

THE ARELLANO LITERARY REVIEW

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THE LOVE OF BOOKS

ROME is no more—whether the Rome of the Caesars or Mussolini's. Greece is wracked by civil war; two ideologies contend for its ruins. Germany is divided into two parts. France seems to stand up only by reason of the violence of the differences of Frenchmen. The British Empire, on which the sun, once, never set, is in decline: it is in receivership.

Yet something remains, impervious to the attacks of time, indifferent to the fall of cities, the defeat of armies. Something native to each, yet universal, speaking to all men. Something permanent, not fashion's slave. When everything else has been destroyed, the books remain.

"The world of books is the most remarkable creation of man. Nothing else that he builds ever lasts. Monuments fall, nations perish, civilizations grow old and die out, and after an era of darkness, new races build others. But in the world of books are volumes that have seen this happen again and again and yet live on, still young, still as fresh as the day they were written, still telling men's hearts of the hearts of men centuries dead."

The love of books is a noble love because it is a disinterested one. No hope of personal advancement, no thought of individual profit moves the lover. To love books is to love the best of man. It is to know man in his variety. It is to travel through space and time. To know many countries, many peoples, many beliefs, many fighting faiths. It is also to know that all men, despite their dissimilarities—thus it is said that no fingerprint is quite the same as another—are ultimately the same. That all men are brothers.

To love books is to learn to respect the individual nature of each man and at the same time to sympathize with the plight of all. It is to see unity in diversity, universality in the individual. It is to keep one's distance toward each man, and to embrace all. It is to grow, to become mature.

Love books. And if you have the talent, write one.

Antonio L. Descallar

FIVE POEMS

(Antonio L. Descallar, of the College of Law, Arellano University, is a young poet with promise whose works reveal insight and a deep probing for new poetic symbols.)

I. TESTAMENTAL

O let this song-creating pain
Be as brief
As fall of midnight rain
Or as turning of wind-whirled leaf.

I cannot hold it long:
The elemental god of this mind
Can not sustain it into song
With eyes unmiracled and blind.

Then evening me into silence.
Unsung songs are not imperative;
The quest in words for their equivalence
Is not the bread by which I live.

2. PRELUDE

The mind remembering you
Is not a city of sound,
But stillness dripping slow
This is music's burial ground
Where shout can not lance the stillness
through.

And the past comes to unbind
Remembrances that gently clap
Back dreams of years lost behind—
Like waters falling drop by drop—
Upon the shingles of the mind.

FIVE POEMS

3. THOSE HANDS, THIS TREE . . .

How lonely, how quietly could pause a tree
Enharmonized with early stars and hill
O God, beautiful must be those Hands!

How lonely, how quietly could pause a tree, remembering
How once it reared upon a hill—a Calvary—
For those very Hands, O God, a pillar of pain!

4. THE FALLEN GOD

Caught between time and doubt;
Hesitant in his creed,
With a counter wind trumpeting about
He faltered in his speed.

Before he reached the sheltering stone
Torrential fell the rain.
Drenched and chilled to the inmost bone
Shivered the god of pain.

Then night dropt down as sudden ire,
No stars did shine on high.
That young god bewildered and sore
Bore the anger of the sky.

5. NOTE TO A GUEST SPEAKER

Listening to you
In this hall
We remark in secret how
Your words beautifully fall.

Yet death does not
Discriminate;
Gods, like you, silenced,
Must pass through the coffin's gate.

And worms never choose
On what tongue to feed
Flesh by flesh, as now they do
On the silence-entangled dead.

But meanwhile there is
Beauty in your speech
(against our living silence) like
Waves falling upon a twilight beach!

Filomena N. Colendrino

THE SUN CURE

THE old woman came out of the church wiping her eyes with the edge of her black veil. She stood in front of the church door and stared at the Rizal monument that rose in the center of the town plaza a few feet away. She should not be remembering all that now, she chided herself, she should not harbor resentment in her heart especially as she had just heard the sermon of the priest about love and peace and universal brotherhood. But could all those words of forgiveness bring her husband back alive? Could sermons prevent her from remembering? So she stood there, painfully recalling that day on a Holy Week during the war. She seemed to see her husband now, tied to the Rizal monument.....

The accused were lined up in the market, guarded by two Japanese soldiers and four puppet policeman. It was market day and there were many people.

With an air of great importance, one of the policemen clambered up a market stall. He held a megaphone to his mouth and began to shout the message of the mayor to his townmates. The message declared that the fourteen men who were lined up in front of them were all criminals... "robbers, bandits, disturbers of our peace and order..." They were going to get their due punishment. While they waited for the final sentence from the provincial representative of the Imperial Government they were going to be given the **sun cure**: They were to be tied to the market fence and left under the sun from nine o'clock in the morning to four o'clock in the afternoon, every Wednesday and Sunday, the market and church days in town. They were not to be given any food or water but they could be fed after the sun treatment by members of their families. Any person who had a grudge against the criminals was free to slap their faces, provided they were accompanied by the Japanese guard.

The policeman read that message amidst an awed silence. After he had read it, the silence was broken by the applause of the Japanese garrison commander and the town mayor. The message had been signed by the mayor, said the policeman. At this, the crowd murmured. The policeman got up the table and shouted that if any body wished to question the proclamation, he was free to ask the Japanese commander. The silence returned immediately.

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Meekly the prisoners stood in their line, single file. Their hands were tied with buri ropes behind them. Their heads bowed down in grief and anger and shame, they were led out of the market and brought to the street where they were tied to the fence alongside the road.

The woman was in the market then. She had gone to buy the week's supplies when she heard the mayor's proclamation about the prisoners. She had been among those who had murmured against the torture but she had not seen the prisoners then. She was far from the crowd that gathered about the prisoners.

And then, just as she was about to leave the market a girl from her barrio who had also gone to the market cried after "**Nana**, your husband is among the captives!"

The woman dropped her basket and exclaimed, "What!" She followed the girl to see the prisoners being tied to the market fence and saw her husband led away from the fence to the center of the town plaza. The woman ran after him but a policeman pulled her away and threatened to call the Jap guard to come and tie her up, too.

She raved, wanting to know why her husband was being punished. She had left him early that morning in their house in the barrio when she had gone to the market. Why was he there in the clutches of the cruel-looking policeman? She recognized the policeman to be the son of her **kasama** with whom her husband had had a disagreement concerning harvests.

The woman ran to the office of the mayor and in front of him she burst into bitter weeping, wanting to know why her husband was a prisoner and charged with being a criminal. She wanted to know, too, why he was going to be tied to the Rizal monument.

The mayor laughed at her weeping and called her a very good actress. But her weeping, he said, could not stop the punishment. He told her that if she did not wish her husband to suffer then she must reveal where he had hidden his gun and the loot that he had stolen the previous night. She had heard of the robbery, hadn't she? It had occurred about three kilometers away from their home in the barrio. The Japanese had found a witness who claimed that he had heard the voice of her husband among the escaping robbers and he was sure that he was their leader. Because he had headed the gang he was going to be tied in the center of the plaza.

THE SUN CURE

The woman swore that her husband was at home the night that the robbery had been committed, but the mayor laughed tauntingly at her. He asked her why her husband had refused to answer when asked to tell where her son was hiding. Perhaps, he said, her son had gone away to hide the loot? The mayor advised her to go home and not to leave the place for she might be needed any time by the Japanese commander. Meanwhile, until her son came home her husband would be given the sun cure.

No amount of weeping on the woman's part could move the mayor. Then, remembering her son she quieted and started for home, to the barrio, not without looking tearfully first at the policemen who were tying her husband to the foot of the monument.

She thought of her son. Some weeks before, he had gone away to stay with some soldiers in the hills. Once in a while a garrison would be attacked, some Japanese soldiers would be lost, a collaborator would be found dead, and the people would say, "It's the work of the ghosts in the hills." But her son had made her swear never to tell where he was hiding with the soldiers. Now she understood why her husband preferred to suffer rather than to tell where her son was. They were tying him up for that, not for the robbery with which they had falsely accused him.

At home, she found her children weeping. They told her that their father had been forced by the policemen, one of whom was the son of their tenant, in the company of two Japanese soldiers, to go with them to town. They had tied his wrists together behind his back and led him away. She wept with them. She told them that their father was being tortured in the plaza. She instructed another son to ride a horse to the hills and find his brother and bring him home.

She knew that the boy would not be able to reach the hills until late in the afternoon, so, without waiting for him, she decided to bring her husband some food.

The woman's husband was tied away from the rest. The Japs had fastened him to the base of the Rizal monument in the center of the town plaza... like a martyr, bound hand and foot to the concrete leg of the national hero. The cement beneath his feet made the heat about him more intense. In front of the monument, some feet away, between the plaza and the fence where the other prisoners were tied, a Japanese guard sat in an easy chair under the shade of a leafy acacia tree.

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Before midday, the men looked like limp rags on a clothesline, damp with their own sweat. The hot wind struck their faces and the dust and the sun cut deep into their eyes which they could not even rub. Their tears mingled with their sweat to wet their shirts.

It was Wednesday of the Holy Week. The sun was blazing hot and as it went past the zenith the men could see only a blur before their eyes. They were aware of a haze circling them. Their heads no longer felt the heat which had become a dull throbbing inside their brains, while the sunshine gradually assumed a painful darkness.

Then the Japanese commander who had been persuaded by the mayor allowed the families of the prisoners to give them water at two o'clock.

The water bringers rushed to the fence.

The woman whose husband was tied to the monument was there too, running to the center of the plaza to give her husband water. But the Japanese guard woke up from his dozing and ran after the woman. Just as she raised the glass to her husband's parched lips, the Jap guard snatched the glass away. He grasped her arm and pulled her roughly.

The woman struggled to be free and screamed. She waved the pitcher and cried, "He must drink, he must drink!" The Japanese did not understand what she was shouting.

A policeman came to help the Jap pull her away. He explained to her, "The guard has been instructed by the commander not to let your husband drink. He will not be given food until he tells where the other bandits are. He is their captain."

The woman shouted "Bandits? Who is the captain of those bandits? How can my husband know anything about them?" She raised her pitcher to hit the policeman but the Jap was quicker and struck her in the mouth.

The policeman said, "Now listen, woman. The Jap will strike you again and may even tie you to the monument, too, if you do not stop shouting. Understand, we cannot let your husband drink. Those are orders. You had better go to the mayor and ask him to allow you to give water to your man."

The woman ran the whole length of the three blocks that led to the mayor's house. Of course she knew the house of the mayor. She ran

THE SUN CURE

like one gone mad and she made quite a sight. A woman past fifty running along the deserted street on the hot afternoon of Holy Wednesday!

At that moment, the mayor was faced with a problem. One of his policemen had just arrived to tell him that the bandits' leader had been caught in the adjacent town. He had confessed to the crime of which the woman's husband was accused and had even given up most of the loot. The mayor knew that if he went to the commander with this information he would lose face. He had denounced the man as a robber. He could not go back on that now.

The woman arrived panting wearily from her long run. She pleaded with the mayor, saying, "Mayor, my husband will die! Please help me. Let him drink!"

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when the mayor and the woman reached the plaza. An hour afterwards, the prisoners would be returned to the jail. The mayor approached the Jap guard to tell him about the woman's husband and how he had been wrongly accused. Before the Jap could comprehend the mayor's explanation, they were both attracted by a shout from the woman. They saw her at the foot of the monument.

They ran to the monument, too. The man's body hung limply from the rope about his waist and chest. His head had fallen on his chest; his knees had doubled up beneath him.

The mayor's hands trembled violently as he helped the Jap untie the ropes. The woman screamed once more and then fell into a faint. The policeman worked to revive her and when she had recovered he led her to the mayor's office where she wept and pulled her hair. The man's body was carried into the municipal building. They laid him on a long bench in the sergeant's office. He was still breathing, though almost imperceptibly. The physician who was summoned tried to revive the man but after a quarter of an hour the man's heart stopped.

"He could not stand the heat," said the doctor, avoiding the mayor's eyes. The Japanese soldier stared at the dead man expressionlessly. The mayor gruffly ordered his policemen to call the wife and to notify the Japanese commander of the man's death.

The other prisoners did not see the man at the monument fall. They did not see him carried away to the municipal building although the mo-

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nument was only a few feet from the fence. Neither did they see that the body which the policemen carried was lifeless, for their eyes had become almost as sightless by the heat of the sun, and their heads ached in splitting pain.

They were untied at four o'clock.

When they reached the cool shade of the jail they wept with tearless, sun-dried eyes.

THE woman at the church door remembered that a week after her husband's death, the mayor had been shot to death as he emerged from a coffee house by a group of guerrillas from the hills. The chief of police was shot that same night, too. And her son who lived in the hills had eaten supper with the family. There was a look of grim satisfaction on his face.

The priest had preached about peace and forgiveness... but she still remembered.

"Mother, you have stood here a long time waiting for me," a girl said. She was the woman's daughter.

The woman lifted the edge of her veil to her eyes. The child who remembered too took her mother's hand and said, "Let us go home."

Kerima Polotan

BRIEF GLORY*

IT WAS drizzling a little then—I forget now how exactly it was that evening. But it was early and the crowd had thickened so that when we walked through them, it was so like going through waves of water: you sank and then rose, sank and then rose again, till finally you reached a free spot that was like a little island in all that sea of people. Now the island he and I reached was a corner beneath a post whose light had not turned on yet, so it was gently dark you see, and the people that moved about were hardly discernible and the world was a mass of vague, ghostly shadows.

He stood a step behind me. No jeepneys came by and it seemed—someone's voice rising above the group of other waiting humans informed us querulously—that a low-numbered car had held up traffic again somewhere in the bottle-neck of a city street two blocks away. We had a goodly hour's wait before us. Ree-lux, the man added thoughtfully.

Relax, indeed. Earlier that day, my old bag had snapped and I had tied its strap around my forearm in a big crude knot. I knew that when I reached home and removed the bag, I would see a familiar imprinted welt. An hour more of the leathery pressure, I thought, and my arm was as good as gone.

Then too I was tired. After a way of putting it: I was dead tired. Yet my tiredness was far from dead for it coursed through my limbs like some animate, live fluid and when I closed my eyes briefly, I savored the rich exhaustion and it was so like the flavor of a kiss.

He said to me, "If no jeepney comes," he said, "we'll take a taxi." I half-turned to where he was, a small smile on my lips for it struck me as amusing that this poor loyer of mine, being overwhelmed with gallantry for me should suggest a Taxi. He moved away with a quickness that was instinctive and shamed and hurt at the same time, his hand coming up swiftly across his face in a protective gesture.

Something tender and woman stirred within me at sight of that gesture of his. Fingers outspread, his hand travelled in an arc to his face, passing itself across the brow, sweeping with the movement the turbulent hair to the back to his head. (Quickly, I recalled the times in

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the past I had seen that hand come up his face that way. Always it had been because I had spoken coarsely, without love, without gentleness. A word, like an asp, thrown at him, without thought, without thought. When he raised that hand to his brow in pain and humiliation, I would turn away, ashamed to show my contrition.)

"A taxi then, if no jeepney comes," I said, looking into his eyes and praying he would smile, "yes."

But the ride back home was spoiled for him now I saw that, and when a bus screeched to a stop before us, I felt no touch of his hand at my elbow. I looked about and there he was, half-heartedly clearing a path for me with his shoulders, his eyes looking past me with a drawn, closed and shut expression.

The others clambered up. When their jostling pushed him against me, I turned askance at him but his face had metamorphosed from studied indifference to forbearance.

Well, then, I said. I'd be damned if I cared, I said.

■ IN THE bus, I remembered a widow's counsel: she was tall and whitely graceful and she had loved her husband deeply. And it had been a most strange kind of love for she loved him, it is true, but she hated him too because she loved him. It was like a hunger, she said to me then, like a contagion that spread itself and seared the tissues it touched. Also, she added, when men knew you loved them like that, why girl, you gave them a whip to hold over your head.

Hard then as flint my cousin had become and when the man she loved with such completeness died, she had grieved but little and with that little sorrow had been grateful relief for now she was bonded to none, nor man nor feeling and she was free. Free.

· And love? I had asked her, all sixteen.

Love? she had spat the word back at me, as though it had been an obscenity. Love, she said, curling her thumb and forefinger in a circle that is the sign of money all over the world, this, she said, is love. And when you take this kind, she said, pushing the circle into my face, you make the wiser choice, girl: this love you can hold between your teeth and bite down on and spend for fleshly goods and buy your female freedom with.

BRIEF GLORY

I remembered all that tonight, during this ride home. My head throbbed faintly with recalling the look on my widowed cousin's face: for I had known her in her youth and she had been oh so very like a lotus in the warming sun, clean and fragrant but when she talked to me that time, in her widow's garb, she had been all shrivelled, you see, and ugly with that vicious despairing yearning of hers for freedom. But I believed her then—even now, tonight, riding home with this man whom I loved and hated, I recalled my widowed cousin and I believed her.

What had you anyway when you loved a man? Well then, you had a man. And pray, what was a man? Why: eyes and lips, chin and jaw, and shoulders and arms, limbs and feet—a man. But did you have a soul: his soul, the same way a woman lost her soul when she loved? No. But when you took the economic circle of thumb and forefingers, why, so my widowed cousin had said, you had freedom and—chocolate eclairs.

So then, these were my thoughts as we rode home that night.

The drizzle had grown stronger and a wind was blowing the rain into the bus. The men put up their collars and the women drew their necklines closer about them. Then the man who had stood a step behind me on that little island beneath a light post, he whose gallantry had caused him to suggest a taxi though he knew that I knew that between the two of us, we were worth at that time a little over a peso—this man then, he whom I loved and hated in the usual paradox that is a woman's feelings, he put his arm around my shoulder to shield me from the rain and with his other hand, he passed over to me his jacket.

Like that earlier deprecatory gesture of his, this proffer now hit me violently and I winced from its impact. For what seemed what the pulps would term an eternity, he held out that jacket to me and suddenly, there before me, was my cousin's face and voice, and the image of a stirring lotus, before me; and also before me, the shape of female freedom, the curling tip of a whip, thumb-and-forefinger circle and chocolate eclairs. Again, it was so like crossing a river that swirled and gurgled over my head, the waters filled my nostrils and choked my lungs and for want of breath, I gasped and reached out for help while strong arms lifted me up—and I knew that beyond those hands would be a hill, the odor of heather and wind and the golden glory of myself, but no freedom, no circle.

God in heaven, I said, then I took the jacket.

Irene L. David

THE AFFAIRS OF PETRA

OF COURSE, you remember those halo-halo stores lined up on Azcarraga Street owned by the Japanese before the war, where you could buy **mongo con hielo**, **beans con hielo**, **maiz con hielo**, **caong con hielo** and so many other **con hielos** including **halo-halo** and the pies and the cakes that go with it.

It was in one of those stores that Petra worked. She was eighteen and fresh from Ilocandia. Living on a wage of fifteen pesos a month, she was better off than the other girls who arrived in the city with her. She was able to buy her Chinese powder, put on American lipstick and live on Japanese wages. She was pretty, this Petra, and she had affairs worth talking about. In the course of her serving the different **con hielos**, she met a lot of people, among them Bosio, Taquio, Ado and Kulas.

Bosio was a frequenter of the pool room near-by and he was reputed to hit the biggest number of balls, including eighth balls. He came for his **con hielos** usually in the afternoons about four or five; he would sit and eat his **con hielos** and while he crunched his **garabanzos**, he gave Petra the feeling that he was rolling the balls one by one, into one hole. He would watch her, too, out of the corner of his eyes and imagine her to be a ball being shoved into the goal. Anyway, whenever he won big bets in the pool room, he gave her big tips. He liked her symmetry and her curves and he wanted her to be his girl, but while Petra did not refuse him, neither did she accept him, on the ground that there was Taquio to consider. . .

Now, Taquio worked as a conductor in Tutuban. His train usually was the eight o'clock morning train. That was why he had to take the early **con hielo**, even if it was cold. Yes, even if it was very-cold. He took the **maiz con hielo** every time even though his tour of duty would come along by the clock on the wall. He tried to write Petra at first, telling her that she was the train of his thoughts. When Petra did not reply to his letters, he tried to speak to her about his love. He even offered to take her on weekly trips to Ilocandia where Petra's parents lived. He tried to be poetic about the train and how it zoomed through the country at such a fast pace. He even compared her voice to the whistle of the big train when it reached the station. But Petra, though she knew that Taquio's job was stable wouldn't give him a definite answer because there was Ado. . . .

THE AFFAIRS OF PETRA

Now, Ado was a big man. His muscles kept bulging through the T-shirt he always wore. His features were rough and there was something magnetic about him. Maybe, it was the way he spoke Tagalog slang that fascinated Petra. He came at about nine or ten in the evening. Sometimes, he brought a flock of friends along, and he would show her off to them. She had also heard that he was a fine dancer and she wanted him to teach her how to dance but always there was no time. Ado called her "Baby." Although she liked being called "Baby" she would pout at the word. She would have been willing to be his "Baby" if it were not for Kulas.

Kulas was the "give her all" type. Kulas was often broke and there was nothing to give. He was the worshipping dog. He just looked at her. He would order the cheapest thing in the place and give her the rest of his money, if he had any more. He went to cockfights every Sunday and showered Petra with lots of gifts whenever he won. He believed in giving a woman everything especially if she was everything to him. Kulas stopped in regularly just before lunch. Sometimes, Petra wondered if he ever took any lunch at all—or if the *con hielos* she served him were his lunch. But Kulas was the symbol of sincerity.

At night, Petra would gossip with the other girls and they would envy her. She liked them very much, she said, and they were the nicest group of suitors she could possibly have. On Sundays, when she was given her day off, she would amuse herself by going out with one of them, and inwardly she compared the others' reactions. She flirted with them. She went to the Star, or the Palace or the Dalisay with them. They never entered other *halo-halo* stores because Petra disliked entering them. Petra's suitors went along with the tide of her existence and they became part of her daily routine. They all got to proposing, but, Petra, of course, could not afford to lose anyone of them. She answered them all with a willy-nilly reply and so they followed her still.

Petra, however, on December 2, 1941, thought she was getting old. She decided she must pick one among them she was really going to marry. She pondered on the pool room tactics of Bosio, the earning capacity of Taquio, the strength of Ado and the sincerity of Kulas. She said lawmakers were stupid for limiting husbands to a ratio of one to one. All combined, they would make perfect husbands.

Then, the war broke out. Nakamura, the owner of the store was taken into custody. The people stoned the store and the girls hid them-

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selves in the attic. Petra was dismayed. She thought it was the end of it all.

When the Japanese took the city, nobody remembered having seen Petra. They all thought she had left. Her suitors worried over her. When Nakamura reopened his store in May, 1942, Petra was the cashier. She was back in the **halo-halo** store. Her stomach was big with child. She had married Nakamura.

Christina Rossetti

COME BACK TO ME

Come back to me who wait and watch for you:—
Or come not yet, for it is over then,
And long it is before you come again,
So far between my pleasures and few.
While, when you come not, what I do I do,
Thinking, "Now when he comes," my sweetest, "when":
For one man is my world of all the men
This wide world holds; O love, my world is you.
Howbeit, to meet you grows almost a pang
Because the pang of parting comes so soon;
My hope hangs waning, waxing, like a moon
Between the heavenly days on which we meet:
Ah me, but where are now the songs I sang
When life was sweet because you called them sweet?

Nora Salvador

BY THEIR SHOES . . .

DO YOU often find yourself bored during the tedious wait before you can get a chance to grab a seat in your bus, or while waiting for the go-signal at a busy street intersection, or while walking along a crowded thoroughfare? We have found a way to replace that empty blank look we wear in moments like these. You might even play this when you find yourself fed up with the faces around you in the cramped confines of a bus.

All that you need in this game are shoes. Shoes can tell plenty about the character of their wearers. Shoes have a personality all their own and each has a story to tell. There are happy shoes, sad shoes, rich shoes, poor shoes.

You wonder what happy shoes are. Next time you spot a comfortable pair worn by the male of the species that is either tan, black, or white—none of those glaring two-tone combinations—and is well shined, you can be sure that they are of the proud and contented kind. For no shoes could feel at ease and happy if their owners did not make an effort to keep them nice and clean. Nothing could make shoes more unhappy than neglect. Happy shoes are identified with owners who are level-headed and hardworking. Women who wear low or medium-heeled shoes are the sane type of females. They are doing two good things—they are being kind to their feet and to their shoes. And their shoes will repay this kindness by giving them longer and more comfortable service.

Are you catching on to the game? Let us see what the next pair will tell. Here comes one that tells you from a distance that they were bought at one of the exclusive imported emporiums. Surely, their owner uses them more for adornment than for wear. They are the lucky ones whose owner puts them to work only in walking from the car to cross the sidewalk into a store for a little shopping and back again into the car. What could be a richer life than this pair has!

Poor shoes connote two types. Ones that are too tired looking and rundown at the heels tell how really hard up the wearer is; or else, we would have never seen the likes of them—for they should have been dumped a long, long time ago. Poor dears, here is hoping luck comes the way of their owner soon so that they could be retired. Now, we

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will speak of the other type of poor shoes. You will often meet comfortable and sane looking pairs, but a feeling of pity for them can not be refrained. They are kept neatly, all right, yet they seem to cry from the beating they receive every time they are worn. On them has fallen the burden of bearing human beings who are on their dogs all day long. Their owner could be one of these people: agents, collectors, sales-people, teachers, and last but not least, reporters.

Then there are the high heeled toe-pinching shoes that give their wearer a tortured look at every step she takes and it is through no fault of theirs at all. All the blame should be shouldered by the woman who, in her wish to be fashionable bought them—and to boot, a pair one or two sizes smaller. These poor shoes should take it into their heads to revolt one day. They ought to go on a sit-down strike

Here comes a flat-footed person. Oops! . . . he is a cop and is giving us the go sign. So, we leave you to take on from here and we are sure that in no time at all, you will find yourself a very fine character analyst by merely looking at people's shoes!

Alfredo Balajadia

A BUDDHIST CEREMONY

ONCE, in Shanghai, I chanced to pass a Buddhist temple at whose entrance a crowd had congregated. From the interior, murmurings and the soft clang of bells flowed out. Upon inquiring, I learned that a third-week-after-death ceremony was in progress. Curiosity stayed my steps.

In the center of the dim, rectangular-shaped temple towered a gigantic, gilded buddha. Immediately before the statue stood a table. On it, two red candles in large holders burned—the sole source of light. The rays reflected from the glass on a picture of a middle-aged man, lit up some bowls of cooked food. Long incense-sticks in a censer sent up a blue fog of smoke and strongly perfumed the air. Before the table, on the ground, was laid a wornout cushion. The murmurings, to my surprise came from some bald-headed priests. Eyes half-closed they sat motionless on two benches flanking the table, assuming an air of meditation. Mourners, plainly attired, moved about and conversed in low voices. Mingling among them were persons wearing white robes who were near-relatives of the deceased. A servant was busily engaged in filling tea-cups and supplying various delicacies.

Presently, two men arrived, were welcomed, and ushered to the altar. Without ado, one knelt on the cushion and reverently performed three kowtows, followed by the other. Having thus paid their homage to the dead, they lost themselves in the crowd.

Two hours elapsed. The mourners swelled the temple to capacity. Every newcomer, upon entering kow-towed to the altar, save several old people who simply bowed thrice.

Clang! A sudden sharp sound filled the air and shocked my ear drums. Automatically my head jerked in the direction where the sound had originated. It came from the group of priests. At this signal they left their seats and commenced to circle the altar, at a slow pace. A man brought out a large vase and filled it with pieces of silver paper which had been folded into the shape of a child's paper ship.

Suddenly there was an unusual quietness, and all eyes gazed in one direction. Craning my neck, I beheld a young and pallid-faced woman. Robed in white, she walked toward the altar. "That's the widow," some-

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one whispered. Pity and sympathy were depicted on every countenance as she followed her path. With all eyes upon her, she knelt on the cushion. The relatives, some on their knees, some standing, but all holding handkerchiefs, arranged themselves behind her. The mourners stood wistfully around. And the priests became mute. For a time all was silent.

Clang . . . ! The familiar sound, but more deafening. Almost simultaneously the priests became noisy again, this time chanting loudly. At once followed the widow's plaintive wail joined by the relatives' weeping. It then dawned upon me why each had prepared a handkerchief. Someone had lit the silver paper, which was now ablaze with tongues of flames. All the noises melted into one that shook the temple to its foundation. Heart-breaking wails, a glowing fire, and the widow's piteous cries! All of a sudden I felt a lump in my throat and my vision became blurred

Finally, the priests ended their chant; the fire died down; and the relatives dried their eyes. They coaxed the sobbing widow to her feet and tremblingly, she retreated to the rear, gasping for breath. The priests gave a final chant and retired. They were replaced by several nuns who continued the murmurings. Then trays of food were brought to an adjoining room. Seeing this the lookers-on thinned away. "It's the end," one said, "after dinner all go home." As dusk was approaching, I left the temple and turned homeward too.

I. V. Mallari

WHAT IS CULTURE?

CULTURE — whether it be that of an individual, a nation, or a race — may be considered the sum total of the qualities acquired through experience and training. It may be compared to the **essence** derived from flowers after their substance has been squeezed out and distilled.

It follows that the fragrance of this essence will depend both upon the chemical composition of the flowers and upon the methods by which their substance is squeezed out and distilled. In the same way, the distinctive qualities of a particular culture will depend upon how a man or a nation or a race has made use of the available natural and human resources, how each of them responds to the challenge of environment.

Since the materials of culture are the universe about us, we have to be aware of as great a segment of this universe as we can. That is why, as you have probably noticed, the more cultured a man is, the greater is his awareness of his environment.

Intellectual and spiritual development, which is the root cause of culture, starts — but it does not stop — with this awareness. It should be accompanied — or, at least, followed — by a compelling urge to examine this universe of matter, thought, and emotion, for the purpose of divining its nature and of making it serve as the instrument of human and spiritual growth.

This complicated process of growth is predicated: on (1) **critical** observation and study, which enables man to fathom the underlying causes and motives of the phenomena of life; and (2) that ingenuous attribute of the imagination, that spark of godhood in every man, which is the fountainhead of all works of creation — be they a sonnet or a cathedral, a philosophy of life or a social pattern.

Like the coral polyp, a man builds on the accomplishments of those who have gone before him; but it would not be enough for him — he would not fulfill his own destiny—if he remained satisfied with simply following in their footsteps and aping their methods and their achievements. He should also add something to the towering structure of culture, something distinctively his own. And this contribution will be con-

ditioned by his particular mode of life—its problems as well as the tools with which these problems can be tackled and solved, if he is to promote his well-being and happiness.

This does not mean that he should not try to understand and appreciate what those who have gone before him have accomplished. As a matter of fact, the quality of his individual contribution will depend a great deal on his understanding and appreciation of the basic structure of human achievement, which his observation and study would lead him to discover. But it does mean that he should exert efforts to raise the structure a little higher and to make it a little more orderly and, therefore, more beautiful than when he found it.

A man of culture, then, is one with a definite sense of values in art and letters as well as in morality and social adjustment. It is by this sense of values that his cultural stature may be measured. In other words, the degree of his culture is always revealed by what he holds dear, by what he considers useful or indispensable, orderly or beautiful.

This sense of values is manifested in many ways — in the food that he prefers and in the way he eats it, in the clothes that he wears and in the way he builds and decorates it, in the people with whom he likes to spend his leisure hours and in the way he spends them, in the decisions that he makes at the crucial moments of his life and in the deliberation that precedes every decision. Like placards in front of establishments these actuations emblazon the quality of a man's mind and heart, the kind of education and training that he has had — in short, the degree of culture that he has attained.

What is true of an individual is equally true of a nation or a race. The culture of a people can easily be read in their handiwork, in their collective philosophy of life, in the aesthetic and moral values that they have formulated, and in the beliefs that sustain them through crises.

These are the points that should be considered by those who hope to fathom the culture of the Filipinos. The consideration of these points requires the highest degree of literacy, not simply a superficial knowledge of what constitutes our culture. It requires both critical acumen and creative imagination, without which the integration of the different factors involved would be difficult, if not altogether impossible.

Teodoro M. Locsin

THE ART OF VILLA *

JOSE GARCIA VILLA has been called, by the English poet and critic, Edith Sitwell, one of the great poets of our day. Anthologies of the best American poetry include selections from his works. Literate Filipinos will agree that he is their country's No. 1 poet. At the same time they will admit that few Filipinos really know what Villa's poetry is about. He is admired, unread, and not understood.

Filipino students, when they take up a course in Philippine literature, invariably ask: "What is Villa trying to say? Sounds like nonsense to me." And it is partly Villa's fault that he is not understood. At the same time, the obscurity of much of Villa's verse is inherent in modern poetry.

Modern poetry is symbolist. It avoids direct statement as one would a plague. It does not say what it means, it merely hints, suggests, through the use of symbols and images. A poet should not write of grief—as grief. "For all the history of grief: an empty doorway and a maple leaf." Isn't that more expressive? A declaration of grief may convince, it cannot move. But the picture of a door opening into darkness and desolation, and the solitary leaf on the doorstep, all speaking of an abandoned home, wrenches the heart and gives the reader the taste and accent and feel of grief.

If a poet were to say what he means in so many words, he might as well be writing prose. Or Victorian poetry, with its misty sentiments and vague generalizations, its easy rhetoric and cant. Modern poetry demands another language, a more disciplined hand. Precise imagery. But because such poetry avoids plain statements of meaning, while it may not deceive the knowing, it must remain incomprehensible to the many.

For love: the leaning grasses and two lights above the sea.

But for some readers the picture of leaning grasses and two lights above the sea may not mean love, which is both beautiful and sad, but something else. The meaning of the line may tease his mind indefinitely;

* (Reprinted, in expanded form, from the *Philippine FREE PRESS* article entitled "Understanding Villa.")

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he may never get it. In this case, the poet, taking safety measures, dots his "i's" and crosses his "t's" and tells the reader without equivocation that leaning grasses and two lights above the sea mean love.

The poet-critic, Randall Jarrell, describes the methods of modern poetry thus:

"Very interesting language, a great emphasis on connotation, 'texture'; extreme intensity, forced emotion—violence; a great deal of obscurity; emphasis on sensation, perceptual nuances; emphasis on details, on the part rather than the whole; experimental or novel qualities of some sort; a tendency toward external formlessness and internal disorganization required to express a disorganized age, or alternatively, as newly discovered and more complex types of organization; . . . there is a good deal of emphasis on the unconscious, dream-structure, the thoroughly subjective; the poet's attitudes are usually anti-scientific, anti-commonsense, anti-public—he is, essentially, removed."

In other words, easy generalizations are to be avoided, as well as the usual reactions, the customary effects. Emphasis is on details, on the part rather than the whole, for the modern poet cannot see the whole. He has lost the stability of belief, the comprehensive world-view of previous generations. The world has been splintered into atoms, physical and spiritual, and he can only gaze at the ruins, he can only pick up the fragments. So—emphasis on sensation, search for nuances, calculated formlessness, planned disorganization, and violence, shock.

This does not entirely apply to Villa's poetry; it is a description of T. S. Eliot's. But, like Eliot, Villa is "anti-scientific, anti-commonsense, anti-public." He is "removed."

But we have delayed too long. Now let us go to Villa's poetry. Here is a poem. It has no name.

**I have observed pink monks eating blue raisins.
And I have observed blue monks eating pink raisins.
Studiously have I observed.**

**Now, this is the way a pink monk eats a blue raisin:
Pink is he and it is blue and the pink
Swallows the blue. I swear this is true.**

**And the way a blue monk eats a pink raisin is this:
Blue is he and it is pink and the blue
Swallows the pink. And this also is truth.**

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**Indeed I have observed and myself have partaken
Of blue and pink raisins. But my joy was different:
My joy was to see the blue and the pink counterpointing.**

That is nonsense, the reader will say. There are no blue monks eating pink raisins and pink monks eating blue raisins. And the reader is right. There are none in the world of fact. But in the world of imagination anything is possible. Think of the poem in terms of pure color and outline. Do not say there are no pink monks. Think of a pink monk. Think of something pink and big swallowing something small and blue. What is there in nature that the image suggests? Why, of course. The spreading pink of the day swallowing the diminishing blue of the night: sunrise. And the blue monk eating pink raisins is, naturally, the blue of the night swallowing the last fading pinkish light of day: sunset. No wonder the poet swears, impishly, that it is true he had seen blue monks eating pink raisins and pink monks eating blue raisins, for he has indeed seen sunrise and sunset, he has partaken of blue and pink raisins and taken delight in the play and contrast of colors when the day dies and when it is born.

When Villa speaks of being—
**am so very am and
speak so very speak
and look my every hand
is for each all lovers' sake**

he merely means that he is himself, an original, not mass-produced, in other words, that vanishing creature, an individual. Speaking not as others would have him speak, echoing no one, imitating nobody, he has something to say. He really speaks instead of merely repeats like a phonograph. If the salt loseth its savor, wherewith shall it be salted? If the individual is not himself but that anonymous fellow, that faceless citizen which society conspires to turn us all into, he is nothing. He is not himself, he is not another, he is no one in particular. He is the average man, who is not a man, who does not exist.

And Villa is, at the cost of privation and popular neglect, himself. An original, not a reproduction. As such he can hold the world in the spiritual hollow of his hand. He can approach God—dare "measure" Him.

God said, I made a man
 Out of clay...
 But so bright he, he spun
 Himself to brightest Day

Till he was all shining gold,
 And oh,
 He was lovely to behold,
 But in his hand he held a bow

Aimed at me who created
 Him. And I said,
 'Wouldst murder me
 Who am thy Fountainhead!'

Then spoke he the man of gold:
 'I will not
 Murder thee! I do but
 Measure thee. Hold

Thy peace.' And this I did.
 But I was curious
 Of this so regal head.
 'Give thy name!' — 'Sir: Genius! "

Unbearable arrogance? To measure is only to know—to know God, which is the proper end of man. Man, made of clay, cousin to the apes, spun himself to brightest day, became poet, artist, philosopher, and, lovely to behold, a thing of light, knew the Unknowable, God.

Whom does Villa serve?

**and look my every hand
 is for each all lovers' sake.**

He writes for each **and** all lovers' sake. And this brings us back to the problem of Villa's obscurity. He could very well have said "for each **and** all lovers' sake," but "for each all lovers' sake" does have a quaint charm, a nicer ring, and after all, it is only a simple case of ellipsis and it is up to the reader to supply the missing word in his mind as he reads the line.

A "COMMA POEM"
by Villa

The,bright,Centipede,
Begins,his,stampede!
O,celestial,Engine,from,
What,celestial,province!

His,spiritual,might,
Golding,the,night—
His,spiritual,eyes,
Foretelling,my,Size;

His,spiritual,feet,
Stamping,in,heat,
The,radium,brain,
To,Spiritual,Imagination.

A Note on the Commas by Villa. The reader of the (poem) may be perplexed and puzzled at my use of the comma: it is a new, special and **poetic** use to which I have put it. The commas appear in the (poem) functionally, and thus not for eccentricity; and they are there also **poetically**, that is to say, not in their prose function... The commas are an integral and essential part of the medium: regulating the poem's verbal density and time movement: enabling each word to attain a fuller tonal value, and the line movement to become more measured...

Regarding the time movement effected by the commas—a pause ensues after each comma, but a pause not as long as that commanded by its prose use: for this reason the usual space after the comma is omitted. The result is a lineal pace of quiet dignity and movement.

* * * * *

A good modern, Villa never says, if he can help it, exactly what he means. He merely hints, he compresses, he deliberately mystifies. To speak bluntly, to the point, is to produce no echo, induce no association, create no ripple in the mind. That is to speak not richly. That is the language of prose, the language of poverty. So Villa double-talks. Thus:

First, a poem must be magical,
Then musical as a sea-gull....
It must be able to hide
What it seeks, like a bride.

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Now a sea-gull is not musical, the reader will protest. It has a hoarse, unpleasant cry. Ah, but the word "sea-gull" is musical, it has a liquid sound, it is like the tinkle of a bell, and that is what Villa means, but he cannot say it, because a poem, like a bride, must be able to hide what it seeks. To publicly announce one's love is to outrage the modesty proper to brides, and to say what you mean is to be prosaic, to be no longer magical, to lose a poem.

**And over all I would like to hover
God, smiling from the poem's cover.**

If the poem is successful, if it is a poem, why, then, God would hover over it, smiling from the poem's cover, for the poem would have truth and beauty on which God—on what else could He smile?

In another poem Villa speaks of the heart having no sound, if it cannot love, which merely means that it does not feel, it cannot talk.

**God it can not spell nor sun
nor lover the beautiful word
and it has no sound no sound
nor wound**

Such a loveless heart cannot know the light, cannot "spell" God. Because it has no wound, it has nothing to say.

And in still another poem, Villa plays with words and tells us of a girl whose "day-rose is much sweet" but whose "night-rose is sevenly sweet." Her love of the day is much—a latinization of the word "very"—sweet, but her love of the night is seven times sweeter.

**O withouten her night-rose
I be forlornly aloss aloss.**

Without her night-love, the poet would be forlorn, alone and at a loss—"forlornly aloss aloss."

Yet this master of slyly erotic poetry, for which he was expelled from the University of the Philippines, can write poetry almost puritanical in its demand for absolute discipline and integrity. He would strip himself naked of all ulterior considerations so that God could wave him like a flaming brand, a **burning poem**, over the world. He would be as beautiful and noble as **the antique ant** which meets the storm and heart of life with its own unprotected flesh. He would feel passionately but

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keep passion in check. "Speak with great moderation: but think with great fierceness, burning passion." For that is the essence of art: emotion recollected in tranquility, the union of suffering and form, the marriage of flesh and spirit. Anything else would be merely to rave and cry.

He calls the words "God is love" a **pulpit lie**, for if God's love were indiscriminate, in vain would have been **His Son's novitiate** on earth. God demands the most from every man. He makes **strictest choices**. He must have perfection.

His Ledger demands Brightest Invoices!

Only by transcending himself, with a "radio made of seawater," through his spirit, may man make "God-musicales," divine music.

The poet's themes are the same in all ages: love, hate; joy, grief; kindness, cruelty; madness, God. What can one say that has not been said before? Yet, if the poet speaks with his own authentic voice, his poems, though about age-worn themes, would come as something original and new, as fresh and bright as the first morning of the world.

The poems would be common and individual; they would speak to all men but could come from only one man. They would be both universal and unique. Thus, falling in love is a fairly general experience yet to the man in love his experience seems the only one of its kind. In fact, a man may fall repeatedly in love, yet each time he would feel the force and passion of the first affair. No one has ever loved like this before, he thinks. This is different. This is love.

The same is true with poetry. With all true poetry. It is so in the case of Villa. What he has to say is something old and something new. Not a poetaster but a poet, he repeats the themes of poetry, not its clichés. His poems bear his individual signature.

Jean Edades and Charlotte Chorpenning

JUAN AND THE MAGIC FRUIT

CHARACTERS:

PRINCESS CELESTINA

KING

QUEEN

JUAN THE WOODCUTTER

AURORA

JUAN'S MOTHER

JUAN'S FATHER

PEPITA (a little girl)

ANDROY (a little boy)

JUAN'S friends and neighbors

GUARDS (at least six)

VOICE OF MAGSAWI, the Talking Jar

A plaza outside a palace. The palace walls flank the plaza on the left and rear and halfway down the right side. Below this wall on the right is the road which travelers to the palace must take. Up center are imposing double doors. On a low pedestal to the right of these doors stands a large jar capable of being lit up from within. Near the right wall is a bush large enough for Juan to hide behind. In the wall up left, at the level of an imagined second story, is a window with bars which curve outward, enabling a person to lean out and still be protected by a grill. A bench at left of doors and another down left.

Guitar music is heard from within the palace; it is a native love-song. The Princess appears at the window. She looks out eagerly. The music stops. Disappointed, she sighs. The King and Queen enter from the palace. Seeing them, the Princess gives a gasp of apprehension and disappears. Deliberately and with the air of a mighty conjurer, the King goes to the Jar and strokes it with a mystic, commanding gesture.

King

Magsawi, attend! (The jar glows)

Queen

See. Magsawi listens.

Jar

I am your magic talking jar. What danger calls for my secret help?

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JUAN AND THE MAGIC FRUIT

King

I issued a decree that he who brought to my palace ten cartloads of gold a day for ten days, should have the Princess for his bride, and rule the land after my death.

Queen (breaking in)

And it turns out that an ignorant charcoal burner brought all the gold!

King.

Nothing but a charcoal burner! And now he's ready to claim the hand of the Princess.

Queen

The bold creature is in the palace now, boasting that he has brought his last load.

King

What is worse, the Princess keeps asking to see him!

Queen

He dares to serenade her under her window and she thinks of nothing but his music! While the gold is unloading, he always finds a time to pluck his guitar when no one else is near.

King, (to Queen)

We must find a way to save the Princess from such a shameful match.

Queen, (to King)

You must make an excuse to throw him into prison.

King

We must find out where he gets this gold!

Queen

There's something very strange about it!

King

No one could earn all that by selling charcoal.

Queen

He'll be coming out these doors.

King

It may be he will serenade her once more and they will speak together!

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Queen

Secrets flutter back and forth like butterflies, when lovers talk.

(The music is heard again. It grows louder as the player approaches. King and Queen start, listening.)

King, (to Jar)

They must not see you glow. Be secret.

Jar

How, then, can I tell you what they say? I was brought from ancient China. I hear voices, but your Filipino words are strange to me. They have no meaning to me except when they are lighted by my magic glow.

King

Then glow only when no one is looking.

(The glow of the jar fades. Juan enters from the palace, playing his guitar. He wears a turban in ancient style. A bag of woven palm leaves or abaca fiber hangs from his shoulder. Attached to his belt, over his right hip is his bolo. At sight of the King and Queen, he checks his music. Not at all subservient, he bows with an easy grace.)

Juan

The last load of gold is measured and put away, Your Majesty. I am ready to lead the Princess Celestina before the people as my bride.

King

All in good time. It is early in the day for such a ceremony. I will send for you at the proper hour. Keep within call.

(Exit King and Queen into the palace.

Juan steps cautiously about, making sure he is alone. He puts bag down, stands under the window, and plays. Soon the Princess looks out. Juan's music dies down as he looks at her and forgets to play. The Jar glows.)

Juan

You look just as I have always seen you in my dreams and in the sunrise and the rainbow.

Princess

And you are like the man your music made me see.

JUAN AND THE MAGIC FRUIT

Juan

(lifts red and yellow fruits from bag)
Here is a gift I brought you from the forest.

Princess

How strange and rare!

Juan

It must have been meant for a heavenly maid like you, for it grew on a magic tree!

Princess

Nobody ever brought me such a wonderful gift. Wait for me. I'll come down to you. I am eager to taste it. **(Disappears)**

Jar

Have a care, oh Lover, have a care! **(Stops glowing)**

Juan

Who spoke?

Jar, **(glowing again)**

Taste first what you give to your Princess so fair! **(Stops glowing)**

Juan

That voice again! More magic! **(Bites red fruit)** Um-m-m, yum.

(His temples begin to itch. He scratches them and adjusts his turban. Horns, concealed in the turban, appear to grow on his head unnoticed by him; actually his hands are manipulating them from behind. He goes to the doors and looks to see if the Princess is coming. Adjusts his clothing and starts to smooth his hair. Feels the horns.)

Aba!

(He tries to pull the horns off. Runs about with head lowered. Stops and shakes himself. Tosses his head up and down. The horns stick.)

That fruit is bewitched! **(Girls' voices are heard, off)**

Voice of Princess

Wait till you see him!

Voice of Aurora

I've heard a lot about him.

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(In a panic, Juan puts the fruit back in the bag, seizes his guitar, and ducks behind a shrub just in time. The two girls enter. Aurora is a lady-in-waiting.)

Aurora

Where is he?

Princess

He said he'd wait for me. (During the ensuing scene, unobserved, Juan pops his head out from the bush from time to time when backs are turned to him)

Aurora

Maybe he'll come back.

Princess

I'm sure he will. (Gives crown to Aurora) Hide this for me. I don't want to be any different from him. We both belong to the people.

Aurora

Something unusual must have happened to him

(Enter Juan's parents. The Mother has a shallow basket on her head holding rice cakes to sell.)

Good people, did you see a young man just now?

Princess (with downcast eyes)

A very handsome young man. His name is Juan. He plays the guitar.

Mother

Why that's our boy! (puts basket down)

Father

You mean our son.

Both Parents

Yes!

Father

We are his parents.

Princess

Oh! You must be very proud of him.

Mother

Well-ll, we did a good job on him. He's a good boy.

JUAN AND THE MAGIC FRUIT

Father

There's nothing that boy can't do. The kites he used to make! They hummed in the wind like cicadas. He builds better fish-traps than anyone else. No one can cut down a bamboo tree as fast as he can.

Mother

He's smarter than anyone in the village. And he's the best musician we've got. **(Princess nods eagerly to all this)** He could have his pick of all the girls in the Philippines!

Father

And he's not selfish or lazy. He plants vegetables when everyone else is resting, and is always ready to help the neighbors.

Mother

Everybody loves him! He's going to marry the Princess. All the people rejoice for him.

Father

They all want Juan for King.

Mother

He'll be a much better king than the one we have now.

Father

Our King doesn't care for us a bit. He treats us worse than dogs.

Mother

Close your big mouth! Think where you are. Do you want to go to prison? Pay no attention to him, ladies.

Father

Well, I hope the Princess is good enough for him.

Mother

No girl really is.

Father

If she's like her harsh, cruel parents — **(Mother puts her hand over his mouth)**

Princess

I, too, hope she is good enough for him. I am sure she will try to be.

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Mother

I never saw a boy so set on anything as he is on marrying that girl! Well, if he does, his parents will come to live at the court.

Father

But where can he be? He knew we were coming. All the neighbors are on the way to wish them joy.

Mother

Maybe he's playing one of his tricks. Juan likes a good joke.

Father

That's true. He's probably hiding right around here.

Mother

I'll wager he's gone and got all dressed up.

Father

He wants to surprise us.

Mother

To show us how fine he looks.

Princess

Let's hunt for him.

(They look about. Mother sees Juan behind the shrub. Father notices her horror and also sees Juan. Aurora also catches on. Hastily she draws the Princess away from the shrub and toward the doors.)

Aurora

Oh, Your Highness, we forgot. Your father and mother forbade you to come out here. They'll be very angry. **(Hands crown to her)**

Princess **(putting on crown)**

I'll go in. You stay to get the wonderful fruit he promised me.

Mother

Aba! It's the Princess herself! Naku!

Father

Forgive our talk, Your Highness!

Princess **(smiling and raising them)**

Juan's parents will be my parents. It is I who should show respect.

JUAN AND THE MAGIC FRUIT

(Takes Mother's hand and bows till her forehead touches it. Does the same to the Father. Exit)

Father **(dragging Juan into sight)**

Now what have you to say for yourself?

Mother

After all the fine things we've been saying about you! **(Looks after the Princess, despairingly)** What a daughter-in-law she would have made!

Aurora

When children are naughty, people say that they grow horns, but this is the first time I ever saw it happen.

Father

You'd better run up into the mountains and hide your head the rest of your days!

Mother

What a disgrace! **(to Aurora)** Don't tell the Princess about this shameful thing.

Aurora

Indeed I won't. You poor young man. What caused this great misfortune?

Juan

This magic fruit. I tasted it to make sure it was worthy of the Princess. Thank Heaven I did!

Father

Ay, naku! Yes.

Mother

The Princess! **(makes horns on herself with fingers)** That would be worse!

Aurora

I can never carry that fruit to her. Give me the yellow fruit. She may not remember the red.

Juan

I must try it first. It came from the same tree. **(produces yellow fruit)**

Father

Don't be a fool!

ARELLANO REVIEW

Mother

Will you never learn? Eat that and maybe you can grow a tail!

(Juan holds the fruit before him fearfully. Then stiffens with sudden resolution.)

Juan

Better for me than for Celestina. **(Walks away from his parents and prepares to taste the fruit)**

Father

My son is possessed by a devil!

(Juan gingerly takes a bite and slowly chews while parents feel him over.)

Mother, **(feeling base of spine)**

Nothing is coming here.

Father

I don't see any change... What if he got more horns!

(They feel Juan's head. The horns break off as each parent grasps one. Juan looks at his speechless parents, wide-eyed. He feels his head.)

They're gone! I can face everybody now!

(Parents hug Juan and caper about for joy. Father takes horn from Mother and throws both off right. Aurora takes Juan's hands in hers in congratulation. Suddenly Juan becomes thoughtful.)

The red fruit gives horns and the yellow takes them away. That is a secret worth knowing. **(Puts fruit away in bag and hides it behind shrub)**

Aurora

What shall I tell Her Highness?

Mother

You can never tell her how near she came to getting horns on her pretty head!

Juan

Tell her that—that—**(gets an idea)** that I have a much better gift for her than the fruit, and beg her to come down once more. **(Exit Aurora. To**

JUAN AND THE MAGIC FRUIT

his parents) Oh, er—don't you think our friends must be nearly here? Father, you and Mother ought to march at their head.

Father

Of course! We're Juan's parents. **(Gives Mother her basket)** Come, Mother, let's meet them on the road.

Mother

We'll tell them about the Princess!

Father

Our future daughter-in-law! **(Mother starts off. Father pulls her back and offers his arm with exaggerated ceremony. They go off treading on air. Enter Princess, cautiously, clandestinely, without her crown. Jar glows)**

Juan

Dearest Celestina, I have tried the fruit. It is not what I thought it was.

Princess

Doesn't it taste good?

Juan

No, and it has a very unpleasant after-effect.

Princess

Oh?

Juan

It should never come near your lips. I have another gift for you.

(He looks cautiously about, produces magic purse from under his shirt.)

Princess

How beautiful! I never saw such delicate embroidery.

Juan

It can produce gold any time you want it.

Princess

A magic purse! How did you get it?

Juan

Will anyone hear us?

ARELLANO REVIEW

Princess

There is no one about. Else I couldn't be here.

Juan

Well, then, you must know that it is this purse that won me your hand.

Princess

It was your music that won my heart.

Juan

Ever since I was a little boy I have worshipped you. When your father's herald told our village about the royal decree, I knew I should have to make charcoal out of all the wood in the Philippines to earn one hundred cartloads of gold.

Princess

We should both have grown old before such a task was ended.

Juan

I seized my bolo and went into the forest (**pats his bolo where it hangs on his hip**) ready to do the work of a hundred men. I saw a strange-looking tree.

Princess

The same one that bore that fruit?

Juan

Yes, I raised my bolo to cut off a branch. (**acting it out**) A voice cried out, "Do not cut me! Put your hand inside my trunk—"

Princess

Oh — h — ?

Juan

"—and you shall win the Princess".

Princess

Wonderful!

Juan

I did so, and found this. (**Opens purse and pulls out false lining**)

Princess

It's empty!

JUAN AND THE MAGIC FRUIT

Juan

Yes. It was then. I was angry and threw it down. I picked it up **(Does so)** and I said, "Why don't you give me money?" **(Money falls out of the purse)** Oh no, purse, not now! **(Picks up the money and hands the purse to the Princess)** That's how I found out the magic words. Try it.

Princess

Must I shake it too?

Juan

Yes.

Princess, shaking purse

Why don't you give me money? **(Money falls out, Juan pockets it. A boy and girl run in. They bow before the Princess)**

Juan

Well, Pepita and Andoy, what is it?

Pepita

All the neighbors are down the road.

Andoy

They're waiting to see you with Princess Celestina. They're afraid to come nearer the palace.

Pepita

We ran ahead to tell you.

Juan, to Princess

Come, dear Celestina. Let us go out to them.

Princess

The King wouldn't like it.

Andoy

We have trudged a long way.

Pepita

The road is dusty. The sun is hot. They will be hurt if you refuse.

Juan

They love you so.

Princess

Be quick. We must welcome them. **(They go, Andoy and Pepita running ahead. Andoy is heard calling. "Here they come!" Soon**

ARELLANO REVIEW

distant shouts and cheers are heard: "Long live the Princess and Juan!" etc.)

Jar

The people love her so—Why don't you give me money?—the People love her. (Stops glowing)

(The shouts and cheers are heard again, this time, a little nearer. The Queen looks out the door, turns and beckons to the King inside. Enter King and Queen.)

King (stroking Jar as before)

Magsawi, attend. (Jar glows) what have you found out?

Queen

How does this charcoal maker get his gold?

Jar

Juan has a magic purse.

Queen

A magic purse!

King

How does it work?

Jar

I say no more.

King

Didn't you hear what spell he used?

Jar

I say no more. (stops glowing)

King

I must have that purse!

Queen

He'll never give it up.

King

I'll have him arrested, and take it.

Queen

What reason can you give? He's brought all the gold.

King

I'll take some away and say that his last load is short measure!

JUAN AND THE MAGIC FRUIT

Queen

That he has tried to cheat the King!

(The crowd, now close by, cheers, "Hail! Hail Juan, our King to be!")

King

This must be stopped! I will order the arrest at once. You take away the gold.

(They enter the palace in haste, each shutting the double doors with an air of secrecy, just before Juan leads the Princess in, followed by his parents and the jubilant crowd, which includes Andoy, Pepita, an old man with a cane, a man with a patch over one eye, and several men and women. The people shout: "Princess Celestina! Hurrah! Hurrah for Juan!" Juan leads Celestina up onto the doorstep, where she turns to face them all. There is a hush as all kneel. Mother puts down her rice cakes.)

Princess, **(touched)**

Good people, rise. Please do not stop your merrymaking. In my heart I am one of you. Teach me your games and your dances.

(The people form into two lines, making an inverted V with the apex at the palace doors. Some of the women draw the Princess into their line, placing her in the middle. The two sexes have different lines, Juan being with the men.)

Leader of games

(as he knots his handkerchief)

Aba! She is not like her parents! **(To Princess, bowing)** Whoever catches this, Your Highness, starts to make up some poetry. The others go on with it and put in rimes. Like this— **(throws handkerchief to First Woman. After she has said her line, First Woman throws it to a man and the game progresses, each who catches the handkerchief giving a line and throwing it to a person of the opposite sex)**

First Woman

Ages ago, on a beautiful isle

First Man

Lived a people as sad as could be.

ARELLANO REVIEW

Second Woman

No one could laugh, for even a smile

Second Man

Was forbidden by royal decree.

Third Woman

Gloom filled their hearts till a Princess was born.

Third Man

The loveliest maid in the land. **(All clap and cry "Princess!" as he throws the handkerchief to Celestina)**

Princess

Happy was she when one beautiful morn, **(All applaud and cry "Juan" as she throws the missile to Juan)**

Juan

A suitor came asking her hand. **(Throws to Mother)**

Mother

Juan was a lad whom his people held dear; **(Throws to a man who can play, or pretend to play, the guitar)**

Guitar Player

They wished him a happy romance. **(Throws to Fourth Woman, and picks up Juan's guitar)**

Fourth Woman

Now that the end of their troubles was near, **(Throws to Father)**

Father

The neighbors took part in a dance! **(Immediately the Guitar Player strikes a chord which is the signal for the younger men and women to take their places for the folk-dance. Juan and the Princess lead, the Princess learning easily. The others clap time. Suddenly the palace doors are thrown open. Guards with drawn swords stand on either side. Enter King and Queen and Aurora. Instant silence from the crowd. As soon as he gets a chance, the Guitar Player quietly puts the guitar on the bench down left.)**

JUAN AND THE MAGIC FRUIT

King, (holding up his hand)

How dare you dance next to the palace? Devils must have got into you! Shameless creatures, you should sprout horns! (sees **Celestina**) Princess! Have I not forbidden you to mingle with the rabble? Where is your dignity?

Queen

If you make friends with the people, you will never be feared.

Juan

She doesn't want to be feared. She wants to be loved!

Princess

By all the people!

King

Come to your senses! You have been tricked by a schemer and a cheat! (to Juan) The last load of gold is short. It does not come to the top of the measure.

Juan

I myself poured it in, Your Majesty. The gold came right to the top. I saw it with my own eyes.

King

Then your eyes lied to you. You do not deserve the Princess.

Princess

Juan can give you more gold, right away! He can get all he wants from this purse! (King snatches it and looks at it)

King

How can he get gold out of an empty purse?

Juan

Give it to me. I'll give you all the gold you want.

King

Hold your tongue. (to guards) Seize him. Lock him in a dungeon!
(There is an outcry from the crowd.)

Princess

No, no! (She seizes a guard's arm. This enables Juan to slip behind her and the guard to the protection of the crowd. His mother and another woman, hold out their skirts as a screen)

(Aurora draws the Princess to the doors, trying to take her inside. She refuses to go. This struggle with Aurora keeps her from seeing the ensuing: Juan dodges in and out among the crowd, eluding guards. One older man takes off Juan's turban and pantomimes to the man with the eye-patch to give this to Juan. After Juan has the patch on, the older man puts on Juan's head the kerchief he was wearing himself. The old man gives Juan his cane. Another, who is the only one wearing a plain cotton shirt of blue or gray, takes off his shirt and helps Juan to put it on over his gay one. Pepito rolls down Juan's pant-legs. All this is done under cover of the crowd. While Juan is thus being disguised, some members of the crowd mislead the guards by pointing off in different directions, saying. "He ran this way, that way!" etc., etc. They put themselves in the guards' way, bowing and apologizing elaborately for doing so. Juan, with the carriage and voice of an old man now comes center stage.)

Juan

Order! Order! Stop this racket! (flourishes his cane) You are in the presence of the King! Behave or I will put a spell on you! I am a magician.

(A gasp of awe comes from some which turns into smothered giggles and nudging as the true identity of the old man is whispered.)

Be afraid! Quiet! I will use my magic powers to see where Juan has gone! (Twirls his cane. Puts his hand over his eyes)

(A few titters are heard but are instantly smothered. The guards who went to look for Juan return, unsuccessful.)

I see him clearly. He runs to the market-place. He looks behind him. He dodges behind the women's skirts. Everybody helps him hide—Yonder! Go to the market-place! Haste! Haste!

King (gesturing to guards)

Quick! (exit two guards, running)

Princess

For shame, Grandfather! Juan is your friend. He's the hope of your people! You should use your magic for him, not against him!

(Crowd cheers, "Hurrah for the Princess! Our Princess is right!" etc., etc.)

JUAN AND THE MAGIC FRUIT

King (to remaining guards)

Quiet these unruly wretches! (Guards lift daggers and swords. The people stand cowed) Line them up for punishment! Pull their ears! Tweak their noses!

(Guards go down the line in pairs, the first of each pair pulling ears; the second, tweaking noses.)

Queen

Slap their faces! (The whole line sways back to avoid this intolerable insult.)

Princess (breaking away from Aurora)

No! This is an outrage! I won't see my people suffer such an insult.

(At a signal from the King the guards resume the slapping.)

Stop them, Father! I can't bear it! (All the guards stop but one) every blow hits my heart! (seizes the guard's arm. He stops. Wildly) Stop it! Stop! (Bursts into tears) If only Juan were here! Juan! Oh Juan!

Juan

Your Majesties, Her Highness' sorrow springs from a mistaken idea. She is wrong to grieve over the fate of this charcoal maker. If you will leave me alone with her, I will use my magic to open her eyes to the truth.

Queen

Cure her of her unseemly notions and you shall be given high honors.

King

I will make you court magician.

Juan, to crowd

The King is pleased to dismiss you that I may use my magic to lift up the heart of Princess Celestina. (As some giggle) Go soberly and in silence.

(King makes a gesture of dismissal. Crowd leaves with many sly, backward glances. Mother leaves the rice cakes behind.)

King

You will remain with the magician, Celestina.

Queen

Aurora stays. (Exit King and Queen. Juan goes near his guitar. Jar glows.)

ARELLANO REVIEW

Princess (**assuming great dignity**)

Do not think to change my thoughts, old man. Your magic cannot turn me against Juan. I stayed behind to tell you so myself. **Adios. Come, Aurora.**

(Turns to go. Juan strikes the opening chords of his serenade on the guitar. She stops, listens, and turns back. Juan takes off the patch over his eye and the kerchief on his head, with a gallant bow.)

Princess

What a wonderful cure!—Oh, Juan, if my father ever found out!

Juan

He would put me to death.

Princess

How can I make him see what you are? You are the noblest man in the kingdom, but my father despises you because you work with your hands.

Jar

The red fruit gives horns and the yellow takes them away. . . **(stops glowing)**

Princess

Who said that?

Aurora

I heard it too.

Juan

The magic voice!—The red fruit—ah!—I have a plan! —Wonderful! The magician will make your parents say "yes" to our wedding and teach them to care for their people. **(Picks up basket of rice cakes left by Mother, and looks at it meditatively)**

Aurora, isn't it time for their Majesties' tea?

Aurora (wide-eyed)

It is set out for them now.

Juan

The red fruit from my bag there, quick!

Aurora, (giving it to him)

Red — do you mean — **(gulps)**

JUAN AND THE MAGIC FRUIT

Juan

(slitting the cakes and inserting bits of the fruit)

You must put these cakes on the table. I'll flavor them first.

Princess

The voice said horns. You said a very unpleasant after-effect—

Juan

Yes. Don't you see? It will be so unpleasant, they will do anything the magician requires to have it taken away.

Aurora

Don't look so alarmed, my Princess. **(exit with cakes)**

Juan

You may trust me, Celestina. My magic works both ways. I can undo whatever I do. I shall need the people's help.

Princess

You shouldn't have sent them away.

Juan

You may be sure they're not far off. **(Goes to right and calls off in his own young man's voice)**

Andoy! Pepita! Father! Mother! Bring the neighbors back. There's going to be something worth seeing.

(The two children rush on, followed by Juan's parents and the crowd.)

Father

(picking up discarded eye-patch)

Naku! Put this on again! You'll be caught!

Mother

This is no time to show off!

One of the crowd **(delighted)**

What are you up to now?

(Aurora enters, almost doubled up with mirth.)

ARELLANO REVIEW

Aurora

The Queen says those are the best rice-cakes she ever ate. She's eating as many as the King!

Mother

(pouncing on pieces of red fruit lying about)

Where's the rest of this fruit?

Juan

Where it will do most good. (puts on eye-patch)

Father

(With fallen jaw, puts up two fingers to suggest horns)

Not their Majesties! (bursts out laughing. Pokes Mother) Didn't I always say our boy is a rare one for jokes?

Mother (still holding red fruit)

You call this a joke? I don't see anything funny in—in— (can't control her laughter, which sets the Father off again) Where's your respect? How can you feel as you should to your King when—(chokes with laughter. Tries to recover and shakes her finger at him) You—you—

(Again she is overcome with laughter, the Father always joining her and doubling up more each time. This struggle between the attempt to scold her son and her wild laughter continues until the whole crowd is also rocking with mirth. The doors fly open and the King enters in an excess of pompous dignity, unconscious of the pair of fine horns adorning his head. There is a gasp and silence. The Queen enters, similarly decorated. She sees the King's horns and stares, pointing to them with a wavering hand. Astonished, he sees her horns and also points. Each then feels his own horns in frantic fear.)

Juan

(with his old man's quavering voice)

Alas—

King

Sorcery! I'll give half my kingdom to him who takes away this curse.

Queen

(piteously holding out her hands)

Magician!—

JUAN AND THE MAGIC FRUIT

Juan

Yes, O Queen, I have magic to help you. But you may not like the cure.

King

Whatever it is, we must submit.

Juan

Half your kingdom means nothing to me.

King

What, then?

Juan

I would wed the Princess.

Queen **(shuddering)**

Our Celestina to wed such age!

Princess **(eagerly)**

I'll gladly wed this man **(demurely)** to free my parents from this curse.

King, to Queen

What a change in our daughter! The magician has cured her of her mad fancy for the peasant!

Queen

It's plain he has great power. We must do whatever he says.

King

Rid us of these **(touching horns)** and you shall wed the Princess.

(A titter from here and there in the crowd until all break into a cheer.)

Juan **(lifting a hand for silence)**

Friends and neighbors, will you help me cure our most gracious rulers? **(General assent. To King and Queen)** Your Majesties, these horns show that there are devils in you. We must cast them out.

Queen

By magic?

Juan

No. By plain common sense. We must make them very uncomfortable. Some of you step forth, and pull their Majesties' ears — **(people hesitate)** will you see your King and Queen in the power of devils?

(Two come forward and pull the ears. This stirs up others who join and begin to enjoy themselves.)

ARELLANO REVIEW

Some of you tweak their noses. **(it is done)** Now for pinching. Women line up here, men there. Now just pass along the lines, Your Majesties.

(They get pinched, the King by the men, and the Queen by the women.)

I never knew it hurt like this!

Queen **(as the crowd gets enthusiastic)**

They're still there.

King **(feeling his horns)**

Juan

The devils don't want to leave you. They have had their way a long time now. They won't go till a few more things have been done.

Queen

What things?

Juan

You must repeal all those laws against laughter and merrymaking. His Majesty thought he made them, but they were really made by the devils.

King

Very well, I repeal them all! **(Feels his horns. The people cheer)**

Juan

Now the devils have lost their power. **(Gestures to Aurora, who brings him the bag. He takes out yellow fruit, giving some to each ruler. Aurora continues to hold the bag.)**

This has been a hard ordeal, Your Majesties. Refresh yourselves with this fruit while I conjure the devils away.

(At a sign from Juan, two men carry one of the benches to the center. King and Queen sit, while Juan stands behind them, brandishing his cane and making mysterious gestures over their heads. He speaks as he conjures:)

Hearken, you devils of selfishness and cruelty! I conjure you to leave their Majesties and never enter their bosoms again.—Come away—come away—a-way—away— **(He beckons to Celestina, and she goes behind the Queen, imitating his actions with the King. He taps the King's horns, puts a hand to his own ear and listens intently.)**

JUAN AND THE MAGIC FRUIT

Are you still there? (A dead silence)

(A few of the people wear a grin but most are deeply concerned to see what happens. Juan and the Princess take off the horns with a flourish. Jar glows.)

Juan

Andoy! Pepita! Cast these into the sea. (exit Andoy and Pepita, running, with the horns) Rejoice!—the King waits to hear your merrymaking.

King (gaily leading Princess to Juan)

First, a rousing cheer for the betrothal of the Princess to this wonder-working sage!

(The cheer rises and grows. Juan takes off the head kerchief, patch, and shirt, revealing his own underneath. He tosses the borrowed articles to their owners in the crowd. He resumes his gallant bearing. King and Queen stare, with a flash of anger, feel their heads again, and look at him, incredulous.)

Juan

I couldn't see horns on your royal heads, and I knew you'd never believe in the magic of Juan, the Charcoal-Maker

King (handing Juan his purse)

Yet I should have known by this.

(The crowd breaks into a dance, circling Juan, Princess, King and Queen. Juan and the Princess stand upon the bench. Aurora hands the bag of fruit to the Princess and joins the dancers. They bow as they go in front of the royal group so that the latter will not be blocked. The second time round the King suddenly seizes the Queen's hand and joins the circle with her. A cheer from the dancers. Juan lifts his purse and pours out gold pieces. Some of the crowd pick them up without stopping the dance and throw them in the air. The Princess lifts the fruit on high, smiling at Juan.)

CURTAIN

REVIEWS

GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT

By **Laura Z. Hobson**

LIKE "Strange Fruit" this book is another moving and earnest story about prejudice as it exists in a democratic country, the United States. Phil Green, the crusader-hero of the narrative is a known writer who hatched the brilliant journalistic idea of posing as a Jew when **Smith's Weekly Magazine** gives him his initial assignment to write a series on Anti-Semitism. So he becomes a Jew for eight weeks. He lives as one during that period and the natural humanity in the man finds in this sensitized role a keen identification with his brother-American as he himself experiences discrimination and the other restrictions imposed on his freedom because of the difference in his assumed religion. (Incidentally the book repeats scientific information that laymen will find interesting. We segregate a group of people who profess the Jewish religion by erroneously labelling them as belonging to the Jewish race when there exists no Jewish "race", nor a "Jewish type" as anthropologists find). One finishes the last pages with a compelling and renewed conviction that it has ceased to be a Jewish or minority problem. It is a Christian one and therefore our own. In the words of Philip Green "only the gross, the truly vulgar could remain untouched and unchanged in an idiot slumber of indifference" and the silent nice people innocently or deliberately help prejudice along by tolerating the things it feeds on. "We are born in innocence," until propaganda phrases and a bigoted society corrupt us. This is a challenge to Christianity—palpitant, inescapable.

—**Gli S. Dimaculangan**

THE POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON

EMILY Dickinson was "a precursor of the poets of the early twentieth century." Her poems stand unique in American literature. They are startlingly, even crudely, original.

"Her poetry shows she found strange beauty and startling suggestion in the simplest things. She wrote as the whim or the inspiration of the moment dictated and did little revising. They are the record of the inner life of an abnormally sensitive soul—fragments, lyrical ejaculations,

EMILY DICKINSON

childish conceits, little orphic sayings, often illogical and meaningless, lines and couplets at times that are like glimpses of another world, spasmodic cries, always brief, always bearing upon the deepest things that life knows—love, death, nature, time, eternity.

"They are the posthumously revealed work of one who for years lived in almost complete seclusion. Much of her poetry bears upon her experience of love for a man she could not marry. Doubtless her one passionate experience sharpened her already keen sensibilities and intelligence."

These simple lines of:

THE LOST JEWEL

I held a Jewel in my fingers
And went to sleep.
The day was warm the winds were prosy;
I said: "'Twill keep."

I woke, and chid my honest fingers—
The gem was gone;
And now an amethyst remembrance
Is all I own.

fill our minds with strange dreams of wonder; these simple little words—the very words that give wings to our imagination and seem to carry our thoughts into the realms of Wonderland.

She wrote her poems with an ability that enables us to see into the heart of nature with something of her own keen insight. Such is shown in her:

I NEVER SAW A MOOR

I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea; .
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God.
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.

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Her taste for poetry is so natural that her power of conveying simple everyday thoughts makes us wonder how she wove the harmony of beauty that enabled her to express our exact feelings on:

THE SOUL SELECTS

The soul selects her own society,
Then shuts the door;
On her divine majority
Obtrude no more.

Poetry is the music of the universe; it stirs our feelings and fills our minds with beautiful pictures. There is no better education than to share with the greatest minds that have lived in this world of ours their feelings, their hopes and sorrows, their joys; and Emily Dickinson's poetry enables us to have this. Here are a few excerpts that are representative of her works:

MUCH MADNESS IS DIVINEST SENSE

Much madness is divinest sense
To a discerning eye;
Much sense the starkest madness.
'Tis the majority
In this, as all, prevails.
Assent, and you are sane;
Demur,—you're straightway dangerous,
And handled with a chain.

We are so pleased with the quaint words and merry phrases of this one that we read it over again for its charm. Upon further reading we find that there is more to its meaning which escaped us on the first reading.

She lends us her heart for her poems express the feelings of her soul far more warmly and clearly than we could ever express. This power is shown in these three works:

A THOUGHT WENT UP MY MIND

A thought went up my mind to-day
That I have had before,
But did not finish,—some way back,
I could not fix the year,

EMILY DICKINSON

Nor where it went, nor why it came
The second time to me,
Nor definitely what it was,
Have I the art to say.

But somewhere in my soul, I know
I've met the thing before;
It just reminded me—'twas all—
And came my way no more.

Unmoved, she notes the chariot's pausing
At her low gate;
Unmoved, an emperor is kneeling
Upon her mat.

I've known her from an ample nation
Choose one;
Then chose the valves of her attention
Like stone.

THE PAST

The Past is such a curious creature,
To look her in the face
A transport may reward us,
Or a disgrace.

Unarmed, if any meet her,
I charge him, Fly!
Her rusty ammunition
Might yet reply.

TIME'S HEALING

They say that "time assuages",
Time never did assuage;
An actual suffering strengthens
As sinews do, with age.

Time is a test of trouble,
But not a remedy;
If such it prove, it proves too,
There was no malady.

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Nothing that is written touches our feelings or emotions so quickly and so deeply as poetry does. Sadness is often the feeling that comes to the thoughtful mind; joy more often keeps company with the thoughtless. Sorrow and sadness are quite as important to make our life complete; they are needful to make us truly happy. We could not know true joy if we never knew what it is to be sad. These two poems of Emily Dickinson make use of sadness to balance our minds and to purify our thoughts; for if we were always laughing with the jesters we should in time become incapable of earnest thoughts.

PRESENTIMENT

Presentiment is that long shadow on the lawn
Indicative that suns go down;
The notice to the startled grass
That darkness is about to pass.

I MANY TIMES THOUGHT PEACE

I many times thought peace had come,
When peace was far away;
As wrecked men deem they sight the land,
At center of the sea,
And struggle slacker, but to prove,
As hopelessly as I,
How many the fictitious shores
Before the harbor lie.

From a wise mixture of joy and sadness springs hope, and so we are enabled to endure the trials of life. She knows the many different shades of joy, sadness, and hope. We can draw hope from her:

HOPE

Hope is a subtle glutton;
He feeds upon the fair,—
And yet, inspected closely,
What abstinence is there.
His is the halcyon table
That never seats but one;
And whatsoever is consumed,
The same amounts remain.

Emily Dickinson has expressed herself in poetry, and so may be said to live forever as a companion of our peaceful hours, for inspiring thoughts to urge us forward in the battle of life.

—NORA SALVADOR

THE BEST OF ARELLANO STANDARD:

Ester O. de Jesus

OSLO TRAVELOGUE *

Manila Airport, July 2, 1947

GOODBYE! folks, everybody. I waved a final farewell to my friends and loved ones, and went up the plank into the airplane, that had been warming on the driveway of the PAL airport for the past hour. It was 8:00 P.M. and time for the take-off. The four-engined plane taxied ever so gently, with the propellers noisily whirling away. I did not notice the take-off, all I knew was when I looked out of the window—there was my City of Manila, glittering in the darkness of the night. I never realized how beautiful it was from the clouds high up above. But how could I? This was my first plane ride—one that would wing me to the far corners of the globe. I was off to see the world and the thought filled me with wonder and hope. There I sat within that plane, together with four other delegates to attend the World Conference of Christian Youth in Oslo, Norway—the lone student delegate of the Philippine Section, World Student Christian Federation. Little did we realize, as we gaily chattered, excited and expectant, what a treasure of experiences and incidents, both enlightening and amusing, were in store for all of us.

Karachi, India — July 4

Mystic, heterogeneous India! We drove through the streets littered with vendors squatting along the way. I gaped at the Indians in their white and colored robes, their unshod feet, the burnished copper of their complexion, their turbaned heads, the graceful women in multi-colored saris. Cattle walked unmolested on the roads. Everywhere British influence could be seen in the modern, stucco buildings, the breakwater and the Capitol. We stayed overnight at a hotel named "Grand" which could only approximate its name as far as accommodations were concerned.

I had my first camel ride, (and my first sight of a real live camel, too.) I rode behind the first hump and Eduardo Villareal, YMCA delegate rode behind the second. The camel was sitting down and when it stood up I was frightened by the horrible prospect of sliding off as it first

* (*Arellano Standard*, Dec., 1947—Jan., 1948)

got up on its hind legs, then on its fore legs. But nothing quite like it when the camel starts to walk and run!

Cairo, Egypt — July 5

We stayed in the Continental Savoy. I shared a grand hotel room with Luz Ausejo and Epifania Castro, the Church delegates to the Conference—and the swellest pair of girls one could ever hope to travel with. I did not expect Cairo to be so modern. The hotel was luxurious: glass chandeliers, thick Egyptian carpets, and bathtubs so huge, one could swim in them. Here were picturesque people again: tall, dark Negroes in red Fez Caps, long white gowns and colored belts. We wandered into the famed Cairo Bazaars, picked up a few souvenirs, and got smothered by the musk and attar of flowers that the proprietors sprayed on us when we asked to sample the perfume.

Guess what we had for breakfast? Cantaloupe, a basket of fresh grapes and figs! But the beef was like camel's flesh. Butter was served salt-less and curled up like tiny cockle-shells. Our Negroid waiters just about frightened me to death with their looks, but turned out to be nice and efficient. It was fun to be waited upon by English head waiters in formal dress. I felt like Alice in Cairo land.

Rome, Italy — July 6

Rome is a city of churches, of antiquity, streets of cobble-stones, old Roman baths, the cold Catacombs, and the awe-inspiring Vatican City. There was a Catholic Church in front of Plaza Roma Hotel, where we were staying, and I went to hear Mass and take Holy Communion there.

As tourists are wont, we all went sight-seeing. Our first stop was St. Peters Cathedral in the Vatican City. As you come in sight of the Dome of the Basilisk, there are colonnades of marble on both sides to encircle a round courtyard, where fountains sprayed water and people milled around. The Cathedral itself was full of wonders and spectacles of art, color, and proportions. The main altar was of ebony and gold, rising almost to the dome. As I was wandering around lost in the sights, which I did not imagine even in my wildest dreams I would see, an old priest approached me. He was Monsignor Kaas, Administrator of the Basilisk—and he had come to see for himself the "Japanese" reported wandering around the Cathedral. No wonder people stared at us. It was a lucky case of mistaken identity, because Monsignor Kaas gave

OSLO TRAVELOGUE

us the billets to attend the Special Audience to be given by the Pope the next day. "My dear, you should not leave Rome without seeing the Pope and receiving his blessing," he said. We all went home in a daze. I went to bed dreaming of the next day when I would see the Pope. (Little did I imagine I would meet Vice-President Quirino and party, too!)

Geneva, Switzerland — July 12

There we stood on a hill-top overlooking the site of the old League of Nations, the International Red Cross, International Bureau of Labor. Yes! Geneva is a city of "internationals!"

Geneva is the one spot in turbulent Europe that I would stay, if I had my way. It is such a quaint lovable cubicle, with the snow-covered Alps in the distance, the blue Lake Geneva, parks all around, summer flowers run riot over the whole city. The weather was cold, altho the sun shone all the time. Food there is the best in all Europe—rich milk, sweet bread, French and Swiss delicacies. We walked around the city, visiting the International Headquarters of the World Student Christian Federation, Y.W.C.A., Y.M.C.A. and the World Council of Churches. Here were "names" we knew in Manila and in representation of which we were going to Oslo, but it was exciting to see the headquarters themselves, the original cells from where these four organizations have grown and are rendering service all over the world. We also met Oslo executives who were packing to go to the Conference. They were delighted to see Oslo delegates en route to a confab that they had been planning for many, many months.

Paris, France — July 14

A GREAT day for Paris. Today commemorates the historic fall of the Bastille. Epifania, Luz and I, together with YWCA young people in Paris, joined in the fun. The night was clear and the sky was pierced by the red, white and blue searchlights from the Arch of Triumph. Fireworks burst into multicolored display, while the bands played and the vivacious French danced in the streets. We paid homage to the "Unknown Soldier" buried under the Arch; sauntered down the famed Champs de Elysees to view smartly dressed people in side-walk cafes, couples arm-in-arm; to breathe of the gaiety, frivolity and excitement that was Paris.

The lights of the Eiffel Tower were visible from the bridge where we stood to watch the flow of the famous Seine River. What a contrast Paris at night is to Paris during the day—when you are faced by hungry

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people living on poor food and inadequate rations, by the brazen black-market and inflated currency, by luxury and poverty highlighting each other by their existence, by the innate sadness of the masses, by the threat of Communism, by the tragedy of a fallen and prostrate France.

Oslo, Norway — July 22

Opening day of the International Youth Conference which five young Filipinos had come from the other side of the world to attend. The Oslo Conference itself was a miracle. Despite the countless difficulties of transportation and communication, of national and racial barriers, of denominational differences—1200 delegates and 100 leaders from 71 countries converged at that one point. Some came by air, others by sea, still others crossed many land boundaries. What was important was that we were there to discuss world problems, map out an international youth action, bound by the facts that we all live in one world, that we are young and above all that we are Christians. I was deeply moved by the variety of national and racial backgrounds.

We stood for a world of nations of one blood and therefore responsible for, and enjoined to, one another. Yet we realized how deeply divided the world was, that a common appeal to fundamental values fell on deaf ears. The division between the East and West, between Russia and the Western democracies was deep, because it was a spiritual cleavage. The tension between the peoples of Asia and Africa on one hand, and those of Europe and America on the other threatened to become an impassable gulf. These facts and more we had to face.

Lundesberg, Sweden — August 2

The Oslo Conference had ended. Amidst the beauty of Swedish hillsides another Conference was held. We were only 250 in this isolated, but restful conference site. After Oslo, we split up into small groups for post-Oslo conferences. Here we evaluated the meaning of Oslo. Slowly but surely, I realized that Christianity is a personal relationship with God in Christ, accompanied by renewed relationships with our fellow-men—an understanding emergent and emerging from confusion and idealism that was the Oslo conference.

What did the bond of international fellowship and Christian brotherhood which enclosed all of us, mean to me, to the organization I represented, to my country?

OSLO TRAVELOGUE

Again I recalled how emphatically we had seemed to deny the very banner we waved "World Conference of Christian Youth". The **world** had not come to the doorstep of Oslo. There were countries and sectors of Christian Youth who did not participate. Russia and Japan were not there. Were we "Christian"? Certainly it was a world of un-Christianized and de-Christianized youth that we were in. Everywhere there were reports of moral chaos and spiritual disintegration.

Could there be hope? At the Lundesberg Conference we found the answer in the word "Youth" or better still "Christian Youth." Young people have the mission to live, interpret and realize the ideals and dreams that the older fashion and form. At Oslo, the challenge we all heard and felt, that we all pledged to fulfill was: "Youth, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, shine ye as lights in the world, holding forth the word of life."

London, England — August 13

We flew in from Copenhagen, Denmark. This trip covered so much territory in such a short time that I felt possessed of the legendary magic carpet.

We had a merry mix-up in money exchange. It was bewildering to have to think in terms of rupees, liras, piastres, francs, then in pounds, shillings and pennies. No language difficulty here, thank goodness, everybody understood our "English" (though it was hard for me to catch theirs). In other countries, we were lost in the flow of Italian, French, German, Swedish and Norwegian. I read in a newspaper of tighter ration, more hours of work for the same pay, of a bankrupt England and of the coming wedding of Princess Elizabeth.

We saw Robert Donat in the "The Sleeping Clergyman", an English play, and got his autograph. On the morrow, we planned to see the Tower of London, 10 Downing Street, Westminster Abbey, Scotland Yard and other points of interest, including the Buckingham Palace. Perhaps even ride the famed London Subways.

Edinburg, Scotland — August 24

Epifania and I took a flying trip by railroad across England to Scotland in time for the International Festival of Music and Drama, being celebrated here.

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We saw the play "Macbeth" and the famous Princes Street, adjudged most beautiful street in the world. Edinburg has many historic spots, including Holyroad castle, where Mary, Queen of Scots, took a bath in wine. This was a change from austere, bombed and forbidding London. Food situation was very much the same. You got a blob of marmalade and a square inch of butter for breakfast, if you were lucky.

The Scots in their kilts and plaids were colorful, especially when they marched down the streets playing the bagpipes. Somebody noticed we were foreigners and took our pictures for the papers captioned: Visitors from the Philippines here to attend Festival.

S.S. Marine Tiger, Atlantic Ocean—September 7

We pulled into the harbor of New York. It was with mingled and conflicting emotions that I stood on deck of the **Marine Tiger**. Hail, America! I said. Welcome to you, stranger! I imagined the Statue of Liberty say to me. At first due to the thick mist which adamantly settled on the harbor she was only an outline of a lady with a hand upraised. She reminded me of a mother with a word of welcome to her wandering homeward bound child. Then as we drew nearer, the details became discernible. There was the torch of liberty, the book of knowledge, the thirteen rays forming a halo around her kindly, determined face, that ageless look grown wise and deep with time, that step forward meaning an ever-progressive march for democracy. I pinched myself to see if I was dreaming, I had seen Europe, crossed the Atlantic, and now I would see the United States. I peered through the mist and gazed at the gray New York Skyline. So this is America. What does she hold in store for me?

Romualdo L. Bondame

ONE SULTRY MORNING *

"**W**E ARE fighting a battle for righteousness and justice, for which cause they, our fathers and forefathers, suffered and died. They showed their courage then—we must show ours now!... The enemy shall not take our land though he tread over our corpses in the battlefields, because from the soil beneath shall breathe forth souls, stronger and braver... This is our test!"

Morale. That was why you posed there conspicuously on that decorated platform, haranguing a thousand young souls before you that sultry morning. That was why my fellows and I sweated under our grey gunit helmets, listening to you. We stood there in the ranks, speechless and unstimulated. For men like you must expound, must prove that we were a righteous and undaunted people. You wanted the spirit to be a hundred times stronger and braver than flesh. You said: what was a single ephemeral flesh to our country's lasting honor? Men had lived and died, been born again and died again, but a nation's glorious history was never forgotten.

Morale. That was why you spoke great words, big words.

We knew you were right: we believed in you. You spoke then only as would a brave man. Where you stood in the sun on that platform, you sweltered under your coat, I knew, and you gestured grimly before the dazzling microphone. Your voice quavered and it was because you were speaking from your heart. You demanded of us that we hurdle the impending fateful test.

And when suddenly, fearlessly you said that you yourself would be the first one to die in defense of the land, we were stunned! There was no applause for you, there was only silence. There, I told myself, there is the spirit of our forefathers reborn in flesh. And before I knew it, I was crying quietly, like a man. Even the uniformed men seated behind you on the platform were stunned. Some of them looked down on the floor, others brought their faces to the shimmering sky where a lone plane ominously hovered, disappearing into and then emerging from, the white amorphous clouds.

That day was great, that moment inspiring.

* *Short Story (Arellano Standard, Oct., 1946)*

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How much I wished I could move along from where I stood so I could get nearer to you, for like the others over there, I wanted to shake your hands. But my fellows and I stood at attention. We swung our rifles to our shoulders; then for a brief while, you turned to look at us and you heard the commander's bark echoing in the field, you saw the gleam of bayonets and the muzzles of our guns flashing defiantly under the glaring sun, you heard the dying rhythm of our feet marching away.

IT DID not take long for you to hear of us once more. The enemy was strong, but our spirit was stronger. With poor weapons, shrunken stomachs we fought till comrade after comrade fell, son after son, brother after brother, father after father. Not only a thousand of our number lay dead—much more. And more and more were fated to fall!

Out there, we asked: was this the test you had meant? And when would the hour of reckoning come? And who would judge who had faltered and who had not?

The dead had not faltered—and they were dead. And we, the living, we tried not to falter. We broadened the battlefield and lengthened the battleline, took the fight to the untrodden depths of jungles, to the towns, to the cities, dungeons, gutters, our own homes even.

And you—I knew you lay dead, too, somewhere in some ghastly battlefield. I prayed for you. You had defied the enemy gallantly. What was simple death to you, Great Man?

But the test was long. At times when I stretched myself in quietude, I wondered where were all the souls that had gathered to hear you speak that sultry morning. Now I realized that there were men whose flesh weakened, whose spirits weakened even faster. They were afraid to die.

And you—I could not believe it! You, too, had not died! My fellows and I heard your voice once more, that same voice, but this time coming from the invader's camp. Then you called the invader friend, and me and my kind, enemies of the people.

Had we been wrong then? Had we failed the sublimest of tests?

But soon we believed you no longer, not because you were against us, but because you had not died.

The poor man, I said.

ONE SULTRY MORNING

Then like a terrible nightmare, the many battles ceased at last. And one morning, I was surprised to see you but a few paces away from me, in the same place where I had first heard you, many mornings ago. There you stood no more on a decorated platform, but on the same level of ground with me, no more to speak, no more to bolster morale, no more to re-act that great day. The hour of reckoning had come at last.

You looked much older. Like that morning years ago, you sweated profusely under the sun. Your eyes were sunken in their sockets, your face was unshaven and the whiteness of your hair reflected the whiteness of the boulders above. You waited. We, too, waited.

You scanned the change about you, the muteness, the ruins, the varied scars of war, the few wry faces. And when you threw your gaze up, you saw, not one plane, but many planes, roaring powerfully through the sky.

You brought your eyes down and looked at me and the other nine fellows in the row. Perhaps you wished to speak? Maybe, pray? but you could not compose yourself for either fear or prayer, for you had learned to fear yourself.

Suddenly, we stood rigidly at attention and you straightened yourself before us bravely. You turned to the officer standing beside you and said to him, I am ready.

We levelled our guns.

Cayetano Santuico

ARE YOU IN LOVE? *

THERE are so many things said about love. Some say it is a source of inspiration while to others it is a pain in the neck. Then what is this thing called love? The dictionary defines it as: "A strong complex emotion or feeling inspired by something, as a person or a quality, causing one to appreciate, delight in, and crave the presence or possession of the object and to please or promote the welfare of that object; devoted attachment for or attachment to: strictly to persons." To scientists it is simple biological reaction; to old maids it is a frustrated dream; and to poets it is a passing breeze in the land of youth. Love is like electricity, you don't know it but you feel it. It varies only in volts.

In the battle of the sexes, one tries to outwit the other. Man is a born hunter. He has gone out into the world since time immemorial to hunt for food and for females. During the Stone Age, man manifested his affection by beaming his love-light and carrying her to his cave. But times have changed. The *modus operandi* is not that simple any more. In this Atomic Era of diversified activities, love is manifested in different forms. Man's tactics of pursuits vary to suit one's temperament. The most popular of all are the oral and written methods.

The former is put into effect by approaching the quarry by direct frontal attack and propounding the fateful question at the right time and place. The advantage of this is that the hunter can observe the reactions of the prey, as the witness on the stand is observed by the court. However, it requires mental agility, for the pursued is in an advantageous position to counterattack, whereas in the written approach, the hunter has time to write, re-write, edit or add *af-will* to his message. It must be borne in mind that the quarry is also in the same position. This mode of lovemaking is cultural, because each party resorts to literary production. That is how members of The Standard Staff are born.

As in a court of law, the burden of proof is on the pursuer. His allegations are usually viewed with suspicion. But a man with hunting blood is never daunted by this presumption. The more elusive the prey, the greater the thrill. Besides, a good hunter must know how to

* *Feature Article (Arellano Standard, Oct., 1948)*

ARE YOU IN LOVE

stalk his quarry. Men are known, during their egotistical moments, to brag about their trophies of feminine scalps just to see who has the best score. The average score is from 3 to 6. An excess of that is rather unusual and indicates that hunting is taken not as a sport but rather as a habit.

The gals on the other hand are usually wary. Although caution is always their password, discretion is sometimes thrown to the four winds. This is attributed to feminine curiosity—the desire to see what is on the other side of the fence. A brief perusal of the provisions of the Civil Code regarding natural and illegitimate children will prove this point. However, some women do the hunting themselves, especially during Leap Year. Some men give the impression that they are being pursued by real or imaginary females. Others maintain that they were trapped. All women are man-traps. Their power to fascinate is their defensive weapon.

In love-making, the femmes are divided into several types. Since this is a battle of movements, strategy and advantage of terrain is vital. Propaganda, diplomacy and material superiority are utilized to the limit.

The first is the Clinging Vine type. She is usually sweet, easy on the eyes, simple and dumb. This type suffers from a one-track mind. All she wants is a man. A deadly prey. Beware!

The second is the Keep-em-Dangling type. Her technique is to have several suitors at bay or hanging on the lamppost. She is a firm believer in safety in numbers. A likely candidate to see what is on the other side of the fence. An easy prey, no ifs, no buts, no ands.

The third is the Come-what-may or Do-or-die type. Their ages range from the late twenties up to the thirties. After exceeding the age limit they usually calm down or simply give up. This type is not only deadly but vicious. It will attack anything. Double caution. Don't approach them!

Hunting, scalping and trapping have been done by mankind since heaven knows when. People will always fall in love no matter what. It is said that "the world will always love a lover" and only daffy guys fall in love. As long as there are people on earth they will do the same things all over again. The procedure may vary but the ultimate result does not. So, if you love her, tell her. If you love him, say so. Almost all of us are in love. Are you?

THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN *

By Thomas Mann

It is inevitable that in the course of one's reading he comes across a masterpiece,—a sublime piece of literature that cannot but alter one's reading taste; such is "The Magic Mountain". Originally written in German by Mann with all the nuances of expression of which he alone is master, it has not suffered in the process of translation. On the contrary, Shelley's tongue does credit to his subtle and delicate work of art. One may easily describe this book as "masterful, magnificent and dramatic," for it is easy to be extravagant with words, but when it comes to describing what one really feels, how trite and meaningless words are after all. Yet it is this smooth, flowing articulacy, this intense and highly moving expression of profound thoughts that endow Thomas Mann with greatness,—and because the creator and the masterpiece are indivisible, "The Magic Mountain" is consequently stamped with greatness too. One cannot read this book without thinking through some of the basic concepts of our times, without evolving a philosophy of one's own, without sinking into the deep mysteries that is the human mind. In other words, one learns to appreciate the art of contemplation and meditation; one wants to delve deeper into the soul. But this is no "mystic book". It is only the tale of a simple young man named Hans Castorp, and what happened to him, what metamorphosis he underwent up on the magic mountain. Because it is given to a few to hear the spaced cadence in a phrase, to feel and savor the strange potency of words, this book is not for the ordinary reader of fiction—it is not for the dilettante, but for the discerning and the truly appreciative.

No easy task this, "reviewing" the incomparable work of a creative genius and compressing in a few prosaic sentences a thick volume of truly great literature. But one can nevertheless attempt without imposing one's view on the splendid whole. For that reason, we give you the tale of Hans Castorp who, like the sleeper in the legend, sits under a spell while mortal time passes over his head. The title alone will lead the reader into the realm of conjecture... where, and what is the magic mountain? What kind of people, if any, inhabit the place? Why does time weave a spell over those who live there? To answer these would be to give the whole story away; enough to say with the translator that it

* *Book Review (Arellano Standard, June, 1948)*