

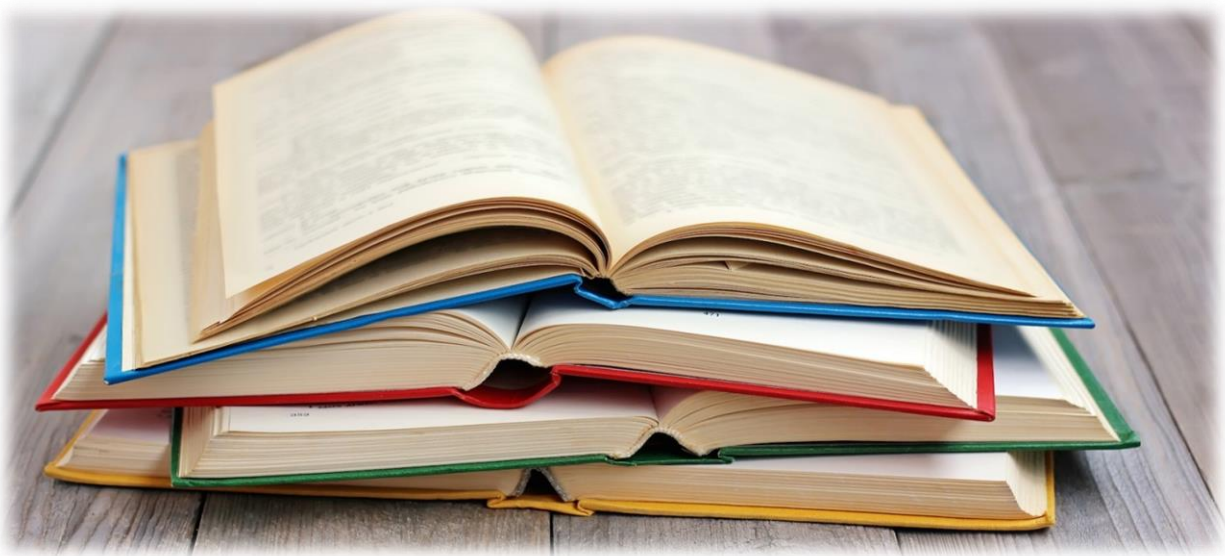


CHAPTER III: LITERATURE IN CAR AND NCR



Objectives:

- Study the historical background of CAR and NCR literature.
- Read literary texts representing CAR and NCR.
- Analyze and evaluate the great literary works from CAR and NCR.
- Write analysis and reflection papers on literary texts.
- Express appreciation in reading CAR and NCR literary texts.



Lesson 1: Literature in Cordillera Autonomous Region (CAR)

CAR's Literature Influence by Geographical Features, Culture and History

One of the regions which have rich literature is Cordillera Administrative Region (CAR). Igorots, which is one of the tribes, found in CAR. They are the one who signifies people in the Philippines maybe because they are the best example in describing who is Filipinos and they are rich in beliefs, customs, rituals, traditions and other cultural practices. The Ifugao do not have a systematic form of writing, but their oral literature -

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recorded traditions, beliefs and rituals prove to the bountiful wealth of literary arts in the region.

Cordillera Administrative Region's literature best describes that they have rich culture to which Filipinos have to proud of because until now they preserve and still practice their customs and traditions that ideally shows their unique and bountiful literatures. Some of the famous literary works of this region are Hudhud (epic), Ullalim (ballad), Dangdang-Ay (song), The Giantess and Three Children (short story), Wedding Dance (short story), Agga a ya agge a (song), Canao (ritual) and Tuinguian Flood Myth (myth). These are some of the literature of CAR that influenced by their geographical features, culture and history. The famous epic of Ifugao is the Hudhud which depicts the rivalry of different tribes not only in Ifugao but almost all areas in the region. Epics revolve around supernatural events or heroic deeds and they embody or validate the beliefs and customs and ideals of a community. At past time when this region was not highly organized and govern by command of the provincial and local government, different tribes in the region have their own governance and idealism that's why rivalry aroused in every tribe. Hudhud is one of the literary works of CAR explained the extreme clash of tribes in the mountainous region in order to fight their own beliefs. There are some of traditional songs of CAR express norms or codes of behavior, community beliefs or they instill values in order to teach to young generation their beliefs and values that they need to follow. It also expresses the hopes and aspirations, the people's lifestyles as well as their loves as what the Ullalim trying to emphasized, a romantic tale in which the hero fights for his undying love to his maiden. The literature of CAR represents their lifestyles and values that are really interesting to know and discover more. The topographic formation of the Cordillera mountain range, which has greatly influenced the upstream migration of peoples in the Cordillera into the locality, agrees the various dialects pattern formation. The difference in dialectal culture however, did not form variation in cultural development as almost every Cordillera people shares similar cultural identity among different tribes. Different versions of Ullalim is best describes it but still connotes a romantic tale of the hero and his maiden.

The Cordillera region is known for its unique musical instruments that they used in performing their rituals and festivals to show their strong belief on the power of the Almighty referred as Kabunyan. Aside from the prayers which are made to the gods, some are recited as invocations to further one's good health, cure sickness, insure a successful marriage or headhunting raid, and eve to assist in performing witchcraft.



Through the literature of the regions, provinces or cities gives man an overview of their culture and history that added interest to know and understand their work or arts in terms of writings.

Famous Literary Works in Cordillera Autonomous Region

- ✚ Wedding Dance by Amador Daguio
- ✚ Man of Earth by Amador Daguio

About the Author

Amador T. Daguio was a Filipino writer and poet during pre-war Philippines. He published two books in his lifetime, and three more posthumously. He was a Republic Cultural Heritage awardee for his works.

Early Life and Education

Amador Daguio was born on January 8, 1912 in Laoag, Ilocos Norte. His family moved to Lubuagan, Mountain Province, where his father was an officer in the Philippine Constabulary.

He graduated with honors in 1924 at the Lubuagan Elementary School as valedictorian. Daguio was already writing poems in elementary school, according to his own account. He wrote a farewell verse on a chalkboard at least once for a departing teacher when he was in grade 6. For his high school studies, he moved to Pasig to attend Rizal High School while residing with his uncle at Fort William McKinley.

Daguio was too poor to afford his college tuition and did not enroll in the first semester of 1928. He also failed to qualify for a scholarship. He worked as a houseboy, waiter, and caddy at Fort McKinley to earn his tuition and later enrolled at the University of the Philippines on the second semester. He experienced financial difficulties in his studies until an uncle from Honolulu, Hawaii funded his tuition on his third year of study. Before his uncle's arrival, Daguio has worked as a printer's devil in his college as well as a writer for the Philippine Collegian.

He was mentored in writing by Tom Inglis Moore, an Australian professor. In 1932, he graduated from UP as one of the top ten honor graduates. After World War II, he went to Stanford University to study his masterals in English which he obtained at 1952. And in 1954 he obtained his Law degree from Romualdez Law College in Leyte.

Career

When Daguio was a third year high school student his poem "She Came to Me" got published in the July 11, 1926 edition of The Sunday Tribune.

After he graduated from UP, he returned to Lubuagan to teach at his former alma mater. He then taught at Zamboange Normal School in 1938 where he met his wife Estela. During the Second World War, he was part of the resistance and wrote poems. These poems were later published as his book Bataan Harvest.

He was the chief editor for the Philippine House of Representatives, as well as several other government offices. He also taught at the University of the East, University

of the Philippines, and Philippine Women's University for 26 years. He died in 1967 from liver cancer at the age of 55.

Published Works

- Huhud hi aliguyon (a translation of an Ifugao harvest song, Stanford, 1952)
- The Flaming Lyre (a collection of poems, Craftsman House, 1959)
- The Thrilling Poetical Jousts of Balagtasan (1960)
- Bataan Harvest (war poems, A.S Florentino, 1973)
- The Woman Who Looked Out the Window (a collection of short stories, A.S Florentino, 1973)
- The Fall of Bataan and Corregidor (1975)
- AWARDS
- Republic Cultural Heritage award (1973)

Wedding Dance

By Amador Daguio

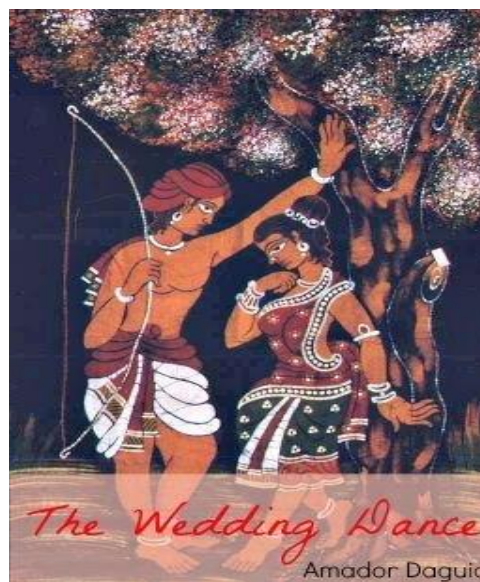
Awi Yao reached for the upper horizontal log which served as the edge of the headhigh threshold. Clinging to the log, he lifted himself with one bound that carried him across to the narrow door. He slid back the cover, stepped inside, then pushed the cover back in place. After some moments during which he seemed to wait, he talked to the listening darkness.

"I'm sorry this had to be done. I am really sorry. But neither of us can help it."

The sound of the gangsas beat through the walls of the dark house like muffled roars of falling waters. The woman who had moved with a start when the sliding door opened had been hearing the gangsas for she did not know how long. There was a sudden rush of fire in her. She gave no sign that she heard Awi Yao, but continued to sit unmoving in the darkness.

But Awi Yao knew that she heard him and his heart pitied her. He crawled on all fours to the middle of the room; he knew exactly where the stove was. With bare fingers he stirred the covered smoldering embers, and blew into the stove. When the coals began to glow, Awi Yao put pieces of pine on them, then full round logs as his arms. The room brightened.

"Why don't you go out," he said, "and join the dancing women?" He felt a pang inside him, because what he said was really not the right thing to say and because the woman did not stir. "You should join the dancers," he said, "as if--as if nothing had



happened." He looked at the woman huddled in a corner of the room, leaning against the wall. The stove fire played with strange moving shadows and lights upon her face. She was partly sullen, but her sullenness was not because of anger or hate.

"Go out--go out and dance. If you really don't hate me for this separation, go out and dance. One of the men will see you dance well; he will like your dancing, he will marry you. Who knows but that, with him, you will be luckier than you were with me."

"I don't want any man," she said sharply. "I don't want any other man."

He felt relieved that at least she talked: "You know very well that I won't want any other woman either. You know that, don't you? Lumnay, you know it, don't you?"

She did not answer him.

"You know it Lumnay, don't you?" he repeated.

"Yes, I know," she said weakly.

"It is not my fault," he said, feeling relieved. "You cannot blame me; I have been a good husband to you."

"Neither can you blame me," she said. She seemed about to cry.

"No, you have been very good to me. You have been a good wife. I have nothing to say against you." He set some of the burning wood in place. "It's only that a man must have a child. Seven harvests is just too long to wait. Yes, we have waited too long. We should have another chance before it is too late for both of us."

This time the woman stirred, stretched her right leg out and bent her left leg in. She wound the blanket more snugly around herself.

"You know that I have done my best," she said. "I have prayed to Kabunyan much. I have sacrificed many chickens in my prayers."

"Yes, I know."

"You remember how angry you were once when you came home from your work in the terrace because I butchered one of our pigs without your permission? I did it to appease Kabunyan, because, like you, I wanted to have a child. But what could I do?"

"Kabunyan does not see fit for us to have a child," he said. He stirred the fire. The spark rose through the crackles of the flames. The smoke and soot went up the ceiling.

Lumnay looked down and unconsciously started to pull at the rattan that kept the split bamboo flooring in place. She tugged at the rattan flooring. Each time she did this the split bamboo went up and came down with a slight rattle. The gong of the dancers clamorously called in her care through the walls.

Awiyao went to the corner where Lumnay sat, paused before her, looked at her bronzed and sturdy face, then turned to where the jars of water stood piled one over the other. Awiyao took a coconut cup and dipped it in the top jar and drank. Lumnay had filled the jars from the mountain creek early that evening.

"I came home," he said. "Because I did not find you among the dancers. Of course, I am not forcing you to come, if you don't want to join my wedding ceremony. I

came to tell you that Madulimay, although I am marrying her, can never become as good as you are. She is not as strong in planting beans, not as fast in cleaning water jars, not as good keeping a house clean. You are one of the best wives in the whole village."

"That has not done me any good, has it?" She said. She looked at him lovingly. She almost seemed to smile.

He put the coconut cup aside on the floor and came closer to her. He held her face between his hands and looked longingly at her beauty. But her eyes looked away. Never again would he hold her face. The next day she would not be his any more. She would go back to her parents. He let go of her face, and she bent to the floor again and looked at her fingers as they tugged softly at the split bamboo floor.

"This house is yours," he said. "I built it for you. Make it your own, live in it as long as you wish. I will build another house for Madulimay."

"I have no need for a house," she said slowly. "I'll go to my own house. My parents are old. They will need help in the planting of the beans, in the pounding of the rice."

"I will give you the field that I dug out of the mountains during the first year of our marriage," he said. "You know I did it for you. You helped me to make it for the two of us."

"I have no use for any field," she said.

He looked at her, then turned away, and became silent. They were silent for a time.

"Go back to the dance," she said finally. "It is not right for you to be here. They will wonder where you are, and Madulimay will not feel good. Go back to the dance."

"I would feel better if you could come, and dance---for the last time. The gangsas are playing."

"You know that I cannot."

"Lumnay," he said tenderly. "Lumnay, if I did this it is because of my need for a child. You know that life is not worth living without a child. The man have mocked me behind my back. You know that."

"I know it," he said. "I will pray that Kabunyan will bless you and Madulimay."

She bit her lips now, then shook her head wildly, and sobbed.

She thought of the seven harvests that had passed, the high hopes they had in the beginning of their new life, the day he took her away from her parents across the roaring river, on the other side of the mountain, the trip up the trail which they had to climb, the steep canyon which they had to cross. The waters boiled in her mind in forms of white and jade and roaring silver; the waters tolled and growled, resounded in thunderous echoes through the walls of the stiff cliffs; they were far away now from somewhere on the tops of the other ranges, and they had looked carefully at the buttresses of rocks they had to step on---a slip would have meant death.

They both drank of the water then rested on the other bank before they made the final climb to the other side of the mountain.

She looked at his face with the fire playing upon his features---hard and strong, and kind. He had a sense of lightness in his way of saying things which often made her and the village people laugh. How proud she had been of his humor. The muscles where taut and firm, bronze and compact in their hold upon his skull---how frank his bright eyes were. She looked at his body the carved out of the mountains five fields for her; his wide and supple torso heaved as if a slab of shining lumber were heaving; his arms and legs flowed down in fluent muscles--he was strong and for that she had lost him.

She flung herself upon his knees and clung to them. "Awiyo, Awiyo, my husband," she cried. "I did everything to have a child," she said passionately in a hoarse whisper. "Look at me," she cried. "Look at my body. Then it was full of promise. It could dance; it could work fast in the fields; it could climb the mountains fast. Even now it is firm, full. But, Awiyo, I am useless. I must die."

"It will not be right to die," he said, gathering her in his arms. Her whole warm naked breast quivered against his own; she clung now to his neck, and her hand lay upon his right shoulder; her hair flowed down in cascades of gleaming darkness.

"I don't care about the fields," she said. "I don't care about the house. I don't care for anything but you. I'll have no other man."

"Then you'll always be fruitless."

"I'll go back to my father, I'll die."

"Then you hate me," he said. "If you die it means you hate me. You do not want me to have a child. You do not want my name to live on in our tribe."

She was silent.

"If I do not try a second time," he explained, "it means I'll die. Nobody will get the fields I have carved out of the mountains; nobody will come after me."

"If you fail--if you fail this second time--" she said thoughtfully. The voice was a shudder. "No--no, I don't want you to fail."

"If I fail," he said, "I'll come back to you. Then both of us will die together. Both of us will vanish from the life of our tribe."

The gongs thundered through the walls of their house, sonorous and faraway.

"I'll keep my beads," she said. "Awiyo, let me keep my beads," she half-whispered.

"You will keep the beads. They come from far-off times. My grandmother said they come from up North, from the slant-eyed people across the sea. You keep them, Lumnay. They are worth twenty fields."

"I'll keep them because they stand for the love you have for me," she said. "I love you. I love you and have nothing to give."

She took herself away from him, for a voice was calling out to him from outside. "Awiyo! Awiyo! O Awiyo! They are looking for you at the dance!"

"I am not in hurry."

"The elders will scold you. You had better go."

"Not until you tell me that it is all right with you."

"It is all right with me."

He clasped her hands. "I do this for the sake of the tribe," he said.

"I know," she said.

He went to the door.

"Awiyo!"

He stopped as if suddenly hit by a spear. In pain he turned to her. Her face was in agony. It pained him to leave. She had been wonderful to him. What was it that made a man wish for a child? What was it in life, in the work in the field, in the planting and harvest, in the silence of the night, in the communing with husband and wife, in the whole life of the tribe itself that made man wish for the laughter and speech of a child? Suppose he changed his mind? Why did the unwritten law demand, anyway, that a man, to be a man, must have a child to come after him? And if he was fruitless--but he loved Lumnay. It was like taking away of his life to leave her like this.

"Awiyo," she said, and her eyes seemed to smile in the light. "The beads!" He turned back and walked to the farthest corner of their room, to the trunk where they kept their worldly possession---his battle-ax and his spear points, her betel nut box and her beads. He dug out from the darkness the beads which had been given to him by his grandmother to give to Lumnay on the beads on, and tied them in place. The white and jade and deep orange obsidians shone in the firelight. She suddenly clung to him, clung to his neck as if she would never let him go.

"Awiyo! Awiyo, it is hard!" She gasped, and she closed her eyes and hurried her face in his neck.

The call for him from the outside repeated; her grip loosened, and he buried out into the night.

Lumnay sat for some time in the darkness. Then she went to the door and opened it. The moonlight struck her face; the moonlight spilled itself on the whole village.

She could hear the throbbing of the gangsas coming to her through the caverns of the other houses. She knew that all the houses were empty that the whole tribe was at the dance. Only she was absent. And yet was she not the best dancer of the village? Did she not have the most lightness and grace? Could she not, alone among all women, dance like a bird tripping for grains on the ground, beautifully timed to the beat of the gangsas? Did not the men praise her supple body, and the women envy the way she stretched her hands like the wings of the mountain eagle now and then as she danced? How long ago did she dance at her own wedding? Tonight, all the women who counted, who once danced in her honor, were dancing now in honor of another whose only claim was that perhaps she could give her husband a child.

"It is not right. It is not right!" she cried. "How does she know? How can anybody know? It is not right," she said.

Suddenly she found courage. She would go to the dance. She would go to the chief of the village, to the elders, to tell them it was not right. Awiyao was hers; nobody could take him away from her. Let her be the first woman to complain, to denounce the unwritten rule that a man may take another woman. She would tell Awiyao to come back to her. He surely would relent. Was not their love as strong as the river?

She made for the other side of the village where the dancing was. There was a flaming glow over the whole place; a great bonfire was burning. The gangsas clamored more loudly now, and it seemed they were calling to her. She was near at last. She could see the dancers clearly now. The man leaped lightly with their gangsas as they circled the dancing women decked in feast garments and beads, tripping on the ground like graceful birds, following their men. Her heart warmed to the flaming call of the dance; strange heat in her blood welled up, and she started to run. But the gleaming brightness of the bonfire commanded her to stop. Did anybody see her approach?

She stopped. What if somebody had seen her coming? The flames of the bonfire leaped in countless sparks which spread and rose like yellow points and died out in the night. The blaze reached out to her like a spreading radiance. She did not have the courage to break into the wedding feast.

Lumnay walked away from the dancing ground, away from the village. She thought of the new clearing of beans which Awiyao and she had started to make only four moons before. She followed the trail above the village.

When she came to the mountain stream she crossed it carefully. Nobody held her hand, and the stream water was very cold. The trail went up again, and she was in the moonlight shadows among the trees and shrubs. Slowly she climbed the mountain.

When Lumnay reached the clearing, she could see from where she stood the blazing bonfire at the edge of the village, where the wedding was. She could hear the far-off clamor of the gongs, still rich in their sonorousness, echoing from mountain to mountain. The sound did not mock her; they seemed to call far to her, to speak to her in the language of unspeaking love. She felt the pull of their gratitude for her sacrifice. Her heartbeat began to sound to her like many gangsas.

Lumnay thought of Awiyao as the Awiyao she had known long ago-- a strong, muscular boy carrying his heavy loads of fuel logs down the mountains to his home. She had met him one day as she was on her way to fill her clay jars with water. He had stopped at the spring to drink and rest; and she had made him drink the cool mountain water from her coconut shell. After that it did not take him long to decide to throw his spear on the stairs of her father's house in token of his desire to marry her.

The mountain clearing was cold in the freezing moonlight. The wind began to stir the leaves of the bean plants. Lumnay looked for a big rock on which to sit down. The bean plants now surrounded her, and she was lost among them.

A few more weeks, a few more months, a few more harvests---what did it matter? She would be holding the bean flowers, soft in the texture, silken almost, but moist where the dew got into them, silver to look at, silver on the light blue, blooming

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whiteness, when the morning comes. The stretching of the bean pods full length from the hearts of the wilting petals would go on.

Lumnay's fingers moved a long, long time among the growing bean pods.

Man of Earth

by Amador T. Daguiso

I

Pliant is the bamboo;
I am a man of earth;
They say that from the bamboo
We had our first birth.

III

If the wind passes by,
Must I stoop and try
To measure fully
My flexibility?

II

Am I of the body,
Or of the green leaf?
Do I have to whisper
My every sin and grief?

IV

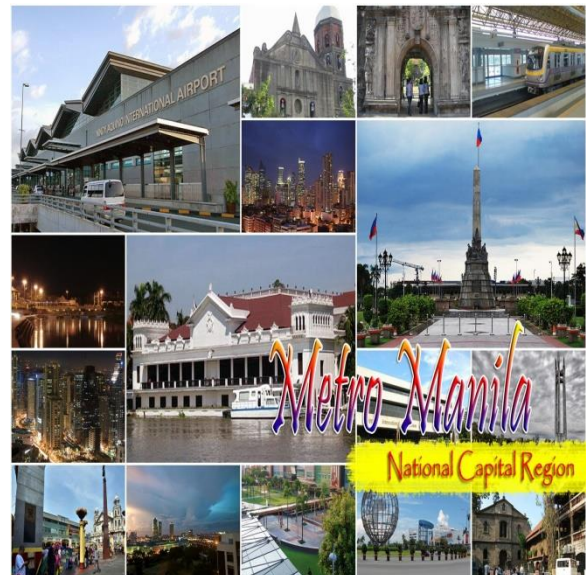
I might have been the bamboo,
But I will be a man.
Bend me then, O Lord,
Bend me if you can.

Lesson 2: Literature in National Capital Region (NCR)

National Capital Region Geographical Area

Tagalog literature has been born, cradled, nourished and peaked into fruition in the provinces of Southern Luzon, Central Luzon and the present Metropolitan Manila or the National Capital Region.

Among the Southern Tagalog provinces are Cavite, Batangas, Laguna, Quezon, Aurora, Oriental Mindoro, Occidental Mindoro, Marinduque, Palawan and some towns of Rizal province. In Central Luzon, there are three provinces where Tagalog is predominantly used and these are the provinces of Nueva Ecija, Bataan and Bulacan. Metro Manila is comprised of cities composing the national capital region namely Manila, Quezon City, Pasay City, Caloocan City, Mandaluyong City, Pasig City, Marikina City, Muntinlupa City and suburban towns of Malabon, Navotas, Valenzuela,



Pateros and Taguig. Some parts of the provinces that are not originally Tagalog cannot escape the onslaught of Tagalog language and culture, like some parts of the Bicol region and Pampanga.

The Cradle of Culture

Tagalog region is the birthplace of a rich tradition of Philippine culture in language, politics, economy and literature.

The oldest university in the Philippines, University of Sto. Tomas is located in Manila. The first printing press was established in Manila. This gave way to the publication of the first book, *Doctrina Cristiana* in xylography in 1593, written in Spanish and Tagalog versions. The bible was first translated into Tagalog in Barlaan and Josaphat in 1708 and 1712. The life of Christ in epic tradition known popularly today as *Pasyon* was written in Tagalog by various writers like Gaspar Aquino de Belen and Fr. Mariano Pilapil.

The literary tradition in the Tagalog regions specially outstanding in the field of oral literature like *bugtong*(riddle), proverbs, native songs. These oral literatures are always in poetic forms, usually seven-syllabic rhymes, so Asian in form and perspective.

Considering this rich and invigorating cultural matrix, it is not surprising that it is the Tagalog region that was destined to be the birthplace of historic men in Philippine politics, culture and literature that includes Francisco Balagtas Baltazar, Jose Rizal, Andres Bonifacio, Apolinario Mabini, Emilio Jacinto, Marcelo H. del Pilar, Jose P. Laurel, Claro M. Recto, Amado V. Hernandez, Lope K. Santos, Lazaro Francisco, Faustino Aguilar, Jose Corazon de Jesus, Alejandro Abadilla, Modesto de Castro.

It is not noticeable that such men are not only man of history that played a great role in Philippine independence movement but men of letters as well.

The Literary Tradition

It is the pens of these men that shaped the political consciousness of the Filipinos.

Balagtas could be said to have voiced out the first concept of nationhood in Philippine politics and literature in his epic poem, *Florante at Laura*. Says Balagtas:

*Sa loob at labas ng bayan kong sawi
Kaliluha'y siyang nangyayaring hari
Kagalinga't bait ay nilulugami
Ininis sa hukay ng dusa't pighati.*

In and out of my miserable country
Repression is the dominant king
Goodness and well-meant intention are suppressed
Doomed in the grave of sufferings and grief.

Although Balagtas used Albania as an allegory, the situations clearly spoke of the Philippines. This epic poems of Balagtas had inspired a generation of young writers of the period, like Marcelo H. del Pilar, who spearheaded the Propaganda Movement in

Europe and Jose Rizal, whose novels, *Noli Me Tangere* and *El Filibusterismo* set the conflagration of revolutionary spirit and movement.

While Rizal was living in banishment in a far-flung town of Dapitan in Mindanao island, a man of the masses, Andres Bonifacio founded the Katipunan, a revolutionary organization that sought total independence from the Spanish yoke.

Even the revolutionary struggle of the people was guided by the light of literature. Bonifacio and Emilio Jacinto, his close associate in the revolutionary struggle were men of letters, both writing nationalist essays and poems.

Jacinto in his essay, “*Liwanag at Dilim*” (Light and Darkness), discoursed on the spirituality of man’s natural desire for freedom. On the other hand, Bonifacio spoke of the dimension of love of country in his poem, “*Pag-ibig sa Tinibuang Lupa*” (Love for the Native Land). He says:

*Aling pag-ibig pa ang hihigit kaya
Sa pagkadalisay at pagkadakila
Gaya ng pag-ibig sa tinubuang lupa
Aling pag-ibig pa, wala na nga, wala.
Which love can be more powerful
More pure and noble
Than the love for one’s native land
Which other love, there is no such.*

This tradition of Tagalog literature has been bequeathed upon the national consciousness of the Filipinos all over the Philippines. Manila being the center of the country in all aspects of national life of the Filipinos becomes the logical conduit of national consciousness emanating from the literary legacy of the region’s gifted minds.

During the long period of Philippine subjugations by foreign dominations — Spanish, American and Japanese — vigorous literary traditions have been nurtured.

In the contemporary Philippine society, Tagalog literature is continuing its role bequeathed upon it by historical development.

However, Tagalog literature now, more and more is given a new name — Filipino literature. But this is another story.

Famous Literary Works in Cordillera Autonomous Region

- ✚ Spanish period (Poem): “Love of Country” by Andres Bonifacio
- ✚ Spanish period (Poem): “The Primer of the Katipunan” by Emilio Jacinto

About the Author

Andrés Bonifacio was born in Manila in 1863, the son of a government official. When both his parents died in the 1870's, he left school to support his five brothers and sisters. By the mid-1880s, he had become a fervent Filipino nationalist; when José Rizal established the Liga Filipina in 1892, Bonifacio was one of its first members.

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After the Spanish arrested Rizal in July 1892, Bonifacio decided that the Philippines would only achieve independence through revolution. On July 7, he founded the Katipunan, a secret society open to both peasants and the middle class that employed Masonic rituals to impart an air of sacred mystery. It insinuated itself into the community by setting up mutual aid societies and education for the poor. By 1896, the Katipunan had over 30,000 members and functioned at the national, provincial, and municipal levels.



Following the execution of Rizal in 1896, Bonifacio proclaimed Filipino independence on August 23, 1896. This time, the Spaniards moved against him, forcing his flight to the Marikina mountains, while other forces headed by Emilio Aguinaldo were more successful and won control over some towns. When Bonifacio tried to rein him in, Aguinaldo ordered him arrested and charged with treason and sedition. He was tried and convicted by his enemies and executed on May 10, 1897. Today he is regarded as a national hero.

Philippine Revolutionary Literature

For our selections of literature from the National Capital Region (Metropolitan Manila), we will have a survey of literature written during the Philippine Revolution against Spain. Literature was very much part of the fight for reforms and eventually independence as are weapons. The Propaganda Movement in Spain, composed of the likes of Graciano López Jaena, Marcelo H. del Pilar, and José Rizal published the newspaper *La Solidaridad* to press for reforms in the Spanish legislature. When Dr. Rizal returned home, he founded the *La Liga Filipina*, as the Manila chapter of the Propaganda Movement. Andrés Bonifacio was originally a Liga member, founded the Katipunan to fight for independence through armed revolt. Even so, literature was still part of the fight of the Katipunan for independence.

Love of Country

by Andres Bonifacio

The poem “Pag-ibig sa Tinubuang Bayan” (‘Love of One’s Country’) is a poem written by one of the founders of the Katipunan, Andrés Bonifacio, and was published on the only issue of the newspaper *Kalayaan* (‘Freedom’) in March 1896. While generally viewed as a practical man, contrary to popular notion, he was not illiterate. Although he did not finish formal education, he was self-educated. He read books on the French Revolution (which was his inspiration to establish the Katipunan), and novels like Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*, and José Rizal's *Noli Me Tángere* and *El*

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Filibusterismo. He also could speak a little English, which he learned while working at J. M. Fleming & Co.

Below is the Tagalog text from Jose P. Santos' *Si Andres Bonifacio at ang Himagsikan* ('Andres Bonifacio and the Revolution') published in Manila in 1935. The English translation was written by Teodoro Agoncillo in his *The Writings and Trial of Andres Bonifacio* (1963).

TAGALOG	ENGLISH
1. Aling pag-ibig pa ang hihigit kaya sa pagka-dalisay at pagka-dakila gaya ng pag-ibig sa tinubuang lupa? Alin pag-ibig pa? Wala na nga, wala.	What love can be purer and greater than love of country? What love? No other love, none.
2. Ulit-ulitin mang basahin ng isip at isa-isahing talastasing pilit ang salita't buhay na limbag at titik ng isang katauhan ito'y namamasid.	Even when the mind repeatedly reads and try to understand the history that is written and printed by humanity, this (love of country) can be seen.
3. Banal na pag-ibig pag ikaw ang nukal sa tapat na puso ng sino't alinman, imbit taong gubat, maralita't mangmang nagiging dakila at iginagalang.	Holy love! when born of a pure heart, the humble and the backwoodsman, the poor, the unlettered become great and respected.
4. Pagpuring lubos ang nagiging hangad sa bayan ng taong may dangal na ingat, umawit, tumula, kumatha't sumulat, kalakhan din nila'y isinisiwalat.	Love of country is always the desire of a man with honor; In songs, in poetry, in his writings the greatness of the country is always the theme.
5. Walang mahalagang hindi inihandog ng pusong mahal sa Bayang nagkupkop, dugo, yaman, dunong, tiisa't pagod, buhay ma'y abuting magkalagot-lagot.	Nothing dear to a person with a pure heart is denied to the country that gave him birth: blood, wealth, knowledge, sacrifices, E'en if life itself ends.
6. Bakit? Ano itong sakdal nang laki na hinahandugan ng buong pag kasi na sa lalong mahal kapangyayari at ginugugulan ng buhay na iwi.	Why? what is this that is so big to which is dedicated with utmost devotion, all that is dear and to which life is sacrificed.
7.	

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Ay! Ito'y ang Inang Bayang tinubuan,
siya'y ina't tangi na kinamulatan
ng kawili-wiling liwanag ng araw
na nagbibigay init sa lunong katawan.

Ah, this is the Mother country of one's
birth,
she is the mother on whom
the soft rays of the sun shine,
which gives strength to the weak body.

8.

Sa kanya'y utang ang unang pagtanggol
ng simoy ng hanging nagbigay lunas,
sa inis na puso na sisinghap-singhap,
sa balong malalim ng siphayo't hirap.

To her one owes the first kiss
of the wind that is the balm
of the oppressed heart drowning
in the deep well of misfortune and
suffering.

9.

Kalakip din nito'y pag-ibig sa Bayan
ang lahat ng lalong sa gunita'y mahal
mula sa masaya't gasong kasanggulan.
hanggang sa katawan ay mapasa-libingan.

Entwined with this is love of country,
everything that is dear to the memory,
from the happy and careless childhood
to the hour of death.

10.

Ang na nga kapanahon ng aliw,
ang inaasahang araw na darating
ng pagka-timawa ng mga alipin,
liban pa ba sa bayan tatanghalin?

The bygone days of joy,
the future that is hoped
will free the slaves,
where can this be found but in one's native
land?

11.

At ang balang kahoy at ang balang sanga
na parang niya't gubat na kaaya-aya
sukat ang makita't sasa-ala-ala
ang ina't ang giliw lampas sa saya.

Every tree and branch
of her fields and forest joyful to behold,
'tis enough to see them to remember
the mother, the loved one, and the
happiness now gone.

12.

Tubig niyang malinaw sa anak'y bulog
bukal sa batisang nagkalat sa bundok
malambot na huni ng matuling agos
na nakaa-aliw sa pusong may lungkot.

Her clear waters --
they come from the mountain springs,
the soft whisper of the rushing wavelets
enlivens the sorrowing heart.

13.

Sa kaba ng abang mawalay sa Bayan!
gunita ma'y laging sakbibi ng lumbay
walang ala-ala't inaasam-asam
kundi ang makita'ng lupang tinubuan.

How unfortunate to be separated from the
country!
Even memory is in sorrow's embrace,
nothing is desired
but to see the country of one's birth.

14.

Pati na'ng magdusa't sampung kamatayan
waring masarap kung dahil sa Bayan
at lalong maghirap, O! himalang bagay,
lalong pag-irog pa ang sa kanya'y alay.

Misfortune and death seem lighter
When we suffer them for our country
And the more that for it we suffer,
The more our love grows – oh, marvel! *

15.

Kung ang bayang ito'y nasa panganib
at siya ay dapat na ipagtangkilik
ang anak, asawa, magulang, kapatid
isang tawag niya'y tatalikdang pilit.

If this country is in danger
and she needs defending,
Forsaken are the children,
the wife, the parents, the brothers and
sisters
at the country's beck and call.

16.

Datapwa kung bayan ng ka-Tagalogan
ay nilalapastangan at niyuyurakan
katwiran, puri niya't kamahalan
ng sama ng lilong ibang bayan.

And if our land, Filipinas, **
is offended and her honor, reason, and
dignity outraged,
by a traitorous foreign country;

17.

Di gaano kaya ang paghinagpis
ng pusong Tagalog sa puring nalait
at aling kaluoban na lalong tahimik
ang di pupukawin sa paghihimagsik?

What unhappiness and grief
will invade the heart of the Filipino? **
And will not even the most peaceful
Rise to avenge her honor?

18.

Saan magbubuhay ang paghihinay
sa paghihiganti't gumugol ng buhay
kung wala ring ibang kasasadlakan
kundi ang lugami sa ka-alipinan?

Where will the strength
to take revenge and to throw away life
come,
if none can be relied upon for help,
but those suffering from slavery?

19.

Kung ang pagka-baon niya't pagka-
busabos
sa lusak ng daya't tunay na pag-ayop
supil ng pang-hampas tanikalang gapos
at luha na lamang ang pinaa-agos

If his suffering and slavery
are in the mire of deceit and oppression,
one holds the whip, the chains that bind,
and only tears are allowed to roll down.

20.

Sa kanyang anyo'y sino ang tutunghay
na di-aakayin sa gawang magdamdam
pusong naglilipak sa pagka-sukaban
na hindi gumagalang dugo at buhay.

Who is there to whom her condition
Will not fill the soul with sorrow?
Will the heart most hardened by treachery
Not be moved to give her its life blood?

21.

Mangyari kayang ito'y masulyap
ng mga Tagalog at hindi lumingap
sa naghihinalong Inang nasa yapak
ng kasuklam-suklam na Castilang hamak.

Will not, perchance, her sorrow
Drive the Filipinos ** to come to the rescue
of the mother in agony, trampled
underfoot by the mean Spaniards?

22.

Nasaan ang dangal ng mga Tagalog,
nasaan ang dugong dapat na ibuhos?
bayan ay inaapi, bakit di kumikilos?
at natitilihang ito'y mapanuod.

Where is the honor of the Filipino?
where is the blood that should be shed?
The country is being oppressed, why not
make a move,

you are shocked witnessing this.

23.

Hayo na nga kayo, kayong ngang buhay
sa pag-asang lubos na kaginhawahan
at walang tinamo kundi kapaitan,
kaya nga't ibigin ang naaabang bayan.

Go, you who have lived
in the full hope of comfort,
and who reaped nothing but bitterness,
Go and love the oppressed country.

24.

Kayong antayan na sa kapapasakit
ng dakilang hangad sa batis ng dibdib
muling pabalungit tunay na pag-ibig
kusang ibulalas sa bayang piniit.

You who, from the stream of your breast,
have lost the holy desire to sacrifice,
Once more let true love flow,
express that love for the imprisoned
country.

25.

Kayong nalagasan ng bunga't bulaklak
kahoy niyaring buhay na nilant sukat
ng bala-balakit makapal na hiras
muling manariwa't sa baya'y lumiyag.

You from whom the fruit and flowers
of your life have been plucked
by intrigues and incomparable sufferings,
once more freshen up and love thy
country.

26.

Kayong mga pusong kusang [inihapay]
ng dagat at bagsik ng ganid na asal,
ngayon magbangon't baya'y itanghal
agawin sa kuko ng mga sukaban.

You, [whose hearts are brought low]
of cheating and oppression of the mean in
actions,
now rise up and save the country,
snatch it from the claws of the tyrant.

27.

Kayong mga dukhang walang tanging
[palad]
kundi ang mabuhay sa dalita't hiras,
ampunin ang bayan kung nasa ay lunas
sapagkat ang ginhawa niya ay sa lahat.

You who are poor [whose only lot]
except to live in poverty and suffering,
protect the country if your desire is to end
your sufferings, for her progress is for all.

28.

Ipaghandog-handog ang buong pag-ibig
hanggang sa mga dugo'y ubusang itigis
kung sa pagtatanggol, buhay ay [lubos]
ito'y kapalaran at tunay na langit.

Dedicate with all your love --
as long there is blood -- shed every drop of
it,
If for the defense of the country life is
[spent]
this is fate and true glory.

About the Author

Emilio Jacinto was born in 1875 on the 15th of December. He was the only son of a man named Mariano Jacinto and a woman named Josefa Dizon. Shortly after he was born, his father passed away. This untimely death forced his mother to send Emilio

to live with his uncle, Don Jose' Dizon. His mother believed that his uncle could care for the young Emilio better than she could after the death of Mariano.

College and Education

Very little is known about Emilio's early childhood up until the point that he went to college. However, it is known that by the time he went away to college, he could fluently speak both Spanish and Tagalog, the language of the Philippine people. However, he preferred to speak in Spanish a majority of the time.

Emilio attended the San Juan de Latran College when he first embarked on his college career. However, he later attended the University of San Tomas in order to study law. Emilio left college before completing his law degree.



Politics and Revolution

Perhaps the most interesting part of a biography of Emilio Jacinto are the details about his political life and contributions:

After dropping out of college at the age of 20, Emilio joined the Katipunan, a secret revolutionary society. This was a group whose objective was to gain Philippine independence from Spain in 1892.

Jacinto became the secretary, directly reporting to the leader of the Katipunan. He also became the chief advisor on fiscal matters concerning this secret society. In addition to these duties, Emilio also wrote the society's newspaper, the *Kalayaan*. Emilio was given a new name when he was part of this group. To the Katipunan, he was often referred to as Utak ng Katipunan. However, he wrote under the pseudonym Dimasailaw when writing for the newspaper and he was more commonly referred to in the group as Pingkian. Jacinto was also placed in charge of writing the guidebook for new members and current members of the Katipunan, which was called *Kartilya ng Katipunan*.

When the leader of the Katipunan passed away, Emilio continued to carry out the wishes of Bonifacio. The Katipunan at this time had many factions and not all of them operated in the same way in their efforts to gain their independence from Spain. As with his predecessor before him, Jacinto refused to join with these factions who had different views. This included refusing to join the Magdalo faction of the Katipunan under the leadership of Emilio Aguinaldo.

Emilio Jacinto died on April 16, 1899 at the age of 24. The cause of his death at such a young age was malaria, which he had contracted while in Majayjay, Laguna. The remains of his body were transferred from this location to Manila where he was laid to

rest in Manila North Cemetery. His name lives on in history for the Philippine people and he is known as the Brains of the Katipunan.

The Primer of the Katipunan

by Emilio Jacinto

<u>TAGALOG</u>	<u>ENGLISH</u>
1. Ang buhay na hindi ginugugol sa isang malaki at banal na kadahilanan ay kahoy na walang lilim, kundi damong makamandag.	A life that is not spent in the service of a great and noble cause is like a tree without a shade, or like a poisonous weed.
2. Ang gawang magaling na nagbuhat sa paghahambog o pagpipita sa sarili, at hindi talagang nasang gumawa ng kagalingan, ay di kabaitan.	The good work that is done out of self-interest and not for its own sake has no merit.
3. Ang tunay na kabanalan ay ang pagkakawang-gawa, ang pag-ibig sa kapwa at ang isukat ang bawat kilos, gawa't pangungusap sa talagang Katuwiran.	True piety consists in doing good to others, in loving one's neighbor and in making right reason the rule for every action, work and word.
4. Maitim man o maputi ang kulay ng balat, lahat ng tao'y magkakapantay; mangyayaring ang isa'y hihigتان sa dunong, sa yaman, sa ganda...; ngunit di mahihigتان sa pagkatao.	All men are equal whether the color of their skin be white or black. One man may surpass another in wisdom, wealth or beauty, but not in that which makes him a man.
5. Ang may mataas na kalooban, inuuna ang puri kaysa pagpipita sa sarili; ang may hamak na kalooban, inuuna ang pagpipita sa sarili kaysa sa puri.	The magnanimous man puts honor before self-interest; the mean-spirited man, self-interest before honor.
6. Sa taong may hiya, salita'y panunumba.	The word of a man of sensibility is as good as an oath.
7. Huwag mong sayangin ang panahon; ang yamang nawala'y mangyayaring magbalik; ngunit panahong nagdaan ay di na muli	Do not squander time, for wealth lost may be recovered, but time that has passed you by will not come your way again.

pang magdadaan.

8.

Ipagtanggol mo ang inaapi; kabakahin ang umaapi.

Champion the oppressed and defy the oppressor.

9.

Ang mga taong matalino'y ang may pag-iingat sa bawat sasabihin; matutong ipaglahim ang dapat ipaglahim.

An intelligent person is one who is careful with one's words, and knows how to keep a secret.

10.

Sa daang matinik ng buhay, lalaki ang siyang patnugot ng asawa at mga anak; kung ang umaakay ay tungo sa sama, ang pagtutunguhan ng inaakay ay kasamaan din.

In this hazardous life, it is the father who is the leader of the family; if the one leading is headed towards evil, then those following such leader are led into evil as well.

11.

Ang babae ay huwag mong tingnang isang bagay na libangan lamang, kundi isang katuwang at karamay sa mga kahirapan nitong buhay; gamitin mo nang buong pagpipitagan ang kanyang kahinaan, at alalahanin ang inang pinagbuhan at nag-iwi sa iyong kasanggulan.

Women should not be looked upon as a mere objects for amusement; but should be treated with respect and be recognized as a partner in this hazardous life; in being with her, remember your mother who gave birth to you in this life.

12.

Ang di mo ibig gawin sa asawa mo, anak at kapatid, ay huwag mong gagawin sa asawa, anak at kapatid ng iba.

That which you do not want to be done to your wife, children, or siblings, do not do unto the wife, children, or siblings of others.



EXPAND YOUR KNOWLEDGE

For further reading please refer to the link provided:

Philippine Literature: CAR Region

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pQXdT7qYYMk>

The Wedding Dance by Amador Daguio

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DDwTURcdbXA>

Philippine Literature: The National Capital Region

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2zd2_Ztfe_Q

Pag-ibig sa Tinubuang Lupa (Love of Country by Andres Bonifacio)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OUqMN9qUGRc>

Online Source:

- <https://ncca.gov.ph/about-ncca-3/subcommissions/subcommission-on-the-arts-sca/literary-arts/tagalog-literature-history-and-tradition/>
- <https://weddance.wordpress.com/about-the-author-2/>
- <http://instructionalminutes.blogspot.com/2013/07/the-wedding-dance-by-amador-t-daguio.html>
- <http://instructionalminutes.blogspot.com/2013/07/man-of-earth-by-amador-t-daguio-and-more.html>
- <https://www.slideshare.net/smauyag04151998/national-capital-region-philippines-literature>
- <https://www.loc.gov/rr/hispanic/1898/bonifacio.html>
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