The Spectre of Comparisons
Nationalism, Southeast Asia, and the World

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after Rizal’s execution—the old meaning had vanished. Hence the fundamental difficulty of the present translation is that _filipino/filipina_ almost always appear in the anachronistic form of _Filipino/Filipina: for example, “el bello sexo está representado por españolas peninsulares y filipinas” (“the fair sex being represented by peninsular and creole Spanish women”) is rendered absurdly as “the fair sex being represented by Spanish peninsular ladies and Filipinas.”

The other problem is a flattening of the political and linguistic complexity of the original, no doubt because Mrs. Lacson-locsin was born just too late to have had an elite Spanish-ero schooling. When Rizal had the racist Franciscan friar Padre Damaso say contemptuously, “quálcum bata de la escuela lo sabe,” he mockingly inserted the Tagalog _bato_ in place of the Spanish _niño_ to show how years in the colony had unconsciously creolized the friar’s language. This effect disappears when Mrs. Lacson-locsin translates the words as “any schoolchild knows.” Rizal quotes three lines of the much loved nineteenth-century Tagalog poet Francisco Balagtas in the original, without translating it into Spanish, to create the necessary intercultural jarring, but quoting the poem in the same language as the text surrounding it erases the effect. The ironical chapter heading “Tasio el loco o el filipino” shrinks to “Tasio” and one would not suspect that the chapter heading “A Good Day is Portold by the Morning” was originally in Italian. The translator also has difficulties with Rizal’s frequent, sardonic use of untranslated Latin.

There are a few prophets who are honoured in their own country, and José Rizal is among them. But the condition of this honour has for decades been his unavailability. Mrs. Lacson-Locsin has changed this by giving the great man back his sad and tedious laughter. And it is badly needed—if one thinks of all those “social parasites: the pests or dregs which God in His infinite goodness created and _tan curiosamente_ breeds in Manila.”

In the difficult late 1990s, the domestic controllers of the Philippine state began preparations for an elaborate centennial celebration of the birth of Dr. José Rizal on June 19, 1861. Not only was Rizal the greatest national martyr—having been executed by the collapsing Spanish colonial regime in 1896—but he was also a highly gifted poet, historian, scientist, journalist, linguist, satirist, political activist, and, above all, novelist. It had long been generally agreed that his two novels, _Noel Me Tángere_ (published in Berlin in 1887) and _El Filibusterismo_ (published in Ghent in 1891), are the _chef d’œuvre_ of Philippine literature, and had a central role in the “awakening” of Filipino nationalism. Unluckily, the “First Filipino” had composed these works in Spanish, the _lingua franca_ and _language of cultivation of the late Spanish-colonial period. Still more unfortunately, the American colonial regime of 1899-1942 had by the end wiped out—not wholly intentionally—the local use of Spanish except in a few rich mestizo and creole families, instilling in its place American. Thanks to the spread of public education under Washington’s auspices. American ended up (slightly) more widely understood than any of the Filipinos’ indigenous vernaculars. One result of these developments was that, by the 1990s, Rizal’s two novels had become inaccessible in their original form. English translations did exist, but these had been composed, some even by foreigners, in the colonial era.  

1. According to the late colonial era census (1930), 36.5% of the sixteen million population of the Philippines could speak English, 25.4% can Tagalog, and 2.6% can Spanish (Andres B. Gonzales, _Language and Nationbuilding: The Philippine Experience_ 5th ed. Quezon City: Ateneo de Manila Press, 1995, p. 49).

2. The best and best-known of these are the versions of Charles E. Derbishire and Jorge Locsin.
seemed only appropriate, in the era of independence, to sponsor, as the climax of the centennial celebrations, a prize competition for the best new translation.

The competition was, however, not merely an occasion for national remembrance. In the middle 1950s, against most expectations, the Heto had become the center of a bitter political controversy. In reprisal for what they regarded as bigoted intervention in the nation's electoral processes by certain senior members of the ultra-conservative Catholic hierarchy, a group of senators and congressmen sponsored a bill making the reading of Rizal's two novels required for all students, whether in state or private schools. The Church was put in a difficult spot. The chief villains of both novels are clerics: brutal Franciscans, lascivious Dominicans, power-hungry Jesus. Both texts contain brilliant pages mercilessly satirizing the enlightened medievalism of nineteenth-century Church thinking and pastoral practice. While the hierarchy was quite happy to commemorate Rizal as a national hero, indeed claimed that he had recanted all his Masonic and deaf views on the eve of his execution, it was strongly opposed to parish-school students reading much of what the great man had written. Various political comedies ensued, the outcome of which was a tactical victory and a strategic defeat for the Church. Students were not required to read these two particular texts; others, less inflammatory, might be substituted. But the hierarchy was put, as its adversaries intended, in the embarrassing position of appearing to censor the first Filipino.

Among those stimulated by the competition to undertake a new translation was Leon Ma. Guerrero (1915-82), at that time the Philippine Ambassador to the Court of St. James. I will have more to say about Guerrero later. It is enough to note here that his fluent translations were very successful, and quickly supplanted all older versions in high-school and university libraries. As Doreen Fernandez noted, they have become "the only translation[s] anybody reads now." It is safe to say that virtually all today's young and middle-aged Filipinos who have actually read the novels in American have read them in Guerrero's version.

When I first read these translations, perhaps twenty years ago, I knew no Spanish, and since they read so easily and smoothly it never occurred to me—not to anyone I knew—that there was anything peculiar about them. But five years ago, having opted to do research on Philippine nationalism, I recognized that I needed to learn to read Spanish, and decided to teach myself by reading the Noli and the Filib as the original, with Guerrero's translations as crib. This delicious, painful, line-by-line reading quickly brought home to me that Guerrero's version was systematically distorted in the most interesting ways. Since he himself was a man of sophistication and excellent education, and was also completely fluent in Spanish, it seemed highly unlikely that such systematic distortions could be attributed either to haste or to incompetence. What then? The suggestion I wish to make in the pages that follow is that they were caused mainly by a fundamental change in nationalist consciousness between the 1890s and the 1950s, and also by the halting rise in Manila, after independence, of "official nationalism."

In trying to understand Guerrero's Noli, it is essential to bear in mind certain strange features of his Introduction. He began by describing his translation as an "attempt" to make the novel "palatable to a new generation of English-speaking Filipinos, and give it, beyond them, a wider audience among other English-speaking peoples [sic] on the centenary of Rizal's birth." Previous translations, he continued, were all unsatisfactory.

When prepared by those whose native language is English, they lack a feeling or understanding of the Filipino nataw. When essayed by Filipinos, they suffer from it seems to me, an exaggerated reverence for the original text which makes for tortured constructions. Both kinds are usually numbed with numerous explanatory footnotes which are irritating and discouraging, although no doubt they are helpful to foreigners and even for many contemporary Filipinos who no longer have any idea of the customs of their forefathers.

In his own new version, he averred, he had tried to give the reader "the ease of original composition." The Noli at Rizal might have written it if he had been writing in English for the present generation of Filipinos." Finally, he observed that Rizal's style is often unlikely to appeal to the modern era; Spanish, moreover, is a language that can afford to be more florid and sentimental than modern English, 3. According to his own later accounts, Guerrero decided only at the last minute not to come to his translations in the competition. He was frank enough to say that the reason was 3. The prize was worth only 1000 pesos, and he would have had to surrender the copyright. He sold the manuscript rights to the Spanish to the American Times, and the foreign rights to Longmans, the well-known London publishing company. See Edifiboro N. Alcain and Doreen G. Fernandez, the Last Days of Rizal (Manila: The Writings of Rizal: An Oral History of the First Governor Viceroy in English (Manila: The Writings of Rizal: An Oral History of the First Governor Viceroy in English (Manila: The Cineceda University Press, 1964). pp. 79-80. 35. 4. Ibid. p. 73. 5. For an exposition of this sore, originally coined by Hugh Stinc-Winton, see my skirted Communities: Reflections on the Ours and Spread of Nationalism, rev. ed. (London: Verso, 1995), chapter 6.

6. Jose Rizal, The Last Days of Rizal (Manila: Quezon), trans. Leon Ma. Guerrero (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1961). All quotations in the following paragraph come from the translation (pp. 51-93). Subsequent quotations from this translation are indicated by page number only.
I have therefore allowed myself the further liberty of paraphrasing certain passages that might otherwise have provoked a sophisticated snigger, particularly the love-scene on Maria Clara’s balcony which has been the delight of generations of Filipino sentimentalists.

There is something painful about these introductory comments. The national hero’s novel is to be made “palatable” to a younger generation of Filipinos (high-school and college students?), “who no longer have any idea of the customs of their forefathers”—seventy years back. It will be rendered as if Rizal were writing in the 1950s for Guerrero’s contemporaries. It will be paraphrased to prevent sophisticated sniggering, even if this means disappoint- ing generations of Filipino sentimentalists. Since it is unlikely that Guerrero thought high-school students much given to sophisticated sniggering, one might surmise that the sniggers he had in mind were foreigners, especially American and English readers. Bowdlerization and modernization—about which Guerrero is quite frank—are, one is told, the necessary nationalist means for keeping Rizal alive for Filipino youth, and preserving his Filipino glory from Anglo-Saxon mirth. So far, so clear. Yet what Guerrero actually did with the Noli seems—at first sight—to have almost no connection with these stated purposes.

One could summarize the key elements of Guerrero’s translation strategy—which is quite consistently employed over the hundreds of pages comprising the Noli—under the following (somewhat arbitrarily titled) seven rubrics.

DEMONORIZATION

It is characteristic of Rizal’s bravura style that although the story of the Noli is set in the recent past, and thus the dominant tense is the past, there are frequent ghastly modulations into the present. Yet, every such present was systematically turned by Guerrero into the past. For example, on the wonderful opening page, Rizal maliciously writes: “Cual una succedida electrica corrió la noticia en el mundo de los parientes, moscas ó zancudos que Dios creó en su infinita bondad, y tan cariñosamente multiplica en Manila” (Rizal 1978, p. 1). One might ploddingly render this passage as: “Like an electric shock the news [of Don Santiago de los Santos’s party] ran through the world of parasites, spongers, and gatecrashers whom God created in his infinite goodness, and so affectionately multiplies in Manila.” Guerrero, however, rendered the final phrases as: “whom God, in his infinite wisdom, had created and so fondly multiplied in Manila” (p. 1); here and subsequently emphasis

1. Exactly the same strategy is pursued in his version of the Fikh, but for convenience I will confine my analysis here to the Noli.

EXCLUSION OF THE READER

Throughout the novel Rizal regularly turns and speaks to the reader. As if author and reader were ghosts or angels, they penetrate invisibly, at the author’s gleeful invitation, into mockish cells, ladies’ boudoirs, and the Governor-General’s palace, to eavesdrop together on what is there transpiring. This technique sets time aside and sucks the reader deep into the narrative, engage his emotions, teasing his curiosity, and offering her malicious voyeuristic pleasures (in an odd way, the technique anticipates that of the cinema). A simple example is the transition between a scene where Father Damaso pushes Don Santiago into the latter’s study for a secret confabulation, and the following scene which features some lively scheming between two Dominicans. Rizal writes (p. 49): “Cpt. Tiago se puso inquieto, perdió el uso de la palabra, pero obedeció y siguió detrás del colonial sacer- dote, que cerró detrás de sí la puerta. Mientras conferían en secreto, avivábamos que se ha hecho de Fr. Sibyla.” Or: “Capitan Tiago became uneasy, and lost his tongue, but obeyed and followed after the colonial priest, who locked the door behind him. While they are conferring in secret, let us find out what has happened to Fr. Sibyla.” Guerrero’s version goes: “He made Captain Tiago so uneasy he was unable to reply, and obediently followed the busy priest who closed the door behind them. Meanwhile, in another part of the city the scholarly Dominican, Father Sibyla, had left his parish house . . . .” (p. 48).

A more complex instance is provided in the opening chapter where Rizal writes:

Paso no hay porteros ni criados que pidan ó pregunten por el dilatado de invitación, sobretodo, oh tí que me bes, amigo e enemigo, si es que te atreves á fí los accesos

added). Another simple example is a passage where Rizal bitterly satirizes the way that the rich townfolk of “San Diego” abuse the poor, while piously paying for indulgences and masses for the departed souls from whom they have inherited their properties. “A qué la Justicia divina no parece tan exi- gente como la humana” (p. 73). This means: “In truth, divine Justice seems less demanding than that of humanity.” Guerrero, however, wrote: “They find it easier to satisfy divine than human justice” (p. 70).

In every instance the effect of Guerrero’s alterations is not at all to “update” Rizal’s novel, but rather to push it deep into an antique past. It is as if he wished to reassure himself that God no longer fondly multiplies parasites and spongers in Manila, and has finally become no less demanding of justice than is humanity.
This is roughly:

Since there are no porters or servants requesting or asking to see invitation cards, let us proceed upstairs. A reader, sir, be you enemy or friend, if you are drawn to the strains of the orchestra, the lights, or the suggestive clicking of dishes and trays, and if you wish to see how parties are given in the Pearl of the Orient. With pleasure, and were it merely for my convenience, I would spare you a description of the house. Yet it is so very important, since we mortals are in general like turtles, we have value and are classified according to our shells. In this, and indeed in other respects, mortals in the Philippines are also like turtles.

Guerrero astonishingly rendered this splendour as:

No porter or footman would have asked the visitor for his invitation card, he would have gone up freely, attracted by the strains of orchestra music and the suggestive trill of silver and chime, and perhaps, of a foreigner curious about the kind of dinner parties that were given in what was called the Pearl of the Orient. Men are like turtles; they are classified and valued according to their shells. In this, and indeed in other respects, the inhabitants of the Philippines are like those of turtles.

At a stroke Rizal's witty intoning voice is muffled, a silent wall is set up between author and reader, and, once again, everything urgent and contemporary in the text is dusted away into History. It is surely not simply that Guerrero probably felt uncomfortable with the prospect that even in an independent Philippines the inhabitants might still be classified and valued by their shells. For the original text makes its readership marvellously problematic: aming o emergeng? Who are these emergeng? Surely not other Filipinos? Surely not Spaniards? After all, the Noli was written to inspire the nationalism of Filipino youth, and for the Filipino People! What on earth would Spanish readers be doing "inside it"?

8. Rizal certainly expected copies of his novels to fall into the hands of the colonial regime and the hated friars, and doubts and enjoyed the prospect of their squirming at his being born.

EXCISION OF TAGALOG

Rizal's Spanish text is bejewelled with Tagalog words and expressions. Sometimes they are deployed for their comic effect, sometimes to deepen the reader's sense of the conflicts between peninsular Spaniards, crudos, mestizos, and indios. But most often they simply reflect, as did the Anglo-Indian that developed in Victorian times, the casual penetration of the imperial vernacular by local languages. For example, the brutal peninsular Franciscan, Father Damaso, may say: "Cualquier bota de la escuela lo sabe!" (p. 16).Sans is the Tagalog word for a child of either sex, but here clearly means "boy." Guerrero (p. 19) translated this as: "Any schoolboy knows as much," as if Rizal had written muchacho rather than bata. In other places, Tagalog words such as sahukot (a type of local straw hat), simara (a type of keratin lamp), paragos (a Tagalog sled), or saingay (a kind of local food), far from being kept in their original form — where they would be immediately familiar to young Filipino readers of the early 1960s — were rendered, as if from the Spanish, as "native straw hat," "crude lamp," "native sled," and "native dish." Similarly, the Tagalog exclamations sahut, abat, and amumasa — with which almost all the characters face their Spanish conversations — were summarily eliminated. This translation stance is especially strange in that one can hardly imagine even the most Americanized Filipinos of the early 1960s speaking to each other of "native hats" and "native dishes." Furthermore, most inhabitants of Manila were by then quite familiar with some form or other of "Taglish," in which there is constant interchange and fusion between Tagalog and English — so that the mestizo language of the original Noli would surely have seemed agreeably "contemporary." Once again, its elimination in the translation serves to distance rather than familiarize the national hero.

BOWDERIZATION

It is plain that Guerrero bowdlerized many passages which made him uncomfortable — passages alluding to political or religious matters as well as swear words and references to bodily functions. A nice example of the first is a sly passage where Rizal discusses the supernatural veneration of Captain Tiago for certain religious images:

10. Compare, e.g., Noli, pp. 148, 219, and 332, with The Last Zulus, pp. 147, 296, and 406.
11. In 1981 Guerrero recalled that: "I learned Tagalog only when I started working in the Four Peace: Really, my Tagalog is completely fractured. It has had form, but still, it used to be horrible!" Alters and Fernandez, The Writer and His World, pp. 85, 96.
No había el visto por sus propios ojos a los Cristos todos en el sermón de las Seis Palabras mover y doblar la cabeza a compás y tres veces, porocinando el llanto y los gritos de todas las mujeres y almas sensibles destinadas al estío! No! Nuestros amigos hemos visto al predicador enseñar al público, en el momento del descenso de la cruz, un estandarte manchado de sangre, é íbamos ya a llorar plásticamente cuando, para desgracia de nuestra alma, nos aseguró un sacerdote que aquella era broma... era la sangre de una gallina, mucha y con vida, acomodada apesar de ser Viernes santo... y el sacerdote estaba gruendo. (p. 28)

This means roughly:

Había no visto con sus propios ojos a los Cristos todos durante el sermón en Jesucristo's Seven Last Words. Todas las imágenes de Cristo se movían y doblaban la cabeza en un compás y tres veces, provocando el llanto y los gritos de todas las mujeres y almas sensibles destinadas al estío! No! Nuestros amigos habían visto al predicador enseñar al público, en el momento del descenso de la cruz, un estandarte manchado de sangre, y éramos ya a llorar plásticamente cuando, para desgracia de nuestra alma, un sacerdote nos aseguró que aquello era broma... era la sangre de una gallina, mucha y con vida, acomodada apesar de ser Viernes Santo... y el sacerdote estaba gruendo. (p. 28)

Guerrero offers simply: "Había no visto con sus propios ojos a los Cristos todos durante el sermón en Jesus' Seven Last Words. Todas las imágenes de Cristo se movían y doblaban la cabeza en un compás y tres veces, provocando el llanto y los gritos de todas las mujeres y almas sensibles destinadas al estío! No! Nuestros amigos habían visto al predicador enseñar al público, en el momento del descenso de la cruz, un estandarte manchado de sangre, y éramos ya a llorar plásticamente cuando, para desgracia de nuestra alma, un sacerdote nos aseguró que aquello era broma... era la sangre de una gallina, mucha y con vida, acomodada apesar de ser Viernes Santo... y el sacerdote estaba gruendo. (p. 28)

DELOCALIZATION

Almost all the scenes in the Novel are set either in "San Diego" (present-day Calamba, and Rizal's home town) or in Manila. The Manila chapters are replete with references to, and descriptions of, streets, churches, neighbourhoods, cafes, plantations, theatres, and so forth. Some of these have, of course, disappeared over the course of the last century, and others have changed their names and the purposes for which they are used. But the great bulk remain fully recognizable to anyone who has lived in Manila for any length of time. The density of these places and placenames are among the elements that give the reader the most vivid sense of being drawn deep inside the novel—in much the same way that Dickens used the detailed urban geography of London to bring to life the world of Nicks and Fagin, Daniel Quilp and Little Nell. It is therefore odd that Guerrero eliminated orICS as much as 80 per cent of these still-recognizable placenames. It would be quite easy, using the original Spanish text, to follow Rizal's heroes and villains as they move around the metropolis, but almost impossible if one employs Guerrero's American version. Furthermore, Rizal on occasion brings on stage the well-known music-hall and operetta "stars" of his day: Channamoy, Veyng, Marquisito, Carvalaj, and so on. These figures function as might Woody Allen, Pavarotti, and Madonna in a sophisticated novel about contemporary New York. They do not need explaining since every 1880s reader would automatically know who they were. Guerrero eliminated all these stars, representing them in
anonymous collectivity as “the most renowned performers from Manila.”

What is puzzling is that Guerrero was certainly widely enough read to know that references to novelists and Hollywood celebrities in the novels of Balzac, Tolstoy, and Proust in no way impede—but rather accentuate—the immediacy and verisimilitude of the worlds they present their readers. And while young Filipinos of the 1950s would certainly not know “who” Yevgeny was, they would recognize her name as Tagalig and thus see her as a Filipina; if Carvajal is a Spanish name, it is nonetheless borne by a contemporary mestizo mini movie star. One would have thought that keeping Rizal’s name would have served to bring the milieu of the 1880s closer to modern readers rather than estranging them from it.

DE-EUROPEANIZATION

Rizal was an unusually cultivated man, made familiar through his Jesuit schooling with Latin and the world of antiquity. He knew Spanish, English, French, and German, as well as a smattering of Italian and Hebrew. He also read widely in European literature. It is not surprising, therefore, to find the Noli filled with untranslated classical texts (often used for wonky-sounding satirical purposes), as well as references to, and quotations from, famous European masters. Guerrero’s approach to all these references was to eliminate them or to naturalize them, as far as possible. Sometimes the effect is bizarre. For example, in a conspiratorial discussion between two Dominican friars, Rizal has the elder one say: “Temo que no estemos empezando a bajar Quo vult perdere Jupiter dementat primum” (p. 47). Or: “I fear lest we may be beginning to decline. Whom Jupiter wishes to destroy he first makes mad.” Rizal does not translate the Latin because he assumes his readers will understand his tag. He is also having fun at the Dominican’s expense by having the divines refer, with comic maladroitness, to the Roman superstition, although the Church Fathers had long ago converted Europides’ mysterious Greek daimones into a Christian Devil. Guerrero eliminated both the Latin and the barb, and translated it as: “Whom God would destroy, He first makes mad” (p. 50). The result is the erasure of Rizal’s civilized laughter.

In another striking passage Rizal writes that Father Damaso’s sinister appearance “es acordadero de uno de aquellos tres monjes de que habla Heine en sus ‘Dioses en el desierto’, que por el Equinoccio de Setiembre, allá en Tyrol pasaban á medía noche en barco un lago, y cada vez depositaban en la mano del pobre barquero una moneda de plata, como el hielo fría, que le dejaba lleno de espanto” (p. 41). Or, roughly: “would make you think of one of those three monks of whom Heine speaks in his God in Exile, who, at the boat, and each time deposit in the hand of the poor boatman a silver coin, of those three monks in the German story who would cross a Tyrolean lake a silver coin, cold as ice” (p. 5). Where Rizal’s sarcastic use of “la palanca del Guerrero blanqueó el erudito malice out to: “I realized that the sight of pets, and stifled that of personal dignity, which moves the world” (p. 99). (The reader might well read “moves” here to mean “stirs the heart.”) Where Rizal calls his chief villainess “Medusa” (p. 232-3), Guerrero simply used her name, Doña Consolacion (pp. 299-300). Chaplin (p. 217) became “the most eminent Egyptianist” (p. 247). The wise old man Tasio, whom Rizal (p. 62) describes as a “Filícola”—i.e. as a philosophe, Philippine representative of Diderot’s Enlightenment rationalism and scepticism—became Guerrero’s courtly “scholar” (p. 67). Vanished Bacchus, Astarte Generica, and “the Diana of Ephesus with her numerous breasts,” as well as many others.

There is a curious irony in all this, since Guerrero, as we shall see, prided himself on his anti-American rationalism. For the effect of his de-hellenism.

ANACHRONISM

The most striking examples of anachronism all, in different ways, relate to the changing “official” social-political classification systems operating in the Philippines in the 1880s and 1950s. One gets a feel for this from quite small details from the start. For example, Rizal (p. 27) laughingly says of a kitchee image of St. Michael in a rich man’s home that the archangel “embraza un escudo griego y blande en la diestra un kris jolopo,” or “holds a Greek shield on his arm and brandishes in his right hand a Jolono kris.”

14. Chapter 1 (“El hijo de un amo negro”) has an untranslated Hebrew subtitle; chapter 57, Italian title is “El Buen De la Conquista de Manila.” Chapter 57 is simply headed “Vue Vista!”
Guerrero's version is "corral a Greek shield on one arm and with the other wielded a Malay kris" (p. 31). Aside from the characteristic distancing shift of tenses, the obvious metonymy is of "Joelese kris" into "Malay kris." Rizal saw no need to italicize "kris," a word (and a short sword) known to everyone in the archipelago, then and now. The Muslim town of Jolo was then, and still is, among the best manufacturers of these fine traditional weapons. Guerrero's italicization makes the kris stick out as some kind of "foreign" word/object needing to be explained to young Filipinos. "Malay," is older. Read one way it could refer to the peoples of Malaya/Malaysia and Indonesia, who indeed also manufacture krises; such a reading would accentuate the foreignersness of the weapon—as if to suggest that by the 1960s Filipinos would know nothing of such weapons. But the word could also, more plausibly, be read "racially," to mean something like "Malayo-Polynesian," the population type that supposedly includes Filipinos, Chinese, Malays, and Indonesians. If so, the "Malay" would here serve to erase the fact that the Muslims of the Philippines were a religious minority beleaguered by a 90 per cent Christian majority, and thereby emphasize that the kris was "essentially Filipino."

The problems accumulate if we look at the way in which Rizal uses ethnic, racial, and political terminologies. On the whole, he sticks to the later Spanish-colonial classifications: peninsulares (Spaniards born in Spain), criollos (Spaniards born in the Philippines or Latin America), mestizos (persons of mixed descent, Spanish-native, Spanish-Chinese, Chinese-native, and other complications), sangleyes and chinos (Chinese born outside the Philippines), and indios or naturales ("Indians" or indigenous of the Philippine islands). But sometimes he also uses the terms mestiço and criollo inconsistently, so that they appear to overlap or even correspond. This inconsistency was characteristic of the 1880s and 1890s when political, cultural, and social changes were making problematic the older hierarchy. Not less important to bear in mind is the fact that the word filipino was then just beginning a momentous transformation. For most people in the country—which everyone called Filipinos or Los Filipinos—up to the end of the nineteenth century, the word was principally a synonym of criollo, or pure-blooded Spaniard born in the archipelago, and it was always spelled, Spanish-style, with a small "f." But it was also, almost imperceptibly, starting to be claimed by upward mobile Spanish and Chinese mestizos, in political opposition to the peninsulares controlling the colonial army, administration, and ecclesiastical high command. After 1900—i.e. after Rizal's death and the success of the anti-Spanish revolutionary movement of 1896-98—it quickly acquired a primarily political meaning, referring to all the "sons and daughters of the country," no matter what their racial origins.
1915, sixteen years after the United States assumed sovereignty over the Philippines from Spain. He died in 1832, thirty-six years after the inauguration of the (Second) Republic of the Philippines. He came from the large middle-class mestizo, Guerrero family of Manila, one of the few genuinely to earn the title of ilustrado by its production, over three generations, of reasonably distinguished intellectuals and professional men.17

His grandfather, León Ma. Guerrero I (1853–1935), known as the "Father of Philippine Botany," was a notable scientist, educator, journalist, and patriotic-conservative politician. Professor of botany at the University of Santo Tomás, he became politically active after Emilio Aguinaldo’s proclamation of the revolutionary Republic in the summer of 1898. He wrote for Aguinaldo’s newspaper La República Filipina, was a member of the revolutionary legislature, served in Aguinaldo’s second cabinet, and helped lead the Philippine delegation in peace negotiations with the Sherman Commission. When the Americans set up the first colonial legislature in 1907, he served one term as a Nacionalista Party member for the second district in Bulacan. Subsequently, he went back to academic life, and was elected the first president of the Liceo de Manila. One of his sons, César Ma. Guerrero (1885–1961), became a prominent eclesiastic, serving as Bishop of Lingayen (1929–37), and later of San Fernando (1946–57). His reputation was damaged, however, by his alleged collaboration with the Japanese occupation forces in 1942–45, for which he was later charged with treason (the case was eventually dropped thanks to lobbying by the hierarchy). The other son, Dr. Alfredo Ma. Guerrero, a wealthy and popular doctor, was our translator’s father.

The collateral branch of the family was just as prominent. León Ma. Guerrero’s elder brother, Lorenzo (1853–1904), was a well-known professional artist, and the teacher of the Philippines’ most famous painters, Juan Luna and Resurrección Hidalgo. One of his sons, Fernando Ma. Guerrero (1873–1929), the "Poet of the Revolution," is still remembered for his patriotic verses. During the revolution he served as a young staff-writer for General Antonio Luna’s La Independencia, and later became the fiery editor of such nationalist papers as El Renacimiento, La Vanguardia, El Patriota, and La Opinión. He also served in the first American-era legislature. Another son, Dr. Manuel Severino Guerrero (1877–1919), taught medicine at the University of Santo Tomás, worked for La República Filipina and La Opinión, and published a lively collection of short stories under the title of Prosa


Carlos Quiñones’s biographical introduction to Guerrero’s prizewinning biography of Ruiz. The First Filipinos (1963), pp. 5v–6v; and a biographical press release, author C. no. 32, issued by the Philippine Department of Foreign Affairs on May 9, 1966.

realizing he had little hope of playing any further role in high-level politics, he was turning, as others in his family had done before him, to the construction of a reputation as a national intellectual and literateur. Indeed, he quickly followed up these translations with a prize-winning English-language biography of Rizal (completed, he claimed later, in one month)—and a collection of Spanish-language articles and speeches, entitled El Sí de Yo, which won the Zobel literary prize in 1963.

That so much of this energy was devoted to Rizal, and that its achievements were so strange, is the difficult problem to be considered in the final section of this essay.

Two general lines of investigation suggest themselves, to be followed up at different levels, but by no means necessarily in conflict with each other. Both invite us, from contrasting perspectives, to think about the passing of political time.

The first is the near-universal passage from the era in which nationalism was primarily a popular insurrectionary movement, outside of and against a state, to an era in which it is partially transformed into a legitimating instrumentalism of a new-old state. In the final decade of his short life—thirty-five years—Rizal was the central figure in the imagining and mobilization of a popular Philippine nationalism against two states: the autocratic, clerical-colonial state based in Manila, and the second half-liberal-republican, half clerical-monarchical state based in Madrid. This task involved a strenuous campaign both of reconstruction and construction. The colonial state and its reactionary ecclesiastical allies had to be unmasked, while a Philippines profoundly distinct from Mother Spain had to be conjured up.

For both purposes, in different ways, the novel as literary genre (which Rizal virtually pioneered in the Philippines) was perfectly adapted. For it permitted the imagining of "Las Filipinas" as a bounded sociological reality, encompassing dozens of social types, at every social level, engaged in daily, "simultaneous" interaction with one another. But it also allowed the reader to see, in unmatched polemical detail, the congruities of exploitation, brutality, hypocrisy, cowardice, fanaticism, stupidity, ignorance, and corruption which made colonial domination possible. In other words, it was ideally suited for Rizal's remarkable satirized gifts. It is in this context that we can observe how essential to his purposes were some of the Noli's historical maneuvering and devices which Guererro precisely did his best to erase. The novel was, perhaps

19. The theme here is elaborated in chapter 2 of my Apologetic Communities.
20. In its an extended version of a text "commissioned" by Marcuse's Foreign Minster Romulo to rebut an anti-martial-law was published in the New York Times by the exile politician Raúl Magsaysay, in his interview with Queen Fernández, done shortly before his death, Guererro was painfully self-denigrating about much of his life in public. Commercially very successful as an instigator, biographer, journalist, and essayist, he said, "I wouldn't call myself a writer," and virtually accused himself of becoming a hack by penning "stupid formula stories" and making "my living as a ghost writer [but there among others]" (Abrego and Fernández, The Writer and his Milton, pp. 31-3).
22. It was an expanded version of a text "commissioned" by Marcuse's Foreign Minster Romulo to rebut an anti-martial-law was published in the New York Times by the exile politician Raúl Magsaysay, in his interview with Queen Fernández, done shortly before his death, Guererro was painfully self-denigrating about much of his life in public. Commercially very successful as an instigator, biographer, journalist, and essayist, he said, "I wouldn't call myself a writer," and virtually accused himself of becoming a hack by penning "stupid formula stories" and making "my living as a ghost writer [but there among others]" (Abrego and Fernández, The Writer and his Milton, pp. 31-3).
necessarily, set in the (recent) past, but the author was eager to assure readers that God continued affectionately to multiply spongers and gatecrashers in Manila. Under the colonial autocracy the ordinary reader would have no chance to observe directly the secret machinations of Dominicans or governors-general; but the author could take the same reader—amigo a emigrante—by the hand and let him invisibly eavesdrop on these shady doings. Everyone knew that under the façade of statesmanlike promunicaciones and pious sermons, the rulers, and their wives, mistresses, and concubines wore obscenely, unrated, mixed Tagalog expressions with their often ungrammatical Spanish, got their Latin wrong—and lived on exactly this street, sent people to that prison, enjoyed a tacky vaudeville show in this theatre, and plotted in that fiary. It was Rizal’s prime strategy to show all of this with the most convincing and immediate social realism at his command: hence panek, mismiromas, Yeyeng, Pussay, ulukok, Jolo, and so forth. Everything here is a cut to arms.

But in the independent Philippines of the 1950s, how much of all this was really bearable? The country had been economically, physically, and morally devastated between 1942 and 1945 as American and Japanese masters fought over it. From 1948 to 1953 it had experienced its first great insurrectionary movement since the turn of the century. Its real freedom was enshrined by the Treaty of Corregidor and the American-imposed Partition Agreement. But it was ruled by children of the revolutionary mestizo elite of the 1890s, who had gained enormously in wealth and power under the American colonial system, who had collaborated with the Japanese occupation regime, and who now intended firmly to be full masters in their own house.

For this postindependence establishment, with its precarious domestic and international prestige, Rizal—Lolo [Grandfather] Rizal—appeared as both amigo and emigrante. Of mixed Spanish–Chinese–Indio descent, and of comfortable circumstances, he was one of them. His heroism and self-sacrifice were utterly exemplary. He was the one Filipino after whom streets were named in Spain and Germany, and whose writings were translated into Hindi, French, Indonesian, English, and Russian. His statues dotted the plazas of a hundred Philippine small towns. He was the centre of a widespread popular mystical cult among the peasants. Thus he acted as a general guarantor of the truth of Philippine nationalism—in a certain sense, even as its alibi.

But he was also an emigrante not least because, unlike Joan of Arc or William Tell, he was himself a nationalist and he wrote and wrote and wrote. Much of what he penned was inevitably, by the 1930s, upsetting if not subversive—also for his nationalist translator. Rizal had denounced the oppression of women: Clara Recto had single-handedly prevented the Philippines from following the United States in granting female suffrage after

World War I, Rizal had urinated collaborating mestizo lowwaddies. Leon Ma. was President of the International Sugar Federation, and the Filipino legislature was dominated by collaborating sugar barons. Rizal sarcastically ridiculed the Catholic hierarchy: but in the 1950s the Filipino Cardinal Rufino Santos was very much the spiritual child of the reactionary Spanish clergy of the colonial era; and Leon Ma.’s uncle, Bishop Cesar, could easily have waded into the pages of the Noli or the Fili. Perhaps these considerations encouraged the translator to undertake some bowdlerization, and, by de-modernization, excision of the reader, and de-localization, to distance Rizal’s Philippines as much as possible from the Philippines of his own time.

But beside these narrow considerations, others were probably deeper and more important. The very fact of independence made possible, even necessary, from a certain perspective, the appearance in the archives of official nationalism. This is the form of nationalism which surfaces as an emanation and armature of the state. It manifests itself, not merely in official ceremonies of commemoration, but in a systematic programme, directed primarily, if not exclusively, through the state’s school system, to create and disseminate an official nationalist history; an official nationalist pantheon of heroes, and an official nationalist culture, through the ranks of its younger, incipient citizens—naturally, in the state’s own interests. These interests are first and foremost in instilling faith in, reverence for, and obedience to its very self.

One can see that a socially radical, iconoclastic, satirical, earthy, moralizing Rizal was not readily adaptable to this programme. From the point of view of official nationalism, heroes should be revered, not adored; seen, not heard—not read. No surprise that the official Rizal is the silent waxwork mausoleum of a museum in Intramuros, the statue that holds (closed) copies of the Noli and the Fili in his hands, and the elegiac poet of Mi Ultimo Adiós.23

If Rizal is exemplary in this respect, he is not at all unique. The crippled rev- olutionary statesman Apolinario Mabini has a museum in his honour and is invoked officially as the “Sublime Patriotic.” But his lucid, ascetic Spanish writings remain mostly untranslated into the English of the Revolutionary Republic, but they do not say that he was assassinated at the orders of the Republic’s President, Emilio Aguinaldo; nor are his splendid letters and other writings available to the contemporary citizen. The “Great Plebeian,” Andrés Bonifacio, is commemorated by a remarkable monument in a seedy part of north Manila, but the great man’s words, inscribed around the base, are in the secret code he devised to elude the Spanish-colonial security services—and
are unreadable by the ordinary public. 24 The effect, always, is to say that "then was then, now is now." No connection, only examples.

For much of his adult life Leon Ma. Guerrero was a loyal and intelligent servant of the Philippine state. It is hard not to suspect that in his translations of Rizal the demands of this state did not survive, consciously or unconsciously, as his strategic compass.

Yet I do not believe that we have solved the problems posed by Guerrero's translations if we attribute them simply to the bad conscience of the post-independence elite or the requirements of official nationalism. For these explanations cannot cope adequately with de-Europeanization, de-Tagalogization, and, above all, anachronism.

At this point we have to turn to American imperialism and its consequences. From the point of view of this essay at least, the most important of these consequences were the substitution of American for Spanish as the lingua franca of the archipelago, and a fundamental reshaping of Filipinos' conception of themselves. I will be trying to argue, from here on, that these transformations literally made Rizal's Filipino virtually unimaginable.

We noted above that according to the census of 1939 (forty years after the installation of American colonialism) less than 3 per cent of the population claimed competence in Spanish, while over 25 per cent professed ability in "English." Both figures are of interest and need their own explanations. While it is true that a number of powerful colonial officials despised Spanish (and Spanish culture), it cannot be said that it was general American imperial policy to eliminate the language: after all, Puerto Rico, essentially an American colony, remains basically a Spanish-speaking society. The fact is that even at the very end of the Spanish period only 5 per cent of the population of the Philippines was Spanish-fluent. 25 Yet again that the elite of Rizal's generation used Spanish comfortably as its lingua franca, we can scarcely doubt that, if the First Republic had been permitted

24. Does one also detect here a sort of "essentializations," whereby the argumentative revolutionary leaders are already turned into silent seniors?

25. This surprising aberration from the general pattern within the Spanish empire has its own parallel in Pampanga, where Guanari remains a living national tongue alongside Spanish. The explanation is that in both cases, for peculiar historical reasons, preponderant political power was held for a long time by elites who wished to convert the natives as well as to exploit them. Unlike most other Spanish, these elites made it their business to learn the local languages in order to penetrate God's truth to their souls in tongues that they understood. (The social power, rather than in itself, also recognized that the costs of spreading Spanish through a modern school system would substantially outweigh the income derived from two relatively resource-poor colonies.) But on account of the antiquity of Spanish colonization in the Philippines, and the pervasive presence of the classics, Borbon influence on the local languages was extensive. Some linguists estimate that as much as a quarter of the root words in the major regional languages of the Philippines derive from Spanish.

to survive, its educational institutions would have rapidly spread Spanish as the national language. The speedy triumph of American came about because the colonial regime established the first modern state school system (including enrolments expanded 500 per cent in the first generation after 1899), and at the same time made competence in English necessary for access to proliferating bureaucratic jobs and most professional careers.

Hence the language became, for tens of thousands of ambitious, upwardly mobile Filipinos, the gateway to social, political, and economic advancement. 26 The Catholic schools moved in the same direction, albeit more slowly. 27 At the same time, while American replaced Spanish as the language of power in the colony, it bore a quite different relationship with local vernaculars, especially Tagalog. Over the centuries of Iberian dominion, many terms and phrases from these vernaculars seeped into Spanish, which in any case was not "policed" by a standardized school system. This fact accounts for the casual proliferation of Tagalogisms throughout the Noli, even in the mouths of Spaniards. The Americans, however, were too new, too powerful, and too fleeting in their presence to have any truck with Tagalog, and their schools reinforced this stance. 28 Hence the widespread myth in the Philippines that American teachers systematically punished any schoolchildren found using their mother tongues in the classroom. 29 (Was this perhaps the reason that the American-educated Guerrero espoused Tagalog from his translation of the Noli?)

Beyond language change, however, was the wider impact of an imperial rule that in almost every way was a total contrast with the regime that had preceded it. Early twentieth-century America was immense, wealthy, highly industrialized, secular, republican, philistine, and, within definite limits, 30
democratically governed. Spain was small, poor, agrarian, confessional, semi-monarchical, classically cultivated, and minimally democratic. Under the American regime the once powerful Catholic church was reduced to the political margin. After the passage of the Payne-Aldrich tariff Act in 1909, the Philippines passed behind the high walls of American protectionism, producing for the first time a vastly wealthy landed oligarchy. Outlying regions, especially Mindanao, were incorporated into a newly integrated capitalist economy. Albeit on a highly restricted suffrage base, an elected Filipino national leadership was created. A new American-style educational system was instilled which turned out lawyers and engineers, rather than theologians and classicists. And American rule coincided with the advent of commercial radio and film, which had an enormous general impact on at least urban Philippine society. Bearing all the above in mind, we can perhaps better understand why Guerrero de Espana and his allies, and why he could speak of so many young Filipinos who "no longer have any idea of the customs of their forefathers," and why they admired, along with American and Chinese, Chambon and the philosophes, the whole world had vanished—and not only for young Filipinos. In the imperial metropole itself residues of classical culture had largely disappeared. In this respect 1950s Washington and Manila were not so far apart.

Last, and most important, was a fundamental change in the imagining of the Philippines and of Philippine society that started in the 1880s but reached its full fruition only two generations later. One might formulate the change simply by saying that Rizal was a patriot, while Guerrero was a nationalist. It is very striking, for example, that the beautiful poem Rizal composed shortly before his execution was addressed not to his fellow Filipinos and Filipinos, but to his fatherland and the dulo estrenuera, his bretched "Irish" wife Josephine. Perhaps one should not be surprised at this form of dedication. Rizal had been to America, Spain, Italy, France, Germany, Britain, Belgium, and Hong Kong, but never to Eullor, Bicol, or the Visayas. He owed his

limited acquaintance with Mindanao to the Spanish authorities who exiled him to Capitan. (In this respect he was absolutely typical of the habitués of his time.) Nonetheless, he knew very well what Las Filipinos was, and its features were found in maps, almanacs, newspapers, and books. Las Filipinos had been around for 250 years. It was there in the imagining to be loved—as a place, a Heimat. But in his time, as we have observed earlier, there was as yet no general name for the varied inhabitants; Filipinos were still mainly Spanish creoles. He did, of course, speak of the pueblos, the "people," but its front lines remain obscure, not least because he used it very often for the local inhabitants of Cebaura, or Manila. The real lines he drew were those characteristic of what Braden calls "creole patriotism"—political, moral, and sectional lines—between lovers of the patria avarua and of justice, and their enemies and oppressors. He thus saw nothing strange in dedicating the Fill to the memories of the creoles Jose Burgos and Jacinto Zamora, and the Chinese merchant Mariano Gomez, the three patriotic secular priests publicly garrotted by the colonial regime in 1872. He found it quite ordinary to make both the hero and heroine of the Noli mestizos. Throughout the two novels there are pretentious and oppressive members of each traditional stratum of colonial society—criollos, mestizos, indios, and even peninsulares. As we remarked earlier, it was among the achievements of Rizal and the revolutionaries of his generation to imagine, gradually, a new historical person: the Filipino. Into this Filipino disappeared, for most political purposes at least, the India, the mestizo, and the criollo. The peninsulares went back to Spain after 1899, or, if they remained, were destined to become "Filipino citizens," again a new imagining. As time passed, as nationalism spread, as the suffrage expanded, and as a second independence was achieved, the "Filipinos" increasingly took the place of Las Filipinos as the objects of rhetorical and genuine attachment. Guerrero was a striking product of this immense subterranean shift. His introduction to the Noli concerned itself with Filipinos and did not even mention the Philippines. Moreover, these Filipinos were for the most part now conceived as an ethnic moral entity. So deeply rooted was this conception, not merely in Guerrero but in most

30. It does not harm to remind ourselves that women were only allowed to vote after 1818, and that millions of blacks were disfranchised up to the 1960s.
31. Guerrero's reminiscences of his schooldays are enlightening. Literatura in the AB course at the time was the Incan. It was supposed to be the chief course... [We] read the plays of Shakespeare's" (ibid.). We didn't even read what you don't think we studied even one of Shakespeare's plays in detail... We didn't even read what you might call the last century's literature—even less the true modern. We didn't even make the night call the last century's literature—even less the true modern. We didn't even make the... complete cultural desert! Alighieri and Feneloud, The Writer and His Audiences, pp. 75-81.
32. My thinking along these lines has been greatly stimulated by David Brading's masterful The First American: The Spanish Monarchy, Creole Paurants, and the Liberal State, 1802-1867 (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1991).

33. For general considerations on this point, see "Census, Map, Museum," chapter 10 of my Imagined Communities.
34. The name is said to have been coined in 1525-29 by Abanu de Sierra, a member of Magellan circumnavigation expedition.
35. Indeed Maria Clara is the product of an adulterous relationship between the Peninsular Father Duman and Doña Paz Alva, the presumably pious wife of Captain Tinga.
36. See, for example, the liberal peninsular student Saturnino in the Fill.
37. Was there in this reference a foretelling of President Macapagal's formal 1962 claim to Daan, certainly an ancient part of Las Filipinos?
educated Filipinos of his time, that Rizal’s way of viewing the world around him had become virtually incomprehensible. It is in this transformation of social classifications, I suspect, that we may find the solution to the puzzle of anachronism in Guerrero’s translation of the Noli. For young Filipinos would at once see, in any straight translation from the Spanish, that they do not exist within the novel’s pages. Filipinos of course appear, but they are exactly what Filipinos today are not: “pure-blood” Spanish creoles. This, along with the influence of Anglo-Saxon racism, may help to account for Guerrero’s strange translation of mestizo (a colonial social and legal category) by “half-breed,” despite the fact that both Rizal and he himself were, by these terms, also “half-breeds.” But was a “half-breed” First Filipino thinkable in the 1950s?

Not, most likely, should we forget a different transformation that began in a small way in the 1930s and has reached flood tide today: the permanent movement of innumerable inhabitants of Luzon far beyond the old archipelago’s borders: first to Hawaii and Alaska; later, after reform of the American immigration laws under the Kennedy administration, to California and the rest of continental America; finally under Marcos and Aquino, to Europe, South America, the Middle East, Hong Kong, Japan, Singapore—wherever hope can be found. For this mass emigration has created hundreds of thousands of people who come from the Philippines but are no longer among its citizens, no longer figures in the landscape of the Heimat. But they are profoundly attached to an “identity” which Guerrero would have understood completely and which to Lolo José would have seemed quite extraordinary.

Yet it would probably be rash to say that the transformation is complete. This is one reason, most likely, that the writing of Philippine history remains so parceled and fragmented. In a standard history text sponsored by the Department of Education, Culture, and Sports, the Filipino child is taught that he “has 40 per cent Malay blood in his veins, 30 per cent Indonesian, 10 per cent Negrito, 10 per cent Chinese, 5 per cent Hindu, 3 per cent Arab, and 3 per cent European and American.” 38 Furthermore, all Filipinos come from somewhere else: “The Aetas or Negritos were the first to come to the Philippines.” 39 Conversely, Onofre Corpuz, former Secretary of Education and President of the University of the Philippines, finds the original Filipino in “Tuban Man,” whose fragmentary tools, found in a remote cave on

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39. Ibid., pp. 84-102.
Felipe... no, Felipina, that it be? The corporal found himself seeing visions. How could it turn out to be Felipina instead of Felipina? One of the two either it was Felipino or he had to say Felip? That day he feared it prudently to keep quiet. Leaving his wife, he went off to consult, very anxiously, the books. Here his astonishment reached its peak; he rubbed his eyes. Let's see... slowly now... All the well-printed books said Felipino; so neither he nor his wife was right.

"How's this?" he murmured. "Can History lie? Don't this book say that Alonso Sauvadra gave the country this name in honour of Prince D. Felipe? How did the name get corrupted? Could it be that this Alonso Sauvadra was an Indian?"

Guerrero's version, on the other hand, goes like this:

Indeed, one of this lady's lovable qualities was to try to uniform Tagalog; or at least pretend she did not understand it, speaking it as badly as possible, thus giving herself the airs of a true arjado [European], as she was wont to say. Just as well. For if she courted Tagalog, Caustics fostered not better either in grammar or pronunciation. And yet her husband, chairs, and books had each done their best to teach her! One word which cost her more trouble than hieroglyphics had cost Champlain, was the word Felipino. The story goes that on the day after her wedding, while talking with her husband who was then a corporal, she had said Felipino. The corporal, believing it his duty to correct her, gave her a cough and said: "Say Felipina, woman! Don't be an idiot. Don't you know that's what they call your f—— in Spain?" The woman, then in her honeymoon dreams, wanted to obey and so said Felipino. The corporal felt she was getting closer, so he stepped up his coughing and said thus: "But woman, can't you pronounce Felip? Don't forget, you know that King Don Felipe the... Fifth... Say Felipino, then add on one which is Latin for 'islands of the indies,' and then you'll have the name of your f—— country!"

La Consolacion, in those days a washerwoman, gingerly felt her bruise or bruises, and repeated the word, trying not to lose her patience. "Fel... lope..."
even the Spanish name for the colony wrong, as well as the name of the man who is said to have coined this name in the sixteenth century: Alvaro de Saavedra. He thinks the naming was in honour of Philip V (1683–1746), founder of the eighteenth-century Borbón dynasty, whom Rizal could be sure his readers knew as a feckless Spanish ruler who ended his days in imbecility. But as a minor motif, Rizal quietly shows up La Consolación’s pathetic “European” pretensions by having her blurt out the Tagalog interrogative particle *bu*. All of this fun is erased in Guerrero’s version.

A second, minor target is the Spanish language, since Las Filipinas is not a form which can be “logically” derived from Felipe, no matter how “logically” the corporal and his young wife try to make it so. But in Guerrero’s version the target has become Filipino difficulties in distinguishing between *p* and *f*.

What is most instructive of all, however, is Guerrero’s omission of the final paragraph. There is, in this way, no lying History. Quite deliberately, Alonso/Alvaro de Saavedra, who gave the Philippines the name it still bears 450 years later—as well as the Spanish ruler thereby honoured (Prince D. Felipe, later to become Braudel’s Habsburg antihero Felipe II)—have been, as we say these days, “disappeared.” Hernán Cortés?