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Philippine Short Stories: 1953-1954

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Philippine Short Stories 1953-1954

MIGUEL A. BERNAD

Two years or so ago, when the first issue of this Quarterly was in preparation, the editors asked the present writer to do a little study in Philippine stories in English. It was suggested that a convenient starting point for such a study might be found in the short story contest conducted annually by the *Philippines Free Press*. The article which resulted was subsequently published under the title, "Philippine Short Stories: 1952."¹

It was felt at the time that such a broad title might need justification. This we tried to give in the opening paragraph:

The title of this article may seem more ambitious than the content justifies. Perhaps a more appropriate caption would be: "A Critique of the Winning Entries in the *Free Press* Short Story Contest." However, the winning stories are taken by the writer as typical of the current output, not soaring above it (as the judges confess), nor on the other hand falling far below it. These stories may therefore be taken as witnesses, and from their testimony conclusions may be drawn which can be applied to the field as a whole.

We quote this because we have been asked to undertake a similar study for 1953 and 1954, and the passage quoted will have to serve again as justification for our procedure.

Naturally, this procedure is not scientific; no critique ever is. But it seems valid, for critical purposes, to assume

that the winning entries in the *Free Press* contest may be taken as an index of the literary state of the country. In the first place, the prizes offered are substantial enough to attract talent.² In the second place, the *Free Press* is a weekly publication, with at least one story (sometimes several) in each issue. There are therefore over fifty-two stories in the year from which the winners are selected—a number sufficiently large to be considered representative. Finally, the judges are generally well chosen: which makes it possible to entertain some degree of probability that the stories we are examining are really the best among those published.

This is not to say that the judges may not err, or that better stories might not be found elsewhere. Nor is this intended as an unqualified vote of confidence in the *Free Press* as a magazine. We claim merely that the winning stories are an index of our literary health, and as such deserving of attention.

It should therefore be plain that our intention is not to question, but rather to abide by, the judges' verdict. We accept their choice of the three best stories of the year, and limit our discussion to these. Of course, in discussing the merits of a particular story, we might find ourselves at variance with the judges. This should not be taken as a criticism of the judges: after all, they do not always agree among themselves; how, then can we be expected to agree always with them?

First, then, the data.

1

The first prize in 1953 was awarded to "The Living and the Dead,"³ and in 1954 to "A Wind over the Earth,"⁴ both written by Gregorio C. Brillantes, a young man lately out of college (Ateneo de Manila, Litt. B. 1952). The second prize in 1953 went to "The Wing of Madness"⁵ by Francisco Arcellana, and in 1954 to "Bottle Full of Smoke"⁶ by Jose Montebon. The third prize in 1953 went to H. A. Nuyda's "The Pulse of the Land";⁷ in 1954 to "The Search"⁸ by Vicente Rivera, Jr. Some of these are writers of note. Mr. Arcel-

lana's stories will be found in the anthologies (*Philippine Harvest; Philippine Cross Section; Philippine Writing; etc.*), and Mr. Rivera is represented in at least one anthology (*Philippine Writing*).

The judges in 1953 were Mrs. Carmen Guerrero Nakpil, a well known columnist and short story writer, and Mr. Armando Manalo, newspaperman, who is (we are informed) at present with the Philippine delegation to the United Nations. In 1954, the judges included Mr. Leonard Casper of the University of the Philippines, and Mrs. Paz Marquez Benitez, whose stories are in almost all the Philippine anthologies. Mr. Teodoro Locsin, of the *Free Press* staff, was the third member of the board of judges in both years.

We come now to the stories themselves.

2

Of the six stories listed above, the one we found most interesting was Mr. Nuyda's "The Pulse of the Land," which won third place in 1953. It is our impression that that story has been underrated. Mrs. Nakpil, for instance, gave it third place with the comment:

If [it] had been written a few months later than it was, I would have suspected Mr. Magsaysay's artesian well issue of having inspired it. It has a strong and valid theme, tremendous impact, and some very touching images. But the language is thoroughly commonplace. In the hands of a first-rate writer, this story could have been great.⁹

Mr. Locsin likewise gave it third place, but was hardly more enthusiastic. It had, he said, a "fine moment of illumination at the end," but he found the style "pedestrian." Mr. Manalo gave the story a higher rating (second place), but dismissed it in fewer words: "... an obvious story, the point is pressed too far, but it is written well enough on its own terms."

"Thoroughly commonplace"; "pedestrian"; "an obvious story written well enough": damning words, these. But let us examine the story.

An American and his Filipino guide are picking their way up Mayon Volcano on a hot day. Perspiring and thirsty, they stop near midday at a hut and ask for water. No one is home except two children, a boy and his slightly older sister, who give the wayfarers water—as much as they want and more than they need. Inquiring first if it is safe to drink, the American gargles with the water, spills it out, drinks, asks for more, drinks again, and gives the rest to the guide. More water is brought out, of which the American pours some on his head and face, the rest he pours on the ground. At this point the grandmother of the children arrives, apologizes for the children's seeming rudeness in not inviting the visitors to go up to the hut, offers to fry the wayfarers some camotes, and when they refuse, insists on filling their canteens with water. The travelers then move on to the top of the volcano where the American takes plenty of pictures for his forthcoming book on the Philippines.

The thought of this forthcoming book fills him with anticipated pleasure. He has been three months in the Philippines, has taken plenty of pictures for which he has in mind some clever captions. For instance, "Native wares of all kinds, and one hundred odors for every one hundred yards." His book, he feels, will be disliked by many, but it will tell the truth, and the truth is: "East is East, and West is West, and I'll take North Overshoe, Nebraska."

In the afternoon, they start the downward climb, this time taking another route. It takes them to a ravine where a crowd of people has gathered, many of them with long bamboo tubes. They are there for water—in the one place in all that volcanic region where water might be had. It is not a spring but merely a little well, a hollow in the rock six inches deep and a foot wide, into which trickles the moisture that comes from the moss on the rocks around. The people scoop the water out of this tiny well and pour it into their bamboo poles. It takes twenty minutes for the well to fill, and four wells-full to fill one bamboo tube. At this point the American sees in the crowd the little boy who had given

him water up on the mountain, and the truth flashes upon him. The last four paragraphs of the story seem worth quoting:

The American's big white hand slowly found its way to the boy's hunched shoulder, and forgetting that the boy could not understand his language, blurted: "You mean you walk all that distance and get your water here too?"

Surprisingly, the boy understood. He gave his biggest smile and nodded, his eyes gleaming with elation as he glanced at the women, at his little friends, for his having been recognized and held on the shoulder by this tall white man. Then he pointed to a long-haired girl in red chemise [his sister] hugging a bamboo tube twice her own length and smiling with her fingertips in her mouth.

As the American silently watched the scene before him, the guide approached him and asked: "Would you like to take a picture?"

The American looked at the guide and did not say anything. He could not say anything at all, and his look was blank, because in his mind he was looking at the picture of a big white brute who gargled and drank and spilled away the difficult labor of a little boy and girl; because inside him there was a great shame; because he knew he had been taking the wrong pictures and thinking the wrong thoughts.

In the hands of a third-rate writer, this story would have been sentimentalized, melodramatized to tatters. In the hands of a second-rate writer, it would have been unpleasantly jingoistic, anti-American, bitter, resentful. Mr. Nuyda does not succumb to these crudities. Instead he draws an authentic picture of the Philippine countryside, and of Filipino courtesy and hospitality joined with poverty—and the picture is all the more effective for being allowed to speak for itself.

The American traveler, on the other hand, is depicted with realism but also with sympathy and understanding. There is a suggestion of satire, but not of caricature. This American, for all his self-satisfaction, is really an amiable man; he likes people, and people find it easy to like him. He sits in judgment over everything that he sees: but he does so in ignorance, not in arrogance; when he learns the truth, he is humble enough to admit it. He begins with pre-

judice, he ends with understanding. And in picturing him thus, Mr. Nuyda does justice to himself as a writer, and to Americans as a people.

Because it is so authentic, both in its local color and in the portrayal of native character, this story is appropriately titled: "the pulse of the land." It is a good example of that pastoral quality which most of our stories have, and to which we called attention in our 1952 article.

But this story is more than merely pastoral. It is also a good "action" story, for it has that essential element of all good action: suspense. Despite the simplicity of the plot, the ending comes as a complete surprise. The reader has all along been prepared for such an ending, but without his knowing it. He accepts the ending as natural when it comes, but he does not see it coming. This is good narrative technique.

"In the hands of a first-rate writer, this story could have been great." There is an occasional awkwardness in Mr. Nuyda's style, but it is our suspicion that he is on his way to become a first-rate writer.

3

Where Mr. Nuyda is simple, Mr. Brillantes is complex. Where the one is ingenuous, the other is sophisticated. Where one writes in a pastoral vein, the other writes of things urban in an urbane manner. Perhaps this explains why the judges found Mr. Nuyda "pedestrian" and "commonplace," while they found Mr. Brillantes "dreadfully effective" and "almost brilliant." Perhaps all that was meant was that one was pastoral and the other complex.

Mr. Brillantes' style is in fact brilliant—particularly so in the story which won the 1953 award; and despite our admiration for the pastoral, we do not find it difficult to agree with the unanimous decision of the judges that this story deserved the first prize.

"The Living and the Dead" is an arresting picture of cosmopolitan social life—its glittering surface, and the tragedies

hidden beneath. We say "cosmopolitan": we really should say *Manila* social life. The story is laid presumably in Manila, and there are several authentic touches which are genuinely Philippine. These touches, nevertheless, seem to be peripheral. They do not belong to the essence of the narrative. Change the *mah-jong* game to bridge, change the place-names and the interjections, and this story might be laid in any big city of the western world.

The story is without plot. Its aim is to present a vivid picture of life as it is lived in the elaborate mansion of the Romanos, with its fine gardens, and the marble lions guarding the entrance. It is a luxurious life, but not pleasant. It is fussy, showy, snobbish, selfish, and consequently lonely; and when danger threatens, it is not easy to ward off despair. A steep price, surely, for opulence.

Our inspection tour of the Romano household occurs on a Sunday, the day of young Sylvia Romano's coming-out party. We meet the family at breakfast: Sylvia, excited and in a hurry to go to church where her friends await her; her brother Chito, young-man-about-town, with something on his mind; their father, Jose, wealthy and respected, with something on *his* mind; and their mother, Nita, society matron, with nothing on *her* mind except the coming party, her daughter's picture in the papers, and her son's possible social entanglements.

We meet Mrs. Romano again later in the day, at *mah-jong* with the ladies who come to see her. She interrupts her gossip long enough to drive away some trespassers from her rose garden—long enough for the other ladies to gossip about *her*.

We get to know young Chito Romano in the evening during his sister's party. He is in formal wear, but he is not dancing. He sits in the car, his pretty partner crying beside him. It appears (the situations are merely suggested) that she is going to have a baby, and she wants him either to marry her or to furnish her the money for an abortion. He won't do the first, and finds difficulty in doing the second

—though the difficulty is procedural, not moral. He is a very perplexed young man, very sorry for himself, and he hates the pretty girl who sits beside him crying helplessly.

Finally, late at night, after the party is over, we get to know Mr. Jose Romano himself. He, too, is very perplexed. He is a man of means and a man of position—successively judge, governor, congressman. But he has not always been a faithful husband, nor has he always been scrupulously honest. Large sums have been embezzled, and exposure is imminent. All alone in the darkness of the house—and the darkness of his mind—he toys with the idea of suicide. Then the suggestion (the barest suggestion) of the fire of hell, and the thought (again the faintest) of the Crucified send him to his knees—only to be rudely brought back to his feet when his wife enters the room, switches on the light, and noisily resumes her chatter while applying cold cream to her ugly face.

Such is the story: told with sophistication, and with restraint. There is no trace of the sentimentality or the overwriting that we noted in the 1952 stories. It is told with delicacy: the situations are merely hinted at, but with a clarity that leaves little room for doubt. No wonder that all three judges praised it in enthusiastic terms: “almost brilliant”; “a dreadfully effective piece of writing.”

Two defects might be noted. The first (and this defect is really microscopic) is the introduction of an occasional discordant note—a tiny crudity that momentarily mars the author’s tone of elegant refinement: a reference to the menopause for instance; or an epithet commonly intended as a slur on a person’s ancestry. Objection to these is made on aesthetic grounds: they are discordant in this context.

The other defect is more serious: the derivative character of the work. All three judges noted this point, and quite emphatically. Said Mr. Manalo:

“The Living and the Dead” is Nick Joaquin—bantam edition. How that boy can—shall I say—imitate: one scene right out of

"A Voice in Rama" and everything beautifully carbon-copied, down to the last inflection, the last special twist of irony . . .

Said Mr. Locsin:

The style is a slavish copy of another's, the last passage an echo of the requiem-like close of James Joyce's "The Dead" . . .

But he added:

but what other story could one give the first prize to which would not shrink beside Brillantes' idea of how Joaquin-and-Joyce would have dealt with a certain kind of corruption?

Mrs. Nakpil added: "But even as an imitation of Joaquin and/or Joyce, the story is terribly good."

Imitation, however, is not necessarily plagiarism. It is a reflection on the author's maturity, not necessarily on his integrity. Mr. Brillantes, therefore, is not yet a mature writer, but he is a very good one, and should go far.

4

Compared to his earlier one, Mr. Brillantes' other story, "A Wind over the Earth," seems mediocre.

The two stories have many things in common. Both are psychological studies. Both are cross-sections of family life—a wealthy family in each case. Both involve domestic sorrow: tragic in one case, merely pathetic in the other. And both stories are told with what has been called a revolving point of view: the camera, as it were, is focused now on one, now on another member of the family. One of the judges (Mr. Casper), noting this revolving point of view in the case of "A Wind over the Earth," observed that the "only serious fault in the story" is the fact that "it does not severely enough detach the first two points of view (son and wife), at the dividing line between the consciousness" of each.

In other respects the two stories are dissimilar. They differ in setting: one is laid in a city mansion, on the occasion of a peculiarly cosmopolitan affair, the formal debut; the other is laid in the province, on the death of the father of the family. As a consequence, they also differ in tone.

"The Living and the Dead" is sophisticated in manner and ironic in spirit; "A Wind over the Earth" is sympathetic in spirit and more straightforward in manner.

Yet even in the latter story an ironic situation obtains. The story, Mr. Casper says, "discovers how, in our need, we sometimes kill those who need us." One might disagree with that summary. The story seems rather to discover how, when we need them most, we sometimes hurt those who try to help us. In any case: an ironic situation.

The story is simple. A young man drives from Manila with his wife to his parents' home in the province where his father is dying. He is anxious to talk to his father once more. He feels his father might have something to say to him. Upon arrival, however, he finds that his father can no longer talk, and in his frustration he turns against his wife who tries to comfort him, and against the priest who administers the last sacraments. But his aged mother sits beside the dying man's bed, calm and competent, occasionally dreaming of the old days when this her dying husband was a sullen violent man trying to win her hand.

This story, too, is derivative in character. Mr. Casper notes that it has "reminiscences of Joaquin, Faulkner, and even Brillantes himself." But he adds that this should not be held against the story, for it "successfully embraces" its sources.

For our part, we would note a defect in another direction. The title "A Wind over the Earth" is presumably either symbolic or allegorical. We cannot explain it otherwise. Yet the symbolism or allegory is not effectively brought out—if indeed one was intended.

5

And this also seems to be the difficulty with the story that received the second prize in 1953, Mr. Arcellana's "The Wing of Madness." It is an experiment in symbolic treatment, but it is our impression that the experiment is not successful.

A young man goes to his friend's apartment which he knows will be unoccupied for the day, and there awaits a woman whom he loves but who no longer loves him. He waits in an agony of suspense, jumping up at every sound of a passing vehicle. At last she arrives, but by this time the young man is in a state of near collapse. He talks, moreover, in solemn tones (like a Hebrew prophet) of love being dead. At this point, the shawl (apparently a symbol) is brought into the picture. The woman has been wearing a yellow shawl which she takes off on entering the room. The man takes the shawl and hangs it up on a peg on the wall. Hanging down thus, the shawl resembles a wing. The sight of the shawl and of the young man looking so distraught reminds the woman of an incident in her childhood during the war when she was ten, when this identical shawl was similarly hanging down like a wing from a peg on the wall. She was with her father and mother in a strange house to which they had been led by the Japanese. They waited in the room for the Japanese to return. When they did, her mother got up, kissed her, told her to go to sleep, and went out with the Japanese soldiers. Soon her mother could be heard intermittently screaming. Her father, meanwhile, was distraught, now pacing to and fro, now stopping to listen, and each time that he crossed the room he passed under the yellow shawl that looked like a wing. This lasted for some time until all the shouting ceased; then her father collapsed and was carried out of the room.

That is the story. It seems to us that there are many things wrong with it. In the first place, what really is it all about? The situations are not clear. For instance, why the meeting in the apartment? Was it an assignation? If so, why did the woman go there at all when she was supposed to be no longer in love with the man? Was the mother being attacked? But if so, why did she go with the soldiers apparently willingly? She offered no resistance. She was not dragged out. And her husband had certainly not put up any resistance. Why not? In the end, the husband collapsed and was carried out. Did he die? Or did he just faint? If not

dead, where was he being carried to? There are altogether too many questions left unanswered, and the characters act in an altogether improbable manner.

We have commended Mr. Brillantes on his delicate handling of situations by merely hinting at them, without telling us explicitly what they are. But his hints are effective. He does not leave us in doubt. Mr. Arcellana's situations are a trifle ambiguous.

In the second place, "The Wing of Madness" does not seem to hang together as a story. The meeting (whatever the purpose) in the apartment and the goings-on (whatever they were) in that strange house during the war do not seem to be similar situations. They do not appear to be thematically cognate. There seems nothing to connect the two—except, of course, the shawl, and that takes us to the third difficulty.

The shawl is obviously a symbol. It is an allusion to a passage from Baudelaire which Mr. Arcellana quotes as an epigraph: "I have received a singular warning. I have felt the wind of the wing of madness pass over me." The shawl, then, hanging down on the wall like a wing, symbolizes the wing of madness. In this supposition, then, both the scene in the apartment and the war-time scene in the strange house become cognate. They have one thing in common: in each, someone goes mad, or at least begins to—the distraught young man in one case, the distraught father in the other.

If this is what was intended, then we begin to see why Mr. Arcellana's characters seem to behave so strangely. They behave abnormally because they *are* abnormal people. The story, thus, becomes a study in abnormal psychology, and its two seemingly disparate scenes do in reality hang together by a thread—or perhaps one should say, by a shawl.

But isn't a thread (or even a shawl) a rather tenuous thing on which to hang? Isn't the symbolism too artificially dragged in to be effective?

But there is more than merely tenuous symbolism. We believe the story is entirely overwritten. For instance (one among many), in order to call attention to the shawl, a species of incantation is resorted to:

Then the Japanese returned. Her mother stood up, stooped and kissed her, told her to be a good girl and sleep; and she left with the Japanese. She looked at the shawl on the peg high up on the wall beside the shut door. Then her father told her to go to sleep. She couldn't. Then she heard her mother scream . . . Suddenly her father was no longer beside her but was now pacing up and down . . . Every time her father crossed the room she saw how the shawl beat like a wing in the garish light above his head. Her mother stopped screaming and her father stopped pacing and stood still and tense, waiting. Her mother screamed again and her father fell to pacing the floor once more and every time he crossed the room he walked beneath her mother's shawl that hovered like a wing above him . . .

and so on, for many many lines. This is overwriting. An instance of the needless complexity of the story is the frequent mention of a full-length mirror in the apartment where the young man awaits the woman. The mirror is given sufficient prominence to make one suspect that some symbolism is intended. If so, we confess that we have missed it. And if none is intended, why the frequent mention?

Symbolism (allusive symbolism, in particular) is a tricky thing. It can be very effective. We have had occasion to discuss this point in a paper entitled "Poetry by Allusion."¹⁰ But it can also fall flat, in which case everybody misses the point all around.

We should add that if we have found little to praise in Mr. Arcellana's story, this does not mean that he is not a good story-teller. He writes in a vivid, gripping style, and it is because the story could have been well handled that we have taken the trouble to take it apart. In any case, Mr. Arcellana should be judged on the basis of his many stories, some of which have found their way into anthologies. He should not be judged on the basis of this one effort, which we believe was an experiment, and not a very successful one.

6

The two remaining stories do not seem to need much comment. Mr. Montebon's "Bottle Full of Smoke" seems to us an inferior piece. It is a sentimentalized and an inelegant treatment of two common themes: the cruelty of a drunken husband toward his long-suffering wife, and a boy sacrificing his pet animal for the sake of domestic peace.

Mr. Rivera's "The Search" is much better written, though the theme also is common. A man, by name Alex, has worked for a Colonel Montez for a long time: followed him as a colonel of guerrillas during the war, and worked for him when the colonel became a powerful political boss after the war. Alex has now become the colonel's right-hand man. Like many men in power, the colonel does not brook opposition and has no scruples as to the type of means used to silence it. Alex is secure politically and financially as long as he works for the colonel—which he does, until an incident occurs which makes him decide to throw security to the winds and regain his self-respect as a man.

There are certain ambiguities in the story. For instance, it is not clear just what that incident was which proved the turning point in the hero's life. This is a good story, none the less, and competently handled.

7

Three general remarks before we end.

1. In the 1952 stories we noted a tendency towards sentimentality and overwriting. By overwriting, we mean making more of a situation than it warrants. By sentimentality, we mean an excess of emotion either on the part of the writer himself (and this shows, for instance, in the tone), or on the part of his characters. By excess of emotion, we mean reacting to a situation with an intensity of emotion not warranted by that situation as described. We say, *as described*: for in real life the identical situation might contain implications which the story-writer has not succeeded in

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conveying; in which case, the situation in real life may warrant an intensely emotional reaction, where the same situation as described in a story does not.

Overwriting and sentimentality are easy defects to fall into. We noted them in all three of the winning stories in 1952. It is therefore pleasant to note that of the six stories under review, several exhibit remarkable restraint, despite opportunities for sentimentality. Only two stories, "The Wing of Madness" and "Bottle Full of Smoke", have failed in this respect in a notable degree; though, even in Mr. Brillantes' 1954 story there is a trace of overwriting.

2. In our 1952 article we noted the pastoral character of most Philippine stories. It is perhaps significant that of the six stories now under review, only two are pastoral. The other four are urban in matter and complex in manner to a greater or lesser extent. Does this mean a swing away from the pastoral toward the urban and the complex? We cannot as yet tell. There is, however, one caution which we would like to give to our writers, and it is this:

Complexity is both dangerous and difficult. There is no virtue in complexity as such. And it is far more difficult to be successfully complex than to be successfully simple—and the pastoral is simple, unless it is Miltonic pastoral.

Let us view the matter from a different angle. Of the six stories here considered, only one (Nuyda's "Pulse of the Land") is immutably Philippine. The others are Philippine, but not immutably so: *mutatis mutandis*, they could be laid elsewhere in the world. This is not to their discredit, but it gives rise to a question: must a story be pastoral to be uniquely Philippine?

We don't know. But let us say this much. We welcome the advent of the complex story about the complex life of the city, but we would hate to see the end of pastoral—the simple idyll about the simple life of our fields and hills. That is part of our heritage; a pity, were it to disappear.

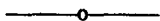
3. And talking of our heritage, we note that several of the stories either depict the Christian life of the people

or reflect a Christian point of view. "The Wing of Madness" and "Bottle Full of Smoke" are neutral in this respect; the others are in the Christian tradition.

Lest we be misunderstood, we hasten to add that we do not want stories to preach; but we do want them to reflect the life of the people, and that life is Christian. Christian faith and Christian ritual are part of the national ethos. It is not exclusively Christian to give drink to the thirsty, and to be generous to guests. Nor is it exclusively Christian to eschew corruption in politics. These are natural virtues, but they are part of the Christian ethic, and it is good to see them mirrored in current fiction.

As for Mr. Brillantes' stories, they are distinctly, though not obtrusively Catholic. Catholic faith and ritual are of their fiber. Even the Romanos are Catholics, though obviously not good ones. It is part of the irony of their situation that being Catholic and also being wealthy—having thus at hand the resources of both earth and heaven—they should find themselves so empty-handed on earth and so unqualified for heaven.

Not a rare situation, unfortunately: and it is well occasionally to have it mirrored in fiction.



¹ *PHILIPPINE STUDIES* I (June, 1953) 5-15.

² The prizes are: a thousand pesos for first, five hundred for second, and two hundred and fifty for third.

³ *The Philippines Free Press* (Aug. 1, 1953) 12 ff.

⁴ *Ibid.* (Oct. 9, 1954) 12 ff.

⁵ *Ibid.* (May 9, 1953) 12 ff.

⁶ *Ibid.* (Oct. 2, 1954) 12 ff.

⁷ *Ibid.* (Dec. 13, 1952) 36 ff.

⁸ *Ibid.* (Oct. 16, 1954) 12 ff.

⁹ The judges' verdicts for the 1953 stories are found *ibid.* (Dec. 12, 1953) 16 ff; for the 1954 stories *ibid.* (Dec. 11, 1954) 22 ff.

¹⁰ *PHILIPPINE STUDIES* I (Dec. 1953) 223-235.