FOREIGN INFLUENCES ON THE FILIPINO SHORT STORY IN ENGLISH, 1948-1968

Thesis for the Degree of Ph. D.

MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY
LYDIA R. CASTILLO

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Lydia R. Castillo

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Joseph J. Waldmeir
Major professor

Date May, 1971

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ABSTRACT

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SHORT STORY IN ENGLISH,
1948-1968

By

Lydia R. Castillo

English is not native to the Filipino writer, but it is interesting to note that the best of his literary achievements are written in this borrowed tongue. He learned English from his American mentor whose teachings were not confined to the grammar, vocabulary, and nuances of this tongue alone. With this language, the whole gamut of American, English, and European literary traditions were unfolded and placed within his reach. Since there is a very slender indigenous narrative tradition in the Philippines, all these have indeed worked to his literary advantage.

It is the purpose of this study to show the foreign influences on the subject, craftsmanship, and philosophy of the Filipino short story in English from 1948 to 1968; and that these influences have increased the subjects treated, improved the craftsmanship, and sharpened the writer's vision. Fourteen collections of short stories written by recipients of Philippine literary awards, the

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prize-winning short stories in the Philippines Free Press Short Story Contest (1948-1968) and in the Palanca Memorial Awards for Literature (1950-1968) are included in this study. In tracing the influences, external and internal evidences are pointed out. Because certain difficulties were encountered in gathering external evidence, one of the following methods or where possible, a combination of these are employed in presenting such evidence: citation of published material on the literary background of the Filipino writers in general, citation of published material on or by a specific author, correspondence with the author, long-distance telephone conversation with the author, and a personal interview with the author.

The limited range of literary subjects treated and the pre-dominance of the pastoral was noted by Wallace Stegner in his visit to Manila in 1951. Since then, a variety of subjects has enriched the Filipino short story in English. This study shows the increase in the subjects treated and the foreign influences evident in them: stories depicting initiation from innocence to knowledge; stories dealing with illusion and reality; stories isolating the experience of exile and paralysis; stories dramatizing the conflict between the old and the new; stories tracing the baffling, destructive element that impinges on the individual; stories portraying social consciousness; and stories reflecting the Greco-Roman culture.

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The craft through which these stories are presented is also characterized by experimentation of technique which is a marked feature of Western literature. There is a marked effort towards the achievement of a unity of effect, and the conflicts employed are more significant--not only to the Filipino experience, but also to the universal. Action is made to grow out of the conflicting motives of characters. And the characters that populate the stories are, on the whole, more complex and more realistic. Character revelation is achieved in a number of ways: through atmosphere and setting as effected by Henry James and James Joyce, through dreams to portray weakness or inability to confront the present or a problem, through dramatic revelation, and through literary echoes, parallels, and allusions.

As an Oriental, the Filipino writer has been shown to be generally passive to experience and wanting in his sense of irony. However, this lack has been complemented by his exposure to Western literature. This study shows that with the writer's sharpened vision, there is now a marked effort to search deeper into the human experience. From the simple, uncomplicated life of the barrios, the writer has projected his vision into the more complex, more challenging life in Manila, and even into the life of the Filipino exile in Hong Kong and in America. He has also viewed the human experience in terms of myth and history.

FOREIGN INFLUENCES ON THE FILIPINO SHORT STORY IN ENGLISH, 1948-1968

By

Lydia R. Castillo

A THESIS

Submitted to
Michigan State University
in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

Department of English

1971

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In memory of my father and brother, who though
much less fortunate than most, endured
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I am especially indebted to Dr. Joseph J. Waldmeir, the chairman of my committee, to Dr. C. David Mead and Dr. Sam S. Baskett, the two other members of my committee; and to Dr. Arthur Sherbo and Dr. James H. Pickering, my graduate studies advisors.

I would like to thank Mrs. Carminia A. Yaptenco, Mr. and Mrs. Alberto Florentino, and my sister-in-law, Mrs. Alicia T. Castillo for sending me most of the Philippine material; and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Joyce for lending me their Filipiniana.

I would also wish to express my thanks to Dr. and Mrs. John Beaman, Mr. and Mrs. Panfilo Belo, and Mr. and Mrs. Benedicto Cabrera for the hospitality extended to me while in the trying process of writing this dissertation; and to my mother and sister for never having failed to be my greatest sources of encouragement.

INTRODUCTION .

Chapter

I. INITIATION

II. ISOLATION
PERPLEXITY

III. THE PAST

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APPENDICES

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INTRODUCTION

The purpose of this study is to show the foreign influences on the subject, craftsmanship, and philosophy of the Filipino short story in English from 1948 to 1968. These influences will be traced through external and internal evidences. And in order to provide a frame of reference, this introduction will give a brief historical-cultural background of the Filipino writer in English before giving the details of the scope and method of the study.

The Spanish Era

From a geographical, ethnological, and linguistic point of view, the Filipinos are an Asian people. But historically, they have been brought into a long and intimate contact with the West; and with no less than two of the greatest world powers of their times: Spain and the United States. For Spain was at the height of its power and glory in 1521 when Ferdinand Magellan sailed under its flag and discovered the Philippines. And it was in the Philippines that Ferdinand Magellan, the first man to circumnavigate the globe, met his death--when he attempted to subjugate and extract tributes from

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the liberty-loving pre-Spanish Filipinos. But Magellan's death did not stop Spain from laying its imperial claim on the Philippines. And Spain did successfully colonize the islands in many ways. Spain's control continued for almost four centuries until it was forced to relinquish it in 1898 to a new emerging world power--the United States. The Spanish conquest brought Christianity and the Spanish language; the American regime brought democracy and the English language.

The Spaniards found the Filipinos highly literate, but owing to the absence of non-perishable writing materials, they had no written literature. Their literature consisted of mythology explaining the mysteries of nature, epics, songs, proverbs, riddles, and stories. Unfortunately, this highly developed oral art perished during the early Spanish era. Jose Rizal, foremost national hero, described this cultural loss in his Filipinas dentro de cien años:

> They gradually lost their ancient traditions, their recollections--they forgot their writings, their songs, their poetry, their laws, in order to learn by heart other doctrines, which they did not understand, other ethics, other tastes, different from those inspired in their race by their climate and their way of thinking. Then there was a falling-off, they were lowered in their own eyes, they became ashamed of what was distinctly their own, in order to admire and praise what was foreign and incomprehensible: their spirit was broken and they acquiesced.[1]

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[1]The Philippines a Century Hence, trans. Charles Derbyshire (Manila, 1912), 32-33.

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However, during the second half of the nineteenth century, an intellectual reawakening took place. This was stimulated by young Filipino students in Europe who worked for reforms, and later for Philippine independence. Father Miquel A. Bernad, S.J., pointed out five manifestations of this revival.[2] The first was an outpouring of romances in Tagalog[3] verse called awit (song) or corrido. These are verse narratives based on the literature of European chivalry and on the lives of the Saints. One of these corridos, Florante at Laura, has attained the stature of a classic in Philippine literature. It is the story of love that conquers all the evils that beset it. The characters are one dimensional: the hero is the ultimate incarnation of virtue and masculinity; the heroine, of fidelity and beauty; and the villain, of treachery and greed. The love theme ties up the other themes: of family, conflict between father and son; of religion, clash between Christians and Moors; and of politics, struggle between usurper and deposed.

The second manifestation of the renaissance was a development of a theatre, both in Spanish and in the native languages. And the third was an explosion of

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[2]Philippine Literature: A Twofold Renaissance (Manila, 1963), 14-20.

[3]One of the more than 80 existing Philippine languages; Pilipino, the national language, is based on it.

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musical energy. The fourth was the most remarkable--the development of the Filipino novel in Spanish. Jose Rizal wrote two novels which were published in Europe: Noli me tangere (Berlin, 1887) and El filibusterismo (Ghent, 1891). These two novels helped precipitate the Philippine Revolution in 1896, the first country-wide nationalist uprising against Spanish colonialism. For these novels and for other writings, Jose Rizal paid with his life in 1896, two years before the coming of the Americans. These novels have been widely acclaimed; no less a distinguished critic than William Dean Howells praised the Noli for its realism:

> . . . no one who reads this pathetic novel can deny its immeasurable superiority. The author learned his trade apparently from the modern Spanish novelists. . . . But he has gone beyond them in a certain sparing touch, with which he presents situation and character by mere statement of fact, without explanation or comment. . . . It is a great novel, of which the most poignant effect is in a sense of its unimpeachable veracity.[4]

The last manifestation of the renaissance was an interest in scientific endeavors. Efforts were directed towards studies in archeology, geography, and ethnology.

The American Era

The Americans introduced the English language and new political and social values and ideals. In 1901, a

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[4]"Editor's Easy Chair," Harper's Monthly Magazine, CII (1901), 805-806.

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group of 600 American teachers arrived in Manila aboard the transport Thomas.[5] Known as the "Thomasites," they not only taught the new vigorous language, but they also introduced Anglo-American literature and its rich literary background. Then in 1903, a law authorized Filipino students to study in American colleges and universities. This mutual educational exchange program, which is still in operation, has made possible the free and continuous flow of Western thought into the country.

Enthused by the new invigorating experience, the Filipinos did not take long to imbibe the American culture. Manuel E. Viray commented on its effect on the Filipino writer and literature student thus:

> Is it a wonder then . . . that today you may find Filipino writers sharply disputing T. S. Eliot's poetic strategies, over a plateful of steaming rice, salted eggs, and tomatoes?
>
> From 1910 to 1920, everyone was actively engaged in learning the rudiments of English. Gradually the Filipino writer learned to write with ease. By the late twenties, he wrote not only with ease but with precision, sometimes with grace. When I entered college in 1933, the technical secrets that went into the making of Sinclair Lewis' Main Street and Carl Sandburg's vers libre were the object of investigation on the part of campus writers. From that point on, the Anglo-American literary tradition came to be unfolded for that generation. It was fascinating to discover that the strength and drive of the French Symbolists derived from Edgar Allan Poe; that Ernest Hemingway had been very familiar with Turgenev before the publication of Torrents of Spring, . . .

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[5]Teodoro M. Agoncillo and Oscar M. Alfonso, History of the Filipino People (Quezon City, 1968), 330.

> One result of this exposure of the Filipino writer at the university of the Anglo-American tradition is that Philippine fiction became an index for each generation of American writers. . . .[6]

The intensity of the American impact on Filipino life was indeed so great, that it even affected Philippine-Spanish culture adversely. Former Secretary of Education, Alejandro R. Roces expressed this in his speech before the first Asian Writers' Conference held in Manila in December, 1962:

> . . . the works of Rizal, for example, became alien to the new generation who, in welcoming change and enthusiastically welcoming it, failed to appreciate Rizal because they could not read, least of all understand, his works in the original.
>
> The change was indeed so sudden, so abrupt and so violent, that it virtually tore the Filipino away from his past. . . . We became, in the process, a generation without an umbilical cord--our present ceased to be linked to the past.[7]

This caused alarming apprehension on the part of the elder leaders, who though growing fewer in number, were still influential in government circles, so much so that the Philippine Congress had to legislate the compulsory reading of the works of Rizal in all schools, and the requirement of twenty-four credits of Spanish for all college students in non-scientific fields of study.[8]

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[6] "Certain Influences on Filipino Writing," Philippine Writing, ed. T. D. Agcaoili (Manila, 1953), 331.

[7] "Tradition and Modernity in Philippine Literature," Comment, XVII (First Quarter, 1963), 15.

[8] Republic Act 1881.

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Writing in English began almost as soon as the incipience of the American regime. Literary historians have seen the first three decades of this attempt, 1900 to 1930 as the period of apprenticeship;[9] 1930 to 1944 as the period of emergence;[10] and the post-war years to the present as the period of a synthesis of the individual, the national, and the universal.[11]

The Period of Apprenticeship, 1900-1930

The College Folio of the University of the Philippines, with its first issue coming out in October 10, 1910, contained the first literary attempts in English. Under the guidance of Dean S. Fansler and Harriet E. Fansler, the students learned how to record their native tales and legends. And in 1921, their maiden attempts were published in Filipino Popular Tales, the first writings in English published in book form. The year 1925 marked the birth of the Filipino short story in English with the publication

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[9]P. Santillan-Castrence, "The Period of Apprenticeship," Brown Heritage: Essays on Philippine Cultural Tradition and Literature, ed. Antonio G. Manuud (Quezon City, 1967), 546. This collection will subsequently be referred to as Brown Heritage.

[10]Herbert Schneider, S.J., "The Period of Emergence of Philippine Letters (1930-1944)," Ibid., 575.

[11]Lucila V. Hosillos, "The Emergence of Filipino Literature Toward National Identity," Asian Studies, IV, 3 (December, 1966), 444.

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of "Dead Stars" by Paz Marquez. On the whole, the short stories of this period were usually narratives that taught some virtue in the end.[12]

In 1927, the Writers' Club of the University of the Philippines was organized, and its literary organ, the Literary Apprentice, replaced the College Folio. Through this club, the Filipino writer became more conscious of the idea that the artist is a craftsman.

The Period of Emergence, 1930-1944[13]

This period was concerned with the creation of a "national" literature. Two waves of thought saw the choice of subject matter as a means to such a goal. The first was advocated by certain essayists like Jorge Bocobo, Carlos P. Romulo, and Amador T. Daguio[14]--that the writer

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[12]Santillan-Castrence, 549-550.

[13]The account of this period is abstracted from Herbert Schneider, S.J., "The Period of Emergence of Philippine Letters (1930-1944)," Brown Heritage, 575-588. All subsequent references will be given in the text.

[14]Jorge Bocobo was formerly president of the University of the Philippines; Carlos P. Romulo was also president of the University of the Philippines, and Pulitzer Prize winner in 1941 for his articles on the Far Eastern crisis; and Amador T. Daguio is currently chief editor for the Philippine House of Representatives. Their respective essays cited by Father Schneider are: "Cultural Independence of the Philippines," "Scholarship of Interpretation," and "The Malayan Spell and the Creation of Literature." These have been collected in Filipino Essays in English, 1910 to 1940, ed. Leopoldo Y. Yabes.

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must portray Filipino life, its virtues, and its tropical nature. Later in 1938, Salvador P. Lopez[15] shifted the focus from the idyllic life to social consciousness (576).

Simultaneously, another group headed by Jose Garcia Villa[16] stressed the importance of craftsmanship over that of subject (576).

Lopez stressed two things: "first, whether he likes it or not the writer is involved in the society in which he lives; secondly, since his writing influences that society, he must take part in changing it for the better" (583). The writer must fight economic injustice and political oppression, and must champion the cause of the proletariat.

Villa, on the other hand, stressed the autonomous nature of art. It is not propaganda. It is not a means, but an end in itself. He said:

> Poetry is--first of all--expertness in language and form, not in meaning; and the one and the true meaning of a poem is its expressive force rather than its content--the language of poetry being a mode of action, a transmitter of energy rather than

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[15]Currently president of the University of the Philippines. He expounded his critical theory in his book, Literature and Society (Manila, 1940).

[16]He was expelled from the University of the Philippines in 1929 for writing "obscene" poems. With the money he won in the first Free Press Short Story Contest, he sailed to the United States where he has lived most of his life. In 1933, Edward J. O'Brien placed him "among the half dozen short story writers in America who count." O'Brien also dedicated the 1932 Best Short Stories to him.

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> information. . . . Only where there is fine language and commensurate craft can there be the art of poetry.[17]

Lopez called attention to the changing Philippine condition--from a state of agraria to industria; and that in the transition stage were attendant evils of insecurity, injustice, inequality, graft, and corruption.

What was healthful about the period was that neither Lopez nor Villa completely dominated it. While writers started to draw their subjects from the contemporary scene, they also paid attention to their craft; thus was started an effort towards creating a literature that is both national and artistic.

The dreams of Jorge Bocobo, Amador T. Daguio, Salvador Lopez, and Jose Garcia Villa were most nearly realized in the short stories of Manuel E. Arguilla,[18] How My Brother Leon Brought Home a Wife and Other Stories. Of them, Father Schneider observes:

> Bocobo and Daguio prescribed the recreating of the Malayan spirit in and through the simple folk. Arguilla's early stories surely accomplish that. Lopez wanted to champion the cause of the socially oppressed, and Arguilla's later stories deal with the victims of injustice and social and political

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[17] Jose Garcia Villa, ed., A Doveglion Book of Philippine Poetry (Manila, 1962), back cover.

[18] During the war, he joined the guerrillas. He was captured working for the patriotic underground, and was subsequently executed by the Japanese.

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> oppression. Moreover, Arguilla knew the ability to write, to organize material in what ultimately makes for a good story.[19]

Although the fine craftsmanship of Arguilla is evident in all the stories, somehow, those dealing with social problems are not quite on par with those depicting the pastoral. Father Schneider points out this difference in them:

> The early stories of Arguilla capture the beauty of tropical mornings and nights; the simple, rugged virtues of an agrarian people . . . because of his artistic craftsmanship-- . . . his restraint, his ability to project mood and atmosphere. His ability to record indigenous experience in a foreign medium makes for memorable stories.
>
> Later, Arguilla wrote about the socially oppressed in Manila . . . they are on the whole weaker than the stories of Nagrebcan. Even here, Arguilla's craftsmanship prevents him from becoming a proletarian. . . . (594-95)

That Arguilla had successfully depicted native experience in a borrowed tongue has also been recognized by Pearl S. Buck: "I have read these stories with great interest and admiration . . . Mr. Arguilla's writing is so good and so developed."[20]

The 1940 Story editors, Whit Burnett and Martha Foley, also expressed their praise on the title story of the collection: ". . . an exquisite lyrical story by a

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[19]"The Literature of the Period of Emergence," Brown Heritage, 590. All subsequent references will be given in the text.

[20]Manuel E. Arguilla, How My Brother Leon Brought Home a Wife and Other Stories (Manila, 1940), back cover.

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Filipino writer which gives the flavor of his native islands as no other story ever read by the editors does."[21]

Events other than the critical theories of Lopez and Villa also gave direction to the period. In 1937, the Book Guild was established in order to create an audience for Philippine literature by means of low-priced books. And in 1939, the Philippine Writers' League replaced the Writers' Club of the University of the Philippines. It was a socially conscious writers' club subscribing to the belief that the writer is a member of society and is obliged to build up culture through his art.

Magazines like the Philippines Free Press, Graphic and the Philippine Magazine encouraged writing by publishing short stories and poems; and in 1929, the Free Press started its annual short story contest. With the establishment of the Commonwealth of the Philippines, a feeling of nationalism inspired the search for national identity. And in 1939, the government itself encouraged writing through the Commonwealth Literary Awards. The visit of American writers to the country, especially that of Ernest Hemingway in 1941, also had a tremendous effect on the local writers.

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[21] Ibid.

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Although great encouragement was given to the writing of both the short story and poetry, it was the short story that was better developed during this period. Poetry writing developed much slower, and this period of emergence has been seen as only the period of preparation for poetry.[22]

The Post-War Years to the Present: Towards a Synthesis of the Individual, the National and the Universal

This brings us to the third stage of Philippine literature in English: the post-war years to the present. What is the state of Philippine writing in English at this time? Inasmuch as it uses a borrowed language, and inasmuch as the language problem of the Philippines has been rather complex, its state, as well as its future, has been the subject of intellectual and cultural debates. Then, too, the deterioration in the teaching of English right after the war, and the revived spirit of nationalism added fire to the already blazing furnace. Is there wisdom in continuing to write in a foreign language? Is a native voice in a foreign tongue truly national? Can a literature in a borrowed tongue express the sentiments and hope of a people? Can a literature in a borrowed

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[22]Only three novels were written during this period: A Child of Sorrow by Zoilo M. Galang; His Native Soil by Juan C. Laya; and The Winds of April by N. V. M. Gonzalez, who had also written very fine pastoral stories.

tongue become truly great? Reactions and answers to these questions have been varied.

Advocates of the national language, of course, endorse writing in the vernacular. Yet, paradoxically, Tagalog writing, in spite of its longer history, has lagged behind Philippine writing in English. Bienvenido Lumbera has pointed out four factors that have caused this.[23] One is the relative prestige enjoyed by the English language over that of Tagalog. Good writers who want to write turn to the prestigious language of the moment. It was Spanish during the Spanish era; now it is English. Another has to do with the outlets of writing. While there are very few outlets for English writing, these outlets are, however, receptive to serious writing for a college-level audience. On the other hand, Tagalog writing appears in mass-circulation magazines catering to the "bakya crowd."[24] The third is insularity of tradition. Narrative art in Tagalog has only the tradition of the folktale and the corrido and awit to draw from. In contrast to this is the rich British, American, and Continental tradition that Philippine

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[23]"Philippine Literature and Filipino Personality," Brown Heritage, 5-7.

[24]"Bakya" is the Tagalog word for wooden shoes. Idiomatically, the expression means grade-school or high-school level literacy.

writing in English has been nurtured upon. The fourth factor affects both the Tagalog writer and the writer in English, his personality:

> As an Oriental, he is generally passive to experience, unquestioning when confronted by anything that has been sanctified by custom and ceremony. The sense of irony which is an indispensable part of the modern fictionist's equipment does not come naturally to him as it seems to among his Western counterparts.[25]

The conflict between the native, indigenous language and the imported English language has also drawn comment from Wallace Stegner, professor of English at Stanford University, who visited writing seminars in Manila in 1951:

> . . . if it could harness its talents more effectively it could be one of the most hopeful and exciting in Asia. . . . It is also a good guess that the Filipino literature of the future will have to be considered a branch of English or more properly of American.[26]

And he gave the following reasons for predicting so:

> Fortunately, he [Filipino writer] has much of the essential equipment. Filipinos are a people with a gift of literature. They handle words with zest, they love the ring of a round phrase. Sometimes the result reads like a MacArthur communique, but surprisingly often it is real eloquence, even in a borrowed tongue.[27]

Nick Joaquin, considered one of the best writers of the country, shares Stegner's optimistic view:

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[25] Ibid., 7.

[26] "Renaissance in Many Tongues," Saturday Review of Literature, XXXIV, 31 (Aug. 4, 1951), 27.

[27] Ibid., 28.

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> That's why I'm so happy about the state of our literature. Everybody pretends to be very gloomy and pessimistic about it. It's going to the dogs . . . nobody is going to read this book . . . it's going to die . . . and so forth. I say nonsense! Our writers are getting younger and younger all the time, and they are starting much earlier, but much, much farther away from where we started. They are much more sophisticated than we were. They know how to handle language; much better than we could handle language at their age. And, so, I think there has been a very, very big development.[28]

Francisco Arcellana, writer and professor of creative writing at the University of the Philippines, also offers the work of the present short story writer as proof of the ever-improving fiction in English:

> The work of the Free Press fiction writer today is the best possible answer to the critical posture of despair.
>
> The Filipino short story writer in English is getting better all the time: there is more skill in his craft, his material is more difficult, more complex, and more meaningful, his language richer and more textured.[29]

If this is so, what factors, other than those already cited, have improved the quality of English writing in the country?

A very important factor is the improved quality of English language and literature teaching. Through the Fulbright, Rockefeller, Ford, and other educational

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[28] United States Information Service. Literature and Society: A Symposium on the Relation of Literature to Social Change (Manila, 1964), 83.

[29] "Free Press Prize Stories, 1965-66," Philippines Free Press (December 10, 1966), 16. This magazine will be referred to in subsequent notes as PFP.

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exchange programs, Filipino teachers have learned more effective methods of teaching the English language and its literature; Filipino writers and teachers of creative writing have received training in writing classes and workshops in the United States; and American Fulbright exchange professors have demonstrated improved methods of English language teaching, have taught English and American literature, and have conducted writing seminars in Philippine schools.

Literary contests sponsored by both government and private sectors have also given great encouragement to writing. In fact, a great number of important literary works in English were written in response to them. Stopped during the war, when English was suppressed by the Japanese, the Free Press resumed its annual short story contest in 1948; and in 1950, the Palanca Memorial Awards for Literature were given for the first time for short stories in English and Tagalog. These awards were extended to the drama in 1954. And in 1960, the government established the Republic Cultural Heritage Awards for Literature "to initiate a movement for greater and more dedicated efforts in cultural advancement to complement the country's program of economic development."[30]

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[30]Alberto S. Florentino, ed., Midcentury Guide to Philippine Literature in English (Manila, 1963), 77.

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Alberto S. Florentino, who, by his peso-book publications has promoted the cause of Philippine letters, lauds the encouragement that the Free Press and Palanca Awards have given to writers, but laments the fact that the prize stories have not been published in collections of a more lasting nature:

> Of the . . . national awards or contests . . . the strongest, the longest-running, and the most prestigious have been the Free Press and the Palanca short story awards.
>
> If the purpose of these awards was to grant pecuniary rewards and public kudos to the prize-winning authors, then the awards were effective. If it was also the purpose to pick out the best among the hundreds of short stories published in a given year and publish them as examples of good writing, then this aim has not been fully served or achieved.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> . . . these stories [Free Press awards] have not been collected in book form, which is the best way to serve the latter aim. . . . Already, with the lack of a complete file of the Free Press anywhere in the country (so it seems), we have practically lost such prize-winning stories, until of course they are unearthed in the future by a more competent researcher than I.[31]

Although Philippine criticism is still in its nascent stage, is "still unsure of its presuppositions and responsibilities, and in spite of some antagonism towards it by some thin-skinned writers,"[32] it is gaining

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[31] Ibid., 10-11. At this writing, I now have a complete file of the stories from 1948 to 1968, thanks to the research competence of my sister-in-law, Mrs. Manuel R. Castillo, Jr., librarian at the Civil Service Commission, Manila. Such a complete collection is not found in any single library in Manila, not even at the Philippines Free Press office.

[32] Ricaredo S. Demetillo, "The State of Philippine Criticism," Brown Heritage, 702.

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Educational centers, particularly the University of the Philippines with its Literary Apprentice and Diliman Review, the Ateneo de Manila with its Philippine Studies, and the Silliman University with its Sands and Corals, have played significant roles in cultivating a climate conducive to both creative writing and literary criticism. Very recently, in 1967, the Institute of Philippine Literature of the Ateneo de Manila published an impressive 885-page volume on Philippine cultural tradition and literature.[33] No other single volume in the history of Philippine arts and letters has contained as many and as various a collection as it has in defining the Filipino image through a presentation of cultural background and literary criticism. As Father Horacio de la Costa, S.J., has said about its presentation, "it initiates a dialogue between Philippine historians and literary critics,"[34] and as Father James F. Donelan, S.J., has acknowledged, "the authors of these essays deserve our gratitude for helping the Filipino writer to communicate the image and to define the identity of the Filipino people."[35]

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[33]The volume is Brown Heritage.

[34]"Presentation," Ibid., ix.

[35]"Prefatory Note," Ibid., xi.

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To date, there are only a few books on literary criticism. The Authentic Voice of Poetry by Ricaredo S. Demetillo deals with poetry, both foreign and local. Bamboo and the Greenwood Tree by Fr. Miquel Bernad is based on presuppositions derived from religious humanism. Father Bernad sees Philippine literature as "forever inchoate." Leonard Casper, professor of contemporary American literature and creative writing at Boston College, has written three books of Philippine literary criticism: The Wayward Horizon, The Wounded Diamond, and New Writing from the Philippines. A contrast to Father Bernad's, Casper's view of Philippine literature in English is that it "constantly improves" and has written its "contribution to world literature."[36] These are about the only books on literary criticism that have come out after the war. As stressed by Demetillo, there is need for more literary critics, for a more detailed analysis of the literary corpus, and for a criticism interested in literature more as artistic form than as sociology.[37]

This, then, is the state of Philippine letters in English today. The Filipino writer has learned his craft from the American artisan, and he has steeped himself in

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[36] New Writing from the Philippines (Syracuse, 1966), 153.

[37] Demetillo, 707.

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Anglo-American literature, as well as in European literature, which he reads in English translation. How much has this affected his own literary creations? How well has he adapted the literary forms of the West to the essence of his native East? Has the fitting together resulted in "a new concentration"?

It is the purpose of this study to show the foreign influences on the subject, craftsmanship, and philosophy of the Filipino short story in English from 1948 to 1968. The study will examine fourteen collections of short stories written by twelve Filipino writers[38] who have been recipients of literary awards; and the prize-winning short stories in the Free Press Short Story Contest, 1948-1968;[39] and in the Palanca Memorial Awards for Literature, 1950-1968.[40]

A variety of subjects has enriched the Filipino short story in English since 1948. In his visit to Manila in 1951, Wallace Stegner observed the predominance of the pastoral:

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[38]See Appendix A for an alphabetical listing of the writers and their respective collection of short stories.

[39]See Appendix B for the stories and their authors. This contest will be subsequently referred to as FPSC.

[40]See Appendix C for the stories and their authors. This contest will be subsequently referred to as PMA.

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> At the moment not much of their materials comes out of Manila, and this is surprising since practically all the literary life is carried on there. Manila is big, changing, complex, a mixture of half-altered barrio and the latest gas-station American. Because it is difficult and troubling, most of the writers evade it; the material closest to their hearts lies in the villages, in the folkways of the provinces, back in the nostalgic bucolic world of Mindoro, Cebu, Ilocos, from which they come.[41]

N. V. M. Gonzalez, creative writing professor at the University of the Philippines and recipient of all the major Philippine literary awards, also wrote in 1955 that:

> . . . there is in the Philippines today a literature in English which, though small, is developing healthily. . . . Its best moments are in the lyric poem and the short story rather than in the novel or drama; and its themes are those of initiation and discovery rather than tragedy.[42]

This study will show the increase in the subjects treated and the foreign influences evident in them: stories depicting initiation from innocence to knowledge, stories dealing with illusion and reality, stories isolating the experience of exile and paralysis, stories dramatizing the conflict between the old and the new, stories tracing the baffling, destructive element that impinges on the individual as shown in the works of Katherine Anne Porter, stories portraying social consciousness, and stories reflecting the Greco-Roman culture.

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[41] Stegner, 52.

[42] "In a Borrowed Tongue," Books Abroad, XXIX, 1 (Winter, 1955), 5.

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In the initiation stories, the American influence is very much pronounced: "the story of initiation" or "the story of recognition" which is usually presented through the consciousness of a central character in all its distracting and confusing complexity. The progress of a character from innocence to knowledge: in theological terms, a knowledge and recognition of evil; and in secular terms, a knowledge of the limitations of existence.[43] These influences will be shown: John Steinbeck's in stories of initiation into a knowledge of the life cycle; Katherine Anne Porter's in stories showing beginning awareness of need for love; Henry James' in stories showing a recognition of evil; and Ernest Hemingway's in stories of young adults looking "for a place under the sun."

The stories of illusion and reality manifest Freudian implications and trace attainment of self-knowledge through Joycean epiphanies.

The paralysis that immobilizes the characters of T. S. Eliot and James Joyce is also evident in the stories portraying professionals caught between conflicting pressures; and the Chekhovian isolation of the individual from the crowd, in characters who find themselves in exile.

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[43]Ray B. West, Jr. The Short Story in America, 1900-1950 (Freeport, 1952), 96.

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Stories set in the changing and sometimes conflicting settings of barrio and urban life, pagan and Christian, and Spanish-past and American-present disclose Freudian implications, and Biblical allusions.

Some stories attempt to study specific instances of human behavior akin to those of Katherine Anne Porter's in which:

> . . . the psychology of human relations . . . interest her most and each of the stories is an attempt to elucidate some particular problem or mystery in man's behavior.[44]

Getting more socially conscious, and realizing the validity and relevance of Rizal's ideals to the present, a number of young writers have taken to stories dealing with the uplift of the masses, social justice and freedom--even with sainthood which nowadays is predominantly an interest in commitment, involvement, or engagement in community.[45] In the stories of sainthood, the influence of Georges Bernanos and T. S. Eliot are evident.

The use of literary myth has also fascinated the Filipino short story writer. Indigenous, as well as

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[44]Harry John Mooney, Jr., The Fiction and Criticism of Katherine Anne Porter (Pittsburgh, 1957), 5.

[45]Barbara Gusdorf, "Concepts of Sainthood in the Novels of Albert Camus and Graham Greene" (unpublished Ph.D. dissertation, Michigan State University, 1968), 10.

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Christian and Greco-Roman mythic materials, have been regenerated and enlivened with renewed significance.

The craft through which these subjects are presented is also characterized by experimentation of technique which is a marked feature of Western literature. There is a defined effort towards the achievement of a unity of effect, and the conflicts employed are more significant--not only to the Filipino experience, but also to the universal. Action is made to grow out of the conflicting motives of character.

Some stories which focus on a human truth approach the Chekhovian short story, the form of which "seems to be naturally arrived at instead of being hammered out."[46] They deal with simple, undramatic lives and the progression towards a climax is not over-emphasized.

Character revelation is achieved in a number of ways: through the use of symbolic names, through atmosphere and settings as effected by Henry James and James Joyce, through dreams to portray weakness or inability to confront the present or a problem, through dramatic revelation, and through literary echoes and allusions.

Bold experiments have also been tried with the point of view: the elimination of the "I" narrator, the

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[46] T. O. Beachcroft, The Modest Art (New York, 1968), 123-124.

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Interesting stylistic influences of James Joyce and Ernest Hemingway are seen in the use of the exact word, the repetition of key words in description to produce a simplification with hypnotic effect; the Joycean use of external detail and recurrent imagery; and the metaphysical conceit.

Commenting on the American short story writer's attitude to his craft and his concept of fiction as a significant art form, Ray B. West, Jr. says that:

> James, like Poe saw fiction as one of the highest forms of art, perhaps the form most characteristic of our age.
> . . . . . .
> It seems clear, too, that James' work was as much as anything the result of his attitude toward his craft; and it is this attitude, reflected in the work itself, to which we refer primarily when we speak of James' influence upon the present.
> . . . . . .
> . . . this increased awareness of the problems of craftsmanship on the part of the American short-story writer . . . has seen the short story mature as a form of literature as genuinely artful as such older forms as lyric or narrative verse, more popular than drama.[47]

This attitude of the American writer to his craft has also influenced the Filipino writer's philosophy of art. In the introduction to a collection of short stories by

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[47]West, 20-25.

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N. V. M. Gonzalez,[48] Francisco Arcellana quotes a paragraph from one of the stories:

> Lupo taught him to work the rattan this way and that, never sacrificing pattern for strength, never losing your purpose and yet taking every care to make out of something ordinary a beautiful thing.[49]

This he said is central to the art of N. V. M. Gonzalez, and he goes on to say that:

> It is the formulation of an artistic faith. The terms of this faith are first, that art is a working with material, a skill, a craft; second, that art springs from strength as readily as from suffering; third, that art should be purposive, and fourth, that art is the making of a beautiful thing.[50]

That this artistic faith is shared by the other Filipino short story writers is attested to by N. V. M. Gonzalez himself:

> The writer in English . . . keeps on sharpening his tools so that they come bright and clean and are not allowed to stay in the cupboard where they will grow rusty from his not having used them. A Hemingway principle--and the Filipino writer knows only too well what Hemingway has done with it.[51]

If this is his philosophy of art, what is his philosophy of life? How does he view man, the universe, and God? This study will also show that Western humanism has

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[48] Children of the Ash-Covered Loam and Other Stories (Manila, 1954), vii.

[49] "Lupo and the River," Ibid., 68.

[50] "The Art of N. V. M. Gonzalez," Ibid., viii.

[51] "In a Borrowed Tongue," 30.

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influenced his concepts of these. He believes in the dignity of man and in his inalienable rights, and he has a deep and lasting faith in God.

To trace these influences, external and internal evidences will be pointed out. However, in some cases, certain difficulties were encountered in gathering external evidence. These were due partly to the dearth of published material on individual authors, since the publishing industry in the country is not yet fully developed. In fact, as has been pointed out earlier, many of the prize-winning literary pieces have been lost because of publication inadequacies. To complement the scanty published material on the writers, letters of inquiry were sent to them. For various reasons, not a sufficient number of responses was received. For one thing, some authors turned out to be out of the Philippines on writing or teaching grants. And the not too efficient Philippine mail service contributed to the long delays in getting information on the authors' whereabouts. As for those in the country, Prof. N. V. M. Gonzalez called my attention to the fact that most of them are saddled with manifold economic, social, and literary responsibilities and might not find it possible to squeeze within their tight schedules the time to write their responses.[52] This is indeed true, for in

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[52]In a long-distance telephone conversation with him on December 2, 1970.

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addition to their writing, many of them hold regular eight-hour-a-day jobs and also teach literature or creative writing courses at the various universities in Manila and Quezon City. Hence, I took a trip to the Philippines to seek personal interviews with the authors. But owing to the present critical economic and political situation of the country and also to the authors' busy schedules, it was not possible to interview all of them. While I was there, domestic air and land transportation facilities were paralyzed due to strikes encouraged and supported by the student populace. Government and private agencies, as well as colleges and universities were closed for as long as the strikes lasted, because riots plagued the streets of Manila and Quezon City. Thus, to trace external evidences in this study, one of the following methods or where possible, a combination of these will be employed: citation of published material on the literary background of the Filipino authors in general, citation of published material on or by a specific author, correspondence with the author, long-distance telephone conversation with the author, and a personal interview with the author.

To illustrate the method of this study, let us take the short story written by Nick Joaquin for the Fourth Centennial of Christianization issue of the Philippines Free Press, and which won the first prize

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in the 1964-65 PMA: "Doña Jeronima."[53] Unfortunately, Nick Joaquin was one of the few authors whom I was unable to interview, but this particular story of his illustrates very well what the Filipino writer has done to enrich indigenous material with American, English, and European literary traditions.

As a young man, Nick Joaquin, had aspired to a religious life, and he entered Albert College in Hong Kong in 1947, but left the cloistered life of the seminary in 1950. He has published Prose and Poems, a collection of short stories, poems, and a play entitled "The Portrait of the Artist as Filipino." One of the stories in the collection, "The Summer Solstice," was read by Lionel Trilling to his classes in writing. His novel, A Woman with Two Navels, won the first Stonehill Fellowship in 1960, and the Republic Cultural Heritage Award in 1961. Of all the Filipino writers, he most of all, has recognized the debt of the country to Spain, and the pervading theme of his writings is: the modern Filipino's betrayal of his past.

In "Doña Jeronima," Joaquin uses a mythic method akin to T. S. Eliot's. In this connection, Manuel E. Viray points out in his article "Certain Influences on

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[53] PFP (May 1, 1965). All subsequent references to this story will be given in the text immediately following the quotation.

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Filipino Writing" that T. S. Eliot is one of the American writers who has indeed influenced Filipino writers. Commenting on the Filipino writers' familiarity with T. S. Eliot, he says: "Is it a wonder then . . . that today [1953] you may find Filipino writers sharply disputing T. S. Eliot's poetic strategies, over a plateful of steaming rice, salted eggs and tomatoes?"[54] Nick Joaquin himself refers to T. S. Eliot's mythic method in his article, "Expression in the Philippines."[55] In it, he points out a parallel between the diversity and complexity of Philippine culture on one hand, and the mythic method of T. S. Eliot on the other:

> One analogy would be the rearrangement which, according to T. S. Eliot, each really new work of art forces on the established order of all previous works of art. Those previous works of art are not thereby annulled; rather do they become transfigured, because [they are] recognized from the viewpoint of the new work of art. Eliot himself, by being new, caused the "rearrangement" that made the long-obsolete Donne contemporary. And the modern poet's sophisticated reading of Donne is equivalent to the modern Filipino's adoption of the sarimanok or the capiz shell. The adoption is not, can not be, a return to the pristine, as Donne today is not the 17th century alone, but the 17th century plus the modern sensibility.[56]

In "Doña Jeronima," Joaquin enriches a native myth with not only the Christian but also with echoes,

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[54] Philippine Writing, 331.

[55] PFP (April 20, 1968).

[56] Ibid., 16.

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allusions, parallels, and adaptations from Joseph Conrad, T. S. Eliot, Dante, and Sir Thomas Malory. A popular tale, the legend also appears in a chapter of Jose Rizal's El filibusterismo, when the Manila bigwigs were on board a steamer on the Pasig River that runs through the city of Manila:

> Once upon a time there was a student who had made a promise of marriage to a young woman in his country, but it seems that he failed to remember her. She waited for him faithfully year after year, her youth passed, she grew into middle age, and then one day she heard a report that her old sweetheart was the Archbishop of Manila. Disguising herself as a man, she came round the Cape and presented herself before his grace, demanding the fulfillment of his promise. What she asked was of course impossible, so the Archbishop ordered the preparation of the cave that you may have noticed with its entrance covered and decorated with a curtain of vines. There she lived and died and there she is buried. The legend states that Doña Jeronima was so fat that she had to turn sidewise to get into it. Her fame as an enchantress sprung from her custom of throwing into the river the silver dishes which she used in the sumptuous banquets that were attended by crowds of gentlemen. A net was spread under the water to hold the dishes and thus they were cleaned. It hasn't been twenty years since the river washed the very entrance of the cave, but it has gradually been receding, just as the memory of her is dying out among the people.[57]

Joaquin deletes the unglamorous detail of Doña Jeronima's obesity, and adds the character of Gaspar, the Archbishop's man-servant. The simple tale of love, betrayal, and its appeasement is imbued with the theme of illusion and reality and is turned into a quest--a spiritual one on the part of the Archbishop.

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[57] The Reign of Greed, trans. Charles Derbyshire (Manila, 1958), 24-25.

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The powerful and ambitious Archbishop of Manila is captured by pirates while he is on his way to a council in Mexico which he had hoped would open new horizons for him, including the papacy. Having been bound to the cross of the mast, he survives the shipwreck caused by a sudden storm. He is borne to a desert isle where he is marooned for a year, during which time he passes in meditation and sees "what a vanity, what a fraud" his life has been for he had joined the religious life "craving not piety but power." He sees himself "hollow," but by virtue of his miraculous survival and rescue, the people welcome him as a saint.

After his illumination on the desert isle, he is impelled into an irresistible quest for the "heart of stillness, wherein must reside the reality that was himself" (10). He withdraws with his man-servant into a retreat along the Pasig where he becomes aware of "eyes" watching him. They prove to be Doña Jeronima, "all shrouded and veiled in white," with the ring by which he had pledged his love years ago, and now demands fulfillment of the pledge. This being impossible, he prevails upon her to return to her home in bat land, while he studies the matter to "see how the law may requite her." With her emergence from the distant past, the Archbishop falters in his certitude about reality. He fears to pursue the quest--not from fear of "failure of

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flesh, but of faith" (109). In their next meeting, the prelate asks for release from his pledge, and informs Doña Jeronima of his plan to place her in a nunnery. In anger, she flings the ring into the river, which had been the same witness to their vow of love in happier days. He falls seriously ill, and in his delirious fever, he screams of a "wild river he must pass over. But he crosses the crisis" (111). Doña Jeronima appears again, this time in "penitential mauve, a white cord and a black shroud on her head" (111). She confesses that it was not really her love that had caused her to demand fulfillment of the pledge, but her pride. They "shrive" each other, and she retires to a cave across from his retreat along the Pasig. With her retirement there, fertility comes to the land, but it is looked upon by the "honest folk" with "superstitious dread." They accuse her of witchcraft and report "how they have seen a young man come to this woman at night and stay with her all night in her cave, even till the break of dawn" (114). The Archbishop comes to her rescue, and promises the people to look into the matter himself. Whereupon, he and Gaspar "ride forth" to bat land, all the while the Archbishop wondering if revelation were close at hand. They both spy her prostrate on a slab of stone, praying and wailing. Her keening rent the stillness of the night so much that it seemed "here wailed the whole world's conscience in

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contrition" (115). And as soon as she disappears into her cave, the watchers witness a "young man, gallant in hose and doublet and plume hat, row a boat to the cave where a pair of arms welcome him in an embrace" amidst radiance, soft music and revelry. At this, Gaspar determines to go and slay the "noxious dam and her tupper," but he comes upon no one save the cold, dead remains of the woman. He reports this to his master, who seems unsurprised and who declares that he, too, feels his hour upon him for he has gazed upon his ghost. The prelate passes away after three days of lingering illness.

The conflict centers upon the Archbishop's anxiety: "Which was the reality: the temporal or the spiritual realm?" (109). It is a conflict which is significant and universal. From the state of spiritual dryness which he discovers himself in, he journeys through penitence, renunciation, and meditation to the beatific vision that he beholds at the end.

The spiritual quest is evolved through a harmonious synthesis of literary echoes, allusions, parallels, and adaptations. Symbolically, he goes through a rebirth during the shipwreck, for it is only after this that he becomes aware of his spiritual sterility. Crucified on the cross of the mast, he is a Christ figure, the saviour of mankind symbolized in Doña Jeronima. In their conversation when she goes to him in a spirit of

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penitence he says: "I have been the tool of God for your illuminations, Jeronima--. . ." (112). And later she is described in her penitence as: "Prostrating herself on a slab of stone, she began to pray; and such a keening rent the stillness it seemed that here wailed the whole world's conscience in contrition" (115). He, too, is akin to Antonio, and Doña Jeronima to Shylock when she says: "But because it was not you I loved but my pride, nothing would do but I must flush you out, to be hailed, to be claimed, to be fetched, to be carried away, as though you were a weight of meat I had bought at the market or property that bore my brand" (112). The casting of the ring into the river and his plan to place Doña Jeronima in a nunnery evoke the concluding part of Le Morte d'Arthur. Excalibur, King Arthur's sword, is cast into the water; and Queen Guienevere seeks refuge in a nunnery after the death of King Arthur. And, like the questers for the Holy Grail, the Archbishop sees the final vision only after his heart has been purified.

In the original legend, Doña Jeronima disguises herself as a man when she goes to demand fulfillment of the pledge. In Joaquin's version, the Archbishop first grows aware of her in the haunting form of "eyes watching and feet following." Very gradually, the "figure with no face, no arms, but only what seemed a headless whiteness," (10) assumes a human figure, "a woman in white, and

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veiled in white from head to foot, her face hid in the white veil, and nothing of her save a hand clutching the veil at the throat" (10). All these, the Archbishop conjures from "a corner of an eye" (10). A parallel between this and Beatrice's appearance to Dante in Canto XXX of the "Purgatorio" is apparent. Beatrice appears as a veiled lady clad in the colors of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and addresses Dante by name, severe in look and in speech because of Dante's disloyalty to her. In this connection, Ethel Cornwell has pointed out that Eliot's ideas of reality are best revealed in his symbolic use of "the eyes and . . . in 'The Hollow Men' become the central image of the poem and suggest Beatrice's eyes which awoke Dante to spiritual vision in the 'Purgatorio'."[58] Although the Archbishop falters in his certitude about reality, he does not allow his doubt to paralyze his will; he acts. And like Dante, gets his "eyes" opened and sees the final vision, while the "hollow men" whose wills are paralyzed do not.

The characters of Marlowe and Kurtz in Conrad's "Heart of Darkness" are fused into the Archbishop's. Like Marlowe, he journeys toward a recognition of the evil that is in the human heart. And like Kurtz, he is "hollow no holy man, but the shell of a man" (10). Yet,

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[58] The "Still Point" (New Brunswick, 1962), 30.

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both Kurtz and he are ironically worshipped by the "natives." However, unlike Kurtz, he is not "hollow at the core." He looks forward to an epiphany: " . . . he had from day to day, moved deeper into the heart of the stillness, where must reside the reality that was himself, . . . the being waiting to be revealed at the core of the stillness, . . ." (10). And he does experience the epiphany. While, "Kurtz, . . . despite his final relative victory of self-knowledge, cannot avert his damnation."[59] To the prelate, it is not a "heart of darkness," but a "heart of stillness." A "heart of stillness" that approaches Eliot's "still point."

For, while the "still point" as a concept of union with an outside spiritual center has been a commonplace among Christian and Buddhist writers for centuries,[60] it is likely that Joaquin derived his "heart of stillness" from Eliot whose concept of it was developed as an answer to and an escape from the modern Waste Land.

Ethel Cornwell sums up his concept of it as:

> . . . the "still point" . . . the source of all energy, pattern, and movement, the spiritual center where all opposites are reconciled, the complete vision perceived, complete reality experienced, and complete being attained. One may experience temporary union with the still point in moments of acute mental and

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[59]Grover Smith, T. S. Eliot's Poetry and Plays: A Study in Sources and Meaning (Chicago, 1965), 104.

[60]Cornwell, 5.

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> emotional awareness, such as the moment of ecstasy. Ultimate, final union with the still point, however, may be obtained only by a life time of conscious effort, a Christian way of life, for union with the still point is equivalent to union with God.
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> . . . . . .
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> As finally presented, Eliot's still point involves four characteristic features: the concept of certain absolutes--such as complete reality, complete being, the complete vision--all of which involve a reconciliation of opposites; the concept of an abstract, spiritual center outside of oneself, from which emanates all movement, pattern and meaning, and with which one must identify himself to maintain his spiritual development and achieve such absolutes as "real" being, the whole vision; emphasis upon the timeless moment--of ecstasy, of reality, of illumination--a moment of acute mental and emotional awareness, independent of time past or time future, that enables one to experience temporary union with the still point . . .; emphasis upon a conscious way of life, a definite set of requirements as the only means of attaining permanent union with the center and final realization of the absolute one seeks.[61]

Joaquin's "heart of stillness" approaches it. The Archbishop is washed to a "desert isle, a dry isle" comparable to the "waste land." While "naked on the naked isle," he experiences a moment of reality, of illumination--a moment of acute mental and emotional awareness--of the incompleteness of his reality, of his being, and of his vision. This moment of "stillness" impels him to move deeper toward the "heart of stillness," but the epiphany is interrupted by his rescue. The interruption is indeed, necessary, for to find the "heart of stillness," or Eliot's "still point," the satisfaction of the whole being must be achieved. Ethel Cornwell shows such a satisfaction

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[61] Ibid., 4-7.

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of the whole being in her study of Eliot's "still point" as presented in The Family Reunion and in Four Quartets.[62] Like Harry's in The Family Reunion, the prelate's vision in the beginning is fragmentary. Harry has to go home in order to find himself. Not till then can he actually "see" and come to terms with the Fates who have been pursuing him. He has to recover his past, confront his childhood self, and discover its meaning before the "hidden is revealed, and the specters show themselves." She also points out the:

> parallel between Harry's effort to recapture the past and Eliot's effort in Four Quartets, to recapture the moment in the rose garden . . . to recapture the ecstatic moment experienced in the garden; and the ecstatic moment is one way of reaching the still point, one way of seeing the whole vision.[63]

The Archbishop undergoes similar experiences before he sees the whole vision. After his rescue, he retires to a retreat along the Pasig River, "the benevolent river, the brown river that had played with him in childhood and proferred the first love of youth" (109). There he becomes aware of "eyes watching and feet following"--that he is being haunted. At first, he has "haphazard views of his haunter, undulant fractions he could not, for a time, . . . piece together into human figure" (10). But the figure

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[62] Ibid., 24.

[63] Ibid., 25.

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finally becomes complete in the form of Doña Jeronima, who is a resurgence from his past. While he is instrumental in making her see the impure motive she had for demanding fulfillment of his pledge; yet it is she who, like Agatha who leads Harry to the spiritual vision in the rose-garden, leads the Archbishop to the spiritual vision at the Pasig River. And this culminates the spiritual journey--through a Christian way of life--that the Archbishop has started on since that moment of illumination on the "desert isle." When death comes, he is ready for it, ready for the everlasting union with God.

The Pasig River, which is the dominant symbol in the legend is comparable to the rose-garden. The river is a center where all opposites are reconciled: "The river was childhood's friend and youth's matchmaker and had become the old man's fiend" (111). And it is also the "apocalyptic river"--where the complete vision is perceived, complete reality experienced, and complete being attained.

Writing of the "metaphysical hungers" of an Archbishop who lived in the seventeenth century, Joaquin uses a literary style appropriate to it. The first paragraph is a long-winded sentence characteristic of the prolixity of that age. To the seventeenth-century writers, prolixity or the copia is "more than a mere profusion of words and phrases and parallel sentences. It is a mirror to the

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wide reading of voluminous minds; it is an index to the fullness of their knowledge."[64] Joaquin also enriches his one sentence paragraph with allusions: ". . . the man twice saved by the Sign of the Cross; and fed on the desert isle, 'twas said, by ravens, like Elijah, and with manna from heaven, like the Israelites" (9). Figurativeness (the use of metaphors, similes, analogies, and paradoxes) and rhetorical ornament (the use of parallelism, repetition, and antithesis) are the methods used to describe the prelate's awareness of his spiritual sterility:

> On the island, all his appetites stilled, he had, from day to day, moved deeper into the heart of stillness, where must reside the reality that was himself, a being undisturbed by the shifts in feeling and fortune of a man's life, as the island's rock endured, unchanged, amid the flux of the waters and the alternation of day and night, no transient green to disguise its essential bone, but always itself in very bleakness and bareness, as hard and fixed (thought the Archbishop) as must be the being waiting to be revealed at the core of the stillness, the mysterious being he hunted and pursued unceasingly, day and night, even as he squatted motionless and cross-legged at the foot of the cross in the edge of the rock . . . and he had therefore suffered the hollow man to be taken for holy man, waiting patiently to resume the stillness, the interrupted epiphany toward which he had moved on the island, . . . the interruption was itself part of the movement.
>
> Even his old foes were, however warily, ready to cry miracle, when as time passed, the change all noted in him itself remained unchanged, and there was, with the return of health, no return of the furious old fellow and his turbulencies . . . (10)

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[64] "Seventeenth-Century Prose," Seventeenth-Century Prose and Poetry, ed., Robert P. Tristram Coffin and Alexander M. Witherspoon (New York, 1946), 2.

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The language also abounds in the inverted sentence order, characteristic of Milton; and Doña Jeronima uses a parable, a device used by Donne to astound his readers into acceptance,[65] to voice her complaint to the prelate's court.

In "Doña Jeronima," Joaquin achieves a synthesis of the native and the foreign, and of the individual and the universal. The singleness of effect that is vital to the short story is sustained throughout, and the fecundity of the literary echoes and references heighten the spirit of the quest.

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[65] Seventeenth-Century Prose, 9.

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CHAPTER I

INITIATION AND RECOGNITION

That the American short story is basically a story of initiation has been noted by a host of literary critics, including Ray B. West, Jr.[1] As such,

> It suggests that the ordinary means of dealing with the problems of existence are, first, to recognize that there is a problem, second, to understand that the problem is capable of only a limited solution. It assumes that a primary step in the achievement of knowledge is the recognition that though human justice is desirable, it is not immediately attainable. It assumes, further, that an important stage in the process of self-understanding has been achieved when one learns to live with knowledge. Such is the initiation which all must undergo.[2]

And since the Filipino writer, as has been pointed out in the introduction, is a disciple of the American, it is no wonder, therefore, that the theme of initiation also permeates his literary attempts. This is most noticeable in the FPSC and PMA prize stories, especially in those of the early fifties. In 1950-51, for instance, all three of the FPSC prize stories were initiation stories and all narrated by young boys. It is the purpose of this chapter to show

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[1] West, 96.

[2] Ibid., 95-96.

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what the Filipino writer has done with the themes of initiation and recognition. The stories of initiation show a character's progress from innocence to knowledge; and the stories of recognition that of a character's illumination from illusion to reality. An attempt shall be made to show the following influences here: John Steinbeck's in stories of initiation into a knowledge of birth and death; Henry James' in stories showing a recognition of evil; Katherine Anne Porter's in stories depicting beginning awareness of need for love; Ernest Hemingway's in stories of young adults looking "for a place under the sun;" and those of Anderson, Faulkner, Joyce, and Freud in the stories of recognition. The narrative techniques that the Filipino writer has used or borrowed to give shape and form to these themes and how his concept of reality has informed his treatment of these shall also be pointed out.

Innocence to Knowledge

N. V. M. Gonzalez' comment that the themes of Philippine literature in English are those of initiation and discovery has been pointed out in the introduction. And a close study of his own writings indeed reveals the prevalence of these themes. Such interest in these themes, must have stemmed in part from his own participation at writing centers and schools in the United States--at the Stanford Writing Center, the University

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of Denver, Kenyon College, the University of Kansas Writers' Conference, and Breadloaf. As one of the country's most prolific writers today, he has received all of the major Philippine literary awards. His stories have appeared in a number of American magazines--Poetry, the Sewanee Review, the Pacific Spectator, the Hopkins Review--and in Martha Foley's Honor Roll (1952). On leave from the University of the Philippines where he teaches creative writing and where he edits the literary periodical Diliman Review, he is currently teaching English at California State College in Hayward, California.

His Children of the Ash-Covered Loam and Other Stories, 1954, is the creative result of a Rockefeller Foundation fellowship to Wallace Stegner's writing classes at Stanford. Two of the stories in the collection: "Children of the Ash-Covered Loam" (Second Prize, FPSC, 1951-52) and "Lupo and the River" (Second Prize, PMA, 1952-53) are initiation stories with apparent influences of Steinbeck's The Red Pony. In this regard, Andres Cristobal Cruz, Assistant Director of the Philippine National Library attests to the fact that Steinbeck's stories have indeed served as models to the Filipino short story writers. He says: "The first short stories . . . had for models . . . the stories of O. Henry, Poe and later of Steinbeck,

Farrell and Hemingway."[3] N. V. M. Gonzalez himself has manifested his familiarity with Steinbeck. In his article cited earlier, he says this of the Filipino literary audience:" . . . [they] know comparatively more about W. S. Maugham . . ., Hemingway, and Steinbeck than about Filipino literature in Tagalog, partly because the works of these authors are on sale on the bookstands."[4] And in another article wherein he comments on the advantages that the Filipino writers in English have over the writers in Tagalog, he refers to Steinbeck as one of the American writers from whom the Filipino writer in English has learned his craft. He says:

> If, at the moment, the writers in English feel a special preeminence, it is because they are certain that because of the help which the tradition of British and American literature has given them, they are more accomplished in the use of the instrument . . .
>
> . . . We [Filipino short story writers in English] have had our fill, for example, of the raw and unrelieved realism of Erskine Caldwell and Steinbeck, of the so-called hard-boiled Hemingway prose.[5]

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[3]"Philippine Writing in English: A Need for Affirmation and Renewal," Equinox I: An Anthology of New Writing from the Philippines, ed. F. Sionil Jose (Manila, 1965), 6.

[4]"In a Borrowed Tongue," 27.

[5]"Imaginative Writing in the Philippines," a paper delivered as a lecture at the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore on May 9, 1952 and later published in Philippine Writing, ed. T. D. Agcaoili (Manila, 1953), 327.

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He also says that he had read Steinbeck's The Red Pony when he wrote his Children of the Ash-Covered Loam and Other Stories.[6]

In the initiation stories of Jody in The Red Pony, Steinbeck commemorates the natural instincts of man and the values of agrarian life, a commemoration which also suffuses Gonzalez' initiation stories of young boys in the "kaingin"[7] of Mindoro. The methods used by Gonzalez in tracing the initiation of Tarang in "Children of the Ash-Covered Loam" and of Pisco in "Lupo and the River" are also reminiscent of Steinbeck's methods in The Red Pony. Jody learns from his observations of the primitive life around him and from his chores, and so do Tarang and Pisco. What is totally experienced by Jody in the collected stories are experienced separately by the two "kaingin" boys.

Some of Jody's initiation experiences in "The Gift" and in "The Promise" are reflected in Tarang's experiences in "Children of the Ash-Covered Loam." Both boys come from homes where discipline is enforced. Jody obeys his father in everything without questions of any kind, and Tarang's father greets him upon coming home

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[6]In the same long-distance telephone conversation with him mentioned in the Introduction, 30.

[7]A system of farming in which clearings are made by burning parts of the forest.

after the day's work with: ". . . have you been good?" Similarly, their mothers make reports on their behavior to the disciplinarian fathers. Jody gets reported as being "Big Britches" and Tarang as being "hard-headed." Yet such disciplinary measures resorted to are not untempered with love.

Jody is charged with the responsibility of looking after the pony, Gabilan, in "The Gift" and later looking after the mare, Nellie, in "The Promise." Tarang, in addition to his other chores in his father's "kaingin" where superstitious beliefs and practices prevail, is similarly charged with looking after a pig. The initiation of both boys focuses on their care of their respective animal charges. But the experiences of Tarang and of Jody in "The Promise" are more propitious than those of Jody in "The Gift," where Jody is initiated into a knowledge of failure and loss: in the fallibility of man as exemplified in Billy, the farm hand; and in the inevitability of the end or death of living things as seen in the death of his gift, Gabilan. And later on, in the death of Nellie, the mare, in "The Promise." However, he also learns that the sacrifice of the mare's life made possible the birth and life of the colt. Tarang's initiation focuses more on the expectancy of life--in its beginning rather than in its ending; how life emerges from the dark womb of the land: in the sow's

getting its litter; in the rice grain's pressing forward, up the ash-covered loam; and in his mother's expecting another child. While Tarang witnesses no difficulties in the sow's getting its litter, Jody's frightful experience with the birth of life has a parallel in Tarang's hearing Tia Orang's old wives' tale about a certain woman's misfortune of not giving birth to a child but to a batch of "leeches." He also learns a lesson in "sacrifice," when his father barters his mother's "camisa" for a pullet that the family needed to offer to the "anitos"[8] of the land for a good crop.

The meticulous details in which Steinbeck goes about describing Jody's care for Gabilan and Nellie also have their match in Gonzalez's detailed descriptions of Tarang's care of the sow: details in protecting the animals from the rain, in feeding them, and in scratching their swelling bellies with excitement and joy for the anticipated births.

As an appropriate setting for the breeding of Nellie, Steinbeck uses a background of growing vegetation: "The wild oats were ripening. Every head bent sharply under its load of grain, and the grass was dry enough so that it made a swishing sound as Jody and Bill stepped

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> Tarang brought up the rear, and he saw many holes that the sticks had made which had not been properly covered. He stopped and tapped the seed grains gently in with his big toe. He wondered about in this way; eyes to the ground, quick to catch the yellow husk of the grains. They were bits of gold against the gray of the ashy ground. He would stop and press each little mound of grain gently, now with his left big toe, now with his right. . . .
> . . . . . .
> It seemed that at this very hour the rice grains, too, would be pressing forward, up the ash-covered loam, thrusting forth their tender stalks through the sodden dirt. He thought he caught the sounds that the seeds also made.[10]

In going into the details of "kaingin" farming, Gonzalez not only celebrates the joys and trials of his people's primitive culture, but also provides a fitting background for his initiation of Tarang into a knowledge of the life cycle.

It is also interesting to note how Steinbeck and Gonzalez use "rain" and "water" in their stories. While in "The Gift," the rain causes the death of the pony Gabilan; "rain" in "Children of the Ash-Covered Loam" brings life to the barrio of Malig. In "The Promise" a

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[9] The Portable Steinbeck, ed. Pascal Covici (New York, 1965), 383. All subsequent references to this edition will be given in the text immediately following the quotation.

[10] Children of the Ash-Covered Loam and Other Stories (Manila, 1954), 24-26. All subsequent references to the stories in this collection will be given in the text immediately following the quotation.

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stream of "singing water" serves as a soothing balm to Jody as well as a background for his daydreams in anticipation of the young colt. Likewise, Tarang waits in expectant wonder and joy for the sow's litter in a background of "singing rain."

Within the frame of each one's experiences, each boy senses a sudden upsurge of manhood. After Jody gets Nellie to care for, "His shoulders swayed a little with maturity and importance: . . . He went to his work with unprecedented seriousness . . ." (379). Tarang experiences similar feelings of growing up, especially after he learns that his mother was expecting another child: "He was a man now, he felt" (32). In Tarang's initiation as well as in Pisco's, which we shall see next, Gonzalez echoes Steinbeck's definition of maturity in The Red Pony: maturity which is among other things the assumption of responsibility.

Jody's experiences in "The Great Mountains" are also paralleled by Pisco's in "Lupo and the River." Both boys get initiated into a knowledge of death through self-destruction. Jody is "held by a curious fascination" to Gitano, an old "paisano" who has grown too old to work and has come back to die where he was born. Knowing that he has outlived his usefulness and finding his old birthplace not only changed but owned by strangers who do not want to have anything to do with him, Gitano steals a

horse, which like him was too old to work, and heads for the mountains where Jody knows he will undoubtedly commit suicide. Likewise, Pisco feels compassion for Lupo, whom he admires and whom his fickle foster sister, Paula, sends to self-destruction. The dilemma of Gitano and Lupo are respectively unfolded through the points of view of Jody and Pisco.

The violent deaths in both stories are progressively foreshadowed by a nature symbol and by the devices of the dream/daydream and of "peering in" or overhearing. Carl Tiflin's brutal attitude toward Gitano during their conversation about Easter, the thirty-year-old horse suggests self-destruction:

> "It's a shame not to shoot Easter," he said. "It'd save him a lot of pains and rheumatism." He looked secretly at Gitano, to see whether he noticed the parallel, . . . "Old things ought to be put out of their misery," Jody's father went on. (368-69)

Lupo's suggested violent nature at the start of the story also foreshadows his capability of self-destruction when he loses face because of his girl's frivolity: "Lupo was almost twenty-five; if he had not married, so people said, it was because the girls were afraid of him. . . . Lupo was ill-tempered; he drank great quantities of 'tuba'[11] which made matters worse" (38).

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[11]Fermented juice gathered from coconut trees.

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Each story employs a nature symbol for presentation of idea and revelation of character. The sorrowful experience that Jody eventually witnesses in Gitano is presented through his reflections on the "curious secret mountains" that were both dear and terrible to him: "He knew something was there, . . . something secret and mysterious" (362). And later, when he meets Gitano, the old "paisano" appears to him mysterious like the mountains:

> There were ranges as far back as you could see, but behind the last range piled up against the sky there was a great unknown country. And Gitano was an old man, until you got to the dull dark eyes. And in behind them was some unknown thing. He didn't ever say enough to let you guess what was inside, under the eyes (371-72).

And in the end, Jody learns that poor Gitano, old and unwanted, riding the ironically named Easter, retreats to the "ferocious mountain range . . . where there'd be nothing to eat" (362).

In Pisco's initiation, the river which is a nature symbol, also figures significantly in the presentation of idea and revelation of character. Pisco sees Lupo's repeated visits thus: ". . . he knew what kept Lupo coming to the hut again and again. It was not usual for one to set out for the river in the flood and in the rain. One did those things for certain reasons, . . ." (39).

The notion of destruction is also prefigured when the raft on which Lupo's house materials for his bride-elect capsizes on the river and the scene is viewed by Pisco and his father:

> They could see the floating coconut that Lupo's head had become as he swam in the water. The "dalapang"[12] had capsized, all wood had fallen into the river. All that material for the hut--posts, rafters, perhaps even the wrist-sized hanga-ray sticks for the kitchen wall--the river had now claimed. A kingfisher flew across the river, shrieking, and disappeared at the palm-covered bend (55).

The river does not only claim the house materials of Lupo, but also produces Aguacil, whose name means water-borne and who causes the discord between Lupo and Paula. He comes to the barrio by way of the river. And during their quarrel, when Lupo says that he was going away, Paula asks, "Where? . . . To Pinagsabangan? To San Roque, perhaps? Or to the river?" (86) After the quarrel, Tia Unday restrains Pisco from following Lupo and says, "Let him alone in the swamp, where he belongs--that beast!" (91)

And it is indeed to the river that Lupo turns in his hour of need: "The buri palm would nourish him, and the river would keep him. He had shamed his bethrothed because she had broken her troth, and maybe in the end the river would counsel him, would tell him what to do" (101). Ironically, the river which is the source of life to the barrio folks as well as Lupo's source of income and counsel, becomes the very setting of his death. Interestingly enough, Jody also observes a paradoxical

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[12]Unwieldy outriggerless raft.

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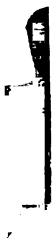
nature in the mountain ranges: "When the peaks were pink in the morning they invited him among them: and when the sun had gone over the edge in the evening and the mountains were a purple-like despair, then Jody was afraid of them; then they were so impersonal and aloof that their very imperturbability was a threat" (362).

Throughout the stories in The Red Pony, Jody dreams and daydreams, especially when he is troubled or when he is anticipating a pleasurable event. In "The Great Mountains," he is fascinated with the mountain ranges and ponders on their "secret and mysterious nature." The foreshadowing effects of these reflections have already been pointed out above. Pisco similarly dreams and daydreams, and these, too, foreshadow the fate of Lupo. Pisco ponders on Lupo's plight and then envisions him giving advice on the care of the fish corral since he was going away, and since Pisco had grown much bigger and would, therefore, be capable of looking after the fish corral himself. Furthermore, he imagines Lupo going in the dark--following the trail whence Pedro Aguacil had come--that which begins at the other side of the river. Later that evening, he dreams twice in his sleep. First, he dreams of a stranger giving him a pair of long pants and a shirt. Note the suggestion of growing up in the long pants. And secondly, he dreams of vague figures, harsh voices, and fireflies throwing their lamps--

suggesting disaster. Waking up from his dreams and thinking about Lupo, he goes to the river where he discovers the floating body of his friend.

Part of Jody's maturation is stumbling into Gitano's secret and being able to keep that secret to himself--a secret which he comes upon in a dark-light motif. Held by a "curious fascination" towards Gitano, he is irresistibly drawn toward the bunkhouse where he is put up for the "very dark night." With the hamebells of a wood team sounding from over the hill, Jody pushed his way across the "dark yard." He sees a light through the window, and because the night is secret, he walks quietly to the window and "peers in." When he finally goes in, he sees Gitano's rapier with a blade like a thin ray of "dark light." And as he goes back to the house across the "dark yard," he knows that he must never tell anyone about the rapier: "It would be a dreadful thing to tell anyone about it, for it would destroy some fragile structure of truth. It was a truth that might be shattered by division" (373).

A like determination not to reveal confidential matter which he overhears also forms part of Pisco's growing up. In a night when the "streets darkened early," the trees "illumined by fireflies," and guitar music seemingly piercing the air, he overhears a quarrel between Lupo's parents regarding the bethrothal. Lupo's mother



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tells her husband "never to darken the doorstep" of the faithless bride-elect's home again. Just like Jody, Pisco resolves to keep this knowledge "to himself . . .; it was his secret" (104).

At the thought of the unhappy fates of Gitano and Lupo, the boys are overcome by solitude: "A sharp loneliness" falls on Jody when he finds Gitano gone; and "a spell of loneliness" seizes Pisco as he wonders whether or not Lupo meant what he said about going away. Of the two boys, though, Pisco seems to master his grief better. Jody is simply overwhelmed with grief as he looks searchingly at the towering mountains to which Gitano had gone: "A longing caressed him, and it was so sharp that he wanted to cry to get it out of his breast. . . . He covered his eyes with his arms and lay there a long time, and he was full of a nameless sorrow" (375). On the other hand, Pisco tries to hold his grief when he discovers Lupo's body in the water. In a one sentence paragraph, Gonzalez simply says: "Pisco pressed his lips and willed himself not to cry" (109). Ending his story this way, Gonzalez avoids the pitfall of sentimentalism.

In both of the initiation stories just reviewed, Gonzalez successfully blends his indigenous materials of the "kaingin" culture with the narrative techniques that he adapts from Steinbeck. In "The Wireless Tower," another initiation story of his, he tells of a boy of

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fifteen, who comes to a knowledge of his human limitations after achieving a feat of climbing an old abandoned wireless tower. As a story of a young boy curious and inquisitive about the world around him, it discloses traces of The Portrait of an Artist As a Young Man. Joyce's Portrait, of course, is a novel of adolescence or of apprenticeship to life and in his preface to the novel, Harry Levine says: "As the record of a developing mind--perhaps the finest example of the pedagogical novel--the Portrait conforms to an educational pattern. Thus in the first chapter Stephen is the youngest boy at Clongowes Wood School. . . ."[13] It is one of Stephen's inquiring experiences at Clongowes, in the second half of the first chapter, that is paralleled in Gonzalez' story.

Intrigued by a big picture of the earth, which looked like a big ball in the middle of the clouds on the first page of his geography book, Stephen writes on its flyleaf: "himself, his name and where he was." It begins with "Stephen Dedalus" then proceeding through class, school, town, county, country, continent, it ends with "The World, The Universe." And on the back side, Fleming, his friend has written Stephen's name, nation, dwelling place, and expectation: "heaven." Stephen

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[13]The Portable James Joyce (New York, 1966), 244. All subsequent references to the Portrait will be given in the text immediately following the quotation.

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reads up and down the flyleaf, and as he comes to his name at the top, he reflects:

> That was he: and he read down the page again. What was after the universe? Nothing. But was there anything round the universe to show where it stopped before the nothing place begun? It could not be a wall but there could be a thin thin line there all round everything. It was very big to think about everything and everywhere. Only God could do that (255).

In depicting the inquisitive mind of Stephen, Joyce employs an intricate pattern of actual experience, memory, and thought connected by free association, parallelism or antithesis, and recurrent images. Thus as Stephen looks at the earth colored green and at the clouds colored maroon by Fleming, he wonders which color was right for each. And pondering on the propriety of the colors, his thoughts stray home to Dante, because she

> had ripped the green velvet off the brush that was for Parnell one day with her scissors and had told him that Parnell was a bad man.
>
> It pained him that he did not know well what politics meant and that he did not know where the universe ended. He felt small and weak (256).

Equally intrigued by the world around him, and by his place in the universe, Roberto Cruz also writes down his name, address, and his contemplated destination for the afternoon: "a hundred and twenty steps heavenward," the top of an abandoned wireless tower, to find out whether or not the rumor that the rod at the top was split

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by lightning is true. He sketches the tower and at the bottom of the page writes:

> To Whom it May Concern:
> I'll be up there.

He signed his name simply, Bert Cruz. He gave his address.

> 27 Real Street
> Buenavista, Buenavista[14]

He climbs the tower and finds the rumor to be true, but more importantly, he finds his minuteness compared to the infinitude of God. During his difficult and challenging climb to the top, he suffers from cramps, and while suffering so, he catches a glimpse of the world below him and feels his inequality to the landscape around him. When he comes down, he

> did not wish to hold up his head proudly, he had no desire to throw out his chest. He remembered the cemetery and the dark road through the trees he had seen earlier; and he did not care to swing his arms about (52-53).

He realizes his human limitations, for after all, isn't his name "Cruz" and his address 27 "Real" Street?

The movement of the story is achieved in a manner approximating that of the Clongowes episode, through the mind of Roberto Cruz--in a combination of sensation, memory, and thought. While Roberto endeavors to complete the page on which he had written his name and birth date

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[14] Look, Stranger, on This Island Now (Manila, 1963), 40. All subsequent references will be given in the text immediately following the quotation.

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and those of his family members, he fails to recall his father's birth date and in trying to refresh his memory, the bending grass on the mountainside catches his eyes. The mountainside directs his gaze towards the tower which in turn reminds him of the rumor about the split rod at the top. This motivates him to climb the tower and find the truth for himself.

As he rises up the tower, he realizes that he has his shoes on, and so he sheds them off, one at a time. Yet--the second one rolls off miraculously toward its mate. He interprets this as a sign, an omen which disturbs him. As a result, the mango groves appear dark, the rustle of leaves frightening, things that cropped off the ground become crosses, and clouds enshroud a warehouse with sheets of dullest lead. But after his moment of truth, things look differently on the way down. The town now glows--roofs and streets and all. The clouds become felt carpets and the forbidding bridge now glows with brass trimmings. As he reaches the ground, he is tempted to feel big because of his triumph, but the memory of the cemetery and the dark road he had seen earlier, disarms him of any overweening claims to glory. Like young Stephen, he realizes how small he was.

Is there any psychological significance in Roberto's difficulty in remembering his father's birth date? And is there any suggestion of revolt or defiance

in his climbing the tower? To give affirmative answers to these questions would perhaps be to push the story beyond its limits. Whether Gonzalez intended his story to have such dimensions or not, the point is, a recognition of the parallels cited between "The Wireless Tower" and the Portrait makes the reading of the former much more meaningful. Here again, as in the two stories studied above, Gonzalez manages an enrichment of local material by the judicious employment of imported technique.

The next three stories show a character's recognition of evil; stories which show influences of Henry James, who according to Ray B. West, Jr. sees more clearly than does Hawthorne or Melville or Mark Twain that the American story is a story of initiation, a recognition of the significance of evil. West further says that James sees life as multiple, with evil as a positive force contesting good and complicating man's problem of moral choice.[15] Frank O'Connor makes a similar observation when he says: "The main theme of James' work, . . . was that of innocence and corruption, and it formed an antithesis about which his whole literary personality shaped itself."[16]

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[15]West, 18-19.

[16]The Mirror in the Roadway (New York, 1956), 228.

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In many of James' stories, the recognition of evil is through a central intelligence which is either a child's, a young woman's, or a young man's. His concern is to direct a "stream of thought" toward a moment of recognition. The main character is at all times seeking an impression of some aspect of the world around him, and it is through shocks of recognition that the stories get their movement.

And on the nature of evil in James' fiction, J. A. Ward observes that it "is embodied in concrete characters and situations and as the characters reflect upon these."[17] He points out a passage on James' essay on Turgenev as James' most explicit comment on evil:

> Life is, in fact, a battle. On this point optimists and pessimists agree. Evil is insolent and strong; beauty enchanting but rare; goodness very apt to be weak; folly very apt to be defiant; wickedness to carry the day; imbeciles to be in great places, people of sense in small, and mankind generally, unhappy (6).

Ward further observes that "James tends to concentrate on the good man's reaction to evil rather than on the guilty man's obsession with his own sin. Thus the vision of evil in James [is] more often the innocent made aware of evil . . ." (9).

A number of the initiation stories under study here also deal with the recognition of evil and in many ways

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[17] The Imagination of Disaster (Lincoln, 1961), 3. All subsequent references will be given in the text immediately following the quotation.

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reflect these. In this connection, Leonard Casper says that "the selection of a boy's point of view which permits a structure based on the growth of an intelligence from innocence to experience"[18] is a Jamesian influence on Filipino writing in English. In Jose Montebon Jr.'s "Bottle Full of Smoke" (Second Prize, FPSC, 1953-54), we see clearly and compassionately the anguish that the young boy, Berto, suffers as he witnesses the cruelty inflicted upon his mother by his father. Through his own impressions, we see not only Berto's initiation into a knowledge of evil in his father's gambling and its concomitant cruelty, but also his ironic capitulation to the evil which he had originally abhorred. Whereas in the beginning, he could not stand to see nor hear cruelty inflicted upon others, he himself becomes cruel to his dog and eventually kills it in order to be kind to his mother. This capitulation to the evil of cruelty is similar to what Ward further says about the nature of evil in James' fiction that "man is not in a condition of absolute depravity but he possesses a latent capacity for evil that is dreadful even when unrealized" (7). The title of the story and the improvised kerosene lamp in the story suggest this nature of man. The perplexing opposition between good and evil that the boy finds himself in complicates his choice, and he succumbs to evil in order to be kind.

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[18] New Writing from the Philippines, 27 and 73.

"The Moneymakers" (Second Prize, FPSC, 1948-49) by Nita H. Umali is another ironic initiation into a knowledge of evil. The little girl initiate comes into a knowledge of evil, but confuses the apparent causes of the evil for the real ones. This is partially the result of her introduction to evil through local superstitions told her by Karia, the maid who is in the family's domestic service because of her parents' debts to the little girl's grandmother. Her father and grandmother having neither the patience nor the time to listen to her, she turns to Karia who answers her curious questions in terms of the semi-primitive lore she knows. One of these is on the evil of moneymaking:

> She said the men who carried big jute sacks slung on their backs and who walked . . . at sunset were moneymakers. Children were inside those sacks. The men carried them to a bridge made of bones and there cut off their heads, then squeezed the blood out of their bodies. That was what they made money out of, children's blood . . . they did not take older people, . . . because when you got old you were no longer innocent and your blood would not make good shiny coins.[19]

And another is on the evil embedded in the grandmother's cane: "It was the dried tail of a 'pagi,' a creature of the seas, though now it looked like an old brown piece of wood with knobs and knots throughout its length . . .

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[19] Philippine Harvest, eds. Maximo Ramos and Florentino B. Valeros (Manila, 1953), 53. All subsequent references will be given in the text immediately following the quotation.

anyone hit by that cane, even playfully, would wither and dry up and get thinner and thinner and die" (56).

Such are the answers she gets from Karia. Constantly seeking an impression of the world around her, she identifies Tino, one of her grandmother's farm tenants and victims of her usurious loan rates and Karia's boy friend, to be one of the moneymakers. And when Tino quarrels with her grandmother because of his accumulated debts and because of his frustrated desire to free Karia of her domestic servility so that they could get married, the little girl ironically sees Tino as the moneymaker aggressor and calls Karia a big liar for telling her that moneymakers made money out of little children when Tino was actually going to make money out of her grandmother.

The events of the story, narrated objectively by the little girl, develop organically. The action grows out of the conflicting motives of the characters, and the atmosphere created is not merely a local coloring of the scene, but becomes one of the techniques by which the story achieves its total effect. Note, for instance, the little girl's concept of the granary and the impression she gets as she looks inside it

> I had never been to the granary before, and because I'd heard so many stories from my friends in town of all the money that we had in there, I asked Grandma if I could go with her.
> . . . . . .
> There was dust billowing around the mounds of gold, and on one mound Tino stood. Of course it was

> only rice that he was knee-deep in, but it did look like gold from afar (56-57).

The story also gets its movement in shocks of recognition. Having heard part of the quarrel the day before, and not knowing what had actually happened in the night, the impact of her grandmother's sudden illness and the sight of her play tub "filled with blood, red and thick," the morning after, shocks her into a conclusion that Tino

> must have come while we were sleeping and must have tried to kill Grandma. Of course he did not know what a light sleeper Grandma was.
>
> Also, Tino did not know that Grandma slept with Grandpa's cane right beside her (60).

And that this was motivated by Tino's greed for money. The last scene with Karia moves the reader into pity for her, who in her concern for Tino and because of her ignorance and superstition, fears and grieves over the superstitious effects of the cane on Tino rather than over the real evil of the situation. This penetrating irony is further heightened by the child's failure to understand the implications of the evils that have been presented through her eyes.

Evil is embodied in both concrete character and situations. The grandmother, who in her ironic physical littleness but protected by her cane "appears taller than Tino," is evil incarnate. And the evils of greed, ignorance, and servitude are compounded in the situation presented.

It has been pointed out earlier in this study that James' most explicit comment on evil is a passage in his essay on Turgenev--that "life is a battle, that evil is insolent and strong; beauty enchanting but rare; goodness very apt to be weak; and folly very apt to be defiant." This polarity between good and evil; beauty and beast is the core of the initiation story "Serenade" (First Prize, FPSC, 1963-64) by N. V. M. Gonzalez. And that Gonzalez is indeed familiar with the literary tradition of Henry James is pointed out by Bienvenido Lumbera:

> Gonzalez is a 'difficult' writer for two reasons: first, he writes in the tradition of Henry James . . ., a tradition associated with the technique of ambiguity; second, the language of his bucolic stories is a sophisticated modulation of Filipino dialectical speech.[20]

Gonzalez himself has prefaced his prize-winning novel, The Bamboo Dancers (1960), with a quote from James. And in a letter to Fr. Miguel A. Bernad, S.J., he explains the function of the passage from James:

> In The Bamboo Dancers, the epigraph from James points to the method [of the novel]. . . . The restraint your reading recognized is a response to the method suggested by James, which originally was James' estimate of Turgeniev's method.[21]

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[20]"The Anthologist as Teacher or Entertainer," Philippine Studies, XII, 1 (January, 1964), 162.

[21]Miguel A. Bernad, S.J., "Appendix II: N. V. M. Gonzalez," Bamboo and the Greenwood Tree (Manila, 1961), 120.

Gonzalez' "Serenade" reflects both Jamesian subject and method. It is the initiation of the young girl Pilar into a knowledge of the good-evil polarity of life. The story is divided into nine parts. The first three parts are unfolded mostly through Pilar's consciousness as she continuously seeks impressions of the world around her; the fourth to the ninth are balanced between Pilar's thoughts and impressions on one hand, and dialogue and incident on the other.

From the start to the finish, there is a "sense of some evil, an imagination of disaster." The story opens with Juan Molino's ejaculation addressed to his daughter Pilar: "I just can't help wondering what fortune could possibly have in store for you!"[22] and ends with father and daughter pondering on the evil that "the beast of the jungle Diego" has inflicted upon Lilay, his sister-in-law. Father and daughter reflect upon it in the "throbbing silence of their 'sala' with Pilar's piano and music in the background--all the music with which she must learn to woo the world into being less harsh and, perhaps, less rude" (80).

The first part establishes the fact that Pilar, though now eighteen and ready for marriage, is still just a child, especially in her father's eyes. To a certain

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[22] PFP (October 24, 1964), 18. All subsequent references will be given in the text immediately following the quotation.

point, she has been indulged, especially in getting her whims of buying and owning "things" satisfied; a craving which she herself cannot explain. She understands her father's concern for her, but she hopes that her father does not compare her with the Tomasa, his commercial boat, "in the kind of fulfillment that she will contribute to his plans" (18).

The second part gives the family commercial background and prosperity, and how Mr. Tanaka, a Japanese gentleman came to board with them. Mr. Tanaka lives a quiet and puzzling life, but it does not bother Pilar's father for after all he pays a handsome rent.

In part three, we see Pilar at her chore of collecting rent money for her father, a chore which she suspects her father has given as a lesson in economics. We follow her thoughts on how her brother Jaime, who had been charged with this chore earlier, somehow did not learn the discipline it was supposed to do him, hence was sent on board the Uranos as a deckhand. But shipboard life failing to straighten him out either; he was eventually sent to the Ateneo, a Jesuit school in Manila emphasizing the humanities.

In part four, the action mounts. The evil that culminates in Diego's beastly assault on Lilay is foreshadowed. Pilar and her young friends go to Kapaklan where Diego tends Juan Molino's coconut groves. While

they are there, the impending evil is portended in Pilar's sinister impressions of the place:

> The place was rocky and as wild with bushes and shrubs as coconut groves were supposed to be in those stories that Pilar recalled from her childhood. More than ever she was certain that little old men with long white beards lived behind those boulders; a butterfly might be a fairy maiden transformed, a bumble bee a witch. As a little girl she had dreaded being taken to the place; its wild shadows haunted her sometimes in her sleep (76).

We see Diego who, in Pilar's eyes, seemed to be always hungry in another sort of way. "He'd give Lilay, who was healthily full-bosomed, an intense, strangely wild look . . ." (77).

In part five Pilar's piano arrives. The warmth and cordiality of the Molino home in entertaining the curious townspeople with the music played on the piano, are in contrast to the foreboding atmosphere of Kapaklan.

In parts six and seven, Pilar shares her piano-playing skill with Adela, and while doing so, they hear the soothing music of Mr. Tanaka's flute.

In parts eight and nine, we see the culminating antithesis between good and evil; beauty and beast. In part eight, Mr. Tanaka's music charms the Molino household and its friends, including the suitors of Pilar; in part nine the beast in the jungle Diego, springs an attack on Lilay who seeks refuge in the Molino household. Juan Molino sends Lilay to the kitchen and Pilar sees this as an attempt of her father to protect her

from whatever blight Lilay was bringing and could spread. Father and daughter then sit silently together, pondering on the evil that Lilay has just been subjected to--and on whatever evil might be lurking at large.

The polarities between good and evil, beauty and beast, are ably objectified in the contrasts in the story. There is the contrast between Pilar's and her brother Jaime's strength in resisting the temptation of squandering the rental money; the contrast between the security of the Molino home and the sinisterness of Kapaklan with its share of fairies, demons, and dragons; the contrast between the happy twitter of the sunbirds and the long blasts of the Uranos suggesting lonely voyages, separation, pain, and suffering; and the contrast between Pilar and Tanaka with their soothing music on one hand, and Diego with his beastly urges on the other.

The central irony lies in Juan Molino, whose name means "mill." He is commercially motivated and thinks food to be the answer to Lilay's predicament, yet he is also the one responsible for instilling a love for the beautiful and spiritual in Pilar, as well as in Jaime, by giving both an education oriented towards the humanities. As a doting father, he is in a way like Dr. Sloper, yet he comes out to be the better father. He gives Pilar responsibilities performed outside of the home and allows her to go out into the world and experience "life" on her own.

In the initiation stories dealing with a young girl's beginning awareness of love, Katherine Anne Porter's influence is marked. This is especially true in the story of Kerima Polotan-Tuvera, "The Trap" (First Prize, PMA, 1955-56 and Third Prize, FPSC, 1955-56) and in Lilia Pablo Amansec's "The Lilies of Yesterday" (First Prize, FPSC, 1957-58; Second Prize, PMA, 1957-58; and winner in the Avery Hopwood and Julie Hopwood Creative Writing Contest, University of Michigan, 1955). Kerima Polotan-Tuvera and Lilia Pablo Amansec have been consistent winners in the FPSC and in the PMA. Kerima Polotan-Tuvera's novel, The Hand of the Enemy won the Stonehill-Philippine PEN Center Award for the Novel, 1961 and the Republic Heritage Award, 1963. "The Trap" is one of her stories included in her collection simply entitled Stories. In the Author's Note to the collection, Kerima Polotan-Tuvera quotes Katherine Anne Porter to explain her reasons for writing. She quotes Porter's statement of faith in the continuity of the arts and in their deep relevancy to the human situation.

"The Trap" and "The Lilies of Yesterday" show traces of Katherine Anne Porter's "Virgin Violeta." All three stories deal with the bewildering torments of a young girl caught in the biological and emotional trap of adolescence, and their themes can be stated in a line

of poetry from Porter's story: "This torment of love which is in my heart:/I know that I suffer, but do not know why."[23]

In addition to their identical themes, certain literary devices and techniques in Porter's story are also employed by Polotan-Tuvera and Amansec, namely: the use of the central point of view; the focus on the perplexity that besets each girl at such a growing stage when one is too old to be a child, yet too young to be an adult; the feeling of love that each experiences but is unable to express; the suggestion of this inexpressible love in terms of animal imagery; and the feeling of guilt that accompanies this feeling of love.

These traces will be shown in the stories separately; first, in "The Trap." Both Violeta of "Virgin Violeta" and Elisa of "The Trap," feel lost in the process of growing up. Violeta feels that no matter what she does, she cannot do things correctly:

> Mamacita was always lecturing her about things. . . . 'You must not run through the house so.' 'You must brush your hair more smoothly.' 'And what is this I hear about your using your sister's face powder?' (32)

Elisa feels the same awkwardness when she says:

> My days were full of bodily pain and a mysterious sense of growing; I moved about carefully, waiting

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[23]The Collected Stories of Katherine Anne Porter (London, 1967), 29. All subsequent references will be given in the text immediately after the quotation.

> for some bit of womanly knowledge to draw on me, a grace, a manner of self, but I fumbled as before and dropped things and was miserable before people.[24]

But what really makes their adolescence difficult is the fact that they are both victims of unrequited love: Violeta for falling in love with a cousin who regards her as no more than an infant; and Elisa for falling in love with her literature teacher. And this inexpressible love which is also unrequited is concretized in terms of a caged animal:

> Violeta gave a sharp sign and sat up straight. She wanted to stretch her arms up and yawn, not because she was sleepy but because something inside her felt as if it were enclosed in a cage too small for it, and she could not breathe. Like those poor parrots in the markets, stuffed into tiny wicker cages so that they bulged though they wither, gasping and panting, waiting for someone to rescue them (33).

Elisa's unutterable love is suggested both in the title and in the last sentence: "The wind had picked up a mournful sound, like the far-off despairing wail of an animal caught in some trap . . ." (21).

However, both girls find poetry an outlet for their unutterable loves. Violeta reads the poetry of Carlos, her poet-cousin who is also the object of her love; while Elisa resorts to her themes written for Mr. Gabriel, her literature teacher and also the object of her love.

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[24] Stories (Manila, 1968), 16. All subsequent references will be given in the text immediately following the quotation.

A feeling of guilt accompanies the feeling of love. Violeta's guilt springs from her convent schooling which taught her modesty, chastity, silence, and obedience. This guilt is subtly and artistically suggested in one of Carlos' poems:

> There was one about the ghost of nuns returning to the old square before their ruined convent, dancing in the moonlight with the shades of lovers forbidden them in life, treading with bared feet on broken glass as a penance for their loves. Violeta would shake all over when she read this. . . . (31)

Likewise, Elisa experiences guilt;

> I felt that if I began to explain I would say more than I should, I would in an onrush of hope tell him everything-- . . . my dreams and the sense of sin that possessed me because I had begun, despite myself, to span with aching arms the emptiness of my youthful bed at night (19).

However, Polotan-Tuvera fails to present Elisa's sense of guilt as effectively as Porter does Violeta's. Hence, "The Trap" fails to evoke the emotional effect that "Virgin Violeta" efficaciously does.

In "The Lilies of Yesterday," the perplexing feeling of first love and its concomitant feelings of awe, pleasure, pain, and guilt are dramatized in detail in the consciousness of Lily, the morning after her twelfth birthday party. She relives the events of the day in her thoughts and as she so reminisces, she gives the reader an insight into her traumatic experiences related to this new knowledge. The transition of her visions from one to another, is competently handled with the use of details:

a pink birthday party dress, a mirror, a door, dolls, rain and a blood stain. The sight of her birthday party dress sets her into a reverie which serves as a very appropriate structural framework of the story, daydreaming being a natural adolescent retreat. Her dolls now stored in a glass case are nothing but mementos of a past childhood. Her sister, Mercedes and her aunt, Maria, who have become impossible to live with ever since they started wearing high heels, keep confusing her with their secret sessions behind closed doors. Through the mirror, she sees herself as Miss Lopez, her old maid teacher, whom Carlito, the self-styled leader of the class, calls Missed Lopez. Her feelings of guilt are objectified in the blood stain on her dress, in her visions of herself as a frightened animal, of Carlito appearing to her as a devil in the rain, and of the priest telling her that she has sinned greatly for being in love.

It is interesting to note that the young boy, with whom Violeta is in love, is named Carlos; and the young man in Lily's dream is Carlito. Violeta is the name of a flower, and so is Lily. Violeta signifying faithfulness and modesty, and Lily, purity. Both flower names are thematically significant.

As in "Virgin Violeta," animal imagery is used to suggest the baffling emotion that Lily feels in her.

Violeta's sense of guilt stems from her religious background and is suggested by the nuns doing penance for the love that was forbidden them, but which they allowed themselves to feel. Similarly, Lily's sense of guilt is caused by her religious background. This is suggested by her envisioning Carlito as a devil in the rain and by her doing penance for the sin of loving him.

"The Lilies of Yesterday" is a better story than "The Trap." It succeeds better for its admirable unity of effect achieved through the competent use of the daydream in which certain details serve as economical and realistic springboards for Lily's thoughts in her state of perplexity. "The Trap" lacks the compactness that holds a short story together.

Earlier in this study, N. V. M. Gonzalez' statement regarding the familiarity of the Filipino writer with Hemingway has been pointed out.[25] And in a number of the stories portraying young adults "looking for a place under the sun," Hemingway's philosophy of despair but not of defeat is echoed. Three such stories will be examined in this section: "The Morning Before Us" (Third Prize, PMA, 1953-54) by Gilda Cordero-Fernando; "The Lost Ones" (Third Prize, PMA, 1955-56) by Silvino Epistola; and "Sharks, Pampanos, and the Young Girls of the Country" by N. V. M. Gonzalez.

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[25]See pages 28 and 47.

Gilda Cordero-Fernando says that her knowledge of Hemingway's philosophy had indeed some bearing on her writing of "The Morning Before Us."[26] The story is a rambling account of the restlessness of a group of young people just out of college: the unnamed narrator "I;" Pepe who wants to be a priest; Nora who wants to marry Pol and have a houseful of kids; Greg who sports a Van Gogh beard; and Inday who smokes incessantly. They consider themselves the "generation lost" and in their restlessness, resort to activities aping those of Hemingway's lost generation:

> . . . we'd take endless walks along the sea wall, haunt art exhibits and writing seminars and poetry readings--or if there were none of those in town, we played cards. Canasta in the morning, bowling in the afternoon. We were the generation lost. We'd sit around one of those outdoor restaurant tables under red-and-white mushroom umbrellas and order cheeseburgers and coca cola, talk earnestly about the problems of the world, about Existentialism, Progressive Jazz, Virginia Woolf, Reincarnation and free love. . . . At intervals Inday would jump to push a coin restlessly into the slot of the jukebox and it would give us an earful of phrenetic jive, hot with trumpets. The noise drowned out our sadness and we were sure only of one thing: we shared the feeling.[27]

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[26] In an interview with her in Quezon City, Philippines on January 6, 1971.

[27] The Palanca Memorial Awards for Literature, Prize Stories, 1950-1955, ed. Kerima Polotan-Tuvera (Manila, 1957), 209. All subsequent references will be given in the text immediately following the quotation.

The focus is especially on the "messy character" Inday, "who bungled everything she did and didn't fit anywhere" (216). Her violent death in an automobile accident jolts the group and "all of a sudden . . . were religious" (216). The story is narrated by an unnamed "I" two years after Inday's death. Pepe has gone to the United States for his religious training; Nora is married to Pol; and Greg and the narrator now work in an office.

A situation of "lostness" paralleling Hemingway's lost generation is presented, yet, except in the case of Inday, who comes from a broken home, the cause of the "lostness" of the others is not made clear. Except Inday, who has been hurt from the break up of her home, the rest have not in any way been wounded, neither have they lost an original code of values. Not having been hurt, and not having lost anything either, how could they suffer from such a feeling of lostness? No emotional conflict can really be possible. The only one who has really lost something and has been hurt is Inday. Yet her "messiness" is exaggerated to a point of incredibility. Even her sudden desire to turn a new leaf just before she meets her death is unrealistically presented. The story also suffers from the narration which is done by rambling "telling" rather than by "showing."[28]

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[28]In the interview with Gilda Cordero-Fernando mentioned above, she said that "The Morning Before Us" was

Silvino Epistola's "The Lost Ones" (Third Prize, PMA, 1955-56) also pursues the theme of the "lostness of a generation." The story poses the question: How is life to be lived? The story is presented through the main character's point of view--Bienvenido Cortez'. In fact, the story is a sequel to "The Beads," Epistola's other prize story (Second Prize, PMA, 1953-54). In "The Beads," Bienvenido Cortez, called Ben by his friends, suffers a loss when his girl friend marries another because of his Prufrockian vacillation between pursuing a college education and marriage. He is hurt by this loss, but he gains a foothold in devoting himself to what he calls "the life of the mind." In "The Lost Ones" we see him as a professor dedicated to anthropology which his friend Phil calls "a neat way of throwing one's self out of life's running." Still a bachelor, he has been to the cafes and night life of Paris, again in a manner similar to that of Hemingway's lost generation.

We learn all these in one night--when he attends a party where he meets old friends and with whom he discusses the right way to live. He persuades himself that money has no real value, and cites the life of Nitong, a playwright friend who has gone to Paris, and is now in North

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one of her very first attempts at short story writing and after years of experience she now sees this particular story's weaknesses.

Africa where he lives a beautiful life of self-fulfillment writing plays. But when Ben gets home from the party, he finds a letter, which Nitong could not even afford to send air mail, asking for a loan of a hundred pesos. Nitong, the free man is a beggar! This shocks him, and the story ends with him still asking: How is life to be lived?

Again, like Fernando-Cordero's story, it does not work. To a college professor of Ben's intellect, and for one who has been to Paris and has seen how the aesthetes live there, Nitong's letter would have been no surprise. The perplexity that confronts Ben at the end does not quite ring true. Here, as in "The Morning Before Us," the idea of a "lostness" which does not exist is forced on the presented situation. The story suffers from other flaws. It is too rambling and there are too many unnecessary sections which impair its unity of effect.

In contrast to these two stories is N. V. M. Gonzalez' "Sharks, Pampanos, and the Young Girls of the Country."[29] The story successfully utilizes the Hemingway therapeutic effect of the natural universe, particularly in the simple sensation of fishing. It tells of a young bank clerk, Bert, who returns to an old stamping ground for a "good nice fishing vacation" (90). Like Nick in "Big Two-Hearted River," he finds the experience very

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[29] Look, Stranger, 85-105. All subsequent references will be given in the text immediately following the quotation.

reinvigorating, and it enables him to face reality better. Early during the first day of fishing, he tries to evade the path along the communal cemetery for he is not comfortable at its sight and at the thought of death. But on the way back, he finds that he does "not feel sentimental any more about the dead under the palms" (101). He finds it easier to accept the thought of death.

The rejuvenating effect of the experience is reinforced by the character of the unnamed boy with whom he goes fishing and with whom he shares his fishing skill. This is reminiscent of Manolo's dramatic role in The Old Man and the Sea. In his introduction to the novel, Carlos Baker says this on the function of Manolo:

> To enlist our sympathy and admiration is, however, only the lesser part of Manolo's dramatic function. For he also serves to introduce . . . the theme of the return, the rediscovery of things past. It involves a doubling back upon one's former paths in order to gain fresh perspectives on the relations between past and present. The process leads to confrontations of various kinds. The protagonist meets all that he formerly was in the full and simultaneous realization of all that he now is. . . .[30]

Just as Manolo serves to recall for Santiago the years of his youth, so does the boy for Bert. Unlike old man Santiago, however, Bert is still in the prime of life, hence, the fresh perspectives gained serve him not only in showing the relationships between the past and the present, but mostly with the future. And Bert, does

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[30] Three Novels of Ernest Hemingway (New York, 1962), x.

indeed tell himself, that with these fresh perspectives gained, he will know how to cut his dreams to size. However, it is not just Bert who learns from the experience. The boy is also initiated into a knowledge of what counts in fishing. It is not the size of the fish that counts, but how one gets the fish. And as the Hemingway men would put it--it is neither the defeat nor the victory that counts, but the struggle.

In the initiation stories outlined above, an attempt has been made to show influences of Steinbeck, Joyce, James, Porter, and Hemingway. In most cases, these influences have enriched the stories. In the next section--stories dealing with illusion and reality--influences of Anderson, Faulkner, Freud, and more of Joyce and Hemingway will be shown.

Illusion and Reality

Johnny Gatbonton's "Clay" (First Prize, FPSC, 1950-51) is the story of a young boy's disillusionment with his American G.I. friend, Clayton, nicknamed "Clay" as well as his disillusionment with his Filipina teacher, Immaculada Rosete, whom the boy idolized. The story is short and simply unfolded, yet there is richness of implication so as to see traces of Anderson's "I Want to Know Why" and Faulkner's Sanctuary in it.

The interesting parallels noted between "Clay" and "I Want to know Why" will be shown first. Both stories

deal with a boy's losing faith in one who is admired and a boy's instinctive feeling for good or bad in sexual behavior. Structurally, they both open with thematically appropriate sentences about "awakening." The point of view in both stories is central, in fact, in the first person "I," and the moment of reality in both is done through the device of "overhearing." Also both stories end with the boy's disillusionment reflected in a nature imagery or symbolism.

Anderson's story tells of the disillusion of a fifteen-year-old boy who sees a man whom he admires--Jerry, the trainer of beautiful horses--win a horse race with the beautiful stallion, Sunstreak, yet betray the beautiful horse by claiming all the credit for winning the race, and by making up to low-class women all in the same day. Gatbonton's story tells of a similar boy's painful disillusionment when he overhears Clay, his hero-worshipped American G.I. friend, bragging about his amorous conquest of a Filipina teacher whom the boy idolizes and whom Clay classifies with "low-class women."

The setting of both is agrarian and both focus on certain nature symbols to reinforce the theme. To Anderson's initiate, the horse Sunstreak symbolizes the beautiful in life, especially agrarian life. But after the boy's disillusionment, things become different. The

air at the tracks ceases to taste or smell as good as it did before, and the mere thought of it all spoils looking at horses or smelling things. And the boy asks what Jerry did it for. Why cannot life be innocent and perfect?

"Clay" takes place in an idyllic Philippine town after World War II. The beauty and purity of life, particularly agrarian life, is reflected in the serene and immaculate setting, especially in the clear pool which "jewelled the forest in its whiteness" and in the idealized Filipina teacher, Immaculada Rosete of whom the boy says:

> I would sit at the foot of the rock where she had sat and listen to the little forest noises: The water trickling among the stones where the pool was shallow, and above, the trees with their crickets and birds singing. No other noises. The quiet would make me feel I was in church, all the people gone away and I alone, praying: not really praying, but just listening for the sounds of God--not minding the ache of the knees from kneeling--listening to the birds in the eaves. . . . I would pretend that she was there, sitting on the rock, smiling at me, her feet silver in the water.[31]

But after the boy's disillusion, the clean and beautiful pool is muddied by a dirty-wallowing carabao which would not be driven away. Gatbonton's initiate also disappointingly finds out life to be neither innocent nor perfect.

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[31] Palanca Memorial Awards, 5. All subsequent references will be given in the text immediately following the quotation.

As the story of the boy's disillusionment with Immaculada Rosete, the immaculate rose, it echoes Horace Benbow's disillusionment and despair which "has its genesis . . . in an adolescent reaction to the discovery that evil resides in the sanctuary, the temple, the dwelling place of purity and innocence--woman."[32] That Gatbonton was thinking of a similar shattering of idealism in the Filipino woman when he wrote the story is likely. For one thing, the story was written after the war, when the American Armed Forces were stationed all over the Philippines and the Filipino woman, who heretofore did not go out unchaperoned, was now, in the light of the old morality and to the consternation of the idealistic Filipino male, falling into wrong ways by going out unchaperoned and to make matters worse, dating the American G.I.

A close study of the story also reveals the conscious employment of certain Faulknerian techniques in the portrayal of evil or corruption. In Sanctuary, Southern womanhood is corrupted by Popeye, whose evil make-up is suggested by his mechanical looks and by his being out of tune with nature. He does not only spit into the spring, but also spews his cigarette into it. Clay, who corrupts the "immaculate rose" is one of the army mechanics, and like Popeye, he also desecrates the

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[32]Edmond L. Volpe, A Reader's Guide to William Faulkner (New York, 1964), 141.

beauty and purity of the pool in the forest by spitting and flinging his cigarette into it. In fact, during the moment of illumination, when the boy overhears Clay bragging, he beholds Clay desecrate nature again--this time by throwing another cigarette into the beautiful "moonlight that made the road a pale ribbon against the road" (14).

The boy, like Horace Benbow, invests his ideal teacher with female purity and spiritual beauty, but then he too, like Benbow again, finds his idealism shattered and sees evil and corruption as the condition of existence. Simple as the story is, the richness of implication suggests a double level of meaning: one, a simple initiation of a boy to the "clay-ness" of human nature; and two, a cry of nostalgia for the vanishing ideal Filipina of the past.

The next three stories were written and collected by N. V. M. Gonzalez in his Look, Stranger, on This Island Now. He says that the illumination of the main characters in these stories is a kind of Joycean epiphany.[33] In "The Bread of Salt," a fourteen-year-old boy comes to self-knowledge at a party, amidst all the splendor of his dreams. Appropriate to the dreamy illusions of the boy, Gonzalez uses a medieval romance motif. To the boy, the

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[33]In the same long-distance telephone conversation with him mentioned on pages 28 and 48.

house of the old Spaniard whom his dead grandfather had served as plantation overseer for thirty years, appears "as if it were a castle."[34] He wonders whether or not he were also destined to spend the rest of his life in its service. When he finds out that Aida, a schoolmate and a resident of the house, was the niece of the old Spaniard, all his doubts disappear. He starts a quest for her love in a knightly fashion. He endeavors to build his body through games so that he might live long enough to honor her. Consequently, his daily chore of buying the "pan de sal" for breakfast from the local bakery shop occurs to him as no longer befitting his exalted position. With the arrival of Don Esteban's daughters, a party is planned. The boy looks forward to it in eager anticipation. He "imagines a table glimmering with long-stemmed punch glasses; enthroned in that array would be a high birch-red bowl of gleaming china with golden flowers round the brim," (15) and Aida and he, laughing with the gods at the futile efforts of the local women in vying with the visiting ladies in social decorum.

But at the party, his balloon of illusions becomes deflated when he finds himself unable to curb his appetite and greed for the refreshments. He experiences double disillusionment when Aida, who having seen him in his

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[34]Look Stranger, 4. All subsequent references will be given in the text immediately following the quotation.

greed, offers to wrap up a big package of food for him amidst all the social graces and proprieties of the occasion. Through the veranda, he sees the glimmering light of his grandmother's "unpalatial" house calling him home. On the way back, he stops at the bakery to buy "pan de sal."

In "The Whispering Woman," Mr. Malto, a middle-aged Prufrockian schoolteacher lives in his illusion of single-blessedness until he is jolted into a realization of his death-in-life. Unaware of his own sterile life, it is ironic that he feels sorry for Mr. Flores who does not lodge at Mrs. Bello's, where the landlady's daughter, Charity, religiously ministers to the needs of the boarders. His situation is betrayed to the reader by his thoughts of "ineffectual young men . . . visiting similarly ineffectual young girls and bogging down in a similar mire of dialogue" (30) and of moths settling on the lamp and falling on his head, thoughts which he refuses to see applicable to his own life. However, a certain uneasiness disturbs him as Mrs. Bello's latest news of a soldier's suicide, a case of "cowardice," reminds him of all her other stories. "Strange macabre accounts of illnesses and deaths, involving middle-aged men stiffening up in their beds, with strangers, glossy-eyed in their unconcern, standing by" (31). He tries to shake off the disquieting thoughts by reassuring himself: "Nine years in the government service

and with a little something tucked away in the Postal Savings Bank. He really had no cares in this world, nor perhaps in the next" (34). But a nightmare of "coffins walking on two short feet, carrying suitcases and looking for fat, smiling landladies," jolts him into self-realization. He cries for water, a pitcher of which, symbolically enough, had been placed by Charity on a table outside his door as part of her nightly chores.

The sterility of Mr. Malto's life is skillfully suggested by Mrs. Bello's macabre stories which are whispered in his ears. Although he refuses to see this at first, when he comes to self-knowledge, he begins to appreciate Charity and the water Charity symbolically places by his door at night.

"On the Ferry" (Third Prize, FPSC, 1958-59 and Third Prize, PMA, 1958-59) is the story of Mr. Lopez, who refuses to face the reality of his failure, both as an engineer and as a provider for his son's education. Beset with financial difficulties, he takes his son, Nilo out of engineering school. They take the ferry back to Mindoro, their home island. On the ferry, they make the acquaintance of three sister spinster teachers and their two nieces. Mr. Lopez offers Nilo's poor health as an excuse for taking him out of college temporarily. Just as they are about to reach land, a sinking launch in the distance catches their attention. Nilo's terror-striken

comment and question on why no one's doing anything about the sinking launch shocks Mr. Lopez to a realization of his refusal to face his failures. He recognizes that the time has come when he can no longer protect Nilo with his excuses and fabrications. "Thank God, he could see that" (155). And "a sudden beauty to his being father to this boy possessed him . . ." (156).

This Gonzalez story is weak compared to other stories of his. Because we are "told" rather than "shown" his failure, the conflict which he is supposed to feel does not come out clearly.

"Love Among the Cornhusks," is one of five stories written by Aida L. Rivera which won a major prize for fiction in the Avery and Julie Hopwood Awards, University of Michigan in 1954. It is the illumination of Tinang, a former maid from her regressive dreams of a past life and love in the household of the Señora whom she goes to visit and whom she requests to be godmother to her baby.

A great deal of the story's merits lie in the subtle suggestions through contrast of Tinang's sub-conscious dissatisfaction with her poverty-stricken married life and yearnings for her past life as a maid. As she goes up the veranda steps of the Señora's house, she notices that the purple "waling-waling" orchid which used to be her charge are not in bloom. "Is no one

covering the 'waling-waling' now? . . . It will die,"[35] she says, as if to tell herself that she were needed here. The Señora

> swathed in a loose waistless housedress that came down to her ankles, and the faint scent of "aqua de colonia" blended with kitchen spice, seemed to her the essence of the comfortable world, and she sighed thinking of the long walk home through the mud, the baby's legs straddled to her waist, and Inggo, her husband, waiting for her, his body stinking of "tuba" and sweat, squatting on the floor, clad only in his foul undergarments (5).

The contrast between her and the girl now in possession of the kitchen that was once her domain also teases her thoughts. She notices that the girl works with a handkerchief and has lipstick on, too; while her "dress gave way at the placket and pressed at her swollen breasts" (5). And when the Señora asks her how she finds married life, she answers, "It is hard, Señora, very hard. Better that I were working here again" (5). And as if to make her yearnings more poignant, the Señora recalls the past days when things were much better in the plantation with Amado's efficient care and handling of the tractors. Amado, of course, was Tinang's past love.

The Señora tells her to stop by the barrio drugstore for a letter addressed to her that arrived sometime ago. Excited about the letter, and especially because she

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[35] Now and at the Hour and Other Stories (Manila, 1957), 4. All subsequent references will be given in the text immediately following the quotation.

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does not know who it was from, she stops under a tree where cornhusks are scattered. She sets her sleeping baby on a bed of cornhusks and opens her letter with ambivalent feelings of anticipation and dread. For who would write her? It could be from her sister bringing bad news. But it turns out to be a love letter. Her first love letter. It is from Amado--reiterating his love and explaining his sudden departure from the Senora's household. Her memories of the past become complete and her yearnings for the past more intense. My love is true to me, he never meant to desert me she tells herself. As she is thus intoxicated with her dreams, she suddenly hears a rustling among the cornhusks and spots a little green snake slither languidly into the grass. With a shriek, she grabs her forgotten sleeping baby and exclaims, "Ave Maria Santisima!" (10) Do not punish me, she prayed--and among the cornhusks, the letter fell unnoticed.

The point of illumination is finely drawn with Tinang shaken-up from an actual symbolic reverie among the cornhusks, the world of reality into which she finally wakes up.

"The Pulse of the Land" (Third Prize, FPSC, 1952-53) by Hermel A. Nuyda is a straightforward narration of the illumination of an American sociologist, who has been in the country three months and whose book-in-progress pictures the islands with a thousand and one "odors." In

conclusion, he says of the people: "Confused--not a trace of individuality--sadly wanting in sincerity and in clarity of purpose--a flax seed caught in the meeting of the winds--"[36]

Before leaving for the United States, he takes one last tour--to Mayon Volcano. The climb is not easy, especially under the heat of the sweltering sun. On the way up, his Filipino guide and he stop at a hut where they find an eight-year-old boy and his sister tending their hut while their grandparents are out in the "Kaingin."

> As the two children stood by their squalid hut: the boy awkwardly shielding his nakedness with his hands, and the girl, giggling, biting her fingers, the long stringy hair rubbing against her red scant garment: the American thought they made such splendid subjects for a candid shot! Without their knowing it, he took their picture. The caption flashed in his mind: "The Slops of Mt. Mayon" (221).

In their stark nakedness, they treat their guests with great hospitality, although all they could offer was water. The American, suffering from the extreme heat, is only too glad to drink as much as he could, pours some over his head, and throws away half of the third jar offered him. Soon as they are about to leave, the grandmother of the children arrives. She apologizes for the fact that all they could offer their guests was water.

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[36] Modern Philippine Short Stories, ed. Leonard Casper (Albuquerque, 1962), 220. All subsequent references will be given in the text immediately following the quotation.

Refreshed, they finally make it to the top. On the way down, they take another route and come upon a crowd. A crowd which the American finds out waiting for their turns to fetch water from a well that gets its water from a tiny stream trickling from the slope. The stream is so tiny that it takes twenty minutes for the well to be filled up, and four wells-full to fill up one of the native bamboo tubes in which they carried their water home. Among the crowd, the American recognizes the two little naked children who had played host to him earlier; the girl, carrying a bamboo tube about twice her height in length.

There are no outstanding artistic merits of the story. But as a comment on foreigners, who after a brief and not too well-informed sojourn on the islands suffer under the illusion that they have become experts on some such aspect of the country, the story makes its point with subtle irony.

"Uncle Syed" (Third Prize, FPSC, 1950-51) by Ibrahim A. Jubaira is the pathetic and moving story of a man's physical and psychological attempt to run away from his past. It is narrated in the first person by a boy, who like Quentin in Faulkner's "The Evening Sun," is not old enough to realize all the implications of what he sees and hears. Short and simple as the story is, it effectively blends the initiation and illusion/reality themes

together. The young boy narrator gets initiated from his innocent world of child's play into a knowledge of evil, particularly of suicide. Uncle Syed seeks refuge in the illusion that in the "wonderful Firifin" (Philippines), away from his old country of Kerbela, he is safe from his crimes of the past. But he soon finds out that he is wrong. Even in the new country, he encounters an old foe, Ahmed 'el Jinnah, the tentmaker, who serves as a constant reminder of the past. And though they both resolve to forgive and forget the past, Uncle Syed is never really able to forget his guilt.

However, since he is young at heart, he is beloved of his hosts, especially of the young boy narrator who ironically thinks him a free man since he had lots of time to play with him. The boy plays for fun, while Uncle Syed plays to forget the past. In Freudian terms, he resorts to regression; he retreats into the world of child play because of his fear. Yet, so strong are his guilt and fear that pretty soon even the make-believe games become real to him. Gradually, the boy perceives a sinister look in his face.

One day, make-believing that they were in the old country, and that Uncle Syed was running away from something he was afraid of, he precariously climbs a rocky cliff. Seized by concern and fear for him, the boy narrator shouts in alarm, but Uncle Syed glares: " . . . you

will never catch me and bring me back to the old country. Ahmad 'el Jinnah put that into your head? Tell him he is a pig!"[37] And ". . . flung himself from the cliff down to the rocky shore, into the surge of the angry sea."

Much of the story's merit lies in its effective and ironic portrayal of Uncle Syed's degradation of character in a child's innocent account:

> Uncle Syed's real name was Omar Syed 'el Mazid. In his native country of Kerbela he had always been addressed as Tuan Omar 'el Mazid, the Immaculate. He had left the Juma Mazid in Kerbela, a secret only he and Uncle Ahmed knew, and lost the title of Tuan. He had gone to Lebanon and Bitrus. Then to Naishapur where he learned the Persian tongue. He had lived in Naishapur until something mysterious happened to him which drove him to another part of the desert country. In Bitrus he was known as Syed 'el Jahannam, the Infidel. I did not care to find out why. Anyway he was always known to us simply as Uncle Syed. Just plain Uncle Syed (48).

And from plain Uncle Syed, his degradation becomes complete when the only role left for him is that of a child at play, and the role of an animal in the play:

> And the camel, Uncle Syed that is, tottered on his knees and crawled on all fours. I was supposed to be a caravan bashie perched triumphantly on a great camel. It was wonderful (48).

And in the final and fatal play, in one last attempt to reassert his manhood

> He crawled and stood on the narrow top of the cliff--a giant of a man poised to strike at his adversary.
> . . . . . .

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[37] PFP (November 11, 1950), 50.

> . . . He looked down at me and gave out a hoarse cry like that of a camel before burying his nose in the sand at the approach of a sandstorm (50).

His fears in the play become so real that they chase him to the ends of the world until there is no other place to go but into the surge of the angry sea.

The last story in this chapter was written by Francisco Arcellana, creative writing professor at the University of the Philippines. He was a Rockefeller Foundation fellow at the State University of Iowa, 1956-57 and later attended Breadloaf. He has written over a hundred short stories, some of which have won in the PFSC and the PMA. In addition, he holds the distinction of having been presented with the first award ever given to an art critic by the Art Association of the Philippines.

"The Flowers of May" (Second Prize, PMA, 1950-51) is Arcellana's story of a father's paralyzing refusal and eventual painful acceptance of the death of his sixteen-year-old daughter, Victoria. It is narrated by Paking, one of his sons years after the father himself is dead. The story is unfolded through Paking's consciousness in a Joycean pattern of actual experience, memory, and thought connected by free association and recurrent images achieved through repetition of key words and phrases.

The story is in three parts, with the first opening with an announcement of the coming of May again. May with its afternoon rains, new grass breaking everywhere,

everything looking clean and newborn. The third paragraph gives a general statement of what May makes him think of: rain and flowers; family members, both living and dead; and churches. The rest of part one is spent in particular and detailed pictorial descriptions of these in refrains with the key words "May," "rain," "flowers," and "churches."

Part two focuses on the afternoon two months after Victoria's death. At this point, the cause of her death is revealed: that she was out gathering flowers for the Virgin's May festival when she was caught by the rain that caused her long and fatal illness. The grief of the father is suggested by his standing by the window watching the rain and refusing to make conversation at all despite the mother's endless efforts at it. At this point, their three daughters come in dripping wet from the rain with armloads of the flowers of May. The mother helps them into dry clothes and prepares hot tea for them. The mother comments on the loveliness of the flowers, but still the father does not answer.

It is in part three when the girls pick up their trays of flowers to go to church for their seasonal Virgin's floral festival, that the father's grief finds utterance at last, and learns to accept Victoria's death. He accepts the cycle of life and death, of death being part of life, just as the other daughters must go once more over the ritual of floral offering.

What started out as a picture of May with its rain and flowers as heralds of life, ends with May, still with its rain and flowers, but this time also signifying death. Death which at first is hard to accept, but is soon accepted for what it is--its reality in the cycle of life.

In it, as in his other writings, Arcellana employs a technique of repetition which reflects the symbolists' conscious effort to use words for their musical effect as seen in the "incantatory writing" devised by Joyce, and later also used by Hemingway.[38] In an interview with Arcellana on January 18, 1971 at the University of the Philippines, he said that he had indeed knowledge of the symbolists' technique of writing for musical effect when he wrote "Flowers of May." Frank O'Connor describes this technique as a "deliberate repetition of key words, sometimes with slight alteration of form . . . which produces a peculiar effect that is not the result of precise observation but of a deliberately produced hypnosis."[39] The repetition of key words and key phrases

> slows down the whole conversational movement of prose, the casual, sinuous, evocative quality that distinguishes it from poetry and is intended to link

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[38]Frank O'Connor, "Joyce and Dissociated Metaphor," Mirror, 295-312. Also in The Lonely Voice: A Study of the Short Story (New York, 1968), 185-195; 307-317.

[39]Mirror, 296.

> author and reader in a common perception of the object as it may be supposed to be. At an extreme point it attempts to substitute the image for the reality. It is a rhetorician's dream.[40]

To illustrate the technique, O'Connor quotes the following passage from Joyce's A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man:

> The soft beauty of the Latin word touched with an enchanting touch the dark of the evening, with a touch fainter and more persuading than the touch of music or of a woman's hand. The trifle of their minds was quelled. The figure of woman as she appears in the liturgy of the church passed silently through the darkness: a white-robed figure, small and slender as a boy, and with a falling girdle. Her voice, frail and high as a boy's, was heard intoning from a distant choir the first words of a woman which pierce the gloom and clamour of the first chanting of the passion:
>
> --It tu cum Jesu Galilaeo eras.
>
> And all hearts were touched and turned to her voice, shining like a young star, shining clearer as the voice intoned the proparoxyton, and more faintly as the cadence died.[41]

And Hemingway's beautiful opening of "In Another Country":

> In the fall the war was always there, but we did not go to it any more. It was cold in the fall in Milan, and the dark came very early. Then the electric lights came on, and it was pleasant along the streets looking in the windows. There was much hanging outside the shops, and the snow powdered in the fur of the foxes and the wind blew their tails. The deer hung stiff and heavy and empty, and small birds blew in the wind, and the wind turned their feathers. It was a cold fall and the wind came down from the mountains.[42]

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[40] Lonely Voice, 308.

[41] The Portable James Joyce, 516.

[42] The Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway (New York, 1938), 267.

Arcellana uses a technique similar to it:

> It was May the year before she was taken ill. She was out in the country gathering flowers for the flower festival when she was caught by rain. It was rain like this one Father now is watching. (The rain is falling in sheets: you can't see through it or around it.) She was ill a long time--ten months. March this year she was dead. May last year was the last May she ever saw. It was also the last time she ever participated in the floral rites. She had been one of the singing flower girls since she was six. Nine years. Nine years is a long time to be a singing flower girl.[43]

In this rhythmic writing lies the interest of the story, although in certain sections it is a bit overdone and awkward. Take, for instance, the sentence:

> But when she picks up the third lily she hesitates: she does not quite know what to do with the third lily.[44]

The sentence would read better if the pronoun "it" were used instead of repeating "the third lily":

> But when she picks up the third lily she hesitates: she does not quite know what to do with it.

Nevertheless, the method is appropriate to the matter which is psychological. Psychological on the part of the father--from a stupefying state of grief to an acceptance of it as part of the cycle and reality of life.

At this point, nineteen stories have been examined, eleven of which are initiation and eight recognition. In most of these, the writer has succeeded in giving expression

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[43]"Flowers of May," Selected Stories (Manila, 1962), 15.

[44]Ibid., 18.

and shape to his Philippine experience with the tools he has borrowed. His choice of subject also reflects the choice of his model's. As long as the subject also obtains in his experience, his creation succeeds. But when he imposes a subject extraneous to his experience, then he fails. This has been seen in "The Morning Before Us" and in "The Lost Ones," where the Hemingway philosophy of despair but not of defeat is forced upon situations where the conflicts confronting the Hemingway lost character do not obtain.

And though his achievement in wielding his imported narrative tools is considerable, weak characterization, lack of unity of effect, and a not well-defined conflict still mar some of his stories.

His view of life is realistic. He sees the need to have children trained to accept responsibility, admires the curiosity of a developing mind, sympathizes with the adolescent groping his way about, recognizes the duality of human nature, realizes that evil is part of the human condition, believes in the significance of the struggle over and above defeat or victory, and accepts the inevitability of pain and death.

CHAPTER II

ISOLATION, PARALYSIS, AND PSYCHOLOGICAL PERPLEXITY

In his study of the short story, Frank O'Connor comments that it is a form in which we find "an intense awareness of human loneliness" and that it does not have a hero in the same manner that the traditional novel has one.[1]

> What it has instead is a submerged population group. . . . That submerged population changes its character from writer to writer, from generation to generation. It may be Gogol's officials, Turgenev's serfs, Maupassant's prostitutes, Chekhov's doctors and teachers, Sherwood Anderson's provincials, always dreaming of escape.
>
> Always in the short story there is this sense of outlawed figures wandering about the fringes of society, superimposed sometimes on symbolic figures whom they caricature and echo--Christ, Socrates, Moses.[2]

The themes of human loneliness: of exile, isolation, dislocation, and paralysis--also pervade the Filipino writer's short story attempts. The first part of this chapter will show what has been done with these themes in the stories of Bienvenido N. Santos, Edith L. Tiempo, and Gregorio C. Brillantes, all consistent winners of

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[1] The Lonely Voice, xiii.

[2] Ibid., xii.

Philippine literary awards. Influences, in varying degrees, of Sherwood Anderson, Ernest Hemingway, Anton Chekhov, T. S. Eliot, Henry James, and James Joyce will be shown.

The second half of this chapter will show the influence of Katherine Anne Porter in stories depicting hostile forces that destroy the individual and the treacherous capacity of the individual to do wrong even when armed with the finest intentions of doing right. Incomprehensible to the individual victim, these forces often put him in a psychological dilemma.

Isolation and Paralysis

The short stories of Bienvenido N. Santos have the recurring themes of isolation, dislocation, and homelessness. His first collection of short stories, You Lovely People published in 1955, is the artistic issue of his graduate studies and observation of his countrymen in the United States during the war years. In this collection of nineteen stories, he recounts the loneliness that he and his compatriots suffered. Compatriots who were either graduate students like him or Filipinos doing menial jobs as waiters, bell boys, barbers, or taxi drivers in Chicago, Washington, D.C., and New York. The graduate students were either government scholars or scions of very rich and influential families. Bienvenido N. Santos himself was a government scholar who lectured for the Philippine Commonwealth in exile in addition to pursuing graduate courses

in Illinois, Columbia, and Harvard.[3] Some of the very rich graduate students suffered the loss of their entire families, victims of the inevitable war atrocities. Such tragic occurrences made the already lonely state they were in only more terrible.

The other group of Filipinos was composed of the laboring class that came to the United States in search of better opportunities in life. It is of this group that Santos writes mostly of in You Lovely People. Not possessing any special skills nor any high educational qualifications, they hold nothing better than just servile jobs. And not earning much, they live in poverty amidst a land of plenty. Yet, though not possessing the educational level of the graduate students, they love the Philippines no less. In their devotion to their families back home, many deprive themselves just to be able to send money home and help finance the education of a young brother or of a young nephew. Selfless and often looked down upon, many bury themselves in their menial jobs, and pretty soon find themselves old and alone. Ironically, those who have the fortune of having their love reciprocated by American women end up suffering the most because of social disapproval of mixed marriages. Thus they unwittingly bring misery not

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[3]At present Bienvenido N. Santos is on the teaching staff of the Program in Creative Writing, Department of English, University of Iowa.

only to themselves but to their American wives as well. Because of this, the little brown Filipino soon finds out that his wife has turned either alcoholic or unfaithful. And at times, he finds himself completely forsaken. In any of these cases, the unfortunate man shuns the society of his countrymen out of shame, out of "amor propio." Thus deserted by wife and isolated from his countrymen, and ironically, too, this often happens in a big city where people and places of gaiety abound, he suffers his hurt in utter isolation. Curiously, "The Scent of Apples," the only story which pictures marital bliss between a Filipino husband and an American wife, takes place on a farm in Michigan. In this story, Santos symbolically names the wife, who stands by her husband in sickness and in health, Ruth.

Whether a deserted husband or a lonely old bachelor, the Filipino expatriate in the various stories included in <u>You Lovely People</u> resorts to idealistic dreams of the Filipino woman. Unfortunately, the few whom he meets in the United States are either socially, intellectually, or financially his betters, and he suffers a double disillusion. And to top it all, when he finally gets a chance to go home after the war, he finds the graduate student to whom he had played a most hospitable host during the war, ashamed of him and unwilling to receive him socially. Estranged in his own country, he goes back to the United States all the more disillusioned.

These men try to heal their wounds by taking opiums in the manner of the Hemingway men. Like Cayetano Ruiz in "The Gambler, the Nun, and the Radio," some resort to gambling, particularly poker; others, like Rinaldi, visit houses of ill-repute and seek solace in the pleasures of the flesh. So hurt were they that Santos had originally planned on using the phrase The Hurt Men for the title of the collection, but because their American women friends preferred to call them "You Lovely People,"[4] Santos used the latter instead. As in Anderson's Winesburg, Ohio, the words "alone" and "lonely" keep recurring, and this is one way by which a unity is achieved in the collection. And that this could have been an influence on Santos by Anderson is believed by Santos to have been possible. Relevant to this is a very interesting fact revealed by Santos in a response to a letter of inquiry written him. In part, the inquiry is:

> In the Introduction to Aida L. Rivera's short story collection, Now and At the Hour, Prof. N. V. M. Gonzalez writes:
>
> The five stories that make up the collection taken separately, and then in rereading, taken together produce a wholeness of effect which approximates that of a full-length novel.
>
> Since Sherwood Anderson's Winesburg, Ohio, Filipino writers have had many occasions to experiment with this kind of unity.
>
> One way by which a unity is achieved in Winesburg, Ohio, is the recurrence of the theme of human loneliness and the two words "alone" and "lonely." The theme of loneliness and the words "alone" and "lonely"

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[4] "Introduction," You Lovely People (Manila, 1955), ix.

> also recur in your three collections of short stories. And since, according to Literary critic Manuel A. Viray in his "Certain Influences on Filipino Writing," Sherwood Anderson was one of the American writers studied by literature students as early as the 1930's in the University of the Philippines when you were also there, would you say that you could be one of the Filipino writers referred to by Prof. Gonzalez who "have had occasion to experiment with this kind of unity" achieved in a collection of short stories such as that of Sherwood Anderson's Winesburg, Ohio?[5]

In response Santos writes:

> Critics and readers have pointed to Winesburg, Ohio or to The Dubliners when writing about You Lovely People. I have read both books and I have liked them but they were farthest from my thoughts (or so I thought and still think) when I wrote that book. If the truth must be told, You Lovely People is written the way it is--a series of related short stories and sketches, because I didn't know how to write a novel. I wanted to write a novel about Filipinos in America during the war, but every time I finished what I thought was a chapter, it turned out to be a short story.

As can be seen from his response, while he thinks that Winesburg, Ohio was furthest from his thoughts when he wrote You Lovely People, since he had intended to write a novel yet, the result of his writing are short stories and sketches rather than chapters to a novel--"because he did not know how to write a novel." And was it also because at that time, the writing techniques he knew were only those suited for short stories? That while he was consciously trying to write a novel, yet, subconsciously, the influence of the short story writers he had read and liked

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[5]See Appendix D for complete texts of both the letter of inquiry and Santos' response.

kept coming to the fore? For Santos himself writes in the same letter that "influence" could be "a matter of unconscious rubbing off on one's flesh or mind or heart." And therefore, he ends his letter thus:

> So you could be right about . . . Anderson and such themes as infest my works as loneliness, alienation, etc. which you find common [between] us.

Another way by which the stories in You Lovely People are unified is the point of view employed. In the first eight stories, Santos does the narration using the first person "I." From the ninth to the fourteenth stories, Santos effaces himself as the narrator and lets Pablo "Ambo" Icarangal take over; and from the fifteenth to the last, Santos resumes the narration in the first person "I" again. Ambo Icarnagal, whose last name means worthy of pride and admiration, is the central figure in the stories.

In his second collection of short stories, Brother, My Brother, published in 1960, Santos depicts the lives of the submerged population in his native Sulucan and in his adapted home in Southern Luzon. In it, he employs the theme of the successful son returning to the old home and finding the old folks less fortunate and less successful than he is. He finds them "decaying" in old Sulucan, not unlike Joyce's Dubliners. He sees in them what he might have been had he not left. However, unlike Gallaher

in "A Little Cloud" who condescends to dear, dirty Dublin, the son who returns has feelings of guilt for having left the old home.

Flannery O'Connor liked the stories in this collection very much and wrote Santos, "You must be the Anton Chekhov of the Philippines."[6] Why did she write this of and to Santos? Is it because like Chekhov, Santos also writes of the banality of the lives of Filipinos in this collection? For like Chekhov, he does indeed depict the banality of these lives with sympathy and loving-kindness for the individual. Was Chekhov indeed an influence in the writing of Santos? In the same letter mentioned earlier, Santos writes the following in response to these questions:

> It could be that Flannery O'Connor (may she rest in peace) explained why she made that statement, but I don't remember what she wrote. . . . Your guess as to why she said that is as good as any I have heard and I hope you're able to work that in your thesis somehow.
>
> Yes, I have read Chekhov. Also the other Russian writers, especially Dostoyevsky, not only as part of my work as a teacher of literature but because I like to read. And I cannot in all sincerity say that they have or they have not influenced me in my writing. The matter of influence is inevitable but is not . . . easily captured in retrospect. . . .
>
> . . . . . .
>
> All these facts notwithstanding, I want to assure you that I want to help you in any way you feel I could be of help to you in your work. From experience I know that critics and scholars who have looked into my works with more than casual interest have revealed a lot about me and my writing I had not known before.

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[6] <u>You Lovely People</u>, back flap.

> So you could be right about Chekhov and Anderson and such themes as infest my works as loneliness, alienation, etc. which you find common among us. Go ahead.

That Chekhov could have influenced Santos is likely then, for Santos had read Chekhov's stories when he wrote his short story collections: Brother, My Brother and The Day the Dancers Came which reflect much of Chekhov's subjects and techniques. In fact, what Beachcroft says of the subjects and techniques of Chekhov's and of other Russian short stories may also be said of Santos' stories in these collections:

> They deal with simple and at times undramatic lives; and the movement towards a climax is not overemphasized. In the main, it is an impression of human understanding and of complete identification with their characters that these writers leave behind, rather than a notion of authors at work.[7]

The Day the Dancers Came: Selected Prose Works which Santos published in 1967 is a collection of eight short stories, an essay, and a play. In it, he pursues his recurring themes of isolation, dislocation, and homelessness. Some of the stories deal with more disenchanting experiences of "the lovely people" we have met earlier, and others deal with Filipinos at home, yet ironically feeling as homeless and isolated as those abroad.

The title story, "The Day the Dancers Came," synthesizes a number of the themes which he has treated in

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[7] The Modest Art, 124.

You Lovely People and in Brother, My Brother: the disillusionment of the Filipino exile with his countryman, his alienation from his fellow exile, the theme of the return in reverse, and the fascination with time and memory--man's effort to capture the moment with certain mechanical devices.

The story tells of the disillusionment of Filemon Acayan, one of our "lovely people." A fifty-year-old bachelor, he has had a number of servile jobs--waiter, cook, and one time menial in a hospital where he took charge of a row of bottles, each containing a stage in the growth of the human embryo, "from the lizard-like foetus of a few days through the newly born infant, with its position unchanged, cold and cowering and afraid."[8] This had often given him nightmares of himself inside a bottle. Now he has a more pleasant job as a special policeman in the post office. He shares an apartment in the slums of Chicago with another old bachelor, Antonio Bataller, a retired Pullman porter who is suffering from a wasting disease that has baffled the doctors. They have been the best of friends, but somehow, since last Christmas, a feeling of alienation has beclouded their relationship.

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[8]The Day the Dancers Came: Selected Prose Works (Manila, 1967), 3. All subsequent references will be given in the text immediately following the quotation.

The story focuses on a significant day in their lives--to Antonio, it is the day when his doctor would know what ails him; and to Filemon, it is the day when the dancers will come. The dancers are members of a Filipino native dance troupe that will perform in Chicago for a number of days. Proud of his Filipino heritage and identifying with the glory of performing on an American stage, he looks forward to the day with great expectations. But his plan to take them sight-seeing and to invite them over for dinner appalls Antonio. What do you want to spend your hard-earned money on them for, he asks. Besides, who would want to come to a hole like this? Nevertheless, Filemon hopes to make up for the lack of the place by serving the most delicious "adobo" and chicken "relleno." Antonio even refuses to go to the theater with him.

Hours before the show, Filemon goes to the hotel where the dancers stay. His joy at seeing them overwhelms him so that it renders him unable to articulate his planned introductions and invitations

> They were all over the lobby on the mezzanine, talking in groups animatedly, their teeth sparkling as they laughed, their eyes disappearing in mere slits of light. Some of the girls wore their black hair long. For a moment, the sight seemed too much for him who had but all forgotten how beautiful Philippine girls were. He wanted to look away, but their loveliness held him. He must do something, close his eyes perhaps. As he did so, their laughter came to him like a breeze murmurous with sounds native to his land.
>
> . . . He would smile at everyone who happened to look his way. Most of them smiled back, or rather, seemed to smile, but it was quick, without recognition. . . .

> His lips formed the words he was trying to phrase in his mind . . . [but] what he wanted to say, . . . stumbled and broke on his lips into a jumble of incoherence.
>
> Suddenly, he felt as if he was in the center of a group where he was not welcome (10-11).

Time is passing and he has yet to talk to someone. When he finally masters enough composure to extend his invitation, all he gets is a formal "thank you" and a fast exit of the speaker. And ironically, when someone taps him on the shoulder, it is not to say "hi" to him, but to tell him that he was in the way between a young man and a group posing in front of the hotel. Then they all rush to a waiting bus that would take them sightseeing. Filemon is thus left to himself in the lobby of the hotel. This inability of Filemon to articulate and communicate to the dancers and vice versa is reminiscent of the isolation and misery felt by Chekhov's Iona Potapov in "The Lament." Iona, an old cab driver whose son has died tries to tell his rich, busy fares about his loss, but none of them can spare him the time. So, late at night, he goes to the stable and tells it to his horse. Filemon, like Iona, feels isolated in the midst of a crowd.

He goes back to his apartment feeling dejected. But his tape recorder gives him a consoling thought. He goes to the theater with it and records the songs and music as the dancers perform. He goes home with his recording feeling very much elated. He finds Antonio in

bed, but his excitement is so great that he just has to listen to his recording. Listening to it, a whole array of graceful dancers rise before him. As he is thus absorbed in the vision, he is suddenly startled by Antonio who is roused from his sleep. He hears the poor man groaning in bed, telling him to shut off the recorder. He switches dials and above the hissing of the tape, he shouts to Antonio, asks him about his medical examination result. Ignoring the question, Antonio inquires about the dancers instead, and further comments that no one wants to come to a house that smells of death. Filemon, still hopeful, answers him that in this country there is a cure for everything. As they thus talk, the tape keeps on hissing and when Filemon checks on it, he finds that he had pushed the wrong button and had everything erased. "I've lost them all," he cries (21).

Santos achieves a vivid and pathetic rendition of an old bachelor's excitement and disillusion over the coming of a Filipino dance troupe that signifies a great number of things to him. As in the theme of the return, only in reverse, Filemon sees his native Philippines transported to a Chicago hotel lobby and stage. While at the hotel lobby watching the dancers come and go, "he heard exclamations right out of the past, conjuring up playtime, long shadows of evening on the plaza, barrio fiestas, 'misa de gallo' (11). And although he is

virtually ignored by them, he does not begrudge them for he sees in them what he was in his younger days and says: "Oh, but I loved them. . . . I was like them once. I, too, was nimble with my feet, graceful with my hands; and I had the tongue of a poet" (16). He also sees them as those "who could have been his or Antonio's children had he not left home. He realizes that he has grown old and has missed out in life. For him,

> time was the villain. In the beginning, the words he often heard were: too young, too young; but all of a sudden, too young became too old, too late. What had happened in between? A weariness, a mist covering all things. You don't have to look at your face in a mirror to know that you are old, suddenly old, grown useless for a lot of things and too late for all the dreams you had wrapped up well against a day of need (6).

And like time, "memory was often a villain, too, a betrayer" (7). But despite them, he is not bitter with life. He says, "In this country, there is a cure for everything" (20). Hence, his fascination with his tape recorder by which he hopes to beat time and memory by freezing the intensity or magic of the moment. Ironically, through his human error and not through the machine's he switches the wrong dials and loses everything that he had preserved in it. This interest in time and memory is also evident in Santos' Brother, My Brother. In his stories dealing with the theme of the return, he focuses on what time has done to both his people and his childhood home. The priest, in the story "The Priest," returns to his childhood home with a

camera to capture highlights of his visit and thereby beat time and aid man's memory which is fallible.

The stunted, starved existence of Filemon and Antonio is aptly suggested by the bottled human embryos in the hospital where Filemon once worked. He often had nightmares of himself in a bottle like the human embryos and when he comes from the theater, he finds Antonio in bed, his head showing "darkly, deep in a pillow, on its side, his knees bent, almost touching the clasped hand under his chin, an oversized foetus in the last bottle" (18). They live a monotonous and drab day to day existence without any bright future, but to which they are resigned. When in pain, Antonio says, "I guess we can't complain. We had it good here all the time. Most of the time anyway" (20). The story captures the unlived lives of the Filipino expatriates, including the pidgin English with which they grope their way about in a society in which they exist, but to which they do not really belong.

The next two stories were written by Edith L. Tiempo, who together with her husband, Edilberto, directs the Writers Workshop sponsored by the Philippine PEN and Silliman University and subsidized by the Asia Foundation. She has a bachelor's degree, magna cum laude, from Silliman, an M.A. from the State University of Iowa, and a Ph.D. in English from the University of Denver. Her short stories have consistently won prizes in the FPSC and in the PMA.

In "The Chambers of the Sea" (First Prize, FPSC, 1954-55) the conflict of "Tio" Teban, an old aesthete is similar to Prufrock's: "The conflict between isolation, disintegration, and sterility and the awareness of an existing and unused power."[9] "Tio" Teban left his father's farm five years ago not so much because he wanted to pursue graduate studies, but because of his father's contempt for his "womanish disposition"[10]--his flower garden and eighteen varieties of roses, his small framed water colors, and his perpetual reading; and because of his sister Quirina's embitterment at his allowing Antero, their brother-in-law to usurp his rightful place as manager of their father's farm. Now, two years after he has earned his master's degree, he is still at his cousin Amalia's household. He has become the "old maid aunt" doing the domestic chores.

The story focuses on "Tio" Teban's sliding down the back stairs as he was coming up with the pot of rice he cooked downstairs. Amalia's twins, Deen and Mario, jeer at him and this puts him in an indignant mood all day. The incident starts him asking: "What am I doing here?

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[9]Elizabeth Drew, T. S. Eliot: The Design of His Poetry (New York, 1949), 37.

[10]Edith L. Tiempo, Abide, Joshua and Other Stories (Manila, 1964), 103. All quotations from Tiempo's stories are taken from this collection, and all subsequent references will be given in the text immediately after the quotation.

What am I making out of my days--where are my garden and my paintings?" (109)

The following day, a telegram brings news of his father's death. This brings his thoughts back home, and particularly to that afternoon when his father asked him to assume the chairmanship of the local Red Cross drive which he refused to do. With these thoughts, he retreats to the beach in Prufrockian fashion. The sea is undisturbed by human voices, "but the voices in [him] are far from still" (112). He could hear his sister's voices prodding him to take over the farm now that their father was dead. As he goes on, he sees the catch of a group of fishermen--a couple of dark things. They are monsters of the deep--"strange, terrifying, half-human" (112). He wonders if they were man and wife or twins. He realizes that they are the mermaid and merman in the popular tales. But he thinks that they must be beautiful and graceful in the deep where they belong. And this, too, makes him see where he belongs.

To dramatize the conflict within "Tio" Teban, Edith L. Tiempo employs a number of devices: an echo from Prufrock for the title, the last three lines of Prufrock for an epigraph, a shifting point of view, "Tio" Teban's interior monologue, flashbacks, the subtle suggestions of Prufrock and Tiresias (of The Wasteland) in the character of "Tio" Teban, contrast between "Tio"

Teban and Antero, and the symbolically suggestive use of rice, the twins, the strange sea monsters, and Freudian implications.

Through the skillful use of the shifting point of view, we first see "Tio" Teban through the eyes of the minor characters. We see Amalia thinking him inconsiderate for locking himself in the bathroom and delaying the lunch by refusing to join the family at the table. And we hear the twins suppressing their grins at the thought of "Tio" Teban's grim and somewhat undignified retreat into the bathroom. Then through the author's comment, we learn that he "had haughtily locked himself in the bathroom" (100) and we hear the "defiant plop--plop--of [his] hands beating the soap and dirt out of his undershirts and drawers and handkerchiefs," (100) suggestions of his sense of guilt. We finally get into his mind as he thinks with choking resentment at the way that he had deteriorated in this house. And through a good portion of the story, he indulges in a dramatic monologue asking himself why he was here.

"Tio" Teban's sterility is suggested in a number of ways. One is by the incident wherein he spills the rice, the staple food of the Philippines. Another is through the twins who always plague him. As boy and girl, they suggest his vacillation between his implied feminine disposition of growing flowers, painting, and reading on

one hand; and the more masculine food-producing task of farming on the other. As boy and girl, too, they reinforce the idea of the meeting of the sexes which is suggested in "Tio" Teban himself. Note that his name is Teban, a derivative of Thebes. Tiresias, of course, was a blind soothsayer from Thebes. And in The Wasteland, "although a mere spectator and not indeed a 'character,' [he] is yet the most important personage in the poem, uniting all the rest . . . and the two sexes meet [in him]. What he sees, in fact, is the substance of the poem."[11]

The twins also function as agents of retribution for they give "Tio" Teban a sense of a vague inexplicable feeling, perhaps of guilt:

> He was both powerless and indignant at how the twins crept up on him when he was most engrossed--sometimes at the siesta hour when he was writing his letters to his numerous far-away friends or to relatives in Bangan, sometimes at bedtime when he was reading Cervantes or Toynbee or Rizal--and suddenly how that peculiar feeling would hover in the air and ruffle his composure hard-won through the hours of reading, and he would look up from the page to see the two bland round faces staring from around the door. Four solemn eyes round and black and avid for something "Tio" Teban hastily refused to define even to himself . . . it was disconcerting to have their eyes on him and his book for minutes at a time (102-103).

The use of the "eyes" here again recalls Eliot's "eye" imagery in "The Hollow Men" and in The Family Reunion which

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[11] T. S. Eliot, The Complete Poems and Plays (New York, 1952), 52, n. 218.

we have also noted in Nick Joaquin's "Doña Jeronima" in the introduction to this study.

That in his dislocation, "Tio" Teban is consequently detached from reality is suggested by the contrast between him and his brother-in-law Antero. Not being detached from Mother Earth, Antero, like Antaeus, is productive while "Tio" Teban is not. His refusal to assume chairmanship of the local Red Cross drive also points to his non-involvement and detachment from the community in which he lives.

His vacillation and indecision are suggested by the huge mammal which he and the twins see on the beach. The mammal with dark, thick skin which looked "more animal than fish" (108). And his vacillation as well as dislocation is symbolized by the "strange, terrifying, half-human mermaid and merman" (112) which he thinks must be "beautiful and graceful in the deep" (113) where they belong. The mermaids who tempted Ulysses do not sing to Prufrock, and neither do they sing to "Tio" Teban. But the mermaid and the merman open his eyes and lead him to his epiphany.

The epigraph calls attention to the similarity as well as contrast between "Tio" Teban and Prufrock. We have already seen their suggested similarities. Their contrast lies in the fact that while Prufrock, like Hamlet, "wishes only to regress to a safe haven where

his universe is no longer disturbed by tormenting human problems"[12] and drowns, "Tio" Teban finds a new inspiration to live.

Edith L. Tiempo achieves a remarkable story here. The story is realistic for there is, indeed, a great number of "Tio" Tebans in the Philippine households. And by availing herself of T. S. Eliot's myth of the wasteland and its sterility, Edith L. Tiempo has focused "Tio" Teban's dilemma on a plane that is both universal and literary.

The second Tiempo story is "The Dimensions of Fear" (First Prize, FPSC, 1958-59). It is the story of Numeriano Agujo, a schoolteacher who has been constantly running away from life, for as his name implies, he is full of pinpricks or fears. Afraid of involvement, he deliberately chooses not to marry his childhood sweetheart who dies from her humiliation. At fifty-four, he is more divorced from reality than part of it. He often retreats into daydreams in his isolated tower-like room where his daydreams often turn into nightmarish visions. Because of his emotional and physical insecurity, he resorts to cheating and stealing. He steals the money realized from two school projects which the principal had purposely placed on the shelf "from some tacit community pride in

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[12]Drew, 36.

which everyone, by this gesture was understood to share" (93). One of the schoolboys is blamed for the theft. Bothered by his conscience, he writes fanciful confessions in the secrecy of his tower room. A line from W. H. Auden: "In the depths of myself blind monsters . . ." opens his eyes to the fact that he has been unable to elude "the dark, the ugly" (98) in life and attempts to commit suicide.

The story of a sterile and unlived life, it shows influences of T. S. Eliot and Henry James. We first see Numeriano Agujo in a Prufrockian imagery "stretched on a cot" (83). Still unmarried at fifty-four, and his hair turning gray, he still feels "the usual manly reaction" (88) when he sees a woman in a tight skirt, "although his more instant impulse [is] that of flight" (88). And as a man whose specter of his unlived life keeps haunting him, he is like Henry James' Marcher. The specter of his past life takes the shape of "a dwarf whose spindly misshapen legs seemed to teeter under the weight of a bloated head and body" (85) in his nightmares. And to dramatize the conflict within him, Tiempo uses the interior monologue to some extent.

Tiempo handles the revelation of character with skill by evoking qualities of Prufrock and Marcher. However, the story line is contrived. It is unrealistic for

the principal to have left the three hundred pesos which was hard-earned lying on the office shelf just like that.

Gregorio C. Brillantes, the next author to be considered here, is one of the younger writers of the country. He was formerly a member of the PFP editorial staff and now teaches at the Ateneo University, a Jesuit school. A prolific short story writer for the local magazines and a consistent literary prize-winner, he published twenty of his stories in the collection The Distance to Andromeda and Other Stories in 1960. Like Santos' collections of short stories, the stories in this volume are unified by the varied themes of human loneliness. Many of them are about middle class families and they focalize on the failure between family members to understand each other's motivations and behavior, and their inability to communicate their thoughts. Often, a father, either through some moral transgression or physical disability with which he gets preoccupied, fails to perceive or discharge his fatherly duties. Thus father and son or daughter are usually isolated from one another. This isolation often has a paralyzing effect which in many cases, is reminiscent of Joyce's paralysis in Dubliners. In fact, N. V. M. Gonzalez refers to a relation between these stories and Dubliners in the Introduction to the collection. He writes:

> The stories in this book are the work of one who, had he not learned the pleasurable if trying discipline of fiction, might not have escaped the temptation of becoming a young man of our time. This, Gregorio C. Brillantes has the printed word, principally the material any college graduate might know, from Dubliners to the Roman Catholic Missal, to thank for. From having written these stories he has become the chronicler of the generation under thirty. It would be difficult to understand this generation without reading Brillantes.[13]

Brillantes himself says that Joyce's theme of paralysis and use of symbolistic techniques could have influenced his own writing for he has read and likes Joyce. His interest in Joyce was first aroused when he read "Araby" and a detailed analysis and criticism of it before he wrote his own stories.[14] "The Exiles" and "The Living and the Dead" (First Prize, FPSC, 1952-53), two stories from the collection, will be studied here for their subjects and for their symbolistic techniques, particularly for their use of external details and recurrent imagery for suggestion and musical effect.

"The Exiles" tells of the dream of a young woman, Amanda, to be freed from the incarcerating burden of maintaining a boarding house in order to provide for an invalid father and a younger brother who wants to be a priest. She dreams of freedom in terms of a romantic

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[13] The Distance to Andromeda and Other Stories (Manila, 1960), vii.

[14] In an interview with him in Quezon City, Philippines on January 7, 1971.

adventure--her elopement with one of her boarders. Very short, the story takes place mostly in the consciousness of the invalid father and of Amanda at a very appropriate time which serves as the setting--dusk. The story opens with the bed-ridden father waking up from a dream of the old country, Spain, which to him represents youth, good health, and romance. The grandeur of the images in his dream are a direct contrast to the dull drabness of his sick room. Amanda comes to check on him, and the sight of her invalid father makes her all the more aware of the imprisonment she is in. She, too, like him, takes refuge in her dreams. But the sound of her lover's loud voice from the veranda downstairs raises a doubt in her mind. She vacillates. However, the feeling of fatigue from her cares and the rattling wheels of a "carromata"[15] on the street give her renewed strength to go on with her contemplated flight.

The story shows interesting parallels with "Eveline," the story which William York Tindall believes "may have set the theme and tone" of Dubliners since it is one of the earliest stories and the most nearly straightforward expression of paralysis in the collection.[16] Plotwise, the two stories are closely related.

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[15]A two-wheeled horse-drawn vehicle which is the most common form of transportation in the provinces.

[16]A Reader's Guide to James Joyce (New York, 1959), 21.

Eveline is similarly burdened with a father, who if not bed-ridden, is brutal and financially dependent upon her. Amanda has a brother who wants to become a priest, and Eveline has a brother who is in the church decorating business. Like Amanda, Eveline is offered escape by her lover. Each girl is presented in a moment of intensity wherein each has to make a difficult choice between the confining responsibility of an ineffectual father and the luring promise of romance. Eveline is frustrated by Irish paralysis, but Amanda is resolved to go on with her contemplated flight.

In "Eveline" and in other stories in Dubliners, there is a missing priest. Amanda's brother, who wants to be a priest is never at home. He is always in church where he wants to be alone with the saints. Amanda's father is just as dependent upon her as Eveline's is on her. It is, indeed, the burden of an ineffectual father's dependence that causes the paralysis of each girl.

Paralysis and escape in "The Exiles" are depicted in techniques similar to those employed in "Eveline": the use of the "yellow" color, one of Joyce's colors denoting paralysis and decay;[17] the use of furniture and fixtures; and the use of sounds from outside a window offering hints of a happier place.

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[17] Ibid., 20.

The evening setting which sets the mood of "The Exiles" is described as "a spray of yellow light"[18] flickering on the ceiling. Eveline's story also takes place in a deepening evening, and as she ponders on her contemplated flight in the dusty room, the yellowing photograph of a priest who was her father's school friend catches her eyes. The "yellow" color is used in both stories to denote the paralysis and decay in which the characters are caught.

The furniture and fixtures also reinforce the ideas of decay, imprisonment, and paralysis as well as escape. To Eveline, it is ironic that the word "home" is a room with familiar objects covered with dust. Dust contrasted with the good air offered by Buenos Aires. Also in the dusty room is the yellowing photograph of her father's priest friend who is now in Melbourne, away from the center of paralysis. And at the dock where Eveline expected to sail away from her dusty home, the iron railing becomes a cage for her in her ironic and final paralysis. Likewise, the sick room of Amanda's father is described in terms of a prison. When Amanda goes to check on him at dusk, she is symbolically

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[18] The Distance to Andromeda and Other Stories, 61. All quotations from the two Brillantes stories discussed in this section are from this collection, and all subsequent references will be given in the text immediately following the quotation.

presented at three different points in spatial relation to her father's room. First, she is shown standing between the prison of her father's bed and the open door signifying escape; second, as pausing in the unlighted hallway between her father's room and a window through which she feels her mind become "free, active, and unsuppressed;" (65) and finally, after her moment of resolution, as standing between her father's room and the stair well, "feeling no longer a loveless woman: she stood poised on the edge of a beautiful adventure" (65).

Through a window, Eveline hears the organ grinders playing an Italian air luring her to a far away and happy land. And during Amanda's moment of vacillation, it is the rattling wheels of a "carromata" that she hears through the window which partly resolves her to be firm in her contemplated flight.

"The Living and the Dead" in which we meet another ineffectual father, is a story of isolation and death. Jose Romano, director of a government agency, ex-judge, ex-governor, and ex-representative is threatened with exposure for his graft and corruption on the eve of his daughter Sylvia's coming out party. His wife and his daughter are so wrapped up in their social engagements and so engrossed in the preparations for the party that they are unaware of the menace that faces him. His son, Chito, troubled by the pregnancy of his girl friend, is

equally unsuspecting of it. Ironically, Jose Romano misinterprets Chito's troubled looks as knowledge of his rotten secret and vice versa. Thus father and son, separately burdened with their secrets become strangers to each other. Chito and Sylvia are also alienated from each other. Neither could stand each other's friends. The greater irony is the utter insensitiveness of his wife to his predicament. After the party when Jose Romano becomes completely shaken, suffers a heart attack, and is practically at the point of death from the weight of his secret and impending exposure, his wife insensibly calls his attention to the moon which to her appears "like a bright silver coin," (205) complains about the heat, and suggests that they go to a summer resort to escape it. All she thinks about is to squander money, and Jose Romano always weakly gives in to her material whims. He leaves his wife to her back-patting for the success of their daughter's debut and staggers into the bedroom, with the figure of the Crucified Christ on the wall and the Blessed Virgin's moon shining into the room.

The revolving point of view employed in the story serves thematic and structural purposes. It reinforces the alienation between the different members of the family as well as lends form to the narrative. Its symmetry is both functional and artistic, with the following design:

The author's	A
Jose Romano's	B
The author's	A
Chito's	C
Jose Romano's	B
The author's	A

The story opens with the author's one paragraph description of the sun, "like a huge, dazzling eye," (192) rising and spreading its brightness all over the city. The author then spotlights on the Romano home. We see Jose Romano pondering on his problem by a window, "his attention transfixed at a certain point above the roofs, as though he were examining a text printed in the sky" (192). He then joins his family at breakfast and through the author's objective presentation of scene through dialogue, we see the concern of Mrs. Nita Romano for outer appearances--for extravagant show--a priority in her hierarchy of values. And Sylvia seems to be learning her mother's extravagance, allows himself to be corrupted in his office in order to meet such prodigality. And when his wife suggests that he talk to Chito who seems perturbed, he fails to do so because of his own anxiety. Thus, here, we have another ineffectual father image.

During the early part of the evening, we see glimpses of the party through a fence--through Chito's weary eyes. He is seated with his expectant girl friend

in a car, and both are preoccupied with their secret. Unable to go to either of his parents, he longs "for another life, unburdened and simple" (22). Towards the end of the evening, the point of view shifts back to Jose Romano who has retired to the bar and views the party from there. Symbolically, both father and son are isolated from the party. In fact, we do not get to the party at all. All that we see and hear of it is what either Chito or Jose Romano glimpses of it. Or later, what Nita Romano, in retrospect, tells her husband about it. When the party ends, and the last of the guests has gone, Jose Romano gazes down "the deserted lawn as one looks down the sheer altitude of a precipice. . . . A distorted full moon floated in the swimming pool" (202).

The author ends the story with a one paragraph description--as in the opening--of an imagery of light. This time it is the moonlight breathing into the bedroom and Jose Romano again staring at the sky where the moon shines with glory the reflected light of the sun. Consciously structured, the story opens with a sentence beginning with "The sun" and ends with a sentence ending with "the sun."

The use of external details and recurrent imagery is reminiscent of Joyce's symbolistic technique--where external details and recurrent imagery "are there not for their own sake . . . but to embody and suggest something

else, preferably a moral or spiritual condition too general, vague or slippery for tweezer or caliper."[19] In the opening descriptive paragraph, the corruption of Jose Romano is hinted at by the description of his car: "the family chauffeur polished the black Cadillac to a flawless shine" (192). The Cadillac, a symbol of his affluence is black, and it is polished to a flawless shine. And later we find out that his affluence has been through graft and corruption. Then after breakfast, when his wife and children go to the birthday mass, he stands by the window watching them "emerge from the porte cochere and ride away in the gleaming car through the gate with the white stone lions standing guard" (196). The car again figures prominently in the description, and the gate is guarded by "white" lions. Lions, of course, are symbols of strength, power. And here, they are "white." Why "white"? Since Brillantes is aware of Joyce's technique of using external details for suggestion, it is possible that here, he uses the color "white" as Joyce uses it in his imagery of "whiteness" which is associated with lack of physical capabilities--as in his characters fading out into the whiteness of snow or into a state of nothingness. If so, then the details of the white lions standing guard are used ironically.

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[19]Tindall, 21.

The recurrent external detail of the Crucified Christ and the recurrent imagery of the light of the sun and of the moon function to embody and suggest Grace of God through the mediation of the Blessed Virgin of the Apocalypse--"A woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet" (204). At the beginning of the story with the sun "like a huge, dazzling eye in the sky" (192), when Romano ponders on his problem, he has a vindictive attitude towards the man who threatens his exposure. In his pride and feeling of power, he thinks of killing the man. But when he retires after dancing with Sylvia, his guilt overwhelms him and his pride breaks down. Gazing at the moon, he suddenly feels "small and helpless and incomplete and infinitely lonely" (204). He realizes how finite he is and becomes as small and as weak as little Stephen Dedalus gazing at the universe in his geography book. He thinks of death, suicide even. How man disintegrates into nothingness. And he prays to the Mother of God for salvation. With his mild heart attack, he dies symbolically. And symbolically again, he is resurrected by the glorious moonlight, the reflected light of the sun.

Psychological Perplexity

In this second half of the chapter, representative stories that manifest influences of Katherine Anne Porter will be examined. These are stories dealing with the

senseless destruction of the individual and the treacherous capacity of the individual to do wrong even when armed with the finest intentions of doing right. In this connection, Harry John Mooney, Jr. says that Katherine Anne Porter's artistic purpose and direction is "to trace the reasons for the failures of man's behavior [and therefore her stories] are concrete and specific instances of human behavior [illuminating] the diverse and baffling conduct of man."[20] He goes on to say further that

> Somewhere in the midst of these stories . . . even Miss Porter herself could not be explicit as to just where, lie the indications of man's moral and intellectual failures. As a true representative of her age, Miss Porter is compelled to write about a society that is haunted from within and threatened from without. Like Henry James, whom she greatly admires, she has the "imagination of disaster," the particular hallmark of the literary artist in America which runs from Hawthorne and Melville, through James, to Fitzgerald and Faulkner and Hemingway . . .
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> . . . It is the psychology of human relations which interests her most, and each of her stories is an attempt to elucidate some particular problem or mystery in man's behavior. . . . Most of her stories deal with the failure of love or hope or fortitude, and in this they reflect not only the contemporary, but the ageless, dilemmas.[21]

Similar attempts in elucidating the baffling conduct of man will be shown in representative stories of Wilfrido Nolledo and Kerima Polotan-Tuvera, both consistent winners of Philippine literary awards. These influences will be

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[20] Mooney, 4.

[21] Ibid., 4-5.

traced, first, in the stories of Wilfredo Nolledo, and later in Kerima Polotan-Tuvera's.

We will examine Nolledo's three prize stories for three consecutive years: "Maria Concepcion" (Second Prize, FPSC, 1948-49), "Kayumanggi, Mon Amour" (Third Prize, FPSC, 1959-60), and "Rice Wine" (First Prize, FPSC, 1960-61). Curiously, Nolledo's first prize-winning story bears the same title as Porter's first published story. And that there is more than just coincidence in their identical titles is evidenced by other traces of Porter's works in Nolledo's "Maria Concepcion." These are an "imagination of disaster," the suggestion of evil and violence being inherent in man, the use of the dream device to objectify the "imagination of disaster," and the ironic religious connotations. In this connection, Francisco Arcellana, who received the first award ever given to an art critic by the Art Association of the Philippines and who served as one of the judges on the FPSC, 1958-59, says this in his evaluation of the story:

> There is a story called "Maria Concepcion" by Katherine Anne Porter. . . . I am convinced that Nolledo's "Maria Concepcion" couldn't have been written if the Porter story hadn't been written. The two Maria Concepcions are sisters under the skin.[22]

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[22]"The 1958-59 Free Press Short Story Contest Winners," PFP (December 12, 1959), 20.

Porter's Maria Concepcion is a young Mexican woman whose husband, Juan, deserts her when he, together with Rosa Maria, one of his mistresses, joins the Mexican army. In her forsaken state, Maria Concepcion goes to church oftener than she used to. Yet, when Juan and Rosa Maria return, and after Rosa Maria's child is born, Maria Concepcion brutally kills her. Maria Concepcion is not punished. In fact, her husband and the community protect her. The old woman who knows Maria Concepcion's guilt declares that the footsteps she heard when the murder was perhaps committed were "as the tread of the spirit of evil!"[23]

Nolledo's Maria Concepcion is the object of an adolescent boy's first love. As such, she is both the opposite and coincident of Porter's Maria Concepcion. Unlike Porter's Maria Concepcion, she is not deserted by her love. On the contrary, she toys with the emotions of her suitors whom she discards one by one after she has broken each one's heart. She blames her father for the death of her mother and for this, she hates all men. She worships the memory and picture of her mother in the same manner that she does the Blessed Virgin--kneeling, praying, and lighting candles before her picture. Yet, all the while ironically motivated by an evil desire for revenge.

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[23]Collected Stories, 26. All quotations from Porter's stories are taken from this edition, and all subsequent references will be given in the text immediately after the quotation.

In this kind of religiosity, she is like the Mexican Maria Concepcion. Interestingly, too, her maid who assists her in her religious rites is named Laura. This is also the name of Porter's heroine in "Flowering Judas" who devotes herself wholeheartedly to the revolutionary movement in Mexico, but who eventually discovers that she is a traitor to herself as well as to the ranks of the oppressed, and therefore identifies herself with Judas rather than with any liberator of mankind.

Alfonso, the adolescent boy who falls in love with Maria Concepcion also meets the inevitable fate of all her suitors and in his adolescent desperation becomes ill. Nolledo's "sense of disaster" and the suggestion of evil and violence as being inherent in man are objectified in a delirious dream that Alfonso falls into. These delirious moments of illness are reminiscent of Miranda's in "Pale Horse, Pale Rider" in the sense that they portend evil as well as merge in the dreamer's mind images of fantasy and of reality. The dream of evil also recalls the violence of Maria Concepcion in killing Maria Rosa. Alfonso dreams that he and Maria Concepcion get into a violent fight, whipping, clawing, and lacerating each other. Overcome by Alfonso's strength, she begs to be taken to town for she is bleeding profusely. As he helps her to her feet,

> She heard the Angelus and dropped on her knees to pray. And Alfonso rose with the whip in his hand.

> For a wild moment, they glared at each other with a tenderness that shocked them both.[24]

This especially evokes the scene when Maria Concepcion, after killing Maria Rosa appears before Juan with the long knife she wears habitually at her belt in her hand. Juan fears for his life, but instead of attacking him, she throws the knife away, and

> got down on her knees, crawling towards him as he had seen her crawl many times towards the shrine at Guadalupe Villa. He watched her with such horror that the hair of his head seemed to be lifting itself away from him. Falling forward upon her face, she huddled over him, lips moving in a ghostly whisper. Her words became clear, and Juan understood them all (21).

The violence portrayed by Nolledo is so powerfully rendered that it affects the reader greatly and it is such a relief to wake up with Alfonso from the delirious trance at the end.

"Kayumanggi, Mon Amour" is the story of Aguila, a retired, bemedalled corporal in the Korean War who now drives a jeep for a living in Manila. Not earning much, he can afford no better than the slums to house his wife, seven children, and a slowly fading grandmother suffering from tuberculosis. The burden of supporting his family, the pressures of an underground syndicate shielded by a corrupt police force, and the after-effects of his war experiences all interplay in his psychological tendency

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[24] PFP (September 12, 1959), 52.

to destruction. The story focuses on his chase by two members of the underground syndicate and the grotesque end that all three meet in their senseless destruction of each other. Although the story has sociological implications, its interest really lies in the psychological behavior of the individual under social and economic stress--in the psychological destructive urge that man is unable to curb within himself when frustrated. Aguila can be the most romantic of lovers, bringing sampaguita flowers and candy to his wife after a hard day's work, yet he can be the wild animal that drags his oppressors with him into the hell that they had thrown him in.

The destructive evil nature in man which is the theme of the story is given shape through effective characterization, action, and imagery. Although the characterization is accomplished mostly through description rather than through dramatic revelation, Aguila comes out a realistic individual through Nolledo's use of the present progressive participle which animates his descriptions. When threatened by the syndicate members, Aguila

> would race down the highway sucking a cigar in his mouth, the lead pipe in his hand, and the wind crushing like cymbals in his face. With another man's license, he would drive like a madman undulating out of his brown skin, past any standing tree, any rooted house, any living person, any animal, any stranded store, past all passengers;

> drive this way in the early morning until the gasoline went and the mobile came.[25]

The mobile refers to the corrupt Police Mobile Unit that patrols the city.

> Already at home, he had a bag of tickets. He had been to court many, many times, but the warnings did not stop him. . . . He wished he were driving an express or a transit, streaking across the highway on air brakes, passing all common insects, violating all traffic lights, hitting trash cans, throwing stones at department stores, blowing his horn in hospital zones, running over small birds along the highway because he wanted to kill something in the world (51).

The imagery of burning, of hell, which abounds throughout the story lends thematic dimensions to it. They live "on the crater of their tin roof that burned like petroleum at noon" (12). Even at night when they sleep, "It seemed the sun still shone . . . and [Aguila] shielded his head with the blanket" (12). And when faced with the problem of paying the rent, he answers his wife in hellish tones: "Pay it? Kill them! Kill all landlords! Kill all operators! Kill all mobiles! Kill everybody! Let's all go to hell!" (52) These mounting hellish suggestions culminate in the burning hell in which he perishes and into which he also savagely draws his persecutors:

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[25]PFP (July 9, 1960), 51. All subsequent references to the story will be given in the text immediately following the quotation.

> The other one who looked like a priest poured a can of it on [Aguila] till he was drenched to the skin. The tall man lighted a cigar.
>
> He spat the cigar out and it hit Aguila on the cheek, and a flame burst out and washed like lightning on his body as he threw himself on the ground. They laughed. Aguila, burning, rose on his knees in the manner of prayer, and while burning and while they laughed, he leaped and embraced the two men with his arms. The three of them weaved grotesquely in the evening, burning each other and the grass and no one came to save or arrest them and together they burned and screamed and danced and ran but would not part. They were burning, burning, burning, and no one who saw them could tell what they were, for somehow they were terribly together as they cried, and they died bound in a night of arms (54).

Had the story ended at this point, the destructive theme could have been more effectively rendered. There is neither thematic nor artistic function to the subsequent paragraphs in which his wife finds his charred remains. They only give the story a slick fiction characteristic which seeks to satisfy the common reader's desire for a "happy" ending.

Nolledo's "Rice Wine" evokes another of Porter's story titles: "Noon Wine." Like Porter's story, "Rice Wine" suggests a "sense of catastrophe," but the evil here is more encompassing than that which is suggested in "Noon Wine." It is of social, political, and economic dimensions and is capable of destroying a whole society. It is a many-tentacled evil: betrayal, idealistic isolation and paralysis, and starvation of physical and spiritual depths. These may sound too much for a short story to contain, but these evils are presented in some kind of chain

reaction sprouting out of one another. For here, Nolledo attempts to write by fusing his "sense of catastrophe" with his "sense of history." He endeavors to achieve something akin to what Harry John Mooney, Jr. describes as Porter's "sense of catastrophe" being complemented by her "sense of history."[26]

"Rice Wine" is a story of betrayal and its effects upon the betrayed. The main character, Old Santiago is a veteran of the Philippine Revolution against Spain. He lives with the illusion that the present ills of the country are the result of the non-realization of a Filipino nation as envisioned by the Philippine revolutionary forces. Together with DePalma, another veteran who is also a poet, he decries the fact that the country was betrayed by Spain for so many thousands of American silver dollars. Both Santiago and DePalma become strangers to the present society for they live in glorious daydreams of past revolutionary days. However, DePalma is less detached from the present than is Santiago who fails to see the real causes of the country's ills. For instance, he sees his daughter, Elena, mostly as she is reflected by the cracked-looking glass in their hut. Thus he is unable to see what she really is and why she is what she is. She goes out nightly under the pretext of giving

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[26]Mooney, 5.

piano lessons to a little boy who lives in a castle within sight of their hut. In reality she lives the life of a prostitute so that she may earn what it takes to keep her and her father from starvation. Ruben, a young disgruntled student, is in love with her. But knowing what she has become and being discontented with the inefficiency of the government, he resorts to drinking in the corner store where DePalma and Santiago go for their rice wine.

The story focuses on one such night when Elena goes to her nocturnal job and the three men meet at the corner drinking store. Both DePalma and Santiago sing praises of the glorious revolutionary past which irritates Ruben and the store owner for they sound like an old cracked record repeating the same old beaten song. Ruben leaves in disgust declaring that one cannot liberate a slave with a metaphor. He decides to go and attend his political science class instead. Meanwhile along the sidewalk, a group of hungry pedestrians talk about the Bomb. Hearing this, Santiago who sees the revolutionary past only in terms of glory, wants DePalma to affirm the fact that there was no Bomb in their time. But DePalma, who like Porter's Miranda in "Pale Horse, Pale Rider" and Charles Upton in "The Leaning Tower of Pisa," has an "imagination of disaster" tells him that there had always been a Bomb--only it had a different form--as even now it is in different shapes and forms:

> The Bomb will fall whatever you do. Ask the people there, living for their ganta.[27] Ask the mothers. Ask the children. The Bomb is in their bellies. The Bomb is in the market. The Bomb is in the pawn shop.[28]

And he explodes a final one that sends Santiago in quest of the truth: "The Bomb is in that house where your Elena . . . lies naked waiting for the possession of the world!" (147) This sends him rushing to the castle. But drunk as he is, he falls, and gets bathed and washed by the rice wine which he excretes. In the castle, he finds the truth not only about Elena but also about himself. That what Elena is, is really the unhappy result of his ineffectuality as a father, for living in a trance of the past and for being detached from the present. He is in effect, a betrayed betrayer.

His disappointment in himself is so great that he attempts to make up for it immediately, impulsively, Don Quixote like. He goes about inciting the hungry mob to rob a rice store and in the ensuing struggle for possession of the rice, he gets killed.

The story is narrated objectively, and as one reads it, one gets the impression of watching a drama on a stage,

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[27] A measure of rice equivalent to one twenty-fifth of a cavan or a large sack of rice.

[28] "Rice Wine," PEN Short Stories, ed. Francisco Arcellana (Manila, 1962), 144. All subsequent references will be given in the text immediately following the quotation.

what with the patriotic fervor of the drunken Santiago and DePalma which at times borders on melodrama.

Like Porter, Nolledo uses symbolism, historical fact, and the Christian myth to give shape to his story. Santiago's failure to see the present reality is suggested by the cracked looking-glass, a detail which Porter has used as symbol in and title of one of her stories. In dramatizing the rift between Santiago and DePalma on one hand, and Ruben, Elena, and the store owner on the other, Nolledo hints at the deplorable lack of understanding between the old and the young, and the lack of continuity between the past and the present. The young cannot appreciate the old dream of the Hispanic past, and neither can the old dreamers see the crying needs of the present. In fact, in their trance-like obsession with their dreams of the past, the old dreamers betray not only the present but also the future.

Santiago's downward path to wisdom is traced through the Christian myth in ironic terms. Rushing to the castle that used to be a chapel, he falls and is washed by the rice wine which he excretes. At the castle entrance he lies to the old man who lets him in that he wants a woman. He is thus guided through the lower dark rooms in search of a woman to his liking--in a tour which is reminiscent of Dante's descent into hell.

Not finding a woman to his desire in the lower rooms, he is offered the special one upstairs. Like Dante, he finds the object of his quest, but ironically, it is not a beatific vision that he beholds, but his daughter whom he has betrayed. In his penitence he cries:

> I have been a monster eating the nights of my daughter. . . . Oh, I was feeding on you, my daughter! Eating your flesh day and night, your body, piece by piece, on the table while you surrendered it on the bed! (152)

Elena becomes the body of Christ that is sacrificed so that man-Santiago may live. Ironically, her body is sacrificed in prostitution in a castle that used to be a chapel--a temple of God. She whose nocturnal outings in the past were only to go and hear the "misa de gallo," now goes out at night to live a life of sin. And Santiago unwittingly, like Porter's Laura in "Flowering Judas" becomes a betrayer instead of a revolutionary liberator of the oppressed.

This treacherous capacity of the individual to do wrong even when armed with the finest intentions of doing right is also central to the three stories of Kerima Polotan-Tuvera that we will consider next: "The Giants" (Second Prize, PMA, 1958-59), "The Tourists" (First Prize, PMA, 1959-60), and "The Sounds of Sunday" (First Prize, PMA, 1960-61 and Asia Magazine Award, 1964). Earlier in this study, her quotation of Katherine Anne Porter's faith in the continuity of the arts and in their deep relevancy

to the human situation has been pointed out.[29] In the Author's Note to her published collection which includes these three stories, she says that her philosophy of life is expressed perfectly for her by Katherine Anne Porter in the quoted passage.[30]

In "The Giants" Polotan-Tuvera portrays the corruption of the Philippine government officials as witnessed by and as it supposedly exerts its corrupting pressure on Carmen Reyes, a well-intentioned member of the press. A widely-read staff member of the magazine World, she is courted by Alberto Cosio, an influential government official in the Philippine White House, through his wife Nora, to write press releases which will ensure Cosio's control of government and private agencies and thereby amass a fortune at the expense of the people. When Carmen finds out that she is being exploited to serve their private ends and tries to extricate herself from their web of corruption, Nora echoes the Hemingway character's initiation statement: "Why, . . . you're one of us now!"[31] And Carmen, who unlike steadfast Dilsey

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[29]See page 74.

[30]Stories, 7-8.

[31]Ibid., 192. All quotations from Polotan-Turvera's stories are taken from this edition and all subsequent references will be given in the text immediately following the quotation.

of The Sound and the Fury, can only cry out, "I did not endure" (193).

The story is told from Carmen's point of view in a rambling, loosely-structured narration. There is an over-population of flat characters whose corruption is "told" in general statements rather than "shown" in any depth or detail. This same weakness is found in the suggested corruption of Carmen. She is not presented in any deep perplexing situation that would adequately cause her despair. Thus the emotion that she is supposed to feel at the end is devoid of any touching effect on the reader. The story fails to develop a tension that can sustain the suggested conflict.

Polotan-Tuvera succeeds better in "The Tourists" which tells the story of Ernesto, a "noble savage" and his corruption in the city. Despite his poetic dreams and idealistic earnestness "to do well, to defend good, to right evil, and to correct wrong" (81), he succumbs to the evils and corruption of high finance. As in "The Giants," we are not really shown how the protagonist succumbs to evil. What we are shown are his contrasting initial innocence and his later corrupt state. Nevertheless, Ernesto is a more realistic character than is Carmen Reyes.

The story is narrated in the first person by Paz Nugui, Ernesto's college sweetheart who blames herself

for his desertion of his youthful ideals. The storyline is unfolded through an intricate inter-weaving of flash-backs and current events. Part of the merit of the story lies in the symbolism, contrasts, and ironies employed. As a young idealistic student, Ernesto wore army brogans, a pair of heavy, hobnailed shoes symbolizing his lack of sophistication, his innocence, and his crusading spirit. Fourteen years later, a successful champion of the capitalistic world, he runs over a striking laborer in his expensive Opel. From the "noble crusading savage" he turns into a practical Darwinian specie who, without any qualms of conscience can say "It's not a moral question anymore. What's immoral about wanting to survive? Every Adam's son wants to survive and I specially want to do so in soft, rubber foam, all-paid-for comfort" (114). On the other hand, Paz who was more practical in youth and who wanted Ernesto to be more worldly is repelled by what he has turned out to be. As she sits in his office showing her the symbols of his material success, she tells herself: "I who had wanted to be in the vortex of things had lived in anonymity these last years while he had ridden the crest" (103).

In "The Sounds of Sunday" a "sense of catastrophe" looms over Emma Gorrez, and despite her efforts to escape it, she gets caught in it. She is unhappy in the city where she sees her husband, Doming, being corrupted by

his "pimping" for his financially influential boss. To her argument that city life corrupts and, therefore, they would be better off in the country, Doming snorts, "No one [is], safe anywhere. . . . Life [waits] for a man's unguarded moments . . ." (49). Unable to convince her husband, she leaves for the country with her sons. She goes back to her old teaching job in the provincial high school, the principal of which, Rene Rividad, was her former suitor. As equally estranged from his wife, Norma who lives a life of promiscuity, as Emma is estranged from Doming, Rividad finds himself seeking the company of Emma. In their lonely states, they find consolation in each other's company, and before long, Rividad speaks of his love for her. Though she sees it as a "catastrophe" (66), Emma finds herself unable to resist it. "Am I to be like Norma after all?" (67) she asks. And silently tells herself, 'Perhaps I love him already' (67). Doming's "imagination of disaster" that no one is safe anywhere--that life waits for man's unguarded moments is fulfilled.

Since the story focuses on Emma's conflict, the central point of view employed is appropriate. The interweaving of flashbacks and present events is also skillfully handled. However, realistic as the longings of Emma and Rividad are for human company, there is a contrivance in the way Emma is impelled to go alone regularly to the town restaurant by the bus station where she inevitably runs into Rividad, who goes there under the pretext

of welcoming his wife from her trips which he knows are really illicit trysts. For a married woman of Emma's sense of propriety and whose husband is away, such solitary "coffee-drinking" visits to a small town restaurant are not only unrealistic but also taboo. The story also tends to be melodramatic. For instance, note Emma's thoughts when she realizes that she is falling in love with Rividad: "Perhaps, I love him already, she thought. Over the edge, ah! down the precipice, and sweet disaster" (67).

In the first half of this chapter, we have seen what the Filipino short story writer has done with the themes of human loneliness: of exile, isolation, dislocation, and paralysis. And in the second half, with two recurrent themes of Katherine Anne Porter: the destructive theme and the theme of the treacherous capacity of the individual to do wrong even when armed with the firmest intentions of doing right. As in the initiation stories, the American and Joycean influences are marked. In addition, we also note traces of Chekhov. This should be no surprise, for the American craftsman from whom the Filipino writer has learned his craft has also been greatly influenced by Chekhov. In this regard, T. O. Beachcroft says, "American critics . . . have often said that it is the Chekhovian influence that lies behind

the resurgence of American short stories in the 1920's and that this influence has continued ever since."[32]

The human condition and situation as portrayed in terms of Chekhovian "banality," Joycean "paralysis," and the American "imagination of disaster" are also reflected upon by the Filipino writer. Like Chekhov, as shown in the stories of Santos, he sees the tragedy of human loneliness as partly due to the "banality" in which lives are buried and partly due to the basic human incapacity to communicate; like Joyce, as shown in the stories of Brillantes, he sees the paralyzing and isolating effect of both physical and moral afflictions. And like the American writer, as shown in most of the stories, he senses the impending disaster that looms over the human condition and situation. He realizes that man, due to both internal and external factors, often gets his well-meaning intentions thwarted and he ends up being an oppressor instead of a liberator. Yet, in spite of all these, man can survive if he learns to accept them as ineluctable, rectifying those that he can with patient endurance reinforced by faith. He needs must free himself from external as well as internal destructive forces. External forces such as hunger and disease, and internal forces such as anger, hate, pride, sloth, and greed.

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[32]Beachcroft, 234.

These reflections on the human condition and situation are conveyed also through a craft that evinces Western literary narrative art. Collections of short stories unified by recurrent themes in the manner of Sherwood Anderson's Winesburg, Ohio and James Joyce's Dubliners are published. Experiments with the point of view--the effacement of the "I" narrator, the interior monologue, and the rotating point of view are ventured upon. Symbolism in the form of character names, external details, and recurrent imagery are also employed. Even the experiments with the use of myth, both literary and Christian, in the stories of Tiempo and Nolledo are successful. As in the preceding chapter, a number of weaknesses in the stories are also noted here: contrived storylines in "The Dimensions of Fear" and in "The Sounds of Sunday"; a not too-well developed conflict, an over-population of flat characters, and a rambling loose structure in "The Giants;" a tendency to melodrama in "Rice Wine" and in "The Sounds of Sunday;" and an attempt to satisfy the common reader with a "happy" ending in "Kayumanggi, Mon Amour."

CHAPTER III

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT

The Philippines is a crossroad of cultures, and Kipling notwithstanding, there the East has indeed met the West. For one thing, it is the only Christian country in the Far East. For another, it is perhaps one of the few countries, if not the only, that has three official languages: Spanish, English, and Pilipino. And if language is an index to culture, then one can see the implied complexity of culture in a country that has three official languages. This complexity of culture is both the source of richness and confusion in the life of the people. The Filipino psyche is caught between the tensions of the rural and the urban, the pagan and the Christian, and the Spanish-influenced past and the American-oriented present. Cognizant of these conflicts, the Filipino writer has dramatized them among his literary attempts. The first section of this chapter will focus on representative stories dramatizing these cultural conflicts, the second on stories depicting social problems that are concomitant to the cultural conflicts, and the third on stories of the present narrated in terms of the mythical past.

Cultural Conflict

Representative stories of Nick Joaquin, F. Sionil Jose, and Edith L. Tiempo will be treated here. All three authors have won Philippine literary awards, and each has published a collection of short stories. Nick Joaquin's stories will be treated first.

The conflict between the past and the present is Nick Joaquin's pervading theme. This is best portrayed in his play, A Portrait of the Artist as Filipino in which the past is carried into the future on the shoulders of the present, as depicted in the play's central symbol: a painting of Aeneas fleeing from the burning city of Troy and bearing on his shoulders an Anchises whose face is his own. This theme recurs in his prize-winning novel published in 1961, The Woman Who Had Two Navels, two sections of which had previously been published as shorter genres. The first one, bearing the novel's title and which composes Chapter I, was first published as a novellete in his Prose and Poems, 1952. It was also published in a complete issue of Partisan Review (July-August, 1953). The second one comprises pages 108 to 124 of Chapter III. As a short story bearing the chapter's title, "La Vidal," it was awarded the first prize, PMA, 1957-58. Both the novelette and the short story have been incorporated into the novel without any textual revisions or changes, except that the novelette as Chapter I has been retitled "Paco."

In the novelette, Joaquin unfolds in a Faulkerian shifting point of view the intertwined stories of Connie, the woman who has two navels; and Dr. Monson, the revolutionary leader who has taken refuge in exile. In this regard, three critics of Philippine literature have also pointed out similarities in Joaquin's style and Faulkner's. Fr. Harry B. Furay, S.J., Professor of English at the Ateneo University says this of the prose style in Joaquin's Prose and Poems: "It is a style of William Faulkner . . ., and it is the style, anyone who has read the stories can testify, which comes naturally to Mr. Joaquin's hand at the peak moments of his effectiveness."[1] Leonard Casper writes this of the full-length novel The Woman Who Had Two Navels: "Style and theme are perfectly adapted to each other's needs in this novel proving that Joaquin is Faulkner/Dostoevsky. . . ."[2] And Laura S. Oloroso, Supervisor of English, Division of City Schools, Manila; and editor of the Manila Public School Teacher's English Quarterly traces stylistic parallels between Faulkner's The Sound and the Fury and Joaquin's The Woman Who Had Two Navels:

> No one who has read William Faulkner's . . . The Sound and the Fury and Mr. Joaquin's The Woman

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[1]"The Stories of Nick Joaquin," Philippine Studies, I, 2 (September, 1953), 152.

[2]New Writing from the Philippines, 144.

> Who Had Two Navels can fail to be struck by the similarities between the two novels.
>
> Both . . . are told from shifting and limited points of view. The device keeps all possible doors to the truth ajar . . .
>
> Both Mr. Joaquin and Mr. Faulkner tamper with the clock, through adroit use of flashbacks, and make their readers zigzag back and forth in time and space, demanding from the reader great mental alacrity and a continual shifting of mental gears.
>
> Both authors use the stream-of-consciousness technique to take their readers into the minds of one or two of their characters.[3]

In the novelette, eighteen-year-old Connie who is disillusioned with the adults in her life flies to Hong Kong. Running away from the harsh reality of her life, she takes refuge in the illusion that she has two navels and seeks the professional services of young Dr. Tony Monson, the veterinarian son of the old revolutionary leader, Dr. Monson. Like Connie, the older Dr. Monson had run away from the Philippines years ago. Rather than live in a Philippines that is unsympathetic to the revolutionary past, he has self-exiled himself in Hong Kong. He has raised his children on the dream of going home to a free Philippines someday. When the country finally gets liberated, he goes to the homeland to have the home of his ancestors readied and rebuilt, if need be, for the homecoming of his sons. But he flies back much sooner than expected. Instead of happy stories from the beloved homeland, all he can "whimper" to Tony is "Dust and crabs,

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[3]"Nick Joaquin and His Brightly Burning Prose," Brown Heritage, 785.

dust and crabs, dust and crabs"[4] recalling T. S. Eliot's will-deprived hollow men and Polonius/Prufrock.[5] Whatever Dr. Monson saw in the country must have shocked him terribly to have reduced his verbal responses to practically just "whimpers" of "dust and crabs." The echoes are very rich in implication. His "whimpering" suggests his inability, like the will-deprived hollow men, to bear the harsh reality of what he saw in the homeland. The "dust" could mean his realization of the antiquated nature of his ideals as envisioned by the revolutionary past, and the Polonius/Prufrock reference of the "crabs," his incapacity to move forward as a leader or father. The echo of "dust and crabs" is very rich in implication, but it is not well-integrated into the story. There is a certain awkwardness and lack of verisimilitude in a key conversation such as this:

> The old man was rocking himself in a chair, in the dark. Pepe turned on the light.
>
> "You have risen early, Papa."
>
> "I could not sleep."
>
> "The rain has kept me awake too."
>
> "Oh, not the rain--the dust, the dust, the dust . . ."

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[4]The Woman Who Had Two Navels (Manila, 1961), 48. Quotations from the novelette as well as from "La Vidal," are taken from this edition, and all subsequent references will be given in the text immediately following the quotation.

[5]That Joaquin is familiar with T. S. Eliot has been pointed out in the Introduction of this study. See page 31.

> "We will make the boy wash this room thoroughly today."
> "And crabs. Crabs crawling everywhere. Wherever I place a foot I crush a crab."
> Pepe heard his heart pounding.
> "Dust and crabs, dust and crabs, dust and crabs . . ." dully intoned the old man to the wooden rhythm of the rocking-chair (47-48).

The echo of "dust and crabs" here is a grafting onto, rather than an outgrowth of the conversation.

In "La Vidal," Joaquin dramatizes better the nostalgic cry for the socio-literary-religious accent of the Hispanic past; and the revolutionary dream of a free Philippines. In the story, the cultural conflict, transition, and change are objectified in two points: in the growth and change of values of Concha Vidal, and in the sense of values of the three men in her life--her first husband, Esteban Borromeo; an unnamed man with whom she has an affair and who gets her with child; and her second husband, Manolo Vidal, who aborts her illegitimate child.

The young Conchita Gil grows up in a world where "even the animals [are] ceremonious and [share] men's ancient pieties" (109), where the house lizards go down to touch their heads to the earth at the sound of the angelus. Whenever she comes late to the evening prayer, her punishment is preceded by: "even the animals know when it's time to pray" (109). Years and years later, to Conchita Gil who has grown into the Señora Concha Vidal, this has become nothing but a faded fairy tale. As she lies "sleepless in fine rooms where no lizards [stare]

from the ceiling," (109) she ponders on the changed values of her world--"a world where one [envies] the animals precisely because they [do] not pray" (109).

As a sixteen-year-old Conchita Gil, she marries, Esteban Borromeo, playwright and poet in the old Spanish tradition. They both look forward to the future, believing that the Americans who had driven out the Spaniards would soon go and "the country would be left to continue a culture the flowering of which then seemed imminent . . . in the liveliness of the press, the theater, and the poets" (116). But in the late 1920's, the complete failure of his third book of poems jolts them into a realization that the Spanish reading public is gradually dwindling away. The magazine for which he works keeps on abandoning Spanish for English until finally it stops its Spanish section altogether.

The hopeful Conchita Gil grows into an increasingly haggard Conching Borromeo whose disillusioned husband soon leaves her a widow. After a year of mourning, she has an affair with an older man who, like Esteban, is a brilliant writer in Spanish; but also disillusioned, he eventually hurls himself off a bridge. When she finds out that she is with child, she panics for the sake of her father whose old age must not be dishonored. She seeks the professional services of Manolo Vidal, an abortionist and a politician

who saw the inevitability of Americanism. He aborts her illegitimate child and later marries her.

Much of the merit of the story lies in its animated descriptions which result in effective characterization. Note for instance a scene from the family evening prayers:

> As [Conchita] panted out the responses, kneeling among her brothers and sisters and staring at the holy images globed in crystal, at the ikons in their intricate settings, she would hear a rustling on the wall, a faint fury of haste, and would smile, remembering herself scampering home. From the corner of an eye she would glimpse the house lizards streaking down a post, silvery creatures . . . on their way to salute the Virgin too. . . .(109)

Or the adolescent Conchita feeling the first pains of love for the poet, Esteban Borromeo:

> . . . unable to sleep she rose again and crept into her father's study, hunted for a book among the shelves, and carried it to the window, where she and the moon poured over the poems that he had written as a student in Madrid. The words were Spanish, the music voluptuous. Her eyes widened at the blasphemies: Priapus appearing to St. Teresa; Aphrodite at the wedding at Cana. She had heard that he was wild, that he was wicked, but remembered now his grave smile, his gentle manner: she felt his hands on her hands, and clasped his book to her breast (113).

Or the reactions of Esteban Borromeo to her, after his freedom from imprisonment because of his writings:

> . . . he had a hero's welcome at the house of every nationalist, and especially at the Gils', where he was presently in baffled attendance on the young Conchita. He had come for the tremulous child whose display of tears had so enchanted him; he found a poised imperious coquette, and was dismayed, then amused, then tantalized, then irritated, then indignant, and finally miserable (113).

And Joaquin's account of Manolo Vidal's rise contrasted to Esteban Borromeo's fall reinforces the theme of the story:

> Like Esteban, he had studied in Spain, had fought in the insurrection, and had shared the faith of the 1900s in the endurance of the old older. But he had been quick to see that the future did not lie with the Esteban Borromeos, had realized that they were heading for a dead end and that the coming culture, unlike that of the Revolution, would have a political, not a literary accent. Abandoning the doomed, he had shifted to . . . a group that saw Americanism inevitable and was willing to meet it half; . . . While his less adaptable contemporaries were sinking into poverty, jumping off bridges, or simply fading away, Manolo Vidal had been rising in the political world (120).

In "It Was Later Than We Thought," Joaquin uses the epistolary method to dramatize the modern Filipino's betrayal of his past. In the letter, diary, and journal entries; newspaper reports and priestly sermons, we see the values of the Hispanic heritage deteriorate one by one. The entries are written by the members of the Cabrera family, a middle class family with college-educated children, from October, 1941, to December 7, 1941, the bombing of Pearl Harbor. Noe, one of the children is a priest. As it is with the epistolary method, the thoughts and reactions of the characters are presented objectively.

One of the things clearly implied is the modernization of the Filipino woman. From the traditional type whose prime concern was being a wife and mother, she has

gone out of the home joining community drives, movements, and activities and/or taking up a career. This is evinced in the letter exchanges between Tony Banzon and his wife, the former Chayong Cabrera. Their marriage is breaking up partly because of Tony's infidelity, but mostly because of Chayong's involvement in community activities. They have been married ten years, but they are still childless. Viewed from the traditional standpoint, their marriage is a failure. Tony writes his wife:

> . . . you further assure me that the "last creature of mine" [illegitimate] had nothing to do with your packing off. . . .
> . . . I made a deal with you when we married: hands off your "career," and all that. You can't say I haven't kept it. You've always done pretty much as you pleased. Boy, did you have me awed! All those "drives" and "movements" and "activities"! Now, it seems they're not enough; they don't satisfy; something's still rotten in the state of Rumania.[6]

The passing away of the traditional Filipina is also seen in Lulu, Chayong's younger sister who prefers a career to getting married. She prefers to keep on being a section-manager of a commercial house, to write a column in a commercial magazine, and to attend political meetings where women politicians themselves dominate the scene. Thus the modern Filipina is guilty of the abdication of her traditional duties and of her intrusion into the domain of the males.

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[6]Prose and Poems, (Manila, 1952), 60.

That the arts as well as religion are equally neglected is decried by the Cabrera brothers, Angel and Noe. Their father, an old gentleman, is so upset by all this, that he, just like old Dr. Monson, becomes a will-deprived ghost in a world where the old values of the past are slowly fading one by one. The collapse of the old order is symbolically summed up in a newspaper report about an old Spanish watchtower that crumbles down. Here, as well as in his other writings, Nick Joaquin regrets the destruction and fading away of such symbolic relics of the Spanish past. He stresses the value of these relics and the traditions connected with them in the search for a national identity. In his essay "La Naval de Manila," he says:

> . . . traditions are embodied for, say, the Visayan in Cebu's historic image of the Holy Child, or for the Bicolano in Naga's famed Virgin of Peñafrancia. There is indeed no Philippine town or village, however humble, that does not feel peculiarly itself, as belonging to that spot of ground and no other, because of some patronal cult traditional to the locality, some holy image there venerated and investing the site with legend and association. When we talk today of the need for some symbol to fuse us into a great people, we seem to forget that all over the country there lies this wealth of a "usable past," . . .
>
> But the past can become "usable" only if we are willing to enter into its spirit. . . . As long as we remain estranged from it, so long will we remain a garish and uncouth and upstart people, without graces because without background. . . . To our Spanish past, especially, it is time we became more friendly; . . .[7]

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[7] La Naval de Manila and Other Essays (Manila, 1964), 27-29.

The epistolary method that Joaquin uses in "It Was Later Than We Thought" is another manifestation of his experimentation with the presentation of truth's many faces. In many of his writings, he uses the Faulknerian multiple point of view and the stream-of-consciousness on the same event. The letter, diary, and journal entries as well as the newspaper reports and priestly sermons ring with realism, but the verisimilitude and objectivity of the whole is adversely affected by the last entry:

> Advice to Girls in These Parlous Times
>
> Eat, drink, and don't marry. Keep your powder (and lipstick) dry. Burn your candle at both ends and keep him frying. For tomorrow we're all going to put our legs in one casket . . .[8]

Note even the use of the archaic word "parlous." Does Joaquin hope to lend reality to the epistolary technique of the eighteenth century, an age of satire, by the inclusion of this bantering entry? Since the pervading tone of the entries is serious, this is rather out of place. Or is he afraid that his women readers would miss the point, hence this clincher? Again, this is not necessary, for the entries are explicit about it.

F. Sionil Jose is another writer whose concern with the conflict of the old and the new is reflected in his stories. He is on the staff of the United States Information Service in Manila. He has published a novel, The Pretenders; a collection of short stories, The God Stealer and Other Stories; and he has also edited an

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[8] Prose and Poems, 77.

anthology of Philippine writing in English, Equinox I. Currently, he edits and publishes Solidarity, a review of current affairs, ideas and the arts. Like Nick Joaquin, F. Sionil Jose sees that the search for a national identity must start from the past. In his article, "The Writer and His Roots," F. Sionil Jose says:

> The answer to rootlessness is a return to the past, a coming to terms with it no matter how painful this may be. We must go back home and pick up the pieces so we can go forward and truly live again.[9]

His "The God Stealer" (First Prize, PMA, 1958-59) is the story of the betrayal of one's tribal past. It portrays Philip Latak's betrayal of his tribe's religious belief as well as the love of his grandfather in his desire to show his gratefulness to his American friend and boss, Sam Christie. A scion of a Boston family that collects antiques and curio pieces from all over the world, Sam Christie is interested in buying a native tribal god. Philip promises to get him a genuine one from his home. But at the Christian Mission, Sam finds out that getting one would be a crime

> . . . for the Ifugaos are so attached to their gods. [Theirs] is a religion based on fear, retribution. Every calamity or every luck which happens to them is based on this belief. A good harvest means the gods are pleased. A bad one means they are angered.[10]

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[9] Free World, XVIII, 1 (February, 1969), 31.

[10] The God Stealer and Other Stories (Manila, 1968), 132. All subsequent references will be given in the text immediately after the quotation.

Learning this, Sam dissuades Philip from stealing his grandfather's god, especially since Philip has just pacified his grandfather's ire for having left the tribal home in search of a job in Manila. But Philip insists, reiterating that he does not believe in the tribal practices anymore, and besides replacing it would be no hard task at all. Philip does succeed in stealing the god after a blood-bathing ritual of it by the grandfather in thanksgiving for the homecoming of his favorite grandson, Philip. Though Sam Christie tries to make Philip return the god,

> . . . in the back of his mind he was grateful that Philip Latak had brought him this dirty god, because it was real, because it had significance and meaning and was no cheap tourist bait, such as those that were displayed at the hotel lobbies in Manila (138).

The old grandfather knows who the culprit is and the shock of his grandson's betrayal kills him. Philip, despite all his earlier reassurances that he had lost credence in the tribal beliefs, sheds his Western clothes, dons his native G-string, carves another god, and refuses to go back to Manila.

The story is told in a straightforward manner and except for the names of the American Sam Christie and the Filipino Philip Latak, and the god itself, there are no esoterics in the story. As a comment on the conflict between the old and the new, the native and the foreign,

and on the rich foreign curio-collector who would not stop at anything to satisfy his cravings, the story is successful.

"Abide, Joshua" is another story by Edith L. Tiempo. It is the story of Natalia who is torn between selling the old home of her parents so that she could buy the vacant lot next to her dress shop and thus prevent a Chinese businessman from putting up a bakery on it, which will adversely affect her business; and her brother's objection to having the house sold for he needs the rental money from it. Natalia is determined to sell the house, but prior to its sale, she looks it over. While looking over the now empty house, she sees the different parts become animated as they used to be when her parents were still alive. In the dining room, she remembers distinctly that it was not a picture of the Last Supper that used to hang there

> . . . but of all things, Joshua after the Lord had bestowed on him that miraculous power over the sun. The picture, a heavy triumph of blues and greys and browns, had been given to her mother by an American Methodist missionary; an awesome overwhelming portrait--"to moderate your mouthfuls," said her father once solemnly at table, "in case you begin to take your food too seriously."[11]

On her way out, she comes upon her brother seated on the top rung of the stairs and they argue over the proposed sale. Her brother accuses her of wanting to sell

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[11] Abide, Joshua, 39. All subsequent references will be given in the text immediately following the quotation.

the house for the sake of her second husband who is years younger than she is. She flees and takes refuge in their backyard where their maid, Trinidad, used to take them when they were little after a parental punishment. Again the past rises before her. She sees Trinidad make

> . . . a green cake out of the leaves of a plant weed. . . . The cake was "baked" in the sun. . . . Really the most marvelous cake. One didn't eat it of course. But it lifted the weight of their guilt and punishment . . . (44).

With her thoughts brought back to her childhood past, she decides against selling the house.

The story is told simply and clearly in the point of view of Natalia. Her return to the old house and her confrontation with the past and later with the present, as her brother accuses her, dramatizes her conflict realistically. The symbolism of the house, the picture of Joshua, and the cakes are artistically integrated to effect the realistic reversal of Natalia's decision. The effective use of external details, though imagined, and Natalia's moment of truth are reminiscent of Joycean symbolism and epiphany.

Social Consciousness

Realizing the validity and relevance of Rizal's ideals even to the present, a number of young writers have taken to writing stories dealing with the uplift of the masses, social justice, freedom, and even with sainthood which nowadays is predominantly an interest in commitment,

involvement, or engagement in community. Some such writers are Gilda Cordero-Fernando, Andres Cristobal Cruz, Pacifico N. Aprieto, and Fr. Rodolfo Villanneva, writing under the pen name Renato E. Madrid.

Gilda Cordero-Fernando is a prolific short story writer and many of her stories have won prizes in both the FPSC and PMA. Her collection of short stories, The Butcher, the Baker, the Candlestick Maker published in 1962 contains thirteen of her representative stories. In the Introduction to the collection, N. V. M. Gonzalez classifies the stories into three groups:

> To the first group belong the incisive stories of suburbia with its dowdy, glamor-starved housewives, their status symbols, and their money-anxious husbands. The second group includes stories listed with some cause--a reminder, perhaps, that a writer may well have an axe to grind. In this case, the axe cuts deeply in many places, not the least unlikely being the public school system ("The Visitation of the Gods") and the American landscape ("Sunburn"). To the third group belong the children's stories.[12]

Indeed, the method of Gilda Cordero-Fernando is satiric. Covering a wide range of the population, her stories ridicule the fables of the "common tao."[13] There is Flora in "The Level of Each Day's Need" who wishes to be Venus de Milo, Gertrude Stein, and Betty Crocker all at the same

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[12]The Butcher, the Baker, the Candlestick Maker (Manila, 1962), vi. All quotations from Cordero-Fernando's stories are taken from this edition, and all subsequent references will be given in the text immediately after the quotation.

[13]The middle class.

time; there is Tia Dolor in "Hothouse" who has a Midas touch but her tastes do not grow with her assets; there is L. G. Alba in "A Fear of Heights," an architect who caters to the vulgar taste of the nouveau riche; and there is the young executive's wife, Sol, in "Magnanimity" who tries to stretch her family budget to meet the family's needs, to help the poor, and to keep up with the Joneses. The stories transcend national boundaries, and in "Hunger," there is the international group of children whose mothers' foibles are reflected in their kitchens; in "The Race Up to Heaven," there is the contrast between modern Westernized values and the family-tied up values of the Filipinos; and in "Sunburn," there is the Filipinos' discrimination against their own countrymen in New York.

In most of these stories there is a preoccupation with theme and the characters are rarely developed to any complexity. In many cases they are mere caricatures. Stylistically, the stories abound in figures of speech, and sometimes they fit Dr. Johnson's definition of a metaphysical conceit where "the most heterogeneous ideas are yoked by violence together" and the resulting comparison is strained. Consider for instance: "in a voice as crisp as lettuce leaves" (1), "a little village tucked in the apron of a mountain" (8), "as if life were a slippery cake of soap continually escaping from her wet flustered hands" (29), and "Her eyelids fluttered like drying moths" (126).

The stories make their points partly through echoes, allusions, and parallels. In describing the young people's bewilderment in "People in the War," Cordero-Fernando echoes Gertrude Stein's "We were the lost generation" (957). In the same story she parallels Mr. Coldfield's reaction to the war in Faulkner's Absalom, Absalom! In his rejection of the war, Mr. Coldfield shuts himself in the attic and his daughter Rosa has to improvise a well pulley to have his food brought up to him. In Cordero-Fernando's story, Mr. Solomon similarly shuts himself in his room and the poor youngsters have to get his food to him through a dumb-waiter.

In "The Visitation of the Gods," the object of ridicule is the public school system--how the poor teachers are at the mercy of the corrupt supervisors. The story focuses on the annual visit of the supervisors to the small town schools for inspection and evaluation purposes. But the very purpose of the visitation is defeated. The visit becomes a junket for the supervisors and a lavish fiesta in which the harassed teachers entertain the supervisors in the hope of getting the best efficiency rating possible. And as summed up by Miss Noel, the rare specimen of a vocal teacher against the system, ". . . it's all a farce. . . . What matters is not how well one teaches but how well one has learned the art of pleasing the powers-that-be . . ." (178-179).

The point of the story is adequately conveyed through the animated descriptions. Note for instance the absurdity of the hustle and bustle in which they prepare for the visitation:

> . . . after the first period, all the morning classes were dismissed. The Home Economics building where the fourteen visiting school officials were to be housed, became the hub of a general cleaning. Long-handled brooms ravished the homes of peaceful spiders from crossbeams and transoms, the capiz[14] of the windows were scrubbed to an eggshell whiteness, and the floors became mirrors after assiduous bouts with husk and candlewax (166-167).

And when the gods arrive, they scamper to meet them:

> The Social Studies teacher, hurrying down the steps to present the sampaguita garlands, tripped upon an unexpected pot of borrowed bongainvillea.
> . . . . . .
> Four pairs of hands fought for the singular honor of wrenching open the car door, and Mr. Alava emerged into the sunlight (171).

And at the evening feast the supervisors are indeed attended to like gods:

> On either side of Mr. Alava, during the course of the meal, stood Miss Rosales and Mrs. Olbes, the former fanning him, the latter boning the lapu-lapu[15] on his plate. The rest of the . . . teachers, previously fed on hopia[16] and coke, acted as waitresses. Never was a beer glass empty, never a napkin out of reach, and the supervisors, with murmured apologies, belched approvingly (176).

In this story, Cordero-Fernando captures the plight of the public school teacher realistically, especially as

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[14] Window panes made out of shell.

[15] A variety of fish.

[16] A very cheap kind of Chinese dumpling.

expressed by Miss Noel. And the sad fact of the situation is summed up by Miss Noel's supervisor as he comments on her vocal criticism of the system:

> ". . . But you're young enough and you'll learn, the hard way, singed here and there--but you'll learn."
> "How are you so sure?" asked Miss Noe. . . .
> "They all do. There are thousands of teachers. They're mostly disillusioned but they go on teaching--it's the only place for a woman to go" (179).

Sad, indeed. But in a country of developing economy, the problem of earning a living is one of the basic concerns of the people. And paradoxically, in spite of all the evils that beset a government institution, like the public school system, it offers a more stable source of income than private avenues of employment. And hence, the poor teacher learns to compromise his ideals and gets conditioned to the system.

The weak but undefeated voice of man in the congested and cramped slums of Manila is given force and intensity in Tondo by Two, a collection of short stories by Pacifico N. Aprieto and Andres Cristobal Cruz. Tondo, being the most crowded district of Manila, has also the highest crime rate and the most incidence of disease. The people live in crowded apartment houses and makeshift structures without adequate sanitation facilities amidst the stink and filth of the esteros. Esteros which used to be typhoon drains and commercial waterways, but which have become open sewers with the overpopulation of the

district. The stench from these esteros reflect the deplorable state of the inhabitants' lives, and it is this dejection that Aprieto and Cruz write about.

"Heir" by Aprieto is the pathetic story of an unnamed boy of twenty who ironically finds out that he has fallen heir not only to his father's poverty, but to his tuberculosis as well. The story of a young boy's reaction to and reflection on his legacy, there is not much action in it. What happens, happens only in his stream of consciousness. His thoughts wander back to the past when his mother died, also an unfortunate victim of the wasting disease. His aunts took him away from his tubercular father, but the boy returned and refused to be separated from him. Touched by such display of affection, his father, who is a wood carver, gave him a figure of a boy with outstretched arms standing on his toes reaching for the sun and sky. He had identified himself with this figure, and now as he ponders on his illness, he cries: "I am so young, so incomplete, and I want to go on living and living, to have more of life until I am too old to live any more, I want to die living."[17]

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[17] Tondo by Two (Manila, 1961), 24. All quotations from the stories of Aprieto and Cruz are taken from this edition. All subsequent references will be given in the text immediately following the quotation.

The appeal of the story lies in its emotional effect that is sustained throughout the story and mostly through descriptive balances and contrasts, as in the following:

> His father was to blame . . . for while he fed his young mind of the sun and sky, he had deliberately neglected his body, let it deteriorate as even now the house he had built was falling and the figures he had carved were rotting inside, crumbling, dying. Like his mother, he would die of the disease that he carried (24).

The contrasts and balances appealing to the different senses also help achieve the desired effect. There is the contrast in the environment as it was in the past and as it is now:

> Before the solid walls of houses grew up around, hemming in, closing down, this room looked out to the east into a terraced yard with a shaded well in the center. Whenever rain came, the whole yard would swim in the white odor of sampaguitas. . . .[18]
>
> But that was twenty years before he was born. . . . For his part, ever since he could remember, it had always been like this.
>
> This looking down into the sewage and refuse of the people next door, into people washing the dirt off their naked bodies, into little children holding up their soiled shirts, emptying their puffed-out bellies into that black ditch where everything else collected and went nowhere; or this, this looking up from the bed . . . this searching for a glimpse of the sky between eaves upon eaves and realizing that even this could not be had without breaking one's neck (19-20).

A similar expressionistic effect is seen in the stories of Cruz. In "White Wall," there is not much action either, as the story is a reminiscence of Cris over the loss of his girl friend, Magdalena, to Victor Tigas

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[18]White, very fragrant flowers.

(tough guy), who terrorizes his way about in the slums. Unable to fight his savage might, Cris loses Magdalena. Cris now lives with his parents in a better section of the city symbolically called Good View Heights, while Victor and his mother live in the same apartment house composed of one-room living units where Magdalena and her folks live. Separated only by makeshift walls, the residents are crammed together in physical and moral decay.

The first three paragraphs set the mood as well as introduce the symbolic details that recur in the story. The loss of love is suggested by the white wall, which we find later in the story, has replaced the wire fence covered by "cadena de amor," flowers in a chain of love which Cris and Magdalena used to pick. The "faded leaves and flowers once truly green and alive" (3) in Magdalena's blouse also imply the loss of her innocence and the violation of her virtue; and their anguish is reflected in the picture of the Sacred Heart showing wounds that would never heal.

An interesting richness of implication is achieved by the opening portrait-like presentation of Magdalena. It evokes the "Mona Lisa," Leonardo da Vinci's famous portrait of a faintly smiling woman. Cruz, who also paints in addition to writing fiction, says that he

indeed had the "Mona Lisa" in mind when he wrote Magdalena's portrait-like description.[19]

In the "Mona Lisa," the smiling face and the background are of import. "The landscape increases the mystery; it is so much sheer fantasy that it seems related to the world of imagination rather than fact."[20] This is ironically evoked by the description of Magdalena. For instead of a mystic smile on her face, Magdalena has a pout; and instead of the "circle of fantastic rocks, as in some faint light under the sea," there is the filth and the stench of the estero. It is a background of stark, dirty reality. The names: Cris and Magdalena defeated by Victor Tigas (tough guy) also enrich the meaning of the story.

In "The Quarrel" (First Prize, PMA, 1952-53), Cruz skillfully parallels Capt. Ahab and Ishmael in Moby Dick to give structure and meaning to the story.[21] It tells of Ismael, a teacher of English romantic poetry who gets into a quarrel with his rich, materialistic landlady for failure to pay the rent of the ground floor apartment where he and

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[19]In an interview with him on January 6, 1971, at the Philippine National Library, Manila, of which he is currently the Assistant Director.

[20]Encyclopedia Britannica (Chicago, 1963).

[21]In the same interview with Cruz mentioned above, he also says that he had Melville's Capt. Ahab and Ishmael in mind when he wrote "The Quarrel."

his wife live. The landlady, who is a cripple, walks with a cane that keeps tap-tapping on the floor above them. She uses her cane as if it were a symbol of the material power which she wields over her poor tenants. Note for instance the following:

> "I have only one say, today's today, I need money!" the rise of the landlady's voice shook him [Ismael] unguardedly, the cane kept tapping the floor with authority.[22]

In her ruthlessness to squeeze the rent money, she evokes Capt. Ahab and his obsession to chase the white whale. And using her cane to maximum savagery during the quarrel, she leaves the ground floor apartment in a kind of mess where everything is symbolically demolished, but which Ismael survives.

While Aprieto and Cruz are concerned with the subject of the poverty-stricken conditions of the people living in the slums, their stories do not just decry these sad and deplorable conditions. The stories are invested with literary craft and polish, so that what results is not mere propaganda but art.

Renato E. Madrid is one of the younger writers of the country. When he graduated from the Cebu Seminary, he was too young to be ordained. And while waiting to come of age, he took up literature and creative writing courses at the University of Sto. Tomas, a school run by

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[22]Tondo by Two, 34.

the Dominican Order in Manila. He tried his hand at writing and has been one of the most prolific contributors to the PFP ever since. He has enriched the Filipino short story with his introduction of the heroism of sanctity into it. Emmanuel Torres, professor of English at the Jesuit Ateneo University in Manila and a distinguished critic who served as one of the judges in the FPSC, 1964-65, writes this of Renato E. Madrid:

> Here is no religious writer simply enamored of the baroque paraphernalia and ritualistic splendors of his faith in all its interior-life implications, its unglamorous dailiness, offering very little . . . in the way of pat black-and-white solutions and homilies. . . . "The Leper" is an illuminating story, a Catholic story written in the tradition of Georges Bernanos.[23]

Coming from a discerning and recognized critic in the Philippine world of letters, the reference to Georges Bernanos can not be easily dismissed. And a close study of "The Leper," as well as Madrid's two other prize stories indeed reveals certain concepts of Georges Bernanos in the stories.

Central to Bernanos' concept of sanctity are his rejection of mediocrity, his recognition of the sharing in the temptation of Christ as a part of the assimilation to Christ, and his sense of the Communion of Saints. As pointed out by Fr. Peter Hebblethwaite, S.J., mediocrity

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[23]"Free Press Prize Stories, 1964-65," PFP (December 11, 1965), 16.

to Bernanos is "The refusal of risk, the refusal of commitment, an attitude in which the fear of being disturbed predominates."[24] It is a "spiritual anaesthetic" and the mediocre man is one who has "lost his power to respond to the horrors and injustice which surround him" (32).

The would-be saint, however, encounters a certain difficulty. For it requires grace to turn a man into a saint, and often, as in the hero-saint of Bernanos, the man gets impatient at

> . . . not coming quickly at sanctity which drives him into a state of delirium and madness. He thinks of sanctity in terms of something he can do, rather than something which Christ can do in him when his will is purified. . . . The conviction of being unequal to the call of sanctity drives him to the verge of despair. . . . (63-64).

This sharing in the temptation of Christ is part of the assimilation to Christ. Overcoming the temptation brings with it a renewal of strength, hope, and insight. The emergence from the experience transforms the temptation into grace. As its lowest point, the tempted feels completely dispossessed of everything, but after the ascent from it, he is left with "a calm sense of being enriched by the divine presence, a kind of expansion in charity, which brings with it another grace: the knowledge of men" (67). With this, he is able to give love and charity to those he is supposed to help.

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[24] Bernanos: An Introduction (London, 1965), 12. All subsequent references will be given in the text immediately following the quotation.

The Communion of Saints also figures in Bernanos' concept of sanctity. In this regard, Fr. Hebblethwaite points out a statement of Soeur Constance in Bernanos' Dialogues des Carmelites: "We do not die for ourselves but for one another, and even, who knows in place of one another" (35). A similar concept is expressed by Agatha to Harry in T. S. Eliot's The Family Reunion:

> . . . It is possible
> You are the consciousness of your unhappy family,
> Its bird sent flying through the purgatorial flame.[25]

This passage is used by Madrid as an epigraph to "The Leper."

In this section, these concepts of Bernanos and T. S. Eliot will be shown as reflected in the stories of Madrid. In "The Gift of Tongues," Madrid comes out with open rejection of mediocrity. He writes of the life in a hermitage of San Sulpicio[26] in the Philippines during the Spanish era. Referring to the hermits, he says:

> . . . the Sulpicians were suspect, not of heresy, for that was a field they left to their more gifted brothers, but of a kind of death-wish, of which the more audacious Orders never failed to remind them whenever the occasion or the need arose. They experimented in becoming a hybrid race of

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[25] The Complete Poems and Plays, 275.

[26] The congregation of regular clerics of San Sulpicio was founded in Paris by Juan Jaime Olivier in 1641. The pastor of Larrieux, Abbe Donisian's spiritual director in Georges Bernanos' Under the Sun of Satan is also a Sulpician.

> contemplatives, involved in nothing that was not related immediately to their peculiar life. . . .[27]

Brother Lucas, the youngest resident in the hermitage, who is not yet an ordained member comes gradually to realize the undesirability of this kind of life. In his epiphany which resolves him to leave, he seems to hear a voice from the flock of birds that passes noisily by:

> . . . in the sound of their flight he perceived his sadness assuming a voice, a voice which he no longer rejected. Listen, the world is full of lonely people like yourself, but they are far happier than you who reject your kind and take refuge in a place where nobody inflicts hurt because nobody speaks. . . . Not retreat, but confrontation, drives the enemy from the gate (55).

Although the story is supposed to have happened during the Spanish times, still it makes its point of rejecting mediocrity. That the life that is worth living is the life of commitment, involvement, and engagement in community.

The temptation to despair is the theme of "Southern Harvest." A story that is told in retrospect, it tells of the impatience at sanctity of a young priest who remains unnamed. As the story opens, the priest is now old and performing his saintly rites and duties with equanimity. The story is pieced together from different points of view: from Teresa's at the start of the story, from the

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[27]"A Gift of Tongues," PFP (April 9, 1966), 31. All subsequent references will be given in the text immediately following the quotation.

housekeeper's narration which comprises most of the story, and from the priest's himself as he sees his divine impatience in retrospect.

As a young priest, he is assigned to work in a plantation owned by Don Jose, a haciendero who is in desperate grief over the death of his wife. Through Don Jose's housekeeper, he is allowed to stay in the mansion and work on the laborers but Don Jose himself avoids him. He finds the laborers not only indifferent but also hostile. One morning he finds his satchel rifled, the linen scattered, and the chalice gone. He is not only dismayed, but also angered. And to make matters worse, Don Jose keeps a prostitute in the mansion. With his divine impatience, he goes pounding on Don Jose's door. In the confrontation, he finds out that the hostility of the natives has been encouraged by Don Jose who also tells him that his god is a god who loves to see people suffer. That night, as if to irk the priest further, Don Jose prods the prostitute to appear naked before the priest--and he himself providing the background mockery of devilish laughter and jeering. They chase him out of his room--and the priest goes out into the darkness and sinks to his knees like a gasping animal. He builds a fire into which he throws his rosary with a wooden crucifix.

Several parallels are seen in this story and in Georges Bernanos' Sous le soleil de Satan, Plon, translated by Harry L. Binsse as Under the Sun of Satan, which tells of Abbé Donisian's "impatience to conquer nature at a single stroke."[28] He, too, wants to take heaven by storm and his conviction of being unequal to the call of sanctity drives him to despair. Like the unnamed priest of Madrid, he is also troubled by the hostility of the villagers. The stages of his descent are carefully marked by Bernanos and it culminates in his encounter with the devil in the person of the horse-dealer. His experience of agony here is paralleled in the unnamed priest's encounter with the devil objectified in the nude prostitute. Abbé Donisian's life is told in two parts: his temptation to despair and his life as a saint.

Madrid's account which is a short story, also gives the life of his unnamed priest in two parts. The story opens with his life as a saintly priest going about his religious work in the community, and his temptation to despair is narrated in retrospect in the shifting point of view of the story. Madrid successfully traces in detail the stages in the priest's descent--until he succumbs to the "temptation of despair."

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[28] Under the Sun of Satan (New York, 1949), 74.

In "The Leper," the theme of the impatience to sanctity recurs. Jorge, a young priest, makes his sister Cedes' illness the foundation of his sainthood or martyrdom. Again, like Abbé Donisian or the unnamed priest in "Southern Harvest," he fails to see the need of purging one's will before a man can become a saint. He could not forget the pain he believes inflicted upon his sister by his parents, especially by his mother, in segregating her after the pronouncement of her illness as leprosy. Burying himself in the remote island town of Avila, he broods over his sister's illness and takes refuge in his "letters" to her which he writes in his journal.

The story opens on the eve of the town fiesta. Father Aurelio, his former teacher in the seminary and now his spiritual director arrives to lend a hand to the fiesta. He notices and comments on Jorge's anxiety and tendency to isolate himself. The following day, Doña Remedios, Jorge's mother, arrives. She brings news about Cedes that is both sad and happy. Sad, because it is about her death, and happy because it turned out that her illness was not leprosy but yaws.

Having been estranged from each other before, and more so now that Jorge had not been informed of Cedes' death soon enough, Doña Remedios plans to leave for the mainland at once. But finding out that mother and son parted not in the best of terms, Father Aurelio prevails

upon Doña Remedios to see Jorge once more. Which she does. In the final confrontation, Doña Remedios informs him of Cedes' request: "She asked me to see you, to tell you myself. . . .She thought--probably you'd forgive your family at last."[29] And she tells him further:

> How can you be so deluded to think your sanctity can be based upon something as inconstant as a leprous stain?
> . . . . . .
> Both of you seemed to help each other very much. She gave a name to your ills. . . .But now, all of a sudden, you find the base stone that had been your foundation gone. It was never there. . . . . (184).

Jorge sees how deluded he has been. Then "all of a sudden he found the courage to feel relieved that he had been hurt" (184). And he writes in his journal: "I feel hurt. Therefore I live" (184).

A close study of "The Leper" and Bernano's Journal d'un curé de campagna, translated by Pamela Morris as The Diary of a Country Priest, reveals striking parallels: the close relationship between the local country priest and his spiritual director, the device of the diary/journal, the predicament of a mother relevant to the death of her child, and the themes of the impatience to sanctity and the temptation to despair.

In "The Leper," Jorge has a close friend and a spiritual director in Father Aurelio, and in The Diary of

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[29]"The Leper," PFP (December 12, 1964), 184. All subsequent references will be given in the text immediately following the quotation.

a Country Priest, the Curé of Ambricourt also has a spiritual director in the Curé de Torcy. The device of the diary/journal is also used in both stories and both writers give their reasons for doing so. The Curé of Ambricourt writes:

> I had thought it might become a kind of communion between God and myself, an extension of prayer, a way of easing the difficulties of verbal expression which always seem insurmountable to me, due no doubt to the twinges of pain in my inside.[30]

Jorge also keeps a journal in which he writes "letters" to his sister as a means of communion between them. Just as Bernanos achieves a feeling of directness, of spontaniety in the use of the diary, so does Madrid in the use of the journal. We get into the thoughts of either diarist without the intrusion of the author.

Bernanos' as well as Madrid's story has a mother whose predicament concerns the death of her child. The Countess in The Diary is resentful because her son died while still very young, and she still wears a medallion with a lock of his hair. Her pride is manifested in her refusal to take any interest in her husband's infidelity and the Curé of Ambricourt opens her eyes to her folly. When the Countess dies, but not before seeing and exorcizing the spirit of her pride, the Curé thinks that he had caused her death by trying to open up her conscience. In reality, he has achieved a worthwhile task in helping

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[30] The Diary of a Country Priest (New York, 1954), 23-24.

the Countess, who had a weak heart, die a happy death. This feeling of failure or near-despair is also felt by Father Aurelio, Jorge's spiritual director:

> He had not been totally satisfied with his own term himself. Forty-odd years as a priest--what had he to show? Ineffectual brushes with the human spirit. . . . There had been no sensational conversions, no "heroic" sanctities he could make a foothold of.[31]

Like the Curé of Ambricourt, his accomplishments are worth more than what he thinks of them. Jorge has full trust in him and finds comfort and strength in his counsel. He also intervenes at a very opportune moment in the lives of Jorge and his mother.

The Countess writes to the Curé of Ambricourt when her eyes had been opened to her folly thus:

> What can I say to you? I have lived in the most horrible solitude, alone with the desperate memory of a child. And it seems to me that another child has brought me to life again. I hope you won't be annoyed with me for regarding you as a child. Because you are! May God keep you one for ever![32]

In "The Leper," Doña Remedios seeks forgiveness from a child for the wrong done another:

> . . . she stole into the silent church of San Agustin . . . to bare her guilt before the Divine Child. . . . She had done . . . grave wrong to a human being who, in her consciousness, would always be a child. It was also from a child she sought to be forgiven. . . .[33]

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[31]"The Leper," 32; 178.

[32]The Diary, 175.

[33]"The Leper," 183.

The sense of the Communion of Saints is also brought out in the story. In one of their afternoon visits, Cedes shows Jorge little religious articles that she creates. He asks her what she would have for a Christus, and she points a wizened finger to herself. In a state of shock Jorge says

> Together, then, . . .they would suffer. Together. He would . . . in spirit be the leper she was in the flesh. And while he was certain he could not quite become the saint she really was, he could try, . . .[34]

This also parallels T. S. Eliot's themes in The Family Reunion: the need for the expiation of sin and of the evils of the family, and the value of suffering as a means of purgation of sin. As has been pointed out, Madrid uses Agatha's statement to Harry quoted earlier in this section as an epigraph to "The Leper." Jorge believed himself and his sister as the family "birds sent flying through the purgatorial flame." And although he finds out later that it was not leprosy but yaws, still their suffering for one another pays off. Through his sister's death, he realizes his delusion and gets his will purged. His last entry in his journal reads: "I feel hurt. Therefore I live." In this he echoes Thomas' ". . . acting is suffering,/And suffering action" in T. S. Eliot's Murder in the Cathedral.[35] Having found strength

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[34] Ibid., 180.

[35] The Complete Poems and Plays, 193.

and renewal of life in suffering, he can now leave his shell and take a more active life in the community. The story ends with Father Aurelio watching Jorge's figure gradually become a little speck in the horizon as he heads toward the island town.

It is also interesting to note that perhaps Madrid got the idea of "leprosy" or even of "yaws" from The Family Reunion, in Harry's references to stench and contamination in objectifying his feelings of terror. He says, ". . . the slow stain sinks deeper through the skin / Tainting the flesh and discouloring the bone."[36] Madrid manages to incorporate Bernanos' rejection of mediocrity, themes of impatience at sanctity and temptation to despair, and sense of Communion of Saints as well as T. S. Eliot's concept of the purgation of sin through suffering in "The Leper." However, these are too numerous for the short story to handle effectively. What results is just a superficial treatment of these concepts and because the characters are neither developed to any complexity, they remain sticks.

Literary Myth

The use of myth in literature has endowed the writer with a useful tool in his craft. He has found in either the pagan or the Christian myth a helpful means for creating a framework within which he can give order and

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[36] Ibid., 235.

meaning to human experience. Myths also provide a common ground between the writer and his audience and makes possible an immediate and easy understanding of the writer's created universe.

Recognizing the benefits that literary myth can do for his craft, the Filipino short story writer has also availed himself of it. It has been employed to advantage in some of the stories already analyzed, particularly in the stories of Nick Joaquin, Wilfredo Nolledo, and Edith L. Tiempo. Other writers, including the young ones, have also resorted to it. It is interesting to note, for instance, that a number of the prize stories during the last three years of the literary period under study here are based on literary myths. We shall devote this last section of this study to two of these stories: "Ireland" (First Prize, FPSC, 1965-66) by Erwin E. Castillo and "The Hill of Samuel" (First Prize, FPSC, 1967-68 and Third Prize, PMA, 1967-68) by Alfred A. Yuson.

The theme of "Ireland" is the age old problem of a love triangle, but Castillo's rendering of it through the Greek and Christian myths gives it a richer meaning. It is the story of Mary and Ireland whose happily married life is intruded upon by Gabriel. The intrusion of evil

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[37]"Ireland," PFP (September 17, 1966), 62. All subsequent references will be given in the text immediately following the quotation.

into their marital haven is foreshadowed from the start by Mary's mother who had become mad since her husband drowned at sea. She plays a "chorus-like" role and intermittently speaks of the devil at appropriate sections in the story. In the conversation between Ireland and Gabriel which culminates in Gabriel's decision to leave as a "point of honor," Gabriel hints that Mary is carrying his child. Although he leaves, he eventually returns and when he is killed by Ireland, Ana's quotation of the devil that "love is death" (58) is fulfilled. Ireland also poses to strike the prostrate Mary, who glares up at him, knees cocked, shielding her belly with her hands. Then Ireland roars "Adonai-ai!" as he charges out into the dark.

The story is prefaced by an epigraph from Oscar Wilde:

> Was this His coming! I had hoped to see
> A scene of wondrous glory, as was told
> Of some great God who in a rain of gold
> Broke open bars and fell on Danae:
> Or a dread vision as when Semele
> Sickening for love and unappeased desire
> Prayed to see God's clear body, and the fire
> Caught her brown limbs and slew her utterly.

From the epigraph, an incarnation or conception is suggested in mythological terms--in Danae's begetting Perseus when Zeus visited her in the form of a shower of gold and in Zeus' snatching of the unborn Dionysus from the womb of Semele as she was about to burn in his burning splendor. An incarnation is also suggested by Gabriel in

his conversation with Ireland which culminates in his decision to leave as a point of honor. And this suggestion implies that Mary is carrying his child

> We deal in the same Unmeanings. . . . As a swan, a bull, once even as a shower of gold. . . . I had a lot of crazy ideas in those days. But in more prosaic moments as a goat (62).

Goat, referring to himself as "Gabriel." For in the Bible (Daniel 8:16f), Gabriel interpreted to Daniel the vision of the ram and the he-goat. The Incarnation is also suggested in ironic Christian terms, for Gabriel, one of the seven archangels was the angel sent to Mary with the unique message of Jesus' birth.

The appropriate repetition of key words such as "snake" and the recurrent imagery of "light" also reinforce the theme. Castillo achieves success in his rendition of the story in terms of the Greek and Christian myths.

"The Hill of Samuel" is a story of revenge invested with the mythological stories of Zeus, Semele, and their son Dionysus; and of Bacchus and the Maenads. Dignos, a young man of twenty comes to town looking for the home of Candida. He tells the man who guides him that he is the son of Candida's sister, Semela, who perished in a fire twenty years ago. Their home was set on fire by the men of the town as a protest against his father's spell on the women. But his father, Samuel, was able to rescue him from the fire that same night of his birth. Candida sees the living image of her sister in him. She has

forebodings about his return, which do get fulfilled. For like his father before him, Dignos casts the same spell, through wine-drinking, that his father had on the women twenty years ago. And he does single out Lumen, the betrothed of Candida's son Orlando. When Orlando comes upon the bewitched women in a frenzy beneath the waning moon, he is seized by them, and Dignos savagely orders Candida to pierce the eyes of Orlando.

The story is prefaced by this epigraph from Coleridge's Kubla Khan:

> A savage place! as holy and enchanted
> As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
> By woman wailing for her demon-lover!

The story is indeed a story of madness beneath a waning moon. For the interest of the story lies in the savagery of the orgy in which the women give themselves in complete abandon to their natural urges:

> Some of the women followed suit, dashing their gourds to the ground, and soon a score of them were rushing wildly about the forest, thrashing at tree trunks and bushes in a savage and agonized hunt for the beast. The younger women writhed on the ground, shrieking their urges to the forest night, while some chased after the older women, waving their arms to the air and screaming their patronage of the hunt.[38]

As a story prefaced by Coleridge's lines of a "savage" yet "holy and enchanted" place, the story indeed sustains the emotional effect that it aims to achieve.

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[38]"The Hill of Samuel," PFP (March 16, 1968), 50.

This chapter has shown what the Filipino writer has done with stories dealing with cultural conflict, with social consciousness, and with literary myth. The stories of Nick Joaquin, F. Sionil Jose, and Edith L. Tiempo show how indispensable the past is to the present. Nick Joaquin's stories mourn the passing away of the Spanish heritage which offers a wealth of symbols and traditions essential to the crystallization of a national identity. F. Sionil Jose's story points out that one can truly live only by returning to the past and coming to terms with it no matter how painful it may be. Edith L. Tiempo's story demonstrates the force of family ties of the past in swaying the individual's decisions. While this can be a deterrent to material progress, yet the beauty of respecting family relationships far outweighs the material rewards one could realize otherwise.

In his stories, Joaquin experiments with a number of literary techniques: the Faulknerian shifting point of view, the epistolary method, and echoes from T. S. Eliot. While certain weaknesses have been noted in his handling of the echoes and the epistolary method, yet the overall success of each of his stories outbalances the faults. Edith L. Tiempo also achieves success in her use of Joycean symbolism and epiphany.

The stones of social consciousness manifest the satiric intent of Gilda Cordero-Fernando in pointing out

the foibles of the middle classes as well as the defects of the public school system; and the sympathetic portrayal of life in the Tondo slums by Pacifico N. Aprieto and Andres Cristobal Cruz. While these stories champion the cause of the masses, they do not become mere propaganda, because they are invested with literary craft and finish. Even the stories of Renato E. Madrid on sainthood, ambitious as they are, are written with an eye on literary craftsmanship. The stories based on literary myths show a reliance on both the Greek and the Christian, and embody them with success.

SUMMARY AND CONCLUSION

As stated in the Introduction, the purpose of this study is to show the influences on the subject, craftsmanship, and philosophy of the Filipino short story in English from 1948 to 1968; and that these influences have increased the subjects treated, improved the craftsmanship, and sharpened the writer's vision. In tracing these influences, external and internal evidences were pointed out. Because certain difficulties were encountered in gathering external evidence, one of the following methods, or where possible, a combination of these were employed in presenting such evidence: citation of published material on the literary background of the Filipino writers in general, citation of published material on or by a specific author, correspondence with the author, long-distance telephone conversation with the author, and a personal interview with the author.

In relation to the increase in subjects treated, it seems relevant at this point to restate Wallace Stegner's observation regarding the range and nature of the Filipino literary corpus in English in 1951:

> At the moment not much of their materials come out of Manila, and this is surprising since practically all the literary life is carried on there. Manila is big, changing, complex, a mixture of half-altered barrio and the latest gas-station American.

> Because it is difficult and troubling, most of the writers evade it; the material closest to their hearts lies in the villages, in the folkways of the provinces, back in the nostalgic bucolic world of Mindoro, Cebu, Ilocos, from which they come.[1]

As has been shown in this study, the subjects treated have branched out into areas more varied, more complex, and more meaningful. The foreign influences on these subjects have also been shown. The representative stories cited range from the simple initiation stories of boys in the kaingins of Mindoro which parallel Steinbeck's initiation stories of Jody in Salinas County to stories using literary myths. Seven areas of this subject expansion have been cited:

Innocence to Knowledge
Illusion and Reality
Isolation and Paralysis
Psychological Perplexity
Cultural Conflict
Social Consciousness
Literary Myths.

Relevant to this range of subjects is Fr. Horacio de la Costa's comment on the Filipino literary corpus in English. He says, ". . . a shortcoming in our contemporary literature . . . is that it is too contemporary; there is an almost total absence of the historical perspective."[2] As has also been shown in this study, there is now an effort among writers to delve into the past. Such efforts

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[1]See Introduction, 22.

[2]Literature and Society, 104.

have been noted in the stories of Nick Joaquin, Wilfrido Nolledo, and F. Sionil Jose. And in delving into the past, they also give their Filipino experience a universal dimension by investing their stories with the Christian myth as in "Doña Jeronima" and "Rice Wine."

In summary, influences on the subject of the Filipino short story in English under study here are:

1. John Steinbeck's in stories of initiation into a knowledge of the life cycle,
2. James Joyce's in stories of initiation into a knowledge of one's finitude in relation to the universe,
3. Henry James' in stories of initiation into an awareness of evil,
4. Katherine Anne Porter's in stories showing beginning awareness of love,
5. Ernest Hemingway's in stories of young adults looking for a place under the sun,
6. James Joyce's in stories showing a progress from illusion to epiphany,
7. Anton Chekhov's in stories showing the isolation of the individual in a crowd, the human failure to communicate with one another, and the "banality" of life,
8. T. S. Eliot's and James Joyce's in stories depicting isolation, sterility, and paralysis,

9. Katherine Anne Porter's in stories elucidating some particular mystery in man's behavior,
10. George Bernanos' and T. S. Eliot's in stories of sainthood, and
11. Of the Greek, Roman, and Christian myths in stories told in terms of myths.

Notice that there has been no reference in this study to any concerted literary movement or group of writers bonded together by a literary philosophy or cult. For there is an absence of this in the Philippine field of letters. To this effect N. V. M. Gonzalez observes:

> It has been pointed out . . . that our literature has been continually beginning. There is a great deal of truth to this. A writer starting out in 1966 is not likely to pick up a tradition, or some thread of it, which his society has already become familiar with dating since, say, 1866. There just isn't any . . . or, maybe there is, but this hasn't been adequately described to be recognizable. Consciousness of it has not become part of our would-be writer's equipment. He is led to picking up what is of the moment. . . .[3]

And this is one reason why the influences on the subjects are so dispersed. If you recall, one story cited is "Clay" by Johnny Gatbonton with influences of Sherwood Anderson--the story of a boy's disillusionment with the American G.I. he hero-worshipped, and which also shows influences of William Faulkner--on the same boy's disillusionment with the teacher he idolized. That story with such influences is about the only one of its kind.

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[3]Brown Heritage, 540.

Gonzalez goes on further and says that

> One healthy feature of our literary scene is that outside of normal groups formed through connections with educational institutions, no school has burgeoned forth; no high priest has predominated and set the tone, uttered pronouncements, or defined a liturgy of approach to contemporary reality. Confirmed loners, with nearly all of their energies devoted to earning a livelihood at some craft or trade other than writing, our writers venture forth in regiments of one, fired by some Quixotic vision of at least forcing the windmills to a draw. The inchoateness comes from the fragmentized and fragmented effort, which--I believe--is how it should be.
>
> It is however, the function of criticism to define . . . where the fragments form a thread.[4]

And to form part of this thread is precisely what this study has intended to do in tracing the foreign influences on the short story from 1948 to 1968. The foreign influences on its subject have already been summarized. But before summarizing the influences on its craft, it seems relevant at this juncture to restate Bienvenido Lumbera's observation regarding narrative art in the country in his essay explaining why Tagalog writing lagged behind Philippine English literature in its growth.

> Narrative art in the Philippines, it must be admitted, has a very slender indigenous tradition to lean on. The tradition of the folktale and then of the corrido and awit alone cannot sustain the Tagalog short story writer.
>
> . . . Either because of lack of interest or of language ability, many of the practitioners of fiction in Tagalog did not have access to the works of foreign writers; it is likely that many of them were aware only of what previous Tagalog writers had done. As a result, there was a tendency to learn from writers who themselves had yet to learn their lessons in the

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[4] Ibid.

> art of fiction. At the very outset, therefore, the possibilities of the Tagalog short story were narrowed down by insularity of tradition.
>
> The language employed by writers in English precludes any tendency toward insularity. They are inevitably drawn to the stream of Anglo-American writing. Thus they have profited immensely from the works of short story writers, past and present, in England, the U.S. and Europe.[5]

Andres Cristobal Cruz gives a related observation on the impact of American and European literary traditions on the Filipino writer in English. In his Introduction to F. Sionil Jose's anthology of Philippine writing in English published in 1965, he says:

> The universities offer many courses on world literature and on contemporary literature. . . . If the present writers sound continental or American it is not only because of the fact that European or Western tradition had seeped into their unconscious from the beginning of the Spanish and American eras. The advances in mass culture bring the Filipino writer slightly nearer to the latest movements in modern arts and letters the world over. The translations in English of the most contemporary of Russian or Italian, or French writings accelerate the intellectual growth of the young writers. Paperbacks of criticisms and essays, anthologies of studies, symposia on the "new criticism," collections of poems and stories, all of the world's literature from the earliest years to the year 1965 are quickly available to students of literature, to university faculty members, and to aspiring writers. . . .[6]

In this connection, this study has also endeavored to show how the borrowed tools from foreign writers have

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[5] Brown Heritage, 6.

[6] Equinox 1, 4-5.

been employed profitably. As in the model's, the craft employed is also characterized by experimentation of technique.

There is a marked effort towards the achievement of a unity of effect, the conflicts employed are more significant--not only to the Filipino experience, but also to the universal. Action is made to grow out of the conflicting motives of characters. And the characters that populate the stories are, on the whole, more complex and more realistic. Character revelation is achieved in a number of ways: through the use of symbolic names, through atmosphere and settings as effected by Henry James and James Joyce, through dreams to portray weakness or inability to confront the present or a problem, through dramatic revelation, and through literary echoes, parallels, and allusions.

Bold experiments with point of view are achieved: the elimination of the "I" narrator, the interior monologue, stream-of-consciousness, the Faulknerian shifting point of view, and the flashback. Even the epistolary method and the device of the journal are employed.

Interesting attempts with Joyce's symbolistic techniques in the repetition of key words and key phrases, and in the use of external details and recurrent imagery are successful.

A number of Freudian implications are resorted to--the dream, the daydream, the suggestion of guilt feelings

through constant washing of the hands, and a hint of the death instinct in wishes for a simpler and less complicated state of existence.

Key devices employed by T. S. Eliot like his use of "eyes" in revealing reality, and the Prufrockian image of sterility, vacillation, and indecision are effectively adapted.

Key phrases are borrowed for story titles and key passages are utilized for epigraphs, and at times are even used ironically.

Nature symbols are handled effectively to suggest both character and idea.

Collections of short stories unified by recurrent themes in the manner of Sherwood Anderson's Winesburg, Ohio and James Joyce's Dubliners are published.

Now a summation of the third phase of this study, which is the influence on the writer's vision is in order. Again, it seems relevant to recall Bienvenido Lumbera's observation on the Filipino writer's lack of ironic vision, but a lack which has been complemented by his exposure to Western literature:

> As an Oriental, he is generally passive to experience, unquestioning when confronted by anything that has been sanctified by custom and ceremony. The sense of irony which is an indispensable part of the modern fictionist's equipment does not come naturally to him as it seems to among his Western counterparts.[7]

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[7] Brown Heritage, 7.

And by irony he means:

> . . . that quality of the mind which recognizes experience as a flux of meshed data that the human mind seldom quite adequately grasps. Awareness that is ironic makes a man search into the subsurface of human behavior and descend into the murk of human motivation. The naive mind tries to categorize things, issues, people into pairs of opposites--black and white, destructive and constructive, good and evil, etc. . . . The ironic mind, on the other hand, seeks to unravel the tangled skein of truths, lies and half-truths so that light may fall where it should.[8]

And as has been shown in this study, there is an effort in the stories to search deeper into the human experience. The writer has written better and more varied types of stories. From the simple, uncomplicated life of the barrios, he has moved into the more complex, more challenging life in Manila, and even into the life of the Filipino exile in Hong Kong and in America. He has pried into the consciousness of young boys and girls getting first impressions in life and has gone as far as seeing the human experience in terms of myth and history. The characters presented are more complex--mixtures of good and evil, strengths and weaknesses; and there is a conscious effort to understand their behavior, mysterious and baffling at times. This has been complemented by the equally conscious methods of craft through which they are presented. The experiments in the different points of view in the stories ranging from: the "I" narrator, to

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[8] Ibid., 2.

the Faulknerian shifting point of view, to the near-complete effacement of the narrator in the use of the epistolary method and in the device of the journal, are all endeavors of the writer to view human experience from as various points as possible. And in the stories, we have seen how, together with his model, he has tried to apprehend the complexity of life as education, biology, psychology, sociology, and theology reveal it.

He sees the world of children in terms of the experience of education--that there is need for the child to be trained to accept and share responsibility, to respect the private life of others, to have compassion for one's fellow man, and to have his intellectual curiosity properly satisfied.

He sees the adolescent as beset with biological and psychological problems in his transition from childhood to adulthood, especially in his ambivalent feelings toward sex.

Like the American writers, especially, Henry James and Katherine Anne Porter, he views sin as part of the human condition.

Like Hemingway, he realizes the inevitability of pain and death, but that the important thing is the struggle over and above victory or defeat.

Like James Joyce, he sees the paralyzing effects of both physical and moral afflictions.

Like Anton Chekhov, he sees the tragedy of human loneliness as partly due to the "banality" in which lives are buried and partly due to the basic human incapacity to communicate.

Like T. S. Eliot, he sees the paralysis of the will as the cause of sterility and life-in-death.

Like Georges Bernanos, he rejects "mediocrity," embraces a commitment to the community, and sees the value of suffering as a purgation of sin.

And while he sees the need to call attention to the foibles of his fellowman or to social problems, he realizes that in doing so, he must invest his medium with literary craft.

In regard to the writer's vision, Fr. Miguel A. Bernad, S.J., has commented that "there is a lack of the theological dimension in much of the writing in English in the Philippines."[9] This is true. But as shown in this study, an effort has been started along this kind of writing in the stories of Fr. Rodolfo Villanueva (Renato E. Madrid). And while the representative stories analyzed in this study are mostly secular, yet they affirm the Christian virtues of faith, charity, and hope.

The influences on the subject, craftsmanship, and philosophy of the Filipino short story in English from 1948

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[9]Brown Heritage, 797.

to 1968 have indeed increased the subjects treated, improved the craftsmanship, and sharpened the writer's vision. And in his adaptations of these influences, the writer has achieved a harmonious blending of his native materials with these foreign influences. While his attempts have not always been successful, his successes far exceed his failures. In his adaptations, as long as the subject also obtains in his Filipino experience, his creation succeeds. But when he imposes a subject extraneous to his experience, then he fails. Some of the weaknesses that still mar his creations are: contrived story lines, not too-well defined conflicts, unrealistic characterizations, a tendency to melodrama, a lack of unity of effect, a tendency to include too much material, and an urge to effect a "happy" ending.

What the Filipino short story writer in English from 1948 to 1968 has created may not measure up to those of his models, but what he has created is respectable, especially considering the fact that he writes in a borrowed tongue. And with his open-minded approach to reality and to the accumulated and accumulating knowledge of the ages, there is great hope that he will write more and better stories.

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APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

COLLECTIONS OF SHORT STORIES

INCLUDED IN THE STUDY

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COLLECTIONS OF SHORT STORIES INCLUDED IN THE STUDY

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APPENDIX B

PHILIPPINES FREE PRESS SHORT STORY WINNERS, 1948-1968

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PHILIPPINES FREE PRESS SHORT STORY WINNERS, 1948-1968

Year	Prize	Author	Title
1948-49	First	Nick Joaquin	Guardia de Honor
	Second	Gonzalo A. Villa	Death of Illusion
	Third	Nita U. Berthelsen	The Moneymakers
1949-50	First	Gonzalo A. Villa	A Voice in Rama
	Second	Vicente Rivera, Jr.	The Listening Sky
	Third	Mario P. Chanco	Red Mountain
1950-51	First	Juan T. Gatbonton	Clay
	Second	Emigdio A. Enriquez	Death of a House
	Third	Ibrahim A. Jubaira	Uncle Syed
1951-52	First	Kerima Polotan-Tuvera (Pen name: Patricia S. Torres)	The Virgin
	Second	Edilberto K. Tiempo	The Heritage
	Third	Emigdio A. Enriquez	The Doll
1952-53	First	Gregorio C. Brillantes	The Living and the Dead
	Second	Francisco Arcellana	The Wing of Madness (Retitled: The Yellow Shawl)
	Third	Hermel A. Nuyda	The Pulse of the Land

Year	Prize	Author	Title
1953-54	First	Gregorio C. Brillantes	The Wind Over the Earth
	Second	Jose Montebon, Jr.	Bottle Full of Smoke
	Third	Vicente Rivera, Jr.	The Search
1954-55	First	Edith L. Tiempo	The Chambers of the Sea
	Second	Jose Gallardo	A Man's Name
	Third	Virgilio R. Samonte	The Crowded Room
1955-56	First	Gregorio C. Brillantes	The Distance to Andromeda
	Second	Gilda Cordero-Fernando	Sunburn
	Third	Kerima Polotan-Tuvera	The Trap
1956-57	First	Bienvenido N. Santos	Brother, My Brother
	Second	Benjamin Bautista	The Baby in the Bottle
	Third	Gilda Cordero-Fernando	High Fashion
1957-58	First	Lilia Pablo Amansec	The Lilies of Yesterday
	Second	Estrella D. Alfon	Man with a Camera
	Third	Gregorio C. Brillantes	A Quality of Light, a Tone of Shadows
1958-59	First	Edith L. Tiempo	The Dimensions of Fear
	Second	Wilfrido D. Nolledo	Maria Concepcion
	Third	N. V. M. Gonzalez	On the Ferry

Year	Prize	Author	Title
1959-60	First	Bienvenido N. Santos	The Day the Dancers Came
	Second	Gregorio C. Brillantes	Faith, Love, Time, and Dr. Lazaro
	Third	Wilfrido D. Nolledo	Kayumanggi, Mon Amour
1960-61	First	Wilfrido D. Nolledo	Rice Wine
	Second	Jose V. Ayala	Salt and Rice
	Third	D. Paulo Dizon	Wayward Children of the Arts
1961-62	First	Leopoldo N. Cacnio	To Her Alone
	Second	Jose V. Ayala	The Mountain
	Third	Wilfrido P. Sanchez	Moon Under My Feet
1962-63	First	Wilfrido D. Nolledo	The Last Caucus
	Second	Juan T. Gatbonton	A Record of My Passage
	Third	Fr. Rodolfo Villanueva (Pen name: Renato E. Madrid)	Southern Harvest
1963-64	First	N. V. M. Gonzalez	Serenade
	Second	David V. Quenmada	Edge of Morning
	Third	Lilia Pablo Amansec	Fable Time
1964-65	First	Fr. Rodolfo Villanueva (Pen name: Renato E. Madrid)	The Leper
	Second	Jose T. Flores	Happy Birthday, Hiroshima
	Third	Leopoldo Cacnio	Children Are Ever Lovely

Year	Prize	Author	Title
1965-66	First	Erwin Castillo	Ireland
	Second	Fr. Rodolfo Villanueva (Pen name: Renato E. Madrid)	Greenwich Standard Time
	Third	Resil B. Mojares	Island
1966-67	First	Ninotchka Rozca	In the Convent
	Second	Erwin Castillo (Pen name: Ma. Victoria M. Castillo)	The Fairy Child
	Third	Jose V. Quirino	The Demonstrator
1967-68	First	Alfred A. Yuson	The Hill of Samuel
	Second	Norma O. Miraflor	Hello, Felisa
	Third	Luis V. Teodoro, Jr.	The Adversary

APPENDIX C

PALANCA MEMORIAL AWARDS FOR LITERATURE, 1950-1968

APPENDIX C

PALANCA MEMORIAL AWARDS FOR LITERATURE, 1950-1968

Year	Prize	Author	Title
1950-51	First	Juan T. Gatbonton	Clay
	Second	Francisco Arcellana	The Flowers of May
	Third	Edith L. Tiempo	The Black Monkey
1951-52	First	Kerima Polotan-Tuvera (Pen name: Patricia S. Torres)	The Virgin
	Second	N. V. M. Gonzalez	Children of the Ash-Covered Loam
	Third	Bienvenido N. Santos	Even Purple Hearts
1952-53	First	Andres Cristobal Cruz	The Quarrel
	Second	N. V. M. Gonzalez	Lupo and the River
	Third	Rony V. Diaz	The Centipede
1953-54	First	Rony V. Diaz	Death in a Sawmill
	Second	S. V. Epistola	The Beads
	Third	Gilda Cordero-Fernando	The Morning Before Us
1954-55	First	Juan C. Tuvera	Ceremony
	Second	Edith L. Tiempo	The Dam
	Third	Virgilio R. Samonte	The Other Woman

Year	Prize	Author	Title
1955-56	First	Kerima Polotan-Tuvera	The Trap
	Second	Bienvendio N. Santos	The Transfer
	Third	S.V. Epistola	The Lost Ones
1956-57	First	Juan C. Tuvera	High into Morning
	Second	Rony V. Diaz	The Treasure
	Third	Gilda Cordero-Fernando	Sunburn
1957-58	First	Nick Joaquin	La Vidal
	Second	Lilia Pablo Amansec	Lilies of Yesterday
	Third	Florencio Garcia	The Dwarf Pinetree
1958-59	First	F. Sionil Jose	The God Stealers
	Second	Kerima Polotan-Tuvera	The Giants
	Third	N. V. M. Gonzalez	On the Ferry
1959-60	First	Kerima Polotan-Tuvera	The Tourists
	Second	Gregorio C. Brillantes	Faith, Love, Time and Dr. Lazaro
	Third	Wilfrido D. Nolledo	In Caress of Beloved Faces
1960-61	First	Kerima Polotan-Tuvera	The Sounds of Sunday
	Second	Bienvenido N. Santos	The Day the Dancers Came
	Third	Wilfrido D. Nolledo	Adios, Ossimandas

Year	Prize	Author	Title
1961-62	First	Jose V. Ayala	The Mountain
	Second	Gregorio C. Brillantes	Journey to the Edge of the Sea
	Third	Wilfrido D. Nolledo	Rice Wine
1962-63	First	Juan T. Gatbonton	A Record of My Passage
	Second	Leopoldo N. Cacnio	The Taste of Dust
	Third	Alma de Jesus	Mabuhay, My Country, My Lovely People
1963-64	First	Gilda Cordero-Fernando	A Wilderness of Sweets
	Second	Lilia Pablo Amansec	The Dream Tiger
	Third	Julian Dacanay	Mud Under the Sea
1964-65	First	Nick Joaquin	Doña Jeronima
	Second	Bienvendio N. Santos	The Enchanted Plant
	Third	Alma de Jesus (Pen name: Ortuoste de Jesus)	Naked Songs
1965-66	First	Lilia Pablo Amansec	Loverboy
	Second	Kerima Polotan-Tuvera	A Various Season
	Third	Fr. Rodolfo Villanueva (Pen name: Renato E. Madrid)	A Gift of Tongues
1966-67	First	Gregorio C. Brillantes	The Fires of the Sun
	Second	Gilda Cordero-Fernando	Early in Our World
	Third	Tita Lacambra Ayala	Everything

Year	Prize	Author	Title
1967-68	First	Elsa Victoria Martinez	All About Me
	Second	Edilberto K. Tiempo	Kulasising Hari
	Third	Alfred A. Yuson	The Hill of Samuel

APPENDIX D

LETTERS

3316 W. Michigan Ave.
Kalamazoo, Michigan 49007
October 26, 1970

Prof. Bienvendio N. Santos
P.O. Box 578
Iowa City, Iowa 52240

Dear Prof. Santos:

I am a Filipino teacher with a Bachelor of Science in Education degree, University of the Philippines, 1951; and a Fulbright grantee to Michigan State University (1957-58) where I earned my Master of Arts in English. On leave from my teaching position at the Department of English and Humanities, Mapua Institute of Technology, I am currently a doctoral student at Michigan State University. I have completed all requirements for the Ph.D. except the dissertation which I am presently working on. While working on it, I am also teaching at the Department of English, Western Michigan University here at Kalamazoo.

I am doing a study of the influences on the subject, craftsmanship, and philosophy of the Filipino short story in English, 1948 to 1968. My purpose in such a study is to show that despite the pessimism of certain circles regarding the future of Philippine literature in English, the work of the Filipino short story writer in English is getting better and better. And to quote Prof. Francisco Arcellana's statement in his evaluation of the "Free Press Prize Stories, 1965-66," Free Press (December 10, 1966):

> The Filipino short story writer in English is getting better all the time: there is more skill in his craft, his material is more difficult, more complex, and more meaningful, his language richer and more textured.

And among other things, the improvement in the quality of these stories is the fact that the short story writer in English has had access to the literary tradition of English, American, and European writers. Literary critic Manuel A. Viray, Prof. N. V. M. Gonzalez, and Prof. Bienvenido Lumbera have issued statements to this effect.

In his article, "Certain Influences on Filipino Writing," Philippine Writing: An Anthology (1953), edited by Mr. T. D. Agcaoili, Literary critic Manuel A. Viray writes:

> Some observers point out that four decades of English have brought to the country a feeling for American literature and an awareness of the Anglo-American literary tradition. Is it a wonder then, they ask, that today you may find Filipino writers sharply disputing T. S. Eliot's poetic strategies, over a plateful of steaming rice, salted eggs, and tomatoes? (p. 331)
>
> . . . Conscious of his environment, using a literary tradition and a language not his own, the Filipino writer has tried to imbue his reactions to the contemporary scene with a distinctive Filipino flavor. . . . Something in this direction seems to be happening more systematically as a result of creative writing programs now available in Philippine universities. These courses conducted by former holders of scholarships who have gone to America to study, along with an intense interest in criticism as practised in such diverse magazines as the Kenyon Review, Scrutiny, and The New Yorker, appear to constitute a decisive influence on the present quality of Filipino writing (pp. 334-35).

In the paper, "Imaginative Writing in the Philippines," read by Prof. N. V. M. Gonzalez to the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bengalore on May 19, 1952, and later published in the same anthology cited above, Prof. Gonzalez writes:

> There have indeed been very able writers in Tagalog, but they have not managed to keep pace with their colleagues writing in English. The Tagalog short story writer has tended to be sentimental in both treatment and subject, a defect from which the short story writer in English suffered in the beginning. Because criticism has not been developed in Tagalog, the writers in this language have not had the incentive to excel themselves. Writers in English have had to improve at every turn of their work, but they have had the advantage of access to English and American literature (p. 323).
>
> . . . Everywhere, writers have had to find their own answers to what is real in their own specific terms. If at the moment, the writers in English feel a special pre-eminence, it is because they are certain that because of the help which the tradition of British and American literature has given them, they are more accomplished in the use of the instrument (p. 327).

A similar observation has been made by Prof. Bienvenido Lumbera in his article, "Filipino Literature and the Filipino Personality," Brown Heritage (1967) edited by Prof. Antonio G. Manuud:

> . . . a comparison of the two anthologies of Tagalog fiction with two of English stories by Filipinos warrants the assertion that Tagalog writing, in spite of its longer history, has lagged behind Philippine English literature in its growth (p. 4).
>
> . . . Narrative art in the Philippines, it must be admitted, has a very slender indigenous tradition to lean on. The tradition of the folktale and then of the corrido and awit alone cannot sustain the Tagalog short story writer (p. 6).
>
> . . . At the very outset, therefore, the possibilities of the Tagalog short story were narrowed down by insularity of tradition (p. 6).
>
> The language employed by the writers in English precludes any tendency toward insularity. They are inevitably drawn to the stream of Anglo-American writing. Thus they have profited immensely from the works of short story writers, past and present, in England, the U.S. and Europe (pp. 6-7).

I am including in my study your You Lovely People; Brother, My Brother; and The Day the Dancers Came on the jacket of which is printed the following statement:

> This is the first collection of stories by Bienvenido N. Santos since Brother, My Brother, which Flannery O'Connor liked so much that she wrote him, "You must be the Anton Chekhov of the Philippines."

Perhaps Flannery O'Connor also wrote you why she made that statement. But even without knowing what explanation she might have written you, a close reading of the collection of stories and even of The Day the Dancers Came shows why she made that comparison. For indeed--your themes of human loneliness and the pathetic condition of the poor, the teachers, and the priests as well as your sympathetic and understanding portrayal of your characters evoke Chekhov's subjects and attitudes. And to quote Prof. Francisco Arcellana's comments on Brother, My Brother in his article "Bienvenidio N. Santos," Brown Heritage:

> These stories are about all sorts of people you can imagine in a world such as this best of all possible worlds. And they are written from all possible points of view (p. 719).
>
> The world that this . . . collection creates is a wider humanity, a deeper life in comparison to that of You Lovely People (p. 717).

> And he [Bienvenido N. Santos] breaks away from his own voice, he breaks free of the constricting vision of his own self and achieves the selves of people lovingly observed (pp. 717-18).

In "Filipino Exile," Bamboo and the Greenwood Tree (1961), Fr. Miguel A. Bernad, S.J., comments on the collection in the same vein:

> Poor as they are, the people of Sulucan are his people. He finds them still lovable and still interesting despite their handicaps (p. 39).

These observations on your stories are very similar to T. C. Beachcroft's observations in The Modest Art: A Survey of the Short Story in English (1968) on the Russian short story, particularly Chekhov's:

> They deal with simple and at times undramatic lives; and the movement towards a climax is not over-emphasized. In the main, it is an impression of human understanding and of complete identification with their characters that these writers leave behind, rather than the notion of authors at work (p. 124).
>
> Chekhov does at times explain that he had the intention of exposing the awful banality of many lives, but his eye is on the individual, not on political reform. . . . He knows that they all have their moments of delight, and moments of despair, and that they cry out not to be satirized or exposed or exaggerated, but to be seen with loving-sympathy and loving-kindness (p. 126).

In this connection, due to the lack of published material on what authors you have read, I am enlisting your help for information related to this. Had you read Chekhov or any other Russian writer when you wrote You Lovely People; Brother, My Brother; and The Day the Dancers Came? If you had, would you say that Chekhov's choice of subject and/or his sympathetic attitude toward his subjects have any bearing on your own choice of subjects and your own attitude toward any one or toward all three of your short story collections mentioned above? Which particular stories of Chekhov or of other Russian writers would you say you liked very much? Would you say that they may have influenced your own writing? Or do you conceive of your choice of subjects and attitude toward them as mainly the expression of yourself as an individual?

Are you familiar with Chekhov's story translated both as "Misery" and "The Lament?" It is the story of Iona Potapov, an old cab driver whose son had died and

who tries to tell his rich, busy customers about his loss. But none of them can spare him the time, so late at night he goes down to the stable and tells it to his horse. Frank O'Connor in his The Lonely Voice: A Study of the Short Story, (1963), says of the story that a basic fault in life depicted in it is the human incapacity to communicate. Would you say that such a fault is also depicted in the failure of human communication between Filemon Acayan and the dancers? Would you say that there is a bearing of the failure of human communication in Chekhov's "Misery" on the failure of human communication between Filemon and the dancers?

T. O. Beachcroft (The Modest Art) says that:

> the development of the Russian short story in the nineteenth century consists partly in the point of view of the narrator, and in the question, 'Who is the narrator?' (p. 124)
> . . . they [stories] imply a self-abnegation on the part of the author, who eliminates his own personality, as far as that is humanly possible. It is a purity of intention. Referring to a short story written by his brother Alexander, Chekhov said, 'Be honest with yourself, throw your own personality overboard . . . remove yourself for at least half an hour.' (p. 125)

In your short story collections, especially in You Lovely People, you also experiment with the elimination of your own personality, away from the personal narration. Would you say that the Russian short story's or Chekhov's movement away from the personal narration has any bearing on your own effacement as the narrator? Or would you say that it is the influence of some other writer or writers--like James Joyce or John Steinbeck whose respective Ulysses and Tortilla Flat Prof. N. V. M. Gonzalez mentions in his Introduction to You Lovely People and both authors you had obviously read before you wrote your own short story collections?

In the Introduction to Aida L. Rivera's Now and at the Hour, Prof. N. V. M. Gonzalez writes:

> The five stories that make up the collection, taken separately and, then, on rereading taken together produce a wholeness of effect which approximates that of a full-length novel. I have often wondered how the author has achieved this effect in my reading of these stories.
> Since Sherwood Anderson's Winesburg, Ohio, Filipino writers have had many occasions to experiment with this kind of unity (p. ix).

One way by which a unity is achieved in Winesburg, Ohio is the recurrence of the theme of human loneliness and the two words "alone" and "lonely." The theme of human loneliness and the words "alone" and "lonely" also recur in your three collections. And since, according to Literary critic Manuel A. Viray in his "Certain Influences on Filipino Writing," Sherwood Anderson was one of the American writers studied by literature students as early as the 1930's in the University of the Philippines when you were also there, would you say that you could be one of the Filipino writers referred to by Prof. Gonzalez who "have had occasion to experiment with this kind of unity" achieved in a collection of short stories such as that of Sherwood Anderson's Winesburg, Ohio?

I hope that you would share me part of your precious time in answering these questions which I have asked so that I can document my study. Your prompt response would be greatly appreciated, not only for what it would contribute to my work but also for what it would inevitably do to promote the cause of Philippine Literature in English. I am enclosing a self-addressed and stamped envelop for your convenience, and I hope that I would hear from you soon.

Mabuhay and more power to the Filipino writer in English!

Very truly yours,

(Miss) Lydia R. Castillo

The Writers Workshop 426 EPB
Department of English
University of Iowa
Iowa City, Iowa 52240
November 5, 1970

Miss Lydia R. Castillo
3316 W. Michigan Ave.
Kalamazoo, Michigan 49007

Dear Miss Castillo:

I received your two letters last week as I was leaving for Milwaukee. I was in Kalamazoo twice, once during the war, then in 1966 when Charles Houston invited me. Please remember me to him and his wife. Tell them I'm back after one year (1969-1970) in Naga City.

Now to answer (what I can) the questions you raised in your letter:

It could be that Flannery O'Connor (may she rest in peace) explained why she made that statement, but I don't remember what she wrote. Her letter is somewhere among my things in Bicol. Your guess as to why she said that is as good as any I have heard and I hope you're able to work that in your thesis somehow.

Yes, I have read Chekhov. Also the other Russian writers, especially Dostoyevsky, not only as part of my work as teacher of literature but because I like to read. And I cannot in all sincerity say that they have or they have not influenced me in my writing. The matter of influence is inevitable but is not as easily captured in retrospect except by well meaning scholars who can reconstruct and explain away anything including that terrible thing called the creative process. You see I have read other writers and liked some of them. I used to think (alas, one's passion for writers like the other great passions passes with the years) Sigrid Undset, Selma Lagerlof, Knut Hamsun and others from Europe were the greatest, until others came along to take their place, Hemingway, Camus, Thomas Wolfe, Faulkner, Graham Greene. Who of these have influenced my writings, I do not know. Perhaps you are right, I could have depended on no one else except on myself as individual shaped (and maybe deformed) by whatever crucibles I have gone through all these years from

Tondo (Sulucan) to Iowa City. You are a scholar, perhaps you can throw light on the heart of this particular darkness in my life as writer.

Critics and readers have pointed to Winesburg, Ohio or to The Dubliners when writing about You Lovely People. I have read both books and I have liked them but they were farthest from my thoughts (or so I thought and still think) when I wrote that book. If the truth must be told, You Lovely People is written the way it is--a series of related short stories and sketches, because I didn't know how to write a novel. I wanted to write a novel about Filipinos in America during the war, but every time I finished what I thought was a chapter, it turned out to be a short story.

And so as far as I'm concerned, perhaps I don't belong to the group of writers to whom you could point as having been influenced by this or that school of writers unless influence is a matter of unconscious rubbing off on one's flesh or mind or heart.

All these facts notwithstanding, I want to assure you that I want to help in any way you feel I could be of help to you in your work. From experience I know that critics and scholars who have looked into my works with more than casual interest have revealed a lot about me and my writing I had not known before. So you could be right about Chekhov and Anderson and such themes as infest my works as loneliness, alienation, etc. which you find common among us. Go ahead. Tell me more.

Now as regards "the future of Philippine literature in English" a lot of gloom pervades the Philippine literary scene. Have you read an article in an August issue of the Philippines Free Press entitled "Pilipino Forever" by Jose Lacaba? He believes English is on the way out. At most, in a decade, it will go the way Spanish has gone, Lacaba says. If you want me to send you the article, I'll look for it and send it to you. But maybe you have read it already.

Again, please don't forget to extend my regards to Charles and Flor Houston.

Good luck.

Sincerely,

Bienvenido N. Santos

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