and forget we are alive! Let me hang unto you. I will let you hang unto me!

**WARRIOR** Stranger, it is blood that is spilt, not *tuba*. Look at me.

**R. MAN** Alas Pigafetta... I (Feels Lapulapu from head to toe) By my soul, I seemed to have met you before...

**WARRIOR** Dawn this morning, old scalawag!

**R. MAN** What are you, dear lad?

**RIZAL** May I have the pleasure of introducing you to each other? You were not in the mood for formalities this morning. Mr. Lapulapu, meet Mr. Magellan — a Portuguese sailor in the service of the Spanish Crown, circumnavigator of the globe, discoverer of the Philippines. Mr. Magellan, meet Mr. Lapulapu, chief and stubborn individualist of Mactan, a gentleman without humor.

**R. MAN** Ha? You are that Lapulapu who could fight like me when I was younger? Well, I am glad to know you. I want to offer you my sword but I see it is broken.

**WARRIOR** You broke it on my shield. You were a brave

man. It was my honor to have killed you. You are foolish: you work for nothing but a crown. Tell me, are you from hell?

**R. MAN** From hell? My young friend, you do not say that even in jest. With an interested third party here...

**RIZAL** I am sorry to be a witness to your amicable settlement of a little quarrel out of court. I am glad to be of use, however. I am Jose Rizal from the present.

**R. MAN** You infer that we (pointing to himself and the warrior) are from the past. The past is the refuge of those who could not exist. Better know what you are talking about. (Rizal laughs) But, Mr. Lapulapu, you have a good place out here.

**WARRIOR** Do feel at home, Mister. Your companions — they were so scared — were asking for your body before they left I know not where... and...

**RIZAL** 115 are all that is left of Mr. Magellan's men. They are still looking for spices but all they can meet with is hunger. You will not go hungry anymore, Mr. Magellan.

**R. MAN** You mean...

**WARRIOR** Yes, you are conquered, Mister. But you, Mr. Rizal, you are butting into this polite conversation. As I was saying, Mr. Magellan, your

companions were asking for your body but I did not let them. They would only commit you to the water whereas I intend to preserve you in a jar with full military honors.

R. MAN A pagan burial! Am I truly dead?

RIZAL Neither of you is dead or alive. You are very much a set of political inspirations to the future.

R. MAN *Que barbaridad!* Murder is cleaner than suicide. And I thought of committing suicide. So it was you who killed me, Mr. Lapulapu. I remember it all now, can you forgive me?

WARRIOR So it was me you wanted dead or alive, Mr. Magellan. Can you forgive me too? I will give you my *kampilan* as a souvenir. Here.

R. MAN I do not need it. Let us bury our wrongdoings here and now. I am tired.

WARRIOR I am tired too. But you sleep first. I watch over you.

RIZAL Too comfortable to be true. History is fun, no? And the fun of it is played out of history. Before you retire, Mr. Magellan, I have news for you.

R. MAN Out with it quickly. This is not a play. This is real. And I am so tired...excuse me. (Falls down at the feet of the warrior)

RIZAL (reading) "Thus our

light was extinguished." Signed Figafetta.

R. MAN (sleepily) Never mind that. Figafetta is always playing with words. He cannot be serious. Playwrights are punsters. They have nothing to say. Ho..hum...the earth is very warm, and sleep is healthy.

WARRIOR Go, Mr. Rizal! Can you not see that my righteous enemy wants to be left alone? And what are these sons-of-dirty-loins going to do? Hey, you! (Trick lighting produces a number of men setting up a papier mache obelisk)

RIZAL In memory of Fernando Magallanes, killed by Lapulapu through some slight misunderstanding. That is the best they can guess to do.

WARRIOR An excuse for a holiday? Hey, you! Do not trespass!

RIZAL (addressing men) Really, my countrymen, you should not...Some other time, not now. There will be a time for monuments. Let us honor the past with more worthwhile work. Go home and raise vegetables. (Trick lighting fades out the men, Magellan, and Lapulapu in a final glow of triumph)

MESSENGER (enters with books) Padre Cordero sends books to you, señor. He says you can keep or give them

away. He wants a last word from you.

RIZAL Convey my deepest gratitude to him, will you?

MESSENGER Something deeper than that, he says, señor. Something like what you are thinking between today and tomorrow.

RIZAL I am not prepared... Well, I am not the last man.

BOY Maestro, I was thinking... what if you are him?

RIZAL Him what, Doming?

BOY The Last Man...

RIZAL Last Man. Oh, Last Man. I see what you mean. Of course, you are not the last to say I am the Last Man. You are carrying history too far, Doming. It does not end with me or any last man of yours. There simply is no Last Man. (To the messenger) Can you take down dictation? I have a message for Padre Cordero. I could write it myself but my hands are trembling. (The messenger takes out pad and pencil) Are you ready? I will pronounce very slowly so that you can take down every word I say. Ready? (The messenger nods. Rizal looks longingly at the altar, breathes deeply, and walks slowly up and down) Now and... at the hour... of our death... we ask for... strength to accept... the lot that we deserve... O God... O Amun-Ra... O Buddha...

O Tao... O Allah... O Bathala... (The messenger looks up disturbed) Never mind then. Padre Cordero will understand perhaps if I do not say anything. (Absentmindedly) Because the worst world wars happen in the soul... what if only those who are driven by thoughts of death live? O, it is cruel... it is like disturbing someone in his grave... to look for buried gold or for a needle in eternity. Doming, let me see how you can endure a prayer. After this you can go. I shall have set you free. (He falls on his knees, motions the boy and the messenger to fall on their knees on his sides)

### Scene III

(Rizal is seen awakened from a nap on the bench by a voice loudly expostulating offstage in the direction of the guards at the door to the chapel)

RIZAL (peeping outside) Good evening, guards. Have you ever been in love?

VOICE I am not allowed to speak to you. *No puedo aceptar ninguna responsabilidad...*

RIZAL *Espero se servira dispensar buena acogida.* And you, master, could you tell me if the moon is out by now?

SECOND VOICE The moon might not rise until Three Kings, señor.

RIZAL Oh! I have been indoors too long. I feel I could



walk through the walls. How are the other prisoners?

**SECOND VOICE** They are all snoring. One is talking in his sleep.

**RIZAL** Ah, blessed are their bones! I would like to walk among them. Sleeping men remind me of breathing tombs. How young is the youngest?

**SECOND VOICE** Hard to tell. A new one was brought in yesterday. He was running high with fever. He was crying for milk and wanted only his mother to give it to him.

**RIZAL** I feel like a child myself. It is not joke to be a child. A child must always have a mother. This afternoon my mother was here. She looked very old. The hard years have caught up with her. (Swooning) O, Inay! (Trick lighting produces Doña Teodora beside Rizal. They embrace lovingly)

**DOÑA TEODORA** My son! My son!

**RIZAL** (tenderly) Inay! (Checks his emotion and holds D. Teodora apart) There: my big old lady has never been so little and young looking! Your tears are like the tears of someone who is sixteen, and in love. Here, my handkerchief is scented with April blossoms. Let me wipe the tears of my sweetheart. (Wipes her eyes) Are you happy?

**D. TEODORA** (shedding tears anew) Pepe, I pleaded to Señor Polavieja.

**RIZAL** (stunned) For what? For my life-imprisonment, Inay?

**D. TEODORA** Yes, yes. It is better than losing you forever, my son. But he would not listen. He did not even receive my petitions asking life for you, even in prison forever.

**RIZAL** (absentmindedly) That is better. O, you did not see me about these things, Inay. How are my sisters? What do they think about me?

**D. TEODORA** They came with me. We can only see you one by one. They are waiting outside for their turn. Josefina is in the fort, too. Not with your sisters.

**RIZAL** Josephine...so...so unhappy. Inay, it was a long time. It want to see them... all of them...one by one...

**D. TEODORA** Not until I go out, Pepe. I am jealous of them all now. Let me feel how much you are still a baby. (Pulls him to the bench; takes his head to her laps and combs his hair with her fingers) Do you remember asking me big questions when you were so little?

**RIZAL** Little questions have big answers. I ask myself: Are the people on the other side of the lake happy? Why does

the moth dive to sure death in the flame? Inay, I have done nothing to make you happy. I have been a very naughty boy.

D. TEODORA *Filio!* My Pepe is *filio!*

RIZAL When I operated on your eyes I felt God take over the operation. Miracle! I could not believe I did it.

D. TEODORA Love guided your hands, my son. Then I could see Hongkong clearly. Such a new world! Not like Manila which ends at walls every turn you make. There were the kites! The rockets! The tinpans! Was that a fiesta below your terrace?

RIZAL (laughing) That was the Year of the Horse and the Chinese Day of Lovers. I wore my mother's heart that day. (Trick lighting fades out Doña Teodora. Rizal goes to the door and peeps outside) Can one of you stand guard inside? (A guard bearing a lantern enters) Thank you, guard. I feel weak. The flesh is weak. Can you tell me something about the dungeon which somebody said I am lucky not to be in?

GUARD Nine cells run down to it. It is like a deep well. I would lose myself in it without a companion. The prisoners there do not receive any sunlight. The jailer himself smells of moss when he comes up.

RIZAL I am luckier then.

GUARD O yes, señor. The new prisoner was taken down there this morning. He took the chains of the oldest one I knew. This old one was transferred to your cell. You could not know him if he were your twin brother — beard a foot long: I think he has not much time to live. He does not talk of dying. Perhaps death has missed him.

RIZAL Life has missed him equally. I am luckier I guess. At least the sun had been reaching me in the cell. I had visitors, both friend and enemy. The first one greeted me after the *misa de gallo*. (Trick lighting produces Lt. Luis T. Andrade, defense counsel of Rizal, extending his hands)

ANDRADE Merry Christmas, Pepe.

RIZAL Same to you, Luis. You are risking everything in haggling for my freedom.

ANDRADE This can be a page in history, Pepe. I think we can make it if we bluff well with our last card before the Council. The hearing will be resumed tomorrow.

RIZAL (contemplatively) No, Luis, that would be gambling a page of history on a story stake.

ANDRADE But, Pepe, do you not see what the stake is? Your life! You are on trial as a traitor and you are still

talking about the rightful course of events.

**RIZAL** Who cares? Is there no law?

**ANDRADE** There is only your honor system which makes it hard... even for me... to... Pepe, come! Come to it! Do you not see that if we oblige them a little you shall live?

**RIZAL** And remain bowed though the strong wind shall have passed? I thank you for everything you are doing for me.

**ANDRADE** (clasping Rizal's hands tightly) On your honor system then. If I lose I will not be able to face you again. Goodbye, Pepe. (Trick lighting fades him out)

**RIZAL** Guard, where are you from?

**GUARD** The Sacromonte hills, señor.

**RIZAL** You are Cale then? I am sort of gypsy too. My name is Jose Protacio Rizal y Mercado. Friends call me Pepe. What is yours?

**GUARD** Zumel. Julian Abad Zumel. I am better known as Gitano among my comrades-at-arms. My Spanish is not good because we gypsies always speak Cale at home.

**RIZAL** Any language will do as long as you can express yourself in it. But next to Tagalog, I like to know enough English to come to think in English about the prophecy of

our fellow gypsy Jagor. He is a very free man. (Trick lighting produces Feodor Jagor, in a German professor's clothes of the 19th century)

**JAGOR** Hello, Don Jose. The Spirit of Good Voyages put me ashore and told me to see you. I did not expect to find you here.

**RIZAL** You look well yourself, sir.

**JAGOR** Ugh... I feel spent. The trouble with the few of us is we are everybody's conscience.

**RIZAL** Who are with you?

**JAGOR** Progressives. We are a boatload. Most of us are dead but each time we put to shore, the dead come to life again. Does it not tickle you to read *Apocalypse*? That is our boat's name. It is really the Flying Dutchman's ship. We seized it from him. It is keeling with barnacles on which the living feed on in mid-ocean. The dead are nourished by memory.

**RIZAL** No politicians on board?

**JAGOR** I assure you no rats, no pearls, no swine. We might sink with them. But we are a merry lot. When we weigh anchor we are again in our element.

**RIZAL** I was about to ask you something but I have forgotten it. It is tipping on my tongue.

JAGOR Ask it and it shall be answered. If I cannot, I can summon one of the crew to answer it. That is our universal purpose. We are called to answer the nearest call. First come, first served: we also practice this capitalistic creed.

RIZAL Your prophecy about an English-speaking people who will someday succeed the Spanish... I was thinking over and over that if we are to have another master...

JAGOR Did I put that down in black and white? O, yes, I published it. I even copyrighted it. But I imitated it. I cannot remember how I imitated it. It just came about when I was lonely, I guess. And in the confusing course of my travels, I unwittingly wrote it down in my diaries. I should have burned such an emotion. Emotion only happens in a play. The players memorize the emotion and deliver it an emotion. Nothing is original with them. They mouth substanceless memory.

RIZAL You could not have imitated the players, sir.

JAGOR O, that I myself could play the part I write for others! But I must observe the ethics of visiting. I could talk on and on but I am not your last visitor. Hmmm, what do you have here? (Picks up one of the books on the bench) *De la Imitacion de Cristo y Menosprecio del Mundo*. Nice

book. Suppose you talk with Thomas-a-Kempis. He is master of imitation. I simply could not imitate anybody but myself. Excuse me.

RIZAL I will. Thank you, sir. *Auf wiedersehen*. (With a goodbye flourish of his hand, Jagor fades out. Trick lighting fades in St. Thomas-a-Kempis.)

A-KEMPIS How do you do, son of man?

RIZAL Is it you—in the flesh? I will not touch you lest I will not believe.

A-KEMPIS (laying his hand on Rizal's head) Christ be with you. Faith is too much of a confidence but, in all faith, you can confide to Christ.

RIZAL Kindly, O Saint, remove this mortal agony from me. (Sinks to the bench) I feel very sick at heart.

A-KEMPIS Promise me you will not join the *Apocalypse*. I am not one of them.

RIZAL I promise. I promise you everything if you relieve me of this exceeding sorrow.

A-KEMPIS Belief can only make you happy. You have not believed sincerely. Let us pray. (They cross themselves and pray silently)

RIZAL (stands and looks up at heaven) I believe! I have always believed!

A-KEMPIS Therefore be happy. Feel happy. Do not think you are unhappy. That is the

whole of life. Life stays the earth while it turns the stars.

**RIZAL** For a little while... (covers his face with his hands) O, it is terrible, Saint, to know I have done nothing.

**A-KEMPIS** Then you feel you have done everything. Knowledge comes to naught. Love is the only reality worth knowing.

**RIZAL** So... if I... if I do not love at all?... if I only loved myself? Myself is my death. Grass will cover me.

**A-KEMPIS** Eternity has humbled you. Christ will raise you from the grave.

**RIZAL** My most serious doubt has been the existence of life after death.

**A-KEMPIS** Doubt is the first step to faith. I doubted much. Very much. But I troubled hell with my doubting. The devil came in the form of a torch singer. I stood my ground against that thing and many things afterwards. When I was ready, I was conferred faith. Faith is a crown, only the coronation takes place inside you. All hell will clear off your path when you walk and you will walk back to God.

**RIZAL** (inspiredly) Eternity, Eternity, here I come! But how could I earn it, Saint?

**A-KEMPIS** By not denying the Resurrection and the Life.

**RIZAL** It takes a lot of courage to do that.

**A-KEMPIS** A lot of humility. Heaven is at the bottom of humility. To be humbled is to be awed as to be gentle is to be in love. It is only through the eyeview of the worm we see that to be humbled is to lose pride and to be in love is to begin to lust.

**RIZAL** Death, then, can only be proud? No human being can?

**A-KEMPIS** Life alone can be proud. (Unbares his chest) Look: I once burned myself with a torch, with which I conquered my first desire. How does the firebrand look to you?

**RIZAL** (tracing the tattoo on a-Kempis' chest with his fingers) It looks like a burning bush... a flowering cactus.

**A-KEMPIS** You know much of plants and flowers.

**RIZAL** Rice, orchids, everything that has roots.

**A-KEMPIS** With all the care for other plants, it is a wonder how a cactus grows unaided, no? It does not even begin with roots. It thrives best where other plants could not grow. But is not the desert more deathly without the cactus? Life is in the strangest places. Over death it plants its burning bushes and flowering cacti. Trust there is no

end to this and you trust in life. Creation goes on and on.

**RIZAL** You have died and arisen: what agonies must these experiences be! O, Saint, you are calm: how do you suffer and not show it?

**A-KEMPIS** (producing a crucifix which he kisses and extends to Rizal who kisses it) Re-sign yourself to the Divine Will. He who conquered death for you and me was also born to fear the death of the body. If He was God why was He not able to save Himself? If a mortal, why did he not run away? Lest we fall into temptation, son of man, let us pray. (They fall on their knees. Trick lighting fades out a-Kempis)

**RIZAL** (dazedly) I must have fallen asleep. Gitano, has my visitor gone?

**GUARD** Visitor? There is no one but us here, Señor Rizal. You were talking about the sun reaching you, then you were talking about man reaching the moon. You were murmuring many foreign names.

**RIZAL** Dr. Ferdinand Blumentritt...ever constant to the last moment... (Trick lighting produces Blumentritt, walking in with a cane, and with a pince-nez which he takes off on seeing Rizal)

**BLUMENTRITT** Happy birthday, Jose.

**RIZAL** (surprised) O! Thank you, Doctor. Yes, it is June 19 again. 1861 to the present. A long time...

**BLUMENTRITT** You were not down at the coffee shop. So I came up to know what is so important that keeps you from breaking your fast.

**RIZAL** I thought...But did you not meet my double on the street? I sent him to eat my usual toast and eggs for me...a little while ago.

**BLUMENTRITT** Man alive! You are exhausted. It is late morning outside.

**RIZAL** Did the kingdom change much the last three days?

**BLUMENTRITT** Not at all. But I have taken to stretching my legs around town at sunrise lest I start forgetting their use. They are not meeting yours in the park or in the museum anymore these days.

**RIZAL** (laughing, feels for something in his pocket) Ah, the invitation to the tea session at Hidalgo's three days back. (Takes another piece of paper from his pocket) Oho! It seems I have stood up a sweet señorita at the Filipino colony's party which was intended for her.

**BLUMENTRITT** There! The kingdom is palming you these symptoms of decadence. (A newsboy's voice cries offstage: "El Anuncio! El Anuncio!")

Hear that? They usually shout the whole headline at some world-shaking event. Today, it is just some banker that shot himself, or another bishop has been incarcerated by the long arm of the Minister of Ultramar. Or another who could have been a Caesar has been stabbed in a free-for-all. (Female vendor's voice cries offstage: "Roses! Roses! Fresh roses!") Or another bachelorhood and spinsterhood have happily terminated. Or another boy and girl have eloped and returned asking forgiveness. But flowers always remind me of death. Spring is too pretty to hide her frailty like a bride. Death never misses...

**RIZAL** Death never misses... death never misses. That is a very pretty phrase. Doctor, if I did not know you were a scientist I could call you a poet.

**BLUMENTRITT** (mockingly) Or another canned soup is advertised. Very soon we will also forget the use of our teeth. There are not even volcanoes now to shake us into our senses.

**RIZAL** Krakatoa gutted itself out for its own sake. We cannot always apply science on humanity without dismembering it.

**BLUMENTRITT** Leave that to the police and the Cortes.

Genius does not even get minimum wage. Come, you need food. (Trick lighting fades him out)

**RIZAL** What time is it?

**GUARD** Five to six by my timepiece.

**RIZAL** Mine has stopped at 12:00. It has been behaving this way since the verdict. (Trick lighting produces Polavieja presiding over the Council of War. Andrade is standing beside Rizal who is seated. The Council men nod. A clerk of court stands up)

**CLERK OF COURT** Will the prisoner please stand up? (Rizal stands) Be it known to all present that: Whereas the defendant, Jose Rizal, was found guilty of the charges brought against him which are, to wit, rebellion against the Church and State and treason appurtenant thereto, by official decree of His Excellency, the Governor-General, which is concurred upon by the Council of War assembled and Her Majesty, the Queen Regent of España, the said defendant is ordered to be executed by a firing squad composed of his countrymen... (Rizal gasps in surprise at "countrymen")... at seven o'clock in the morning, Manila time, on the thirtieth of December in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred ninety-six, on the field of Bagumba-

yan. The said defendant is further required to indemnify the court the sum of twenty thousand pesetas for damages. That is all.

**POLAVIEJA** Señor Rizal may now say what he wants to say.

**ANDRADE** I will speak for Señor Rizal as his legal defense. Your Excellency, you will be only igniting the fuse of war by...

**RIZAL** (holding Andrade) Lieutenant, a word with you.

(Take him aside) Luis, I thank you as I have not thanked anybody before. Give me your hand. (They shake hands wordlessly) Thank you, Señor Polavieja. I have nothing to say.

**POLAVIEJA** I hate to do this, Señor Rizal. However, if you change your mind and wish to retract, I might still consider...

**ANDRADE** Pepe! Now is your chance, Pepe!

**RIZAL** (smiling) Hundreds have already read the truth, Luis. I do not have the strength to rob them of their reading pleasure. Even you, I think, consider the truth good fiction. Read it someday and remember me. (To Polavieja) I have nothing to say, General.

**ANDRADE** Goodbye, Pepe. Think kindly of me.

**RIZAL** Goodbye, Luis. Pray for me. (Trick lighting fades out Polavieja, Andrade and the council)

**RIZAL** I am always asking the time from guards. I think God has a hand in this. Both time and God seem... (Cockcrow in the distance) It is dawn. Not much farther is... Gitano, how long do you expect to live?

**GUARD** As long as I may be in my right mind, señor. When my time comes I hope to mumble a little adios to my friends.

**RIZAL** In bed? I wish I could die in bed and choose the friends I like to see me leap like a bird to the sun. It must be terrible to die in the night. Gitano.

**GUARD** Not if in the open, señor.

**RIZAL** There is not always a moon to look up to. Right now it is a dead moon up there. It cannot borrow light from the source. The earth stands between, a shadow. I wonder if in the shadow I could find... (Trick lighting produces Trining, Rizal's sister, wearing a bandana with which she tries to hide her tears)

**TRINING** *Kuya!*

**RIZAL** (turning to her) Trining! (Embraces her) O, you have grown up overnight. Do you gather mushrooms for Paciano? How you used to hate me in the season of mushrooms!

**TRINING** I love you, *kuya*.

**RIZAL** (holds her chin up and



takes off her bandana) Quick, smile. Why these tears if you love me?

**TRINING** (smiles forcibly) We have lost you after all, *kuya*. We have burned a thousand candles at the Virgin's feet for many nights and days. But she has not heard us. She has not heard us, *kuya*.

**RIZAL** Virgin Mary is the Mother of the living, Trining. God also wants to father me and he has bidden St. Joseph to lead me to my Brother, Jesus. Jesus is very glad to have me because He has only few playmates. Thrice a night I wake up to Him calling me from the darkness. (A child's voice: "Pepe! Pepe! Pepe!") And I find him looking for little lost lambs in the starlight. He touches me and I am again a child. (Guard's voice outside: "Hurry up! Hurry up!") But man also calls you back. We are too near this world to be able to stay in that real life.

**TRINING** I will not leave you, *kuya*! I will not leave you!

**RIZAL** (takes her by the shoulder to an alcohol lamp) Remember me to Mrs. Tavera. She warmed me with this little lamp the nights in Paris. There is something inside. I wish you keep it safe. (Trining receives the lamp, wipes her tears away, faces Rizal bravely. Rizal smiles. She puts back her

bandanna and slowly goes out)  
**RIZAL** Do you believe in ghosts, Gitano?

**GUARD** I have never seen one, señor.

**RIZAL** You must also believe what you do not see. Look at the dogs. I think they are more religious. They detect ghosts.

This is a time when ghosts walk back to the scene of their crimes, no? (Dogs howl in the distance. Two white habilitated priests enter)

**FIRST PRIEST** Well, Jose, we can work together for your pardon if you will just cooperate.

**RIZAL** I am not clear on this thing, Father.

**SECOND PRIEST** No, Jose, you made your stand against the Church very clearly.

**RIZAL** What else could I do?

**F. PRIEST** Retraction is another way.

**RIZAL** How? How can one be born a Christian and die in another way?

**S. PRIEST** Masonry, Jose, masonry. It is the enemy of the Church.

**RIZAL** Once upon a time men wanted to know. Their eyes saw glory and they were baffled. Finally, the question had to be asked and an ignorant judged, harried to decision by a mob of truth-seekers, did question the question: "What is truth?"

**S. PRIEST** We have come a long way, yet the truth is never

nearer with our philosophizing it. We have come only to feel and not to use wayside facts to measure how far truth is still from us. There is a thing as wisdom of the heart.

**RIZAL** We have come a long way to become single truth-seekers. One thing is sure: nobody is sure of the truth. It is the seeking that counts then. It is a virtue, unless virtue is sin. Did Pilate will it so?

**F. PRIEST** Pilate started an age of doubt and it will not do us any good to make him a reference. The origin of man can lead us to the truth. Man does have a soul. The soul is the absolute truth. We are interested in knowing the nature of the soul.

**RIZAL** Something in a fish tells me there is in it little that man has improved on himself.

**S. PRIEST** Use your heart, Jose. It is given you to feel. You can use your mind only against yourself.

**RIZAL** Father, I am a-grieved. I felt like this a thousand times before. When I am writing a poem, I am praying, praying, praying. Between verses or prayers I am also thinking that this cannot be happening... happening to me. O, no, not me! Yet, despite what I am thinking I keep praying or writing till the rosary or the poem is whole. Only then can I go back to my body which

cannot understand again what I have just done. Father, the truth cannot be had in a single lifetime.

**F. PRIEST** We are all guessers at it, Jose. Sometimes the Holy Spirit does inhabit us and we get a glimpse of glory. But no one can get all what he wants. Now, will you sign? (Produces a document)

**RIZAL** The earliest Christians were pretty sure that they would have. They signed with the figure of the fish when they were sure of being watched. The synagogues were full of eyes and I wonder if hell is not as packed as that.

**S. PRIEST.** Just your signature, Jose, and you will be saved. Do you not want to live?

**RIZAL** How can a human being live? All my life I have been asking myself: How can a human being live?

**F. PRIEST** It is a pity that so gifted a youth should not have used his talents in a better cause. Jose, my son, masonry is the enemy of the Church.

**RIZAL** My religion which is your religion has no enemy. Nobody could pretend to peace without religion. It is just our human practices that make religion inhuman. Hervosa, my brother-in-law, cannot even rest in death. Extreme unction was denied him. Suppose my

soul will fly around like that without anchor... Father, I prefer to be buried in Paang Bundok —with your permission. Will you give me your blessing?

S. PRIEST See, you are just a shy Catholic, Jose.

RIZAL I am a sinner, Father.

F. PRIEST Reconcile with the Church now. The times is near.

RIZAL Have I not been always with it? *Vengan los mas valientes!* (Enter Josephine in immaculate white; a white mantilla makes her look like a bride)

JOSEPHINE Darling, please live! Live for my sake! (To the priests) Father, I feel... unwanted...

RIZAL (approaching her) Don't say that again, Josefina. I've always wanted you as nobody ever did. Right now, I want you to be my wife and I'm asking you to live for my sake. Father, will you marry us?

F. PRIEST Until you sign, Jose.

JOSEPHINE I want you, Pepe! I want you, darling!

RIZAL I am so earthbound I want to crawl. For your sake, Josephina. (He signs the document which the priest extends to him without reading it) Whatever you say, Father. Now, will you marry us?

S. PRIEST (handling Rizal a blue scapular) This is our greatest hour. God is looking down.

JOSEPHINE (sobbing) Father, if you have power set Pepe free. We'll go to Borneo... far, far away where you'll not see us again, I promise. We'll not come back to this place.

RIZAL Josefina... (takes Josephine aside: they embrace lovingly) This is not the place to talk of places. Why, we're here! Together! And in a moment we'll be united. Come, come, give me a smile.

F. PRIEST (on the steps to the altar) Come now, Jose, Josefina.

RIZAL Now, you stand here. Be beautiful and you're beautiful. I'll stand at the steps. I'll be waiting for you there. This comes once in a lifetime. Pretend you're walking on a mountain trail which is straight. Be careful not to fall. On either side is a deep abyss. Let me see if you can walk your own...

JOSEPHINE (walking slowly and fearfully; midway she becomes braver and attains Rizal's arms) O, Pepe, it's fearful in the imagination! Hold me!

RIZAL Imagination's always afraid my dearest. Control yourself and you control everything. Now, you can walk alone.

**JOSEPHINE** Can I? O, darling, can I?

**RIZAL** Yes, yes, yes. Now, are you ready? Father I am ready. (The ceremony is performed.)

**S. PRIEST** I congratulate you, Jose. Good luck, Josefina. (Produces a carving of the Sacred Heart) Jose, do you recognize this?

**RIZAL** (taking the carving) The image I carved when I was a student. It has not aged...

**F. PRIEST** Things God shall not be dated. They are only re-discovered.

**RIZAL** I wish to contemplate on the Sacred Heart for a while.

**JOSEPHINE** Father, I wish to be with my husband alone for a while.

**S. PRIEST** May you find peace, my children. *Dominus vobiscum.* (Both priests exit)

**JOSEPHINE** (embracing Rizal) Pepe...

**RIZAL** Josefina...

**JOSEPHINE** Pepe, we're together always? You'll be with me once in a while?

**RIZAL** I will. I will. We find ourselves in difficult circumstances. I can only give this (gives her a book) as a reminder. The most is the giver though.

**JOSEPHINE** (reading the dedication) "To my dear and unhappy wife — Josephine. December 30th, 1896, Jose Rizal."

About Christ! O, darling, it's beautiful!

**RIZAL** Christ will always look after you for me.

**JOSEPHINE** Look, darling... (points to the painted Host) It's like our moon in Dapitan.

**RIZAL** Will you always look for me in the moon?

**JOSEPHINE** I wish I'd follow you soon. Tell me there's a land somewhere where we'd be alone.

**RIZAL** No land, no earth but this one, Josefina. We all leave our loves behind here. We surrender to love here to be redeemed in the next. The next life will be all thanksgiving... and further work. Leaving the earth is an escape at its worst. Don't do that.

**JOSEPHINE** And you do it?

**RIZAL** I'm forced to do it. I may say I'd always amount to nothing. It's true. Perhaps the people at Balintawak have been right after all. I didn't believe at first in their method. Now, now... O, I'm just a Man in the Moon. I objected at first to my name used as a battlecry. Very soon I'll be forgotten and what the people did will be remembered. Anyway I'm happy. I've supplied the madness to their method. Josephine, what will you do after this exile?

**JOSEPHINE** I can teach. I can join the guerrillas. I can

cook, and I can... I... can cry...

**RIZAL** Don't cry. Here, promise me, you'll never cry. Once I saw you dancing...

**JOSEPHINE** I danced alone — with our unborn. I didn't know you were peeping.

**RIZAL** Don't be a wallflower. Even if you step on your partner's toes. Everybody wants you to dance. And dance you will (Shouts offstage: "Viva España!" thrice)

**JOSEPHINE** They're coming here, Pepe! They're coming to get you. Pepe, I'll follow you.

**RIZAL** Josefina... (Embraces her) Josefina...

**JOSEPHINE** Pepe... I dreamed you died but came back to life...

**RIZAL** O, never mind. Let them come. This is the last station of the cross. Gitano, what time is it now?

**GUARD** Some minutes to seven. I cannot see the numbers very well. What is the matter?

**RIZAL** Open the door, Gitano, and admit the light. The altar lights are going out. Josephine, can you see me?

**JOSEPHINE** No, Pepe, I can't... Where are you?

Voices at the door: "Kill the traitor! Kill the traitor!" Guard opens the door. Early morning light floods in. Voice: "Attention! Sergeant of the Guards speaking to guard in charge of chapel. Acknow-

ledge!")

**GUARD** (presenting arms) Guard in charge of chapel acknowledges Sergeant of the Guards.

**VOICE OF THE SERGEANT** Deliver the prisoner at once! (Shout offstage: "Kill the traitor!")

**RIZAL** (standing at the entrance, in the full force of the light from outside) My body is safe through the night, sergeant. I am committing it to you. I was just accustoming my eyes to the light. O, I see: my escorts are ready. Pedestrians are lining the drive. They do this in victory parades, don't they? It is like the homecoming of a hero to accept the key to the city. (Voices: "Viva España!" Three men break in — an Igorot, a Moro, and a contemporary Filipino — and breathlessly take hold of Rizal's hands, hat, clothes...)

**SERGEANT** (entering) Three wise men, eh? Do not be funny. You are only civilians. You are not bound by the articles of war. You do not have politics. Go before you break the law.

I., M., & C. F. Law?

**SERGEANT** Ignoramuses! The King is the law.

**GUARD** Really, my friends...

**SERGEANT** Friends? You call these friends? They cannot even write or read, I know.

**GUARD** May I have the permission to speak to them, sir?

**SERGEANT** All right, all right. Out with your talk.

**GUARD** (to the three men) The King is the law, yes, my friends. And the King is nothing but a human being that is obeyed. One who disobeys is an outlaw. It is only an outlaw that is free. But who is the king that wants his people free? To be free is to help only one's self. And who will help the King if everybody helps himself?

**SERGEANT** Quickly! Quickly!

I., M., & C. F. Well, let him help himself.

**GUARD** Think again and do not blame the King for being the law. He does not know any other occupation but being the law, poor King!

**SERGEANT** What, Zumel? Poor King? Clarify your statement.

**GUARD** Yes, sir. May I continue? I will clarify your statement on politics. My friends, politics employs the King. Without politics he has no income. If he has no income he has to resort to *juez de cuchillo*. So do not blame us soldiers too. Soldiers are only civilians working for the livelihood of the King for fear of their own lives. Now, go on. You have only to run in and out of luck: it is your game. The King and

his men have to stay lucky: it is their duty.

**RIZAL** Go on as ordered, my countrymen.

I., M., & C. F. Dimas-Alang, a last message for us.

**RIZAL** My message is known. Widows and orphans will only multiply if you do not watch out.

**SERGEANT** Finished? You, you, and you, get lost! You do not, huh? Guard throw them in the dungeon.

**GUARD** Sir, we cannot afford to multiply our enemies.

**SERGEANT** Zumel, tomorrow your generation will be saying, "Why did we have such a coward for a father?"

**GUARD** Other soldiers would comply with your wishes. . .

**SERGEANT** You. . . you? Hey, guards! Throw them all to the dungeon! (Guards enter and seize the three men, including the guard. The sergeant sizes the guard's gun and rips his shirt) As of this moment, consider our connections ended. I will recommend you for dishonorable discharge. (The guards take them out)

**RIZAL** Sergeant, may I have a last wish? Will you set them free?

**SERGEANT** The order is ordered. I cannot change it. Come, yourself, señor. You are delaying. . . (Shouts: "Kill the traitor! Kill the traitor! Viva España!")

**RIZAL** Just a moment. Josephine... (Josephine comes to him) Cheer up. Now you stand here again. Be beautiful and you're beautiful. Imagine I'm there at the altar as before. Pretend you're walking on a mountain trail which is straight. Be careful not to fall. On either side is a deep abyss...

**JOSEPHINE** Kiss me! (Rizal kisses her) Pepe, the way... the way... is dark...

**RIZAL** Can you manage it?

**JOSEPHINE** O, Pepe, it's fearful...

**RIZAL** Imagination is, my dearest. Imagine there's a moon and I'm in it. Now, walk up to it. Are you ready? (Josephine starts to walk up to the extinguished altar. Rizal sadly looks at her till she attains the steps and has fallen on her knees. Rizal smiles and turns to the sergeant)

**RIZAL** Shall we go... our way? (The sergeant leads the way out. Shout: "Viva España!")

\* \* \*

### **Eat While You May**

*Two cannibals met in a mental institution. One was tearing out pictures of men, women and children from a magazine, stuffing them in his mouth and eating them.*

*"Tell me," said the other, "is that dehydrated stuff any good?"*

### **A Political Definition**

*Another example of marvelous equilibrium is a politician standing on his past record.*

# An American

*Veteran out of the wars before  
he was twenty:*

*Famous at twenty-five: thirty a  
master —*

*Whittled a style for his time  
from a walnut stick*

*In a carpenter's loft in a street  
of that April City.*

**T**HUS POET Archibald MacLeish recalls one of the great American writers in his days of early glory, back in the 1920s, when it always seemed to be April in Paris. Today Ernest Hemingway is a long way from Paris and a long way from April. He was 55, but he looked older. He cruised in a black and green fishing boat off the coast of Cuba, near where the Gulf Stream draws a dark line on the seascape. The grey-white hair escaping from beneath a visored cap was unkempt, and the Caribbean glare induced a sea-squint in his brown, curious eyes set behind steelrimmed spectacles. Most

of his ruddy face was retired behind a clipped, white, patriarchal beard that gave him a bristled, Neptuneian look. His leg muscles could have been halves of a split 16-lb. shot, welded there by years tramping in Michigan, skiing in Switzerland, bullfighting in Spain, walking battlefronts and hiking uncounted miles of African savari. On his lap he held a board, and he bent over it with a pencil in one hand. He was still whittling away at his walnut prose.

Five thousand miles away in Stockholm, a white-starched, tail-coated assembly of the Nobel Foundation was about to bestow literature's most distinguished accolade on the products of his pencil. Then, "for his powerful, style-forming mastery of the art of modern narration," the Nobel Prize for Literature was awarded to Ernest Miller Hemingway, originally of Oak Park, Ill. and later of most of the world's grand and adventurous places.



# Storyteller

Few would deny that Ernest Hemingway deserves the trumpets of fame. As an artist he broke the bounds of American writing, enriched U.S. literature with the century's hardest-hitting prose, and showed new ways to new generations of writers. He was imitated not only by other writers but by uncounted young men who, in fact or fancy, sought to live as dashing as he. From Paris bistros to Chicago saloons, he is known as a character — not the fallow, writing type with an indoor soul, but a literary he-man. When his plane crashed on safari in Africa one winter and for nearly a day he was believed dead, even people who do not like his books felt a strange, personal sense of loss, and even people who never read novels were delighted when he walked out of the jungle carrying a bunch of bananas and a bottle of gin, and was quoted, possibly even correctly, as saying: "My luck, she is running very good."

The hero of the great Hemingway legend was still not sufficiently recovered from his accident to travel to Stockholm for his latest, biggest honor (hitherto awarded only to five other American-born writers: Sinclair Lewis, Eugene O'Neill, Pearl Buck, T. S. Eliot and William Faulkner). Furthermore, the first announcement of the Nobel award and the bustle of publicity that followed had thrown Hemingway off his writing pace. He took to his boat in hopes of getting back to work on his new novel about Africa. "I was going real good, better than for a long time, when this came along," he said. "When you're a writer and you've got it you've got to keep going because when you've lost it you've lost it and God knows when you'll get it back."

Hemingway's African injuries were a ruptured kidney, bad burns, cracked skull, two compressed vertebrae and one vertebra cracked clear through.

These were added to scars that cover perhaps half his body surface, including half a dozen head wounds, 237 shrapnel scars in one leg, a shot-off kneecap, wounds in both feet, both arms, both hands and groin, all acquired in the two World Wars. In a few weeks he was much improved, but his back was still bothering him. When he sat, he lined his chair with big flat picture books and a backboard. "I have to take so many pills," he said, "they have to fight among themselves if I take them too close together." His daily quota of alcohol, though still substantial enough to keep him in good standing among the all-time public enemies of the W. C. T. U., had fallen far below the old records. Gone were the uninhibited wine-purpled, 100-proof, side-of-the-mouth bottle-swigging days of the swashbuckling young Ernest Hemingway who was "the bronze god of the whole literary experience in America," the lionhunting, trophy-bagging, bullfight-loving Lord Byron of America. "I'm a little beat up," Ernest Hemingway now admits, "but I assure you it is only temporary."

**E**VEN THOUGH held in by injury and age, Hemingway's life — on a small plantation ten miles outside Havana, called *Finca Vigia*, or Lookout

Farm—is still the special Hemingway blend of thought and action, artistry and nonconformity. The Hemingway of 1954 still has a bit of himself for the many sides of his life—and plenty left over to populate that private Hemingway world where the Hemingway heroes and heroines live their lives of pride and trouble enduring with courage as long as they can, often destroyed but never defeated.

For Ernest Hemingway, when he is writing, every day begins at 5:30 in the morning, before any but some gabby bantams, a few insomniac cats and a cantankerous bird called "The Bitchy Owl" are awake, he goes to work in the big main bedroom of his villa. He writes standing up at the mantelpiece, using pencil for narrative and description, a typewriter for dialogue "in order to keep up."

Rising up from one side of his villa is a white tower from which he can gaze meditatively at Havana and the sea, or at his own domain—the *finca's* 13 acres, including flower and truck gardens, fruit trees, seven cows (which provide all the house-hold's milk and butter), a large swimming pool, a temporarily defunct tennis court. In the 60-foot-long living room, heads of animals Hemingway shot in Africa stare glassy-eyed

rom the walls. But most imposing of all are Hemingway's books. He consumes books, newspapers and random printed matter the way a big fish gulps in plankton. One of the few top American writers alive who did not go to college, Hemingway read Darwin when he was ten, later taught himself Spanish so he could read *Don Quixote* and the bullfight journals. Hemingway has never slept well, and reading is his substitute. *Finca Vigia* holds 4,859 volumes of fiction, poetry, history, military manuals, biography, music, natural history, sports, foreign-language grammars and cookbooks.

**F**OR 15 YEARS Hemingway has lived in Cuba. "I live here because I love Cuba—this does not imply a dislike for any place else—and because here I can get privacy when I write." But his life in Cuba is not quiet. Guests at the *finca* are apt to include friends from the wealthy sporting set, say Winston Guest or Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt; pals from Hollywood, such as Gary Cooper or Ava Gardner; Spanish grandees, soldier, sailors, Cuban politicians, prizefighters, barkeepers, painters and even fellow authors. It is open house for U.S. Air Force and Navy men, old Loyalists from the Spanish civil war, or for any

of the eight Cubans, Spaniards and Americans who served with Hemingway on his boat, the *Pilar*, early in World War II when Hemingway and the *Pilar* cruised the Caribbean hunting for enemy submarines. And even if there are no guests, there is always the long-distance phone, which may carry the husky voice of Marlene Dietrich, calling to talk over a problem with "Papa."

For Mary Welsh Hemingway, 46, an indefatigable former newspaper and magazine correspondent from Minnesota, it is a fortunate day when she can reckon by 7 p.m. how many are staying for dinner and by 12 how many for the night. Life at *Finca Vigia* is, as she once reported it, a "perpetual weekend . . . involving time, space, motion, noise, animals and personalities, always approaching but seldom actually attaining complete uproar."

In the past, when the routine at *Finca Vigia* grew too distracting, Hemingway found escape along grand avenues—a return to the plains below Tanganyika's Kilimanjaro or another trip to Venice, or a night-club-and-museum-crawling trip to New York. But for the battered and mellowing Hemingway of today, the favorite refuge is his boat.

**O**N A SEAGOING DAY (his first after winning the Nobel Prize), Hemingway's big Buick station wagon bounces through two Chrysler engines, built to the suburbs along the Havana wharfsides by 9 a.m. The *Pilar* is a hardy, 42-foot craft with Hemingway's specifications 20 years ago. Hemingway carefully supervises the provisioning of the *Pilar's* iceboxes for a hot day afloat—several brands of beer for his guests and the mate, some tequila for Skipper Hemingway. He consults with his mate, an agile, creased Canary Islander named Gregorio Fuentes. Then Hemingway shucks off his shoes and socks, chins himself on the edge of *Pilar's* flying bridge, throws one leg up, and, favoring his sore back, slowly raises himself to the roof to take the set of controls. The *Pilar* glides trimly past Morro Castle. Hemingway delightedly sniffs the sea-grape-scented air and gestures to the whole ocean. "It's the last free place there is, the sea."

Gregorio deftly baits four lines and trails them from the stern. In fluid Spanish, Hemingway and the mate decide to fish the waters off Cojimar, the little fishing village near which Hemingway set *The Old Man and the Sea*.

The air and the baking sun make him feel good. In the

sea haze, from the blue water, amid the occasional flying fish, ideas seem to appear—Hemingway notions about how things are. "When a writer retires deliberately from life, or is forced out of it by some defect, his writing has a tendency to atrophy just like a limb of a man when it's not used." He slaps his growing midriff, which in his enforced idleness, is spreading fore and aft. "Anyone who's had the fortune or misfortune to be an athlete has to keep his body in shape. I think body and mind are closely coordinated. Fattening of the body can lead to fattening of the mind. I would be tempted to say that it can lead to fattening of the soul, but I don't know anything about the soul."

**I**N A SENSE, Hemingway perhaps never fully faced up to the concept of soul in his writing. Religion is a subject he refuses to discuss at all. He is equally ill at ease in the world of the ruminative intellectual. But he recognizes that in that world there is much worth knowing. In the bright sun, Hemingway recalls the s'ut-in figure of Marcel Proust. "Because a man sees the world in a different way and sees more diverse parts of the world does not make him the equal

of a man like Marcel Proust," says Hemingway humbly. "Proust knew deeper and better than anyone the life of which he wrote."

Suddenly Gregorio cries out: "Feesh! Papa, feesh!"

Proust is gone. Hemingway reaches down, grabs one of the rods by its tip and pulls it to the roof. He jerks once to set the hook, then with slow, graceful movements he pumps the rod back, reels a few feet, pumps, reels. To protect his back, he lets his arms and one leg do the work. By the shivery feel on the line he can identify the catch. "Bonito," he tells Gregorio, "Good bonito." With smooth speed, he works the fish close to the stern. Gregorio grabs the wire leader and boats a blue-and-silver bonito of about 15 pounds. A broad, small-boy smile flashes through Hemingway's old-man whiskers. "Good," he says. "A fish on the boat before 10:30 is a good sign. Very good sign."

Gregorio takes the wheel and Hemingway lets himself down to the deck and sits down. His voice has an ordinary sound, but high-pitched for the big frame that produces it. For all his years away from his root-land, he speaks with an unmistakable Midwestern twang. Absentmindedly he rubs a star-shaped scar near his right foot, one of the scars left by mortar shell which gravely wounded

him at Fossalta, Italy, in 1918 when he was a volunteer ambulance driver. Nick Adams, hero of many of Hemingway's short stories, was wounded at approximately the same place in much the same way. So was Lieut. Henry of *A Farewell to Arms*; so was Colonel Cantwell of *Across the River and Into the Trees*. A critic named Philip Young last year published a book attributing Hemingway's approach to life and his artistic creation mostly to the Fossalta wounding (plus some brash sights witnessed when he was a boy in Michigan traveling with his doctor father on emergency calls). Hemingway does not think very highly of that book. "How would you like it if someone said that everything you've done in your life was done because of some trauma?" he says. "I don't want to go down as the Legs Diamond of Letters."

IN THE PAST, hardly anyone ever suspected Hemingway novels of symbolism. Then, in *The Old Man and the Sea*, people saw symbols — the old man stood for man's dignity, the big fish embodied nature, the shark's symbolized evil (or maybe just the critics).

"No good book has ever been written that has in its symbols arrived at before hand and stuck in," says Hemingway.

"That kind of symbol sticks out like raisins in raisin bread. Raisin bread is all right, but plain bread is better." He opens two bottles of beer and continues: "I tried to make a real old man, a real boy, a real sea and a real fish and real sharks. But if I made them good and true enough they would mean many things is to make something really true and sometimes truer than true."

He looks ahead at some floating sargasso weed, where some flying fishes are skittering through the air. "Could be fish there," he says. A reel gives out a soft whine, and Hemingway goes into action again. "Beautiful!" he cries. "Dolphin. They're beautiful." After landing his fish, shimmering blue, gold and green, Hemingway turns his attention to his guests. "Take him softly now," he croons. "Easy, Easy. Work him with style. That's it, up slowly with the rod, now reel infast. *Suave*. With style. With style. Don't break his mouth." After the second fish at last flops onto the deck, Hemingway continues his reflections. "The right way to do it—style — is not just an idle concept," he says. "It is simply the way to get done what is supposed to be done. The fact that the right way also looks beautiful when it's done is just incidental."

This feeling about style, perhaps more than anything else, has always been Hemingway's credo—whether it concerned the right way to kill a bull, track a wild beast, serve Valpolicella or blow up a bridge. And it was usually the redeeming feature and ultimate triumph of his characters: they might die, but they died with style. They left behind them some aura of virtue, nose defiant statement of this-is-the-way-it-should-be-done that amounted to a victory of sorts.

**T**HE MATTER OF STYLE reminds Hemingway of many things, things, including his Nobel Prize. He knows just what he would like to say if he went to Stockholm for the acceptance ceremony. He would like to talk about a half-forgotten poet and great stylist—Ezra Pound. Poet Pound used to look over Hemingway's early manuscripts in Paris and returned them, mercifully blue-penciled, the adjectives gone. Indicted for treason for his pro-Fascist broadcasts in Italy during World War II, Pound was declared "mentally incompetent" in 1946 and confined in Washington's St. Elizabeth's Hospital. "Ezra Pound is a great poet," says Hemingway fiercely, "and whatever he did he has been punished greatly and I believe should be freed to go and

write poems in Italy where he is loved and understood. He was the master of T. S. Eliot. Eliot is a winner of the Nobel Prize. I believe it might well have gone to Pound . . . I believe this would be a good year to release poets. There is a school of thought in America which, if encouraged far enough, could well believe that a man should be punished for the simple error against conformity of being a poet. Dante, by these standards, could well have spent his life in St. Elizabeth's Hospital for errors or judgment and of pride."

Alongside the *Pilar*, the bait bobbing and Dante gives way to the dolphins. In little time the *Pilar* boasts 15 beauties. Excited as a boy, Hemingway overlooks a promise to quit early and take a late afternoon nap. Not until almost dusk does the boat put in to harbor. The sun seems to be setting only a few yards off a corner of Havana, four miles distant, and Hemingway savors it as if it were his first sunset—or his last. "Look!" he exclaims. "Now watch it go down, and then you'll see big green ball where it was." The sun falls as if jerked below the horizon, and for a long instant a big green, sun-sized ball hangs in its place.

As the *Pilar* turns the harbor mouth, Hemingway takes the controls. Ceremonially, Gre-

gorio the mate hands up to him what remains of the tequila and a freshcut half of lime. Hemingway does not actually drink the tequila, and the whole thing bears the appearance of a ritual, as if to ward off sea serpents. Only at the dock does he pass around the bottle. "We went out and had a good day and caught plenty fish and got pooped," he says. "Now we can relax for a while and talk and go to sleep." With a tired smile on his tired, grizzled face, he lumbers up the gangway and off to his car and home.

**T** IRED OR NOT, Hemingway is a man who likes to relax with memories. Once, he remembers, there was a battered old prizefighter in Key West who wanted to make a comeback and asked Hemingway to referee. "It was a Negro section," Hemingway recalls, "and they really introduced me in the ring: 'The referee for tonight's bouts, that world-famous millionaire sportsman and playboy, Mr. Ernest Hemingway! Playboy was the greatest title they thought they could give a man who has heard plaudits like that?'"

While Hemingway was perhaps never a millionaire, the playboy title often fitted him. Oak Park, Ill. (pop. 63,529) saw the earliest Hemingway—the versatile, out-doors-loving

son of respected Dr. and Mrs. Clarence E. Hemingway. Later Oak Park's people wondered, as one of them put it, "how a boy brought up in Christian and Puritan nurture should know and write so well of the devil and the underworld." (He was born a Congregationalist, became a practicing Roman Catholic, now apparently does not go to church). The city room of the Kansas City *Star* saw him fresh out of high school and itchy for excitement. He left after only seven months of covering "the short-stop run"—police, railroad station, hospital. He lied about his age (18) to join the Red Cross ambulance service. Soon, postcards came back from the Italian front. "Having a wonderful time," they said.

The Hemingway who first stepped into Gertrude Stein's salon in postwar Paris was 22, "rather foreign looking, with passionately interested, rather than interesting eyes." But the Hemingway she remembered later, after they had parted company, was "yellow . . . just like the flatboat men on the Mississippi River as described by Mark Twain."

In his Paris days, he often refused good newspaper assignments and lunched on five sous' worth of potatoes in order to write his stories his own

way. Even before any of his work was published (1923), word of Hemingway's fresh new talent floated like tobacco smoke through Paris' expatriate cafes and salons. He impressed and became friends with many of the literary greats of the day, including James Joyce. "Once, in one of those casual conversations you have when you're drinking," recalls Hemingway, "Joyce said to me he was afraid his writing was too suburban and that maybe he should get around a bit and see the world. He was afraid of some things, lightning and things, but a wonderful man. He was under great discipline—his wife, his work and his bad eyes. His wife was there and she said, yes, his work was too suburban—'Jim could do with a spot of that lion hunting.' We would go out to drink and Joyce would fall into a fight. He couldn't even see the man so he'd say, 'Deal with him, Hemingway! Deal with him!'"

The Hemingway of the late 1920s, prosperous and confident, dealt successfully with all comers. But he had his troubles. His first marriage to Hadley Richardson of St. Louis, broke up in 1927, and his father committed suicide in 1928. Hemingway was later to marry two more St. Louisans: *Vogue* Writer Pauline Pfeiffer



(1927) and Novelist Martha Gellhorn (1940). From his first marriage he has one son, John ("Bumby"), 32, a World War II soldier and OSS man who is now in a Portland, Ore. investment house. From his second he has two more sons, Patrick, 24, who has bought a plantation in Tanganyika, and Gregory, 22, who is completing premedical studies in Los Angeles.

**T**HE HEMINGWAY OF *Death in the Afternoon* (1932) was passionate about bulls, matadors, violence and the art of risking death. Max Eastman, the pundit and critic, wrote in *Bull in the Afternoon* that Hemingway seemed to have "begotten . . . a literary style . . . of wearing false hair on the chest." One afternoon three years later, 54-year-old, relatively unhirsute Max Eastman was confronted in Scribner's New York office by bull-anxious, 38-year-old Hemingway, who ripped open his shirt to prove that the chest hair was real. The scene culminated in the notorious scuffle whose true outcome has long since vanished in the fog of subjective claims and counter-claims.

The Depression and the Spanish civil war produced the short-lived Political Hemingway. In *To Have and Have Not*, Hemingway's only full-

length novel with a U.S. setting, he sounded vaguely socialist. Some critics, particularly the Communists, grasped at the death of the novel's hero, Harry Morgan, because he died insisting that "a man alone ain't got no . . . chance." One critic saw in the book a plea for some form of social collectivism. Hemingway wore his heart on his sleeve for the Loyalists in Spain, but *For Whom the Bell Tolls* clearly showed his contempt for the Communists. They, in turn, denounced his books for being militaristic and lacking social significance.

The Hemingway of World War II wore a canteen of vermouth on one hip, a canteen of gin on the other, a helmet that he seldom used because he couldn't find one big enough. Accredited a foreign correspondent for *Collier's* (he jokingly called himself "Ernie Hemorrhoid, the poor man's Pyle"), he took part in more of the European war than many a soldier. With Colonel (now Major General) Charles T. Lanham's 22nd Infantry Regiment, he went through the Normandy breakthrough, Schnee Eifel, the Hurtgen Forest bloodletting and the defense of Luxembourg. Gathering 200 French irregulars around him, he negotiated huge allotments of ammunition and alcohol and assisted in the liberation of

Paris. Hemingway personally liberated the Ritz Hotel, posted a guard below to notify incoming friends: "Papa took good hotel. Plenty stuff in cellar."

**T**HE POSTWAR HEMINGWAY settled into another good hotel, the Gritti in Venice, to write "the big book" about World War II (a draft is now finished). But a piece of gun wadding went into his eye during a duck hunt and started an infection that doctors feared was going to kill him. Wanting to get one more story out of himself, he put the big book aside and batted out *Across the River and Into the Trees*, which most critics found a middle-aged love fantasy with an admixture of bad-tempered military shoptalk. Said Hemingway about the critics: "I have moved through arithmetic, through plane geometry and algebra, and now I am in calculus. If they don't understand that, to hell with them."

It is impossible to overlook the adolescent in Hemingway—his bravado, his emotional friendships, his vague but all-important code, his deep sentimentality about the good, the true, the straight, the beautiful, and occasionally the unprintable. But to preserve something of the adolescent through three decades in a world of literary critics, parodizers and

cocktail-party highbrows takes a certain admirable courage. Above all, Hemingway can laugh at himself. Typical of Hemingway making fun of Hemingway is *El Ordine Militar, Nobile y Espirituoso de los Caballeros de Brusadelli*—which means, more or less, the Military Order of the Noble and Spirited Nights of Brusadelli. It was founded by Hemingway in Italy, and named, as he explains in *Across the River and Into the Trees*, "after a particularly notorious multi-millionaire taxpaying profiteer of Milan, who had . . . accused his young wife, publicly and legally through due process of law, of having deprived him of his judgment through her extraordinary sexual demands." As Commander of the Great Chain of the Order, Hemingway distributed knighthoods to friends; after his recovery he returned to Cuba, and mailed reports to fellow members. A sample written just after he had finished writing *The Old Man and the Sea*: "Your Cuban representative has not been able to do much for the Order in the last year due to the deplorable necessity of writing a book . . . The book will be published on Sept. 8th and all members of the Order will observe a moment of silence. The password will be: 'Don't cheer, boys. The poor readers are dying.'"

**H**OW DOES NOBEL Prizewinner Ernest Hemingway stand with his surviving readers? *The Sun Also Rises*, which offered an ironical thenody for the "lost generation," is today appealing mostly as a period piece. But even if Hemingway had stopped after the fine short stories written in the 1920s and *A Farewell to Arms*, he would have won a roomy place in American literature. Years later, when his style had become a fixture and when Hemingway prose occasionally dipped toward banality, the importance of the beginning was sometimes not considered. Much of his output of the '30s seems below par today, but *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940) was one of his best, and in *The Old Man and the Sea* he is better than he ever was, more mature and less mannered. Unlike most American writers, who seemed inexplicably to wither after their triumphs (e.g., Sinclair Lewis, Joseph Hergesheimer, Thomas Wolfe), Ernest Hemingway has continued to grow.

Almost from the beginning, critics have talked about Hemingway's obsession with death, all the dark and clinical tear and bleeding on the battlefields, in the bull rings, in the lunchroom where *The Killers* wait, with gloves on, for their victims. Yet somehow, in an atomic age, Hemingway seems much less

macabre and violent than he did in the pacifist climate of the '30s. Hemingway still stands out from a pack of introspective and obscure writers with a dazzling simplicity, rarely politicking, never preaching, never using Freudian jargon.

Some, including 1949's Nobel Prizewinner William Faulkner, think that his world is too narrow. "(Hemingway) has no courage," Faulkner once said. "(He) has never been known to use a word that might cause the reader to check with a dictionary to see if it is properly used." Hemingway has indeed remained in the carefully delineated, cut-to-the-bone world of simple, palpable acts. But at his best, Hemingway has a sense of fate recalling Melville, an American heartiness recalling Mark Twain (who never used big dictionary words either). Hemingway can carve icebergs of prose; only a few words on paper convey much more beneath the surface. The taut, economical style contains more than meets the casual eye—the dignity of man and also his imperfection, the recognition that there is a right way and a wrong, the knowledge that the redeeming things of life are measured in the profound satisfactions that come from struggle. Said Dr. Anders Osteberg, Permanent Secretary of the Swedish Academy, in Stockholm this week: "Courage

is Hemingway's central theme—the bearing of one who is put to the test and who steels himself to meet the cold cruelty of existence without, by so doing, repudiating the great and generous moments. . . .”

John Donne provided Hemingway with the title of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. “No man is an Island, intire of it selfe,” said Donne. Says Hemingway now: “A man both is and is not an island. Sometimes he has to be the strongest island there can be to be a part of the main. (I am not good at stating metaphysics in a conversation, but I thought Santiago (the Old Man) was never alone because he had his friend and enemy the sea and the things that lived in

the sea some of whom he loved and others that he hated.’ ’

His lifetime has brought Ernest Hemingway recognition, distinction and reward that only death and passage of time bring to many others. Hemingway is satisfied. He would not change any of his life or of his writings—anyway, “not yet.” He feels now as he did some years ago, and he is willing to rest on it: “You only have to do it once to get remembered by some people. But if you can do it year after year after year quite a lot of people remember and they tell their children and their children and their grandchildren remember, and if it's books they can read them. And if it's good enough it lasts forever.”

\* \* \*

O, say, can you see?

## *Sunshine and Darkness in South Africa*

**S**TILL SPLASHING from the inexhaustible fountain of fantasy that is London's South Africa House are bright invitations to immigrate or travel to South Africa. Bewildered by beckonings to 'Sunshine Plus!' and 'Exhilarating South Africa', Britishers who have read their newspapers or watched television with any attention during the past few weeks must wonder whether Sharpeville could ever have happened or whether the news of it has somehow escaped the notice of South Africa's diplomatic representatives abroad. For what sort of people are able to find South Africa after exhilarating, or the persistent police assaults on Africans in the streets of South African cities an attraction second only to the sunshine? The invitations stand, lighting the corridors of consulates and competing against other playgrounds along

the walls of travel agencies all around the world.

To believe that the South African Government is merely brazening it out is to catch just the glitter on the iceberg passing by. The South African Government is capable of brazening it out precisely because it sees no reason at all for doing otherwise. No administration that had so assaulted the conscience of the world by its acts would have such insult to such injury unless its own conscience remained quite clear of disquiet. The truth is, of course, that the South African Government still believes in what its own posters proclaim, and to remove them would be an admission of guilt that it is morally incapable of making.

**T**HE SOUTH AFRICAN Government feels no guilt over Sharpeville because it recognizes no wrong in killing 68 people and wounding over 200

more in defense of white supremacy. If it condemns itself at all in the lobby of its heart, it does so only in whispered doubts of the prudence. Yet, conditioned by the stock responses of its own electorate, how could it have supposed that the outside world would have reacted with such a hurricane of horror to the death of a few dozen black men? Was white supremacy to be risked at the cost of a little shooting? And if a salutary lesson is to be given black resistance again, is prudence to dictate the suicide of rule?

There are many who still doubt that the South African Government planned the killings at Sharpeville. Yet much larger crowds of protesting Africans than the one which assembled outside Sharpeville police station have since been dispersed with warnings, baton charges, shots in the air or the wounding of a few front-line demonstrators in the legs. And surgeons giving evidence at the Sharpeville Commission of Enquiry claim that three-quarters of the Sharpeville wounded whom they examined in hospital had all been shot in the back. Eye-witness affidavits that no warnings were given by the police emphasize the significance of this. The Government decided upon a massacre at the outset of the anti-pass

campaign, as the show of intransigence that it had for so long been promising the country. It is unfortunate that the show should have excited so much censure abroad, but no loyal Nationalist considers the show any less right or necessary than had the outside world ignored Sharpeville altogether.

**A** GOVERNMENT capable of Sharpeville is unlikely to be turned from the highway of defiance it has chosen by the pluckings of protest. The censure of the outside world may be inconvenient; but white South Africa has suffered censure before, without feeling it necessary to make any changes in its conduct. In time, as other countries flare into the headlines, attention will wander and the censure abate; Dr. Verwoerd himself has often spoken of apartheid as though all it needed to do was to last out its moral blockade before achieving ultimate acceptance as a sort of universal religion of race. The lunatic who believes himself to be the Archangel Michael is not open to dissuasion on the point; whatever scepticism he encounters, he ascribes to ignorance or wilful self-deceit. And in just the same way does white supremacy react to the rebellions of reason.

What the South African Government has never ignored is the possibility of restraint. In-

dustrial action by world trade unionism, economic sanctions by the United Nations, the physical prevention of further control over the trust territory of South-West—any of these three forms of action would tumble the walls of apartheid merely by trumpeting. On two occasions in the past, the Government rapidly changed its mind about utilizing convict labour to break African stevedore strikes when it was threatened by International Transport Federation reprisals. Commerce and industry in South Africa are already rocking under the effects of the Emergency, and the whites are more than ever aware of the economics essential with his bible among the clear flat horizons of the veld. He listens to commercial radio in his suburban flat and dodges the dreariness of work among paperbacks, the films and hire-purchase furniture. Blood is not nearly as important to him as privilege; he fights to "keep the kaffir in his place" only in order that he should not run any risk of competitively losing his own. Such people, however shrilly they threaten it, do not die in the streets as their ultimate sacrifice to obsession. They submit when they see at

last that they have no other choice; it is so much easier after all just to go on living.

**T**HE OUTSIDE world has a choice between breaking the back of white supremacy and actively assisting it to survive. There can be no moral escape into mere acceptance. For the Saracens and sten-guns that alone can contain black resistance are bought from abroad with the profits of the violence they allow. Behind the policemen who fired into the fleeing throng at Sharpeville are those who trade with South Africa, from the dock-side to the shop, exchanging or allowing the exchange of oil for diamonds, machinery for gold, bullets for fruit. They are accomplices in the force against which they protests are not only hollow but insulting.

Sharpeville is yesterday now, with its 68 dead and over 200 wounded. Only in newspaper files can it still be seen, a suddenly arrested moment in the agony of Africa, twisted across the paper before being loosed in to the past. The killed and the broken of Sharpeville are now a forgetting, the fading of faces under the glare of this morn-

ing's front page. And along the walls of airports and travel agencies round the world remain the coloured posters advertising 'Exhilarating South Africa'. If the revulsion against

Sharpeville has any meaning at all, it must make another Sharpeville impossible, paying to those who died that Monday suddenly in the sunshine the respect of some purpose.

\* \* \*

### **Journey into Learning**

*When the journey from means to end is not too long, the means themselves are enjoyed if the end is ardently desired. A boy will toil uphill with a toboggan for the sake of the few brief moments of bliss during the descent; no one has to urge him to be industrious, and however he may puff and pant he is still happy. But if instead of the immediate reward you promised him an old-age pension at 70 his energy would very quickly flag.*

—BERTRAND RUSSELL

### **Sign Language**

*This sign was posted on the marquee of a Nebraska theater on a 95-degree day: "Our air conditioning system has broken down. Please bare with us."*

\*



# Stanford Short Stories, 1960\*

By Leonard Casper  
Boston College

**T**HAT SENSE OF power arched and violent, yet suspended—in its image of equestrian magnificence Joanna Ostrow's "A Decision to Withdraw" provides a monument to the high art of fiction practiced at Stanford. Were the stories not arranged alphabetically, according to author, Miss Ostrow's own surely would be among the foremost. Her contempt for "the Money" and his wife, presumptuously preparing for an Olympic dressage beyond their comprehension as well as their prowess, finds justification in her narrative's properly fierce, rhythmical shape. Stanford fellows often are chosen for the promise of mutual provocation which their personal variety can provide. But here an authenticity of more than private detail and specialized lore emerges: that wise accuracy which proceeds only from whoever, while training a horse, trains himself and so trades pretension for durable self-estimation.

The same certainty of experience held accountable after long vigil shines through Tillie Olsen's "Tell Me a Riddle." Cornered by death and its demands for assessment, a bickering old couple find in themselves sufficient human resource. During the agony of his wife's last day, Granddad is begged to "come back and help her poor body to die," on the promise that some more incorruptible self had already recovered, in memory, the day "when she first heard music." The narrative style is as cunningly incoherent as that passionate inarticulateness which so well defined Mrs. Olsen's earlier story, "Hey Sailor, What Ship?"

\* Wallace Stegner and Richard Scowcraft., *Stanford Short Stories* 1960 (Stanford: 1960)

(*Best American Short Stories of 1957*). With the precision of a James Agee, she resorts to poetic utterance to express her characters' half-stifled outcry, their primitive truth. All living things inform against the turned down hearing aid: the grandchildren's attendance on Disaster Day, the "Rosita" cookie commemorating the Mexican newly-dead, the closeted child, fugitive recollections of prison camp, the tape-recorded inner monologue. The meaning of life is in its being lived. And the author's power comes from the respect she gives her character's truth of experience.

SEVERAL OTHER stories aspire to the magnitude and control of these two, and a few approach them. Olympia Karageorges' "Career" alternates between local appeal (the Greek family in Egypt) and sentimentality (the farmed-out servant's child) perhaps because the point of view is too autobiographical to be characterized objectively, until the last ironic moment. John Waterhouse's "The Small, Gentle House of Bertram Camm" (the bully sent to frighten Camm from his property is routed when spit defiles his boots) and Robin MacDonald's "A Red, Red Coat" (an idiot girl loses his ferrets on a tubercular who has dared to compare their needs) suffer from too little interim reserve of insight before the strong tolling of their endings. Yet their undeniable seriousness makes them superior to the tabloid unsubtleties of "Martin Fincher, Tripod Man" or the coy-comic inflation of "The Baseball Business" and "The Pride of Scotland," hand-me-down jokes.

Least understandable are the inclusion of two selections from student novels whose windy rambling not only contributes nothing instructively to the solution of short fiction's problems but is unforgivable in the company of Tillie Olsen's novelette, in which no word is wasted and every nuance of sound or image is an opportunity. It must be little consolation to such novelists-by-default and by-attenuation, if Mrs. Olsen's story is so incomparable that even she must sometimes despair of its duplication.

—From *New Mexico Quarterly*.

## S.E. Morison: History Was There

SAMUEL E. MORISON is both retired Professor of History at Harvard and a retired rear admiral. Although he has written much about the first founders of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, their problems of body and soul, he will likely be known to posterity as a writer of the sea. Two biographies, of Columbus and of John Paul Jones, have already won Pulitzer prizes. And he will certainly receive some kind of accolade for finishing the fourteen volumes in his *History of United States Naval Operations in World War II*.

What distinguishes Morison from so many historians is that his has never been a sedentary life, and now in the mid-70's still is not. He has sailed Columbus' route to the new world and has been everywhere that Jones went, except Russia. When World War II broke out, he felt that necessity of a historian's being on the front to record data properly. As a hint he sent President Roosevelt a copy of his Columbus biography, in 1942; but FEA failed to take the hint. Luckily he was, at that time, part of a committee studying the Hyde Park library in FDR's home district. He attached a one-page outline of his naval plans to the report to make sure that the President would read it. He did; and Morison became an admiral. He was equally welcomed by Admiral King in the Pacific, who knew his work on Columbus.

As a result Morison sailed officially on 15 ships and won seven battle stars. One cruiser on which he served was hit by a torpedo, another by a kamikazi. Yet he kept taking notes, and the first volume of his series came out in 1947. Technically his is not the official naval history; but their own records could not be more precise, nor more interestingly

told. Over 220,000 copies of one volume or another have been sold, with 1958's *Leyte* in the lead.

*HIS STYLE* is unexpectedly relaxed, for a Boston Brahmin. Yet he himself belongs in history. His office, next to the stacks of American books in Harvard's Widener Library (second in size only to the Library of Congress) once belonged to Edward Channing, a long-line Bostonian chronicler. His home is the house in which he was born. It was built by his grandfather while Daniel Webster was tearing down his own house, so his grandfather walked over and took Daniel's living room mantelpiece from the scrap heap. The second floor which used to house servants now holds Morison's extra books. Sometimes the Morisons store the heavy furniture from several rooms in a moving van, call in an orchestra and have a party. Other times he keeps moving: from Harvard, to Washington, to Newport, Rhode Island (for naval archives), to his favorite hideaway, Mount Desert Island in northern Maine. While he was working on his fourteen naval volumes he found time to turn out eight others; and one is a slim 81 pages, called *The Story of Mount Desert Isle*. He himself declares that "it is not merely an island; it is a way of life to which one becomes addicted; and if we are permitted in the hereafter to enter that abode where the just are made perfect, let us hope that it may have some resemblance to Champlain's *Isle des Monts Deserts*."

\* \* \*

## CHINESE "AMAHS"

**T**HE HARD-WORKING Chinese "amahs" (house maids) of Hong Kong are the unsung heroines of the cold war.

Since the Communists captured the China mainland eleven years ago, "amahs" have been flocking across the border, from Hong Kong into Red China, in increasing numbers.

They go on short-term visits, from three days to a week, armed with Hong Kong re-entry permits which get them back across the border after their visits are over.

The main purpose of their trips is to take food to hungry relatives in Communist China.

A side product of their trips is one of the most heart-rending stories of conditions in China today.

The Chinese amah works from dawn till the household is asleep for 365 days a year. Those who make the trip—thousands every month—spend their meager earnings on foodstuffs such as oil, meat, dried fish, noodles and sugar which they take across the border to their relatives.

Amahs make up a large proportion of the estimated 10,000 Hong Kong residents who visit Red China monthly. Office and factory workers cannot leave their jobs too readily.

Household employers, in view of the hardships involved usually give their amahs about a week off, twice heart-breaking trips.

And they are heart-breaking. Many of the *amahs* come home in tears.

During the past few weeks, *amahs* have returned to Hong Kong with stories of back-breaking labor in Red China and hunger bordering on starvation.

Their stories are highly colored by their emotions but all of them have the common denominator of "too much work and too little food."

Information gathered from official Chinese Communist sources supports the reports of food shortages and mass labor campaign.

# *Holiday for Snakes*

**Y**OU'RE A reporter and you've flown 5,000 miles to cover a story—a story of serpents.

Lou land in Cocullo, Italy—the district of snakes, and the peasants are in a holiday mood.

You don't like snakes yourself, but you watch with fascination. White snakes entwine the instruments of the local orchestra as they play. The kids are tossing snakes instead of baseballs and you see reptiles slither and crawl up and down the statues of San Domenico Abate the patron Saint of this town.

You're on a story so you forget your squeamishness for a minute and tell Ezio Graffeo, your photographer and interpreter to shoot the groups of kids with the hundreds of serpents.

You remember that the snake got Adam and Eve kicked out of heaven and has re-

mained a symbol of the devil even to the present times. But you also remember the snake is the symbol of healing and is part of the Doctors' insignia.

In Cocullo, where the inhabitants wear wooden shoes and where no radios exist, the whole town earns its livelihood from snakes. Today is a holiday—the "Feast of the Serpents" in honor of the patron Saint and protector against snakebites. On this day no snakes are caught. They are feted.

Before this big day, many snakes are fed bran and kept in darkness for two months so they will turn white—almost albino. Many of the men have their bodies tattooed with snake images year after year—for centuries past, this snake reverence has continued, and the patron Saint revered. As long as there are snakes in the woods of Cocullo, life and livelihood will go on.

# THE LENS— a great invention

by Jerome S. Meyer

**H**UNDREDS OF MILLIONS of lives have been saved by curved glass. Hundreds of millions of eyes have been helped toward better vision, and countless millions of people have been entertained through the use of curved glass which enables them to read books, magazines, newspapers, movies, and television. With out this curved glass, otherwise known as the lens, there could be no microscope, and the sciences of optics and bacteriology which have wiped out the epidemics and plagues of years ago, would be unknown. Photography would also be unknown and millions of us would be cheated out of proper vision. Navigation would be affected adversely without the lens; so would surveying and mapping and modern building since all engineers' transits contain telescopes. As important as the lens is, nobody knows who actually invented it.

Spectacles were worn for

nearly a hundred years before the microscope and telescope were born. Salvani D. Armato, an Italian, and Nicholas Bullet, a French priest are credited for being the inventors of curved glass spectacles as early as 12-82.

Anton Van Leeuwenhoek, the inventor of the microscope had designed 419 lenses, most of which were double convex type, which is the kind used in photography and moving picture projection today.

The science of optics was developed through the efforts of Christian Huygens who invented new methods of grinding and polishing lenses, the principle of which is used this day.

Newton was the first to show that light is composed of many different colors and that when light is bent these colors appear in the form of a spectrum. He explained this in terms of waves, wave lengths and vibrations.

**T**HE THOUGHTS and researches of these men enabled the scientists that followed to formulate new laws of optics based on the nature of light rays, and soon photographic lenses began to appear. Instead of one piece of double convex glass, these lenses consisted of several pieces cemented together in many different ways.

There are six types of lenses; the plano convex, plano concave, convexo concave, concavo convex, double concave and

double convex. The double convex lens is the one most frequently used, since it is a magnifying lens as well as projecting lens. Both the surfaces of a double convex lens are curved outward like the outside of a watch crystal or a section of the outside of a sphere.

The double convex lens also reduces. This is otherwise known as a reducing glass and is used occasionally, together with lenses in the construction of optical instruments.

\* \* \*

### **Pink Snow?**

*The snow that falls in the Arctic is white snow but Arctic snowbanks sometimes look pink because of microscopic plants. When you stand close to the snow bank the color isn't noticeable, but at a distance of 100 feet or so the snow will seem to be pink and sometimes quite red. At times the reflected color of these snowbanks give the sky a pink tinge.*

\*



# Luleaa: A Town That Defies Darkness

by Carol Coghill

**T**OWN LIFE in a harsh climate must, one imagines, inevitably be drab and dreary. One pictures its architecture as functional but graceless, its inhabitants as worthy but dour.

Luleaa, coastal capital of Sweden's largest county, Norrbotten, is there to prove one wrong. Close to the Arctic Circle and with a winter temperature that makes most southerners shudder even to think of, sometimes down to minus thirty-five degrees centigrade, it is still one of the gayest and most active communities in Sweden.

One of the reasons is doubtless its mushroom growth, for it has trebled its population to the present 30,000 in the last fifteen years and is still expanding. Many of its citizens are first generation immigrants from the wild and desolate Norrbotten countryside and

have not yet acquired a city-dweller's mentality.

If you live in Luleaa you are likely to be working either in the iron ore or timber industries (it has one of the most modern steel mills in the country), in shipping, shipbuilding or engineering. For though Luleaa harbor is icebound five months of the year, the town has since the end of the last century been the main port for shipping the ore from Sweden's richest mining areas, and it also receives much of the timber from her vast northern forests.

Your home may be in one of the century-old red painted wooden houses that give the town such a bright welcoming look, or in the ultra modern blocks of flats that ring the suburbs. In either case you will have a beautiful view free of charge, of the Gulf of Bothnia stretching away on one side and the distant snowcapped mountains on the other. And

being a citizen of Luleaa, you will have a life enriched by colorful tradition as well as by modern invention.

The traditions have deep roots. Until the early Middle Ages, the Lapps roamed alone with their herds of reindeer in the country of Norrbotten.

When the Swedish fur-traders began to settle along the coast they devoted large sums of money to building churches to which people would travel from all over the North. Special housing had to be provided for those who came long distances and thus there grew up communities called "church villages," cottage settlements which were inhabited only sporadically. This is how Luleaa grew up and the old town, "Gammelstad," with its magnificent fifteenth century church, still fulfill's its ancient functions, although Luleaa itself has moved eastwards, as a result of the gradual emergence of land from the sea, an after-effect of the Ice Age.

Though modern communications have largely solved the problem of long-distance travel and secularization has undermined the religious basis of the church villages, people still gather from far and wide on feast days and celebrate weddings, christenings and funerals in this medieval setting.

The fact of inheriting the trappings of a rich past does not prevent the people of Luleaa from living fully and energetically in the present. If you come to the town you are in fact more likely to be shown the ultra-modern Shopping Center before being taken on a visit to the Old Town.

THIS SEVEN-STORY building, covered by an aluminum dome, was built by private enterprise in 1955, and has already caused quite a change in the life of the inhabitants. For it is nothing less than another "town," as unique in its way as "Gammelstad." Built on the lines of an American shopping center, it has been shaped by its architect, an Englishman Ralph Erskine, with an eye to Swedish habits and ideas, one might even say, dreams.

When you walk into "Shopping," as it is fondly called by the locals, you will still find yourself on a "street" with the shops lining it rather in the style of an Oriental Bazaar. But it will be a street with an even temperature of plus eighteen degrees centigrade, and the southern atmosphere will be still further emphasized by soft music and bright lights. You will even be able to discover miniature squares of the piazza type with fountains and cafes. There are none of the es-

calators that give such an effect of hurry and bustle to the most modern shopping emporia; you go upwards by means of staircases of a few steps at a time.

The human gregariousness that was the basis of the creation of Gammelstad today flourishes in "Shopping," where often up to 25,000 visitors are registered in a single day. Some come, of course, for serious shopping among the fifty odd stores, others simply to lounge in a cafe. In the evenings the building is used for political or religious meetings, dances, art shows, mannequin parades. The boys and girls of Luleaa's many schools love the warm, relaxed atmosphere under the big aluminum dome. As a result "Shopping" has had its fair share of the "teddy boy" problem which seems inseparable from modern city life. Different solutions are now being offered in the form of the creation of youth councils and clubs with headquarters in the building.

While Gammelstad provides amusement and interest at the Protestant church festivals the year round, and "Shopping" gives the city a winter Riviera Nature herself also supplies activities and entertainment during a large part of the year. The surrounding archipelago

offers unlimited facilities for boating and swimming, the great Lule river fishing, and the forests and hills of the hinterland marvelous skiing areas.

In Luleaa, for all its up-to-datedness, the winds still carry a taste of the wilderness—it is not, after all so far to the woods where bears and wolves still make rare appearances. Emissaries from these regions — the Lapps in their brilliant blue and red costumes — can often be seen in the streets. Mostly, however these proud nomad people keep to the hills. Anybody who wants to know more about their way of life, without actually following them there, can drop into the Norrbotten museum, which has extensive charts of their wanderings and a remarkable collection of Lapp chattels and costumes.

The strange joy of living in this town bordering on the wilderness is perhaps most poignant on a winter night, when the snow glistens coldly under skies shimmering with the strange radiance of the Northern lights, to which the neon blaze of the town, with the shopping center in the middle, gives out an answering brilliance. You will feel the triumph of defying the cold and the long dark winter days, knowing that the reward,

though far off, is awaiting you: a few hectic weeks of summer when the whole countryside will burst into leaf and flower and you will be able to enjoy the "sunlit nights" of the northern summer with day merging into day, separated only by a few hours of twilight.

\* \* \*

### Lilliputian Logic

*One evening grandmother was reading to four-year-old Cheryl from a book for little folks. The next evening Cheryl brought the book and laid it on her grandmother's knee with this request: "Talk to it."*

\*

# **A MODEL ELEVATOR**

## **Materials needed:**

**A wooden board**

**Metal coffee tins**

**A small cardboard or wooden box**

**Pieces of string**

**Long nails**

**A piece of modelling clay**

**Hammer**

## **Procedure:**

A working model of an elevator can best illustrate changes in the direction of forces. It can easily be made from simple materials. For the rotating drums or sheaves, metal coffee tins will do. With a hammer and large nail, punch

holes in the exact center of the bottoms and lids. Replace the lids and mount the tins on opposite ends of a board, taking care that they both turn easily.

For the elevator car use a small cardboard or wooden box. Attach pieces of string to both ends of the box and wind them around the sheaves as shown. A piece of modelling clay can be used for a counter-weight and should just balance the weight of the car. Operate the elevator by turning the sheave that has the double turn of cord. A model of this kind is very similar to real elevators, but the sheave of a real elevator is turned by an electric motor.

## Space Probe of Jupiter

**T**HE WORLD'S largest radar antenna soon to be built in Puerto Rico will be used to probe the surface of the planet Jupiter.

If radar signals are reflected by Jupiter, U.S. scientists expect to gather new information about the planet's surface. If no signals are reflected, scientists will know for the first time that this largest of the outer planets is shrouded in a deep atmosphere that absorbs radio waves.

The giant radar, to be the biggest in the world, is being financed by the U.S. Department of Defense and will be used by Cornell University's new Center for Radiophysics and Space Research.

The radar is to have a 1,000-foot receiving dish nestled in a natural bowl of coral limestone. This antenna is four times larger than Britain's powerful Jodrell Bank unit which now

holds the record for contacting Venus.

The Cornell-designed radar unit is to be able to probe at distance of 40,000,000 miles. It will operate on a peak power of 2,500,000 watts and a frequency near 420 megacycles a second. The finger-like radar beam will be able to sweep 20 degrees in each direction, and may shed new knowledge on the earth's own ionosphere. In addition, the radar will be able to bounce signals from the moon, Venus, Mars, Mercury and the sun.

The new Center for Radiophysics and Space Research will be directed by Thomas Gold, 39-year-old professor of astronomy, physics and electrical engineering. Other installations planned for the Center will include a radio astronomy receiving station south of Ithaca and a transmitting station on Cornell's campus.

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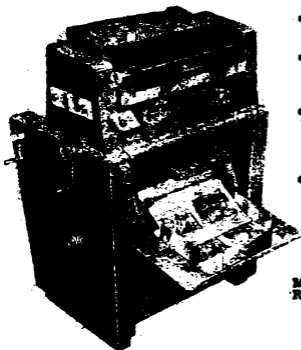
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