

22

Panorama

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DIVING TECHNIQUE

A YOUNG SWISS mathematician has discovered a diving technique he says will allow swimmers to descend deeper than ever before without armor to protect him against terrific water pressure.

Hannes Keller, twenty-six, already has dived 510 feet and was subjected to pressures of an 820-foot dive in a test tank of the French navy.

His technique, which essentially consists of supplying the diver with a mixture of gases at various levels during the descent and ascent, will enable divers to reach 3,000 feet with only self-contained breathing apparatus, he told a news conference.

If carried out in open sea Keller's 820-foot dive would have been a record. About three years ago British divers went down to 600 feet, specialists in the field say and Russian divers are reported to have hit 700 feet. Most skin divers must stop at 200 feet.

With divers able to reach the 3,000-foot level exploration of the continental shelves might be possible, Keller said.

Keller, who is seeking large-scale U.S. Navy support for developing his technique, has described it once for Naval authorities in Washington and he is to make a second presentation.

The most impressive thing about the Keller technique is the speed at which he returns to the surface. Usually divers must ascend slowly to avoid a condition known as "The Bends" — where nitrogen bubbles form in the bloodstream because of rapid decompression.

Keller said he made his simulated 820-foot dive in ten minutes, touched "bottom" for a few seconds and returned to surface pressures in forty-eight minutes. On the other hand, the British divers in the 600-foot descent off Norway are said to have taken twelve hours for the operation.



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Whence comes another?

Our Countryman CLARO MAYO RECTO

By Leon Guerrero
Philippine Ambassador

I DO NOT speak as an ambassador this afternoon, no one is an ambassador in his own country. I speak as a friend and as a partisan of Claro Mayo Recto.

No man incarnated the spirit of Filipino nationalism as much and as long as he did. He was one of those few who are privileged to re-discover youth and to belong to two generations. He lived long enough to reform the Third Republic; he was not too young to remember the First. Indeed he told me that one of his earliest recollections was the sound, overheard in the

night, of his mother weeping as she was interrogated by the Americans during the pacification of Batangas—a memory that is not wholly without significance.

He grew up under the new American regime, but was one of the last generation to imbibe the European culture of the Spanish Jesuits, the culture that had bred the Revolution. He also became a poet and an essayist in Spanish, and Filipino writers in Spanish were the heirs of Rizal, their poetry a nostalgia for our brief moment of independence, their prose a

protest against the Babylonian captivity of the national culture, as they understood and remembered it.

Thereafter, he and Manuel Luis Quezon, Sergio Osmeña, Rafael Palma, Jose Laurel, Manuel Roxas, and others, sometimes in partisan opposition to one another, but always united in the pursuit of the national objective, were leaders in the parliamentary struggle for independence that was the expression of Filipino nationalism in the decades before the Japanese War. It was a youthful nationalism, untroubled by doubts and apprehensions, attractively native, when we look back on it, because of its self-confidence.

THAT WAS A time when Quezon could exclaim with a toss of his handsome head: "Better a government run like hell by Filipinos than a government run like heaven by the Americans." It was a time when Quezon, Recto, and the "antis" could successfully reject the Hare-Hawes-Cutting independence act because, apart from other more partisan considerations, the law established American bases in the Philippines. They would not, they said, feel really free if, riding along the Boulevard, they were to see the American flag waving over the Plaza Militar. It was

also a time when, under the presidency of Recto, the Constitutional Convention could draft a charter reserving to Filipinos alone the right to enjoy the national patrimony.

How idyllic that time must seem to the present day nationalist when even the American High Commissioner and threatened economic interests could not induce the Filipino leaders to undertake what was euphemistically termed a "realistic re-examination" of independence!

Yet already forces were at work that would undermine nationalism in its popular foundations. A new generation was growing up in schools that taught more American than Fil-patriotism in the colonial terms of a double allegiance. It was an English-speaking generation whose heroes and exemplars were Washington and Lincoln, who spoke of "government of the people, by the people, and for the people," a formula that was understood to justify government of the Filipinos by the Americans. Rizal, in comparison, was a figure that grew increasingly dim and meaningless, a good man who had said "*morir es descansar*" when he was shot by the wicked Spaniards in a struggle that no longer had any significance in a modern free society. Few knew the words of the Filipino national anthem,

but almost every youngster could sing "God Bless America."

One wonders if Recto and his fellow nationalists of the time realized that they were losing the new generation to Hollywood, Tin Pan Alley, and Madison Avenue, and that the new appetite, habits, and ambitions bred by American free trade—the general euphoria induced by economic prosperity under a regime that, though alien, was politically democratic—would sap the vitality of Filipino nationalism in its charter as an historic protest against foreign rule.

CERTAINLY THERE WERE symptoms enough of the change. NEPA, for example, the movement for national economic protectionism, never got very much farther than a flurry of interest in folk arts and cottage industries; while Roxas, the very idol of the new America-oriented generation, passionately handsome in a tieless cerrada jacket, soon wearied of rallying his new, his *Bagong Katipunan*.

The war and enemy occupation deepened the disenchantment. Quezon's proposal for Corregidor to declare the Philippines independent and neutral was a last despairing gesture of Filipino nationalism that was abruptly rejected and penitently withdrawn. The generation

of Wenceslao Vinzons and Ramon Magsaysay, to mention only the dead, was fighting bravely and loyally under two flags, while a cynical enemy was using the nationalist slogans to mask the most sanguinary and rapacious exploitation in our history; and the old nationalists, from Emilio Aguinaldo and Artemio Ricarte to Laurel and Recto himself, gave the appearance of believing in a mythical independence and a powerless Second Republic, in order to use them as a shield to protect the people from conscription and other extortions, and excesses of the enemy.

When the Americans returned, it must have seemed that Filipino nationalism, as distinguished from colonial double-allegiance, was at its lowest ebb. An exuberant gratitude for liberation from a brutal slave-master, as much as a pathetic economic prostration, and the obsessive need for some reassurance against a new aggression, led to the parity amendment of the Constitution of appalling one-sidedness.

But nobody could do anything much about it, or really wanted to. Everyone was much too happy with the G.I.'s and their jeeps, Virginia cigarettes, and K-rations, and it seemed almost callous ingratitude to haul down the good old Stars and Stripes and leave the Fili-

pino flag, lonely, and looking rather lost and forlorn over the ruins of Manila. Indeed the first President of the Third Republic proclaimed that his policy would be to "follow in the wake of America," America the Beautiful, America the Bountiful.

But nationalism was not dead. The old Nacionalista Party fought the parity amendment to the Constitution and the election of a number of Nacionalista senators had to be annulled to secure ratification of the bases agreement. In 1947 Camilo Osias won a significant election to the Senate; in 1949 Laurel stood for the presidency of the Republic with Recto at the head of his senatorial ticket.

If Filipino nationalism now entered a new phase it was almost entirely the work of Claro Recto. His party was fighting the elections on the traditional front: graft and corruption. Recto, almost alone, decided to fight in the field of foreign policy, and, inevitably, nationalism. I had the privilege of being associated with him in that campaign, and I remember that it was opened with a memorable indictment of what he considered the colonial party's foreign policy of mendicancy and subservience to the United States.

I know that he was fully aware of the powerful enmities he would arouse, the unforgiving rancour, the brooding hatred. He was also aware, although perhaps not so keenly, of the inevitable indifference of the voters towards foreign affairs, and of his own countrymen's loving identification of their interests with those of the former sovereign, providential liberator, and seemingly generous protector. He did not care.

IT MAY BE SAID that he could afford not to care. In many ways he was in a unique position which made him perhaps the only Filipino of our times capable of taking the leadership of the nationalist resurgence. For, in an acquisitive society where status was fixed by wealth, he had more than independent means, and yet was never corrupted by greed. In a society where politics was the source of all power and influence, he had a personal prestige and popularity that could defy party machines, and yet never succumbed to the temptation of using it for personal advantage. In a society hypnotised by dogmas and slogans, he had a mind of his own and had the courage to speak it out. In a conformist society he was a dissenter; in a frivolous society he was a thinker; in a clerical society he was a Galileo who

did not recant. In the Philippine zoo, with its exhibitionist monkeys, idle peacocks, trained parrots, and predatory hawks, he was an uncaged lion.

Yet even he had to make sacrifices. He was a genius in the law yet his nationalist crusade was bound to lose him clients; he was true to his religion yet his sermons on the nationalist gospel offended the pharisees. I am convinced that he never really hoped to be president; when he assumed the leadership of Filipino nationalism, he was consciously renouncing the leadership of the nation. For he was an old politician and he knew that politicians should make as few enemies as possible; he made many, deliberately and gladly, for the cause in which he believed.

He was a man who should be judged by the enemies he made. Their names were Ignorance, Apathy, Timidity, Servility; Opportunism in a white shirt and tie, Hypocrisy in a barong Tagalog, Bigotry in a cassock; Ambition, Intolerance, Greed. He fought them all, and was proud of his wounds.

Perhaps we realize only imperfectly what he achieved in the decade between 1949 and 1960. We are apt to take for granted now the attitudes which, were considered heretical and subversive.

It was he who first questioned our blind subservience in foreign affairs and advocated an independent policy based on national self-interest; he who first warned that a small nation should tend its own garden rather than meddle in the quarrels of the great.

He challenged the sufficiency of the guarantees against aggression; he demanded the revision of the bases agreement to restore national sovereignty and dignity, he denounced the cynical infringements of that sovereignty and dignity, he denounced the cynical infringements of that sovereignty which instituted in the Philippines a state within a state.

It was he who first inquired into the reality of foreign aid and its desirability, he who first demanded the industrialisation which he saw as the only foundation of economic independence.

If we are now receiving reparations from Japan, it is because he opposed the ratification of the Dulles peace treaty until the principle of reparations was accepted; if the Filipinos are again first in their own country it is largely because he never relented in his advocacy of the principles of the Constitution, and if our youth are beginning to re-discover our nationalist past it is gospels in their hands in defiance of what he called the most numerous Church.

THE TRUE measure of his achievement is the transformation of the national character and climate that he brought about almost alone. Who would have thought, at the height of the colonial party's ascendancy in 1949, that a time would come when a Filipino provincial fiscal would dare to call for the arrest and surrender of military visitors and their mercenaries, and be backed by the authorities of the Republic! Who would have thought then that the time would come when the president himself of the colonial party would be reported as denying that he was pro-American and insisting that he was only pro-Filipino!

The nationalism of the present administration is the legacy of Claro Recto. His whole life was a testament bequeathing to his people the re-invigorated tradition of Filipino nationalism.

We are all his heirs, and may God give us the strength not to repudiate the inheritance, with all its onerous obligations.

When I last saw him in London he recounted to me that in his campaign for the presidency he had used an historical parallel to explain the need for a nationalist leadership. God, he had told our people, guided the destiny of nations. Thus, the Filipinos of the generation of the Revolution may well have wonder-

ed why God had permitted Rizal, the very embodiment of Filipino nationalism, to be shot by the Spaniards at that time of trial. The answer was that Rizal had served his purpose; he had awakened the Filipinos to a consciousness of their identity as a nation. But the needs of the people had changed; Rizal did not believe that the time was ripe for revolution, and so he had been taken away to enable Bonifacio and Aguinaldo to lead the Filipino nation in the armed struggle for independence. In the same way God had taken away the well-beloved Ramon Magsaysay with his touching faith in America, in the prime of life and at the height of his powers, and a more nationalist leadership had unexpectedly emerged.

Now, thinking back on it, I wonder what Recto would have said about his own death if he could have foreseen it. What is the hidden purpose of his sudden, ironic, heartbreaking disappearance from the scene? What turn of the plot is to be expected? What new protagonist is to appear upon the stage?

FOR THE play is not yet ended. Filipino nationalism has not yet attained its natural objective of a society where the sovereign powers of government will be wholly used to secure

the rights and welfare of all the Filipinos.

It has been truly said that Claro Mayo Recto's place in history is assured. He was a legend in his life time. Few men are, as he is, mourned for when they die because a cause dies a little with them, and for whom history itself closes a chapter.

It is superfluous to pass judgment on him. What we must fear is the judgment that will be passed on us, his contemporaries and successors, for we Filipinos shall be measured by his ideals, and his struggles and sacrifices for their attainment.

"How terrible it is to die in a foreign country!" he said before

he died. How much more terrible to die for a foreign country, and how still more terrible to die for one's own country when the sacrifice is spurned.

May it not be said that he lived for a lost cause, that, as someone has put it, he was the last of a generation. May it not be said that he spent himself in a meaningless battle, to save a nation that refused to repent and be saved, and clung to its sins and sordid possessions, a nation that no longer believed itself to be a nation. If the cause of Filipino nationalism should die with him, then it will deserve to die.

* * *

How Old Is the Egg?

Eighty-million-year-old dinosaur eggs, each about the size of a human head, were discovered around Jacou and Clapiers, in Southern France, it was learned.

Professor M. Mattauer, of the Montpellier Geological Institute, found the eggs in a deposit of sandstone.

The region apparently was a favorite egg-laying spot for dinosaurs, the giant reptiles of the secondary era.

The institute has appealed to the inhabitants of the region to inform it of any other dinosaur remains.

Previously, dinosaur eggs have been found principally in the region of Aix-en Provence, Southern France, and in Mongolia.

Arts and Letters

by Jose A. Lansang

A DISTINCTION needs to be made at the start. The writer who is cognizant of the social functions of literature and art is not exactly the same as the writer who is conscious of the organic relationship that should exist between literature and national growth. Better yet, one must distinguish between literature and art which have social functions and literature and art that have pertinence and significance to national growth. To fix in the mind in concrete terms what is meant here, let us consider that *Ivanhoe*, for instance, or *Treasure Island*, or *Hamlet*, or to come down to recent headlines, Pasternak's *Dr. Zhivago* represents literature which has important social func-

tions; it entertains, it ennobles, it deepens one's understanding of the appetites, the aspirations and daydreams, the personal problems of certain characters in the story, which is to say, more or less, in relation to the society in which the characters live.

The literature, on the other hand, which has relevance to what, in contemporary language, we call national growth is easily recognizable as rather much different from the works that have just been cited. Dickens' novels depicting the exploitation and degradation of adult and child workers in the early decades of the English factory system, the essay of Emerson entitled *The American Scholar*, some stories of the

French writer Alphonse Daudet, and certain novels of our own foremost literary figure, Jose Rizal, come readily to mind when one thinks of literature that has importance to the concept of national growth. In the novels of Dickens alluded to, one feels the growing pains, as it were, of British industrial greatness; in Emerson's essay which has been called "the American declaration of cultural independence," one thrills to the conscious assertion of a distinctive national purpose by the American poet-philosopher; in Daudet's stories, one catches a little of the passion of many Frenchmen for national greatness which, it may be noted, is the reported obsession of Charles de Gaulle today; in the Zola works meant here, like *Germinal* or *The Debacle*, the memorable point made is that perversities of human passions, especially among the leaders of a society, can and do undermine the forces that make for healthy national growth; and, of course, in Rizal's *Noli* and *Fili*, unique among the literature of nations, one finds a rigorous and noble self-examination and self-criticism, "sacrificing everything in the interest of truth, including self-pride itself," in order to bring forth the primary essentials a nation must have in order to begin to grow.

NOW, IF THE state and private institutions are to encourage the arts—and the arts, as used here, obviously include literature—and since the theme of this conference is "The Filipino Writer and National Growth," then the kind of literature I have just cited is the kind our writers today should be encouraged to emulate. What kind of literature the state and private institutions should encourage twenty or fifty years from now on may be left to future speakers in future conferences of this sort to determine. For the here and now the kind of writing which should be encouraged, whether in English or in Tagalog, should be that which has pertinence and relevance to our problems of national growth. This is not to bend the neck of literature to the yoke of a particular purpose. To change metaphor, this is not to open the floodgates to the unsettling and destructive waters of propaganda. This is merely to render sensible and humble obeisance to the established relation between literature and life, or as some would prefer to put it, between life and literature.

[Life today in the Philippines is, as undoubtedly it also is elsewhere, hard pressed but full of expectations. It is harassed precisely by problems of national growth and problems of adjustment to an international order

that has changed much from what it was when today's 30-year-olds were young; and which is changing with a dizzying pace from year to year, even from month to month. The problems of growth are stark, unrelenting, and clamorous. The population increases with the regularity of the tides, the expansion of the means of subsistence lags far behind, per capita income is chronically low, unemployment is increasing by the month, and all essential services from telephones to barrio roads and schools have long been outstripped by the surge forward of population growth and of hopes and desires for a better life. Discontent and confusion are naturally rife, though a stubborn hope that something could be done to improve matters persists in the breasts of more and more Filipinos who have begun, or are beginning, to look at reality with more wide-open eyes and, perhaps, clearer understanding. It is beginning to be seen by many Filipinos that widespread poverty exists in their midst because their country is undeveloped economically. It is beginning to be understood likewise by an increasing number of Filipinos that their country, with its rich and varied natural resources, remains undeveloped and poor in terms of per capita income and genuine material and cultural progress because the nation, as a whole, has

not completely shaken off its colonial habits of thinking and of doing things which naturally developed during four centuries of subjection by Western peoples. Thus, it became inevitable that the great awakening now taking place among Filipinos concerns the reassertion of their nationalism, the increasingly firm determination to shake off colonial habits of thinking and of doing. Like all other peoples that are newly sovereign, Filipinos now want to practice and live by the principles of self-determination which, ahead of them by centuries, Western sovereign peoples have practised and lived by, with great benefits to such Western peoples in terms of material and cultural progress.

THE QUESTION to ask at this point is: What is meant by national growth? And what aspects of the problem of achieving it have pertinent relations with art and literature? The substance of national growth is economic development and cultural progress. When one speaks, therefore, of the relation between the Filipino writer and national growth, one actually speaks of the relation between the Filipino writer and the problems of economic development in the Philippines today with which Filipino artistic or literary work may have, or must have, some connection or

relation. The answer to the question, though rather a complex one, may be simplified by going to the core of the problem of economic development itself. It may be said, I believe, with fidelity to known facts, that the major obstacles to economic development and cultural progress in the Philippines today are two. First, the overwhelming dominance of alien interests in the national economy, and second, the prevailing lack of knowledge and understanding among Filipinos of the necessary measures and policies, or pattern of citizen behavior, which could be adopted by them in order to correct that anomalous situation. Figures released by a research team of the National Economic Council only a couple of weeks ago revealed starkly how disproportionately large alien interests are in the Philippine economy. In round figures, the research team said, about 80% of the country's foreign trade was dominated by aliens, and about 70% of domestic commerce was similarly controlled. Now, from various Filipino quarters have come all sorts of suggestions and proposals on how this foreign dominance over the economy may be corrected, and the very variety of the correctives offered, some of which indeed are contradictory to one another, is striking evidence of the general lack of knowledge and understanding of the mea-

asures which, with fairness and justice to all concerned, could and must be undertaken in order to reduce effectually the control of foreign elements over Philippine economic life.

Remembering at this juncture De Quincey's well-known differentiation between what he called "the literature of knowledge and the literature of power," I may say that both the state and private institutions in the Philippines today should encourage and support the production of more Filipino writing which serves to inform truthfully and objectively, as well as comprehensively, on the intimate and complex relations between economic activities and interests on the one hand and social and cultural development on the other. Through such writing, more Filipinos will in time acquire sufficient knowledge of a few fundamentals, which are commonplace in the science of economics, such, for instance, as the elementary fact that a predominantly merchandising economy, together with a high consumption tendency, must remain unbalanced because basic production activities are not sufficiently profitable in such a type of economy. But, too, what De Quincey meant by what he called "the literature of power" needs to be encouraged and supported also by the state and private institutions because this is the literature

which enlightens the emotions and moves the wills of men. In short, there must be more Filipino writing which serves to increase our people's knowledge of the nature of their economic and social problems and difficulties, and at the same time, also more Filipino art and literary efforts along lines of what de Quincey called "the literature of power," for it is this which could generate or inspire the emotional and volitional drives that are necessary so that the Filipinos, after getting to understand various aspects of the problem of national growth, may have the will and the determination to undertake those necessary measures and undergo the requisite self-discipline which could bring about their true economic development and cultural progress.

IT IS ONE thing, however, to say that the state and private institutions should encourage certain lines of art and literary efforts and productions and entirely another thing to expect that such kinds of efforts and productions would, in fact, be encouraged and actually attempted and their cautious maneuvers to reduce the dominance of foreign interests over their respective national economies. It may be noted, at this point, that perhaps the most relevant force for closer friendship and understanding be-

tween Filipinos and Indonesians has been the revelation made by President Sukarno himself during a visit to this country some years ago that the life and writings of our Jose Rizal, the very specimens of literature of national growth mentioned earlier in this paper, were required studies in the schools in Indonesia. In other words, Filipinos and Indonesians may come to know and understand each other's native dances and songs quite well, but that would not necessarily make them mutually loyal friends. Rather, it is common knowledge of a literature of national self-criticism and of protest and dignified fulmination against the abuses of foreign interlopers, such as Rizal essayed in his writings, which can create binding friendship and genuine mutual sympathy between the Indonesian and the Filipino. It is pertinent, likewise, to note that Rizal succeeded in writing important specimens of both "the literature of knowledge" and the "literature of power," in accordance with De Quincey's definitions, and such writings have demonstrated their validity and efficacy not only in increasing the Filipinos' national consciousness, and perhaps also the Indonesians' own national consciousness, but also—and this is most relevant to the argument of this paper—in increasing solid foundations of mutual understanding between the

Indonesians and Filipinos. If, then, the state as well as important private institutions in the Philippines truly desire—as they profess to desire—a genuine development of understanding and cultural closeness among neighbors, it should certainly be consistent and logical for them to encourage and support, nay, actively sponsor, the production or writing by Filipino artists and literary men of the kind of arts and letters that can be effectively promotive of such understanding. And the works of Rizal can well serve as among the models for such efforts.

THE SECOND of the compelling forces that virtually demand state as well as private institutional encouragement of the kind of art and letters I have cited is the drive which all advanced democratic countries today pursue, the drive to readjust the traditional institutions of democracy to the demands and unprecedented requirements of the space age. One notes, for instance, in America a frantic overhauling of educational practices and postulates, in England a vigorous campaign to re-establish the free trade system of an earlier time, in France drastic constitutional reforms which resulted in the emasculation of parliamentary powers. This is not exactly a sign that democracy as a system and a way of

life is facing a crisis, but it surely indicates that important readjustments are being made in its traditional institutions and practices, all because of the challenge of the Soviet system thrown in all undertaken. On the one hand, the state and private institutions must first have compelling motivation and justification for giving support and encouragement to the kind of art and literary efforts desired and, on the other hand, the artists and writers themselves must also derive strong inspiration from some compelling source which would move them into attempting and executing artistic and literary works of the kind, or along lines deemed to be relevant and useful to national growth. Fortunately, one may note, there are compelling forces in our society today, as there undoubtedly are in other societies similar to ours, which demand that state and affluent private institutions alike promote arts and letters of the type suggested here for encouragement. There are at least two distinct forces which one may note offhand. One is the natural drive today among neighbor nations, especially if they be of similar economic and political predilections, to cultivate closer cultural relations and mutual understanding. With the annihilation of space and time by present-day electronic communications and jet transport facilities,

closer and mutual understanding among nations has become indispensable to the progress, the prosperity, and the security of each. It is the same force which compels all peoples to prepare themselves for an international order which can only prosper and become stabilized through a reduction of all causes of serious suspicions and misunderstandings. For the Filipinos at present, one of the urgent imperatives in their national life is the development, as rapidly as they can manage to attain it, of closer and mutual understandings with neighbor peoples in Asia. When and as they do begin to act seriously and constructively in pursuance of the dictates of such an imperative, they will naturally find perhaps that the principal avenues towards mutual understanding lie precisely along the massive similarity of the problems of national growth, which all of them individually as nations have been wrestling with since the return of their independent sovereignties. The Filipino and the Indian, just as the Indian and the Indonesian, or the Burmese and the Filipino, can best promote mutual closeness and understanding among themselves on the basis of increased knowledge about each other's particular difficulties in the struggle for progress and growth. It may also be observed that perhaps it is not mutual

knowledge and understanding between, say, Filipinos and Ceylonese, of their respective traditional dances and ancient tribal songs which will truly bring them closer as friends, but rather a mutual appreciation and thorough knowledge of the problems and difficulties now being experienced by these peoples, first, in their parallel efforts to achieve national homogeneous cultural integration; second, in their similar aspirations to derive better returns in the world market for their copra and coconut oil, and third, in fields to the older and, until recently, dominant world powers. Now, then, a deeper understanding on the part of Filipinos of the reasons for, as well as the nature of, such readjustments which are being made in the traditional institutions of older democracies should at least be of important and urgent concern to both state and private institutions in our country. And how may the people attain that deeper understanding unless more and more works by Filipino writers of the type that belongs to "the literature of knowledge" and dealing with such readjustments are produced in abundance, with competence and analytical power? To put the matter in another way, one may say that for the preservation and invigoration of the democratic system itself, both the state and private institutions must

actively concern themselves with the promotion of "the literature of knowledge," because it is this type of literature which can most speedily increase popular understanding of the issues on which freedom itself is fighting for survival.

There remains to consider now the possible source of inspiration for Filipino artists and writers. The state and private institutions may be disposed to provide support and encouragement for the creation of certain kinds of artistic and literary works, but what if the artists and literary men themselves lack the inspiration to produce such works? In the view of this observer, one of the strongest sources of inspiration for artists and writers is nationalism. I may even hazard the surmise that perhaps most Filipino works of art and literature in recent decades lack the vigor of originality and the polish of conscientious craftsmanship because it is only recently that Filipino nationalism has begun to reawaken. At any rate, a casual look at the history of the literature of England, France, Russia, the United States and our own would indicate that many of the masterpieces produced by these nations are not only infused with the nationalistic spirit, but were created during periods of high national pride and confidence, which are important ingredients

of what we call nationalism. One need not dwell on the masterpieces produced during what have been called "the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth" or on the almost chauvinistic literature of the long self-confident period of Queen Victoria or on the passionate love for France and all things French that shines forth from most French literary masterpieces. It would be more striking and more instructive to consider perhaps that one of the lasting impressions one gets after reading Tolstoy's *War and Peace* is that of the mystic indestructibility of Russia, which the great novelist somehow managed to convey, because obviously such was his nationalistic faith. I mentioned casually Pasternak's *Dr. Zhivago* earlier. If one ponders on the merits of this work, what comes off as the work's most outstanding attribute? In the view of this reader, though his perusal was hurried and inattentive, it is the Russian author's obvious deep pride in the Russia that was, and his passionate concern over the ultimate fate of the Russian people and their traditional values that give the novel its power and strongest appeal. In other words, it is the nationalism of Pasternak, rather than his acid observations against the mores of collectivism, which gives weight and substance to this particular work of his.

The validity of nationalism indeed as a protean source of inspiration for art and literary masterpieces may be elaborated upon at length, but this is neither the occasion nor the time for it. The only question which needs to be asked finally is: Assuming nationalism to be a powerful motivation for the artist's and the writer's work, will its inspiration necessarily bring forth "the literature of knowledge" and "the literature of power" which are most pertinent and relevant to the problems of national growth? The answer, I am sure, is yes. For the truest and greatest force of enlightenment and understanding

is always love for freedom and love for one's own people and land is the simplest, though the largest, element of nationalism. In sum, then, the state and private institutions in the Philippines today would do well to support and encourage, simply and forthrightly, but to the utmost of their resources available for the purpose, the production of nationalistic arts and letters. The Filipino writer and national growth can only become most meaningful to each other in the inspiring, many-colored light of nationalism. So, at least, I believe.

* * *

Me, First

Two Texans visiting California soon vied with each other in the novel ways of spending their money to make an impression. After several rounds of gala entertainment, one suggested: "Let's take a taxi from Hollywood to New York City." The other agreed immediately. They hailed a cab and said, "Take us to New York City." As they started into the cab, one Texan said: "Let me in first—I'm getting off at Fifth Avenue and Forty-Second Street."

Poor Luck

A pair of Texas ranchers were riding the range when they stopped for a bit of chow. As one cleared some ground for a fire, he scraped the sod back from what turned out to be a rich deposit of gold. "Clem," remarked the other, "we better remember this place in case the price of cattle goes down."

DRAMATIC MOMENTS IN THE CAREER OF BONIFACIO

by Encarnacion Alzona

During the time we were under foreign rule, it required a great deal of persistence, courage, and sacrifice to stand for one's ideas if they were contrary to those held by the rulers, for insistence upon them in defiance of the authorities invariably meant either banishment, imprisonment and torture, the scaffold, or confiscation of property and ruthless persecution, not only of the offender but also of his close relatives and friends. There was no freedom of the press, speech, association or assembly. The counterpart of that rule today is the Communist regime.

Such restraints are unknown to the present generation of Filipinos, thanks to our heroes who knew how to fight and even die for the dignity of our country. Today anyone who wishes to voice his grievances or express a dissenting opinion can write to the newspapers and perhaps the tabloids, be-

take himself to the radio station or to some government office, to his representative in the Congress, or stand on a public platform and air his views. One thing only he must bear in mind: There is a libel law in this country.

In Rizal's time the patriotic and articulate Filipinos had to be faraway from the jurisdiction of the Philippines, to be able to write against the colonial government. The reformists, like Rizal, Marcelo H. del Pilar, Graciano, Lopez Jaena, Mariano Ponce, and the rest, fled to Europe and there denounced the abuses of the Spanish friars, civil and military officials in the press and on the platform. Those who could not leave the Philippines resorted to the clandestine printing of handbills, risking their lives thereby. They had to hide their little printing presses and move them from place to evade the police.

After ardent years of peaceful and orderly propaganda, of writing newspapers articles, delivering eloquent petitions to the governors-general, and even to the king of Spain, what did they obtain? Nothing. The government officials were deaf to their pleas. If they listened at all, their reply was arrest, banishment, imprisonment and torture, or death on the scaffold or Bagumbayan Field.

Even Rizal with his legalistic mind in the end lost his faith in the efficacy of peaceful methods or relying on the promises of Spanish politicians and colonial governors-general. If the Filipinos wanted to be redeemed, he said, they should redeem themselves. Hence, before his deportation to Dapitan, he had begun to negotiate for funds with which to purchase arms and to enlist the adherence of wealthy Filipinos to the national cause. After him other patriotic Filipinos took up the tremendous task. Towering among them was Andres Bonifacio (1863-1897).

The story of Bonifacio has been told by many writers and students of the Philippine Revolution. Thanks to them we are now familiar with his humble origin, his struggle to educate himself, his favorite readings, his reckless daring and patriotic fervor. In the narration of his role in the Revolution there are dramatic mo-

ments of far-reaching consequence on the course of that popular movement.

On the night of 7th July 1892, the day the order for Rizal's deportation came to be known, Bonifacio was in the house of Deodato Arellano together with Valentin Diaz, Teodoro Plata, Ladislaw Diwa, Jose A. Dizon, and a few others talking about what they should now do in view of the banishment of Rizal, whom they considered their leader. [Bonifacio was a member of the short-lived *Liga Filipina*, founded by Rizal; nevertheless, he felt that in view of the turn of events, that association was no longer adequate to meet the need of the moment.] The new political situation, in his opinion, demanded a militant organization to prepare the people for the overthrow of Spanish sovereignty. The need of the hour was for red blooded men organized and willing to take up arms to redeem their native land. [Rizal's life and writings had prepared the minds of his countrymen for this militant movement.]

There and then they made a solemn vow to dedicate their lives to the expulsion of the foreign oppressors of their country, and following an ancient custom of the land, they made a blood compact. For a name they adopted **KATAASTASAN KAGALANG-GALANG**

NA KATIPUNAN NG MGA ANAK NG BAYAN, which came to be popularly called KATIPUNAN and its members *Katipuneros*. Naturally it was a secret society. Forthwith its leaders set out to win loyal adherents and collect much-needed arms in preparation for the day of reckoning. Unluckily before it was ready for action, news of its existence leaked out, and, alerted, the authorities lost no time in searching the houses of suspects making arrests and wresting confessions even from innocent persons. A veritable reign of terror ensued, brutal enough to silence and immobilize the weak-hearted.

However, Bonifacio was of a different mettle. Stouthearted, dedicated, an ardent patriot, he was like the famed warriors of old whose bravery redoubled once they were wounded. As our saying goes, *Ang bayaning masugatan ay nag-iibayo ang tapang*. He lost no time in summoning his fellow *Katipuneros* to a rendezvous in the secluded place called Pugad-lawin, in the barrio of Balintawak. There on the 23rd of August 1896, in the spacious yard a son of Tandang Sora (Melchora Aquino) one of our heroines of revolutionary fame, more than a thousand *Katipuneros* foregathered. It was in that place and on that day that occurred the momentous event to which our historians have

given the name, "The Cry of Balintawak"—the cry of emancipation of the downtrodden Filipinos that resounded throughout the Archipelago. We can visualize Bonifacio, 33 years old, in the full vigor of manhood, standing in the midst of those intense men poor, ill-clad, with only a *gulok* (bolo) and *sibat* (bamboo spear) for weapons. He asked them point-blank, in the plainest language that they understood, if they were determined to rise against the foreign tyrants. Hearing their vigorous reply of "Yes!" he asked them to tear up their cedula personal in token of their irrevocable decision, which they forthwith did with enthusiasm, and shouts of "*Viva ang Pilipinas! Viva ang Katipunan!*" rent the air. It was a dramatic moment. In Bonifacio they had found their long-awaited leader, bold and daring.

This was precisely what Rizal had foreseen and feared. That the Filipinos, exasperated at the deafness of the Spanish government to their pleas for reforms, for the expulsion of their oppressors, the friars, might take up the law in their hands and though miserably unprepared, would rise in armed revolt, and their blood would redden the soil of their native land. When they took this oath, the *Katipuneros* were yet unorganized, untrained in the art of modern warfare, and without

adequate weapons, without money. And they were to face professional Spanish soldiers armed with Remingtons, and Mausers. The fact that they were willing to plunge into battle, despite their unpreparedness, indicated that their situation had become unendurable, desperate.

It was the glory of Bonifacio to lead the *Katipuneros* in their first encounter with the government forces. That was the commencement of the armed revolt against Spain, of the Revolution of 1896.

Unfortunately Bonifacio's enemies were not only the Spaniards. As the revolt he started spread and his fame as a leader grew, he aroused the jealousy and animosity of some of his comrades in arms. He was the founder of the *Katipunan* and later became its head with the dignified title of *Supremo*, and already was being hailed by his admirers as the future ruler of the Philippines, as undoubtedly he hoped to be. But other leaders were emerging and winning military victories and loyal supporters. For example, Emilio Aguinaldo of Cavite. His successes on the battlefronts were drawing to his side more and more fellow Caviteños who already destined him to be the head of the independent Philippines. Despite the growing adulation of his followers, he affected a certain

modesty. He was soft-spoken and gentle, and furthermore, lax towards his erring soldiers who remained unpunished despite their scandalous immoralities, an attitude which made him popular among his men.

Not so was Bonifacio. He was a disciplinarian and from his men he demanded sobriety and exemplary conduct, which he believed necessary to attain the objectives of the Revolution. Read his *Decalogue* or the *Cartilla*, drafted by his comrade, Emilio Jacinto, which he adopted for the guidance of the *Katipuneros*.

Soon clashes between the two leaders and their followers arose. Cavite provided the stage for the final dramatic incidents in Bonifacio's revolutionary career. Imus, Tejeros in San Francisco de Malabon, now General Trias, Limbon in Indang, and Maragondon witnessed the lamentable incidents that stained the annals of the Revolution. These places were the stations, so to speak, where Bonifacio stopped on the road to his Calvary for his crucifixion. It will take too long a time to give here a description of the scenes enacted on these stages. Suffice it to say that they revealed the conflicting ambitions of the two revolutionary leaders, and Bonifacio was at a great disadvantage on account of the place where they were staged. He was in the

home territory of his rival Aguinaldo and regionalistic sentiment could not be avoided. Bonifacio had gone to Cavite reluctantly at the invitation of the Cavite *Katipuneros*. Once there it did not take him long to sense a feeling of antagonism towards him among Aguinaldo's followers. They wanted to force Bonifacio to recognize Aguinaldo as the supreme head of the revolutionary government and they hurled accusations that Bonifacio and his brothers were preparing a counter-revolution.

Very recently, this speaker had the privilege to read an unpublished manuscript with the title of *Apunters para la Revolucion Filipina, etc.* (Notes for the History of the Philippine Revolution, etc.) in the handwriting of Julio Nakpil, who died on the 2nd of the month of November (1960). The late author was a member of Rizal's *Liga Filipina* and a comrade of Bonifacio in the Revolution. According to this document, Bonifacio denied the accusation that they were plotting a counter-revolution, and he forthwith challenged Aguinaldo to a duel, saying "If you are offended by my behavior, name your seconds." But, instead of accepting the challenge like a man, wrote Nakpil, Aguinaldo ordered the arrest of the Bonifacio brothers when they

were preparing to leave Cavite and return to Morong (now Rizal Province).

Now in the grip of Aguinaldo's soldiers, Bonifacio were rendered helpless. His men from Morong, Manila and Bulacan had failed to arrive. During the arrest, Ciriaco Bonifacio was mortally wounded. Bonifacio was stabbed, and weakened by the bleeding, he could not walk and had to be carried in a hammock to the jail in Naik and then to Maragondon. This was on the 29th of April 1897. On the morning of the 10th of May following, the Bonifacio brothers were on the way to their Golgotha. By afternoon their executioners had finished their grim task, and the two brothers lay in hastily dug graves somewhere at the foot of the hills in the environs of Maragondon. Thus the Aguinaldo government removed from the arena a formidable contender for the leadership of the nation and silenced him forever, but not history. In the unpublished Nakpil MS. is a damning indictment of Aguinaldo.

The Filipino people have pronounced their verdict on Andres Bonifacio: He is a hero and not a traitor to be placed before a firing squad; and they have erected to his memory the grandest monument to a hero in existence in this country today.

Space Plane to the Moon

THE U.S. AIR FORCE is reported considering the possibility of building a plane that could fly to the moon and back—by scooping up tons of oxygen in preliminary flight fifty to seventy miles above the earth.

Aviation Week magazine said the Air Force is asking for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1962, for the project, called "Space Plane" planned as a follow-on for the Dyna-Soar boost-glide space craft now being built.

The Air Force has released nothing on the project and declined comment. An Air Force research officer said, however, that the service has, under active consideration, three or four different ways of getting into and out of space without the terrific expense of using a large booster rocket each time.

"Our present technique of launching satellites and space capsules with huge boosters that cost millions is like using a DC 8 jet to fly a load from Texas to Baltimore and then

throwing the plane into the ocean," the officer said.

Larry Booda, Aviation week military writer, said the funds asked would cover studies for a vehicle weighing 500,000 pounds for flight testing in the 1966-1968 period.

"Space plane would be the first manned space vehicle that could propel itself from earth into orbit and return to earth under its own power, requiring no large rocket booster..." Booda said.

THE MOST unusual feature of this vehicle is that it would almost double its half-million-pound take-off weight as it flew through the upper atmosphere because it would collect oxygen for its engines as it flew...

The magazine described the vehicle as follows:

1. It would have a large scoop to gather the very lightly associated molecules of oxygen nitrogen as it flew through the fringes of the atmosphere at about 13,000 miles an hour.

2. It would take off from the earth by engines possibly of the standard turbine type, with rocket boosters.

3. In the fringes of the atmosphere, from fifty to seventy miles above the earth, propulsion would be by the turbine engines fueled with hydrogen, or by hydrogen-fueled ramjet engines.

The oxygen, scooped up, would be run through a ram system to compress it to a normal gas fluid state, where it would pass over a liquid hy-

drogen cooling device to liquify the air and pass it into storage tank. The liquid would pass through a fractional distillation process to separate the nitrogen, after which the liquid oxygen would be kept in a storage chamber until needed for propulsion.

Propulsion in space would be, by means of a conventional rocket system, burning liquid hydrogen and the liquid oxygen collected during atmosphere flight.

* * *

Tribute to Mother

"With a single stroke of the brush," said the school teacher who was taking her class through the art gallery, "Joshua Reynolds could change a smiling face into a frowning one."

Come the voice of one small boy, "So can my mother."

*

WILD HORSE OF ASIA

THE ONLY SURVIVING true wild horse—the Mongolian or Przewalski—is going the way of the whooping crane.

Zoologists believe that the fifty or so animals in zoos around the world now outnumber those roaming the old Central Asian homeland. It is even suspected that small herds in the wilderness may have interbred with domestic horses and no longer exist in pure form.

To save the species from extinction, the director of the Zoological Gardens at Prague, Czechoslovakia, has recently circulated questionnaires to all known owners of Przewalskis, asking for detailed records on their history and characteristics. The data will provide pedigrees that will be helpful in breeding.

The Przewalski was named for a Russian explorer who discovered the animals while traveling in Mongolia and northern Tibet during the eighteenth-seventies, says the National Geographic Society.

COL. NICHOLAS M. PRZE-
WALSKY (also spelled Prejevalsky) was Czarist army officer whose ardent interest in natural history had led him to apply for posts in eastern Siberia.

In 1870 he obtained permission to conduct an expedition across inner Asia for the Russian Geographical Society. Among the thousands of specimens of mammals, birds, reptiles and fish he collected were the skull and skin of a strange small horse.

In an adventure-filled book published in 1876, Colonel Przewalski reported large herds of the horses running wild on the plains of Tsaidam and beyond in western Mongolia. They were quite shy, he said, and when frightened, would continue a flight for days.

Mongol tribesmen told the explorer that although they hunted wild camels of north-west Tsaidan for the delicate flesh, the horses were too swift and alert for the chase.

The Przewalski wild horse is much smaller than the domestic animal.

A closely related wild horse, now extinct, was the Tarpan. So called from its Tartary roving grounds, this creature had a drab-gray color and less notice-

able streak.

Both horses carried on a remarkably organized way of life. The herds, numbering from several hundreds to perhaps a thousand, were set up like armies. At the head of each galloped a sultan-stallion, leader in battle and lord of any mare of his choice.

"Lieutenants" commanded the lower ranks, while restive young stallions served as sentries. They trotted along on the outskirts of the herds, ready to neigh a piercing warning at the first sign of danger.

In a fascinating experiment in back-breeding, the German zoologist brothers, Lutz and Heinz Heck, have succeeded in physically recreating the extinct Tarpan.

Bargain Sale

A Paris shopkeeper wrote to one of his customers: "I can offer you cloth like the enclosed sample at 900 francs the meter. In case I don't hear from you, I shall conclude that you wish to pay only 800 francs. In order to lose no time, I accept the last mentioned price."

*

SPANISH-PHILIPPI

PROMPTED BY THE admirable motive of self-realization, patriotic Filipinos today are searching their history for evidence of a national native culture. Too often nationalistic sentiment limits this probing of the past to the post-Spanish era. Philippine culture, however, is not a product of political independence from Spain. In fact, archeological findings indicate that a developed culture flourished on the Philippine archipelago long before the Spanish arrived in 1521. This native culture persisted and expressed itself throughout the three centuries of Spanish rule.

If the above statements are true, we may expect to discover indications of native Philippine culture in artifacts of the Spanish period. My belief is that, even in the most characteristically Iberian product of the period—religious architecture, we can discern the selection and unique use made of European designs by the indigenous culture of these islands. Thus, instead of only shyly admitting the reality of Spanish influence, Filipinos should feel a deep cultural pride in the artistic achievements of Spanish-Philippine architecture.

PART OF MY GRADUATE training in the Henry Francis duPont Winterthur Museum program in early American culture included studying tech-

NE ARCHITECTURE

niques of analysis and interpretation of European arts in a colonial situation. My intention, supported by a Fulbright grant, is to apply these techniques to Spanish arts in the Philippines. This student of Philippine art history is especially interested in ecclesiastical products of the Spanish period: church architecture and the liturgical arts.

My initial task is to record the important remaining artistic products of the Spanish colonial Philippines. The majority of these products comprise architectural forms such as churches, friaries (*conventos*), gates, towers, walls, fortifications, civic buildings, schools, and tombs. Also part of my survey of Philippine colonial arts are wood carving, painting, textiles, and metal work. All relevant objects must be photographed and fully described as to size, color condi-

tion, location, and use. For example, my cataloguing of colonial churches is done on five inch by eight inch file cards. Name, date, description, and history appear on the front of the card while photographs are attached to the reverse side. These church file cards are presently arranged by provenance. However, this arrangement by location is only tentative as more significant orderings are probable. One interesting possibility is to divide the church cards into groups corresponding to the missionary orders whose members designed and directed the building of these early edifices.

Such organization is, after all, only a necessary preliminary to my effort to analyze various artistic designs used in the Spanish Philippines. For the art historian, analyzation begins with research into the origin, transmission, and influence of

decorative elements. In considering a pair of Ionic columns, for instance, the architectural historian must ask: "Where was this motif first used?" "Where was it repeated?", and "How did it get to its present location?" Then, "What changes have occurred in the processes of repetition and transmission?" As a final step in analysis, the historian poses the most fascinating problem: "What significance had this motif for the various cultures which retained and employed it in preference to other possible designs?"

A society selects and develops only those designs which can be made acceptable to its own esthetic. And culture of national esthetics is based on the commonly held ideals of society. Previously, careful studies have been made of the problems of art history and esthetics in regard to Spanish colonial art in Latin America. Is it not time for similar examinations of Spanish arts in the Philippines?

HAVING SKETCHED THE nature of my research, I would like to suggest several characteristics of Spanish architecture in the Philippines which seem significant to me and also, I trust, to those Filipinos who earnestly seek their native heritage and national identity. These remarks are admittedly

limited by my recent arrival in Manila and by some lack of previous critical analysis of Spanish-Philippine architecture.

Even the most cursory glance at pre-1900 Catholic churches in the Philippines focuses our attention on one fact: these buildings were conceived by minds familiar with the Renaissance architectural vocabulary of decoration, structure, and use. A short check list of XVI century Italian architectural motifs, all modified by later *plateresco* and Churrigueresque decorative style of Spain and finally transmitted to the Philippines, would include scrolls, pediments, cornices, pilasters, columns, finials, niches, and arches. (Many of these features appear in the photograph of the facade of the Talibon church.) These designs, used throughout the Spanish period, are no less obviously European than the Gothic and Romanesque motifs employed on Philippine churches in the latter half of the XIX century. Needless to say, interiors of churches were graced with benches, candelabra, confessionals, pulpits, reredos, railings, ciboriums, tabernacles, and vestry chests all carved in the classical Renaissance and Baroque style. (The picture of the interior of the Argao church reveals the richness of Spanish-Philippine decor.) But we most readily dis-

tinguish Hispano-Renaissance decorative influence on facades and main entrances of our churches. The padres fully realized that "first impressions count," and they used every available decorative device to envoke the approaching supplicant with the drama of entrance into the house of God.

In addition to architectural designs and their appropriate use, the cultural baggage of Spanish priest-designers contained European techniques of construction. Four of the most exploited building methods imported by the Spaniards were 1) use of brick and stone, 2) minimum amounts of mortar between stones, 3) rubble-filled walls, and 4) structural arches. Thus the Philippines owes its knowledge of Renaissance decorative and structural design to Spain.

But architecture is far more than an isolated set of ornamental forms and methods of construction. Architecture is building for particular purpose in a particular place. In the case of the Spanish Philippines, architecture was to provide for Christian worship in a tropical climate. The influence of environment is a pervasive one and, in the end, no less concrete in its evidence than the physical disposition of materials according to imported tradition of decoration and construction.

The locale itself brought about uniquely Philippine alterations in the traditional appearance of Spanish churches. To a limited extent various local building materials determined the type of carved decoration and wall construction. Employing adobe, limestone, granite, coral, and innumerable superb hard woods helped define the artistic and structural character of churches. In addition to the influence of regional materials, the damp, hot climate and the ever current danger of floods, fire, and earthquakes qualified the appearance of buildings. We quickly note the influence of climate in the sturdy shapes of buttresses, the extreme thickness of walls, the detachment of towers, the restricted fenestration, and even in the elevated location of the church.

Conditions of colonization modified Spanish architectural practice in the Philippines as they had in Latin America. To facilitate church and civil control of the natives and to assure their protection against piratical raids, the Spaniards might construct a compound. This area was far more than the santo campo for burial adjoining each church. The compound consisted of watch tower, major walls, grand portals, powder magazine, storage barns, schools, civil buildings, belfry, friary, and church. We can vi-

sit nearly complete church compounds in the towns of Argao, Boljoon, and Oslob on the south-eastern coast of Cebu.

FINALLY, WE MUST admit one more profound influence of Philippine environment on Spanish church architecture: the oriental artistic vision or esthetic of the Filipino. In using Filipino or Sino-Filipino workmen, carvers, and masons, the Spanish priest-designer might preserve European plan and construction practice. But he was powerless to prevent the interpretation of European ornament by native capability and preference. If one has not seen real lions, or does not visualize foliage as three-dimensional or will not accept classical proportions, he can produce Renaissance art as Spaniards recognized it. (The photograph of the Calumpit church can scarcely be said to show Spanish architecture.) Thus, the decorative arts of Spain, already bearing a latent Eastern artistic seed planted during eight centuries of Moorish rule, quickly and persistently felt the pressures of Philippine esthetics and environment.

It is too early for me to draw a precise picture of this Philippine esthetic. Nevertheless, I will suggest several elements that seem to reoccur in Hispano-Philippine church design,

though certainly not all at one time:

1) breaking up a surface into numerous, simple geometric areas, often vertical rectangles;

2) covering the surface with decorations: a sense of *horri vacui*;

3) decorating surfaces with bands of small, repeated, semi-abstract designs;

4) placing compact groups of decorative carving only at a few carefully selected points for accent;

5) isolating areas of decoration in order to contrast with the remaining unbroken surface; and

6) deepening the pediment and elevating groups of designs, which results in a top-heavy feeling.

Several of these qualities will be recognized as "Spanish" according to Oscar Hagen's *Principles of Spanish Art*. But what makes these qualities "Filipino" is the manner in which they are organized. I suggest that Philippine design, in comparison to Spanish, is more compartmentalized.

Whatever the exact nature of Spanish colonial esthetics, the church building in Spain was not mechanically repeated in her colonies, a fact proved by Kubler and Keleman in their studies on Spanish-American architecture. Moreover, I believe that we do not see a

thoroughly "Spanish" church in Manila any more than we saw one in Lima, Puebla, or Santa Fe. And, surely, a distinct native esthetic is as apparent in the churches of Naga, Cebu, Tigbauan, Iloilo, Paete, Laguna, or Morong, Rizal as in those of old Mexico.

In conclusion, one simple but vital concept has resulted from my studies to date: there has existed a native Philippine

culture since pre-Spanish times. When Europeans introduced the mature system of Renaissance decoration and construction to these islands, its inhabitants responded by transforming Spanish building tradition into truly native expressions couched in local artistic terms. Filipinos, therefore, have inherited the duty of preserving their early Catholic churches as a deeply significant symbol of their national culture.

* * *

Business Mentality

The rising flood waters were a hazard to property, life and limb. Volunteers were out in rowboats trying to rescue people. In one of these boats was a banker who saw a competitor of his floating by in the fast-rising river.

"Hey, George," the fellow in the rowboat called out, concerned, "can you float alone?"

"Sure," George yelled back, "but this is one hell of a time to be talking business!"

Merry Mixups

A man was complaining that he had just bought a prefabricated house and that it had cost him \$50,000.

"Fifty thousand!" exclaimed one of his friends. "Isn't that a lot to pay for a prefab?"

"Yes," said the home-owner. "It didn't cost that much to begin with, but I told the factory I wanted it right away, and they sent it to me air mail."

*

MAKER O

A work can have in it a pent-up energy, an intense life of its own, independent of the object it may represent. When a work has this powerful vitality, we do not connect the word beauty with it. Beauty, in the later Greek or Renaissance sense, is not the aim in my sculpture.

—Henry Moore

THE STUDIO IS A small, sky-lit shed set amid four tranquil acres of Hertfordshire farm land, an hour north of London. Inside, workbenches are covered with old bores, sticks, water-smoothed pebbles, shelf from the English coast and the Riviera sands. On the walls are curious drawings in pencil or in sallow greens, yellows and reds—disturbing, faceless human forms composed of lines, curves, shadows and holes.

Sculptor Henry Moore sits in an aged wicker chair on a crumpled cushion. He is small and compact (5 ft. 7 in., 154 lbs.), with a high-domed face that is benign yet cragged. Thinning

strands of greying hair stretch errantly across his head. From beneath brows that jut at least an inch beyond pale blue eyes, he stares intensely at a small plaster shape held in his left hand. The right hand, thick-wristed and broad, with straight fingers that are surgically muscular, holds a small scalpel. In a few minutes, the chunk of thumb-shaped plaster takes on form.

Vague outlines of the female figure flow from beneath the blade. One breast pushes forward from a gentle twisted torso. Where the other breast should be, Moore's scalpel scoops out a smooth crater. The head does not satisfy him. Reaching for a smaller tool, the sculptor pares the head into an elongated, rectangular appendage, no larger than his thumbnail, perhaps one-twentieth the size of the body instead of nature's less than one-seventh. He pushes his own head backward and thrusts the piece forward, studying it with a frown. Then he pokes two tiny indentations

F IMAGES

to make the eyes. One or more such small maquettes, produced between breakfast and a 1 o'clock lunch, may prove the seed for another of the large reclining women or mother figures to which the mind of Henry Moore returns and returns.

EVEN IN ITS final form, the result would horrify a Michelangelo or, only 50 years ago, a Rodin. But today, Henry Moore's massive, pinheaded women with gaping holes in their torsos adorn public buildings or parks in a dozen cities and occupy places of honor in 53 museums over most of the world, including 14 in the U.S. At a recent showing in the small city of Galle, Ceylon, a crowd of 10,000 flocked to see his works in three days. A traveling show of 22 Moore pieces and 25 drawings will open next month behind the Iron Curtain in Warsaw.

Fact is that Moore is part of a new outburst of sculptural activity that history has not seen since the Renaissance. As in

ancient Rome, where statues gestured along every bare boulevard as the fur-clad Goths came rampaging in, the modern world is heavy with sculpture, park strollers the world over are familiar with the saber-brandishing, chest-scratching pigeon roosts that glorify individuals. Such images are still being produced, but noticed less. They stand in the long shadow of their forebears, the Greek, Roman and Italian Renaissance masters, who did the same thing probably as well as it can ever be done. Increasingly, park strollers and museumgoers are confronted with strange new forms: distorted shapes that puzzle, pocked half-shapes that depress, weird forms that inexplicably move the viewer; objects made of spikes and pipes and wire, of curled tin, discarded hot-water tanks or bent typewriters welded into caricatures.

FOR JUST as the rough Goths made a break from the classical tradition that eventually led to the Gothic style, so

modern sculpture has shattered shattred old molds in search of a new spirit. It is not so much concerned with people as with symbol. Its practitioners are not figuremakers but shapes of space. The grandfathers of this new art were savage idol-carvers of Africa, Central America and the South Seas, who did not regard sculpture as representation or the finished product as "beauty." They were concerned with making images that spirits could inhabit.

The moderns, too, think of sculpture as expressing (and therefore in a sense containing) a certain spirit, although they consider it personal and not supernatural.

The first great modern realm of savage sculpture was Rumanian-born Constantin Brancusi. He emerged to make some of the most powerful carvings that the 20th century has so far seen. Jacob Epstein, the U.S. expatriate, followed a parallel path for a while but his essential humanism made him wary of abstraction. Exploring a similar bent but a different source, Julio Gonzalez found in Spain's harshly medieval ironwork a medium and a technique that foreshadowed many of today's proliferating sculptor-welders.

These men are gone, but they opened new areas that even now have not been fully explored. But already the new spirit has

produced a handful of sculptors who, along with Henry Moore, can be ranked as modern masters. As a group, the great living sculptors are no group. Each seems to yell, after the manner of impulsive children: "Look at me!" It is never "Look at us!" Their works have no obvious common denominator; they cannot be lumped, as the anonymous masters of Gothic or Romanesque sculpture are lumped, under the label of a school or a style.

PABLO PICASSO, 77, whom most people think of as a painter, is quite possibly the original sculptor in history. Not content with carving and modeling, Picasso sculpts by a third method: combining. He will make a bull's head out of a bicycle seat, with handle bars for horns, or a pregnant goat from a palm branch (for the back), a wicker basket (for the belly) and flower-pot udders, or a monstrous monker, using a toy automobile for a head, a beach ball for a body. Cast in bronze, the results are more invigorating than inspiring but they can help anyone to see better into the physical world.

Jacques Lipchitz, 68, did for sculpture what the cubists did for painting: he broke up forms into multifaceted geometry. But the cubist method seemed to him to stop, ultimately, at crystallization. Accordingly, he de-

cided "from the crystal to build a man, a woman, a child." This tension between geometric and biological forms is what has most distinguished his work ever since. It makes him one of the most admired and least understood sculptors, for Lipchitz' geometric parings and biomorphic bulgings combine to give a brutal and confused effect, like that of a life-and-death struggle in a gunny sack.

Alberto Giacometti, 57, is a hungry sort of spaceman who eats away the forms he makes, leaving space supreme. "I see reality life size," he once remarked, "just as you do." But his portraits got smaller and smaller. He would carry them in his pockets, like peanuts, to the Paris cafes, and crush them with a squeeze. After World War II, Giacometti suddenly began producing tall, straw-thin stick men reminiscent of ancient Sardinian bronzes. His sculptures can be seen almost all the way around and dominate space instead of filling it. These new figures were universally acclaimed, but Giacometti, went on destroying most of them. For the past year he has finished nothing.

Giacomo Manzú, 50, is the great modern throwback to the Renaissance. Trained as an ornamental plasterer and raised among the Renaissance sculptures of his native Italy, Manzú loves the old. His famed *Car-*

dinals are still as shellfish in their enclosing robes and miters, but Manzú himself denies that they are conservative—he calls them "my abstractions."

Alexander Calder, 61, made sculpture move. Thirty-one years ago, in Paris, he started stringing cards of various colors on a coat-hanger form and let them dangle and twirl. Finally, Calder settled on free forms, flying leaflike on the ends of metal branches strung from wire. "Mobiles" were born, and their cheerful bobbing and spinning helped many an observer find and appreciate other motions in nature. To turn from a pond or a tree tossing in the wind to look at an outdoor Calder, and then back again, can be one of the most rewarding experiences in modern art.

David Smith, 53, is the best of the living "ironmongers." His raw, openwork constructions of iron, silver and stainless steel stem from Spanish ironwork by way of Gonzalez, but they have a peculiarly American urgency and, so to speak, a questioning emptiness. Smith is the idol of young American sculptor-welders, who find that they can follow his lead on a large scale without too great expense (a big cast-bronze monument may cost \$50,000 to erect; a welded steel one as little as \$500). Smith stays more inventive than any of his imitators.

MOORE HIMSELF HAS blazed a trail without raising an army of followers; he has created a style without founding a school. He stands alone, as solitary as his bronze image rising above a lonely Scottish moor, as unique as one of his strong and sweepingly molded figures of wood or stone, recognizable yet unfamiliar, warm yet discomfiting, partly abstract and groping for answers to the mystery: What is man?

Moore pauses when talking about sculpture, searching for words as if for chisels. "If an artist tries consciously to do something to others," he says, "it is to stretch their eyes, their thoughts, to something they would not see or feel if the artist had not done it. To do this, he has to stretch his own first. When he succeeds, an artist enriches that side of life that makes us different from animals. You don't know how it's done yet it not an accident."

COAL MINER RAYMOND MOORE was 50 and his wife Mary was 40 when their son Henry was born on July 30, 1898, in Castleford. There is something in the Yorkshire country, with its brooding hills and its sooted shadows, that brings out the digger and molder in a man, and by the age of ten Moore knew he would be a

sculptor. Their miner's home was poor and crowded—Henry was the seventh of eight children. Father Moore was a fair but stern man. Says son Henry: "He was the complete Victorian father, aloof, spoiled like all of them in those days. No one could sit in his particular chair. But though he was not outwardly soft, he had a real concern and love and ambition for us. Particularly for his sons." He wanted Henry to become a schoolteacher, like his older brother Raymond and sis-Mary.

But it was Moore's mother who dominated his boyhood. "She was absolutely feminine, womanly, motherly. She had eight children and lost only two. She was an absolutely indefatigable mother. Her day would sometimes begin at 4:30 in the morning, when father was on early shift at the mine, and it would end in the night some time. Never can I remember her resting, except that once in a while she would be bothered by a sort of rheumatism. 'Oh, Henry lad. This shoulder is giving me gyp today,' she'd say, and ask me to rub the aching place with some oils she'd evolved herself."

In Moore's main studio, about 100 yards from his home in the small hamlet of Perry Green, there stands a recently completed bronze figure of a

woman her belly distended with an unborn child that could almost be moving, her neck and her back strained so that the bones and ligaments stand out. "As I was making that figure," says Henry Moore, "I was rubbing my mother's shoulder again. She was constantly in my mind. Those moments all become a part of the sculpture."

Most of Moore's works have been of woman or woman with child. Occasionally there have been men in "family groups." "But the man has been there mostly because you can't have a family without a man," says Moore. "He is there mostly as an observer." He reflects on a point on which he has plainly reflected before. "There's no doubt I've had what Freud would call a mother complex."

MOORE FOLLOWED HIS father's wish and became a teacher, but World War I liberated him. He joined the 15th London Regiment, put in a long stretch of monotony in France that culminated in a surrealist burst of four days' combat at the Battle of Camrai in November 1917. He was gassed and invalided. Instead of returning to teaching at war's end, he took an ex-soldier's educational grant and enrolled in the School of Art at Leeds.

There, in the library he discovered Roger Fry's *Vision and Design*, with its contention that there was more power and freedom of form in the sculpture of African savages than in most "civilized" art. The idea struck Moore's imagination as sharply as a chisel striking stone. After two years at Leeds, he won a scholarship to the Royal College of Art in London and discovered the primitive sculpture in the British Museum. "I was in a daze of excitement. I would literally float home on the top of an open-deck bus at the end of each visit." He was affected by all—Egyptian, Sumerian, Etruscan, archaic Greek, Norman, Romanesque, and especially by the art of ancient Mexico. One of his first reclining women (1929) is an unabashed descendant of the ancient Mayan Chac-Mool, which Moore saw only as an illustration in a German magazine at the British Museum.

So entranced was he with the primitive and the preclassical that Moore balked momentarily when offered a Royal College of Art traveling scholarship to Italy in 1925. "The Renaissance was what I was trying to get away from." But he went. Once there, he could not, would not shut his eyes, was thrilled to see how different were the real masterpieces of the Renais-

sance from the plaster copies he had studied in Leeds.

For six months after returning from Italy, Moore was miserable. "That exposure ideals. I found myself helpless and unable to work." On one side was the primitive's rude power, on the other the Renaissance's calculated sophistication. He scuffed along with a two-day-a-week job teaching sculpture at the Royal College. Only when he returned to studying the primitives at the British Museum could he gradually begin to work again.

IT WAS THEN that he met Irina Radetzky, an Austro-Russian who was studying painting at the college. Moore was then 31 and she 21. Irina gave up her painting ("And she could have been a fine painter," says Moore) to become Moore's wife. Their small house and studio in London's Hampstead cost \$650 of Moore's yearly \$1,100 teaching income. Occasional sales of sculpture, gifts of random blocks of stone or carvable logs from friends helped ends to meet. Moore set a goal of 30 pieces a year, and Irina tried to keep him to it. Some days he would lag, and she, hearing no sound from the studio, would ask, "What are you doing?" "Thinking," Moore would reply. After that dodge wore out, Moore,

when the urge was not in him, would read a book with one hand and with the other pound on a block with hammer or chisel to give the pretense of working.

For an artist, there was much in the air of those times. Lipchitz was experimenting with his "bronze transparents," Gonzalez with his spiky metal abstractions — adventures that, while they left the vast public admiring Meissen figurines or Rodin's *Thinker*, had the art world in a swirl of healthy controversy. This heady atmosphere fired Moore's imagination, helped him grow away from the blocky, derivative primitivism of his work in the 1920s. Among his elders, Moore particularly admits an obligation to Constantin Brancusi. "Since Gothic, European sculpture had become overgrown with moss, weeds—all sorts of surface excrescences which completely concealed shape. It was Brancusi's special mission to get rid of this overgrowth and to make us once more shape conscious."

With an obsessiveness that has not wavered since, Moore concentrated on the organic ripeness that suggests, even in his most abstract or most surrealism-tinged moments, the human body. Early "compositions" made of two or three carefully placed objects were designed to make the space

between them a part of the whole. Constructions of smooth-rounded wood and string carried this further, suggesting half-human harps and lyres built to play silently for the eyes and mind. Finally, "the search that is discovery" led Moore to the hole.

Outraging nature, Moore's holes drove right through his bodies. "At first holes were made for their own sakes," says Moore, "because I was trying to become conscious of spaces in sculpture. I made the hole have a shape in its own right; the solid body was encroached upon, eaten into, and sometimes the form was only the shell."

The hole as such not by any means a Moore invention. The primitives had used it. Picasso, Archipenko and others had been experimenting with it. Moore's contribution came in his single-minded conception of the hole as a tunneling into material to carry the eye into and through and around, and to bring the inside of the work out to view.

"The first hole made through a piece of stone is a revelation," he wrote. "The hole connects one side to the other, making it immediately more three-dimensional. A hole can itself have as much shape meaning as a solid mass. Sculpture in air is possible. The mystery of the hole—the mysterious fascina-

tion of caves in hillsides and cliffs."

This near ecstasy over the uses of the visible invisible demonstrates how important to Moore was his discovery of its potentialities. But today he avoids the word hole. "I have attempted to make the forms and the spaces [not holes] inseparable, neither being more important than the other," he insists. In many late works he has all but abandoned the hole. But through those first apertures Moore traveled like Alice through her rabbit burrow into a most fertile wonderland of sculptural invention.

THE RESULTS WERE not beautiful in the simple sense. Few Moore works are, and Moore makes no apologies. "Most people wouldn't say that a bulldog or a bull is beautiful in the sense that they would say a gazelle is beautiful or a deer," he explains. "But a bulldog, or a bull, or a rhinoceros has a terrific force in him, a strength that even if you don't immediately realize it, you come to recognize as beautiful and important. I find a bull much more beautiful than a frisking lamb, or a fleshy beech-tree trunk more beautiful than an orchid."

Beautiful or not, his works took on a brooding presence, seemed inhabited by a nameless

spirit in a way that a savage artist would recognize. The swelling curves of a woman also suggested the surge of a hillside, the texture of watershaped stones. The figures swallowed the light here, emitted it there, and a viewer walked away feeling that he had seen stone or wood or bronze touched with life.

World War II brought him a special kind of recognition he never aspired to, when he went down into London's underground as a war artist to do a series of air-raid "shelter drawings." These, unique in their shrouded, sallow-hued style, conveyed with Dantean impact the spectacle of humanity huddled in refuge, yet fated to stir again, to live and to work on. Londoners, who would have blanched at the sight of his statues, recognized themselves in his swaddled figures, and hailed him as one of their own.

SINCE THEN, NONE of the superficial necessities or reasonable rewards of life have eluded Sculptor Moore. Always a good businessman, Moore is selling as fast as he cares to produce, at prices ranging from about \$1,000 for footlong figures to about \$15,000 for each of five bronze casts being made of his UNESCO working model. He has a new car (a Ro-

ver) in the garage, a secretary to handle his correspondence, and a 13-year-old daughter, Mary, that he dotes on.

This spring he built a second greenhouse to indulge his wife's horticultural hobby. He is content to live out his life in the nonbohemian tranquillity of his Hertfordshire home, with only an array inside of small Henry Moore statues and Irina Moore's fine collection of primitive sculpture to show that it is the place of an unconventional family. He also has the satisfaction of knowing that his own breakthrough has opened the way to public acceptance for a whole generation of radical young British sculptors, topped by such bright new talents a Kenneth Armitage, Reg Butler, Lynn Chadwick, although they follow conceptions far different from Moore's own. Says a London art dealer: "It is not a Renaissance in British sculpture. It's a naissance, because before Moore there was almost none."

MOORE IS IN THE enviable position of being able now to refuse commissions as he pleases and to work only on what intrigues him. In recent years, he has found a new fascination in what he had scorned in his youth—the intricate drapery of classical Greece. Currently, he is occupied with

three larger-than-life reliefs, first worked out in miniature and now being shaped in plaster in one of his two large studios set away from his house. For the routine modelmaking and preliminary shaping, he has two assistants, students who work for a year or two at modest pay to learn what they can from a master and then go off to continue studies or try on their own. "Rodin had 30 assistants," Moore is quick to point out. For the moment, he is preoccupied with pieces for the outdoors. "Sculpture is an art of the open air," he believes. "Daylight, sunlight is necessary to it. I would rather have a piece of my sculpture put in a landscape, almost any landscape, than in or on the most beautiful building I know."

In slacks, sandals, open-throated sports shirt, he may loaf in the garden during non-working intervals; if it is Sunday, he will stroll to the village pub (The Hoops) for a half-pint of bitter. More often of an afternoon, he will show a visitor about his property, explaining sculptured works in a soft, eager voice almost denuded of its Yorkshire burr, describing with a loving caress along a bronze flank why it takes two or three weeks of rubbing, gouging, sanding and polishing to finish a freshly cast figure: "It's the putting

on of skin." In a corner of the studio is the figure whose making reminded him of the days he rubbed his mother's aching shoulder.

Why the odd-shaped, minuscule head on a figure that is otherwise so real? "Do people today find it odd that the figures in Chartres have bodies made of little more than straight sticks?" he asks. "Michelangelo's heads would sometimes go ten or more times into his bodies. This is the head I wondered about it. And experimented. I removed this head and replaced it with one that was more representational. It didn't work. This head is right for this figure." He adds defensively: "Some people have said I make the head unimportant. This is just not so. Because I think the head is the most important, I use the head to give scale to the rest of a figure. If one can give the human meaning of a head without using eyelashes, nostrils and lips, just reduce it to a simplicity—the angle at which it is poised to the neck, say—then by making it small, one can give a monumentarity to the rest of the figure that cannot otherwise be given."

HAVING MADE HIS defense, Moore confesses that the finished piece under discussion displeases him. "It is simply

too anecdotal, too sentimental," he says, and moves in the studio to a nearby figure, a more distorted yet far more powerful version of the same theme. A woman almost bursting with the life of a new child? An earth bursting with spring? A moment swollen with the pain and hope of living? Were these what he was trying to convey in the figure?

"Everything explained about a work of art, including what the artist himself says, is likely to be explanation after the fact," says Moore. "To the extent that one has a rough notion, common sense, a craft, an ability to work out a plan, a work, of course, is plotted in advance. But why it comes out that way, and what it is intended to convey, becomes clear as it is being done, or after it is finished."

Moore recalls how he began his 1953 figure of a maimed warrior. "One day I found a small smooth stone about an inch long. It reminded me of a leg, an amputated leg. I couldn't quite conceive of a woman losing a leg. It had to be a man's leg. So I began to build a torso onto the shape of that stone. It was not until I had shaped quite a bit that I knew I was shaping a maimed warrior."

As a young man, Moore dismissed or disdained enough of his predecessors and peers to learn not to be bothered by the fact that today many young sculptors disdain his course and style and think the future of sculpture lies in other directions. He has enjoyed too fat a share of art critics' praise to feel more than fleeting impatience when some critics accuse him of timidly narrowing his subject matter, or tending too far to the humanistic.

"I cannot imagine I'd ever become uninterested in the shape of the human form, the form of woman in particular," he says, when asked why he does not branch out to other subject matter. "I cannot see how I am ever going to drop it, to switch away from something so fundamental. That is the one basic that makes me a sculptor. I interpret everything through the human shape." As for the current preoccupation of sculptors with the geometric and the welding torch, Moore is interested but not beguiled. "I think that the most 'alive' painting and sculpture will eventually go more humanist, though at present there are more 'abstract' artists than ever."

Moore candidly hopes that he has produced a few works that can stand as masterpieces—perhaps four or five, perhaps

fewer, perhaps more. But perfection is elusive. Says he: "I am obsessed by the desire to produce something that I know is exactly as I intended it, that is, a piece of nature. But the farther you go on, the more distant the horizon becomes, the more there is to be ventured and to be done. If one lived three lifetimes, it would not be enough."

But in an age that has no agreed ideals of beauty or in-

deed of aims. Henry Moore's looming women and hollowed men have an authority that forces respect. For like the huge stone heads of Easter Island or the Mayan temple carvings of ancient Mexico, they are not representations but presences, more live themselves than like anything else. Future generations may admire such works or reject them. But they cannot ignore them, for they have a life of their own.—*Time*.

* * *

What Do You Know, Doctor

In the course of a medical examination a man was asked to stretch out his arms in front of him with the fingers of each hand extended.

What the doctor saw was not a mere tremor but such a quivering as to be positively alarming.

"Good Lord!" he cried. "How much do you drink?"

"Scarcely anything at all," answered the examinee. "I spill most of it."

*

A SLIGHT INDISC

GOOD MORNING, PROFESSOR, I have wanted so much to see you, even the day before yesterday," panted Emosia, who has followed Professor Pensor to his office, where she noiselessly flung her books on the Professor's table and fussed with handkerchief between her teeth. "I thought I could not stand waiting for you to dismiss your class! You see, sir, I... I..."

"Why the excitement, my dear child? This is a very fine day; we have not been having this kind of warm weather the last few days. I don't see what you have to fuss about? ... Oh, I see, is that why you were off key when I called you in class?"

"Yes, sir. It was very kind of you, cracking that joke at my expense just because I didn't follow the question directed to me."

"But you see, my dear, when I realized that you were seeing something in your seat fidgeting as if you were on a hot trail of splendid ideas, I had to ask you, 'Were you following me, Miss Blanca?' When you retorted, 'Following you, sir? I wanted to see you!' I realized that you were not thinking about the magnificent theory of the word 'THE'. So I had to throw cold water on your back by that crackling joke, unfortunately at your expense; forgive me. But say, if you wanted to see me that bad why didn't you come up and see me in the office?"

"I tried to, twice, but as each time there was your beer circle overbearing on you and I had to see you *alone*."

"Well, it must be very serious, indeed! What do you want to know or do, now?"

"Sir, I want to know what my father knows or is thinking

CASE OF RETION

by P. R. Ricardo

about. *Please*, try to figure out what he knows, or thinks he knows."

"Fair enough. Young lady this is not just wasting your time or mine, eh? Proceed, but cautiously now, because I do not want to have knowledge of any fact which your father does not know, for that will mislead me."

"It is like this, sir. For two late afternoons, a certain youngish member of the faculty escorted me home," began Emosia with faltering speech and troubled accent. "Maybe she is still weighing in her mind whether she is committing an act of indiscretion in confiding to me," thought the Professor. Professor Fensor appeared and acted nonchalantly and gave the air of cold unconcern and dealt with this case as he would on anything that could be the subject of logical deduction.

"I will do better than the bargain we struck. I shall not ask you his name, though no doubt you must have introduced him to your parents as Professor So-and-So, let us call him Mr. X for our present purposes." The professor threw this line, calculating that obvious unconcern would encourage her to regain her ease.

THAT IS VERY kind of you, Professor. You are saving me a lot of embarrassment. Yes, I introduced him to my parents who were then engaged in family conversation. I placed my books on the middle of the sofa and invited him to sit on one side, while I took a chair and faced him. After a few preliminaries on distant subjects, more for the benefit of my folks than for us, he picked up the trail of his conversation begun at the bus on our way home. Then, he asked me to

sit on the sofa, which at first I declined, with an eye on my mother's censure of the propriety of my action. But later, I complied with it in order to avert any possible suspicion on the part of my parents—what with the whispers and persistent cajoling and insistent rejection. I took my place on the sofa being careful to preserve the line of division created by the books I place there."

"At this instant, when you took your seat on the sofa, was he careful to make a loud conversation calculated to be heard by your parents?" interposed the Professor.

"How did you know that sir?" The professor waved a hand, as if that must be taken for granted.

"Of course, he talked about a subject of your study, say Mathematics, did he not? Well, whatever subject is really immaterial, since it was merely indulged in for the benefit of your folks, shall we say? Go on."

"As soon as I sat, I threw a glance at my mother's way to ascertain what kind of reaction she would have; he took advantage of that moment in taking away the books between us and slid to my side. In response I had to edge to the farthest end. He followed me and there we were, side by side with me hugging the arm of the sofa and

he edging to me to the last inch. In that sorry state, a highly embarrassing situation even without thinking of my mother, he again indulged in whispers. Intermittently, of course, he had to speak aloud sometimes on a particular problem in a subject and at other times on the importance of the subject for an individual like me. All in all, if what my parents could hear would be collected they would present quite an incoherent conversation and would be quite embarrassing for one who was supposed to be a professor. This affair dragged on till supper time."

"Did your parent make an effort to invite him to supper? Who?"

"My mother interrupted us and invited him to supper. I made a special effort to invite him to sup with us, for I was myself getting hungry."

"What did he do? Of course, he did not take up the invitation, or did he?"

HE DID NOT SUP with us, excusing himself as not being hungry just then. But I could not leave him there and he would not leave either. I was getting hungrier and hungrier and yet I could not do anything that would hurt his feelings for he was very good, otherwise to me specially. Then my folks left us at the receiving room to

have their supper in the dining room. He resumed the whisperings broken occasionally with loud conversation that had nothing to do with what he was whispering to me. This situation dragged on till about nine o'clock when he took his leave."

"One moment, to his whispers how do you answer? In whispers also?"

"Precisely in order to avert my mother's suspicion, I gave my answers aloud, but since I could not only answer mostly in monosyllables, that would not be intelligible to my parents either."

"I see, . . . weren't your answers mostly in the negative? That is, 'No,' or 'It can't be,' or 'I can't, or something like that?'"

"Professor, I am almost tempted to say that it was you I was talking with, then. How did you know? But of course, I gave an occasional 'Yes, perhaps,' or 'Maybe, why not?'"

"Very interesting, indeed. Then, what happened on the next occasion?" led the professor.

"On the next occasion, he acted very boyishly. Could you imagine that he greeted my father, 'Oh, hello' and just dismissed it at that? Well, that was what he did. Except for this and for the fact that when he took his leave at nine o'clock, he did not bother to say good bye to my parents,

the events of the second occasion followed exactly the pattern of the first. Of course the subject matter of his whispers went further on the second occasion than on the first."

"Will you describe to me the reaction of your parents to such happenings?" inquired the Professor.

"There is nothing much to say about their reaction. Everything went on as usual, except for one or two things. I remember distinctly that on the following morning after the first occasion, I purposely belated myself at breakfast expecting that my father and mother would have gone by the time I came down. But my mother insisted on calling me to come down, and so I did. As I took my place, my father casually remarked to my mother, 'Ma-ma, did you notice that our baby is now becoming a young woman?' My mother did not utter anything but I could see in my side glances that she was suppressing a smile."

VERY WELL. Was that all? Did not your mother speak to you after breakfast or other occasion?"

"Yes, she did. But that was in the morning after the second visit. After my father left, my mother took me aside and queried, "Child, do you know whether he is married or not?" Of

course, I could not say anything and I did not utter any word. That must have made me appear very guilty of something, or other."

"Of course, you could not say anything, for you thought then that if you say he is married, which he is, your mother would think that you are encouraging a married man to take interest in you. And if you say he is not, you would be lying, which you could not do. But it was not wise of you to keep silent either, as you did, for that would confirm what your mother suspects by then."

"Oh, my gosh! What would my mother think of me? You know, Professor, since that time I felt guilty of something. And whenever I was in front of my folks that guilt must have been revealed in my face. Well, sir, that is all, and now I want to know what my parents think or think they know."

"Certainly the most natural thing for your parents to be curious about would be the subject of your conversation. Let us go over the facts briefly. You are a young woman only nineteen, marriageable, yes, but to your parents totally innocent, especially of such which other females of the same age, otherwise situated, would not anymore be gullible about, for they 'know whereof they speak'.

You described him as a youngish faculty member but introduced him as Professor X. I shall say that he is not quite thirty, perhaps twenty eight or twenty nine."

"Professor, how could you? You speak as if you know him already. How?"

"My dear child, the facts speak for themselves. Indiscretion is borne by youth or ignorants. Ignorance is to be ruled out since we are dealing with a professor. He must therefore be a young fellow. Since I know all the young faculty members here and in my mind... I think I know him, personally. But so much for that; you see, my knowledge of him is irrelevant to our present analysis. To continue, in carrying on your conversation, the situation is such that you *had* to sit close to him, for reasons quite immaterial to our present query...."

"But sir, I think I mentioned the circumstances of how I came to sit beside him on the sofa. Don't forget, sir, that it was much against my will," butted in Emosia.

"Tsk, tsk, ... young lady, your parents could not know the circumstances you mentioned or the reason you entertained. They would not even know that you had a will against your action. All they knew was that at first you were sit-

ting on a chair in front of the sofa, where Prof. X sat, and then you and he were later sitting on the same quite close to each other, without the books between you; and, of course, you were hugging the edge of the sofa."

"Well, if you put it that way, it will certainly appear like that."

SHALL WE PROCEED? Most of your conversation was inaudible to them, which naturally aroused their curiosity. That portion which reached their ears were quite uninteresting and incoherent. That these loud statements were made for the old folks was very obvious from the way they were made. For instance, Professor X spoke aloud as intentional response to a meaningful clearing of the throat by your father or to an audible innuendo, from your mother. Furthermore, your answers which were audible enough, good for you, were almost all negative and in monosyllables. It must have given your parents the impression that if the subject of your conversation was a scientific one, which the audible statements of Prof. X were about, then, either you were too ignorant of it, as per your answer, or that your conversation was about some subject not at all the one he was endeavoring

to impress your folks with. Now, it would be easier for your parents to admit that you two were talking of another matter than that you, their daughter, are too ignorant—for it is difficult, if not impossible, for parents to admit their children ignorant or incapable, without making the statement apply to themselves. And your parents, being what they are, are not ignorant or stupid persons, either, Presto! But what can that subject be?"

"You interest me professor. You have said some kind words about my parents."

"Don't think that I am playing a psychological trick on you to enlist your admiration for my professional technique or person. What I said was a veritable part of a necessary analysis, which you, consequently your parents, are the admirable subject. Emotion is here counted only as long as it is part of the analytical process. To return to our subject. Then, there were the indiscreet stayings over till past supper time with his staunch refusal to sit at the table and his apparent oversight of your situation in relation of your evening meal. The length of time you two spent together was something like three hours, say from six to nine o'clock. Those were visits guilty of some ulterior designs and not merely for the

purpose of escorting a girl home, or saying 'how do you do'. Then add the fact that when he came the second time he merely said, 'Oh, hello' to your father and when he left he did not bother to take his leave with your folks. The guilty conscience is obviously introducing itself."

"Indeed, sir, I was kind of embarrassed on that occasion."

"Now to revert to our question. What did your parents think the subject of your conversation was? Checked against all these facts together, it would be easy to answer that question. For circumstances would not all contrive to mislead us in arriving at the subject. Well, young lady the subject of your conversation can only be LOVE!"

LOVE! SIR? Yes, er no! But, you don't understand."

"If it is not love, my dear child, why are you in the defensive? You see you asked me what your parents thought of the situation and my answer is *love*. Your mother would not have asked you if Professor X was married or not, unless she was thinking that *love* was the subject of the evenings' talks. Your father would not have thrown such line, 'Did you know, Mama, that our baby is now a young woman?' unless he was thinking that Professor X had more than a profession-

al interest in you. They were led to this by numerous facts to which we have referred. Well, I am now telling you that your parents thought that the Professor was talking of love to you. Your mother was suspecting that the professor was making love to her poor child, hence, her inquiry. Your silence more or less confirmed her suspicion."

"But Professor..."

"...at, child, I am not through yet. I did not say that I shared their opinion. But I don't believe that X was making love to you. I believe that he talked of love, of his love to be sure not to you but to someone else, though of course, you are also a possibility as an object of that professed affection. However, right now, he is concentrating on that other one, let us call Miss Y."

"Professor, you are amazing. You see..."

"Wait, not yet; don't interrupt me. You see, if he were making love to you, he would not do that in your own home and in the eyes of your parents for being a married man, he is still conscious of his responsibility. He would do that in school, in the campus, or cafeteria. I can predict, I think, that when he turns towards you as an object of affection, he would not see you home any more. He had to stay long,

for he had a long story to tell by means of which he expects you to believe that he really loves Miss Y, so that you would accede to his request of helping to convince her. He is more likely urging you to tell her how much he loves her and he is doing this, for Miss Y knows that he is a married man, and, therefore the cold and indifferent reaction to the advances of a married man must first be broken by somebody else, you see. He is not sure yet of her feelings towards him, in spite of her outward closeness towards him. Perhaps, she did not attempt to hide her admiration of him, or talk of him to some mutual friends, who in turn made him acquainted with such. This fact, of course, aroused such affection in him for her, which of course, he claims to be merely Platonic, as the saying goes. For you see, dear child, for any obvious guilt of human frailty, Platonic idealism is the common refuge, expecting that once human frailty is clothed with *innocence* of idealistic pretence, there is immunity to human guilt, and there is no telling where it will end. Now, true, all too true. You see, I

have a friend, a friend who... well she and I are in full admiration of this Professor X and we never hide our feelings to anyone, not expecting that Professor X would be such a heel to take advantage of our innocent crush. Now what shall I do, sir?"

"Well, you can tell Professor X what you now think of him, yes, a *heel* and Miss Y that you know the danger that lurks between X and her. In that way you would awaken Y to her sense of propriety and Prof. X to his sense of responsibility as a mentor, for as such he is supposed to be looked up to as teacher and not cheater parent and not parrot, example and not sampler."

"Thanks, very much professor, you have given me enough strength and courage to face and tell X what he is," finished speaking against my friend...

The professor still mused, Emosia and left.

Sir, I am speechless. It is over his analysis and when he came to, he realized that Emosia was on her way to make war with X. He caught himself saying: "My gosh, but I was or is he still my friend?"

* * *

Love and Death in the American Novel^{*}

by Leonard Casper

Rostok College

LESLIE FIEDLER's reliance on facile Freudian/Jungian terms too flexible to insure literary probability would negate the effect of even the incisiveness and conspicuous number of his insights, were his erotic symbology not made responsible, finally, to cultural causes advanced. The terms must be tolerated because they are his pride, and because they are sometimes undeniably operative. Yet his conclusions are far less tentative when attached to history, relatively visible and therefore verifiable.

In his conception, what distinguishes American literature from European sources has been the eminence of our gothic mode over the sentimental. The pattern of threatened sexual violation in the original, Richardsonian novel of sentiment was representative, in part, of the British bourgeoisie's resentment of aristocratic privilege. Transported, however to a new land where such class distinctions were less meaningful, the genre declined except as it was exploited by numbers of no longer profoundly analytical female writers, restless with their status in a male world and anxious to remain, in fiction, Pure Victim: the eternally seduced.

Instead, America's major writers adapted the gothic devices of Horace Walpole to the dramatization of their common sense of guilt for having aspired too freely and having denied depravity too readily. In Fiedler's chosen masterworks—*The Scarlet Letter*, *Moby Dick*, *Huckleberry Finn*—

^{*} Leslie Fiedler, *Love and Death in the American Novel* (New York: Criterion, 1960).

a Faustian pact is always central. The Puritan revolt, the war of independence, the rejection of tradition implicit in continuous immigration, every encounter with undeniable and unromantic hardship on the shifting frontier wilderness, dispossession of the Indians and the acknowledgment of slavery as a perversion of Enlightened principles, the pragmatic re-orientation—the new world's experience offered a surfeit of occasions to trouble any man of conscience. Not because they wrote in the Calvinist tradition, but because they felt they had denied its innermost truths, Americans expressed their insecurity through devices suggestive of their writhing under mind.

SO TRANSCENDENT was the new ego that love became only one more passion greedily to accumulate, a death-wish because inexhaustible. The show of violence in American novels is the shadow only for psychological male impotence. Marriage is considered an emasculation or the occasion for man's betrayal of his inability to love. Marriage, too, might threaten the image of mother and consequently force an abandonment of that very regression to childhood, to eternal beginnings, in which Americans so often have sought a substitute innocence. Significantly, even those masterpieces which do not have juveniles as heroes, are considered children's books. Impotence, and the refuge in male virginity unchallenged, is often symbolized as well by "homoerotic" relationships, camaraderie in the absence of women.

Nevertheless, the symbolic imagination of a Hawthorne, a Melville, a Twain is fundamentally moral. The very impulse to find refuge increases their sense of guilt: and even their juveniles face the terrors of initiation; and "homoerotics" take as companion Indian or Negro, some dark secret sharer though never totally embraced because even metaphorical miscegenation remains taboo; their innocents suddenly find themselves involved in incest, admitting the oedipal triangle implicit in their revolts and not pretending to love triangles substituted by sentimental novelists. Ambiguities define the sensibility of tragic humanists: there lies the salvation of American weaknesses, in the strength to confess them.

Such a reading of American culture through literature provides stimulus for reconsiderations potentially more searching than Parrington. Fiedler himself may have after thoughts — about the need for testing his hypotheses, jargon aside, against other literary forms: poetry; critical essays: since, if he is right, these too should respond to cultural differences described.

* * *

The Prince is a Cheat

THE SESSION COURT in Kuala Lumpur, Malaya jailed the son of the Malayan ambassador in Paris, Tengku (Prince) Abdul Hamid Bin Tengku Ismail, for one year on two charges of cheating people seeking land.

The Tengku, twenty-seven, was found guilty of having cheated two people of (M)\$130 each by falsely claiming that he had been authorized to allocate land to the landless in a remote village in May this year.

The prosecutor told the court that the accused had actually cheated illiterate village people and the money was asked for by him dishonestly.

The defense counsel said that what actually the Tengku had tried was to get land without the sanction of the government.

He said the accused believed sincerely that he could clear the forest reserve and thereby occupy the land.

The accused denied cheating the people but said the money was given to him as loan.

*

Pirandello: *The Lost Face*

THE MEDIEVAL TORPOR of Sicily at the time of Luigi Pirandello's birth might have suggested to his imagination some sense of the inescapable, but little of that quality of unpredictable quick-change identifiable in all his mature writings. Nominally, Italy achieved national unity during his childhood; but Sicilians—inbred taciturn, isolated—continued to speak of travel to Florence as “going to the Continent.” Moreover, young Pirandello was raised quietly to assume his wealthy father's business, ownership of island sulphur mines. At eighteen he would have quit his studies, in order to support his fiancée; but his father insisted that he enter the University after he complained of the incompetence of Roman instruction.

Since his own engagement dissolved during the next few years, Pirandello agreed in 1894 to marry his father's choice, a girl whom he hardly knew except as the daughter of his father's business partner. They were settled in Rome on generous family allowances. Suddenly, floods destroyed the Sicilian sulphur mines; and the severe shock unsettled his wife's mind. For years, while he supported his family as professor of Italian literature at the Roman Normal School, his wife filled his hours at home with wild accusations of infidelity. Gradually he saw himself becoming only the shadow of the image her mind held. He was tortured too by thoughts of lives he might have led. But not until after the first World War would he allow his wife to be taken from him and to be placed in a nursing home.

By then his importance as a writer was beginning to be recognized. Between 1889 and 1912 he had published five collections of verse whose cynicism was disciplined by epigram-

matic humor. A deeper, more relentless kind of tragic humor, however, is evident in his short stories, written at the suggestion of Capuana and Verga, fellow Sicilian writers in Rome who had already found provincial life, however squalid or incongruous, worthy of art. He began to plan twenty-four volumes of fifteen stories apiece; but because later his interests turned to the drama, only fifteen volumes were completed in his lifetime. Mostly they are stories of harrowing peasant life in Sicily and of bourgeois illusions: but the torment of self-division is already as significant as any class division here. The land of volcanic ash and sulphur offers a natural symbol for a wasteland which the errant knight fails to redeem, time and again. Pirandello's men of impulse and quiet perplexities contrast ironically with D'Annunzio's cult of the superman. Yet they often possess a native grace and dignity which elevates them above naturalistic primitives. Old comedies of error and mistaken identity become, in Pirandello quests for truth amid the transitory acts of man. During these same years, the problem of plural personality reappears in the seven novels on which Pirandello was working. Always a kind of introspective patience tries to outwit dilemmas that cannot be outwitted.

By 1915, James Joyce had helped Pirandello find a publisher; but only the postwar period, disenchanted by the death of men and ideals and increasingly aware of the dark functions of the unconscious, could fully appreciate Pirandello's downward journey into the maze that man had become. He had already written five plays—mainly Sicilian folk drama—before the war. Afterwards (at the urging of a comic actor!) the stage occupied his imagination thoroughly, resulting in such original plays as *Six Characters in Search of an Author* and *Henry IV*, both written within a five-week period. Half of his fifty-odd plays are dramatizations of his stories, with occasional commentators added and lengthy stage directions inserted to overcome the difficulties inherent in a drama of ideas—the solution employed by George Bernard Shaw and Eugene O'Neill as well. The theatre, which depends on roles assumed and discarded and which filters the playwright's intentions through actor and director, was the perfect medium for Pirandello's concern with truth's transitory nature.

His esthetic had already been presented, in 1908, through two volumes of essays, *Art and Science* and *Humor*. The creative act of the artist is equated within the personal myth-making of everyman; and the failure of complete self-knowledge in each, when "being and seeming" contradict each other, results in a profound comedy of the absurd. Trying to dramatize this philosophy, Pirandello wrote quickly, driven more now by its desperate illusiveness than by poverty.

In 1934, Pirandello received the Nobel prize for literature. But his search, not for success but for certainty, could never stop. Publicly he accepted Mussolini; yet his last plays betray an "inward exile" from fascist politics, confirmed by his refusal to be buried in a "black shirt" uniform.

* * *

Candid Comments

ONE OF the quickest ways to meet new people is to pick up the wrong ball on a golf course.

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

*

FISH TALK

SPINY LOBSTERS are like men insofar as their voices become deeper as they grow older.

This is one of the findings of Dr. James M. Moulton of Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me. He spent the last summer at the Bermuda Biological Station eavesdropping on the conversations of undersea life.

In countless other marine biology stations and research laboratories throughout the world other researchers like Dr. Moulton are studying the various aspects of the oceans.

Their aim is twofold:

1. They hope to unravel some of the mysteries of what many scientists believe is the "last frontier"—the oceans.

2. They hope that their studies will one day provide mankind with limitless harvests that will feed an expanded population that the land will no longer be able to sustain.

ALTHOUGH THE SEA has been an integral part of mankind's history, little is actually known about the sea itself, and less about the life beneath its surface.

It is relatively recently that man has turned to the sea in an intensive effort to probe its secrets and map its nature. One of these secrets, the one Dr. Moulton is probing, is the "talk" of fish.

Historically, savants have, in passing, made note of the fact that beneath the surface of the sea there are fishy "conversations" taking place.

Aristotle compared the voices of fish with those of land animals. Capt. John Smith, when he was Governor of Bermuda in the early seventeenth century, noted that the grouper made a sound that earned the fish its name. And, William Penn chronicled the sounds of the drum fish as early as 1685.

But it was not until World War II that undersea noises made by whales, lobsters, shrimp and fish earned more than passing interest. Up to this point, man had pretty much relied on a tool that was not well adapted to hearing under water—his ear. The advanced technology gave him a new tool—electronic gear that could detect the screws of an enemy's

propeller or the echo from a submarine's hull.

AS OFTEN HAPPENS, the new tool carried along with it new problems. Submarines of both the Allied and the Axis fleets were plagued with reports of enemy craft in the vicinity, only to learn that there were no craft. Research since has implicated a host of undersea life as the culprits in the deadly game of ferreting out enemies while blinded beneath tons of water. The problem still exists.

The sounds emitted by fish and other marine animals plagued landlubbers too. The harbor defense forces in Chesapeake Bay, for example, were being alerted frequently until it was learned that they were responding to the calling of thousands of drums or croakers moving into the bay each spring to breed.

And it was found that a single call of a common toadfish was intense enough to trigger an acoustical mine that was meant to be tripped by the sound of a passing ship.

Dr. Moulton is interested in these more practical problems of undersea talk because he is interested in all its aspects. But his primary work is basic research. He wants to learn why crustacea and undersea mam-

mals and fish talk. What effect does the fish talk have on the behavior of other fish? How do they talk? How do they listen?

DR. MOULTON'S RESEARCH along the Atlantic Coast from Maine to Bermuda, together with that of other investigators, is now beginning to nibble away at the mysterious bait of fish talk.

For example, Dr. Moulton explains, not all fish talk as much as others. Curiously, it is found, sound production is more widespread among salt water fishes than fresh water fishes.

Similarly, another scientific enigma is the fact that fishes living in clear, warm seas such as those around Bermuda seem to have evolved a greater variety of sound-producing mechanisms than have fishes in Dr. Moulton's home territory of cold northern waters.

What does the talk sound like? Jacks and grunts, which produce sound by rubbing teeth or other skeletal parts of their body together, sound like the "noisy eating of celery," Dr. Moulton says.

"The toothplate rubbing of puffers and porcupine fishes produces a sound similar to that of a klaxon horn."

The tiny snapping shrimp, one to three inches long, literally snaps a single over-sized

claw. Together, several of the small shrimp sound like "fat frying."

The spiny lobster makes two sounds: a rasp when it is disturbed or injured; and a "rattle" during the daytime only, when it is unperturbed. At night, the lobster is quiet, although more active.

Why undersea creatures talk is a mystery. Dr. Moulton, and others, have speculated heavily and their theories run from sound produced for defensive purposes to mating calls. All or none may be true.

Sea robins, Dr. Moulton points out, have been shown to respond to imitations of their staccato calls played back to them underwater. Male gobies, some drums and cods all develop a call during the breeding season which, when played into the water, stir females in captivity.

SQUIREL FISH and grouper of the Great Bahama Bank, Dr. Moulton says, "bark at an approaching hydrophone much the same as a dog will bark at an approaching automobile."

"The black angelfish of the same waters incorporates a whining call into recognition behavior toward an approaching member of the same species," he says.

Other fish grunt at signs of danger. Still others moan when protecting their nests. The list of sounds and reasons for them almost as inexhaustible as numbers of fish in the oceans.

Dr. Moulton believes from his own work and that of others that "many fishes create sounds as integral parts of their normal behavior patterns and it is probable that at least in many instances the sounds may serve to facilitate breeding."

This aspect of fish talk may prove to be a key to harvesting the seas to feed future generations.

* * *

Signals and Cross Signals

By Rosalinda A. Morales

WHEN AN AMERICAN was once asked why there seemed to be a growing strain in Philippine-American relations, he remarked that probably one of the reasons Americans and Filipinos fail to understand each other at times is that they speak the same language — often times in different ways. Because they communicate in English, they take it for granted that their words and gestures always convey the meanings they want to express. They get confused and hurt, even angry, if they misunderstand each other's motives. Probably, he continued, if they spoke different languages, they would be more careful in mak-

ing themselves understood; they would be more tolerant of mistakes and less impatient if misunderstanding arose. One is inclined to think he is right.

Before an American leaves for the Philippines, he is briefed on what to expect in the Islands. Since World War II, many Americans have come to realize that Filipinos are not savages and that one needs to have more than a pair of pants and an umbrella if he is to enjoy his stay here. Likewise, the Filipinos have learned that not all Americans are millionaires. There are also poor people in the United States — how can that be possible?

The American is told not to

worry because life in the Philippines is similar to life in the States — except that here one needs an air conditioner to survive the heat. He is also warned against some tropical diseases but as long as he boils his water and gets the necessary shots he is going to be all right.

The American rejoices at the thought that Filipinos speak English. He is therefore sure to find an English speaker even in the remotest barrios. There will be no problem of communication, or so he optimistically hopes.

It is true that the natives speak with a certain accent but that is all right. The Filipinos will most likely fail to stress the correct syllable, will say "I hope to see you leave" when he means *live*, will freely substitute *p* for *t*, *b* for *v*, *t* for *th* because his language does not have any of these sounds. He will probably ask "Where are you going?" with a rising intonation and stress every word in the sentence, "It is a beautiful day." But after some time, if the American is smart, he will learn to make the correct vowel or consonant substitutions mentally and understand what is meant by "I am happy to grate (greet) you." He will not be horrified when a new acquaintance tearfully says "Good bye. Till we mate (meet) again." After all,

what is one mispronounced word between friends?

Lapses due to faulty word order can also be forgiven. Surely, the American would understand what is meant by "I like very much Marilyn Monroe" or by "Sir, do you know if the American Embassy is where?"

But misunderstanding (or lack of understanding) is more likely to arise when a Filipino speaking English uses direct translations from the native language. Unless one knows Tagalog, how can he understand the following?

1. "Oh, I'm not delicate. Even coffee will do." (Hindi ako delikado. Kahit kape, puede na.) I'm not choosy. Coffee will do.

2. "You are very another now." (Ibang-iba ka na.) You've changed a lot.

3. "We can't move the amount..." (Hindi namin magagalaw ang kwarta...) We can't spend the money...

4. "I don't like him. He has no one talk." (Ayoko nga sa kanya. Wala siyang isang salita.) I don't like him. He goes back on his word.

5. "What do you want, a painful body?" (Anong hinahanap mo, sakit ng katawan?) Are you looking for trouble?

SUCH UN-ENGLISH expressions, however, are not likely to cause irritations in Philippine-American relations.

It is when an aspect of Philippine culture expressed by language (since language is bound to culture and vice versa) comes in conflict with American culture that grave misunderstandings may take place. This is possible especially if neither the American nor the Filipino is aware that the conflict is due to a cultural difference. In spite of the fifty-odd years of Americanization, the Filipino still thinks and acts and talks as a Filipino even if he is speaking in English. The Filipino must realize and admit this. The American must expect this. As Dr. Robert Lado says in *Linguistics across Cultures*,

Individuals tend to transfer the form and meanings and the distribution of forms and meaning of their native language and culture to the foreign language and culture, both productively when attempting to speak the language and to act in the culture, and receptively when attempting to grasp and understand the language and the culture as practiced by natives.

Thus we assume that a Filipino observing a certain behavior of an American will interpret it according to his own culture. The American in turn observes the Filipino behave in a certain situation and interprets it in terms of his own cul-

ture. It is obvious that misunderstanding is possible when the same behavior has different meanings in the two cultures or when different behavior patterns have only one meaning in both cultures. A few examples are in order.

A Filipino attending a meeting or a concert or any gathering where an American expects complete quiet and concentration on what is going on seems very impolite if he considers the gathering as a chance to trade notes with a friend he has not seen for quite some time. (Actually he is being impolite, but Filipino society seems to condone this kind of impoliteness.)

In the same way, the Filipino who does not feel right about eating without offering the food to the people around him or who does not think twice before putting an extra plate on the table for an unexpected guest would consider inhospitable an American who has no qualms about eating by himself while his guest waits for him in the living room.

Actually, the American is not being inhospitable. Unless she expects company, the American housewife prepares food enough only for her family. She is therefore not in a position to invite an unexpected guest for dinner. Besides, an American does not think of visiting at dinner time unless he has been invited for dinner.

The Filipino abroad gets invited to picnics, square dance sessions, weekend trips, lectures, plays, concerts. The American takes time out from his busy schedule so that the Filipino can see a summer play in Williamstown, for instance, or thrill to a symphony concert at Tanglewood, Massachusetts. Aware that nostalgia is keenest on Christmas Day, the American invites the Filipino to his home during the Christmas holidays. Who says that the Filipino has a monopoly on hospitality!

The American makes it a point to write a thank you note for favors received, like an invitation to a dinner or a gift on his birthday. He is therefore puzzled when his Filipino friend does not do so. The Filipino thinks that a spoken "thank you" is enough to show his appreciation.

INCIDENTALLY, THE FILIPINO does not open a gift right after it has been given to him the way an American does. For some reason the Filipino who gives a gift feels he has to apologize for it. His embarrassment (because he feels his gift is not good enough) increases when his gift is opened in his presence.

The Filipino's love for fiestas can be interpreted in different ways. Although fiestas have

lost much of their religious significance, the Filipinos still consider them as a symbol of thanksgiving for some graces given by certain saints. Fiestas also offer opportunities for reunions with relatives and friends or they are simply an excuse for merrymaking. Who cares if tomorrow and the next three hundred sixty-three days the family has to live on rice and dried fish? *Bahala na. May awa ang Dios.* God will provide.

How does the American interpret the fiesta? He sees hordes going in and out of houses to eat and drink. He sees how the people fill up their plates. He thinks that the Filipino eats too much. Later, when he sees some food left on the plates, he thinks that the food is not good enough to finish up or the Filipino simply wastes food. He does not know that in Philippine culture it is considered improper to clean up one's plate. Heavens, does the guest want the host to think that he is so hungry that he has to eat up everything? But the American has not seen everything. Some guests would leave with paper bags filled with food. Surely, they cannot be that hungry! But the *balot* is for the children who are too young to go to the fiesta and for the grandparents left to mind them. Later, when the last plate has

been washed and dried, there will be more *balot* to take for those who helped make the fiesta a success.

The host is up to his neck making sure everybody is getting enough to eat. His daughters and nieces help him see to it that everybody is getting third helping. The hostess is in the kitchen supervising the preparation of the food. She does not need a caterer. She has a battalion of helpers—relatives, neighbors, friends. The young men are teased for eating very little because there are young women around.

The conversation at the dinner table may run this way:

Host: Please bear with us. We couldn't afford anything better. Be sure you eat well. Don't be shy.

Guest: Why, the food is excellent. I've eaten so much that I can hardly walk.

Host: Please have some more. *Habaan ninyo ang inyong kamay at umabot kayo.* (Literally, Make your arms long and reach for whatever you want), etc.

THE AMERICAN WATCHING this scene wonders at the drama which has preceded it. It hardly seems possible that these people now heartily partaking of the food are the same people who have just told their

host that he should not bother because they are not yet hungry.

He wonders why the host has to go through the painful process of practically pulling everyone so they would go to the dinner table. Why do guests have to be coaxed to eat? Because it is considered improper to rush to the dinner table at the first call! Imagine what happens when a Filipino invited to an American dinner acts as a Filipino. He is going to sound queer when he murmurs that he "isn't hungry yet" in the hope that the host will ask him again to come to the dinner table.

The Filipino is fond of big words. When he is at his best (?) he probably sounds like a walking thesaurus to an American. The Filipino in turn wonders at the "inadequacy" of the American vocabulary. A thing is "pretty good" or "pretty ugly" if it is not simply "nice" or "lovely." The American "gets" to a certain place; the Filipino "arrives" there. The Filipino "recollects," the American "looks back." Something "begins" and "ends" for an American; for the Filipino it "commences" and "terminates."

The Filipino cannot speak in public in a conversational manner; he has to orate. And before he "begins" to talk, he apologizes for his "inadequacy,"

his "lack of preparation."

When he says "My God" he does not think himself guilty of blasphemy. He is simply translating *Diyos ko* (literally, My God). He also often says "God willing" or "if God permits" whenever he talks of future plans. Again this is a translation from the native *kung may awa and Diyos* (literally, if God is merciful). The American who casually tells his Filipino friend, "I'll see you at the party tonight" should not be surprised to get the answer, "If God permits."

The Filipino answer to a Yes-No question in English is confusing to an American. In Tagalog, it is normal to answer *Oo, hindi ako pupunta* (Yes, I'm not going) in answer to the question *Hindi ka ba pupunta?* (Aren't you going?) The Filipino usually bases his answer on the question—whether it is given affirmatively or negatively. In English, the answer pattern is either Yes, I am; or No, I'm not. It does not matter whether the question is Are you going? or Aren't you going?

Oh Oh in Tagalog means yes; in English, it means No. *Uh huh*, however, means yes in English.

If an American asks for the bathroom, he does not want to take a bath. He simply does not want to say that he wants to go to the toilet in the same

way that the Filipino does. The Filipino, however, says, "May I go to the comfort room?" Then the American wonders what he means.

Tell a Filipina that her dress is pretty. Unless she is "State-side," she will not say "Thank you." She will say something like. "It's an old dress, really. I've had it for years." or "The material's very cheap. I got it at a sale." Or sometimes, she may say, "Is it only the dress that is pretty?" after which she is told, "The dress becomes lovelier because of the wearer."

Although the Filipino is embarrassed when paid a compliment, he loves to pay compliments. When someone greets another *magandang umaga*—good morning (literally, a beautiful morning) she usually gets the answer, *Maganda pa kayo sa umaga*. (You are more beautiful than the morning.) Not to be outdone, the other person will answer back, *Mas lalo na ang bumabati* (literally, the person greeting me is lovelier).

When one is told that he has become stout, he does not generally interpret it as a cue to go on a diet. It is a complimentary meaning, "You look much better now because you've put on a little more weight." In a country where tuberculosis is still a scourge, to be told that one is thin means that "You

are undernourished and should eat more." Or it may mean, "Probably the world has been treating you badly." Obesity is generally considered a sign of prosperity and well-being. Of course, there are modern girls who are calorie-conscious. To tell them that they have put on weight is fatal. It will mean more bending exercises and a carbohydrate-less diet for some time.

A Filipino who sees old men and women in a Home (for the aged) may easily conclude that the American does not care for the old. Certainly, such a practice of "getting rid" of the old is unthinkable in his country! The old are respected and continue to wield a powerful influence in and outside the home.

SUCH A CONCLUSION is made by the Filipino who does not understand the differences between the family set-up in the two countries. An American family is made up only of the father, the mother and the child. A Filipino family, however, includes the grandparents, aunts and uncles, nephews and nieces, cousins, the in-laws, the maids.

The Filipino family is closely knit and the child almost never ceases to be a child. He continues to be under the parental wing even after he has his own

children and his children have children of their own.

The American child's first break with his family, on the other hand, starts early—when he goes to college and when he is called to the service. When he gets married, he generally sets up his own home.

Since maids are a luxury very few people can afford in the States, the American housewife has to do all the household chores. Her husband helps her wash dishes or take care of the baby. (Incidentally, the Filipino who sees an American husband doing a woman's chores may think that the American male is henpecked and spoils his wife too much.)

Partly because of the lack of help in the average American home which makes it difficult to take on the additional burden of an aged or ailing parent, and mostly because both the child and the parent want to run their own separate lives, the parent does not live with his married child. He may stay in his old home or give it up and stay in a Home where he is well taken care of.

An American parent does not feel that his children want him out of the way. In fact he prefers this arrangement because he wants to remain independent. He may visit with his children for a week or so but

he generally does not live with them.

There are, of course, a few Filipinos who have become bicultural and will not react to certain situations the way the "typical" Filipino will. They do not commit blunders with the language either, because they have mastered English. That is, they know the "precise situations in which the varied sentences are used." Not only can they understand their American friends but they can also help them understand the Filipino as well. They thus make perfect ambassadors of goodwill.

The desire to understand and interpret correctly should come from both quarters. Reports of Philippine-American misunderstanding make it imperative that both sides realize that the friendship between the two countries long taken for granted cannot endure only by stirring up memories of Bataan and Corregidor.

It should be recognized by both countries that the Filipino, in spite of his Western trappings, is at heart a Filipino with his *amor propio*, his *jefe jefe bago quiere* (saying *no* the first time in the hope that he will be asked a second time), his desire to please and hence his evasiveness and his refusal to say a matter-of-fact *no*, his fatalism, his braggadocio, his love

for speech-making and picture-taking. He does not want to be pushed around or hurried but takes his own sweet time! He is often *naglalakad sa liwanag ng buwan* (literally, walking very slowly as lovers do on moonlit nights).

He cannot be efficient and businesslike. He believes in the extension of family ties to the *compadre* who may now be a bigwig in the government. And how he loves to make it known to everyone that the President or Congressman So-and-So is from his hometown. He loves to make a show of his religion. In fact, a politician can win a few thousand more votes by proclaiming his affinity with the Catholic Church. The Filipino enjoys singing and dancing and eating. He seldom worries about the future. If it is his fate to be poor, what can he do? *Kapalaran ko, di ko man hanapin, dudulong, lalapit, kung talagang akin* (literally, Even if I don't seek my fortune, it will come if it is really meant for me). Today he is enthusiastic about a project; by tomorrow, he has forgotten all about it. *Ningas kogon!* (*Kogon* is a kind of weed which when burned gives a very bright flame which dies very suddenly. *Ningas* is the Tagalog word for flame.)

Although the Filipino can sing the latest top tune from

Hollywood and can out-Presley Elvis Presley, he is still better at the *kundiman* and the *pandango*. Although he speaks English well, he is more eloquent in his native language. In short, a Filipino is a Filipino, not an imitation American.

Probably it is time that the two countries realize this truth: There are basic cultural and linguistic differences between the United States and the Philippines. Orientation for Americans being sent here should therefore go beyond telling them how hot and dusty it is in the Islands. Likewise, orientation for Filipinos going abroad should include other information besides what clothes to wear for winter. Such an orientation should be based on a systematic comparison of the

two countries with emphasis on the points in which they differ. As Dr. Charles Fries would put it, the comparison should be "minute and sympathetic, not for the purpose of evaluation in terms of one's practices or of finding the 'quaint' customs but in order to understand and to feel and to experience as fully as possible."

Moreover, as Professor Graham Wilson counsels, anyone traveling abroad should not only try to show sympathy and understanding for the culture he will observe while away from home; he should likewise "fortify his self-respect by also showing sympathy and understanding for the culture from which he comes." He must "learn about his culture and must be willing to explain it patiently to others."

Egyptian Enigma

Here's a possible solution for the scientists who haven't been able to figure out how the ancient Egyptians managed to build the Pyramids: for one thing, they didn't have coffee breaks.

*

First Meetings with the Soul of "Dyahbolism"

By Sir Max Beerboom

ALMOST forty years ago I wrote, but didn't publish, a few little essays about meetings with interesting contemporaries of mine. One of these was about my first meetings with W.B. Yeats.

At that time Yeats had not begun to develop his great gifts in the manner in which he ultimately did. Of the fullness and richness of his later self there was yet, for me, no token.

At Charterhouse, one morning, a small boy construed thus a rather difficult line of Euripides: "And a tear shall lead the blind man." "Hm," said his form master, "clever tear!" Thereat we all laughed. But

ought we to have laughed? Granted, the translation was hopelessly inaccurate. But in itself was not the image beautiful, and expressed in terms simple and sensuous, if not passionate? I am led to ask this because in after years, when first I read some of the poems of W. B. Yeats, those words came back to my memory, and seem to have been inspired by his own Muse. "And a tear shall lead the blind man"... how easily, how well (though I, and still think), might some poem of this distinguished and true poet end just like that!

From the lone hills where
Fergus strays

Down the long vales of
Coonahan
Comes a white wind through
the unquiet ways,
And a tear shall lead the
blind man.

But does not this levity jar on me? Yes, it does, I always want to be on the side of the angels. My wretchedly frequent failure to find definite meanings in the faint and lovely things of Yeats — my perception of nothing but some sort of mood enclosed in a vacuum far away — has always worried me very much. I have repeated sternly and many times to myself what the initiate have told me: that through the mouth of Yeats the ancient and authentic voice of Ireland is uttered. Often I have taken my atlas from the shelf and looked up Ireland in search of revelation. And it has seemed to me that if Ireland were indeed what I there behold, thing in two dimensions, a design on paper, and if her counties were not pink and yellow and green, but all a silvery gray, and if her whole shape were very much more tenuous and graceful than it is, then might she be supposed to have some such voice as Yeats utters. But the fact is that Ireland, so far from being more rarefied, is grosser than she appears in my atlas. There may be in that land fairies and phantoms, and whispering reeds, and

eternal twilight, and wan women—men, observe! There it is! From time immemorial Ireland has been harboring human beings. Poetry that hasn't the human knot can no more be truly Celtic than it can be truly Saxon or Mongolian or Slav. One is taught to despise Tom Moore nowadays. But I cannot help feeling that in "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms" or "No longer, dear Vessey, feel hurt and uneasy" the ancient spirit of Ireland was more authentically breathed than it is by Yeats. I struggle against this feeling. But in vain.

I often had the pleasure of meeting Yeats, and I liked him. But merely to like so remarkable, so mystic and intense, a creature, to be not utterly under his spell whenever one was in his presence, seemed to argue a lack in oneself and to imply an insult to that presence. Thus the pleasure of meeting Yeats was not for me an unmixed one. I felt always rather uncomfortable, as though I had submitted myself to a mesmerist who somehow didn't mesmerize me. I hoped against hope that I should feel my volition slipping away from me — my cheap little independence fading into a drowsy enchantment where visions would come thronging presently. Nothing of the sort happened.

Perhaps because I had

formed no expectations, my first sight of Yeats was the deepest impression I had of him. That was in the winter of 1893. Aubrey Beardsley had done a poster for the Avenue Theatre and had received two stalls for the first night of Dr. Todhunter's play *The Black Cat*, and he had asked me to go with him. Before the main play there was to be a "curtain raiser"—*The Land of Heart's Desire*. Yeats was not more than a name to us then; nor were we sure that it beseeemed us, as men of the world, to hurry over our dinner. We did so, however, and arrived in good time. The beautiful little play was acted in a very nerveless and inaudible manner, casting rather a gloom over the house. When at length the two curtains of the proscenium swept down and met in the middle of the stage, the applause was fainter than it would be nowadays. There were, however, a few sporadic and compatriotic cries for "Author." I saw a slight convulsion of the curtains where they joined each other, and then I saw a long fissure, revealing (as I for a moment supposed) unlit blackness behind the curtains. But lo! there were two streaks of white in the upper portion of this blackness—a white streak of shirt front, and above that a

white streak of face; and I was aware that what I had thought to be insubstantial murk was a dress suit, with the Author in it. And the streak of Author's face was partly bisected by a lesser black streak, which was a lock of Author's raven hair. It was all very eerie and memorable.

MORE THAN a year passed before this vision was materialized for me in private life. A new publication, entitled *The Savoy*, was afoot, with Arthur Symons for literary editor and Beardsley for art editor. The publisher was a strange and rather depressing person, a north-countryman, known to have been engaged in the sale of disreputable books. To celebrate the first numbers of the magazine, he invited the contributors to supper in a room at the New Lyric Club. Besides Symons and Beardsley, there were present Yeats, Rudolf Dircks, myself, and one or two other writers, whom I forget. Also there was one lady: the publisher's wife. She had not previously been heard of by anyone. She was a surprise. She was touching—dreadfully touching. It was so evident that she had been brought out from some far suburb for this occasion only. One knew that the dress she wore had been ordered special-

ly; and one felt that it might never be worn again. She was small, buxom, and self-possessed. She did the honors. She dropped little remarks. It did not seem that she was nervous; one only knew that she was nervous. She knew that she did not matter, but she would not give in; she was brave and good.

Perhaps, if I had not been so preoccupied by the pity of her, I would have been more susceptible to Yeats's magic. I wished that I, not he, had been placed next to her at the table. I could have helped her more than he. The walls of the little room in which we supped were lined with bamboo instead of wallpaper. "Quite original, is it not?" she said to Yeats. But Yeats had no reply ready for that; only a courteous, lugubrious murmur. He had been staying in Paris, and was much engrossed in the cult of Diabolism, or Devil worship, which appeared to have a vogue there. He had made a profound study of it, and he evidently guessed that Beardsley, whom he met now for the first time, was a confirmed worshiper, in that time. So to Beardsley he talked, in deep, vibrant tones across the table, of the lore and rites of Diabolism—"Dyahbolism" he called it, thereby making it sound the more fearful.

I daresay that Beardsley, who always seemed to know by instinctive erudition all about everything, knew all about Dyahbolism. Anyhow, I could see that he, with that stony common sense which always came upmost when anyone canvassed the fantastic in him, thought Dyahbolism rather silly. He was too polite not to go on saying at intervals, in his hard, quick voice, "Oh really? How perfectly entrancing!" and "Oh really? How perfectly sweet!" But had I been Yeats, I would have dropped the subject sooner than he did.

At the other end of the table, Arthur Symons was talking of some foreign city, carrying in his waistcoat pocket, as it were, the *genius loci*, anon to be embalmed in Pateresque prose. I forget whether this time it was Rome or Seville or Moscow or what; but I remember that the hostess said she had never been there. I liked Symons' feigning some surprise at this, and for saying that she really ought to go. Presently I heard him saying he thought the nomadic life was the best of all lives for an artist. Yeats, in a pause of his own music, heard this too, and seemed a little pained by it. Shaking back the lock from his brow, he turned to Symons and declared that an artist

worked best among his own folk and in the land of his fathers. Symons seemed rather daunted, but he stuck to his point. He argued that new sights and sounds and odors braced the whole intelligence of a man and quickened his powers of creation. Yeats, gently but firmly, would have none of this. His own arguments may not have been better than Symon's; but in voice and manner and countenance, Symons was not match for him at all. And it was with a humane impulse that the hostess interposed. "Mr. Symons," she said, "is like myself. He likes a little change."

This bathos was so sharp that it was like an actual and visible chasm: one could have sworn to a glimpse of Symons' heels, a faint cry, a thud. Yeats stood for an instant on the brink, stroking his chin enigmatically, and then turned to resume the dropped thread of Dyabolism. I could not help wishing that he, not poor Symons, had been the victim. He would somehow have fallen on his feet; and his voice, issuing uninterruptedly from the depth of the chasm, would have been as impressive as ever.

I have said that my first and merely visual impression of Yeats was my deepest. Do not suppose that at other times he did not impress me with a

feeling that I, had I been of finer clay, must have been more deeply impressed than I was. I always did feel that here was *une ame auguste*, if ever there was one. His benign aloofness from whatever company I saw him in, whether he was inspired with language or with silence, made everyone else seem rather cheap. Often, at great receptions in great houses, with colonnaded rooms full of beautiful women in all their jewels, and of eminent men ribanded and starred, it must have seemed to the quietly observant. Nobody knew that the scene had its final note of distinction in the sober purple soutane of Monsignor So-and-so, yonder. Monsignor So-and-so himself may happen to be as worldly as you will; but nominally, officially by hierarchic intention, he is apart from the rest. That is the secret of his effect. Something like that was for me the secret of Yeat's effect anywhere. He, not indeed in any nominal or official way, but by reason of himself, was apart from the rest. That was his strength. He was not primarily of this world.

But confound it! So soon as ever one has elaborated a theory, always there is some wretched flaw staring one in the face. Didn't Yeats' management of the Celtic Renaissance prove him a practical

man? The birth may not have been effected. But there the indefatigable accoucheur was. Pamphlets, letters to newspapers, lectures in America, speeches — that speech which I heard him deliver at the Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin; that fighting speech of which George Moore has gasped in *Ave* some slight record for posterity. Yes, it made Moore gasp. Perhaps posterity will be equally stirred. At the Shelbourne Hotel it sounded very beautiful. But not dons of Trinity, nor any of the Catholics either, were any more offended by it than they would have been by a nocturne of Chopin. Mournfully, very beautifully, Yeats bombinated in the void, never for an instant in any vital relation to the audience. Moore likens

him to Demosthenes. But I take it that Demosthenes swayed Moore. My memory of that speech does somewhat patch the flaw in my theory.

As years went by, the visual aspect of Yeats changed a little. His face grew gradually fuller in outline, and the sharp angles of his figure were smoothed away. And his hands — those hands which in his silences lay folded downward across his breast, but left each other and came forth and, as it were, stroked the air to and fro while he talked — those very long, fine hands did seem to have lost something of their insubstantiality. His dignity and his charm were as they had always been. But I found it less easy to draw caricatures of him. He seemed to have become subtly less like himself.

* * *

Yes, Sir

Each member of the third grade class was assigned the names of three foreign countries and told to indicate what we in this country import from each.

One youngster reported on his assignment as follows:

Belgium: Lace. Brazil: Nuts. Burma: Shave.

*

Can Science Harness SOLAR ENERGY?

IF ALL THE OIL, gas and coal in the earth's crust could be extracted and set to burning in a giant furnace, and if all the world's forests could be set on fire, the energy thus released would barely equal the energy that falls freely on this planet from the sun during any three clear days.

The amount of solar energy streaming to earth each day is 32,000 times greater than the power presently utilized by the world's population during the same 24 hours.

If it could be converted to electricity, the solar energy falling on a rooftop would heat or cool a modern home and would operate all of its equipment.

Like the mirage of an oasis, these calculations tease the minds of scientists who are trying to harness the power of

the sun. They know it is only a matter of time before the fossil fuels—oil, gas and coal—are exhausted. They know, too, that even atomic energy is not the answer to man's long-range power needs, for its essential element is also exhaustible, and can use these sources of power—provided by nature during millions of years—but he cannot replace them. Wherever they are presently abundant it is difficult to believe that one day they will be depleted. But while that day is not imminent, it is inevitable.

Eventually the world must depend on other sources of power. Because solar energy could serve mankind as long as life continues on this planet, scientific investigators in some thirty nations are searching for economical methods to trap the sun's rays and put

them to work. They are driven not only by the needs of the future, but also by an increasing awareness that many areas of the world must find a new source of energy—and must find it soon.

Before the quest is ended, however, in many instances can inexpensive "banks" be built to store the energy of the sun so that it will be available when skies are overcast for long periods? The answer may be found in a simple blade of grass, which can absorb and store the sun's energy—releasing it as needed for growth. What plants do naturally through photosynthesis, man is trying to achieve through photochemistry. But for the present at least, he has not found a practical way to duplicate the natural process.

By taking a different approach to the problem one group of American researchers has met with more immediate success. One of the most significant contributions in the field has been the development, in 1954 of a solar battery. It resembles a large tray and is filled with wafers of purified silicon, treated with arsenic and boron. Each disk-like cell acts as a tiny electric generator. Light striking the wafers sets up an electro-static charge which creates a flow of direct current, and also energizes dry

cells for night operation. One of these batteries, mounted on a pole, has been used for six months to power an eight-family rural telephone system in Georgia. Similar batteries have been used in solar-powered radios and in hearing aids. Unfortunately, refined silicon is still worth its weight in gold and solar batteries are too costly to be commercially practical. But this does not discourage the experts, who point out that fifty years ago refined aluminum was even more expensive.

Until a cheaper refining technology can be developed, the use of solar batteries will be confined mostly to highly specialized scientific projects. The Explorer VI, a U.S. satellite which was launched into orbit late last year is still reporting its scientific findings to the earth by means of recording devices and radio equipment powered by the energy of the sun. Its four "paddle wheel" arms contain 8,000 solar cells which provide a maximum of power with a minimum of weight.

The space program is further indebted to solar scientists for the solar furnaces which are currently being used to determine what happens to rocket materials when they are exposed to extreme temperatures

as they streak through the earth's atmosphere. Sooner or later, any child having access to a magnifying glass learns how to focus the heat rays of the sun to burn holes in paper. Solar furnaces are based on the same principle, but instead of glass lenses they employ curved mirrors. One of the largest solar furnaces in the U.S.—in San Diego, California—uses a huge, curved aluminum mirror to gather and reflect the heat of the sun to a focal point. At midday, the furnace can reach temperatures of 4,000 degrees Centigrade—enough to melt a steel bolt in seconds. Because solar furnaces generate extreme heat minus the associated contamination of fuels used in conventional industrial furnaces, it is a particularly valuable research tool. If and when the sun-heated ovens can be mass-produced economically, they will be equally valuable to industries all over the world which depend on the attainment of extremely high temperatures.

USING THE same general principles on a much smaller scale, scientists have been working to perfect solar cookers which could be used in sunny countries where firewood is scarce. One of the earliest of these was developed in North Africa around 1860. In India,

which has a long record of achievement in this field, inexpensive solar cookers are now available in villages where the traditional fuel, dried cow dung, can be more efficiently used to fertilize the soil.

The United States has developed two basic types of solar cookers. One is a simple reflector which concentrates the sun's rays on a cooking pan, the other is a solar oven—an insulated metal box with a glass window surrounded by reflectors. It reaches temperatures of 200 degrees Centigrade—enough to bake bread or roast meat in the same time required for conventional ovens.

Although the solar house, the solar cooker, the solar furnace and the solar battery promise enormous benefits to men and women everywhere, the solar still—which converts salt water into fresh—may have the greatest potential of them all. Many different types of stills have been tried in the last hundred years—in Egypt, Chile, Australia, France and the U.S.

Experimental solar stills have produced about half a liter of fresh water daily per 900 square centimeters of area, and scientists claim that this rate of production should increase in hot and arid climates. A family living in such a climate could depend on about

twenty liters of fresh water daily.

The immediate objective of scientists experimenting with solar stills is fresh water produced cheaply enough for industrial and municipal use. The immediate objective of scientists experimenting with solar stills is fresh water produced cheaply enough for industrial and municipal use. The ultimate objective is cheap water for irrigation.

If the world population con-

tinues to expand at its present explosive rate, man must have more water to supply his growing cities and to irrigate his wasted, arid lands. As once-abundant supplies of oil, gas, wood and coal are depleted, he must find new ways to power his factories, to move his ships, to bring warmth and light to his villages. Of necessity, he must turn to the life-giving sun, the source of light and of nature's abundance — the very center of his universe.

* * *

Why are they called "ten gallon" hats?

IT ISN'T a matter of Texas exaggeration or liquid capacity but of folk etymology. The Spaniards in the old days of the Southwest used to ornament their large-brimmed hats with braid, often silver braid. Very fine hats might have had as many as five or seven or even ten of these braids. And the Spanish word for braid of this kind was "galon".

*

THE MIRACULOUS SEA

Below the surface of the sea is a world that is in many ways similar to the earth's land areas. There are great mountain ranges, long valleys and an amazing variety of life. But many undersea mountains are higher than those above, longer and wider, and many of the creatures living in the oceans are more vividly colorful and exotic than most forms of life on land. Down there, at the base of a continental slope, seadevils, quill worms, viperfish, sea cucumbers and jellyfish glide through the silent, lightless world searching for food—and escaping other sea creatures also in search of food. Because there is no light there is no plant life comparable to the forests on land. Only a few small, primitive marine plants grow at this dark depth. For the creatures living here there is nothing but a continuing battle for survival. Surprisingly, life is abundant and may, someday soon, give

man positive proof of his origin.

THE SEA IS A MIRACLE. The feature that sets the earth apart in the universe is the great glistening sheath of water that envelops our globe.

No other planet in man's range of vision has a sea. Some other planets have ice caps, moisture, perhaps vegetation, but no sea. Yet our earth is nearly drowned in water. The seas engulf 71 percent of the world's area.

How did the earth acquire this great cover of water? Scientists believe the earth began as a ball of whirling gas freshly torn from the sun. Gradually, over millions of years, the ball of flaming gases cooled. As the earth's outer layers cooled, the earth became enveloped in heavy layers of clouds. This cloud cover contained much of the water of the new planet. As soon as the

earth's crust cooled sufficiently, the rains began to fall. Scientists believe it rained for centuries. The water fell into waiting ocean basins, or, falling upon the higher land masses, drained away to become the sea.

So the ocean floor contains records of the millions of years of development that took place. What does this uncharted, hidden world look like? Scientists agree that very high mountains and deep valleys run along the bottom of the peaks of a 1,600 mile long range that divides the Central Pacific Basin. Through the center of the Atlantic Ocean, too, runs a long chain of high mountains. Strange trenches go deep down. Cliffs and canyons mark the bottom of the sea, just as they do on land. And because the ocean water constantly scours the bottom, the mountains and valleys are always changing.

Studies reveal three great provinces of the sea: continental shelves, continental slopes, and the floor of the ocean. The continental shelf resembles land. Sunlight penetrates to it, plants drift in waters above it, and the fish in abundance there make it the meeting place of the great fisheries of the world.

But once beyond the edge of the shelf, the mystery of the

deep sea begins. Darkness gathers, pressure grows, and plant life disappears. In this world creatures prey on one another in brute survival. Much farther down, after miles and miles, lies the ocean floor, the most awesome part of the ocean. Flat-topped, extinct volcanoes dot the floor of the Pacific and here and there side pressures from the earth's center have wedged up mountains, some of them volcanically active.

Only in the last few years has man been able to go down into the ocean to see things for himself. Lately, bathyscaphs, deep-diving manned ocean observatories, have gone down to the very deepest part of our ocean—seven and a half miles. These new explorations will be of great importance to the world. We know now that we are dependent on the sea for many parts of our existence. The entity called life emerged from the sea, and man's whole environment is governed by it. Further knowledge of the sea can help us solve some of the problems of civilization.

Toward this further knowledge, the study of the sea has developed. Last September oceanographers—men who have devoted their lives to the study of the sea—met from all over the world at the United Nations in New York City.

Their reports showed vast new worlds awaiting man in the oceans. Fishing, they predict, will be replaced by fish farming, enabling man to reap enough food to feed the world many times over. The ocean depths also hold great quantities of valuable minerals which

man will eventually mine just as he does the land. The knowledge we obtain from the ocean will help us understand the weather. And finally, as man goes back into the sea around him, he may be able to find clues to another great miracle, the origin of life itself.

* * *

Why is the "funny bone" so called?

ACTUALLY, *it isn't the bone that hurts. The bone (to be precise, the medial condyle of the humerus bone) simply serves as an anvil on which we strike the ulnar nerve which lies above it. Some authorities believe that funny bone was originally a pun on the two words humerus and humorous. The word first appeared in The Ingoldsby Legends (18-40), by the Reverend Richard Harris Barham, who seems to have been a mighty punner.*

*

Try it

Mushroom Magic

MEXICO has given the world a lot of things, like turkeys, tomatoes, tabasco and tequilla. Now a mystery mushroom which reportedly sends you out of this world is being investigated.

Some say that while under its spell, you get an insight into the future. Most settle for the claim that it produces wild dreams and a feeling that life is grand. And it leaves no hang-over, headache or nausea.

Several scientific expeditions have penetrated the tropical wilds of Southern Mexico in search of the strange mushroom which grows wild.

Mexico has long been famed for its many types of mushrooms, but this magic mushroom is something else. It could have medicinal value.

Mark T. Gumbiner, a young anthropologist, has made several trips to the remote Huautla region of Oaxaca. His research was sponsored jointly by the University of Washington and the University of Chicago.

Dr. Andrija Punarich, a California physician, has been on

other expeditions. Recently, he helped a television producer, take films scheduled for showing in the United States.

Gumbiner not long ago led a small group to the primitive Oaxaca area inhabited by the Mazotec tribe which still uses pre-Columbian calendars and speaks a far-carrying, odd whistling language. Few understand Spanish.

According to the magazine "Mexico This Month," Gumbiner had won the confidence of the Indians earlier, and they willingly produced the magic mushrooms and arranged for a midnight ritual.

The mushrooms were soaked in water and sugar. Later they were removed, heated a few moments over a flame. Participants in the ritual ate them according to their particular desires.

Some who ate sparingly said they felt nothing except a stomach ache or a desire to go to the bathroom. But one "lost in the group and entered into a rapport that was so complete as to be terrifying," says one.

An elderly woman, who denied she was a witch, presided.

"Her drum background, her chants, her rising and falling inflections, guided one's responses as much as if he were an animal whose reins she held guiding it at will. Her evening was spent completely out of this world, in discerning the depth of perception, detachment and exploration of sensibilities not ordinarily associated with the usual five."

Dr. Puharich's group included Collier Young, TV Producer, Dr. Jeffery Smith, Stanford University Anthropologist, and Dr. Barbara Brown, neuro-pharmacist of the University of California.

According to the report on this expedition, all ate some of the mushrooms, which appear-

ed to affect them differently at different times.

Dr. Brown reported hallucinations, and a general feeling that life was wonderful.

Although there was a difference of opinion, Young was quoted as saying all the mushrooms produced definite effects. It was suggested that mushrooms might have some use as a base for treatment of mental illness.

As a climax to the trip, one of the Indians during the ritual told Dr. Puharich he would have an auto accident before leaving Mexico.

On the way back to the capital, the doctor's station wagon collided with a lorry and was a total loss. The doctor escaped with minor injuries.

Mushroom magic? No one can say.

* * *

Cricket Fighting

By Leonel Borralko

CRICKET FIGHTING, a version of cock fighting, started in China during the early part of the Sung Dynasty (960-1270 A.D.), and for about a thousand years afterwards was considered one of the favorite sports of the Chinese people.

Legend has it that once upon a time, an emperor of the Sung Dynasty called to his palace two of his generals and ordered them to stop the "war" between them and to settle their differences by matching crickets against each other instead of their men.

Since then, the legend continues, cricket fighting became a national sport in China and had always been popular among the Chinese people until 1949, when Mao Tse-tung took over the Chinese mainland completely and banned the sport from Chinese soil.

It was also outlawed in Hongkong, partly because the British government is against

gambling, and partly because the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Hongkong has strong objections against it.

Cricket fighting, however, took root in Macao where it takes place at the "Voice of Autumn Club," situated at the fifth floor of the Central Hotel, Macao's biggest casino. It is held every day for about two months, from August 22 (the first day of the seventh moon in the Chinese calendar) until the middle of October (about the last day of the eighth moon).

TO THE Chinese businessmen, cricket fighting is a chance to build a stable of winners, win distinction in much the same way as a horse owner. For tricycle coolies, hotel workers clerks and other workers, cricket combats are a time for fun and a chance to bet and make winnings.

Before each combat, the watching people make their bettings, which sometimes run to sums of four figures.

After the bettings are made, two crickets are placed together in a small wooden arena of about fifteen to twenty inches in diameter, and the owner of each cricket irritates his own insect by touching its antennae with a long brush made of whiskers of a certain type of mouse, mostly found in rice fields, and then directs the insect against the adversary, while two referees watch the combat.

Once the crickets meet, there is no peace, and the combat concludes only when one of them runs away or is rendered incapacitated by the bites of the adversary.

The winner, characteristically, will rub parts of its forewings together to produce a chirping sound, then takes a rest for the next twenty-four hours. There is a ruling to the effect that a cricket can not fight more than once during the day.

The loser is usually given away, as it is considered unfit for further fightings.

* * *

How do you pronounce February?

IF YOU wish to pronounce it *FEB-rooeri*, go ahead. But you will be just as correct if you say *FEB-yoo-eri*, which is the more common and natural pronunciation. It is difficult for us to pronounce two *r*'s when they occur close together in the same word; therefore, it is customary to drop the first *r* not only in *February*, but in other words such as *su(r)prise*.

*

'Skyglow' Vision

DEVELOPMENT of electro vision tubes that will allow soldiers to fire weapons and drive tanks and other vehicles on the darkest night — by "Sky Glow" light — was disclosed by a U.S. army physicist.

John Johnson of the Army's Research and Development Laboratories in Fort Belvoir, Virginia, said the new development works by greatly intensifying images of objects bathed by the very dim, but always present light that exists in the sky at night even when there is no moon and the stars are blanked by clouds.

Amplifying on a report prepared for the sixth annual "Human Factors Engineering Conference" sponsored by the Army, Johnson said the newly-developed tubes, utilized in special equipment on guns or vehicles would allow the following:

1. An infantry soldier could spot an object at 500 to 1,000 yards, even though he couldn't see it with his naked eye.

2. Military tanks and other vehicles would have vision up to head lights.

The new technique — described as not yet available for routine service use, but headed in that direction — differs from the army's present method of "seeing-in-the-dark" with such instruments are the famed "sniperscope."

Instruments like the "sniperscope" employ infra-red or "invisible" light which is ejected from the instrument, illuminates a given object, and then is reflected back to the viewing device.

But army scientists say infra-red devices have the disadvantage that the infra-red rays could be detected by an enemy, thereby tipping off the position of the users.

Johnson said the new electronic vision tubes take advantage of the fact that the earth is always "illuminated" at night by the so-called "Sky Glow" from the upper atmosphere which is produced in this fashion:

In the daytime, ultra-violet rays and X-rays from the sun strike molecules of air in the upper atmosphere. Then, in the cool of night, the mole-

cules re-irradiate this energy in light, including visual as well as in the form of a very dim glow as invisible infra-red and ultra-violet rays.

* * *

Water-Battle

FIELD MARSHAL *Viscount Montgomery, still mopping up after the battle of Isington Mill, recently confessed he'd been outflanked and outmaneuvered.*

Britain's most famous World War II commander was forced to retreat when floods invaded his home.

After a night of torrential rain, Montgomery climbed out of bed to carry out a patrol—and found his garden and orchard under water.

Then the nearby River Wey burst its banks and joined forces with the local mill race.

Water swirled down the driveway and into Montgomery's garage. The gallant Field Marshal checked his defenses.

But the water found a chink in his armor—a door from the garage into the house had been left open.

A strategic withdrawal was inevitable.

*

Untapped Source of Energy

COMBINE THE ocean, plastic float and a solar battery and what do you get?

"A Kon-Tiki-type adventure story," most people might answer.

But for Dr. Ryuzaburo Taguti, the three add up to an untapped source of energy which would control weather, enable the earth to support a 100-fold increase in population and open up new fields for mankind.

Fantastic? Taguti doesn't think so. He applied for a patent for his scheme October 10.

Taguti, who calls himself Director of the Taguti Psychophysical Institute, outlined his plans thus in an article carried in the English-language *Japan Times*:

1. Cover the ocean with gigantic plastic floats.

2. Load them with solar batteries.

3. Build huge industrial plants upon them utilizing the power they generate.

4. Grow hydroponic food right on the floats.

Taguti said such a system would:

1. Generate many times the electricity produced by man today.

2. Permit a population at least 100 times that of the earth today to be supported on the floats.

3. Avert typhoons by preventing evaporation of ocean water.

4. Ultimately permit man to adjust rainfalls and create artificial warm and cold ocean currents.

Taguti suggests starting out initially with a baby float "one latitudinal length square" — 500 to 600 miles square at the temperate zones — which would be constructed by 1970. Using solar batteries with eight per cent efficiency — the highest efficiency available today, according to Taguti — the float would produce 1,000 million kilowatts of power, which is more than twice the world power output today.

If the idea sounds fantastic, so does the price tag. Taguti estimates the first stage "baby float" alone would cost \$2,777,778.

Soybean Milk

SOYBEAN MILK is the latest thing for kiddies out Java way where there are so many people there is little room for cows.

The new drink is called Saridele. It is soybean extract flavored with sesame and reinforced with Vitamins. It comes in powdered form, but when mixed into a drink it looks like milk.

The first Saridele plant in South East Asia had been built on the populous island of Java with joint assistance of the Food and Agriculture Organization and the United Nations International Childrens' Emergency Fund.

If the kids take to the new drink, other plants will be built throughout the whole Southeast Asia area.

The idea is to give the children some nutritive protein substitute for milk.

Java, with more than fifty-five million population has more than 1,000 persons per square mile. Cows need grazing ground. There just isn't enough room there for cows and people.

The Java soybean milk works was set up on the lines of a small private plant at Loma Linda, California, which produces soybean milk for children allergic to ordinary cow's milk.

Javanese children didn't like it at first. But after vanilla and chocolate flavorings were added, they began to lap it up until now the plant's 2.5 ton production daily fails to meet demand.

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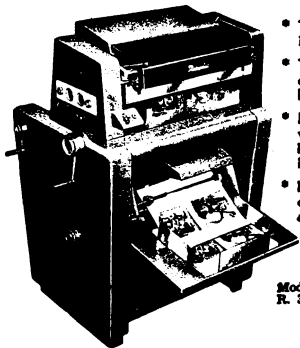
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