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Panorama

MAGAZINE OF GOOD READING

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The Lost Einstein

*What the other man
looked like*

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ASIANS LOOK AT US

By Conrado Benitez

OUR BORROWED TONGUES

By N.V.M. Gonzalez

JULIUS CAESAR IN HOLLYWOOD

By M. A. Bernad

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The Lost Einstein



*He was a staunch advocate
of peace and world
understanding*

By MITRON PANIQUI

EVEN AS Albert Einstein lay in Princeton hospital, dead at 76 from a lingering gall-bladder infection, a search was begun for a page of notes for

a speech he planned but never made. The scientist had expected to make a television appearance April 27, in commemoration of Israel independence. To Einstein, world peace and liberty of conscience were as important as the Unified Field Theory on which he labored for over thirty years. But no one seemed interested in his opinions on man's relationship with man. The search was being conducted because on the back of that page was believed to be an important mathematical formula.

In more than one way, the public has already lost that "other" Einstein, the man with the sad face and heavy heart; the man who could hardly believe that his researches in mass and energy had led to the atom bomb and Hiroshima. "Ach," he protested. "The world is not yet ready for it." For the public whom he served despite his excessive shyness, Einstein will soon be only a name, as abstract as one of his own invented non-stop mathematical formulas.

Albert Einstein never sought publicity — only the truth; and his search was pure and unpretentious. Like other famous men who have made the contemporary world largely what it is—Sigmund Freud and Karl Marx—he was a Jew, one of the unwanted of Europe, driven into his own mind for refuge. Yet he did not retaliate by exaggerating his Zionist feelings (in 1952 he even refused to become President of young Israel). Instead, he took apart the universe piecemeal, tenderly, to know with the devoutness of a deserving scientist its deepest, widest structure.

His faith was that of a philosopher: that a single system of laws governs the universe from the invisible electron to the most remote, wheeling galaxy of stars. Several times he offered the mathematical reasoning to justify his faith (his latest attempt consumed 24 pages of equa-

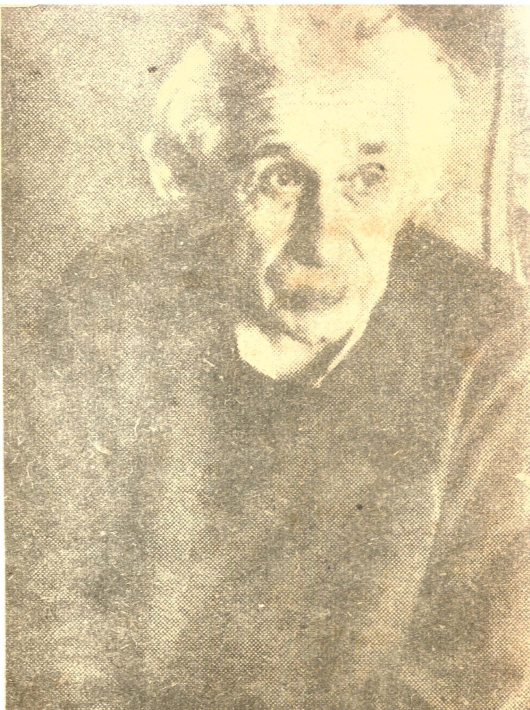
tions). But he died before discovering a "practical way to confront the theory with experimental evidence," as the solar eclipse of 1919 and the results of fission in later cyclotrons had verified his theory of relativity. Despite that failure, Einstein never accepted the "laws" of discontinuity and mere probability, of certain quanta fellow scientists. Whatever seemed unpredictable in physics, he felt, merely betrayed temporary ignorance still in man.

SUCH A faith, bordering on religious certainty, is a natural element in a man whose everyday saintliness begs comparison with that of a Mahatma Gandhi or an Albert Schweitzer. Einstein was born in Ulm, Bavaria (1879), the son of a salesman of electrical goods. Although shy in class, he lost himself in Euclid's *Geometry* and Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*. After graduation, he settled down in Switzerland with his wife Mileva, also a mathematician and his cousin. Her two daughters by an earlier marriage were close to his heart. Evenings, he could be seen wheeling a baby carriage through the streets, halting now and then to jot down rows of formulas on scraps of paper. From these scraps grew the concepts that challenged Newton's 200-year-old "laws."

In 1905, Einstein issued his first famous equation: Energy equals mass times the the velocity of light squared. He demonstrated that, because all bodies are in perpetual motion, relative to one another, there can be no absolute measure of time or space. At once, Einstein moved from the Swiss Patent Office to the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute in Berlin where, in 1915, he proclaimed his general theory of relativity.

Meanwhile, he lived in an attic, in rigorous simplicity. Beside a littered desk in a worn old chair, Einstein, his hair already graying and tousled, sat making notes. He recalled sometimes how his greatest ambition was to become a schoolmaster (much later, he said he would have been happy as a plumber): "I always wanted to teach children because their minds are open. When they do not understand a thing, they say so, while older people are apt to pretend."

Had he taught school instead of becoming examiner of patents, he would have been a perfect example of the absent-



Albert Einstein (1879-1955)

minded professor. From his first waking moment, he tried to remember problems that his mind had culled and solved while he slept. He played the piano without even hearing himself. He forgot and often left the bathroom door ajar. He shaved with ordinary soap. He enjoyed his pipe, when his heart allowed him; but it helped him think, rather than gave him relaxation — just as did sailing on the lakes.

It's a Small World

The Unified Field Theory carries to logical fulfillment man's age-old drive toward unification of concepts. The first great step was the reduction of all material substances to 92 natural elements. Then these elements were reduced to a few basic particles. Concurrently the various "forces" in the world—chemical, cohesive, electrical and magnetic forces—came to be recognized, one by one, as varying manifestations of electromagnetic force. And in the same way the various kinds of radiation—light, heat, x-rays, radio waves—were found to be nothing more than electromagnetic waves differing from each other only in wave length. So ultimately the features of the universe were reduced to a few basic quantities—space, time, matter, energy and gravitation.

Einstein's Special Theory of Relativity, in 1905, demonstrated that matter is essentially "frozen" energy and that the difference between them is simply one of temporary state. He also demonstrated that space and time cannot be considered as two separate quantities, but are so closely related that in describing the great outer universe one must speak, not of space on one hand and time on the other, but of space-time. All measurements of time are actually measurements in space; whenever an astronomer looks outward in space he is simultaneously looking backward in time.

ALWAYS Einstein enjoyed walking in the rain, to far isolated spaces. When his wife fearfully objected, he replied simply, "Whatever is to be will be! One can't do more than die." Usually he insisted on solitude, for the sake of his work; but he never forgot that his "pure science" had to serve the needs of the common man in the

street, who could not avoid its repercussions.

"My passionate interest in social justice," he wrote in 1949, "has always contrasted oddly with my pronounced lack of desire for direct contact with other human beings . . . I . . . have never belonged to my country, my home . . . or even to my immediate family with my

whole heart."

The *world* had to become his country when, in 1933, he fled Hitler's Germany and its anti-Semitic programs. America welcomed him to its School for Advanced Studies in Princeton; and in 1939 he repaid its affection by warning President Roosevelt that Nazi scientists would soon be able to set up a "nuclear chain reaction in a large mass of uranium." The President immediately authorized the American atomic bomb project.

Einstein himself was a pacifist, feeling that war should be the last resort, when mankind's survival was at stake. He has become famous for his attempts to coordinate the phenomena of gravitation and electromagnetism into a single field concept. "The grand aim of all science," he once remarked, "is to cover the greatest number of empirical facts by logical deduction from the smallest number of hypotheses or axioms." Yet he deserves equal honor for his attempts to unify man, despite his increasing age and constant desire to withdraw to "the good world of the mind." The UN always found a ready spokesman in him, although he regarded it as

only the first stepping stone to complete and representative world government, to which existing nations should surrender portions of their sovereignty.

AS LATE as 1951, Einstein wrote, "The devastation wrought by the wars of the last half century had brought home the fact to everybody that, with the present-day level of technical achievement, the security of nations could be based only on supra-national institutions and rules of conduct . . .

"A world federation presupposes a new kind of loyalty on the part of man, a sense of responsibility that does not stop short at the national boundaries. To be truly effective, such loyalty must embrace more than purely political issues. Understanding among different cultural groups, mutual economic and cultural aid are the necessary additions."

It might prove fatal if mankind lose this "other" Einstein, whose attachments ultimately were human, by looking too hard for his notes and formulas, which in blind hands become the bloodless abstractions of a science oriented towards neither man nor God.

* * *

"I assert that the cosmic religious experience is the strongest and the noblest driving force . . . My religion consists of a humble admiration for the illimitable superior spirit who reveals Himself in the slight details we are able to perceive with our frail and feeble minds."—*Einstein*

HOW FILIPINOS EAT

THE FILIPINO says of the neighbor who throws a party, "Siya'y nagbuwal ng baka." Literally, the expression means, "He killed a cow." In point of fact, however, the fellow, if he were following native traditions of party-throwing, would have killed not just

king in to help dispose of the pig and what other fauna the host would thoughtfully have beheaded, dressed, and cooked, should he be well-versed in the proprieties of Filipino feasting.

For the Filipino loves feasts, and to him, they mean not only good food but also plenty of it.



one cow, but several cows, many pigs, and probably a number of chickens.

It is an old Filipino custom. A man makes it known that he is sacrificing the family pet pig to celebrate the baptism of his latest child, and this announcement carries an implied invitation not just to his relatives and friends but also to his friends' friends and their friends. On the appointed day, the whole village comes trek-

ing in to help dispose of the pig and what other fauna the host would thoughtfully have beheaded, dressed, and cooked, should he be well-versed in the proprieties of Filipino feasting.

It is a native love that has been sharpened and refined by two foreign influences, the Chinese and the Spanish whose fame as epicureans is well-known. From both the Chinese and the Spanish, the Filipino has picked up bits of culinary knowledge, enriching his own and adopting the borrowed cooking techniques to suit his own tastes and his native ingredients. Thus, he has the pancit, a plate made up of steamed rice noo-

dles and sautéed vegetables and seasoning, which by the way, has been so Filipinized, there are some who forget its Chinese origin and think of it as native.

Thus also, the Filipino has his own version of the puchero, a close cousin to the Spanish cocido, which is a stew of beef, chicken and vegetables. The Filipino has learned to put into his pot of puchero camote, instead of potatoes, and to do away with the chorizo de Bilbao, which is not always available.

From the Spaniards, indeed, the Filipino got his love for parties, big local celebrations generally being tied up with Catholic holidays or rites, like the feast days of patron saints, baptisms, wedding and Christmas.

THE TYPICAL Filipino kitchen becomes inadequate for the big preparations that

however, the provincial kitchen is a cozy, homey, all-around room which serves not only as kitchen, but also as dining room for the family and informal parlor for a morning chat.

The kalanan, usually a recess in one wall equipped with chimney and shelf on which stand two or three open stoves made of clay, is its most important feature. On a shelf below the stoves, firewood is neatly piled on one side, and on the other, an array of palayoks, or baked clay pots, of various sizes, and maybe a carajay, a Filipino saucepan which is made of cast iron, and equipped with a handle.

As with all Orientals, rice is the staple course for Filipinos. It is boiled in just enough water to insure a fluffy, non-mashy product, in palayoks over wood fire.

As a rule, Filipinos love their meats and fish swimming in rich



come on the announcement of a fiesta, activities usually flowing over to the yard where big iron vats are set up on improvised stone stoves and fires are built in the open air. Ordinarily,

gravies, and the gravy is always redolent of mysterious flavors, an unflinching testimony to the Oriental's instinct for the real quality of spice. The Filipino kitchen, therefore, no mat-

ter how humble, is ever well stocked with the staple condiments and spices which housewives depend on, as well as the nationally preferred seasoning for meat and fish: toyo, patis and vinegar and coarse kitchen salt.

MOST OF these savory ingredients go into the making of adobo, the dish most associated with the native palate and the one most acutely yearned for by nostalgic Filipinos languishing abroad on American boiled dinners.

Adobo is a highly-spiced pork and chicken concoction seasoned with vinegar and salt and touched up with quantities of garlic, black pepper and laurel. It is of two varieties: the standard one which is fried in its own fat to a crisp brown and the Pampango kind which is well awash with gravy.

Adobo is properly a Sunday dish, common to all as it may be. Everyday fare in the Filipino household is quite simple: rice, fish, and vegetable stew, and on occasion, fried meat or meat sautéed with potatoes, or sautéed with shrimp and vegetables. Lard is an indispensable ingredient in the preparation of the Filipino meal which depends a good deal on fried foods.

Breakfast is the most unvarying meal, as it is in most countries. In Manila, the morning

staple generally is the store variety of American loaf, dry and tasteless, or a hard small bun called pan de sal, which is spread over with margarine or butter or guava jelly and dunked in coffee with milk. In the provinces where bread is harder to come by, left-over rice is fried in the carajay with some browned garlic and is served with dried fish, or when available, fried eggs. The whole breakfast goes very well with coffee.

The lechon is the national fiesta dish and no self-respecting Filipino host will think of risking his good name by omitting this from his menu. It is pig, roasted whole on a bamboo spit over charcoal. This is how it is done: The pig is killed, shaved, cleaned, and allowed to stand an hour or two. Meanwhile a bed of live charcoal is prepared on the ground. The pig is then stuffed with either banana leaves, sampaloc leaves or boiled rice, and a bamboo pole is thrust through its posterior end clear through its mouth.

The pole is placed on two specially prepared bamboo stands over the charcoal, making it possible for the pig to be slowly rotated while it gets roasted. The pig is basted with water while roasting. Above all, in making lechon, the Filipino cook remembers that patience does the trick: if it takes all of three hours or more, the

toothsome succulence one produces will be all the more worth the wait.

BUT LECHON is not lechon without its own particular sauce, a concoction of pig's liver, roasted dry, pounded fine, and cooked into a medium thick paste with crushed garlic, onion and pepper. In some of the Visayan provinces, the lechon is served without sauce, and this is probably why the Visayans have never ranked with the Luzon regions in culinary honors.

In this matter of killing the pig, the Filipino reveals a national bent for economy. Having killed the pig, he is averse to wasting any part of it. He saves the pig's blood, cleans out the entrails and concocts from these the *dinuguan*, by boiling the blood previously smashed with banana leaves, the entrails cut up into bite sizes, vinegar, garlic, onion, tomatoes, pepper corn and green pepper.

Just as roasted pig almost always turns up at the Filipino banquet-table, so does the chicken. It is usual for the Filipino home to have a chicken or two fattening in the backyard ready to be cooked into *linaga* or *tinola* come next fiesta. The chicken courses provide the broth for the party. The meat is eaten with *patis*, a very thin salty sauce filtered from *bagoong*.

The *bagoong*, now, is another thing. It is either *alamang* (a

variety of small shrimps) or *dilis* (fish that grows about as long as two inches at most), or any variety of thin, minute fishes that abound in Philippine waters, salted and pickled.

THE GOAT is another favorite party fare. Up north, the Ilocanos and Pangasinenses swear by the *imbalittad* taken with liberal drafts of native wine, *basi*. The *imbalittad* is tender goat's meat done very rare by quickly singeing in twig fire, chopped fine and seasoned with pepper, sliced onions and vinegar.

The visitor unused to this exotic dish (the meat fairly oozes with blood) nevertheless gets over any squeamishness with the aid of *basi*, the indispensable accompanying drink to *imbalittad*.

Despite the fame of such potent native drinks as *tuba*, *basi* and *lambanog*, Filipinos are not a nation of drinkers. The drinking of *tuba* and *basi* is confined to rural folk, mostly to old men who have outlived their usefulness on the farm and who have therefore all the time to drink at the corner *tienda*.

Filipinos are naturally great fish eaters, since marine life abounds. The *bangus* (milkfish), a silver-scaled, herring-like fresh water fish, is the principal ingredient of *sinigang*, a dish, which, while not festive, is nationally

liked and is a day-in, day-out favorite. The sinigang is not only palatable but is also one of the most nutritious concoctions to come from the Filipino kitchen.

The paksiw, another fish dish, is the Filipino version of the pickled herring and the Swedish "inlagt sill." Paksiw is fish cooked in vinegar to which ginger has been added.

A STAPLE dish among the Ilocanos is pinakbet which features the talong and ampalaya steamed in a closed vessel in a minimum amount of water together with one's choice of fish, flavored with ginger. The talong serves as a sort of cooking indicator; the pinakbet is done if the talong is shrunk just short of being mashy.

The sugpo (giant-shrimps) and the alimango (big, thick-crusted river crabs) are favorites, and are, in fact, connoisseur's fare. They are usually done a la halabos, that is, boiled with salt, and served with the shells on.

For relish, the Filipino has the atchara and the dalok. The atchara is pickled green papaya, ampalaya (bitter melon), sweet pepper, native onions, garlic, and ginger, dressed in vinegar to which a little sugar has been added. The dalok is pickled green mango, marinated in salted water after pickling.

Then there is the kakanin,

the collective name for desserts and snacks which the Filipino housewife whips up in her kitchen from recipes handed down through the generations without, it is to be noted, undergoing any change in transit.

Galapong or rice dough serves as the base for most of the kakanin. This is prepared by soaking rice in water overnight and grinding the rice next day in hand-driven native stone mill. The dough becomes sour from the overnight soaking and thus serves as its own leavening.

BUT PROBABLY the most native Filipino delicacy is the suman in its familiar leaf wrapping, almost the first thing the housewife thinks of preparing on the approach of a fiesta. This is a simple mixture of malagkit, sugar and coconut milk, cooked till half done in a carajay. The partly cooked malagkit is then wrapped like thin candy bars in banana leaves and boiled.

Filipinos will probably never gain reputation as epicures, a distinction reserved for more sophisticated and wordly-wise civilizations. Among a nation of farmers, there is little time and little inclination for the stylized and careful experiments in the refinements of living. When the Filipino sits at the festive board, he does so out of plain and simple gusto — NATI ALDE, from the *Philippines Quarterly*.

Laughton and the Bible

An Oscar winner
finds a new role



By Lourdes Crisologo-Santos

AN ACTOR either sinks his personality into a part; or sinks the part into his personality, letting each new role irradiate another aspect of his unchanging ego. Because Charles Laughton, according to several British critics, falls into the latter classification, he is already forgotten as a reputable stage performer.

People still mimic his Henry the Eighth (when he threw roasted ham bones carelessly over his shoulder, as if discarding another wife) and his Captain Bligh ("*Mistah Christian! Come heah!*" he shouted at Clark Gable just before the *Bounty's* crew mutinied). But these roles were twenty years ago. Laughton is still robustly healthy; his Hollywood home boasts expensive French Impressionist paintings and a swimming pool designed by America's finest architect; he is a television star. Yet people wonder what happened to the actor in him.

Charles was a fat, unhappy, lonely English boy who entered the theater dangerously late—at 26. Nevertheless, he developed stage presence quickly. George Bernard Shaw predicted that he would become more famous than the Shavian play he happened to be acting in, at the time. Success came too quickly. Laughton played only 16 different parts — all resembling himself — before he was off to Hollywood.

Occasionally he returned to the British stage (as Prospero the magician, for example, in Shakespeare's *Tempest*) because he wanted more experience. Suddenly, after a failure as bloody Macbeth, he decided to return to Hollywood and become rich instead.

He had begun to realize his limitations. Something in the concept of tragic character was beyond his scope. His own best trick had always been to project the commonplace, comic side of a figure, especially with

Henry VIII and Nero. But with Macbeth, Laughton no longer could play himself.

Perhaps in bitter understanding of what had happened, he later said that his movie role as *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* was "one of the greatest parts any actor was ever allowed to play." Certainly he could not have believed that. To many critics who knew him well, Laughton had become a pathetic figure.

HOWEVER, although Laughton may look limp and passive, a great sensitivity and restlessness waits inside him. In 1943, it could wait no longer. He had been gassed in World War I and the empty hours of wounded men in the hospitals of World War II reminded him of his own past loneliness. Although he could not sing, dance, or play the snare drums, he decided to read the Bible and other great literature to the bedridden.

Laughton felt that families had lost something by not reading aloud or telling stories to each other. So he read Shakespeare, Dickens, Aesop and Lincoln. The soldiers' applause sur-

Too Proud To Die

CHARLES KEAN, son of the great Shakespearian actor, was himself too proud to play his parts correctly. As Richard III, he was supposed to let Richmond slay him. Instead he attacked Richmond so fiercely that the latter fell off the stage and into the orchestra pit.

Another time Kean's massive Newfoundland dog, stirred by the struggle, rushed onstage at Richmond's throat. When Richmond fled, Kean as Richard II still dropped "dead"—apparently from heart attack, since no sword had touched him. His faithful dog stood licking Kean's face; and later was called out by the audience for a curtain call!

prised both them and him. Yet he managed to say, "Moses wrote the Ten Commandments on tablets of stone from divine inspiration. The tablets of stone have long been dust, but the words live." On his next visit he read the Bible to them.

Ministers from Occidental College in California invited him to read the Bible next to their students. He chose the Third Chapter of Daniel, giving voice to the sulky, bloodthirsty King Nebuchadnezzar. Laughton has never tried to pass himself off as an authority on ecclesiastical matters; he has tried only to render it as a dramatic, earthy tale of real people.

IN 1949, a theatrical agent named Paul Gregory heard him and decided that Laughton was just what was needed to revive the vaudeville circuit. Since then Laughton has traveled the small towns of America with his handful of worn books, reading to over half a million people. In addition, he has recorded parts of the Bible for Decca.

Lately, three other stars have joined him — Charles Boyer, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Agnes Moorehead — in the First Drama Quartet, reading from George Bernard Shaw's play, *Man and Superman*. He has proved that the United States "has a shy and eager hunger for good literature — that the public's mental age is not twelve years, as has been charged." He has proven, also, that acting is not the only way of touching

the heart of a nation. Book sales have always increased the next day, in every town where he performs.

To teach himself "relaxed reading," he likes to recite a Hamlet soliloquy while bouncing a ball back and forth with a helper.

Convinced that at last, reversing the usual process, he has learned to identify himself with his public, Charles Laughton, obscure English innkeeper's son, changed citizenship in 1950. That was to be expected of a man who switched careers in his own early fifties.

The critics may have been right about Laughton the actor. But they failed to foresee that by finding himself in the Bible, he was able to help thousands of persons discover themselves there also: a most worthy talent in any man.

* * *

THE MISSING EGGS

Can you solve this simple mathematical problem?

Two little girls, Petra and Juana, were each given five eggs to sell at ₱0.10 each. After reminding them to be careful, their mother emphasized: "Remember, each one of you will come back with ₱0.50 each, after selling all eggs."

After an hour, both girls came back with only ₱0.10 between them. They claimed that they had sold all ten eggs at ₱0.10 each, and had not spent a centavo. They were telling the truth.

What happened with the nine other eggs?

(Answer on page 80.)

He Opened the Doors of Darkness

*How Louis Braille has helped the
blind with his raised dots*

ONE OF man's most humane inventions was the Braille alphabet. Developed and perfected by a blind man, Louis Braille, this simple "touch" alphabet of raised dots for reading and writing by the blind has freed millions of the world's sightless from the strangled islands of darkness.

Before the perfection of the Braille alphabet, the blind were isolated from the world of ideas; daily, they felt the eyes of their mind atrophy. Only the end of their tenancy of the earth gave them relief.

The desperation and waste that the blind felt touched Louis Braille deeply. Valiantly, he gathered together and studied every system devised to help the blind read and write. When he became sixteen, he gave to the world the Braille alphabet.

The son of a saddler, Louis Braille was born in Coupvray, a small village 23 miles from Paris, on January 4, 1809. At the age of three he lost his sight when a sharp instrument he was playing with accidentally pierced his eyes. An infection developed in both eyes and in a matter of weeks he was to-

tally blind. When Louis was ten he was taken to Paris and enrolled in the Institute for the Young Blind. This school was opened 35 years earlier by Valentin Haüy and here the young Braille showed his brilliance as a student.

Braille was not the first to develop a system of raised characters for blind reading. The desire to help the blind attain literacy had led to many experiments in raised letters for many hundreds of years before Braille's time.

Letters cut out of paper, pins stuck into cushions, geometrical shapes enclosing raised dots, knotted strings were all tried out but with little success.

THE FIRST records of a system of raised characters for the blind are found in 16th century Spain and Italy. Francisco Lucas of Saragossa, in 1571, devised a set of letters carved on thin tablets of wood. In 1575, Rampagetto of Rome refined this system.

Both methods however were inspired by the writings of Jerome Cardan of Italy who as early as 1550 had imagined a

system of reading by touch.

A hundred years later, Father Francesco Lana, a Jesuit priest, invented a scheme that Braille and his immediate predecessor Barbier were to develop later: a cipher code based on a number of dots enclosed in rectangles.

Many inventions based on this idea cropped up. Wooden movable letters, cast metal letters, printing on copper were the more common attempts. Of these inventions based on the embossed type idea the best known was that of Valentin Haüy, who later became known as the "Father and Apostle of the Blind."

In 1774, Valentin Haüy saw a group of blind men being mocked by a crowd in Paris. The sight horrified him and there and then he decided to devote his life to the welfare of the blind.

Then one day he found a blind boy begging in front of the Church of St.-Germain-des-Pres in Paris. He took this boy home with him and tried to educate him.

One afternoon while Haüy was busy writing, the boy began sorting some papers on his desk. Suddenly the boy came upon an invitation with embossed relief letters. The boy was able to read the card.

This gave Haüy the idea that teaching the blind to read by raised characters was possible.

ANOTHER Frenchman, however, Pierre Henri, doubts the authenticity of this story. "I am inclined to wonder," he said in a letter, "whether he did not get the idea from an addendum to the 1783 edition of the Letter on the Blind, in which Diderot told how a Paris printer named Prault had produced a book printed in relief for the use of a distinguished blind girl, Mlle de Salignac."

At any rate, it was with this new method that Haüy decided to teach other blind children. In 1784, he opened the world's first school for blind children—the Institute for Young Blind, which Louis Braille was to enter 35 years later. This school is still in existence in Paris.

The idea of an alphabet of raised dots did not come from Louis Braille, however, but from Charles Barbier de la Serre, a French Army officer in the Signal Corps. Barbier conceived of it as a code for night writing in the battlefields.

Afterward Barbier thought of applying this method to the blind and he presented his system to the Institute for the Young Blind in Paris. Barbier's system had 12 dots arranged in various positions and it could be punched on paper. The Institute experimented with it, later adopted it as a supplementary teaching method.

The principal drawback of Barbier's system was its com-

plicatedness. It occupied too much space and its was cumbersome for fingers. It was also conceived as a code not as an alphabet, hence it had to be deciphered.

BRAILLE, a teacher in the Institute at the time, became interested in the idea. He saw its drawbacks for spelling and punctuation. But it had the advantage of easy reproduction. Braille simplified the method and made it more easily usable by the fingers of a blind man.

He reduced the 12-dot squares to six. The six dots could be felt by the finger tips in one sweep. He also discarded the idea of a code and arranged the various combinations of dots to form an alphabet. He arranged the six dots in three pairs, one above the other.

"It has been said," Pierre Henri wrote, "that the reason why Louis Braille's system has proved superior to all other forms of writing for the blind is that it bore the stamp of genius. To put it more simply, it results from a combination of skill with patient and methodical labor. Only a blind man could have arranged dots in groups which exactly correspond to the requirements of the sense of touch. Reduce the number of dots, and the available signs

become obviously insufficient; add to their number, and the sign can no longer be covered by the finger tip, nor so easily read.

"Braille did not rest content with giving an alphabet to the blind. From the outset, by allotting double or triple values to each sign, he presented a system of musical notation, a set of elementary mathematical symbols, and a system of shorthand so that the blind could satisfy not only their desire for culture, but also their professional needs."

BRAILLE died on January 16, 1852 and he never imagined that his system would acquire universal approval. Today only his method is used in all schools for the blind.

Recently, to honor this conqueror of darkness, the French government transferred his remains from his humble tomb in Coupvray to the Pantheon in Paris, where the heroes and savants of France are buried.

"Braille died a complete human being, though blind," Helen Keller has written. "He was great because he had greatly used his loss of sight to liberate his afflicted fellow creatures. He had both lived and died in the glorious light of a victorious spirit and a brilliant, inventive intellect."

* * *

Most of our Asian neighbors regard us with suspicion because of our unusual friendship with America. The writer, a well-known educator, advocates a frank presentation of the history of our fight for freedom as a means of earning their respect and sympathy

Asians LOOK AT *Us*

By CONRADO BENITEZ

THE FIRST impression one gets in travelling around Asia in postwar years is that the newly emancipated Asians claim to be supernationalists. They show this by their continued suspicion — and even hatred — not only of their former European masters but, to some extent, of all white men.

On the basis of this Asian situation, and having in mind contemporary conditions in this country, our strong national sentiment will be a bit difficult to prove at Bandung. With the passing of years after the Revolution of 1896 against Spain and our War of Misunderstanding with America, as a people we have outgrown our old hatred of the white man. As a matter of fact, we tend to lean too far backward in dealing with him, trying to please him in every way possible — a beha-

viour pattern which fellow-Asians find hard to understand, especially when they see an independent Philippines still allowing aliens to completely control the training of Filipino citizens in their educational institutions.

What kind of patriotism can you develop, they have asked me, when you entrust the training of your youth to aliens who owe their first loyalty to their own native country?

Speaker Jose Laurel, Jr. "hit the nail on the head," so to speak, when commenting on so many bills to nationalize different aspects of our economic life, he stated recently that what is needed most is to nationalize the mind and heart of the Filipino. Exactly, let us "Filipinize the Filipino" first, and dynamic national sentiment will manifest itself in all phases of Philippine

life. In the meanwhile, what is the best way to convince our fellow Asians that we also are inspired by nationalism?

In my experience, the historical approach is the most effective way to prove our nationalism. The story of our Revolution of 1896 against Spain — the first successful revolution on a national scale against European colonial power in Asia — always makes a deep impression in an Asian gathering. The period of reform and propaganda — preceding our Revolution — headed by Rizal, del Pilar and other Filipino leaders with headquarters in Europe, proves our clear grasp of the democratic principles involved — so much so that scholars of today, in their survey of man's struggle for freedom, have discovered Rizal as one of the great world characters in that struggle.

In Rangoon, Burma, at the Asian conference on cultural freedom which I attended this year, there was reference in the data papers to Rizal as one of the great Asian pioneer leaders in the fight for freedom. With the publication by American publishers of books on the Philippines, including biographies of Rizal and our other heroes, there is a growing knowledge and appreciation of the role played by Fili-

pinos in Asia's effort to emancipate herself from European colonialism.

This is the role that we must now play up in any Asian conference where the leaders of the newly emancipated countries of this part of the world naturally claim leadership in the nationalist movement.

WITH SPECIFIC reference to Indonesia, I recall the many accounts of how our own Quezon was a great source of inspiration among the nationalists of that neighboring country, and how political refugees seeking protection and aid in Manila found fraternal welcome among the leading Filipino newspapermen of those days. Only ignorance and disregard of the close association between Indonesia and the Philippines can mar the naturally harmonious relation based on kinship and understanding that should exist among them today.

The second impression I bring is that we are mere "stooges" of America — with the Republic of the Philippines as puppet — with limited powers of sovereignty, as shown in parity rights to Americans, restrictions on power over money and currency, tariff, and the military bases. Fortunately, the final approval by both governments of the Lau-



rel-Langley agreement will enable us to face this criticism boldly.

In the meanwhile, the historical approach to Philippine-American relation is an effective means of defending our national prestige, for at the time when we had almost completely won the Revolution — except for the final capture of Manila — and we thought that we were deprived of our victory and freedom by America, we did not hesitate to wage a war against the United States. Little Philippines fighting big America in defense of freedom for almost three years! That makes a good headline in any Asian gathering today. That simple story proves that, true to the teaching and example of our national heroes, we are a people ready and willing to fight and die for freedom.

The third impression I gather from Asia is the communist-inspired criticism that America is the great imperialist today, succeeding the old European colonial powers. We can not, of course, explain the post-war indecisions of the American government in the struggle for independence of such nations as Indonesia, and the various states in French Indo-China.

But speaking of Philippine experience alone, and of our dealing with the United States as a matter of historical record,

we can frankly and sincerely assert that after our War of Misunderstanding with America — which resulted in our defeat — the first constitutional act of America was to grant us the full Bill of Rights — the same basic human rights that we fought the Revolution to achieve. Not only that — America, for the first time in the history of European colonialism, offered a program of national emancipation through autonomy or independence.

THE PHILIPPINES, in fact, was the first Asian colony to achieve independence in 1946 under America's sponsorship. And to us who know American history, it is not strange that the first colony to revolt against colonialism, the United States of America, during a period in history when the whole world came under European Colonial control, should be the first to initiate a new colonial policy looking toward ultimate independence and self-determination.

The truth shall make men free, indeed. I submit that in getting acquainted with our Asian neighbors, a truthful and frank presentation of the history of our struggle for freedom can not fail to win the respect and sympathy of all men of good will.

* * *

Are You Word Wise?

Most of the twenty words given below should be in your reading vocabulary. That is, you should be able to recognize them, although you may not be able to define or actually use them in writing. Select the proper definition for each, then turn to page 80 for the correct answers. Fifteen is passing.

1. *forgo* — (a) conclude; (b) ignore or deny; (c) do without; (d) travel leisurely.
2. *opportune* — (a) appropriate or favorable; (b) out of tune; (c) melodious; (d) insulting or degrading.
3. *rakish* — (a) thin and slender; (b) muddy; (c) like a hammock; (d) smart.
4. *vestige* — (a) sleeveless garment worn under coat; (b) mark or trace of the past; (c) limb; (d) glorious triumph.
5. *vivify* — (a) to give life to; (b) make clear; (c) put to a test; (d) make bigger.
6. *debauch* — (a) elect to office; (b) to destroy; (c) force to remain unmarried; (d) to corrupt.
7. *debility* — (a) weakness; (b) ability to escape; (c) extreme fondness for; (d) lack of harmony or coherence.
8. *avert* — (a) make known; (b) prevent; (c) to bring about; (d) assert or insist on.
9. *avid* — (a) like a bird; (b) sharp-tongued or talkative; (c) eager; (d) unknown.
10. *bizarre* — (a) a large store; (b) strange or odd; (c) a Hindu magician; (d) stormy winds.
11. *evanesce* — (a) to fade away; (b) to polish, like stone; (c) to become dark; (d) anything familiar.
12. *heinous* — (a) hateful or odious; (b) belonging to an enemy; (c) native-born; (d) distant.
13. *impair* — (a) arranged in pairs; (b) to repair; (c) impose upon; (d) diminish or weaken.
14. *perennial* — (a) like grandparents; (b) lasting indefinitely; (c) of poor quality; (d) woody or fibrous.
15. *reanimate* — (a) send back; (b) appear to be alive; (c) evaluate once more; (d) restore to life.
16. *shaggy* — (a) full of sharp rocks; (b) covered with long, rough hair; (c) sloppy in dressing; (d) trembling or shaky.
17. *parsimony* — (a) talent or skill; (b) extreme thrift; (c) something left behind; (d) illegal marriage.
18. *felicity* — (a) happiness; (b) nearness and familiarity; (c) charitableness; (d) liveliness.
19. *cavil* — (a) find fault unnecessarily; (b) blacksmith's block; (c) small cave; (d) irritating noise.
20. *dent* — (a) part of a tooth; (b) a large tent; (c) a hollow on a surface; (d) coloring matter.

ETERNAL LIFE:

Is It Possible At Last?

Eventually, though not in this century, if all parts of the body stay young, the entire body stays young too and immortality is at least conceivable



IMMORTALITY of the spirit has been the hope or the faith of mankind since the beginning of time. But an everlasting life for the physical body of flesh and blood has always seemed hopeless. Recent biological research, however, has advanced toward that goal. Whole organs of animals are being kept alive in glass tubes for long periods of time and in Chicago, Dr. Ralph W. Gerard has been studying the living spinal cord of a laboratory rat, kept in a glass vessel like a goldfish. Gradually the conditions for the continued maintenance of life are becoming known.

To keep an organ alive indefinitely, long after its removal from the body of the animal, requires full and precise knowledge of what that organ needs for its nutrition. It must be supplied with energy in the form

of sugars, with oxygen to permit it to use or "burn" the sugar, and with a complex mixture of other substances that are needed for the life process. The nutrient solution in which it is immersed must in effect do all that the blood does in the animal.

It is just as important also to remove the products of life, the waste materials which are formed in the process of living. If these are steadily removed and uniform correct nutrition is supplied, the organ can remain as healthy and active as it was in the animal. In fact, it can live longer than the animal could because in an animal the composition of the blood changes with age. It deteriorates and finally fails to maintain the health of one or more organs so that death results.

But in the laboratory it is possible to maintain perfect and

changeless conditions and thus to prolong life indefinitely. This has been done for individual muscles and organs but it is still impossible to do it for whole live animals. True immortality is still far off.

DR. GERARD'S results have not yet been fully published but his purpose in studying the life of the spinal cord are important. He could vary the amount of oxygen supplied, for instance, and thus have direct evidence on what happens to the nervous system if oxygen is insufficient. Such a direct study of the role of oxygen in the life of the nerves and of the brain should be of enormous value to aviators who fly high in the sky where the air is thin and oxygen is deficient. Direct study of the action of alcohol and drugs on the nervous system has also become possible.

The method of keeping organs alive is now called perfusion and is being used in many laboratories of physiology. At the Worcester (USA) Foundation for Experimental Biology the adrenal glands of calves have been kept alive for long periods and have been used to manufacture cortisone, the new drug that gives almost complete relief from the crippling effects of arthritis. A battery of living animal glands, under perfusion, would be a new type of biochemical factory.

In the case of muscle, very long extension of life is possible. Dr. Alexis Carrel, the distinguished French surgeon, who spent all his active life in the researches at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York and won the Nobel Prize in Medicine, kept a piece of heart muscle from a chicken embryo alive for 23 years. He reported in his famous book *Man the Unknown*, that "colonies" (of muscle cells), obtained from a heart fragment, removed in January 1912 from a chick embryo, are growing as actively today as 23 years ago. In fact, they are immortal.

IT IS true that a life of 23 years is not immortality. But it is a long life for a piece of chicken. Dr. Carrel was quite confident that if the conditions under which the muscle remained alive were kept absolutely changeless, then the muscle would remain alive and would continue to grow for ever.

It was surprising enough when Alexis Carrel kept a few muscle cells alive, but these recent researches indicate that much more lies ahead. The ancient "secret of life" is not as mysterious as it was. Life goes on if its environment is favorable, for cells, for muscles and for organs.

In the living animal the blood and other body liquids provide

such an environment until the chemistry of the body fails with age. But if ageing can be prevented in the laboratory there is hope that the process of ageing in the body can also be explored, understood and prevented. Eventually, though not in

this century, if all the parts of the body stay young, the entire body stays young too and immortality is at least conceivable. It is a word used by Alexis Carrel fifteen years ago. — DR. GERALD WENDT, from the *Unesco Courier*.

* * *

The Romans in Britain

IN THE third century a Roman fort which stood on a hill near the mouth of the Tyne at a town now known as South Shields was the most northerly fort in the whole Roman Empire. It was a storehouse, a series of barns in which a tremendous stockpile was created — enough to supply 50,000 men for six months. The site of this ancient fort has now been restored and a new museum has been set up there. Arthur Appleton described in 'Radio News-reel' how the site came to be discovered.

"It was when the area was being cleared for housing in 1875," he said, "that excavations for the Roman remains really started. Local interest in the discoveries was great, and a group of the most important buildings was enclosed in iron railings. They remained enclosed until 1940 when the railings were removed. After the war, a group of ex-servicemen drew public attention to the state of the site, and the conservation and development of it was put into the hands of Professor Richmond, at King's College, who, after some four years of work, has brought it to its present fine condition. The recent excavations and those of 1875 produced many interesting objects, and these are now on show in the museum.

"The museum itself is the first permanent building of its kind to be built in the country since the war. One of the remarkable tombstones preserved there is attributed to Regina, a Briton from the south, once a slave, then freed by her master, a Syrian from Palmyra who was a trader outside the fort. He married her, and her tombstone shows her sitting with her jewel box and sewing basket."

*

Philippine writing has passed through many climes and climates in the past 60 years. In this article a well-known Filipino writer asks: What is the future of English as the local writers' medium?

Our Borrowed Tongues

By N. V. M. GONZALEZ

THE QUESTION that several Filipino literary critics have been discussing for quite some time now is, "Who will write the Great Filipino Novel?" It is the kind of pre-occupation that suggests immaturity, and it is amusing in its own way. Speculation as a mode of criticism has its special dangers, and applied upon a body of literature very much in the making these dangers can only be too patent. However, the discussions have the singular effect of directing public attention upon the country's literary future.

For, indeed, there is in the Philippines today a literature in English which, though small, is developing healthily. Its mak-

ers are mostly young men, its readers young people. Its best moments are in the lyric poem and the short story rather than in the novel or drama, and its themes are those of initiation and discovery rather than tragedy. Its critics are imitative but no more so than many of the writers they evaluate; altogether, their critical activity is often of the helpful and readable kind. The literary historians are at once upon the scene, ready to label the product, cut into appropriate portions and serve up the literary cake that took the last twenty-five years to bake.

The seat of this extraordinary activity is Manila, which, after all, is the country's capital

city as well as its cultural center. Branches are to be found in the south — principally at Dumaguete, Iloilo and Cebu. At universities (and it must be pointed out that the production of college graduates has developed into something of an industry which the national government has been unable to cope with adequately) there is a place for the literature, too. At the campuses are the producers, the middlemen and consumers, all rather conveniently gathered.

Lacking the personal interest in this literature of either a Filipino of the generation after the First World War or later, or that of a student of Philippine life, an observer might think all this incongruous. Here is a detail of the national life that seems matchless as an example of the absurd. Lacking that involvement, one thinks back on the standard of living and the over-all economic situation of the country, and finds it difficult to see how a literature, let alone in a borrowed language, can flourish at all.

UNTIL THE Spanish-American War, writing in Spanish did develop; there was a literature of propaganda that drew energy from the independence movement and found imaginative form in the novels of Jose Rizal. From the start of the American regime and until

the enactment of the Jones Law in 1916, Tagalog writing of some quantity flourished also. Writers trained in Spanish grammar and rhetoric fashioned a literary Tagalog that proved useful in expressing a kind of anti-Americanism and a Philipinism that could be vended in the form of pamphlets or paper-backed novels, at church patios and market-places.

These two developments are understandable. But they do not readily explain away the new cultural movement that was to survive the Second World War. The literature we now have, available in the language that American soldiers taught at the turn of the century under the mango and coconut trees, in the language which Filipinos soon began teaching each other — this literature appears to be a reality that can not too conveniently be attributed to history. A person is told that it is impossible to express his sentiments and hopes in a language not his own, yet Filipinos seem to have been able to do just that in their politics and social life, and are now utilizing that same language in the more rarified field of letters.

Furthermore, one is told with conviction by some writers themselves that soon their output will be exportable, in the same way that the products of

the neo-realistic writers of post-war Italy have become exportable. Already have not Carlos Bulosan's *The Laughter of My Father* (Harcourt, Brace & Co.), Stevan Javellana's *Without Seeing the Dawn* (Little, Brown & Co.), and Jose Garcia Villa's poetry been published and read abroad?

There is a small segment of today's generation of readers who follow these successes. These readers are, however, American in their interests, often Hollywoodish in their tastes. Jose Rizal's *Noli Me Tangere* happens to be the great Filipino novel that writers like Dr. Jorge Bocobo (a famed jurist and formerly president of the University of the Philippines) writes about for the *Manila Times* in an effort to bring home its meaning to an indifferent generation; Francisco Balagtas' *Florante at Laura* is the epic poem in Tagalog that must be read for the civil service exams on the national language.

These are readers who know comparatively more about W.S. Maugham (often thinking him to be American), Hemingway, and Steinbeck than about Filipino literature in Tagalog, partly because the works of these authors are on sale on the bookstands, partly because they have seen the movie versions of such works as *The Razor's Edge*, *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* and *Grapes of Wrath*.

THE MORE special delights afforded by literature as matter that comes between book-covers and is the work of "agony and sweat," as Faulkner suggests, are as yet unknown to the majority of this generation of readers. But there is one factor that is heartening and has been of great help to those engaged in writing. Although not an avid fiction or verse reader, the Filipino turns to the printed page with respect. In a country with a population whose diet consists generally of rice and fish, whose homes are a combination of nipa and bamboo and wood, whose towns cluster often enough around un-asphalted roads with the bushes in the neighborhood serving conveniently as outhouses, literacy cannot be too high and the acquisition of literary taste is not a requirement for attaining social prominence and community leadership. But the respect for the printed word is profound.

Moreover, the esteem for the writer as a professional, if often misunderstood, can be a sincere one. If the writer happens to write in Spanish, as he did three literary generations back, or in English, as he does today, that respect becomes more profound and that esteem the more sincere. Acceptance and critical approval by his countrymen count less than acceptance and critical approval abroad, however. Thus it happens that a poetry like

Jose Garcia Villa's is less read than the poet is talked about.

In these attitudes, one can not but detect the colonial mind deceiving itself. Several years of political independence have not changed them. They are the same attitudes perhaps that have developed many paradoxes in our cultural life. It is, for example, often reported in the publishers' press in America that the Philippines are among the biggest buyers of books — American books.

Yet the Filipino is not a book-buying man. No author can trust to his writing as a means of livelihood in Manila. It often happens that on the by-lines of many a college or high school textbook are hung the regrets of an earlier poet. Textbooks — yes, the nation buys them. But works of an imaginative kind — hardly. Emilie Loring is a national best-seller and the college girl knows *The Rosary*. At bookshops, the wares are classified into Non-Fiction, Textbooks, Fiction, and Best Sellers.

Recently, a local publisher issued an equivocal hash made out of local romanticism and earned hardly enough to pay a printing bill incurred in the publication of an anthology of serious short stories. One reason, of course, is that local writing is, from the average reader's point of view, terribly lacking in the interesting qualities

of Mickey Spillane or Erle Stanley Gardner.

STILL, THE preference for the foreign prevails even in the other arts. Imitations of modern art find more favor than serious paintings that try to be autochthonous.

Perhaps it will take time to shake off attitudes that have brought about preferences of this kind. But for the writer of this generation it has been altogether a favorable condition. The impetus that English has had during the last forty years has gained momentum; it has often been said even prior to independence — and said with pride — that if there is one great cultural contribution that the United States will have left to the country, this is the heritage of the English language.

In 1934, writing in the *Philippine Magazine*, which he edited, the American editor, A.V.H. Hartendorp, a discoverer and friend of many of the country's best writers, pointed out that indeed he and his journal have already become "the first harvesters" of that cultural "flowering." These first fruits were an occasion for thanksgiving, for they came in the wake of the Proletarian Movement and it was easy to note the soul-feeling in the short fiction and the verse that the *Philippine Magazine* published.

Perhaps the most productive period in the country's literary history was the decade that preceded the outbreak of World War Two. Although in a limited way, several good books, books that found and will continue to find their places in the people's mind, were published then. Under the auspices of the Philippine Book Guild and, briefly, under the sponsorship of the Philippine Writers League, Villa published a collection of poems, and Manuel E. Arguilla and Arturo B. Rotor their collections of short stories.

Government authorities noted with no small satisfaction that literature was being written and an investment of 40,000 pesos was paid out in 1940 by the Commonwealth to prize-winning manuscripts submitted to the First Commonwealth Literary Contest. There was a second, in 1941; but the books were not gotten out, and many of the manuscripts were subsequently lost during the war.

Earlier, two American writers — Hemingway and Caldwell — in the course of their globe-trotting, visited Manila. This had a tremendous effect on the country's writers. As one commentator has put it, the visit made the writers feel "an intimate if humble part of a universal fraternity given to the pursuit of truth as could be captured from the chaos and wonder of this age."

If literature has an important function in our lives, it deserves to be taken seriously, to be searched for values. As in many other wishful-thinking countries, there is talk in the Philippines of a literary Renaissance about to be achieved. Instead, the present ought to be a time for Reconnaissance, a time for exploration and discovery.

Literature is valuable only when it takes a long hard look at life. The function of the writer is to use the forms of "fiction" to discover and order significant, at-least-hypothetical truths around him. To do that, he must be responsible as well as responsive; he must use his art to discover himself—or to invent himself, if one happens to believe that the self is not prefabricated, is not given but earned and fashioned. Therefore, the writer must be honest, because good fiction is never fictitious, and the writer who denies that his work has any resemblance to the actions of anyone living or dead is either a cautious liar or an incredible maker of hand-carved fantasies.

—Leonard Casper

Hemingway, more than Caldwell, perhaps, fired the writers into more activity. Hemingway's injunction to the Philippine Writers League, and to the writing community in general — "to write truly is the only thing

that matters no matter in what country he writes or what language he writes in" — was listened to. The vernacular writers were stirred; Hemingway's interest in Spain committed his local admirers to a similar interest in writing in Spanish in the Philippines.

But it was English that continued to assert itself as the principal medium for literary expression. The situation continued until World War Two broke out. This was to be an experience which cried out loud for objectification through literature, but the writer shunned the job during the war years.

With Japanese Occupation and censorship riding roughshod, imaginative writing in English became no longer possible. What was however allowed, and in fact encouraged, was work in Tagalog. An awareness of the potential of Tagalog as a medium was keenly felt — perhaps more by those writing in English than those who had been working in Tagalog already. But for the collapse of the Greater Southeast Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere, the Philippine literature would have ceased to be trilingual.

THE PROGRESS of the war, of course, dictated a development which brought the use of English to a favored position. For writing was going on in this language, though nothing

substantial could be published in Manila. While the Occupation authorities had urged Tagalog, it was in English all along that the writers had been thinking. It was during the war that Javellana wrote *Without Seeing the Dawn*. Juan Cabrerros Laya, though ostensibly working with Tagalog, spoke in those days of a trilogy that he was doing in English. He published after the war *This Barangay*, a novel of the evacuation days. A counterpart of this activity was going on in America at the same time; this, we were to discover later. It was thus no surprise to learn at war's end that Bulosan had published *The Laughter of My Father and Villa Have Come, Am Here*.

In Tagalog and Spanish, literary work has lagged. There is nothing even today — ten years after independence, when a new sense of nationhood might well have forged the native language as a more effective literary tool — that can be stacked up with justice against the output in English. Our list would be incomplete without several titles from the Thirties — notably Salvador P. Lopez's *Literature and Society*, essays; A. B. Rotor's *The Wound and the Scar*, short stories; and Manuel E. Arguilla's *How My Brother Leon Brought Home a Wife and Other Short Stories*. Prize-winning works in Spanish and Tagalog, in both the 1940 and

1941 national literary contests, remain unpublished to this day—proof, perhaps, of their lack of readers. Several of these manuscripts have in fact been lost, and there has been no determined effort to find them and publish them—proof, too, perhaps, of their patent inconsequence. What remains, thus, is the hard, if slender core of work in English, the borrowed language, the language that had to be learned in school.

In a young country like the Philippines, writers face more problems than purely literary ones. More than ever today, Hemingway's 1940 message remains pertinent. A. B. Rotor's plea, which provoked much discussion in the Thirties, for better writing in order to enlist a serious and devoted audience—actually, I think, he charged that there were writers but no readers—is of greater importance even now.

In 1951, the American novelist and short story writer, Wallace Stegner, of Stanford University, in the course of seminar meetings with Philippine writers, expressed the hope for virile writing in the Philippines if conditions of craftsmanship and publishing were to change. He pointed to the comparative ease in

publishing, which has proved detrimental to real writers of any country, of any time.

Indeed, it might be said that just as we have not developed a respectable publishing industry neither have we developed a deep sense for craft. It may well be that if there are not enough readers to support a publishing industry it is because there is not enough professionalism among the writers to enlist respect of the readers who might support such an industry. It is a paradox that while the tradition of English literature, in which stream the Filipino writer today is presumably working with effect, is a tradition of genius matched with craftsmanship, there is little of the spirit of the latter that the rank and file of the writing fraternity seems to have imbibed.

ADD TO this failure on the part of the writer the current philistinism and snobbery of the economically favored class who might support the writer's efforts, and it becomes a wonder that serious work can be possible at all. But the writ-



er is never to be daunted; it is in the nature of his work. And then again it is in the nature of the tradition he is working in today, where visible lessons of artistic integrity can be learned.

His colleague working in Tagalog has lost a great deal of it already. There has been invented, for example, a Tagalog novel form called the *dugtungan*. This consists of a collaboration, upon a more or less planned story, by two or more writing hands; the trick of the thing, the source for the readers' surprise, is said to come from the fact that each collaborator spins the plot as his temperament dictates. It has become a popular form, and the popularity is of course the serious writer's loss. And for another example, popular magazines and the movie industry in Tagalog have come practically to dictate the terms in which the writer must write. Since the remuneration for selling to the magazine and movie market is great, the writer in Tagalog seems to have readily given up

the fort.

The writer in Spanish appears to have for the moment voluntarily stepped out of the literary scene. His best days of productivity seem to have passed. The poet and the novelist have abdicated to devote their energies instead to teaching in schools and colleges where one invariably finds the *Círculo Cervantino*. There is a precedent, in fact, for this diversion. An earlier generation of writers in Spanish has shown how the world of practical affairs can be so much more preferable to the literary life, and perhaps so much more beneficial to the common weal.

True? The writer in English wonders even as today he keeps on sharpening his tools so that they come bright and clean and are not allowed to stay in the cupboard where they will grow rusty from his not having used them. A Hemingway principle—and the Filipino writer knows only too well what Hemingway has done with it.—*Books Abroad*.

* * *

RATHER COSTLY

Farmer: "I want to put a death notice in your paper. How much do you charge?"

Editor: "A peso an inch."

Farmer: "Heavens! And he was over six feet tall!"

*

The Case of the Peerless Pearl

THREE INCHES long, almost two inches wide at the base, five ounces in weight when mounted: the Pearl of Asia is a giant among jewels. As large as a star-apple, it can hardly escape notice — and envy. The Catholic Board of Foreign Missions, which purchased the pearl in China, has been its owner since 1918.

Since it was too large and misshapen for practical use, it was bought as an investment. The pearl, whose current price is ₹140,000, awaits the curious and wealthy in its Parisian headquarters. Appropriately it is kept in a manner resembling a Chinese nest of boxes, that is, a box within a box within a box. The pearl lies in state on a piece of blue silk, inside a gold box, inside a leather-and-velvet case, inside a large silver box.

Although the Pearl of Asia is almost gourd-shaped, its lustrous white purity and the beauty of its mounting compensate for its apparent deformity. Instead it becomes a curio, a un-

ique individual among gems. The Pearl and the Taj Mahal were both gifts of India's ruler, Shah Jahan, to his beloved wife, Mumtaz Mahal. Although the whole world knows the Taj Mahal (whose architect was slain to prevent duplication) and very few have heard of the Pearl of Asia, in a sense the jewel may be said to reflect the symmetry of those towers just as they are, in fact, reflected in their own lustrous, man-made lagoon.

Yet, during the Nazi occupation of France, the Board which was on the verge of ruin, trying to support 37 missions in China, Japan, Indo-China and India, attempted desperately to convert their treasure into cash. M. Michelet, secretary to the Superior of the Missions, contacted several Parisian jewelers. Almost immediately a Nazi officer was pounding on the secretary's door.

Reminding Michelet that no business, especially whatever involved luxury items, could be

transacted without Nazi consent and management, the officer hinted that certain German officials were interested. But he considered the ₧500,000 selling price too high, even for occupation times. He ordered the secretary to wait until further word from the Nazis.

FOR SEVERAL months Michelet lived in alarm, for he had learned that the interested party was Reichmarshal. Goering himself, the flabby leader of the Nazi airforce and self-announced expert in art. However, at the last minute the Reichmarshal developed an interest in leopard skins instead, for the walls of his castle.

When the market cleared again, the secretary decided to work through an agent. Within a week Gustave Musseau, his legal adviser, had spoken to a young engineer named Piat who in turn represented a wealthy manufacturer from northern France, Bonfanti.

At Musseau's apartment, Michelet displayed the Pearl of Asia before the prospective buyer. Everyone was excited by the bargaining. Then, suddenly, the door burst open and four men from the Nazi elite guard, in their black-SS uniforms, pushed in.

Denouncing Piat and Bonfanti as thieves and blaming Michelet for trying to sell the Pearl of Asia without permission, they

confiscated the pearl and all the cash and valuables that happened to be on the persons in the room. Telling them that any complaints could be made in two days at the Kommandantur in the Place de l'Opera, the SS men marched Piat and Bonfanti out before them.

However, at the Kommandantur nobody seemed to know about any pearl, or police, or raid. The Frenchmen had been swindled!

Michelet and Musseau not only filed complaints but advertised the theft in order to warn Parisian jewelers. Who had swindled them? Had they been only clever, professional thieves, or had they been Nazis? Had Goering found a way to evade a price that his men had said was too high?

A MYSTERIOUS phone call offered to return the Pearl of Asia, for an incredible ransom. Fortunately, by accident the police stumbled on Piat. Through him two Belgians and a chauffeur from little Luxembourg were caught. These were the false policemen. However, all of them denied knowing where the Pearl of Asia was.

During the excitement of liberation, the prisoners escaped, drifting south to the Mediterranean and selling foreign currency on the black market. Police found millions in Belgian francs, in their mattresses, but

no pearl.

Two days later the hotel proprietor received a complaint from his newest tenant. The plumbing was jammed. A repairman found the Pearl of Asia caught in the pipe!

When the famous pearl was introduced as evidence, lawyers and spectators both rushed to stare at the 605 glowing carats. Probably the scene resembled

that other one on the Persian Gulf, in 1628, when a nameless diver first brought the mollusk up through the water's surface and freed the pearl, like a sudden white flowering on a blue desert.

Michelet too ran to admire the Mission's pearl. And admiration, not a selling price, is all that the Pearl of Asia has earned since 1946.

* * *

I Say. . .

"He took misfortune like a man: he blamed it on his wife."

—Henry Ford

* *

"The artist deals with the works of God. The critic deals with the works of men. Both are dissatisfied."

—Ignacio Manlapaz

* *

Fortune is like glass,—the brighter the glitter, the more easily broken.

—Publius Syrus

AND SO ON

Our tastes change as we mature. Little girls like painted dolls; little boys like soldiers. When they grow up the girls like the soldiers and the boys go after the painted dolls.

*

Democracy's Uncertain Millions

*How the Chinese family system
may turn countless thousands of
overseas Chinese against
communism*

By JESUS STO. DOMINGO

AT THE Bandung Conference many voices were raised over the citizenship of Chinese refugees and immigrants in the Philippines, Indonesia, Ceylon, and other Asian countries. While many of these individuals consider that their first allegiance is to Nationalist China, it was feared that if Red China seizes or completely neutralizes Formosa, such immigrants might transfer their loyalty from Chiang's government to Chou's. Since they number millions in each alien country, they present a formidable threat as potential Communist undergrounds.

The nations concerned at last are examining the possibility of making these Chinese aliens naturalized citizens, so that it will no longer be necessary for them to owe their allegiance to *either* of the battling foreign governments. But for the change in citizenship to be effective and not superficial, it must be certain whether or not the customs and beliefs of these Chinese will

allow them to be assimilated sufficiently in, for example, the Philippines. Such studies, therefore, as Sing Ging Su's on the traditional Chinese family system are an important addition to the full analysis which must be made.

Because Sing Ging Su fled from Communism, his report (made in the *Philippine Sociological Review*) is on the traditional family structure in existence before the Red regime and still followed in Free China. Such a family usually consists in several generations in one household. A married son continues to live with his bride and children in the home of his parents.

The family head, usually the father, is called *Chia-chang*; upon his death the mother replaces him; then the eldest son, if the others consider him worthy. A legal *Chia-Chang* may decline to manage the family, without interrupting the order of succession.

The *Chia-chang* may compel

all members to put their earnings into the common purse, where also is kept income from any family estates. However, he may not dispose of any part of the family property for purposes other than the family welfare, nor divide the property among family members. The common purse must serve all members equally.

Because of his responsibility for their welfare, the *Chia-chang* decides on their marriage partners. However, he has no parental power over any except his own children. His obligations are more numerous than his rights. A family may be dissolved during the *Chia-chang's* lifetime if all the sons desire separate establishments: provided that, if the *Chia-chang* is their father, his permission be obtained.

THE CHINESE husband, as master of the family, has the right to permit or prevent his wife's doing anything outside domestic routine. His wife must reside wherever he chooses. If she is not yet twenty, he becomes also her guardian. The wife may act, legally, without consent only if she is deserted by her husband, he is mentally defective, or he is serving a prison term of more than one year. In addition, the wife possesses all property owned by her before, and all acquired personally after, marriage. Her hus-

band may administer such possessions only with her consent. Finally, she has the same right as he: to annul any contract made by the other, which injures their common property or the family's general welfare.

A marriage may be annulled if both parties agree that they cannot continue living harmoniously. To prevent public humiliation, court action is unnecessary. If both parties do not agree to an annulment, divorce action may proceed: for bigamy, threat to murder, ill-treatment (including insult to parents), or desertion. A mother has the right of her children's custody only until they are five. She may, however, demand alimony.

Parental power, not to be divided, lodges almost wholly in the father. Only at the marriage of the child does the mother have a legal voice. The father signs all contracts but is not free to make a will dividing property in any other than standard manner. Disinheritance of a son is permissible only on the ground of incorrigibility and with the unanimous consent of assembled kindred. However, a father may apply to the Court of Justice for punishment of a child, not exceeding six months' imprisonment.

ALTHOUGH A child attains legal majority at 20, he still must revere and support his parents. Consequently, Old

Like Father, Like Son

The Republic of China's Criminal Code dictates that "the father or mother having parental rights may, for the purpose of correcting his or her son or daughter, apply to the Court of Justice for the infliction of a punishment not exceeding six month's imprisonment."

On the other hand, Chinese parents who do not care for and support their children can be punished for terms of from two months to four years, depending on the nature of the case.

Folks' Homes, as institutions, are unknown in China. A child may not marry or establish a separate home at any time without parental consent. After the death of a parent, the child must observe three years' mourning and ever after perform repeated acts of worship. Finally, a son inherits his deceased father's debts as well as his property.

Respect is given to all elders by junior members of the family, and is returned to those younger ones who achieve any sort of success, if only in school. Thus an older brother who is a dullard may actually receive less respect than a younger who shows greater intelligence. Wives of brothers, irrespective

of age, stand upon an equal footing.

The eldest son enjoys no special privileges of inheritance. Rather, he becomes loaded with responsibilities. If the household is ever divided, sums are set aside for the marriage expenses of maiden sisters and an additional sum for ancestral worship. The remainder is divided equally among the brothers, without distinction. Unmarried sisters are usually cared for by their eldest brother, who therefore receives an added portion of the family property.

ACCORDING to Sing Ging Su, the Chinese family system is likely to have those same serious faults sometimes discoverable in the Filipino family. Family loyalty may be greater than loyalty to the nation or to principles of justice. Nepotism is taken for granted. Individual initiative is discouraged; family solidarity, in fact, may encourage indolence. Yet family pride often reduces crime; and collectivization of property tends to prevent tragedy from individual losses.

Whether such collectivization would incline the Chinese towards communism or whether any such threat would be offset by the fact that Chinese loyalties are familistic rather than nationalistic, is the question which demands more investigation and thought.

Love: the Secret of all Creation

A great painter explains his art

By HENRI MATISSE

CREATION IS the artist's true function; where there is no creation there is no art. But it would be a mistake to ascribe this creative power to an inborn talent. In art, the genuine creator is not just a gifted being, but a man who has succeeded in arranging, for their appointed end, a complex of activities of which the work of art is the outcome.

Thus, for the artist creation begins with vision. To see is itself a creative operation, requiring an effort. Everything that we see in our daily life is more or less distorted by acquired habits, and this is perhaps more evident in an age like ours when the cinema posters and magazines present us every day with a flood of ready-made images which are to the eye what prejudices are to the mind.

The effort needed to see things without distortion takes something very like courage; and this courage is essential to the artist, who has to look at everything as though he saw it for the first time: he has to look at life as he did when he was a child and, if he loses that faculty, he cannot express himself in an original, that is, a personal way.

To take an example. Nothing, I think, is more difficult for a true painter than to paint a rose, because, before he can do so, he has first to forget all the roses that were ever painted. I have often asked visitors who came to see me at Vence whether they had noticed the thistles by the side of the road. Nobody had seen them; they would all have recognized the leaf of an acanthus on a Corinthian capital,

but the memory of the capital prevented them from seeing the thistle in nature.

The first step towards creation is to see everything as it really is, and that demands a constant effort. To create is to express what we have within ourselves. Every genuine creative effort comes from within. We have also to nourish our feeling, and we can do so only when materials are derived from the world about us.

This is the process whereby the artist incorporates and gradually assimilates the external world within himself, until the object of his drawing has become like part of his being, until he has it within him and can project it on to the canvas as his own creation.

When I paint a portrait, I come back again and again to my sketch and every time it is a new portrait that I am painting: not one that I am improving, but quite a different one that I am beginning over again; and every time I extract from the same person a different being.

In order to make my study more complete, I have often had recourse to photographs of the same person at different ages; the final portrait may show that person younger or under a different aspect from that which he or she presents at the time of sitting, and the reason is that that is the aspect

which seemed to me the truest, the one which revealed most of the sitter's real personality.

THUS a work of art is the climax of a long work of preparation. The artist takes from his surroundings everything that can nourish his internal vision, either directly, when the object he is drawing is to appear in his composition, or by analogy. In this way he puts himself into a position where he can create. He enriches himself internally with all the forms he has mastered and which he will one day set to a new rhythm.

It is in the expression of this rhythm that the artist's work becomes really creative. To achieve it, he will have to sift rather than accumulate details, selecting for example, from all possible combinations, the line that expresses most and gives life to the drawing; he will have to seek the equivalent terms by which the facts of nature are transposed into art.

In my "Still Life with Magnolia," I painted a green marble table red; in another place I had to use black to suggest the reflection of the sun on the sea; all these transpositions were not in the least matters of chance or whim, but were the result of a series of investigation, following which these colours seemed to me to be necessary, because of their relation to the rest of

the composition, in order to give the impression I wanted. Colours and lines are forces, and the secret of creation lies in the play and balance of those forces.

IN THE chapel at Venice, which is the outcome of earlier researches of mine, I have tried to achieve that balance of forces; the blues, greens and yellows of the windows compose a light within the chapel, which is not strictly any of the colours used, but is the living product of their mutual blending; this light made up of colours is intended to play upon the white and black-stencilled surface of the wall facing the windows, on which the lines are purposely set wide apart.

The contrast allows me to give the light its maximum vitalizing value, to make it the essential element, colouring, warming and animating the

whole structure, to which it is desired to give an impression of boundless space despite its small dimensions. Throughout the chapel, every line and every detail contributes to that impression.

That is the sense, so it seems to me, in which art may be said to imitate nature; namely, by the life that the creative worker infuses into the work of art. The work will then appear as fertile and as possessed of the same power to thrill, the same resplendent beauty as we find in works of nature.

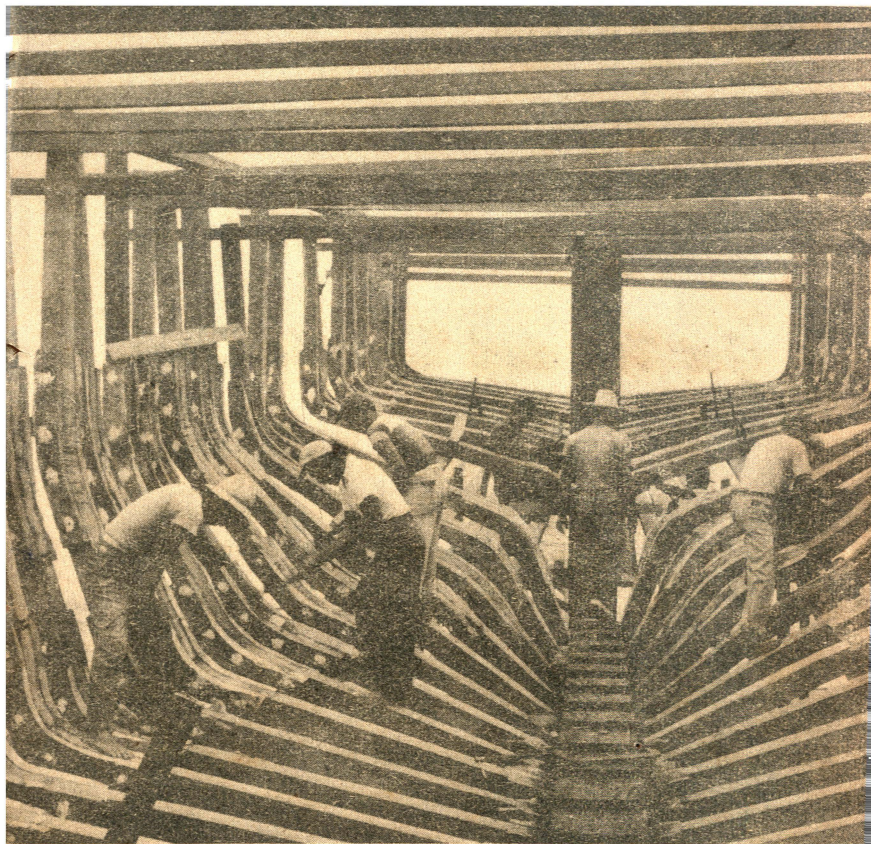
Great love is needed to achieve this effect, a love capable of inspiring and sustaining truth, that glowing warmth and that patient striving towards that analytic profundity that accomplishes the birth of any work of art. But is not love the origin of all creation? — *From the UNESCO COURIER.*

* * *

Attention!

SERGEANT-MAJOR Ronald Brittain, once voted *The Man with the Loudest Voice in the British Army*, was so much a servant of spit-and-polish that even when the telephone rang, he leaped to attention. He would pick up the receiver and say smartly, "One moment, sir. I must get my hat."

Then he would put on his hat, pull down the visor, and say, "I am now saluting you, Sir." Then, "I am now standing at attention, sir. You may proceed." He would take down the message and then say, "Thank you, sir. I am now saluting you, sir. You may discontinue the conversation."



THEY'RE ON THE SAME BOAT. An interesting pattern of converging lines is formed by the ribs of a fishing trawler, as deft hands assiduously put it to shape.

Hidden from the view of many readers of popular literature today are some of the world's greatest writings. These masterpieces, in the face of an appalling torrent of magazine and journalese material, have been shoved into textbooks and scholars' anthologies. *Panorama* publishes some of these classics from time to time, in the hope of supplying this deficiency in the modern reader's diet. In this issue an old English ballad is presented.

With no definite authorship, "Get Up and Bar the Door" is a typical folk ballad. It is unusual in its humorous theme. Most folk and "broadsheet" ballads (so called because they were on written broad sheets and peddled like today's newspapers) tell of domestic and love tragedies.

Get Up and Bar the Door

It fell about Martinmas time,
And a gay time it was then,
When our good wife got puddings to make,
And she's boiled them in the pan.

The wind sae cauld blew south and north,
And blew into the floor;
Quoth our goodman to our goodwife,
"Gae out and bar the door."

"My hand is in my hussyfskap,
Goodman, as ye may see;
An it shoud mae be barrd this hundred year,
It's no be barrd for me."



They made a paction tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure,
That the first word whaeer shoud speak,
Shoud rise and bar the door.

Then by there came two gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night,
And they could neither see house nor hall,
Nor coal nor candle-light.

"Now whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a poor?"
But neer a word wad ane o them speak,
For barring of the door.



And first they ate the white puddings,
And then they ate the black;
Tho muckle thought the goodwife to hersel,
Yet neer a word she spake.

Then said the one unto the other,
"Here, man, tak ye my knife;
Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiss the goodwife."

"But there's nae water in the house,
And what shall we do than?"

"What ails ye at the pudding-broo,
That boils into the pan?"



O up then started our goodman,
An angry man was he:
"Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
And scad me wi pudding-bree?"

Then up and started our goodwife,
Gied three skips on the floor:
"Goodman, you've spoken the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door."

* * *

Perisheble Art

In 1820, the uncle of Napoleon, Cardinal Fesch, noticed a small cabinet in a Rome curio shop. The door held da Vinci's unfinished painting on wood, "St Jerome," from which however a rectangular part containing the head had been cut.

A few years later, by extraordinary luck, the missing head was discovered by the same cardinal in a shoemaker's shop where it was being used as part of a chair!

For reasons such as these, less than twenty of da Vinci's original paintings are known to exist in the world. Most of these are kept in Europe's large cities. Fortunately, more of his drawings are still extant. Leonardo hated to destroy any piece of paper on which he had drawn with either pen or crayon.

*

O, My Darling Isosceles



By CORNELIO S. REYES

THE WHOLE NIGHT I was not able to sleep a wink. Ising was my girl — well, at least, she was engaged to me. When I saw her in her father's fishing boat in the semi-darkness back of their house, talking and laughing with Demetrio who, I

distinctly saw, stole a kiss while I was not looking, had I not the right to interfere and break it up?

I was very polite about it, too; a perfect gentleman. In the dark no one could see the murder in my eyes.

"May I speak with you alone, Ising," I said, ever so politely.

"Demetrio, do you mind?"

Could good-breeding go any further?

Why, then, after Demetrio withdrew, should Ising say in the chilliest voice possible that not even in her wildest dreams did she imagine I could be so rude and so vulgar?

She stepped down the boat carrying her nose up in the air as if she did not like the smell around. Even her beautifully shaped ankle that glistened white in the dark, was in a huff as it sought with one naked foot for one of the stool supports of the boat. She jumped on the sand of the shore annoyed, and stamped her feet into her wooden shoes.

"All in all," she summed up, "I think you have just displayed perfect bad taste, absolute bad manners and unquestionable bad breeding. In one word, you were coarse, unrefined and horrid."

"But Ising," I said, indignant. "I saw him steal a kiss from you and . . ."

"Why, Porfirio!" she exclaimed. I did not know how it

happened but now it was she who was very indignant. "Now, you are accusing me of being a flirt and I do believe that you think I would let any man I meet in the street kiss me if he wanted to."

She looked up and peered at me in the dark as if to see if I really thought so, and it seemed she saw plain as day on my face that I really thought so and she said, "Oh!" in great vexation as if I had struck her. She fished her handkerchief from the low neck of her dress and blew her nose into it and ran to the side of the house and up the ladder, beginning to sniff.

"Ising!" I said, going after her.

But she was now in the house and I could plainly hear her saying "Oh!" every now and then, following it with a lot of sobs every time.

It was always that way between us.

ALL THAT NIGHT I suffered in misery for I really loved Ising. God knows I had suffered enough from her before we were engaged. The hoping against hope in those days: the pain in the doubt that she would say, "Yes"; the torment in the thought that she might, as always, just say, "Give me time to think"; and the absolute anguish in the anticipation that she would say, "No!"



I thought I would be the happiest man on earth after she said "Yes," and we became engaged; and I was, too, for two days. Until I began to think that a lot of young men in the neighborhood were trying to steal her away from me, especially Demetrio.

That night I thought I could not bear it anymore, so I made up my mind that as soon as daybreak, I would go to Ising and tell her she must give up Demetrio. I determined to be very, very hard, put everything in one throw of the dice. Give me happiness unalloyed of suffering or give me death.

"Either do this, Ising," I would say, "or let us break up our engagement."

All night I did not sleep. It could very well be that if I did say what I wanted to say, it would just be like throwing Ising into the arms of Demetrio.

Of course, she said she did not love him. It was just pity,

she said. She pitied Demetrio because he was a poet. Poets were helpless, she said. They were never in perfect relationship with their environment; they were never in harmony, never completely united with the things around them. Poets were lost souls and that was why she pitied him, she summed up. She had the habit of summing up things.

"How did you know all these?" I asked once.

"Demetrio told me," she said in her simple, innocent, crushing way.

DEMETRIO was one of the young men in the neighborhood. He was about my height although, unlike me, he was built small-boned and thin. His father, Mang Islao, worked at the piers as stevedore. His mother, Aling Felisa, sold fish in the market. There were about thirteen children, I believe. Only two lived; Demetrio, the eldest, and Martin, who was eighth.

Mang Islao and Aling Felisa were ambitious for their son. They skimped and pinched and worked hard to send him to the university to study to be a lawyer. But I know that they had an ungrateful son because Demetrio spent all his time writing bad verse.

Ising did not care much for Demetrio at all. She always turned her face away in scorn



But Mang Berong never forgot his love for engineering and mathematics. Perhaps, to show to the world that it had not really beaten him completely, that he could still strike back for a long time to come, he named his first child Isosceles (Ising); his second child, a son, Quadrilateral; and his third, a daughter, Homologous.

Demetrio's poem ran like this:

*O, my darling Isosceles
With skin transluminescences
As wings of the anopheles
That sparks quinquavalentiles
Envied by Mephistopheles
Scorned, I love you nonetheless*

every time she met him, while he craned his long neck until he almost dislocated his shoulders, his eyes bulging at a full dancing bosom.

"The nerve of him," Ising would say, "talking of love when he could not support a wife."

But things changed when Demetrio was able to get a poem about Ising printed in a magazine. It was entitled, "O My Darling Isosceles."

Ising's name really was Isosceles. In his youth her father, Mang Berong, was sent to Manila by his parents to study to be an engineer. But I guess the beauty of Ising's mother was too much for him. So he just settled down in a hut by the shore of Bangkusay and supported her and his subsequent family with fishing — the trade he learned from his father — instead of engineering.

There were just those six lines in Demetrio's poem but the magazine made much of it in two pages of small print, double-spread. The magazine said "love" had never been treated before in world literature in terms of such abstraction and precision. They pointed to the mellifluous music in the word "quinquavalentiles" which, of course, denoted a valence of five, the quintessence of the atom. And then the symbolism in the word "Isosceles," "scorned" and "Mephistopheles." In other words, the formula in triangle of the hell fires of unrequited, atomic love.

Of course, Ising was very much impressed.

EVEN IF I lived in Bangkusay, I understood all they said in the magazine because I studied dentistry. If I was now an auto mechanic it was because nobody in Bangkusay would go to a dentist to get hurt and pay for the service. A piece of rag soaked in vinegar and plastered on the side of the face with the aching molar, plus the ability to suffer unendurable pain for long stretches of time, were enough dental medicament for them. What was good enough for their fathers was bad manners to criticize and disprove.

There was no money in dentistry in Bangkusay, so I turned auto mechanic.

I studied Demetrio's poem in the hope that when the time came I could show Ising the fraud and the hoax that it really was.

That night I thought the time had come. Coupled with my determined decision to make Ising choose between breaking up with Demetrio or me, I would also expose Demetrio.

Even before daybreak I was up and at the back of Ising's house. I sat on one of the now empty boat stools and listened to Ising puttering about the firewood stoves in the house preparing breakfast.

Soon, she went down carrying two big, open fish baskets. She saw me as she came around the house. She put her baskets

at the foot of the other boat stool ahead of me and sat down. She looked out to sea trying to see if there was any sign of her father yet.

I dragged my stool over the sand and placed it beside hers.

"Hello, Ising," I greeted her, and then sat down.

"Why, Porfirio!" she said, turning to me and giving me a piece of big smile. It was as if she wanted me to understand that, for her, nothing had really happened the night before. "You are up very early," she continued.

This was not like her. I felt something was up that I could not understand. I began to feel a little weak and discouraged. But I braced myself.

"I have something to tell you, Ising," I said, taking the plunge. There was no turning back now.

Ising turned quickly, as if struck. And then her eyes sparkled and quivered and danced.

"Why, what a thing to say, Porfirio!" she burst out laughing. She bent herself double and laughed some more.

Ising saw my bewilderment and stopped.

"I want to tell you something, myself, Porfirio," she said quietly down. "I was a long time making up my mind how to begin when, suddenly, just when I thought I had everything right and I was ready to speak, there you were taking every word out

of my mouth and saying them yourself."

Thinking of it she laughed again. I did not laugh.

"Why, what could you want to tell me?" I asked. I did not know why, but I felt frightened.

"Oh, you first," said Ising. "And then I will say my piece."

Well, there was no getting out of it now.

"I want you to break up with Demetrio, Ising!" And then I wanted to explain everything at once. "Demetrio's poetry is a fake. It is a fraud. What I mean is, it really means nothing. I can show you."

"What are you saying," Ising interrupted. She was clearly puzzled. "I don't understand a word you are saying."

I SUDDENLY felt it was all so useless. Of course, she would not believe me. I must take my time about it. I must speak out what I intended to say in the first place and be man enough to take the consequences. Besides, here was the chance to know whether she liked Demetrio more than me.

"I mean, Ising, that you must break up with Demetrio. I can not bear your friendship for him," I said. "I have been miserable all night last night. I have always been miserable because I am jealous of him. I cannot bear any more misery."

My head bowed to the sand, looking at the two big hearts

my foot was inscribing there. I looked up and stole a glance at her. She was looking out to sea.

"You must make up your mind, Ising," I said, "whether you want Demetrio or me."

"Oh, Porfirio!" she said as if in pain. "But you don't know what it will do to Demetrio. Why, it will kill him. He always told me he will kill himself if he ever lost my friendship. And he is liable to do it, too."

"Oh, but Ising!" I said.

"Poets are weak, Porfirio. They are slaves of their emotions. That is why they are always bound to be misunderstood. But they have the greatest mission in the world: To give beauty to the world. That is why we who are strong and understand them, should help them fulfill their mission."

"Why, Ising!" I was completely perplexed and bothered. "How did you make out all these things?"

"Demetrio explained it all to me," she said very simply. "And it is about this I want to talk to you."

"I am very sure, Ising," I said, "that I do not want to hear it."

I was very resentful.

"Oh, but I thought you said you loved me." It was she who was resentful now.

"Oh, all right," I finally said. This easy acquiescence had become a habit with me.

"This is still a secret," Ising confided. "Demetrio quit studying law. He will take up a course in philosophy and literature instead."

"Why!" I said, concealing my elation but poorly. "He will get it, sure, from Mang Islaol!"

"That was what he was afraid of," Ising said. "But I thought of a plan where you could help; and he likes it very much."

"I help! Ising, I don't understand!" Now I was really vexed.

But Ising was not listening.

"Of course, he changed the whole plan a great deal." She seemed to be very sad about this part but, I felt, secretly happy, too, somehow. "And I had to agree that it was better. We must know how to sacrifice ourselves, Porfirio, for sacred things."

There was a touch of fanaticism here now and I was terrified.

"You must tell me this plan at once, Ising."

"You told me about a run-down jeep that you bought for two hundred pesos, she said. "You told me you put in some new parts and converted it into a jeepney. You said you are finished with it and it is running perfectly and that you are going to sell it for one thousand pesos, perhaps, two thousand."

"Yes, Ising," I said with feeling, "and then we could get married. I have dreamt about this a long time."

"Oh, Porfirio!" she said, pained. "You must not interrupt. Don't make it hard for me. Demetrio is going to be turned out by Mang Islaol as soon as he tells about quitting law. Demetrio knows how to drive. Porfirio, give Demetrio your jeepney."

"Why, Ising, not in a thousand years! What could you be thinking of me? I am not crazy yet." I was furious and indignant.

"Oh, I never expected that you will refuse. I thought you loved me enough to do this for me," said Ising. "And you will lose nothing, Porfirio. I have saved two hundred pesos in three coconut banks. I have been putting fifty-centavo pieces into them every day for so long. There could be more. I will give them to you."

"Oh, Ising," I said, suddenly touched and in despair. "You are willing to do all this for him!"

"That is not all, Porfirio," she continued, brightening up. "You will not lose the thousand pesos you expected. We will pay you from the earnings of the jeepney, every day."

"Oh, Ising," I said, totally routed now. "You said we! We, you said!"

"Oh, yes, Porfirio, I am sorry," said Ising. "That was how Demetrio changed the whole plan. He said he would have none of this sacrifice unless he

could have me. He said he would not accept any of the things we would do for him if he could not marry me. Because he would be lost without me. There was nothing left for me to do, Porfirio, but agree."

"Oh, but you don't understand, Ising," I said. "It is not as if you love him. Besides, his poetry is a fake, a fraud, a hoax. I can show you."

BUT BEFORE I finished I knew I was defeated. Her mind was made up to make herself a sacrifice. There was no stopping her now. I knew Ising when she really made up her mind.

"Oh, Porfirio," she said. "Do not make it harder for me. I also have been miserable all night thinking of how I could make you do this thing. Promise me you will do it. For me. For your love of me. For the noble thing it would mean for the world."

"All right, Ising," I said in

agony. "If this is what you really want. All right."

Demetrio walked in, then, as if he had just emerged from deep sleep. He was there now, in all his long, thin self; his long, dishevelled hair he never learned to comb; his eyes that were continually turned into himself; his crumpled, carelessly worn clothes.

"I told him," Ising turned to him. "He will turn over the jeepney to you today."

"But never mistake me, Demetrio!" I put in quickly and with emphasis. "I am not doing it for your poetry. I will not be a sacrifice to a fraud, a fake, a hoax that your poetry is!" And I added: "I can prove it, too."

Demetrio looked at me as if hypnotized and as if he thought I had suddenly gone crazy. But Ising only smiled as if to show she understood.

Just then, Mang Berong rowed in to shore in his boat with the day's haul of fish.

* * *

SECOND NATURE

The movie usher was at the dentist's. "Now, sir," said the dentist, "which tooth is giving you all the trouble?"

"Second from the left in the balcony," replied the usher.

*

Filipino Essays in English *

By LEONARD CASPER

DURING recent conversations, preliminary to the establishment of a Southeast Asian Institute on the state university's Diliman campus, one question was raised repeatedly. When will the country have an Institute of *Philippine* Studies? Important as are the knowledge of and close relations with other nations in this unpacific season of history, should not at least an equal amount of scholarship be expended on *self-knowledge*?

An earnest scrutiny of the diverse mountain and seashore cultures in the archipelago might discover that they are not so distinct as they seem. But the study deserves more than Tourist Bureau enthusiasm. Moreover, unless the search and re-search begin soon, these cultures may wither before our eyes—or our eyes may wither first from disuse!

A major value of the work being conducted by Leopoldo Yabes is that it has constructed, between book covers, a "little archives" of Filipino experience which might otherwise have perished for want of appreciation. The Second World War left not only gaping holes in the *calle* pavements of the capital but also disturbing gaps in the nation's libraries. As a consequence, the national consciousness is forced to suffer permanent lapses of memory. Gratitude is due a man who cares enough to preserve what he can and so prevent a peacetime repetition of wartime's ravage.

This is the first volume in a set of two, designed to present selections of Filipino essays in English from 1910 to 1954. The editor remarks, in his preface, that the work forms part of what should eventually be a literary history of the Philippines. As history—a collection of representative pieces, regardless of literary merit, from almost three decades—the present volume

* Leopoldo Y. Yabes, ed. *Filipino Essays in English*, Vol. I: 1910-1937. University of the Philippines, Quezon City: 1954.

seems more than adequate. However, it is described as a "historico-critical" anthology; and that qualification is not easily unpuzzled.

THE QUALITY of the essays is so uneven (this is not the same as saying that the essays show a wide range of excellence: they do not) that one can only hope that the second volume or yet a third will perform the critical act and help distinguish (and thereby explain the presence of) those whose importance is *purely* historical (I. V. Mallari's fanciful-acid contributions, we suggest as an example). The editor has already been careful to select three-fourths of his materials from only one out of three decades: the 1930's. And the leaning of the editor towards later, more modern, writing seems indicated by the probability that, while the first volume covers 27 years, the second—if of equal length—will have to include only 17. Nevertheless, despite these signs of editorial caution, certainly not all of the present selections are distinctive, by *literary* standards. •

This point can be illustrated with the essays written by women. They are a rarity in this volume; but probably they should be even rarer. Their writing, unanimously, suffers from secondhand romantic sentimentalizing, ballooning overhead like free-floating emotions. And occasionally men have written here in the same buoyantly unearthly (without being spiritually uplifted) tradition. Others are makers of journalism, not of literature.

Yet, in the range of the unreadable, the readable, and the re-readable, the last category alone has sufficient membership to warrant the volume's wider circulation. (One "essay" needs special comment: Jose Garcia Villa's "Definitions of Poetry" which perhaps should have been left quartered, instead of being collected from their four original sources. Their unity is only an appearance. They are so many—225 separate statements—and so disorderly, that they cannot be read consecutively anyway, without refreshment from welcome distraction of every sort.)

THERE IS currently a book studied by thousands of Filipino students yearly and misnamed *Great English and American Essays*. At least one of the selections is not an essay (it is narrated argument lifted from *Gulliver's Travels*) and more than several of them are undeserving of greatness. The book edited by Leopoldo Yabes is in search of a less limited and

more generally cultured audience than those discoverable in high schools and colleges. And yet the re-readable essays in his volumes deserve also to be made available to serious and superior students wherever they can be found.

A list of such re-readables might include the following: "Baltazar's *Florante at Laura*" (Maximo Kalaw); "The Poetry of Rizal" and "*Juli—a Review*" (Maramag); "The Cultural Value of the Drama" (Gamboa); "Looking at Pictures" (Ica-siano); "Professor Manlapaz on Poetry" (S. P. Lopez); "Thoughts on Painting" (Manlapaz); "Of Authors and Readers" (Bernardo); "Notes on Contemporary Art and Culture" (Rotor); "Cultural Independence of the Philippines" (Bocobo); "Our Absent Intellectual Minority" (Jamias); "The Swing of the Pendulum" (Viterbo); "Sergio Osmeña" (Maramag); "The Insincerity of Filipinos" (Teodoro Kalaw); "Stirrings" (Lansang); "Bouquet of Memories" (Rotor); "Our Poor Give a Feast" (Arnaldo); "In Defense of the Ugly" (Hernandez); "Pajamas for Christmas" (Daguio); "On Having No Enemies" (Litiatco).

Almost half of these, it will be seen, cock their eye at the arts—a healthy sign for any country whose culture is still in the making. It is doubly strange, therefore, to find no serious essay on the essay. There is only Ariston Estrada, saying

. . . in the form of literature with which we are concerned, there is a leisure and waywardness of movement, a digressiveness, a giving one's fancy the rein, that enables us to understand the epigram that "an essay is the longest distance between two points." That there is a single subject to every essay, is quite true, but as minor as the thread in a rosary beads: the main thing is the reflections we hang upon it.

Many of Estrada's fellow writers would have done better not to take the essay's form—or, as they conceive it, its formlessness—for granted.

OTHER MATTERS—the absence of readable essays on person, place and thing (the present inclination is towards the intangible, the vaguely sensed, the romantically remote); the predominance of a few quality writers and a few periodicals; the poor showing of men of established repute (Recto, Romulo, Villa)—these are left to other interpreters of the Filipino culture to explain and perhaps relate to the history of the times. That the "little archives" of Leopoldo Yabes brings such matters closer to the attention of readers, great and small, is its most undeniable virtue.

TUBAO IS a sleepy border town in La Union sprawling at the feet of the Benguet hills. During the liberation of northern Luzon it woke up to the rumble of tanks and guns and thirsty American soldiers. For sometime it was the outpost of a civilian relief center. It was here that thousands of half-starved refugees with wide staring eyes poured in from the doomed city of Baguio. It was also here that General Manuel Roxas and some officials of the puppet republic sought escape.

Corned beef hash and freedom are in a sense synonymous. That is, just as Tubao spelled freedom for many, so did freedom mean corned beef hash for the starving refugees. I was with that famished lot and I know what I am talking about.

On our first day at Tubao we were rationed beans, rice and corned beef hash. We were hungry; we leaped on the hash unashamedly like a pack of wolves loosed on a lamb. We ate so much corned beef hash that I can't look at the stuff again without shuddering.

As for Lunglung, that is where the journey of a couple and their child began, although places and people before that are a part of the story.

THE MAN was a doctor, tall and gaunt in his late thirties; the wife doll-faced and di-

TREK TO TUBAO

Recalling a daring episode of the last war



By JAIME LUCAS

minutive; the child, a boy of six or seven.

I do not recall the name of either the doctor or his wife, or even their child. Let us just call them the doctor, his wife, and his child. They also had a big and dark police dog, who answered to the name Rush. Funny that I should remember the name of the dog.

By February most of Baguio was a smouldering heap of cinders from aerial bombing. When in March the liberation forces began battering the door of Japanese defenses, existence in the besieged city became unbearable. Even in the cathedral grounds scores were killed by

Reunion

Three ranking government officials, Secretaries Salvador Araneta, Oscar Ledesma and Florencio Moreno will lead hundreds of Baguio "evacuees" expected at a reunion scheduled on May 15 in Tubao, La Union, according to Fr. Jose de Haes, parish priest of that town.

The reunion, which to the "evacuees" will recall the days-long hike to freedom from Baguio City to Tubao during the early days of liberation ten years ago, will coincide with the annual patronal fiesta of that picturesque inland town in honor of San Isidro Labrador.

Highlights of the colorful affair will be a *te deum* and thanksgiving mass to be said by Msgr. Jose Billiet, rector of San Carlos seminary, and an impromptu program under the joint auspices of the local parish and government councils led respectively by Fr. Jose de Haes and Mayor Florencio Baltazar.—*News item.*

bombing and strafing. Dying, as one evacuee observed, was only a matter of picking the wrong spot at the right time. In the face of these, the couple with their child and Rush decided to leave.

Naturally refugees left their worldly goods behind them. Who would work as carrier for money, when money was thick as grass in the hills, and rice,

if it could be found, cost P8000 a ganta? So the doctor and his family strapped blankets onto their backs and carried what little food they had.

Lunglung was where they found themselves after a day of strenuous trek through thick and pathless woods. It was a small native barrio about seven kilometers west of the city, with the few squat huts scattered among the hillsides in the best Igorot village fashion. Here they found plenty of camote. But it could be bought only with Philippine money. And as evacuees streamed in, even camote became scarce, selling at four pesos a kilo upwards, in "genuine" notes.

The doctor reputedly had a big wad of Philippine money, not to mention jewelry. Such things easily got around in a small city like Baguio. Despite the fantastic cost of living, the doctor and his family managed to survive. The days crept by with increasing rigors.

RUMORS started brewing around the end of March. Lunglung was not safe. The Japanese had fortified Irisan, a town on the west straddling the Naguilian road, and Trinidad on the north. The pattern of defense, therefore, described a triangle with Lunglung forming the third leg. Such were the rumors.

At first the doctor and his wife considered staying. They had their cogon hut which the natives built for them for ₱200 "genu-wine." They had a sturdy, timbered air raid shelter that ran under a cliff. What was there to fear? But other evacuees in the village started to disappear in groups. An exodus developed. The couple reluctantly changed their plans.

They left on the third or fourth day of April one early morning, long before the sun was on the hills. It would have been unwise to move at any other time, for the dreadful planes came and left with the sun.

The place, the Igorot guide was saying, was Ampasit. Not Ambusi. Ambusi was far down the second mountain where the dark, gargling creek disappeared. It was relatively safe there, the guide added, provided they stayed under cover whenever there were planes overhead. There was no bombing nor shelling there.

A deafening roar interrupted the native, followed by a shrill whine.

"Sus Maria y Jose!" the woman exclaimed. The guide paused and pricked his ears as if to trace the flight of the shrieking shell.

It was impractical to continue the journey, the guide continued. The afternoon rain drenched the trails and made

them dangerous for the journey. Besides, darkness would surely befall them before they could make Ambusi.

"But the patrols! The Jap patrols!" The woman was hysterical. "They will kill us! No, no! You — you — cannot leave us here to die!"

The doctor looked at the guide in silent appeal. But the native only stared back, unmoved.

"It is best that we stay here for the night," the doctor finally said. He was always soft-spoken. "It's the wife I am thinking of — and the child." He turned to the frail boy who, except for his huge unblinking eyes, bore a striking resemblance to the doctor.

Rush was not with them. The big police dog had been bartered for a half sack of camote. He was probably stewing by now. As the doctor humorously put it, sentiment will give way to expediency.

SO IT was settled. Three bedraggled people, afraid of even their own voices, huddled through the night in a deserted native hut. Supper consisted of boiled camote. The sun was already skimming the mountain tops the next morning when they reached Ambusi. There they found other refugees. What struck them as amusing was that no one admitted that he was attempting to cross the

American lines. Everyone was suspicious of everyone else.

The second day of the journey was hell. At times the razor-backed ridges loomed almost vertically from the ravines, and ascent seemed impossible. Thick undergrowth concealed pitfalls where a false step meant certain death. But it was survival of the fittest — and luckiest — and no one complained. It may have been the promise of freedom; but the fire had to be kept burning in each breast, at any price. The alternative was death.

At Ambusi the doctor hired a new guide. Now and then the boy had to be carried by his father, whose lean frame shook from short, convulsive gasps: breathing had become difficult. In dangerous places the guide cautioned them to keep quiet. Even a whisper might alert the enemy.

On the third day it rained heavily. The doll-like face of the doctor's wife became a smear of dirt and matted hair. On the way, strewn with belongings discarded by fleeing refugees, lay the lifeless body of an old woman. It was grotesquely twisted. Nobody cared even to get it out of the way.

This was too much for the doctor's wife. She broke down.

"Dios mio! Let me die here. I have tried my best. My legs can take me only so far. Let me die here."

Comforting words from the doctor were in vain, as he too began to doubt whether they had done the right thing. Was it really worth the sacrifice? Didn't they gamble their lives on a foolish venture? Other refugees filed past grimly, silently, as the doctor and his wife watched the strange pantomime. Then the guide reminded them that they were in dangerous territory. A Japanese observation post was on the crest of a nearby hill. They moved on.

AND THEN it happened. It was so sudden, no one knew what it was all about, until they were there, standing: three bearded Japanese soldiers, ragged and menacing. They were armed with rifles and bayonets.

Motioning harshly, the soldiers asked them to line up. This was it, the doctor thought. Then what they had heard about the others was true! They were lined up in two rows, he remembered them saying. Two hundred of them. At Kennon. No survivors.

Suddenly he wanted to fight. He was snatching the rifle of one of the soldiers and with one quick motion, stunning him with a swing of the butt. There he was leaping on the other engaging him in a brief bayonet combat, and seeing him crumple to the ground in mortal agony. The third one, frightened, was running away . . .

The doctor was startled by a woman's scream. It was not his wife's, thank God. The soldiers were now relieving the refugees of their jewelry and food. They were amazingly civil, conversing among themselves in low, guttural tones. The most heavily bearded among them was saying something to the frightened woman. He was asking her to untie the knot of a pillow-like bundle she was carrying.

"Give it to him," the other refugees urged in the dialect. "Give everything they want, for heaven's sake! They might let us go!"

They did allow them to go, after what seemed an eon. The doctor looked at his wife. She was pale, but strangely composed. In a flash, the soldiers were gone. They had disappeared into the forest.

"Stragglers, no doubt," the doctor said, as they resumed their trek. "Stragglers turned bandits. I thought they looked harassed."

But his wife was not listening. She was reciting an incoherent rosary.

BY AFTERNOON of the fourth day the doctor, his wife and child arrived at Pitugan. Pitugan was the last village before Tubao. From here it was a mere ten or twelve kilometers' hike. Already the lowlands were visible from certain vantage points, and the air was warm. Tubao would be at the foot of the hills.

A deafening explosion followed by a deep rumble shattered the afternoon quiet. American shells. But they were clearly directed northward to Baguio, now fourteen mountains away. And low-flying piper cubs hovered past the streaming refugees every now and then. American planes.

But the worst was over: every refugee knew this was the last lap to Tubao, and freedom. The doctor and his family spent the night there.

From the shoulder of a hill, the following morning, they gazed at the shining plains below. In that crowded moment, there was no room for words. The doctor and wife just stood there, thinking about peacetime.

* * *

It Was Neither

"I still say that our candidate's speech was both original and good."

"Certainly—only the original part wasn't good and the good part wasn't original."

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS:

The Tragedy of Incomprehension



On the inner eye: technicolor

WHEN HE happens to think about critics of the theater arts, Tennessee Williams' eyes turn gray with anxiety. But when he is actually writing his plays, he thinks of no one, of nothing: not of critics, not of his cigarette, not of the unmade bed nor the litter of jazz albums supposed to sustain his mood, not of the movie magazines and books of philosophy. Sometimes, working his manuscript straight off the portable typewriter, he seems not even to be thinking of the plays themselves. They are fierce, violent, brawling with ideas; yet his eyes are serene and half-lidded.

Tennessee Williams has never let his success nor others' opinion that he has failed keep him from working. *The Glass Menagerie*, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Summer and Smoke*, *The Rose Tattoo*, *El Camino Real*

— and now, in 1955, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. Yet, although his face is so boyishly round that he keeps a mustache as a reminder to visitors, he has found time in his forty years to write also, a novel, *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone*.

His writing has become his only close friend, although he is compassionate and sensitive. Like many other bachelors, he is unpleasantly conscious of his pulse, his breathing, the flow of blood through his arteries. Only in the real world of his fiction do his imaginings about his supposed ill health cease. Otherwise, even in the gayest company Williams is likely to find a corner, let his eyes become limp, and look more bored than he really is. He has no small talk: when people express admiration for his work, he is likely to respond with an ambiguous grunt.

Like the Russian playwright Chekhov, whom he considers his dramaturgic foster-parent, he writes warm but unsentimental plays, rich with the moral significance of outwardly trivial events. Both treat what Williams calls "the tragedy of incomprehension," the inability of isolated human beings to understand each other.

BROOKS ATKINSON has called *Blanche Du Bois*, in *Streetcar*, "one of the dispossessed whose experience has unfitted her for reality." The same could be said of the characters in most of Williams' plays. Yet he treats them tenderly, because until 1945 he himself was among those "trapped by circumstance."

Actually he was born in Mississippi, not Tennessee, and his real name is Thomas Lanier Williams. He adopted the new name to honor his ancestors who were Indian-fighters in Tennessee. His father was a traveling shoe salesman. But Williams himself hardly dared move from his room after an attack of diphtheria injured his heart early in childhood. For one whole year he fed on imagination which projected color-fantasies on the inside of his eyelids, while he lay still and unmoving.

Then the family had to move to St. Louis, where his father had been given a desk job. They

SOLILOQUY BY WILLIAMS

"The thing I hate about starting a new play, is that there's always so much waste. So many things don't strike fire."

* * *

"The areaway where the cats were torn to pieces was one thing — my sister's white curtains and tiny menagerie of glass were another. Somewhere between them was the world that we lived in."

* * *

"The lives of most people are insulated against monotony by a corresponding monotony in their own souls . . . Alas for the poet, the dreamer . . ."

* * *

"Every artist has a basic premise pervading his whole life, and that premise can provide the impulse to everything he creates. For me the dominating premise has been the need for understanding and tenderness and fortitude among individuals trapped by circumstance."

missed the dark wide spacious land and hated the brick wilderness of the city. For the first time Williams realized how poor they were. Eventually he and his sister curtained off her room, to avoid the alley; they painted the furniture white and placed a collection of glass animals on the wall shelves, which spread a delicate, enchanted light through the room. Here

was their refuge; and here, the beginning of his play, *The Glass Menagerie*, about a tender girl who received almost no visitors.

The depression forced him to leave college and to work in the shoe company, dusting the sample shoes in the morning and typing orders (largely strings of numbers) in the afternoon. At night he locked himself in his room with coffee and wrote innumerable unsaleable stories and poems. After two years, his heart began to murmur, and he suffered paralytic spasms from worry. Finally his grandparents helped him return to school, to study play-writing.

AFTER GRADUATION, he worked as a waiter in the French Quarter of New Orleans and picked feathers from squabs on a pigeon ranch in California. At last *Battle of Angels*, written in his father's attic, won a \$1000 Dramatic Guild Fellowship. A movie star flew from Hollywood to lead the New York production.

Williams, who had never been backstage in his life, was unprepared for what followed. The last scene, like a Wagnerian holocaust, smothered the producer in technical difficulties. The stage hands found, on opening night in Boston, that their smoke pots were belching suffocating billows over the footlights

and into the nostrils of the outraged audience! The play closed.

Stunned, Williams tried to enlist, only to discover that his cardiac condition and a cataract in his left eye made him 4-F. He spent his last money in a hospital, repairing his eyesight. He pawned everything but his relatives and his typewriter. For a while he waited on Greenwich Village tables, primarily because the temporary black patch which he still wore on his eye made him appear dashing. During 1942-43, he worked as a night elevator operator and an usher, because the uniform made him forget he was 4-F.

SUDDENLY, he was hired to write dialogue in Hollywood, for \$250 a week. He lasted six months, sickened by trying to do, in turn, a scenario for Lana Turner and another for Margaret O'Brien, the child star with the dramatic freckles. Meanwhile, he wrote *The Glass Menagerie*. So fragile was the play, especially as communicated by actress Julie Haydon who herself seemed translucent in the filtered light, that it was an immediate and lasting success.

Leaving his kidney-shaped Hollywood swimming pool forever, Williams returned to the old French Quarter in New Orleans and began to build the intense drama of *A Streetcar Named Desire*. He promised himself that he would never

again be among the dispossessed. Yet every line he writes—even in such “wasteland” fantasias as *El Camino Real* where Don Quixote, Kilroy and Casanova rub shoulders — remembers those who “have never had it so good,” materially and spiritually. Moreover Tennessee Williams is the sort of unusual Southerner who will not let his plays be staged in any theater

where racial segregation is practiced.

He has refused to buy a dress suit because “I’d lose it.” His favorite recreations still are daily swims, poker games with musicians backstage, and sessions of leaning over his typewriter, letting his eyes turn slowly from blue to remote gray, while the ideas come on and on and on . . .

* * *

Rice

FOR HALF the world’s population, the experiments at the Rice Research Institute at Cuttack in Orissa, India, have a concern which is more than academic. For many, it is a matter of life and death.

Seventy percent of the Asian peoples depend on rice as their staple diet, and while the population has increased by over ten percent in the past 12 years, the production is still below prewar. The region, as a whole, instead of being an exporter of food, has become a net importer of food, depending on bread-grain from North America and even rice from Egypt and Brazil. Countries like India are poised on the verge of rice famine.

At the Cuttack Rice Research Station, with the Indian government as host and FOA as the sponsor, 10 countries, including the Philippines, are combining in a comprehensive scheme for improving the yields of rice.

* *

The great god Ra whose shrine covered acres
Is filler now for cross-word puzzle makers.

—Keith Preston

◆

"I Shall Survive. . ."

*The story of Leonardo da Vinci, the
"greatest genius of all time," who is
safely consigned to immortality*

THREE YEARS ago, the greatest Italian artist-scientist of all times, Leonardo da Vinci, celebrated his five hundredth birthday anniversary. His death will hardly be so well remembered, however, so close to being immortal are his achievements. Already in his own day, he was a legend; by now he has joined the "mythology of the human mind," as some sort of hero of the intellect. Yet he was born the grandson of a man who boasted that he did nothing!

Little Leonardo used well the freedom afforded by the wealth of his family's vineyards. Not a cypress, not an olive nor a fig-tree escaped his sketching hand. Already he felt like a chosen man. One day, as he lay in bed watching the driven clouds on the mountain top, a falcon lighted beside him and brushed his lips with its throat-feathers, as if anointing him.

The sounds that rang through the blue air from belfry to hel-

fry, the designs made by peeling stucco walls, every particle of his life urged the inventiveness of his young mind and was not allowed to escape him. The song of water, of birds in the wind, led him to study music. His everlasting "Why?" taught him mechanics and, through line drawings, mimicry. His thirst for precision led him to mathematics. To read the high-piled volumes of the parish priest, he studied Latin. The night stars invited astronomy. Like the falcon, Leonardo began to fly through the spaces of the mind.

THROUGH THE patronage of counts, sixteen-year-old da Vinci was able to go to Florence, the cultural capital of 15th century Italy. The Renaissance was a happy time, when men rich from silk and wool and gems still knew the value of knowledge that only art could give. Leonardo found himself

in the midst of craftsmen with brush and chisel, doing gold and silverwork, metal-casing and architecture. Daily they discussed their hourly artist problems.

When Verrocchio, the master draftsman, saw the young man's work, he took him into the court studio at once. Team-work was the rule at the studio: the master planned, directed, painted sections, added finishing touches and signed the work. In the collective "Annunciation," for example, only the Angel is Leonardo's. However, within four years, he had completed his apprenticeship and was, himself, a master painter.

Meanwhile, Leonardo was reading hydraulics, mathematics, and optics. He attended Academy debates, composed music and lyrics, and made musical instruments. "Great love," he said, "springs from profound knowledge of the object loved." At last he was ready to go to the Duke of Milan and offer his varied services: to build canals, manufacture new arms, do unheard of things in engineering and architecture.

During this second period, da Vinci accomplished his famous "Virgin of the Rocks" (Mary, in a dark grotto, seems lit by a diamond-fire whose source is beneath the surface of her skin); the "Mona Lisa"; and "The Last Supper." He had prayed: "May it please God, the Illuminator of all things, so

IN THE WORDS OF LEONARDO

A good painter has two objects to represent: man, and the intention of his soul. The first is easy; the second, difficult.

* * *

Iron rusts from disuse; stagnant water loses its purity and, in cold, water becomes frozen; even so does inaction sap the vigor of the mind.

* * *

You do ill if you praise but worse if you criticize what you do not rightly understand.

* * *

Shun those studies in which the work that results dies with the worker.

* * *

Nothing can be either loved or hated unless it is first known.

* * *

In rivers, the water that you touch is the last of what has passed and the first of that which comes: so with time present.

* * *

The goldfinch will carry poison weed to its little ones imprisoned in a cage: death rather than loss of liberty.

* * *

While I thought that I was learning how to live, I have been learning how to die.

to enlighten me that I treat light worthily."

Meanwhile, he was developing his doctrine of universalism — the oneness of all physical and psychic experience —

through such volumes as the *Treatise on Painting and Music*, the *Treatise on Water*, the *Treatise on the Flight of Birds*, and the *Anatomical Notebooks*. Two hundred years elapsed before the study of anatomy achieved the precision of his own drawings of the human body, and four hundred before a flying machine, with wings like those in his sketches, rose from the earth and covered a hundred yards in sustained flight.

In most of his manuscripts, Leonardo who was left-handed wrote from right to left. His words can be deciphered only by placing them upside down against a mirror.

IN WESTERN civilization, perhaps only Plato and the German poet-philosopher Goethe ever scaled the uppermost mind to the high plateaus

reached by da Vinci. But, unlike Plato, he was a man of action; a man who was realist enough to appreciate the vast domains of the possible, without longing romantically (as Goethe did) for the impossible.

As Jose de Benito has said, writing of da Vinci, "We do not know whether his eyes were his intellect, or whether his intellect lay in his eyes, but we do know that both gave to his hands the means to do what he did."

Just before he died, in 1519, Leonardo, knowing that the end was near, said aloud, "I shall survive." He has. He was the forerunner of Bacon and Newton — and how many others? He is the undying example of how man's heart and hands can shape life into a glowing image of godliness.

* * *

THE MAP STILL UNMADE

IN EINSTEIN'S physics, a meter stick held in the direction of movement on the *outer* edge of a rotating disk will be shorter than a meter stick held close to the center of the disk. Mass depends on velocity. Presumably, at the speed of light a meter stick would cease to have dimensions but would become light itself, in a release of energy.

Such phenomena, strange as their newness makes them seem to us now, are not completely different from the fact that, as we all know, ten degrees of longitude at the equator is not the same distance as ten degrees of longitude near the North Pole. By making all our calculations within the limited geometrical properties of the curved surface of our globe, we are not startled by facts which must conform to that shape. Eventually we may no longer be startled by known facts about the shape of the larger space within which we and our globe exist.

Julius Caesar in Hollywood

WHEN HOLLYWOOD gets hold of a classic, the results are sometimes unrecognizable. Witness, a recent filming of *Macbeth*, or Walt Disney's version of *Alice in Wonderland*—an egregious example of how to miss the point of a book completely.

To do Disney (and Hollywood) justice, it should be added that his earlier *Snowwhite and the Seven Dwarfs* deserves a place with the immortals. Of that film the late Father Mulry, a keen critic, said that it was the vindication of the motion picture as a fine art, distinct from the drama and its other component art media.

Because of this unpredictableness, Hollywood's are not the safest hands to which to entrust the classics. And the reasons for the unpredictableness are not far to seek. Supreme art is not the uniform result of a process in which "glamor" and "sex appeal" and "box-office attraction" and "entertainment value" are the supreme considerations.

By M. A. BERNAD

When, therefore, Hollywood addressed itself to the task of filming Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, many misgivings must have been felt by those who love (and respect) their Shakespeare. In matters of this sort, one had learned to expect the best from the British and the worst from Hollywood.

Happily (one might almost say miraculously) these misgivings have not been justified and they may be safely dismissed, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Julius Caesar* is a dramatic triumph of the first order.

In the first place, the casting is superb. It is idle to discuss (as all Manila is discussing now) which is the better actor: James Mason as Brutus, or Sir John Gielgud as Cassius, or Marlon Brando as Antony, or Louis Calhern as Caesar, or Edmond O'Brien as Casca. The acting is uniformly excellent—except perhaps on the part of a widely acclaimed actress.

In the second place, the filming technique is noteworthy. Contrary to the usual Hollywood practice, the faces are often not spotlighted but left in shadow. The cameras are frequently focused on the eyes (the shifty eyes of Cassius, the calculating eyes of Marc Antony), or on the lower jaw and the muscles of the neck. The soliloquies are not presented as Laurence Olivier might have presented them: as thoughts overheard by the audience. Instead, they are frankly spoken out, as the actors in Shakespeare's day must have spoken them out:

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day . . .
It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question:
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking . . .

Again, contrary to Hollywood usage, the chief interest does not lie in scenery or pageantry or costuming or in an irrelevant love-story woven into the plot, or in any other adventitious element (and therefore, appropriately, the film is not in technicolor); rather, the chief interest centers upon the impact of character on character, the reactions of minds and emotions

to events. Accordingly, certain little incidents in Shakespeare's text have been exploited or given unusual interpretations to bring out their full dramatic possibilities: the soothsayer foretelling the Ides of March; Calpurnia's dream and its effect on Caesar; the rhetorician Artemidorus; the final stab by Brutus, and Caesar's *Et tu Brute*; Antony's dramatic entrance into the Capitol, and his even more dramatic entrance (breaking into Brutus' speech) to the Forum with Caesar's body in his arms. Probably most daring of all (although in itself a trifling incident), there is the garden scene in Act Two in which, while Brutus and Cassius are engaged in private conversation, the other conspirators while away the time by discussing the exact point in the east at which the sun rises:

Decius. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

Casca. No

Cinna. O, pardon, sir, it doth, and you gray lines

That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceived.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises:

and Casca points his sword towards the camera, the camera is turned fully upon Brutus, who advances and says:

Give me your hands all over, one by one.

The implication is that Casca has pointed at Brutus—a bold

interpretation, emphasizing the precise moment in which Brutus has been won over to the conspiracy to become its leader, and giving a symbolic meaning to the word "sun." Actually, this interpretation is tenable only by doing violence to the text for Casca's next lines, omitted in the Hollywood version, show that he was talking of the physical, not a metaphorical, sun:

Here, as I point my sword, the
sun arises
Which is a great way growing on
the south,
Weighing the youthful season of
the year.
Some two months hence up high-
er toward the north
He first presents his fire, and the
high east
Stands at the Capitol, directly
here.

It is difficult to improve on Shakespeare, but Joseph L. Mankiewicz, who directed the film, seems to have achieved the difficult feat. This is superb directing.

One set of "stage props" is used to great advantage: the Roman statues:

Now, in the name of all the gods
at once.
Upon what meat doth this our
Caesar feed
That he is grown so great?
says Cassius, standing squarely
in front of Caesar's statue. And
then, pointing to the bust of the
elder Brutus,
There was a Brutus once would
have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his
state in Rome
As easily as a king.

In any production of *Julius Caesar*, the major events are the speeches. This film's renditions of the speeches are unforgettable, particularly of Antony's funeral speech in the Forum which is the climax of the play. For instance, there is the constant contrast between Caesar's courage and his superstition, between his colossal vanity on the one hand and his physical weakness on the other:

I rather tell thee what is to be
fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I
am Caesar.

Then in the same breath he
adds:

Come on my right hand, for this
ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou
think'st of him.

In like manner, the contrast is repeatedly emphasized between Brutus' unimpeachable integrity on the one hand, and his subtly self-blinding pride on the other — pride in his own logic: a blind logic, as it turns out, which repeatedly brings disaster on himself and his friends when Cassius' more perspicacious (if less honorable) intuitions might have saved them.

The outstanding merit of this film is that its producers have dared to give us Shakespeare unalloyed — with few subtractions and no additions. This is an unusual thing for Hollywood to do, and its success — even on Hollywood standards — proves one thing: that Shakes-

peare is superb drama, even for the modern movie-audience.

I saw the movie in company with a group of boys. It was remarkable how they reacted to the play. Some of them had seen the film three times, and wanted to see it a fourth. I sat in the rear of the bus on the way home, the boys crowded around, and we discussed the play. During a rather long bus ride, hardly any other subject of conversa-

tion was introduced.

Which is, of course, as it should be. As a dramatist, Shakespeare is still unexcelled. He lived four centuries ago, but his plays are as contemporary as the atom — and their impact is almost as powerful.

May we hope for more films like this from Hollywood?

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* * *

Sky Gazers

FROM August 1957, for a period of 12 months, hundreds of scientists at key points throughout the world are to keep a day-and-night watch on the earth's atmosphere. It will be one of the greatest multi-national efforts ever made to gather data that will enable us to understand more about the physical influences governing our daily lives.

All sorts of different scientists will work at it because a study of the atmosphere will help us to find out—among other things—not only what affects our weather and radio communications, but also something about the earth's fundamental nature.

Systematic scientific study of the atmosphere started in the 17th century with the works of Italians like Torricelli. Since then, we have learned a great deal about the atmosphere immediately around us, but very little about the upper atmosphere, and almost nothing about the relationship between them.

* *

MODERN WOMAN

The average woman of today is at home in sport, at home in politics, and at home in business. This seems to explain why she is so seldom at home.

*

How to Write Lyrics

By **STANLEY BEALE**

It isn't hard—if you know how!

WRITING THE words of songs is a simple business if the lyricist will only observe well-tryed conventions. It is my aim here to outline some of these conventions, and to offer original examples illustrating the various styles. This for the benefit of the lyricist.

But, first, a word of warning to the composer. Do not confuse lyric-writing with poetry. Some misguided composers have taken real poems and set them to music. Nothing could be more dangerous. There is always the remote possibility that when the song is sung the words may be heard, and if these have any literary merit they are bound to distract attention from the music. Wise composers find it safer to leave the words to professional lyric-writers, a poor but honest body of men whose one desire is to please.

We shall start our studies, then, by writing a Lyric for

Handel. It may be objected that Handel is dead. This seems to be a matter of some doubt. He must, of course, be an old man by now, and most of his recent work has been done in collaboration with younger men, but his influence on lyric-writing has been so great that he is an obvious starting-point for our studies.

Our lyric will be a love-song, expressed so elaborately that by the time Handel has set it to music it will be impossible to follow even the grammar, let alone the meaning. The vocabulary and the setting will be pastoral, and the rhyming approximate. This sort of thing, for example:

In shady nooks my fair doth
haunt,
Whom woman wanton shepherds
ever chant,
In vain their suits the swains have
pressed;
No answering note their sighs in-
vests.

This may seem short, but in practice it will last Handel for seven or eight minutes, which is enough. It will be several minutes, indeed, before he gets beyond the shady nooks, half way through the first line; and a few long runs with the wanton shepherds in line two will eke out the time nicely. The third and fourth lines:

In vain their suits the swains have
pressed;
No answering note their sighs in-
vests.

will be in the minor key, and just as elaborately treated. And when at last we come to their size in vests, the end is not yet. Back we go to the shady nooks, and the haunting, wantoning, and chanting begin all over again. But that is Handel's worry, and while he is busy with his runs and trills, the lyric-writer can fill in the odd moments by writing the words for a few Christmas cards.

WE NOW move a step forward and consider the writing of a Lyric for the Microphone. Writing for the modern crooner is not really difficult. The lines must rhyme, and the words "blue" and "baby" must be introduced. The use of one unusual word will help distinguish this lyric from other such lyrics, and one idea, or ghost of an idea, should also be present. Not more than one — if

you get another idea, you write another lyric.

There is no need for the lines to be of any special length or in any marked rhythm; the composer sees to the rhythm. Nor is there any need for depth of feeling; the vocalist supplies the depth of feeling. Let us now illustrate these points by an example. Here is the lyric as it leaves the lyricist.

You're the fly in my ointment,
Though I called you baby;
My great disappointment,
And I don't mean maybe.
Each time I look at you
I feel so very blue,
Cos I took you for a swell dame,
And now it seems you're just a
beldame.
Flies on my ceiling
Give me that sinking feeling.
Flies on my window-pane
Make me think of you again
Cos you're the fly in my oint-
ment, baby.
And I'm just sweet on you.

That one idea, of course, is
"flies."

Note the two lines:
I took you for a swell dame,
And now it seems you're just a
beldame.

Beldame may not be the ideal word in meaning, but it is distinctive and it rhymes. Moreover, if the song is sung by a female crooner, she can easily adjust the lines to read:

I took you for a swell boy,
And now it seems you're just a
bell-boy.

I SHALL not say much about my next specimen, which is a Negro Spiritual. There is a formula for these: make a little go a long way, and be careful of your grammar — I is, you am, He am, we is, you am, dey am. Off we go, then:

I'se gonna repent dis mornin,
I'se gonna repent dis mornin,
I'se gonna repent dis mornin,
Cos Ah reckon de Lawd's got his
eye on me.

Oh, glory,

Yes, Ah reckon de Lawd's got his
eye on me.

I'se gonna forgive dem neighbours,
I'se gonna forgive dem neighbours,
I'se gonna forgive dem neighbours,
eye on me.

Cos Ah reckon de Lawd's got his
Oh, glory,

Yes, Ah reckon de Lawd's got his
eye on me.

I'se gonna give back dat chicken,
I'se gonna give back dat chicken,
I'se gonna give back dat chicken,

Oh, glory,

Yes, Ah reckon de Lawd's got his
eye on me.

We now come to drink songs. Baritones and basses of superior principles and unimpeachable sobriety are strangely addicted to drinking songs. The more bibulous and forthright the words are, the better pleased will the singer be. It is usual for the lyricist to write in the first person, as a much-travelled man, with an experienced and even jaundiced eye for the ladies. Liquor, tipple, or some such word, should figure largely, and thought and fine feeling should be reduced to a minimum. For example:

I met a girl in Spanish Town.
I looked her up and I looked her
down.

She talked too much, and I like
girls dumb,

So I drowned her cackle in a bot-
tle of rum.

For rum's the only liquor

When a girl begins to bicker,

Yes, rum's the only liquor when
a girl's not dumb.

I met a girl in Flushing Town.
I looked her up and I looked her
down

I like girls plump, and she was
thin,

So I got Dutch courage from a
bottle of gin.

For gin's the only liquor

To make a girl look thicker,

Yes, gin's the only liquor when
a girl's too thin.

I met a girl in Lisbon Town.

I looked her up and I looked her
down.

I like girls tall, and she was short,
So I tickled my fancy with a bot-
tle of port.

For port's the only liquor

To make your heart beat quick-
er,

Yes, port's the only liquor when
a girl's too short.

The student will notice with relish the special providence which, in the English language, offers alcoholic compensations not only for dumbness, thinness, and shortness, but also for queerness (beer), friskness (whisky), merriment (sherry), bandiness (brandy, and a dozen other afflictions).

WE NOW come to a highly specialized type: Songs of the Spring, for Light Sopranos. In these the most delighted

sentiments are expressed through the mouths of birdies, beasties, flowers, and fairies. There is no hint here of "Nature red in tooth and claw"; the worst that can happen is an April shower. Nothing dainty or whimsical can be possibly overdone, though the learner-lyrist is advised not to be too lavish with cuckoos at first. This is the sort of thing to imitate. It is an original little song, with the title "Spring."

It's time that we awakè us,
Said the blueshell to the crocus,
For I feel the warm Spring rain
Get up, and don't be lazy,
Said the primrose to the daisy,
And they pushed with might
and main.

Said a goblin to an elf,
Can't you hear it for yourself?
And they listened to the strain
Of the skylark upward winging,
The gladsome news a-bringing,
That 'Spring is here again.

Another well-defined type is the Lullaby. Here there is a convention that an infant goes to sleep more quickly and effectively if watched over by a group of superhumans: either fairies, or angels, or sandmen, equipped respectively with wands, or wings, or sandbags. Lullaby, then, pianissimo:

Oh hush thee, baby, day has fled,
'Tis time for slumber now;
And angels, watching o'er thy bed,
Weave garlands for thy brow,
That brow, when thou asleep
shalt lie,
These coronals shall deck.
But if you sleep'st not soon,
then I
Will break thy blooming neck.

As our final exercise we shall write an Occupational Ballad. These are songs of three verses, a little outmoded, may be in the eyes of the pseudo-intellectual, but still in brisk demand among habitues of old time dances and others who know no better.

The formula is straight-forward. You take any humble manual worker-tinker, wheel-tapper, stone-breaker — old and slightly decrepit, but not yet actually bedridden, and strike out boldly on the following lines:

I'm Joe, the crossing sweeper,
and I've swept round here
In summer and in winter time
for nigh on fifty years.

The roads are lovely now ~~compared~~
pared with what they used to
be

But they'd all be mighty muc-
ky if it weren't for me.

Refrain:

With my broom and my shovel
and my big push cart,
I show the world that sweeping is
a work of art.

Up and down, in cold or heat,
and right, around the square,
Wherever there's tidy street, Old
Joe's been there.

The second verse of an occupational ballad must always demonstrate that the hero, although only a humble toiler, is a remarkably acute philosopher in his way:

I'm very seldom noticed, but I
notice quite a lot;

The louts who scatter litter, and
the nice folk who do not
And as I sweep the gutters clean
I very often say

I can judge the people round me
by the things they throw
away.

Refrain (called the refrain, by
the way, in the hope that the
composer, or the performer,
or someone, might take a
hint; but no one ever does):
With my broom and my shovel
and my big push-cart, I show
the world that sweeping is
a work of art.

Up and down, in cold or heat,
and right around the square,
Wherever there's a tidy street,
Old Joe's been there.

The music now shifts into
the minor key; so the words
must follow suit. No self-respect-
ing ballad has a cheerful third
verse. But the final refrain
sweeps — and I use that word
advisedly here — sweeps tri-
umphantly into the major again,
and the lyric-writer must pro-
vide for the singer's big moment,

when the last line is repeated,
in slower time and on higher
notes:

But now I'm getting older, and I
hear the Good Lord say
That He'll need another sweep-
er soon to sweep the Jasper
Way.

So I reckon I'll be going, now
my days on earth are told,
Where the only dust is star-
dust, and the gutters are of
gold.

Refrain:

With my broom and my shovel
and my big push-cart,
I'll show all heaven that sweep-
ing is a work of art.

And the angels round the Judge-
ment Seat will all of them
declare

That wherever there's a tidy
street, Old Joe's been there,
Yes, wherever there's tidy
OLD JOE'S — (plonk) —
BEEN—(plonk)—THERE
—From *The Listener*, Sept., 1954

* * *

It's an old Norwegian Custom

FOR CENTURIES, Norwegian peasants have been mar-
ried on horseback. This custom is maintained in certain
parts of the country even today. The Norwegian bride,
wearing a richly embroidered wedding dress, sets off for the
marriage ceremony. The horse's bridle is decorated with
African cowrie shells brought back by Scandinavian mariners.
Decorative art, rich in symbolism, plays an important part
in the everyday life and homes of Norwegian country folk.

* *

Who rises from prayer a better man, his prayer is an-
swered.

—George Meredith

A Traveller's Tale

THE FOREST of British Guiana is quite unlike the usual conception of tropical forests. It is not jungle: it is cool and dim with endless columns of lofty trees. Flowers, fruits, insects, and birds flourish out of sight in a dense canopy of foliage far overhead. Down below, the ground is covered with dead leaves, and fallen seeds and blossoms, and with a network of tree roots and saplings. It is not difficult forest to penetrate.

The Akawaio Indians have their gardens in warm, sunny clearings, and here they grow large quantities of cassava, the root which provides their staple food, cassava bread. They also grow corn and sugar cane, yams, bananas, and plantains.

While the women garden, the men hunt in the forest for deer, tapir, wild hog, and smaller animals and birds. Years ago they used bows and arrows, and blow-pipes and darts. Some of them still do, but most use guns if they have them.

They are excellent trackers, these Akawaio Indians, but they do not eat much meat, for game in this area is not plentiful. In several days' travelling in the

A glimpse into the primitive life of the New Guiana Akawaio Indians

forests and along the rivers, one was lucky if he saw much more than a few birds, the occasional butterfly, and colonies of ants.

One way the Indians get their fish is to poison shallow pools in the headwaters of the rivers. A number of families get together for these fishing expeditions. One could spend the days canoeing, and at night sleep in the forest on the banks of the river, slinging hammocks between the trees and lighting fires for warmth. In the rainy season, the Indians rig up temporary shelters and thatch them with leaves.

An English traveller remembers a surprise rainstorm that came at dusk and lasted all night. About fifteen Indians and he crowded into a small shelter, about ten feet by five, with a fire in the middle. The original occupants made room for them, quite good-humoredly, and hammocks were slung all over the

place, one above the other. He saw one hammock — and not the biggest of them at that— containing a man, his wife, two children, and a baby. Arms, legs, feet, and heads seemed to be sticking out in all directions. In spite of the crush, this was one of the most comfortable nights he had ever spent, high and dry in his hammock, with the fire warming his back, and the rain swilling down outside.

From time to time there is

a lull in the garden work, and when there is a good supply of fish and meat and cassava bread in hand, the families of one area, with their guests, gather in the village settlement for a spree. For several days there is feasting and drinking, gossiping, dancing, and singing. These celebrations have a religious character, too, for the dancing and singing form part of the prayers to "Papa kapo," "Grandfather in the sky."

* * *

Babel in Braille

BETWEEN the time the Institute for the Young Blind of Paris originally published Louis Braille's system of simple raised dots in 1829, and the request made to Unesco in 1949 to help rationalize the Babel in Braille usage in many parts of the world, 120 years have elapsed.

The first 50 years witnessed a stubborn, last-ditch battle by conservative groups to maintain the old forms of embossing. Then came 70 years during which the original Braille method had to compete with modified and reconstructed forms of itself.

Almost from the start, enthusiasts of the Braille idea in many countries began juggling the dots around in different combinations. Soon the same patterns of six dots came to be used to express different languages but even in the same language.

For over 70 years, on both sides of the Atlantic, a virtual civil war was fought between the numerous adaptations of Braille, with the blind themselves sometimes forgotten in the din.

*

Panorama Quiz

One mark of an educated man is the possession of a reasonable fund of general information. The highly specialized individual, often dubbed an "expert," frequently knows little or nothing outside his own line. Try yourself on the following questions, then turn to the next page for the correct answers.

1. It may surprise you to know that the oldest religion in the world is: *A. Buddhism; B. Confucianism; C. Shintoism; D. Christianity.*

2. By now it should be known to you that Mindanao is not the largest island in the world but: *A. Madagascar; B. Iceland; C. Borneo; D. Greenland.*

3. One of these European countries is *not* a Russian satellite. Which one? *A. Rumania; B. Czechoslovakia; C. Yugoslavia; D. Poland.*

4. Every grade school pupil in the Philippines knows that the Philippine National Anthem was composed by: *A. Andres Bonifacio; B. Julian Felipe; C. Rafael Palma; D. Camilo Osias.*

5. The bottom of the ocean is sometimes referred to as: *A. the Great Divide; B. the punch bowl; C. Pandora's box; D. Davy Jones's locker.*

6. Its name is Aztec for "Smoking Mountain," and it is located in Mexico: *A. Popocatepetl; B. Tunguragua; C. Mauna Loa; D. Cotopaxi.*

7. You don't have to be a prizefighter to know that the lightest weight division in boxing is: *A. Bantamweight; B. Flyweight; C. Lightweight; D. Featherweight.*

8. The American product advertised by the slogan, "When it rains, it pours," is: *A. Alligator raincoats; B. Vaseline oils; C. Norton salt; D. Half-and-Half pipe tobacco.*

9. If you go for the short story with the surprise ending, you must know that its master, O. Henry, was in real life: *A. Samuel Clemens; B. Stanley Gardner; C. Sidney Porter; D. Robert Louis Stevenson.*

10. At the recent Bandung conference one of the Colombo Powers chief delegates, pulling a big surprise, bitterly assailed Soviet colonialism. He was: *A. Jawaharlal Nehru; B. Sir John Kotelewala; C. U Nu; D. Chou En-lai.*

ARE YOU WORD WISE?
ANSWERS

1. (c) do without
2. (a) appropriate or favorable
3. (d) smart
4. (b) mark or trace of the past
5. (a) to give life to
6. (d) to corrupt
7. (a) weakness
8. (b) prevent
9. (c) eager
10. (b) strange or odd
11. (a) to fade away
12. (a) hateful or odious
13. (d) diminish or weaken
14. (b) lasting indefinitely
15. (d) restore to life
16. (b) covered with long, rough hair

ANSWERS TO PANORAMA QUIZ

1. A. Buddhism (After Gautama Buddha, 563-483 B.C.)
 2. D. Greenland (Area: 840,000 sq. miles)
 3. C. Yugoslavia
 4. B. Julian Felipe
 5. D. Davy Jones's locker
 6. A. Popocatepetl
 7. B. Flyweight
 8. C. Norton salt
 9. C. Sidney Porter
 10. B. Sir John Kotelewala (of Ceylon)
-
17. (b) extreme thrift
 18. (a) happiness
 19. (a) find fault unnecessarily
 20. (c) a hollow on a surface

* * *

ANSWER TO THE MISSING EGGS

The girls were telling the truth. What happened was this: Petra had ₱0.10 of her own when they started out to sell. With that she bought one of Juana's eggs and ate it. It turn Juana bought one of Petra's eggs and ate it too. They kept buying each other's eggs and eating them until the ten eggs were gone.

It was good mathematics but poor business!

ATTENTION: HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

The PANORAMA will give a prize of ₱10 for the best and ₱5 for the next best essay on any problem of national or international significance. The best essay will be published in this magazine.

The essays, which should not be less than 300 words, should not exceed 500 words. Entries must be typewritten, double-spaced on 8 x 11 bond paper and must be accompanied by a statement from the principal that the contestant is enrolled in the school he is representing. The decision of the editors will be final.

In the Beginning. . .

COMSTOCKERY (overzealous censorship of the fine arts and literature)

From Anthony Comstock (1844-1915). American crusader against vice, comes this term. Today it also implies unreasonable censorship of even honest art works.



POST (system for the conveyance of letters)

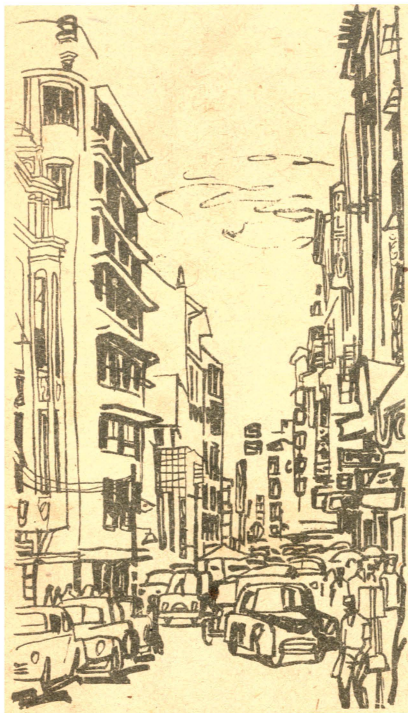
Meaning "placed," the term comes from the Roman period in England and refers to the placing of horses at intervals to carry dispatches. So efficient were the Romans that Julius Caesar's letters from Britain reached Cicero in Rome in 26 days.

PHILIPPINES (an archipelago of more than 7,000 islands in the Pacific)

Discovered by Ferdinand Magellan in 1521, the country was named after King Philip II (1527-98) of Spain.



*Beneath the sleazy gown
of Americanism, true and
mature charms*



MANILA

ONE OF the most evocative (and unfortunate) titles the city of Manila has ever been given is that of "Little America." The nickname seems, to the traveler rushing in from the air-

port with rickshas, Buddhist temples and surfboards in his brain, completely justified. The gas stations, the juke box music, the neon signs and coca-cola billboards, the marquees and the nightclubs, the cheerful belligerence of American sedans, the women dressed uniformly as Sears-Roebuck and Butterick would have them, could indeed be those of any adolescent American city. Travel folders do not invoke these intimations of Western civilization to assure diffident tourists on such points as American plumbing. And many Filipinos, accustomed to look upon America as heaven upon earth see in the name only a recognition of progress.

But the appellation, "America of the Orient," deplored by conscientious tourists and proud Filipinos, is hardly defensible. For Manila is no more American socially, culturally and entertainment-wise than Shangri-La. There are plenty of things that are unique, fantastic, fascinating and amusing in Manila.

There are, to begin with, about 20 first-class restaurants

with the conglomerate menu power of the United Nations cafeteria. Most of them jostle each other for the brightest spots in the bayside districts; a few of them beckon from the suburbs.

Any number of good restaurants also serve Filipino meals with considerate understanding of a stranger's untrained palate. Filipino cooking is, like the rest of Manila, a distinctive combination of Oriental and European.

Manila's drinking habits, extremely un-Western except in the top layers, are divided between a dry locally-brewed beer and a Chinese gin on one hand and native wines made from rice, nipa sap and coconut palm.

Of Manila's nightspots, there are a lot more to say. In all these as well as in all the tawdry honky-tonks all over Manila the chief attraction is the Filipino style of dancing. Filipinos sneer at the American hug-me-and-let's-circle-the-floor-once style. Filipino dancing is a flashy, skilled, intricate, perfectly rhythmic, stylized yet instinctive performance. To the tune of the most outlandish, strident music in calypso or rumba time they do a method-in-this-madness dance, completely absorbed and absorbing.

CULTURAL reference points are sadly disorganized in Manila. Culture-seekers must get

their roadsigns where they can find them.

The National Museum, completely destroyed during the battle of Liberation, used to be a massive repository of Filipino culture. But now, camping in a shell-pocked building on Heran street, it is a pitiful collection of Igorot weapons, archaeological material and oil paintings. Private collections like the Hidalgo and Cngpin collections in Quiapo are considerably more impressive and rewarding.

Manila's cultural signs, however, are mostly architectural. Intramuros, the old walled and moated city built by the Spaniards more than three centuries ago, teetering on the edge of dissolution for a generation, was finally almost completely destroyed during Liberation. Now only parts of the walls, the San Agustin church and the most engrossing set of ruins remain. The old moats have been filled to make extremely adequate golf links. And although some abominable neo-Spanish buildings now mark its ancient beauty, Intramuros still exudes the thick romance of history.

The San Agustin Church, the ruins of Fort Santiago where the death cell of Dr. Jose Rizal is marked, the ruins of the romantic Cathedral and the earthquake-proof main building of the University of Santo Tomas are worth studying. And, if one looks carefully, one can

find beneath dust, grime and billboards, some old Spanish colonial houses built about a hundred years ago whose quaint and arbitrary elegance will give many a hint of the life and culture of that dead era.

On the contemporary level, Philippine architecture, with a few notable exceptions, is merely amusing. Filipino builders are still partial to the coyness of *rococo* or to the self-consciousness of *moderne* imperfectly executed. But, precisely because of a callow tendency to build for the benefit of the cameraman or the motorist, a tour of Manila's residential districts and suburbs is entertaining.

FOR THE men there are ball games, baseball and a sanguine style of basketball at the Rizal Memorial Stadium, prize-fighting that is as colorful as Filipino dancing and cock-fights which are held on Sundays and holidays in smelly barns from which women are still barred by law.

There are also two race tracks, the Philippine Racing Club in Makati, Rizal, and the Manila Jockey Club in San Lazaro in downtown Manila. The horses, about $\frac{3}{4}$ Australian thoroughbreds and Arabian half-breeds, have only recently learned to use the starting gate, but betting is fast, furious and reasonably clean.

However, the most satisfying view of Manila from the point of entertainment, would be an introduction into the charmed circle of Manila's One Thousand, a fabulous set of wealthy, frivolous, amiable pleasure-seekers in which there is an average of six parties in one evening, not counting coffees, teas and luncheons, all elaborate, costly and extravagant. A well-traveled American society columnist says that "there is more elegance, more expensive dresses and far more food in Manila parties than anywhere else in the world."

One such cocktail party given in Manila, to which about five hundred will receive cards, is usually held in a large, lush garden, specially lighted and decorated for the occasion for Manilaans are house-proud. The drinks, from champagne to beer, are served by white-coated boys and bartenders; the canapes are the most delicious and exotic



tiny dried fish, century eggs, caviar, shrimp, pork skin, meats and pastries. In addition a long buffet table will be laid out, a sort of international smorgasbord with enough food for a thousand.

A string band circulates, mariachi-style, among the guests, who either leave after a few minutes to go to another cocktail party, or stay for breakfast. The women wear thousand-peso ternos (wearing the same one twice in the same circle is a sign of great fortitude) or the latest Dior and Balenciaga originals and enormous quantities

of valuable jewelry. Even children's parties, which are quite as popular as cocktail parties, and to which all the Manilans go, have five-course meals, professional entertainers and the usual corps of society photographers.

All in all, after a hoydenish first impression, Manila turns out to be quite a city, entertainment-wise. Beneath the sleazy gown of her obvious Americanism, are her true and mature charms. One need only pay her the compliment of a little more than customary attention and Manila will readily reveal herself.

* * *



The Ideal Hostess:

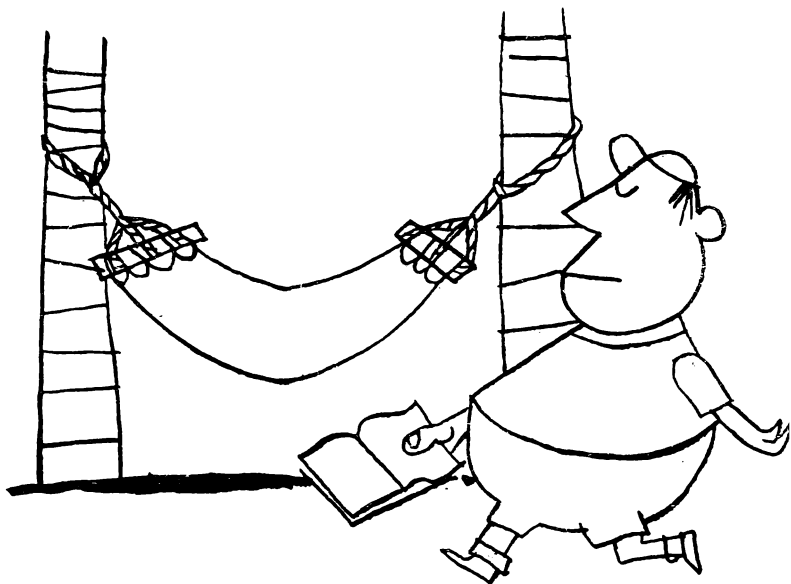
She gleans how long you wish to stay;
She lets you go without delay.

The Ideal Guest:

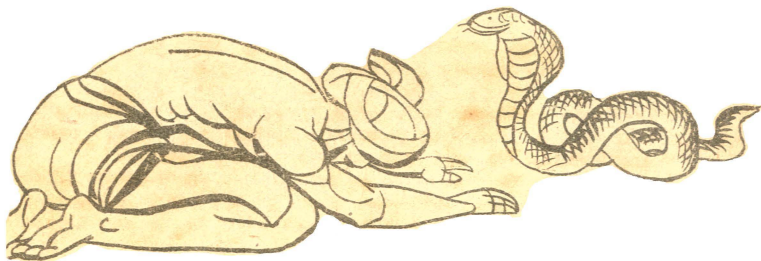
She is not difficult to please;
She can be silent as the trees.
She shuns all astentatious show;
She knows exactly when to go.

—Grenville Kleiser

Fun-Orama. by Elmer



Hail King Cobra!



Where a snake isn't a snake

LIKE EVERY British child who was born in India, I was brought up to regard all poisonous snakes with a mixture of fear and disgust, especially our local varieties, the cobra and the kerait. After an interval of many years, I found myself back in India last year, but with this great difference, that I was no longer living in a large bungalow, in the Sahibs' world. This time, I was living out in a country village, doing my best to get to know the people.

One night, during the rains, I was walking with a Rajput friend called Ragunath Singh. He stopped to shake out a stone from his shoe, and as he got up again, we saw in the rays of our hurricane lantern a big cobra slipping away from behind the stone on which he had been sitting. Ragunath looked after it, and then saluted it as if it were a fellow human being: "Peace be with you."

Perhaps I looked surprised, because he said to me, "He could have killed me just now if he'd wished, so is it right that I should spare his life too?" I was astonished, and impressed. It was the first time that I had heard anyone consider the snake's point of view.

I had been living long enough among Hindus by this time to appreciate their sense of kinship with the rest of the animal creation. My nearest neighbour in the village used to begin every day with an offering of grain to the pigeons; and of course I had seen the affectionate indulgence with which everyone treated the

sacred cows: but snakes — that, surely, was something different again. And yet, more than any other animal, snakes are felt in India to have a human, or rather a superhuman quality.

I learned quite by chance one day that if you kill a snake, it is not good enough simply to cast it aside, or it will certainly come to life again and not rest until it has bitten you. What you must do is to make a miniature litter of bamboo twigs, lay the snake on it with a pinch of tobacco and a small copper coin, cover it with a red cloth, and then cremate it.

"But surely," I said to the young man who explained this to me: "Surely that means you treat it as if you were cremating a human being?"

"When you burn the body of a kinsman, it is customary to shave your head as a sign of mourning. When you burn a snake, you don't have to do that—that's the only difference."

If snakes are thought of as human, it is a stern father-figure that they represent; but more often than not the cobra is regarded as a sort of god. All round this countryside he is worshipped in effigy as the snake-god, Kagala-Devji. Each hamlet has a little shrine with a row of images. One will be of the local embodiment of Mataji, the goddess-Mother; another, her lieutenant Bhaironji: and somewhere along the row there will be the figure of a black cobra with its hood expanded, coiled as if to strike. Each of these snake-gods has its priest.

My village friends used to tell me about dreams, or legends they had been told of great stores of gold and precious stones buried in the earth, always guarded by a deadly snake. Sometimes it was a white snake, and that was certainly a god, sometimes a black one, which was the servant of the spirit which watched over that treasure. And there are other snakes, very old and clever ones, which are said to carry a priceless jewel in their heads.

Sometimes, at night, they will lay their jewel on the ground for a time, and it will glow like a bright light. If a man could only lay hands on it, he would be rich for the rest of his life.

—G. M. Carstairs

* * *

KEEPING UP WITH THE NEIGHBORS

Ad in a Chicago daily: "Don't let the neighbors think you can't afford a television set. For \$5, we will install an artificial TV antenna in your home."

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REPUBLIC OF THE PHILIPPINES
DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
BUREAU OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS
MANILA

ADDRESS REPLY TO
THE DIRECTOR

March 5, 1955

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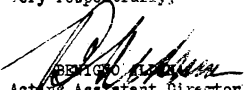
The Editor, PANORAMA
2666 Herran Street
M a n i l a

Dear Sir:

This is to inform you that the magazine PANORAMA has been approved for secondary school libraries as a student's and teacher's reference.

This magazine will be listed in the next A.E.L. bulletin to come out.

Very respectfully,


BENIGNO ALANO
Acting Assistant Director

Two Letters

REPUBLIC OF THE PHILIPPINES
DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
BUREAU OF PRIVATE SCHOOLS
MANILA

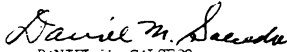
March 21, 1955

Mrs. C. A. Maramag
COMMUNITY PUBLISHERS, INC.
M a n i l a

Madam:

In reply to your request regarding the possible use of Panorama in private schools, I desire to inform you that we are approving it as a general reading material for secondary schools. This approval will be included in the forthcoming bulletin to be issued by this Office.

Very respectfully,


DANIEL M. SALCEDO
Director of Private Schools
D.E. 274

Book Review by LEONARD CASPER

Short Story * Cartoons
Features

