

UPON ENCOUNTERING THE PEARL OF THE ORIENT: MY FORETASTE OF ANTHROPOLOGY

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[Smithsonian Senior Scholar Wilton S. Dillon Reflects on his Days as a Soldier in the Philippines in late 1945 including a Graphic Account of the Yamashita Trial]

(Draft chapter to be added to a book manuscript of anthropological memoirs whose centerpiece is entitled "An American Anthropologist in Paris." The rest of the manuscript will deal with recent uses of the Ruth Benedict and Margaret Mead legacies manifest in the Research on Contemporary Cultures (RCC) Project at Columbia University in the wake of World War II).

World news on February 14, 2006 included a *Washington Post* story, "In 20 Years Since Marcos, Little Stability for the Philippines." Gloria Macapagal-Arroyo, president of East Asia's oldest democracy, was declaring a state of emergency to thwart an attempted *coup d'état*. (She is the daughter of former President Macapagal and a former Georgetown University classmate of President Bill Clinton.) Analysts said that Philippine democracy is little more than a ruthless contest among rival clans; that four decades of U.S. colonial rule begun in 1898 had been insufficient to produce the functions of a modern state because kinship and blood relations are paramount. Monarchical Spanish rulers who preceded American colonization must have found the same social patterns, though they lacked the goals of democracy and suffered no guilt about imperialism.

As a soldier there in 1945, months after MacArthur's famous, "I Shall Return" landing, I had not begun my studies in anthropology. In retrospect, I realize that a half-year exposure to my first foreign culture set me on that path. (And I was innocent of the prospects of becoming an automatic member of the so-called World War II "greatest generation.") Moreover, it was in Manila that I enjoyed my first encounter with a class of humans calling themselves *intellectuals*. I was unaware that the rest of my life would be devoted to the knowledge industry, fed by curiosity about the people who manipulate the myths and symbols of their communities and thus contribute to national identities.¹ Creating a self-governing nation out of multitudinous islands of incredible ethnic, linguistic and religious diversity is still a work in progress. The homogeneity of Japan, where I lived for three years after the Philippines, could not have been a more dramatic contrast.

¹ My mentor, the sociologist, Edward Shils, in *Intellectuals and the Powers and Other Essays* (Chicago, 1974) observed that in every society there is a minority who are unusually sensitive about the sacred and the nature of the universe and the rules that govern them...they provide the models and standards by the presentation of symbols to be appreciated...they elicit, guide, and form the expressive dispositions within a society." See also *Five Faces of Exile: The Nation and Filipino American Intellectuals*, by Augusto Fauni Espiritu (Palo Alto: Stanford University Press, 2005). Marginality seems to be a pre-condition for intellectuals' capacity to see further in the future and the backward in time in order to analyze the present and give direction.

Hiroshima and Nagasaki were radioactive ruins and the Japanese had already surrendered aboard the battleship *Missouri* when I finally set sail from San Francisco for Manila in September 1945. My ambition for overseas service finally was coming true. After infantry duty in Arkansas, digging foxholes and trained hand-to-hand combat, I was sent to Texas for pilot training. There, I found that too many others with 20-20 vision made me redundant. I wound up teaching cryptography and high speed Morse code at an airbase in South Dakota. From those near-Arctic winters in Sioux Falls, I welcomed a steamy voyage zigzagging the Equator aboard a battle-weary Coast Guard troop transport, The *S.S. Leonard Wood*. Our leaders believed Japanese submarine commanders might not have got the news that the war was over, so we took a month to wiggle our way through phosphorous waters to reach Manila Bay. This was a dozen years before James Michener's adventures in paradise morphed into *South Pacific*. My adventures were less romantic.

An intermediate stop at Pearl Harbor left me shocked at the devastation left by the Japanese almost four years earlier. We could almost hear the bombs bursting in air and the rockets red glare as we gasped at the watery graves of the submerged battleships, *Arizona* and *Oklahoma*. The misty green shoreline was incongruously serene and peaceful as the city-sized aircraft carrier, *Saratoga*, docked alongside our ships, was under repair after a *kamikaze* attack. The war was visually close. (I felt even closer to it when James Ralph Scales, my college English teacher, a Cherokee aristocrat from Oklahoma, cousin of Will Rogers, invited me aboard the *Saratoga*. As a Navy officer and ship historian, he was host to a dinner for me in his cabin. White-jacketed Filipino stewards served Coca-Cola out of silvery champagne coolers. The paint on the walls was fresh. The kamikaze attack had struck that very spot, destroying my friend's manuscript of earlier battles of the noble *Sara*).

Aboard the unsanitary, creaky Leonard Wood,² while editing the ship's mimeographed daily newspaper, I interviewed several Philippine army officers who had been in the states for training. They were eager to anticipate their role as hospitable hosts to us soldiers soon to set foot on their colonized soil. They wanted to brief us newcomers. So, with their help, I wrote daily vignettes about the country we had acquired from Spain through the 1898 war, the year of my mother's birth. Somehow, their memories, combined with a ship library consisting mainly of lurid paperbacks, became my sources. I managed to dig up a few pieces of history: in the archipelago the oldest human fossil dates back 22,000 years: aboriginal ancestors came from the Asian mainland, Indonesia and Malaysia; Islam arrived from Indonesia; Magellan explored in 1521; Spanish military arrived in 1542 to claim and name the islands Philippines after Prince Phillip, later King Phillip II of Spain; and the Spanish execution of José Rizal for

² Commissioned in 1921, built in Baltimore, the ship was named for a onetime Army physician (1860-1927) who had fought Apache Indians, served as President McKinley's personal physician, joined Theodore Roosevelt's "Rough Riders" in Cuba, and eventually "pacified" the Philippine Maro province which he governed from 1906-06, and then, in 1921, was appointed by President Harding as Governor-General of the Philippines. The year earlier, he was a leading Republican candidate for the U.S. presidency. He lived at the center of events described in Warren Zimmerman's 2002 book, *The First Great Triumph: How Five Americans Made This Country a World Power*. As a passenger aboard the ship bearing his name, I was unaware of its appropriate historic symbolism. The Wood carried soldiers to battle in North Africa and Sicily in 1942-43; evacuated casualties from the battle for the Makin Atoll, and later did heavy war work at Kwajalein, Eniwetok, Saipan, Guadalcanal, and Palau before falling under enemy air attack while transporting troops to the January 1945 Leyte and Lingayen landings launching liberation of the Philippines. It is no wonder that she suffered battle fatigue and showed no spit and polish when I was assigned to sleep in her claustrophobic hold that seemed designed to accommodate sardines.

instigating insurrection, in part, through his anti-Spanish novel, *Noli Me Tangere* (The Lost Eden); and finally the Treaty of Paris ceding the Philippines to the U.S. in 1899. We would soon be landing where Admiral Dewey's ships destroyed the Spanish fleet and launched the American *empire*.

With no prescience that Americans would face insurrection in Iraq in the 21st century, I paid no attention to the guerilla war in the Philippines by Emilio Aguinaldo who opposed both Spanish and American rule. On land, I would learn of his hero status enduring decades after his armed struggle against the Americans. (Our ahistoricity still inhibits our ability to anticipate resistance to occupation when we see ourselves as liberators.) These arcane bits of history surely were not catering to the *real* interests of my fellow soldiers. I failed to include intelligence about the allure of Philippine girls and the taste of *San Miguel* beer compared with *Budweiser*. Our all-male ship was teeming with testosterone, and there was nothing I could do to control it by encouraging sublimation with promises of females on some ultimate shore.

(A near mutiny aboard the *Leonard Wood*, stirred by squalid eating and sleeping arrangements and cabin fever, was assuaged by a beer-bust as we crossed the Equator to the tunes of 1940's swing bands broadcast over scratchy loudspeakers. The Andrew Sisters singing *Apple Blossom Time* functioned as Brahms' *Lullaby*. The tipping point for enlisted men to reach an earlier riot point came from those caste moments when we tried to eat our victuals from metal trays standing up in space next to the boiler room. Butter and ice cream melted instantly and were salted with our sweat. Climbing up to the deck, we could peer into the officers' mess through portholes and see Filipino stewards serving them on tables with white cloths and napkins. Ceiling fans added fuel to our sense of deprivation. Through back channels, I helped to alert one of the ship officers from my hometown to the morale crisis. I never knew whether he or others concocted the beer party).

It was early afternoon when we eagerly disembarked under the weight of heavy duffel bags, smelling of salt and mold. What a thrill to see land and set foot on it! The oozing, crusted, contagious impetigo on my face made me long for a new healing environment.

Barges carried us from the venerable Coast Guard cutter to shore. The Philippine officers rushed off to kiss the earth of their homeland. I was witnessing part of a process of centuries of Spanish and later American rule that had helped produce a nascent national identity, a sense of belonging, a sense of coming home. For me, I was *leaving* home and finding a hospitable, chaotic, battle-scarred new land where we Americans were still seen as liberators from the Japanese.

A flood of new impressions swept over me. The *enemy* I had been trained to kill in mock hand-to-hand combat in Arkansas was now visible within the first few minutes of landing—not a single enemy, but a truckload of shackled Japanese prisoners of war. Filipinos in the street were shouting *baka*, an insulting Japanese word for *fool* or *idiot* that the Japanese had used on them a few months earlier. Such was the drama of role reversal: the morphing of conquerors into prisoners. The Japanese looked dazed, frightened, with little resemblance to our wartime propaganda pictures of fierce, brutal *Banzai*-shouting soldiers willing to die for their Emperor. Like others in my squadron, I carried a carbine that was ready for use in the event we might encounter Japanese in the Philippine jungles that had not learned of their

government's surrender. Was I on the road to learning to love my enemies while insisting on self-defense?

Manila unfolding before me became a cacophonous boomtown of jeeps, weapons carriers, bicycles, rickshaws, and pedestrians. We breathed fumes and dust. I smelled peeled oranges being hawked by venders on the street. We were herded into army trucks with no idea where we were going. I soon saw traces of old Spanish buildings surviving the siege of Manila as we rattled eastward from the landing zone. (Only Warsaw was more damaged in WWII). An officer finally revealed that we would be stationed at Alabang to set up air-ground communications. He failed to prepare us for a recently drained rice paddy where my fellow soldiers and I would be spending our first night overseas and staying on to build a camp.

(More than six decades later, I would discover on the Internet an Alabang with no reference to its 1945 nature, a bucolic Philippine landscape now eclipsed by high rises, condos, night life, glamour, a pricey suburb connected by a toll road 40 minutes from the heart of Metro Manila The Richville Regency Suites advertised itself as a lovely place to stay and "shop til you drop" two kilometers away from the Alabang Town Center where Chinese, Thai, Vietnamese and Italian cuisine, not to mention Starbucks, are poised for consumers).

I remember little about how we came to pitch our tents in the rice paddy. I do recall the dramatic view of Laguna de Bay in the far distance, a shimmering stretch of blue water with little resemblance to Lake Holdenville in my Oklahoma hometown. Also nearby was the slumbering volcano of Lake Taal, geologically destined to erupt violently in 1969 and 70. I had experienced tornadoes, not volcanoes, and thus had no fear.

Exhausted from the excitement of my first encounter with the Philippines, processing all the new sights and sounds, I managed to insert tent pegs in the soggy earth and unfold a cot with mosquito netting. Sleep was so sweet and deep that I failed to dream. But at dawn, the rough tongue of a *caribou*, a water buffalo, awakened me by licking my face. These large benign mammals seemed to be welcoming us soldiers to their habitat. Or they were quietly protesting invaders of their territory. The mosquito net was in disarray. Our sleepy heads, exposed outside the pup tents, made easy targets for *caribou* hospitality. The buffalo pre-empted the wake up call of a recorded bugler playing Reveille. The Army Airways Communication System, supplied with generators, was predestined to make instant camp. But we still had to dig our own latrines and try to bathe sequentially under three showerheads by the light of the moon. Were Roman soldiers better prepared in setting up their far-flung garrisons? In any case, this was much better than combat. I was much aware that my life had been spared from German cross machine gunfire at Anzio beachhead in Italy. My infantry buddies with whom I trained in Arkansas died without me. I had escaped to Amarillo aviation cadet training just as we were destined to ship out on the same troop train to the port of embarkation in Philadelphia, headed for North Africa and Italy.

I did not know then how close in time and space we were to the heroic February 23, 1945 rescue of 2,146 POW's at nearby Los Baños, Laguna. The 11th Airborne and Fil-Am guerillas staged an operation later described by Joint Chief of Staff Colin Powell as "a textbook open for all ages..." The Japanese, in May 1943, had moved to Los Baños 2,000 internees from the Santo Tomas University civilian camp then becoming overcrowded. The commandants, taking note of the hot springs there, described the move as they were travel agents: "Los Baños...an ideal health resort...new buildings...fresh air and easy access to

fresh meat and vegetables...you may be able to cultivate for yourselves.” In 1945, shocked by news of the Leyte landings, the Japanese were threatening to kill the internees when the camps were liberated.

Los Baños Hot Springs became my first R&R, or “rest and rehabilitation,” and served as a setting for my first encounters with liberated POW’s. They were not fellow Americans, but Indonesians of mixed Dutch-Javanese ancestry. Captured by the Japanese early in the war, they were awaiting repatriation to their homeland ironically “liberated” by the Japanese, and now, once again under Dutch colonial rule. Though they spoke passable English, these handsome young men often seemed in animated debate in their own language as we splashed playfully in the warm mineral waters. (Decades later, when I saw the Merchant-Ivory film *Room with a View*, the swimming scene stirred memories of Los Baños.) From them, I learned the name of Sukarno who had declared independence from the Dutch on August 17, just a month earlier, and who would become president after the Dutch left in 1949. Apart from a new awareness of geopolitics, I was being exposed to the biological consequences of colonialism: hybrid children of the rulers and the ruled. I often wondered what they faced upon return to Japanese-free Indonesia, and the political dramas played out in the later Mel Gibson movie, *The Year of Living Dangerously*).

Strange as it seemed, I had few opportunities at first to meet Filipinos. Instead, my “ethnographic” subjects were my fellow Americans, as exotic to me as people from *overseas*. We Southern boys found as much of E.M. Forster’s *exotic distance* in “Yankee” comrades as in indigenous people. One example: Caesar Rotundi, a Brooklyn corporal stand-in for Hollywood star Victor Mature. He supervised my digging straddle-trench latrines. He found out that we both appreciated *New Yorker* cartoons. That helped excuse me from slavish digging when the tropical sun was at its intense highest. He never shirked his supervisory duties, but showed an interest in introducing me to some off-duty recreational targets in Manila. Naively, I followed his suggestion to pay a call on a Manila bar, *The Pink Elephant*. Its barstools were filled with new Armored Cavalry arrivals from the European theatre, war-seasoned veterans of fighting Germans. Subtle interplay of homoerotic alchemy became manifest in the man-to-man exchanges of gifts of beer, the warriors ignoring pimping of Filipinas outside the door. Army warnings about venereal disease were being taken seriously-as though females were the only conduits.

Apart from Caesar, I was meeting the full spectrum of American service personnel with accents from across the continent. My fascination with regional speech, body language, and humor - starting with my infantry training in Arkansas-foreshadowed my embrace of Margaret Mead’s *And Keep Your Power Dry*. Americans need to understand their own culture while exploring others. I was lucky to have access to my Oklahoma roots at the same time. Two childhood friends from Holdenville, Bobby Smith and Tommy Treadwell, miraculously found me through the U.S.O. I was too thrilled by my new life to be homesick; “home” was with me.

Wars peter out slowly³. War and peace are parts of the same spectrum. Missions planned before surrender seem to have a life of their own. One keeps building new camps and keeps on the alert even as “peace” is settling in. At our Alabang camp, we created small barracks to replace the tents that bothered the *carabao*. Discipline was lax. We still saluted officers in the orderly room, and had to sign in and out before getting passes to hitchhike on weapons carriers to Manila. I never used Morse code nor had any duties related to training as a radio operator-mechanic-gunner-cryptographer. I forget who did kitchen police. We escaped doing laundry. We took our dirty uniforms to Filipinas in a nearby village who used GI soap to scour them against stones in streams in exchange for pesos and PX items. They became my first contact with “indigenous personnel.” I was stuck by their smiling friendliness. The ladies brought dignity in their work as they washed and sun-dried our khakis.

I knew too little about ethnography to find out where the laundresses fit into the ethnic social order. Nor was I aware that 76 to 78 major Philippine language groups with 500 dialects have been classified. My *wash ladies* surely were speaking Tagalog to each other. (My main exposure to the language at first was visual. Ubiquitous signs read *Bawal Pumasok* – no entry). Eventually, I would be told of Visayan, Ilocono and other languages of such variety that my own country seemed downright mono-cultural – at least before the advent of Hispanics reaching majority status in a number of American cities. Wouldn’t it be fascinating to find out how the Spanish language became the *lingua franca* in the Philippines after the conquest?

I took advantage of this unfocused “leisure” to ask the commanding officer for permission to go on “detached duty” in Manila to interview officers and soldiers for the *Alabama Alumni Magazine*. (Digging straddle trenches was a bore). My studies at the University of Alabama in Tuscaloosa had been interrupted by a call to active duty in April 1943; before leaving, the magazine editor asked me to keep track of Alabamians in the service and write stories about them. Permission for “detached duty” was granted on the assumption that it would be good PR for the military back on the home front. I was free to fend for myself in Manila without AWOL penalties. I could always return to my base for rations and quarters, but in Manila I had to find bunks and chow from other military units. That is how I became a play-like foreign correspondent.

Nothing in my wildest imagination could have prepared me for the thrill of becoming a retro journalist in a vast, worldly megalopolis. Manila was vibrating as a real life stage set for war and peace, revenge and reconciliation. Finding Alabamians to write about seemed paltry stuff compared with watching a presidential election take shape as peasants were staging demonstrations against feudal land tenure practices backed by the government and the Roman Catholic Church. Filipinos were still traumatized by Japanese Occupation, and some were urging independence from the U.S. In such an environment, some were using

³ So do unexpected rewards for military service. In September 1966, President Ferdinand Marcos (1917-1989) and his glamorous shoe-collecting First Lady Imelda paid a state visit to President Lyndon Johnson. As a staff member of the National Academy of Sciences, charged with helping to write some language on science cooperation for the Philippine-U.S. joint communiqué, I met Marco’s aide-de-camp, Navy Captain Melchior. He was surprised to learn that I had been in the Philippines, and asked me when I was there. “Months after MacArthur’s return,” I told him, “in September 1945.” Weeks later, the Philippine ambassador sent his chauffeur to my office, carrying a velvet pillow bearing a sun-faded ribbon attached to the Philippine Liberation Medal. It became an undeserved family heirloom.

Chinese merchants as scapegoats for Filipinos' seeming lack of the entrepreneurial skills needed to restore the economy and start reconstruction.

But I was true to my commitment and desire to meet some Alabamians. Even before going to war, I learned from Charles Heywood Barnwell, (1907-1944) dean of our College of Arts and Sciences, that his son was a general in the Pacific, and that I should look him up if I wound up in his theatre. He was easy to find in Manila. Normally, PFCs do not ask for interviews with generals. Yet, General Barnwell's aides knowing of his pride in his Alabama roots promptly let me in. I shall never forget his graciousness in coming out from behind his desk to shake my hand, rather than expect a salute. He pulled up a chair alongside mine and appreciated my statement of condolences over the death of his father a year earlier. This was para-military communication. Someday, I may visit the alumni magazine archives and see what I wrote about that interview. What I do remember was the general's strong request that I give his regards to his fellow general, Kermit "Ken" Dyke, if I were to be assigned eventually to Tokyo. (A few months later, I did just that. General Dyke, in civilian life a former Young & Rubicom advertising executive in New York, urged me to take my discharge in Japan and join his Civil Information and Education staff as a civilian. That pivotal Manila encounter blessed me with three incredible years in Tokyo and a decision to abandon political science for anthropology).

Soon after that fateful interview with the general, I found the Red Cross canteen and was reunited with Farrar Babcock, a blonde, cheerful Red Cross officer I had known in my childhood in Holdenville. Her father was our town's Methodist minister. Farrar had the pastoral qualities of her father who had been the subject of various stories I had written for the *Holdenville Daily News*. Even without the incentive of finding a girl from my hometown, I much depended on Red Cross coffee and doughnuts for nutrients while away from my squadron mess. Farrar dispensed both with introductions to people she thought would want to know each other. One was a tall, charming, caring U.S. Navy chaplain, Francis Sayre, Jr. an Episcopal priest whose ambition then for a postwar vocation was to be an industrial chaplain, ministering to workers in the workplace, perhaps in Cleveland, Ohio. I was to learn more about his being the son of the former High Commissioner for the Philippines and Ambassador to Siam and that he was the only child known to have been born in the White House, (1915). His mother was Woodrow Wilson's daughter, Jessie. Chaplain Sayre became my *native guide* to Philippine society. (Decades later, he would become my spiritual guide as dean of the Washington Cathedral, and invite me to march to the White House with many others to pray for President Nixon in the hope that our Quaker president would end the war in Vietnam).

Sayre was on everybody's "A" list for invitations, and he often asked me to tag along, especially to grand events at Malacañang Palace, the Philippine White House. Without insignia I wore the ubiquitous khaki, not to obscure my low rank, but to enjoy the feeling of being a *foreign correspondent*. I could fade easily into the civilian population. These were my first experiences in a palace in a major capital. I had been a teen-age visitor for youth leaders invited inside the governor's mansion in Oklahoma City, but, somehow, Malacañang was architecturally more stunning. Once the country residence of a Spanish nobleman on the Pasig river, its name comes from Tagalog fishermen: May Lakañyan, meaning "noble people living here." The 1863 earthquake that devastated the old Spanish governor's palace in Intramuros made Malacañang the center of governance ever since. I found vague reminders

of pre-French Spanish-built structures in New Orleans and its sister city of Havana. I continue to be surprised at the architectural remnants of the Spanish Empire- on many continents and archipelagos.

I scarcely knew that Sergio Osmeña (1878-1961) was president of the Philippine Commonwealth when I landed in Manila. I heard he was a Chinese *mestizo* from Cebu, lawyer and journalist. I never expected that I would meet him, but did so when Sayre took me to a reception at Malacañang to welcome back Paul V. McNutt, the photogenic former governor of Indiana and presidential aspirant who had served as U.S. High Commissioner (1937-39) before the war, and was returning for a second tour of duty. Leaders of Philippine independence, including Osmeña, did not let personal political feelings inhibit a warm welcome to the man who once concluded that the U.S. should forget about the Philippine independence and stay on in the Islands to deter Japanese expansionism. Still doubting that independence could come only after a sound economy was established, McNutt lived on to witness Philippine escape from American rule and became our first ambassador to the new nation.

To welcome him back in 1945, the palace was abuzz with dignitaries from Philippine political circles, especially those intersecting the spheres of MacArthur and the then American military establishment. One conspicuous hybrid was Col. Andres Soriano who was immediately pointed out to me. The chaplain was a goldmine of vignettes about the cast of characters, many of whom sought him out because of his father's fame as High Commissioner. Soriano, heir to a grandee tradition of sugar plantations, and now owner of the famous San Miguel brewery, had escaped from Corregidor with MacArthur and returned with him. Osmeña had also fled when the Japanese conquered the islands in 1942, becoming president-in-exile and returning with Allied forces in October, 1944. Modern history at that moment seemed to revolve around which people fled the Japanese, how, and with whom, and how did they get home.

Walking into such a piece of historical theatre brought the challenge one faces when seeing a play or reading a book: deciding who the characters are and what are their relationships? When will the plot or narrative unfold and how? This was my first opportunity to observe two political systems – U.S. and Philippine – intertwined in the wake of a bloody world war whose signs were visible outside the elegant windows and verandahs of Malacañang. It was Truman who sent McNutt. Truman had no reason to fear McNutt as a presidential contender as had FDR who sent him there in the first place. The man from Missouri and the man from Indiana had been sucked into the dilemma about how the U.S. could absorb Jewish refugees from the Holocaust. McNutt proposed that the Philippines could become a refuge to circumvent U.S. quotas on immigrants.

By my side was the young Chaplain Sayre who told me nothing about his father's own relations with FDR in Washington and Quezon in Manila, a balancing act that historically conflated domestic politics in the two societies. Sayre, Sr. was known to have addressed FDR as 'Frank,' but that intimacy did not protect him from Washington intrigues involving Secretary of War Harold Ickes who regarded the Philippines as his territory. Our host that afternoon, President Osmeña, successor to Quezon, must have known what is now in history books: Sayre proved unequal to riding herd on Quezon who provided the commissioner with the hot potato of asking FDR to "ride herd" on Republican-leaning Field

Marshall Douglas MacArthur who wished to help Quezon build an army capable of resisting the Japanese.

All these relationships and plots were indeed below my surface of geopolitical history and perception. Etiquette and protocol required a robust homecoming for McNutt. I was lucky to eat and drink in a palace with him and lots of bigwigs I did not have to salute. I was a witness to a ceremonial moment that had many precedents in the history of the yin and yang between colonizers and the colonized.

Malacañang, strange to say, became a focal point for my writing for the ensuing weeks while on detached service from my squadron in Alabang. I met an American historian then lodged in a small library on the palace grounds; he was writing a biography of Osmeña. I cannot recall his name. Yet, I easily remember his enthusiasm to help me with leads for an article I was writing on “Malacañang Americans,” a story for the now defunct *Philippine-American Magazine*. It covered the first 45 years of U.S. replacement of Spanish control, told anecdotally by examples of American educators coming to design a national school system, and various other “do-good” aspects of colonization. Arriving in 1901 on the *U.S.S. Thomas* and thus known as *Thomasites*, the more than a thousand Americans dispatched by President McKinley established schools, helped transform the Philippines into a the world’s third largest English-speaking country, and became a partial model for the Peace Corps.

The historian gave me more than scholarly help. He provided me with a cot in a neighboring room when I could not get back to Alabang. Such proximity gave me access to the soldiers’ mess of Malacañang palace guards. That is where I lined up with the congenial sentinels with a borrowed mess tray and learned to like *kangkong* or swamp cabbage soup known variously in Malaysia, Indonesia, and the Philippines. Food sharing was their cultural reflex-action. Nobody ever asked me to show a pass.

A Nest of Intellectuals

A better quality of Philippine cuisine I found in several dinner parties to which I was invited by one of the officers I met on the *Leonard Wood*. He introduced me to a Philippine captain whose wife was a writer and essayist. Estrella Alfonso Rivera is the name that now comes to mind. Both she and her husband lived in an improvised post-war, lean-to household constructed from what in the Army we called “midnight requisitions.” Its tin roof was attached to the wall outside a Chinese-style mansion belonging to a rich Filipino, Ocampo, who had strong ties to the Vatican. Fragrance of chicken and rice and fried plantains welcomed the guests. One officer brought some bourbon from the PX.

In this setting, I encountered hosts and fascinating guests whose conversations were often marked by such phrases as *We, the intellectuals*. I had never heard such self-identification in my Southern homeland. Decades later, in Manhattan and Paris, I would be less surprised by people who transcended American reticence to use a word believed to imply intellectual superiority rather than an occupations, or a vocation. I was early trying to understand how my own culture contrasts egalitarianism with the life of the mind. Being an intellectual does not necessarily mean that you think that you are “better” or “smarter” than your fellow citizen. Philippine culture in 1945 revealed residues of pre-American Spanish respect for learning and the obligations of the learned to speak out for reform and the public good.

Salvador P. Lopez (1911-1993) was one of the first Manila intellectuals I met. Then age 34, he was already a literary celebrity for having won the Commonwealth Prize for his 1940 essay, "Literature and Society." Instead of arguing his theme that art must have substance – in contrast to "art for art's sake," – Lopez was talking more than as a journalist. Peasants were in the news for rallying in front of Malacañang to protest injustice of a land tenure formula that gave 60% of income to the Roman church and private landowners and only 40% to those who tilled the land. I had heard the repeated chants of "60-40" as protest slogans while walking near the palace a few days earlier. I was picking up from Lopez's conversation with others my first awareness of the Hukbulahap movement, a guerilla force started in 1942 as the People's Anti-Japanese Army. Huks became known as Philippine Maoists.⁴

Unknown to me then, of course, was Lopez's destiny as educator, diplomat and statesman growing out of his career as journalist. He became president of the University of the Philippines (1969-75) when radicalized students, rather than Huks, launched mass protests against the Marcos regime. In New York in the early 1950s, he served as Philippine ambassador to the United Nations. I made a courtesy call at this office in the Empire State building to reminisce about post-war Manila, and to interview him for a paper I was writing at Columbia University.

Ambassador Lopez was hardly recognizable as the same person with whom I dined several times in the lean-to. He had no special reason to remember me as well as I did him, though he eventually recognized the names of mutual acquaintances I mentioned from our 1945 suppers. He hardly looked up when his secretary ushered me to a chair in front of his massive, ornate desk flanked by Philippine flags. He continued signing papers while responding to my questions. I could not help thinking that he was imitating the behavior I imagined typical of earlier Spanish colonizers. Memory of Spanish styles of official conduct seemed deep. American influence was less transmittable.

Arsenio Lacson was another of the Manila intelligentsia who stretched my world in 1945. He and Lopez were both journalists who later entered public life and became part of 20th century Philippine history. When I met them in the early stages of their careers, I knew only that they shared anti-Japanese resistance efforts, and were colleagues of the late novelist, husband of Lydia Arguilla, herself a short-story writer who appeared at these dinner table "seminars." Everybody I was meeting had experience with the power of the word. Women writers could be as potent as men. Lydia's own literary identity was connected also with her status as a widow of a writer killed by the Japanese for his resistance to their Occupation.

Lacson, like President Osmeña, had some Chinese ancestry, though that was not apparent to me when we met. He was a breezy, colorful egalitarian who showed no signs of his membership in a dynastic, elite family with Negros Occidental Island sugar plantations. The family name, spelled both Lacson and Lacsin, now pops up in many published references to 20th century Philippine journalism and politics. His nephews were Raul Lacsin and Alfio

⁴ A vast literature since has developed on the Huk movement. Among many sources are Benedict J. Kerkyliet's *The Huk rebellion: a study of personal revolt in the Philippines*. (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1977) and Lawrence M. Greenberg, *The Hukbulahap insurrection: a case study of a successful anti-insurgency operation in the Philippines, 1945-1955*. (Washington, D.C.: Analysis Branch, U.S. Army Center of Military History; U.S. Government Printing Office, 1987). Philippine military officers and scholars also continue to study and write about the movement.

Lacson, both known for writing *without fear or favor*. When I met Arsenio, he had already worked as a menial laborer in the name of *self-reliance*, and was easy with Americans for having already studied in a private American school, editing the student newspaper at Santo Tomas, his learning enhanced also by the questioning of Jesuits of Ateneo University. As with Lopez, I had no premonition of his destiny. He would become mayor of Manila in 1951 and be described by admirers as the best the city ever had. He was elected in 1951, 55 and 59 with the help of American-style campaign jingles, and a reputation as a radical break from oligarchic styles of governance.

I have not known many who became public statuary, but the young journalist I met in 1945 now is remembered by a sculpture that stands as a centerpiece of Plaza Lacson on Avenida Rizal, a tangible testimony to the legend of his political prowess. A writer for the *Philippines Free Press* in 1957 identified him this way:

*Lacson symbolized the postwar world almost too perfectly...not only a newspaperman and columnist and radio commentator...looked and talked like a stevador...(he) was youth itself-noisy and brash and violent...legends sprang about his virility and sexual prowess...As a candidate for Congress and the mayoralty of Manila...he leapt from the floor to the stage and acknowledged the plaudits of the delegates in boxer style- hands locked over his head... Lacson's reputation as anti-American...is paradoxical, for Lacson is the most obviously American...a character out of Damon Runyon.*⁵

Looking back on that nest of intellectuals more than six decades ago, I continue to be impressed by the camaraderie of journalists as a social group aware of the power of the Fourth Estate. Lopez and Lacson were not the only journalists-cum public servants I met during that memorable waning of 1945. One dinner meeting stands out dramatically in mind, for it brought me to the table with an American journalist historically linked to recording the Chinese revolution, and a Filipino revolutionary who made news as well as history. I refer to Edgar Snow (1905-1972) and Luis Taruc (1913-2005). My hosts must have known that Snow, author of the celebrated and debated 1936 book, *Red Star Over China*, would like to meet Taruc, the Huk leader who championed the cause of landless peasants and became commander in chief of “The People’s Anti-Japanese Army.”

I remember that Snow and Taruc sat beside each other and talked intently by the light of a carbide lamp. Snow looked like a Hollywood version of a foreign correspondent with his army bush khaki. I do not know what I expected a revolutionary to look like, but I was surprised that Taruc spoke softly and gently with no seeming “fire in his belly.” We met the year before he was elected to the House of Representatives and then barred from his seat after charges that he won through *terrorism*. Eventually sentenced to 12 years in prison for controlling guerillas in Luzon “rice basket”, he was pardoned by President Marcos and

⁵ “In this corner: Lacson,” by Quijano de Manila in *Philippine Free Press*, May 11, 1957. He was also much praised by President Macapagal-Arroyo in an August 14, 2002 speech launching the Arsenio H. Lacson Foundation for Public Service. Before praising him, she identified him as though reading from a kinship chart to identify relatives they shared. Then: “I continue to hope that we can unite behind what we have in common. So once again I invite friends and followers and even foes—as my father invited a political foe but personal friend, Arsenio Lacson—to unite by focusing on our most vital ends: to fight poverty and terrorism, to uphold good government, to build a strong Philippine republic.” She called for a republic “autonomous of dominant classes,” and warned that government cannot rely solely on the invisible hand of the market.”

returned to his land reform movement. I never found out how Snow compared Taruc with Mao.⁶

Back to the Countryside

Though free on detached service to Manila as a free-lancer while my army records were lost, I still felt a need to return to my home base to pick up mail, as well as laundry from the ladies at the stream. Urban intellectualism dissolved as I hitchhiked back to Alabang. Weapons-carriers became like friendly shuttle-buses carrying me away from manipulators of myths and symbols.

I jumped off once to see the Catholic church at Las Piñas with the famous bamboo organ that, somehow, we lowliest soldiers, were told was a must to see. Built in 1816 by Diego Cera, an altar boy from Spain, the only bamboo organ in the world survived the 1880 earthquake to become a national treasure and tourist attraction. Its 950 bamboo pipes, later enlarged, were to be shipped to Bonn, Germany in 1973 for total restoration and a return in 1975. Wind pumped through the nomadic pipes celebrated the return with a festival of Mozart, Bach, Dubois, and Hadyn. I heard only silence when I admired the instrument in the then dusty, musty church. Even in silence, it boasted *grandeur* and antiquity that I felt lacking when I recalled the metal pipes with drum and cymbal stops of the Wurlitzer acquired from a movie house by our Baptist church in Holdenville. In later years, I was to appreciate more how colonizers used native materials to simulate life in the metropole, and how Western music took root in Asia.

(With later years devoted to appreciating bamboo culture in Japan and in my own garden in Virginia, I am struck by the poetry of the interplay of wind and bamboo. If I were to return to Las Piñas church to hear and see the bamboo organ today, I would try to compose faux poems about external wind that sways bamboo in the forest, only to return to give vibrant life to the inside of bamboo that has morphed into straight, stiff perpendicular musical soldiers, the spiritual gifts of say, Dubois' *Seven Last Words of Christ* or Haydn's *Missa St. Josephi*. Wind blows outside and then within.)

Even with the conveniences of having our squadron's open-air latrines upgraded to enclosed privies, I set out soon with a comrade for the coolness of Tagaytay Ridge, 640 meters above sea level. From there, we would look down on the Taal Volcano Lake in Batangas, 55 kilometers from Manila. We carried carbines with us as protection just in case we might encounter Japanese in the bamboo who might now know the war was over. This was as close as I came to conventional *soldiering*.

Instead of a lost former enemy, we found hospitable American sailors comfortably installed in a small garrison at Tagaytay. Though we brought K-rations with us, their Navy mess served up some of the tastiest chow I had in three years of service. The Air Corps and

⁶ See Taruc, Luis, *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 2006. Encyclopedia Premium Service. 4 June 2006. When Taruc died of heart failure at age 92 in 2005, the *Manila Times* announced a House of Representatives resolution praising him as "champion of the oppressed," mentioning that former President Nelson Mandela was inspired by reading about Taruc when he was in prison resisting apartheid. *Concerning Snow*, see entry in *Wikipedia* on *Red Star Over China*, 15 May 2006. In 2005, *The China Daily* reported on a two-day Beijing conference, "Understanding China: Centennial Commemoration of Edgar Snow's Birth." The University of Missouri School of Journalism was one of the sponsors.

Infantry had lower standards of cuisine. A Navy cook advised us how to climb down to Taal Lake and find a Filipino fisherman who could take us to an island in the middle of the crater's lake. As an Oklahoma-born landlubber far from islands, let alone volcanoes, I could hardly wait.⁷

Indeed, a fisherman materialized and soon we were off in his small boat to the island whose name or whose people I knew nothing about. Philippine hospitality, in Manila or remote areas, is a constant. As with the big city intellectuals, the islanders offered us food upon arrival. The village headman beckoned for us to climb up the ladder to his thatched house on stilts. His wife charcoal-grilled small sardine-sized *tilapia*, a crunchy tasty fish. This was my first experience eating the head and the tail, *the whole thing*, and I was thus being initiated into a pre-requisite for ethnographic work. Food habits are said to be the most conservative and least likely to change, so fieldwork demands that one be *culturally relaxed* and eat what the host provides. In this case, it was pleasure rather than culture shock, and to this day I continue to prefer the sight of a whole cooked fish, conditioned as I am by art images, and the memory of my *virginal tilapia* experience on the volcanic Lake Taal. The headman told us that Taal fish are preferred by Manila restaurants because of the flavor of volcanic ash in the water.

Dessert was a kind of rice pudding made with coconut milk. From a nearby banana plant, the headman plucked a few small fruit as the grand finale. We peeled back tender skins to find a delicate pink banana of the texture of satin. We talked about the Japanese occupation and the advantages of the islanders to escape forced delivery of foodstuffs for centralized rationing. It paid to be remote in time of war. Less rewarding is to live on a volcanic lake and face burning lava.

Another day back in the Alabang camp, adjusting to anti-climatic GI rations, I took off alone to explore, unarmed, yet another lake, a brackish Laguna de Bay, largest in the Philippines (922 square kilometers), source of Manila's water supply. I was curious for having seen it my first week while swimming with the Javanese POWs at Los Baños. The name is misleading, for it is not a bay, but named after Ba-I, an ancient town where Tagalog nobles dined on imported China and wore silk and gold. I was unaware then that they had traded with China since the 11th century, and had embraced Islam brought by Malay-speaking traders from the South in the late 1300's. (Moslems today remain mainly in Mindanao and continue insurgencies against Northern *infidels*.)

When the Spanish came in 1571, a sequence of Christians- Augustinians, Franciscans and Jesuits – changed religious customs mainly to the rituals of Iberian Catholicism. Coming from the anti-papist American Bible belt, I was fascinated by the outward signs and

⁷ With no knowledge of seismology except for an early childhood watching my father as a wildcat oil driller advised by visiting geologists, I had no fear of visiting a volcano. Twenty years after my Taal visit, the 1965 eruption killed 200 people when the surges traveled across the lake with Strombolian-type activity of fountaining lava. More eruptions followed in 1968 and 69, and again in 1981, 1992, and 1999. The Philippine Institute of Volcanology and Seismology reports that the last geysering activity was in February 2000. The bucolic aspect of my 1945 visit may explain why I was also so unafraid even of the sight of belching but venerated Balinese volcano Mount Agung. After 120 years of slumber, Agung, part of the Indonesian Ring of Fire south of the Philippines, erupted seven years before my 1970 visit. Agung killed 1,6000 and left 86,000 homeless. Nevertheless, this "Navel of the World" remains sacred to Balinese. I wonder if there are parallels in Philippine mythology about Taal.

architecture of the Roman church, and its priests who carried the words of Jesus filtered and cherry-picked by history and many cultures. The Jesuits were expelled in 1768, as they were eschewed in France, Portugal and Spain, for educating indigenous colonial people to seek self-governance. Happily for me, the Jesuits were allowed to return in 1859 by Queen Isabella II. Otherwise, I might not have met a bright, young American Jesuit in 1945 in either Taytay or Antipolo, historic mission sites. I do not remember which of the towns I visited, but I found myself admiring a stone belfry, and walked into a courtyard to find a fellow countryman in a T-shirt appropriate to the tropical heat.

Like eating the head of a fish at Lake Taal, I rejoiced in the new experience of meeting a priest without a stereotypic collar. He was blond and muscular and welcoming when he offered me a cool bottle of *San Miguel*. He asked me where I was stationed, and seemed almost as unfamiliar as I was with the local geography for he had recently arrived. I detected a Chicago accent. I was still enjoying my wartime discovery of trying to figure out where my fellow soldiers came from by their speech. Such *ex cathedra* encounters made me realize that I was beginning to overcome my Southern apprehension about *papists*, not then aware that Jesuit initiatives and devotion to questioning have troubled centuries of popes. I remembered him the following year in Tokyo when I became a friend of the German Jesuit professors at Sophia University, and in 1954 when I taught a course on the anthropology of Japan at the Jesuit University of Fordham in New York.⁸

Laguna de Bay was full of protein-bearing fish and mollusks and plankton and a body of water essential to flood control and irrigation. It helped prepare me for a lifetime interest in the interplay of water with land use and nutrition from agriculture. Along its shores, I became aware of the riverine origins of civilization that began in Mesopotamia. The Pasig river flowing into Manila has its source in Laguna. It was once the water route for Chinese junks bringing their goods to the Tagalog nobles.

Baguio: Window on Rice Civilization

A dramatic geographic contrast to Laguna de Bay, was the sight of the famous terraced rice fields of Baguio. I managed to secure a free flight to the Philippine summer capital on an Air Corps plane to Clark Field, then with no idea of its history; established as early as 1903 as Fort Stotsenberg by the U.S. Army. The Japanese overran the field early in 1942 and was recaptured after three months of fierce fighting months before I arrived in 1945. The rice fields remained indifferent to warfare, though they and the paddies were to be disturbed by typhoons and volcanic ash from Mount Pinatubo in 1991. When I arrived there, I was mainly interested in seeing *indigenous personnel* and enjoying a respite from the Manila heat.

The Baguio rice fields serve me to this day as visual magnets for curiosity about the interplay of grain production and civilization around the globe. I had already admired the undulating contours of cornfields in Iowa as symbolized by Grant Wood's paintings, and felt close to maize through my love of corn on the cob and the wrappings of hot *tamale*. That

⁸ See "History of the Ateneo de Manila," *Wikipedia*, and "Philippine Manuscripts," The Newberry Library, Chicago, an extensive collection by Edward E. Ayer of Spanish and American Indian manuscripts documenting the early contacts between native peoples and Europeans. The documents include many references to the galleon trade between the Philippines and Mexico that had its genesis in the traders of Laguna de Bay.

Baguio weekend opened up a whole new world of exposure to rice as a way of life. Of course, I knew already the delights of Louisiana and Arkansas cultivated rice linked to *gumbo*, and the nutty flavors of wild rice gathered by the Chippewa and consumed by me in South Dakota with pheasant. The Philippines made me aware of what anthropologists and historians could do with using rice, corn and wheat to understand the evolution of whole civilizations.⁹

I met no Philippine rice farmers on that excursion, but thanks to what now would be called *airport art*, I returned to Alabang with a heavy, ebony-like sculpture of a male head that today occupies a prized space in my home library. If exhibited in, say, an *Antiques Road Show*, some specialist could recognize its ethnographic authenticity, and likely place it as a product of the Cordillera region comprised of the six provinces making up the ancestral domain of the Igorots, the rice-terracing people surrounding Baguio City. Who knows whether the fellow is an Ifugao, Bontoc or an Ibaloi? I still see him as an exotic fellow traveler that has followed me in my possessions for more than six decades. I have no name for him, but someday may know if I could correctly call him *Ipugo*, the origin of *Ifugao*, and a word that means earth people or mortals or humans, as distinguished from spirits and deities. I have read that *pugo* means hill. For the time being, I am certain that I found him on a mountainside, and that his facial expression corresponds to the way Igorot ethnic groups have been described: *peaceful agricultural people who have, by choice, retained most of their traditional culture, despite frequent contacts with other groups*. As a subjective romantic and not a scientist, I find in his face the serenity I associate with one of the photographs of sculptures I have long admired in a book on Angkor Wat.¹⁰

The Baguio weekend set the stage for later encounters with landscapes sculpted by human efforts to control Nature through the process of providing life-sustaining food.¹¹

⁹ I was to return to the Philippines in 1966 to visit the International Rice Research Institute (IRRI) at Los Baños, and learn more about rice as having fed more people over a longer period of time any other crop since beginning in China and then spreading to Sri Lanka, India, Africa, Southern Europe and then the New World. Thomas Jefferson became enchanted by rice he found in Italy, and smuggled some grains for attempted cultivation in Virginia. Visiting Madagascar in 1962, I had already reason to remember the Baguio terracing while reading up on the transition of wetland to dryland rice culture through Ralph Linton's 1933 book, *The Tanala: A Hill Tribe of Madagascar*. In 1971 in Indonesia, I experienced flashbacks again to Baguio's terraces while admiring the intricate landscape of Bali. My eventual 1950 Berkeley classmate, Harold C. Conklin, later a distinguished member of the Columbia and Yale faculties, spent his whole anthropological career focused on Philippine ethnobiology, ecology and shifting agriculture. A harvest of his writings is in the Conklin Collection at the Phoebe Hearst Museum in Berkeley.

¹⁰ Figure Number 150 in Bernard – Philippe Groslier's *Angkor: Hommes et Pierres* (Arthaud, Paris, 1956) is remindful of my Igorot sculpture because of closed, meditative eyes, a very faint smile, a broad nose, and long pendulants suspended from both ears. My Igorot has none of the traits I would surmise from the neighboring Isneg or Apayao who were headhunting slash-and-burn people turning from dry rice to wet-rice agriculture as well as growing coffee trees. Such retroactive curiosity about human groups only seen at a distance, or pursued in ethnographic papers, at best can be justified as sociological imagination or, as Margaret Mead would say, disciplined subjectivity. A sense of wonder is common to both the sciences and literature. At my early stages on the road to anthropology, I was behaving like any tourist bringing home souvenirs of his journey. I could not have anticipated that in 21st century studies of humankind and culture-contact would include a new specialty, the anthropology of tourism.

The three years I was soon to start spending in Japan were to become extensions of my awe at what rice farmers executed in the Philippines. Asian rice cultivation was imprinted visually as a point of comparison when I finally marveled at terracing in Machu Pichu. Ancient Peruvians discovered mini-eco-systems at different altitudes of mountainside terraces. How else to explain the fantastic variety of Andean potatoes? We North Americans are blessed by becoming the recipients of knowledge about the cultivation and consumption of rice, corn, wheat and potatoes- all *Seeds of Change*.¹²

Parenthetically, in retrospect, what cultural Philippine influences-dietary, architectural, medical, musical-are manifest in contemporary American life? When colonized, people seem to be surprised that they are changing the life lives and tastes of the colonizer, e.g. Indian curry in the UK, *couscous* in the French diet, and bay leave flavoring potatoes in the Netherlands after the Dutch left Indonesia. Spanish imperial culture absorbed Chinese influences in the Philippines where Spaniards adopted hand fans, hair combs and embroidered silk shawls and then circulated these artifacts throughout the world. A new area of inquiry could evolve around 21st century Philippine exports of doctors and nurses to care for their former colonial masters, or to serve as all kinds of mercenaries hired by Halliburton in *Operation Iraqi Freedom*. Such are the random thoughts intruding on remembering my first exposure to another national culture.

Apart from the lovely climate on the 1500-meter high plateau, I enjoyed a glimpse of the elegant summer residence of the Commonwealth period High Commissioner, originally conceived as the cool Fort John Hay get-away site for the American Governor-General, William Howard Taft. The house was where Japanese forces in the Philippines surrendered unconditionally to General Jonathan Wainwright of Bataan and Corregidor fame and to British General Sir Arthur Percival. Percival had been forced to surrender Singapore to General Tomoyuki Yamashita in 1942. General MacArthur, who practiced "sweet revenge," and well known for his sense of drama, chose Wainwright, still haggard from his captivity, as his personal emissary to the surrender.

Greek dramatists or Shakespeare might have invented the scenario. General Yamashita, who gave up his sword to the Allies, had been using the house as his headquarters and residence during the Japanese Occupation. He sat across the dining room table from Wainwright and Percival, watching the generals take up their pens to sign the documents. (At that time, I did not know the sociologist's term, *role reversal*). Just below the structure, Yamashita would have been well aware of the extensive escape tunnels the Japanese built as a precaution against Allied attack.

Carl Mydans, the famous LIFE photographer I was to meet later in Tokyo, photographed the ceremony on September 3, 1945. Philippine artist, Fernando Amorsolo, reproduced the picture in a large oil painting that, I am told, hangs over the fireplace in the

¹¹ A 1971 classic still deserving attention is William L. Thomas, Jr., ed., *Man's Role in Changing the Face of the Earth* (University of Chicago Press), a record of symposia organized by the Wenner-Gren Foundation for Anthropological Research, including ecological papers of 53 eminent scholars.

¹² Herman J. Viola and Carolyn Margolis edited a 1991 Smithsonian Press book by this title, published to commemorate a Smithsonian exhibition identifying the "great exchange" of foodstuffs and other commodities 500 years after the encounter of Columbus with the New World. Those exchanges included sugar, maize, potatoes, wine and disease.

living room of the residence. It remained perfectly centered after the 1990 earthquake that killed many and leveled hundreds of buildings in Baguio.

Rediscovering Manila: The Yamashita Trial

I regretted to give up the pine-scented air of the summer capital, and the pleasure of sleeping in the Asian equivalent of a Swiss chalet. Rice terraces, Igorot sculpture images, and the sight of the landmark residence¹³ were soon replaced by the dizzy buzz of polluted Manila as I re-connected with Chaplain Sayre. He invited me to go with him to the war crimes trial of the just-mentioned General Tomoyuki Yamashita (1885-1946), famous for conquering the British colonies of Singapore and Malaya, earning the name of “The Tiger of Malaya” as the Japanese swept into the Malayan peninsula from their bases in Thailand. From October 29 to December 7, 1945, an American military commission tried Yamashita for war crimes related to the “Manila Massacre.” I began to witness what was to become *The Yamashita Standard* regarding command responsibility in war. That doctrine of hierarchical accountability in cases of war crimes goes back to Sun Tzu’s *The Art of War* around 500 B.C., with several other noted cases in between.

The trial was conducted in the former residence of the High Commissioner, father of Chaplain Sayre, who had already inspected the battle-damaged portions of the house where he had spent some of his childhood. “Frank,” as the egalitarian chaplain asked me to call him, told me of his thrill at picking out of the rubble a book inscribed to him by his grandfather, Woodrow Wilson. With this personal link to American history, I felt I was about to witness another chapter, but without understanding all of its significance.

The Manila court was one response to a statement of opinion for the record by Mr. Justice Frank Murphy of the U.S. Supreme Court: “The significance of the issue facing the Court today cannot be overemphasized. An American military commission has been established to try a fallen military commander of a conquered nation for an alleged ear crime.” Murphy, who had served as American Governor General and later High Commissioner of the Philippines, took a passionate interest in the Yamashita case. With Justice Rutledge, he wrote stinging dissents to the Supreme Court’s decision (*Yamashita v. Styer*) to uphold the military court recommendation to execute the general.

A young U.S. captain assigned to defend the general, A. Frank Reel, eventually wrote a book, *The Case of General Yamashita*, in which he asked: “Was America’s first great war crimes trial a triumph of justice...or legalized revenge?”¹⁴ The case would become a topic of

¹³ The Embassy of the United States in Manila touts the Baguio residence today as “a site of enduring diplomatic, military, and cultural significance in American and Philippine history.” Though the advent of air-conditioning ended the formal transfer of the government to Baguio in summer, many leaders still use the city for working vacations. The annual post-Christmas reception at the residence highlights the calendar year with the Philippine president and cabinet members as guests.

¹⁴ In 1949, the University of Chicago Press marketed Reel’s memoir as: “Here is the story of an American cause celebre whose impact touched the lives of men the world over-of the spectacular rise and dramatic deconstruction of a famed commander-of an impassioned courtroom drama that came from the ruins of Manila to the lofty halls of the Supreme Court-and, most important, the story of a valiant battle for justice.” The back of his book cover features a single quote by Tom Paine: “He that would make his own liberty secure must guard even his enemy from oppression; for if he violates his duty, he establishes a precedent that will reach to himself.” A similar position

public reference decades later during debates over American military courts dealings with detainees of Guantanamo, an eerie coincidence. The U.S. acquired control of both the Philippines and Cuba's Guantanamo through the 1898 Spanish-American war. Legal jurisdictions, geography, and history produced ambiguities still unresolved. The June 29, 2006 U.S. Supreme Court decision on *Hamdan v. Rumsfeld* offered some temporary clarification on the legitimacy of military tribunals.

From Dewey Boulevard, later renamed Roxas, Frank Sayre and I approached the remnants of the simple Federal-style building built in 1940 on land reclaimed from Manila Bay. We took our seats in what was once the ballroom. The accused Japanese were brought down from cells that used to be bedrooms in the Sayre house. American guards with big, black MP letters on their white helmets stood silently behind General Yamashita who faced a microphone. The "Tiger of Malaya" looked nothing like a tiger. Under the bright lights, he blinked benignly, observing all around him and his fellow defendants.¹⁵ He wore a three-button uniform with symmetrical flapped pockets on each side. Above his left pocket I saw several rows of colorful battle decorations. The tips of the collar of an open white shirt nearly reached the Imperial Army insignia on his lapels. His hair was cropped short.

As witnesses to the gruesome details of his soldiers' brutality were called to the stand, Yamashita listened intently, as though in disbelief, but still showing only the restrained emotions of a strong believer in the Samurai code. It seems as though the whole courtroom was watching him during the reports of pregnant women being disemboweled by bayonets. He was being charged with *allowing* such to happen. He once commanded 262,000 troops in three groups, retreating to Northern Luzon after the Lingayen landing of the American Sixth Army. More than 100,000 Filipino citizens were murdered by the angered, retreating Japanese during fierce street fighting from February 4 to March 3. By the time Yamashita's army surrendered in September, his forces dwindled to less than 50,000. *The Manila*

was taken by two dissenters in the International Military Tribunal for the Far East in Tokyo in 1948, Justice Rolling of the Netherlands and Justice Pal of India, whom I came to know in 1948). The Yamashita trial continues to produce many references in literature on military history and law, including Yuki Tanaka's *Last Words of the Tiger of Malaya*, generated by the Hiroshima Peace Institute, and *The Defense of General Yamashita* by George F. Guy, the American major who took the death sentence on appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court and lost. The Yamashita case also figured in George P. Fletcher's spirited attack on the Bush military tribunals in "War and the Constitution," *The American Prospect*, January 2002. Yamashita's trial figures also in the novel by James Webb, *The Emperor's General* (Bantam Books, New York, 2000). Webb invents a fascinating narrative of the psychological aspects of how MacArthur and Yamashita perceived each other and dealt with their respective notions of military honor and the nuanced meaning of surrender.

¹⁵ Though I had seen enchained Japanese POWs in trucks the day I landed in Manila, I was, at first, more uneasy at being in such close proximity to the enemy. I remembered the strange feeling I had on a troop train in 1943 between Little Rock and Amarillo. The train had pulled out from the Shawnee depot water-stop ahead of schedule, and I had to run down the tracks to get back aboard. An MP angrily pulled me up to the rear platform, commanding me to walk straight ahead without looking right or left. My peripheral vision immediately revealed that my hitherto unknown fellow passengers were recently captured young sun-tanned German soldiers. They wore desert uniforms appropriate to the Afrika Corps. We were the same age. We were trained to kill each other. I felt a strange urge to want to talk with them. Yet, as their eyes became coldly Cycloptic while fixed on me, I rushed to get back to the right car, happy that eye contact was not forbidden among my own people. With Yamashita, I could look right at him and he at me.

Massacre helped the American conquerors, chiefly MacArthur, to push for speedy trial while memories were fresh.¹⁶ There was to be no *cold case*.

I have no memory of what the Rev. Sayre and I discussed about justice, the rule of law, revenge, reconciliation or forgiveness as we left those proceedings. I had not begun to think about the corollary of war crimes: war guilt. Only later, in Japan, did I face the *applied psycho-anthropology* challenge of trying to make the then 90 million Japanese take on collective guilt for *allowing* their Emperor and officials to make their pre-emptive strike at Pearl Harbor and the devastation that followed.

In my infantry training in Arkansas, indoctrination courses asked us to *know the enemy*, and to understand their motivation to fight. In 2006, once again at war, the Eugene Jarecki documentary film, *Why We Fight*, invoked the importance of the Frank Capra films I had seen in 1943 during my foxhole digging period. We learned that that Japanese were desperate for raw materials and felt deprived of access to them by the French, Australian, American and Dutch colonial powers. Nobody then suggested that our Commander in Chief, FDR, provoked the Japanese to attack us in order to provide a rationale for taking us to the war *that will live in infamy*. The rise of the Nazis at least was mentioned in the context of widespread unemployment after the humiliating loss of World War I and the festering discontent in the Weimar Republic. To understand history and motivation was seen as part of the armor of self-protection and warfare. Embracing the Native American metaphor, *walking in the other's moccasins*, does not invalidate the need to fight in self-defense. My British anthropologist friend, Geoffrey Gorer, always emphasized that *all human behavior can be understood*.

In retrospect, Yamashita needs to be understood also as a human being fit for a role in a tragedy from which Japan is still suffering from its unforgiving neighbors in China and Korea. Textbook revisions about Japan's wartime atrocities are still demanded as an antidote to Japan's official amnesia and denial, a few apologies notwithstanding. At least, I am now aware of Yamashita's personal life history as stuff for literature and drama. Perhaps that is a luxury due to distance from battle conditions? Without reference to the charges that led to his hanging, I now have learned that at age 31 he married the daughter of a Japanese general in 1916, that they had no children; he liked fishing and music, was deeply religious, and never learned to drive a car. In an interview with a defense lawyer, he predicted there would be no trouble for Americans in occupying Japan, and that Japanese and Americans would grow to like each other, atomic bombs notwithstanding.¹⁷

¹⁶ Reel's book on Yamashita (op. cit.) describes "speed as the keynote of the trial." From one thousand miles away in Tokyo, Supreme Commander MacArthur ordered speed and determined rules of evidence. Charged on September 25 as a war criminal Yamashita two weeks later was arraigned and served with a bill of sixty-four particulars, including murder, massacre, rape and pillage of innocent noncombatant civilians. Defense attorneys tried to prove that the general did not know of these occurrences. Prosecutors added fifty-nine new particulars, involving new sites and witnesses.

¹⁷ In his last words before his execution February 23, 1946, after climbing steps to the gallows, he praised the "good treatment and kindful attitude" of "your good natured officers who all the time protect me...I do not blame my executioner." He mentioned by name his defense lawyers: Clark, Feldhaus, Hendrix, Guy, Sandburg, Reel and Arnard. On the day he was sentenced to die, he presented as a gift to Major Guy his proud pair of black riding boots with spurs cast from gold.

Yamashita was age 59 and I age 22 when I saw him in the dock. Now into my 80s, I am fascinated by what he had experienced already by the time he, at age 59, was hanged in Los Baños after President Truman denied him clemency. Born in a small village in Shikoku, his military training took him into the War Ministry where he promoted an unsuccessful military reduction plan, and then he worked in defense attaché jobs in Berlin and Bern, eventually returning to Europe for clandestine military missions to Germany and Italy. In Europe, the Americans he met in the post World War I period fascinated him. At home, he was a maverick in the Japanese establishment, getting the cold shoulder from the army, earning disfavor from the Emperor for the compassion he took on rebel officers in 1936, and insisting on peace with China and good relations with the U.S. and Britain. He clashed with ultranationalist Prime Minister Hideki Tojo (1884-1948) over foreign policy. Now they are both united as spirits in the controversial Tokyo Yasukuni Shinto shrine for the Japanese war dead. Only a year apart in age, Tojo was able to live longer than Yamashita; the Tokyo war crimes trial was international, and less pressed for an immediate verdict. What strange fate for me that I was an observer of both trials. Both were pivotal events driving my lifelong interest in the distinction between *shame* and *guilt*.¹⁸

The Philippine Synthesis of East and West

Out of the courtroom, I plunged once again into an intense savoring of new experiences in a real cosmopolitan capital. I savored *won ton* and jasmine tea on Ongping Street, and watched the female faithful walking on their lacerated knees to seek succor from the Black Nazarene at Quiapo Cathedral. In what other city could I have imagined eating an ice-cream cone made of *carabao* milk? Before Manila in 1945, the biggest cities I knew were Oklahoma City, Tulsa, Dallas, Birmingham, Atlanta, New Orleans, St. Louis and Chicago. Even with all their New World attributes, I found Manila more awesome. The Pearl of the Orient flaunted a rich texture of contrasting civilizations. This was Asia, but it was also my first encounter with European culture as manifest in all-pervasive Roman Catholicism and architecture. I was still finding daily evidence that Iberian institutions had been embedded and adapted here for generations. The *arrivist* American culture had produced no signs of eclipsing Spanish survivals. Admiral Dewey's battleship was only 53 years earlier than my *Leonard Wood*. Empires come and go. Some, like old soldiers, do not fade quickly.

Though sweating and sometimes unable to find a chow line, I used my infantry legs for much walking to see all I could of the city, especially the old quarters.

In 1570, Spaniards started building the Intramuros, the walled city on the Pasig. Concealed behind its fortress-like barriers I found the so-called *Mother of All Churches: San Agustin*, burial place of Miguel Lopez de Legaspi, founder of Manila. A lonely belltower of the war-damaged church drew me to it like a lighthouse luring a ship. I sketched it with a soft pencil on drawing paper. (It was especially impressive for me because the Catholic Church in heavily Protestant Holdenville, my first contact with the Romans, was a simple white wooden structure, modest and meek compared to the neo-Gothic and neo-Corinthian establishment temples of the Baptists and Methodists.) For Christmas, 1984, I framed my San Agustin

¹⁸ Ruth Benedict's classic *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword: Patterns of Japanese Culture* (Houghton Mifflin, 1946) featured that distinction and continues to prompt speculation about the religious and cultural underpinnings of guilt and shame, as well as how different cultures handle obligations and reciprocity.

sketch for my son, Harris, with a note, “a gift from an aging soldier as a reminder of years of shared pleasures at seeing buildings, sacred and profane, pretentious and simple, ugly and beautiful.” Drawing reinforces memory more than clicking a camera. I can still *see* the tufts of grass peeping out of the weathered Augustinian balustrades. They were reminders that birds and wind carry seeds in war and peace.

I had not then learned the anthropologist’s words *acculturation*, *syncretism*, *selective perception* or *cultural diffusion*, but I did not need these rubrics to wonder about the process that generated what I was seeing on the streets of Manila. I was yet to visit Spain to view the prototypes of colonial church architecture that enthralled me. When I finally reached Toledo in 1954, I realized the originality of the Philippine churches; they were not slavish imitations.¹⁹ I owe to my Manila exposure an enduring embrace of architectural history as essential to the anthropological narrative.

On frequent visits to the USO for coffee and doughnuts, I was drawn not only to the architecture but the chance to observe behavior totally new to me. The Minor Basilica in Quiapo was where I saw the faithful, mainly women, walking on hard stones with their arms outstretched to the heavens. What a contrast to upright, non-kneeling American Protestants sitting in their pews sipping grape juice as a sacrament to sacrifice. These Manila true believers had no fear of bloody knees as they became pilgrims to touch and pray before *Nuestro Padre Jesus Nazareno*. Walking upright, I followed some into the dark interior to behold the *Black Nazarene*, a life-sized, dark-skinned statue of Jesus Christ. A friar brought the statue from Mexico in 1601. Its sculptor was an Aztec carpenter who followed the same livelihood as Jesus.

I was enthralled by the need of the faithful for tactility as an approach to the mystical power of an inanimate object. I followed their example by touching the well-rubbed feet of the Nazarene. Flickering votive candles brought enough light to see them. I was then already *culturally relaxed* enough to escape fear of germs from generations of sick people seeking cures. While I did not expect a miracle and did not pray for one, I admired those who did. I regret that I was already bound for Japan on January 9 when the statue was placed, as always, on a gilded carriage and pulled through the streets of Quiapo by maroon-clad male devotees. At this largest festival of the year in the Philippines, people throw towels to the guards of the statue and ask them to do rubbings. These *spiritually hot* towels then carry healing power to be carried home. Pius VII in the 19th century granted indulgence to those who pray before this pigmented image of the god-man. His image is still powerful to *people of color*. I later was to discover Japanese versions of the Holy Family with epicanthic folds. People domesticate images in their own likeness.

In another part of Manila, close to the house where I dined with the intellectuals, I made various return visits to another symbol of East-West fusion: the magnificent San Sebastian church. It postdated the Spanish churches for its centennial was as recently as Asia,

¹⁹ San Agustin was at least two degrees of separation from Spain, for it was inspired by Augustinian churches in Mexico where adaptations had already occurred to fit different weather and stones. Philippine churches often were supported by enormous solid buttresses. See *Sacred Homes of the Ekklesia: The Colonial Churches of the Philippines*, and this assessment: “Geographic location, climate, materials, and the spontaneous and improvisational attitude of the Filipinos created architecture that was unique from Western architectural idioms...the indigenized styles are correct in their own setting...(they) hardly impersonate European or Mexican models; instead they seem to charm each other.” One façade featured a heroic tropical palm tree sculpted above the entrance.

and the second in the world after the Eiffel Tower.” The Belgians rather than the Spanish were its builders. The pieces were crafted in Brussels and assembled in Manila with its pointed Gothic twin towers piercing the sky. The 50,000 tons of steel were shipped in six ships. I had no idea that the designer of metal aspects of the structure was Gustav Eiffel.²⁰

So two architectural aspects of European civilization was becoming visible to me in Manila: 16th century Spanish and 19th century Belgian, both glued together by imported Catholicism. The Bourbon King Charles V conquered the Low Countries and left Spanish influences there. Now I was beholding a Belgian Gothic structure adding to Manila’s eclecticism. Inside, I found the same fierce and intense devotion to the crucified Christ that I identified at the Quiapo Basilica. Craftsmen were making religious devotional artifacts on the premises. A very *Spanish* version of the Christ figure—a haunting, tortured face with half-closed eyes, thirsty open mouth, an abrasion on the left cheek below a realistic, prickly crown of thorns—was sold to this soldier for a few pesos. It has followed me along with the Igorot head in all my domiciles since. In more than six decades of handling and rubbing by believers *and* pagans, the Christ icon has darkened so that I now possess a *black Nazarene* of my own. Carved on the back of the oval hardwood plaque is: “Made by S.T. Santos, 521 Zurbaran, Manila, Philippines, 1945.”

Music was another vital part of both religious and secular cultures I found in Manila. I had played the clarinet in my high school band, and had seen only one opera in my life, Mozart’s *The Magic Flute*, while on a weekend pass to Chicago. Manila became my window on the big world of European music. I had few opportunities to experience pre-Western music that now is a mainstay of scholarship in *ethno-musicology*. It was not until 1956 that the *Bayanihan* National Folk Dance Company was founded and now enjoys global audiences for its fusion of dance, costume and song. So I took advantage of imported Italian opera. Given my provincial upbringing, Gaetano Donizetti’s *Lucia di Lammermoor* proved as exotic as Philippine *sanghiyang* music used in trance rituals.

In the sultry Manila Metropolitan Theatre, I found a seat close enough to the stage to see the ladies of the chorus perspiring in Victorian velvet, seated on wicker chairs, slowly fanning themselves. Their gestures were those I identified as body language of real life Manila ladies I had seen smoking little cigars on their verandahs. They made no effort to play like the Ravenswood ladies in the Sir Walter Scott novel that inspired Donizetti. Somehow, this insistence on local ways of fanning has remained more etched in my memory than the celebrated *bel canto* made scene performed by local opera singers. I failed to connect Scottish family feuds as having any resonance with historical Philippine clan fights, though Philippine opera buffs probably did.²¹

²⁰ The spread of Western technology to Asia was becoming a vital part of modernization in both the Philippines and Meiji Japan. It was long after I first climbed to the top of the Eiffel tower in Paris that I found his traces also in a steel structure, Casa de Fierro, in Iquitos, Peru. It was designed for the 1889 Paris Exposition. Eiffel’s earlier work at bridge building is explained in *The Statue of Liberty Revisited: The Making of a Universal Symbol* (Washington: Smithsonian Press, 1989) edited by Wilton S. Dillon and Neil G. Kotler.

²¹ Whatever the physical setting for opera, the art flourished with local color after I left. The coloratura singer Fides Asensio, who was only 14 when I was there, later sang the role of Lucia and the produced the Philippine opera, *Mayo Bisperas ng Liwang* to celebrate the country’s centennial in 1992. It was staged also in Aberdeen in Scotland. Lucia di Lamermoor had come full circle.

If music is art and entertainment, a social construct, a language, or *organized sound*, I found music in 1945 Manila all of these. The Manila Symphony under the baton of Dr. Herbert Zipper became a symbol of reconstruction, a source of building morale, and a forum for the fusion of Euro-American and Asian cultures. We soldiers enjoyed American popular music brought to our camps by USO, but some of us also were eager for seats at the Manila Symphony to watch a dynamic conductor who had survived Dachau and Buchenwald. The extent of the Holocaust was little known to us in 1945. And we were unaware that the Philippines (particularly Mindanao) had once been promoted as a site for colonization by Jewish refugees from Europe.²² We found world history, tragedy, and glamour intertwined in the ruins as we watched the white-jacketed, graceful 41-year-old Dr. Zipper caress magnificent sounds from the Filipino musicians.

Zipper seemed a funny name at first. Its novelty wore off as we learned more about his daring. When the Nazis invaded his native Austria in 1938, he was sent first to the Dachau concentration camp. He recruited fellow inmates from the Vienna and Munich orchestras to give secret concerts to lift morale of other prisoners. Transferred to Buchenwald, he was rescued when his family bribed an official in the Guatemala consulate for a Guatemalan visa. That found him in Paris, and soon to Manila as Kapellmeister of the Manila Symphony—just in time for the Japanese to intern him in Santo Tomas with other foreigners. Liberated in 1945, Zipper reassembled the symphony for concerts in a ruined church and launched a series of public performances that attracted audiences to which I contributed some diversity.

The buzz about Zipper extended to his talented wife, Trudl Dubsky Zipper, a leader of the Manila ballet.²³ Eager to interview her for the *Philippine-American Magazine*, I hired a horse-drawn, two-wheeled carriage (like the surrey with a fringe on the top), and found her in their shuttered Manila house in an intact neighborhood where she had her dance studio. She was animated, vivacious and eager to tell me of her plans to stage a ballet set to the music of Moussourgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition* and *Night on Bald Mountain*. I managed to be there for the opening, awed by sights and sounds I had never experienced in provincial America. It was then that I became aware of differences in human anatomy that resist exact imitations of Russian or European prototype dancers. Beauty of movement need not be confined to long, slender legs.²⁴

²² A fascinating account of Jews in the Philippines is found in the February 2005 research papers of Boonie Harris, graduate student, University of California Santa Barbara, Cantor Joseph Cysner: *From Zbaszyn to Manila-The Creation of an American Holocaust Haven*. From her, I discovered more background about the same Paul McNutt, whom I had met in Malacanang. He had actively sought, as pre-war High Commissioner, ways of bringing Jewish refugees to the Philippines. He found loopholes in the restrictive U.S. Immigration Laws of 1921 and 1924. The Philippine government was free to write its own immigration laws until 1940, so he encouraged the arrival of German Jews, at first those from Shanghai who were escaping from the Japanese Occupation.

²³ She founded the Manila Ballet Moderne, building upon a Western dance culture that included 1915-16 performances by Paul Nijinsky when Manila became a part of the international circuit. Long before the pivotal Zipper epoch, Manila audiences also saw Isadora Duncan, Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn. Trudl Dubsky Zipper was versatile enough to direct the opera *Carmen* in Tagalog. See Basilio Esteban S. Villaruz, *Philippine Dance in the American Period*, a report of NCCA, the National Commission on Culture and the Arts.

²⁴ Herbert and Trudl Zipper became U.S. citizens in 1952 where he became a pioneer in music education as the father of the community arts school movement with a focus on inner city

Looking back at that period, I now realize that I was very early learning to regard culture in the fine arts sense as one part of *culture* in the anthropological sense.²⁵ Labeling is a moveable feast.

In the seamless web of culture in both senses, I could not suppress my curiosity about universities as carriers of ancient and modern cultures. In Sioux Falls, I audited off-duty philosophy courses at Lutheran College, Augustana, where I learned the word *transubstantiation*. What new concept could I learn at Santa Tomas²⁶ protected by the Church against which Luther had hammered his protests on cathedral doors? I was not interested so much in the Protestant Reformation as in having a taste of medieval Spanish culture, alive and well in Manila. I was well rewarded by finding an auditor's permit for lectures on Saint Thomas Aquinas by a dark-robed priest-professor who personified the *zeitgeist* I sought. I was eager to learn about the ideas of the foremost Dominican theologian I first heard discussed by students during a weekend visit to the Great Books-oriented University of Chicago the year before. Goya and Fra Angelico would have liked him for a subject. I sat close to him on the front row of the classroom where, surely, American and European prisoners had been kept during the university's recent service as a Japanese concentration camp. University real estate must be adaptable. I found *spooky* the sudden switches from a university to a prison and a university once again.

Though I have no notes from his lectures, I cherish the *emotional* and less cognitive aspects of exposure to a human being who seemed to have *lived* in the 12th century. I do not believe I would like to have lived then. Yet, my attraction for the Middle Ages endured for years through a strange form of time warping. The priest's big, unsmiling, *pontifical* aura, transporting a whiff of Spanish absolutism,²⁷ gnawed on me and inspired my first visit to Spain in 1954. He had the air of certainty that did not welcome dissent. In those days of Franco, I kept remembering him as a ghost from Manila. His image also kept recurring when finally at Berkley I enrolled in a course on medieval history and tackled *summa theologica*. Brief encounters have strange staying power.

Far removed from vestiges of medieval Spain was the presence in Manila of a carrier of the consequences of Henry VII who broke with the Church of Rome but could not damage claims of *apostolic succession*. An American, The Rt. Rev. Norman Spencer Binsted, Bishop of the Episcopal Mission of St. Mary of the Virgin of the Philippines, provided me with another brief encounter that has stayed in memory. He remains as a personal example of

children. He died in 1997 in Los Angeles just before his 93rd birthday. He was another example of the enrichment of American culture by refugees from Hitler, an epoch symbolized by Albert Einstein. See Carla M. Borden, ed., *The Muses Flee Hitler*, (Washington, D.C.: Smithsonian Press, 1981)

²⁵ Edward B. Tylor (1832-1917) wrote this much quoted definition of culture: "The complex whole which include knowledge, belief, art, morals, law, custom, and any other capabilities and habits acquired by man." See *An Introduction to the Study of Man and Civilization*, (New York: D. Appleton, 1909)

²⁶ The university, founded in 1611, was 25 years old when Harvard was created as another colonial institution in 1636. It is the largest Catholic university in the world on one campus.

²⁷ See Charles F. Gallagher, "Spanish Absolutism," in Robert S. Peck, ed., *To Govern a Changing Society*, (Washington: Smithsonian Press, 1990)

historic European events that were playing out in Asia. Chaplain Sayre suggested that I might want to interview him about the Japanese as his friends and captors.

In July 8, 1944, the Japanese seized the Anglican Cathedral just after his internment at Santo Tomas and Los Baños. On a wartime exchange, Binsted had joined Ambassador Joseph C. Grew and others on the *S.S. Gripsholm* chartered by the Swedish Red Cross to bring diplomats and other expatriates home. The Bishop returned to Manila after the end of hostilities to re-start his mission on build a new cathedral to replace the one destroyed.²⁸ He sought out Filipinos to replace foreign clergy and make the church autonomous.

I remember his white hair and ecclesiastical purple, as well as his stories about his capture. An English-speaking Japanese officer politely knocked at his parish door and revealed himself as a former student at St. Paul's University (*Rikkyo*), an Episcopal institution in Tokyo. Binsted was known to Japanese Anglicans as the Bishop of Tohoku, an assignment preceding his seat in Manila. The Japanese army politely placed him under house arrest, addressing him with honorifics appropriate for a revered professor (*sensei*) or religious figure. Such civility ended as the war intensified, and the bishop became a prisoner of war while the Japanese conquerors tried to ingratiate themselves with uncaptured Christians.²⁹

Surely, I was beginning to be aware of the vast differences in style, substance, costuming, and political and *cosmic* support of clerics within the Christian community geographically far removed from Nazareth. Binsted and the Santo Tomas priest were a study in contrasts. The Romans and Anglicans are joined at an ecclesiastical hip. Yet, in Manila, despite similar liturgies, they seemed to belong to different universes.

Rudyard Kipling's famous *Ballad of East and West* suggested that *never the twain should meet till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat*. Non judgmental anthropologists and historians still could use the Philippine case to argue that East and West indeed *have* met.³⁰ Did a *synthesis* occur? I do not know. The Ottomans and Romans ruled vast territories for centuries and left permanent marks without destroying distinctive traits of

²⁸ Binsted's mission had links with the Philippine Independent Church (Iglesia Filipina Independente), a Christian denomination of the Catholic tradition in the form of a national church. Filipino nationalism at the end of the 19th century emerged along with similar movements in British India, French Indochina and some Latin American countries divorcing themselves from Spain. Today, the Independent Church is affiliated with the Old Catholics and Anglican Communion and make up 3% of the total population, while 83% remain Roman.

²⁹ Sophia University in Tokyo, founded by Jesuits, and the International Christian University in Tokyo, have convened conferences on how religion and music played a vital role in Japanese propaganda efforts to engage Philippine Catholics during their 1941-45 Occupation. The Japanese Catholic Unit of their military administration promoted the memory of Lord Ukon Takayama, a Catholic martyr exiled to the Philippines for refusing to renounce his faith. He died in 1615. Masses were celebrated in his honor. See *Proceedings of Asian Studies Conference* Japan June 22-23, 2002.

³⁰ In 1992, much of the world commemorated the 500th anniversary of the New World voyage of Columbus. Because the indigenes objected to the word discover, the contact was described as Columbus's encounter with the Americas. A more recent play on words was contained in the October 12, 2006 award of the Nobel Prize for literature to the Columbia University-based, Zola-influenced Turkish writer, Orhan Pamuk, for his contribution to "new symbols for the clash and interlacing of cultures." Pamuk admitted that his metaphor of bridges between East and West was tired, but I would agree that it still serves well when symbolizing the bridge crossing the Bosphorus in his native Istanbul. Most societies have such bridges to be crossed.

the original inhabitants. Carried by war to a strange land, I had no tools for divining the mix of heterogeneous cultural elements making up the Philippine *nation*. What impressed me the most in 1945 was the unifying Spanish heritage stretched over the basic Southeast Asian cultures. Before 1521, the archipelago was divided into separate tribes or clans with ethnolinguistic markers. That is why this charming and complex part of the world is still being studied by Philippine and foreign scholars to discover degrees of influence of globalization. The kinship and clan ties disturbing the stability of Gloria Macapagal-Arroyo's government suggest some durability of atavistic social groups outlasting the Spanish and American occupations. Intellectuals in colonized societies are busy discovering or inventing life before the conquest.³¹

(If cultural synthesis means cultural integration-cum-homogeneity, I presume the Philippines would remain forever in contrast to, say, tightly-knit, Bali, Finland or a totalitarian North Korea. If nations have basic personalities and life cycles like individual humans, is it possible that they can compartmentalize some contradictory traits, and leave human plasticity to explain those mysteries?)

As the United States now is facing an unprecedented influx of Spanish-speaking immigrants, and Great Britain and France trying to assimilate Moslem populations, the West is now a laboratory for understanding new forms of non-state *conquest* with far-reaching implications for reshaping *self-image* and *national identity*. For the U.S., we might benefit by learning more of the history of the Spanish empire as a counterpoint to our own as *Pax Americana* has embraced most of the globe and threatens to militarize space. Spain lost the war in 1898, but her global imprint continues to grow. The Spanish example is manifest in the Museum of Spanish Colonial Art in Santa Fe, New Mexico. The 2002 institution claims to "be devoted to the first truly global culture" with Spanish colonies spreading across four continents and five centuries. The keynote exhibition, *Conexiones: Connections in Spanish Colonial Art*, is prefaced by this statement:

Between 1519, when its forces entered Mexico, and in 1565, when it wrested control of the Philippines, Spain achieved an empire that truly spanned the world...Wherever they went, the Spaniards transplanted their religion, art and architecture, along with crops, livestock and tools of daily life. The result was the first global culture: unified through trade routes that stretched from Manila to Madrid, enlivened by influences from every country within its domain...(tracing) human interactions that have run through his culture: from the late Middle Ages to the present day, from Spain to Asia, from New Mexico to the tip of South America.

What we can learn from our own experience with empire should include a re-reading of Kipling's hymn to U.S. imperialism. In 1899, he wrote *The White Man's Burden: The United States and the Philippine Islands* that resonated well with Theodore Roosevelt, but became a euphemism that moved anti-imperialists to oppose expansionism. A snippet from the poem has an uncanny ring today:

*Take up the White Man's burden
Send forth the best ye breed—
Go send your sons to exile*

³¹ See Carla M. Borden, *Contemporary Indian Tradition* (Washington: Smithsonian Press).

*To serve your captives' need
 To wait in heavy harness
 On fluttered folk and wild—
 Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
 Half devil and half child
 Take up the White Man's burden
 In patience to abide
 To veil the threat of terror
 And check the show of pride...*³²

Adios, Pearl

My heady, wonderful, life-transforming months in the waning of 1945 were about to close. While eating turkey at my home squadron mess on Thanksgiving—a far happier experience than chow aboard the *Leonard Wood*—I picked up the rumor that we would be shipping out to Tokyo toward the end of December. The Air Corps had found my lost records. I suffered mixed feelings. Manila was now my new *hometown* and I did not want to leave. Still, I had waited the whole war to see Japan and finally here was the chance. I was forced to abandon all the play-acting as a *foreign correspondent* and revert to the manual labor of soldiering.³³

A lieutenant ordered me to report for duty at Manila harbor to help load provisions on an amphibious assault ship known as LSD (Landing Ship Dock).³⁴ I have never learned her name, but I was soon to be familiar with her innards while operating a forklift. That was more challenging than loading and shooting an M-1 rifle. My skills at operating a multi-gear machine were handicapped by my urgent coping with a robust case of *diarrhea*. Weak and wobbly, I endured a nightmare still more tolerable than facing live ammunition. I consoled myself by praising the technology that replaced my service as a stevedore. Besides, it was good for me to learn about the marine side of military service, for I had trained in Tuscaloosa for Coast Guard ROTC out of a desire to get near the water. Little did I know how much water I was soon to see.

³² See *Rudyard Kipling's Verse: Definitive Edition* (Garden City, New York: Doubleday, 1929) as well as Michael Mandelbaum's *The Case for Goliath: How America Acts as the World's Government in the 21st Century* (New York: Public Affairs, 2005). Kipling was prescient.

³³ I was realizing that I would soon be a veteran without ever having heard a shot fired in anger. My father was a Veteran of Foreign Wars and a commander of the American Legion post. Somehow, I felt privileged to have served-and survived. Thus it was easy for me to disclaim special privileges in post-war America. At the USO, I attended meetings of the American Veterans Committee (A.V.C.) whose motto was Americans First, Veterans Second. While discovering another culture overseas, I enjoyed participation in Tocqueville's America and our unique embrace of voluntary associations, the stuff of civil society. I learned later that I was in the good company of Charles Bolte, Gilbert Harrison, F.D. Roosevelt, Jr., Burgess Meredith, Harold Stassen, William Holden and, yes, Ronald Reagan who were early members of the A.V.C.

³⁴ These hybrid vessels, first conceived in 1941, morphed as the war progressed into versatile ships that lowered the stern gate to the sea in order for craft and vehicles to assault a hostile beach. Once a beachhead was established, they acted as offshore repair docks for damaged ships. No two LSDs of WWII design were exactly alike because of their adaptable portable prefab decks.

Two days before Christmas, with no fanfare, we sailed at night. We crammed our duffelbags into wall lockers. Several of us veterans from *The Leonard Wood* celebrated the newness of the vessel and the breathing space between the hanging cots. The South China Sea at first seemed little different from the Pacific we had crossed in September. With no warning, we found our flat-bottomed LSD lifted totally out of the water. A typhoon of biblical proportions exposed us to my first exposure to *The Perfect Storm*. Walls of water as high as a three-story building swept our flat-bottomed ship aloft only to come crashing down.³⁵ A coil of rope on our wall locker fell and killed a dog mascot belonging to one of our crew.

I dared to venture on the deck. The canine corpse, wrapped in a towel, was destined for a proper burial at sea. His bereaved sailor owner staggered against the gale to throw him to the tempest. That ritual done, I stayed on deck, mesmerized by the violence of Nature. Retreating to an alcove for protection, I found another airman who seemed to be in a trance. The assault of seawater on his face found him with a slight receptive smile. I once knew his name, and now I can only recall that this blond soldier from Nebraska told me he was a Rosicrucian. He was serene before the storm. I knew nothing of the occult or the mystical that gave him his sense of security. He became a new instance in a larger case of people in William James's *Varieties of Religious Experience*. The Santo Tomas priest and the Anglican bishop were his most immediate precursors in meeting men of faith.

Christmas dinner in the storm became a wild struggle. The mess was a real mess of broken dishes washing around our feet as the LSD tossed and rolled. We gripped inside railings to grope our way back to our beds to strap ourselves in. A scratchy loudspeaker, *Now hear this*, urged us to take safety.

Suddenly, a temporary respite gave us another loudspeaker invitation to come to the well deck to see a Christmas Day *matinee* movie. The typhoon was taking a recess, though the waves were still alternating mountains. We took seats in the big lifeboats flanking the deck designed for amphibious war machines. Miraculously, nobody was seasick. That was all the better for whistling and shouting when the projector served up that incredible 1944 Hitchcock movie, *Lifeboat*. The coincidence was beyond our wildest notions of statistical probability.

Tallulah Bankhead,³⁶ well-coiffed, mink-draped, cross-legged and smoking with a cigarette holder, sits serenely in her own lifeboat in the first scene of the film. She has just been torpedoed by a German U-boat captained by a Nazi, played by Walter Slezak. Six men and three women act out a story of John Steinbeck in a screenplay by Jo Swerling. William Bendix, John Hodiak and Hume Cronyn play the male passengers until they are joined by Slezak, the U-boat captain who has, by this time, himself been a torpedo target from the American ship he has just attacked. I can still see his hands gripping the side of the boat as he pulls himself aboard. Tallulah knows German and eventually serves as a translator as Slezak eventually takes command of the lifeboat. Hitchcock mixed libido and national stereotypes to

³⁵ The violence of the Christmas typhoon of 1945 off Okinawa is mentioned in various diaries of military personnel, as well as one just a year earlier when the USS Washington was impaled. In Houston 50 years later, I talked with a businessman, Stewart Morris, Sr., who told me that storm was more frightening than battles in which he had fought as a Seabee.

³⁶ As a student at the University of Alabama, I was daily exposed to the Bankhead name attached to buildings and to the leading hotel in Birmingham. Southern aristocracy allowed for some members to go into show business. I eventually made a pilgrimage to her birthplace in Huntsville.

produce an unforgettable drama that pops into mind each time I hear about a far-away typhoon or hurricane.

Some of us passengers on the anonymous LSD were wondering if the Japanese Sun Goddess Amaterasu protected the last hours of our voyage as we prepared to anchor in the calm harbor of Yokohama.³⁷ Instead of Admiral Dewey in Manila, we would soon learn more about Commodore Perry and his black ships that preceded us in 1852 to open up Japan for trade with the West. What Perry set into motion set the stage for this newest chapter of the movement of troops under the *American Caesar*.

³⁷ The mythological creator of Japan had sibling rivalry with a brother, Susano-O, an impetuous creature, the storm god, who loved to move quickly, creating noise wherever he went. Amaterasu won out this time and calmed his stormy seas to allow us to go ashore.