

# RECIPES FOR REVISION

## Digesting American Empire in the Philippines via Filipina Literature in Spanish

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### Abstract

This essay investigates the intersections of American empire and American feminism via literature by Filipinas in Spanish. Texts written in Manila by hispanophone Filipinas who were also American subjects and American nationals present a defamiliarizing phenomenon that casts anew standard historical-literary accounts of the 20<sup>th</sup> century United States. The literary output of Maria Paz Zamora, for instance, reveals an America that emerges on shores not commonly taken to be American at all and yet are more indicative, arguably, of the modern United States than any other. Paz Zamora was the first Asian woman to produce a short story collection in Spanish (*Mi obolo*, 1924), the co-author of a bilingual cookbook (*Everyday Cookery for the Home*, 1930 and 1934), and the only Filipina known to have published a World War II memoir in Spanish. Like all Filipinos during the American colonization of the archipelago, however, Paz Zamora was also an American subject designated by the United States as an American national. This essay analyzes her oeuvre within the contexts of early Filipina literature in general and within the gender politics of the Spanish-language press in Manila of her day, but argues ultimately that a principal reason for studying her is to seek a globalized revision of what has been, ever since 1898, a globalized America.

### Keywords

*El Debate*, Guillermo Gómez Windham, José Rizal, Maria Paz Zamora Mascuñana, Pedro Paterno, Sofia Reyes de Veyra

**About the Author**

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What might be gained by reading the intersection of American empire and American feminism from the Spanish-speaking Philippines? Texts written in Manila by hispanophone Filipinas who were both American subjects and American nationals present a defamiliarizing phenomenon that casts anew standard historical-literary accounts of the 20<sup>th</sup> century United States that stretch from Theodore Roosevelt to Gertrude Stein to Douglas MacArthur and beyond. The literary output of Maria Paz Zamora, for instance, reveals an America that emerges on shores not commonly taken to be American at all and yet are more indicative, arguably, of the modern United States than any other. Paz Zamora was the first Asian woman to produce a short story collection in Spanish (*Mi obolo*, 1924), the co-author of a bilingual cookbook (*Everyday Cookery for the Home*, 1930 and 1934), and the only Filipina known to have published a World War II memoir in Spanish.<sup>1</sup> Like all Filipinos during the American colonization of the archipelago, Paz Zamora was also an American subject designated by the United States as an American national.<sup>2</sup> Therefore, notwithstanding her writing from Manila and in Spanish, Paz Zamora wrote from America and as an American. Her version of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, her stories of the American flag and her recipes for corned beef, along with her tales of ancient Filipino peasants and modern Filipino urchins, not to mention her rendering of the ravages of 1945, are as American as anything else. If imperial studies usually take men and phallic endeavors (invasions, occupations, appropriations, exploitations) as their focus, if feminist cultural studies typically examine the roles of American women either domestically or in Western capitals such as Paris, then analysis of the oeuvre of Maria Paz Zamora is requisite for a globalized revision of what has been, ever since 1898, a globalized America.

The United States arrived in the Philippines that seminal year and grabbed the archipelago from a Spanish colonial regime already reeling from a Filipino revolution. It took half a decade and a quarter million dead Filipinos for the United States to establish definitively its military and political supremacy. The chronology and details of this macro sequence are intricate but the net result is clear: the United States, a regional and fissiparous power that had never been more than a bit player in worldwide imperial politics, now appeared at the turn of the 20<sup>th</sup> century as an outwardly mobile force with antipodal aims. The sun would never set on American military positions from that moment forward. That is why the Philippines would prove pivotal and prefigurative of the century ahead and why the seemingly marginal and shifting texts of Maria Paz Zamora are in fact foundational and consistent. All the ways she does not fit into familiar narratives of 20<sup>th</sup> century America—her childhood as a colonial Spanish subject, her groundbreaking short stories in the 1920s, her contributions to the Manila-based *Woman's Home Journal* in the 1930s, her hispanophone account of the American reconquest of the Philippines in the 1940s—are all the ways those narratives are wrong.

It is not a matter of those narratives merely being incomplete without Paz Zamora, for the vantages of her successive subjectivities reset their basic frames. Reading the United States from the Philippines, and in particular via Spanish, the European tongue that testifies that the 1898 landgrab emerged in an intra-imperial context, alters the normative parameters of American Studies. Paz Zamora and her literature turn out to be synecdochical to the vicissitudes of a century of American culture and power, representative and definitive of that century despite apparently being such an outlier as to be unrepresentative and undefinitive of anything at all. To be sure, in the last score of years, a number of prominent Americanists have produced significant scholarship on the American colonial period in the Philippines. Few of them, however, have interrogated the arts produced by Filipinos in that same epoch, notwithstanding the intrinsic epistemological importance of culture created by colonized peoples. And fewer Americanists still have looked at Filipino literature produced in Spanish, the erstwhile imperial language of the islands and lingua franca of the archipelagic elite. No Americanist has read the oeuvre of Maria Paz Zamora.

The estrangements of her work extend too throughout Philippine landscapes, memories and accounts. Prior to Spanish colonization in the 16<sup>th</sup> century, no linguistic medium linked the seven thousand islands of the archipelago and their hundreds of languages and dialects. Yet the centuries of Spanish power did not result in a common tongue originating from abroad either, for that regime restricted the spread of its language among Filipinos. Compared to the literary trajectory of Latin America, therefore, it was a notably belated moment when two elite Filipino men, writing in Europe, published the first Filipino novels in Spanish (or in any language), namely Pedro Paterno with *Ninay* in 1885 and José Rizal with *Noli me tangere* in 1887. When Maria Paz Zamora was born in the Philippines the following year, there was no precedent for a Filipina who produced and published secular fiction.

To be sure, the history of texts published by Filipinas during the long Spanish colonial period is thin in general.<sup>3</sup> The first book published by a Filipina, according to Luciano P.R. Santiago, appeared around 1844 and consisted mostly of “daily prayers and other forms of religious devotion translated from Spanish” into Kapampangan, a Filipino vernacular that was the native language of the translator, Luisa Gonzaga de León (“Doña” 358).<sup>4</sup> Shortly thereafter, Remigia Salazar launched an extraordinary run as “the first and only successful woman publisher and owner of a printing press in Manila in the nineteenth century” (Santiago, “Flowering” 574-76). She published religious books in Hiligaynon and Tagalog, possibly including a novena that she herself translated into the former, and from 1846 to 1850 also “published the first daily newspaper in the Philippines” (Santiago, “Flowering” 575-76). Around 1860 and thereafter, the two women published long fictional narratives

in mainstream Tagalog poetic forms, but the first Filipinas to produce truly secular works in Spanish were Leona Florentino y Florentino, a poet and playwright who died in 1884, and Dolores Paterno y Devera Ignacio, a composer and lyricist who published a song in 1880 that became famous and who died very young the next year (Santiago, “Flowering” 576-80, 585).<sup>5</sup>

After the imperial shift of 1898, in which the United States also seized Guam, Cuba, and Puerto Rico from Spain, Theodore Roosevelt shipped myriad English teachers to the archipelago to staff an American-style school system under the administrations of men such as colonial governor William Taft, a future President himself. An anglophone literary future of an otherwise polyglot Philippines was thereby assured. At the same time, educational opportunities for girls and women expanded far beyond the few religious-oriented spaces that had been conceded by the Spanish friars who had dominated the archipelago prior to 1898. As but one example, verse in English by Filipinas appeared as early as June 1905 in Berkeley, California, when Maria G. Romero published the poem, “Our Reasons in Study” in *The Filipino Students’ Magazine* (Zapanta-Manlapaz 20). The first Filipinas to write fiction and poetry regularly in English, however, would not do so until the second half of the 1920s, that is, as they entered adulthood as part of the first cohort of islanders who were schooled long-term under the American colonial system and for whom English was a native enough language to wield in creative dimensions.

As those Filipinas rose through primary school to university education under American tutelage, indigenous Filipino languages such as Cebuano and Tagalog also emerged in artistic spheres hitherto unexplored. Of course, vibrant oral traditions and diverse written and theatrical genres had long existed in these vernaculars, but the rigidities of Spanish colonial rule had left scant space for the creation and dissemination of new, secular fiction (as opposed to biblical retellings, parables in conduct books, etc.) in the form of novels or short stories. Although millennia of archipelagic arts provide the full background for the phenomenon of 20<sup>th</sup> century Filipino fiction in multiple languages, it was the shift from Spanish to American colonial rule that effectively made possible the appearance of published novels and short stories in Philippine languages as well as in English. The first Filipina to publish a novel, for instance, was Magdalena Jalandoni, a teenager who did so in Hiligaynon in 1909 and who wrote a second novel in that language in 1919 (Varela 38, 40). The fact of these novels is both counterintuitive and fundamental to American Studies. How many students and scholars of 20<sup>th</sup> century America are aware that one of the first consequences of the rise of a globalized United States was the emergence of a published novelistic tradition in Hiligaynon? Probably zero, and yet this tradition is not even a foreign one to the United States. The novels by Jalandoni are *American* novels. Her creative output is not foreign but *domestic*. As a colonial subject of the United States, Jalandoni, like her contemporary Paz Zamora, was, as American

courts had declared in various judgments and as American administrators had conceded in praxis, an American national (Schlimgen, *passim*). Her novels arise in America as well as in the Philippines; those rubrics are not mutually exclusive. A novel in Hiligaynon by a Filipina who had never crossed the Pacific Ocean is a Filipino novel, yes. But it is also an American novel.

Such a literary artefact, however, elides by virtue of its vernacular medium the larger context of the American advance across the world. For America did not become a possessor of overseas colonies in 1898 just because it seized a particular land from its inhabitants. America did so by first seizing that land from a rival power. At stake, in other words, was not only a colonial experience but an imperial one as well. And this is why Filipino literature in Spanish refracts the world differently than Filipino literature in Hiligaynon or other archipelagic languages: it refutes much more explicitly the still prevalent postulate that *American empire* is a contradiction in terms, that America came to hold colonies despite itself. Filipino literature in Spanish reveals American exceptionalism to be what it is, a tortured teleology.

The work of Jalandoni, nevertheless, does cast into relief the reality that in the birth year of Paz Zamora in 1888, the mere possibility that Spanish could be the idiom of secular fiction by Filipinos was barely on the table. After all, the inaugural novels by Paterno and Rizal in Europe date only from 1885 and 1887. And in that generative (at least for male novelists) moment, what could not be foreseen at all was that by the time Paz Zamora would be a young woman, Spanish itself would be just one of many tongues in the archipelago to carry Filipino fictional production forward. The anticolonial women's magazine *Filipinas* appeared in 1909 as a Tagalog-Spanish product, the same year as the first novel in Hiligaynon by Jalandoni, but in the 1920s several notable women's magazines were English-Spanish instead (Rivera 6). They were followed in turn by English-only periodicals such as *The Woman's World*, which launched in 1934 (Rivera 12).

Therefore, when Paz Zamora published her short story collection *Mi obolo* [*My Contribution*] in 1924, her hispanophone readership no longer represented the only potential audience for Filipino fiction. Readers of other languages within as well as far beyond Manila could find scattered novels or short stories in a variety of vernaculars, while a pan-archipelagic Filipino generation was on the verge of consistently being able to create and consume fiction in English. The University of the Philippines Writers Club, for instance, was launched as an anglophone endeavor in 1927 by fourteen individuals, four of whom were women (Zapanta-Manlapaz, *Filipino Women* 25). Of the latter, two individuals, Paz M. Latorena and Loreto Paras-Sulit, would go on to publish almost two hundred stories (Zapanta-Manlapaz, *Filipino Women* 21-25). Such rapid changes in the linguistic and literary

matrices of the Philippines provided a context utterly unlike that which existed in the relatively recent era of Paterno and Rizal.

*My Contribution*, in other words, appeared at a critical stage in the American global experience: the era when the first generation of American subjects-nationals in the largest and most distant of American colonies sought to navigate their artistic place in a new world order. Jalandoni is a compelling figure because she was groundbreaking as a Filipina fictionalist, but her use of a vernacular language inherently deflects attention away from the imperial shift that made her publications possible. The use of Spanish by Paz Zamora, however, keeps that imperial background very much in the foreground. When *My Contribution* appeared a generation after 1898, Spanish still remained the only common language of the archipelagic elite, for they had been raised under the previous empire. Now, in the prime of their adulthood, they performed in English with authorities of the subsequent empire as necessity demanded and training allowed, but among themselves they conversed in Spanish and produced their privileged documents in that language. This sociolinguistic class published many vibrant newspapers and magazines, with monolingual, bilingual, and even trilingual periodicals appearing right up until the obliterations of World War II. The Spanish that appeared in such texts often did not maintain the standard orthography of Castilian Spanish—accent marks rarely appeared and spelling sometimes changed by a letter—but the prevalence and fluency of Spanish among certain strata of the colonial population is manifested by an ample historical record. The supposition that Spanish began a more or less linear decline in the archipelago after 1898 is simply erroneous. Eventually, English would become a common tongue across nearly all Philippine classes, but such consolidation was far from realized when Paz Zamora released *My Contribution* in 1924.

The eclectic nature of the anthology testifies to a colonial space in cultural flux as Paz Zamora formulated in fiction what Filipino subjectivity in Spanish might entail in an age of American empire. The collection includes nine short stories featuring Filipino protagonists in the contemporary Philippines, plus two legends set in ancient archipelagic times, two vignettes that comment directly on the Americanization of Filipino life, a theatrical monologue with stage directions, an adaptation of a French story, an adaptation of a Vietnamese story, and a round-robin narrative that consists of four women each telling a brief story of different cultural origins (Israelite, German, French, and Filipino). There are clear marks of Spanish literature on Paz Zamora, particularly via her repeated evocations of *Don Quijote*. The breadth of such reference points can also be found in *La carrera de Cándida* [*Cándida's Career*], a contemporaneous collection of disparate creative prose in Spanish by Guillermo Gómez Windham.<sup>6</sup>

The seeming miscellanies of structure and influence in *My Contribution* result from an archipelagic culture that emerges historically from a protean mix of European, American, and Asian variables. At the level of content, however, the anthology obtains a certain degree of coherence via the repeated authorial concerns for the poor and the orphaned that wend through it. Four of the stories, for example, feature real or symbolic orphans, including the first three, while two more texts refer to parents who have lost their children. Impoverished individuals or communities are highlighted in the two legends and in four of the stories set in the contemporary Philippines. The ancient poverty represented in the legends is directly attributed to an identifiable cause—a despot is oppressing peasants—while the modern poverty apparent in the urban stories comes off as just the natural background state of things. When middle or upper class Filipino households are featured in the stories, the protagonists often face some kind of threat to the stability of the nuclear family. This threat tends to come from the willing betrayal of the family unit by one of its members rather than from pressures introduced from outside, such as by colonial forces of culture or politics. Gender and age are treated more or less evenly by Paz Zamora in such narratives insofar as wives, husbands and children are all liable to forego their proper, respective roles in upholding the family. Thus in the short story “Perdón” [“Forgiveness”], a husband abandons his wife after committing adultery with a youthful orphan whom the wife generously had taken into the household; in “La frívola” [“The Frivolous Woman”], alternately, it is a wife who abandons her husband and young son in order to enjoy the pleasures of high society. In “Misterio” [“Mystery,”] it is a son who irresponsibly abandons his studies and so fractures his bonds with his dismayed parents.

To the extent that *My Contribution* offers a consistent message, therefore, it is a conservative plea to maintain the family unit intact (and by extrapolation, the larger family that is society as a whole) against the forces of voluntary abandonment and involuntary hardship. There is a certain amount, though not excessive, of gentle moralizing to this and related ends, and a certain commitment to the importance of domestic harmony. That being said, the largest thrust along these lines pervades primarily the first half of the book, with seven of the first eight texts unremittingly earnest in their familial concerns. The final nine texts, despite occasionally resuming in that vein, offer a wider range of sentiment and style. Irony and dark and light humor, entirely absent in all but one of the previous pieces, now appear with some regularity. The genres of the texts diversify and the weight that previously favored provincial mise-en-scenes generally shifts to urban milieus. The explicit influences of the texts also change, for all the tales attributed explicitly to foreign traditions are located in this latter part of *My Contribution*. Reading the anthology from start to finish therefore leaves the impression of a writer who establishes herself within fairly conventional frames and then, after effecting that evident conservativeness of theme, structure, and style, liberates herself as she can from those very borders.

Certainly, none of the narratives in the anthology is aesthetically experimental. The texts are fairly domesticated in this sense. They are marked by polished prose and a fondness for frame stories that then lead into mostly straightforward movements of plot and chronology. There are few leaps between sentences or paragraphs that require an active reader to make sense of things. The European avant-garde artistic ideas of the first quarter of the 20<sup>th</sup> century never made much of an impact in the Philippines in general, so it is no surprise that they are absent in the pages of *My Contribution*. As a result, these stories appear at first to be meant for entertainment, that is, merely as entertainment, whether in the name of eliciting pathos (as in most of the first half of texts) or wry grins (as is often the case in the second half). By and large, they also conform to what readers of the day were apt to expect as literature that should come from a woman: fiction that pleaded for the poor and orphaned, that favored the family unit, that did not overly raise political concerns or intellectual problems. *El debate*, the daily newspaper whose publishing house issued *My Contribution*, duly announced that the short story anthology was “un precioso manojito de cuentos observados, sentidos y escritos con el alma mas bien que con las maestrias de la literatura, exactamente como escriben las mujeres” [“a precious handful of short stories that are observed, felt and written with the soul rather more than with the skills of literature, exactly how women write”] (“Las cuatro” 5).

Nevertheless, Paz Zamora was rather more political and genderbending than that. The texts that constitute her collection do not fuel any flames of revolution, yet there are sparks here and there that signal dissent with the world of the American Philippines. Nearly all such indications appear in the texts that are not structured as typical short stories and that do not, as a result, assume an arc of family disorder that is eventually resolved into order. It is almost as if the short story genre per se predetermines the ideological thrust of a *My Contribution* piece. It is as if only in the peripheral texts could Paz Zamora truly put forth the power of her pen, cognizant that she could slip in her sharper voice only in the places that readers would not dwell on too long.

The first hint of a marginalized but material message resides in the dedication of the book: “Mi Obolo: Humilde ensayo de libro humildemente dedicado en lo que puede dar de si, á los huerfanitos del Settlement House, á la Gota de Leche y á la campaña por nuestra Libertad..[sic]” [“My Contribution: Humble attempt of a book humbly dedicated with what it can give of itself to the little orphans of the Settlement House, to the Drop of Milk, and to the campaign for our Liberty..[sic]”] (2). This deferential dedication opens by twice characterizing the book and author as “humble.” It then invokes the “little orphans” of the Settlement House (a Philippine social service organization for the poor likely inspired by Jane Addams’s Hull House in Chicago) and the Gota de Leche (i.e., Drop of Milk) organization, established in

1906 by a sister of José Rizal to supply nutritional relief to impoverished children and their mothers. The references to the Settlement House and to Gota de Leche therefore slide easily into the various poor and/or orphaned characters (real and figurative both) who surface in the short stories that follow. The allusions to social work also harmonize with the anticipations of an audience that is almost certainly reading a Filipina author in any language for the first time. Yet the last element of the dedication stands out as altogether different. The anthology, climactically, is dedicated “to the campaign for our Liberty.” Is this, and not succor to unfortunate women and children, the real “Contribution” implied by the title?

The Spanish word “óbolo,” when followed by “de San Pedro” [“of Saint Peter”] historically refers to donations that Catholics around the world voluntarily make to the Pope, but without the invocation of Peter is not linked to that context. The primary definition of “óbolo” in the dictionary of the Royal Spanish Academy, for example, is simply “Pequeña cantidad con la que se contribuye para un fin determinado” [“A little amount that is contributed for a particular end”] (“Óbolo”). The remaining two definitions of “óbolo” point to its uses as an ancient Greek currency and as an archaic unit of weight in pharmaceutical measurements (“Óbolo”). There is nothing specifically Catholic in any of those definitions or, for that matter, about the short stories in *My Contribution*. In the fictions, Christianity in general is rarely referenced despite the enduring mark on Philippine culture of more than three centuries of Spanish proselytizing. A major reason the collection stands out as innovative, after all, is due to its secular scope.

Notably, the plural subject of “our Liberty” in the dedication is unspecified. There is no particular suggestion that “our” refers to a collectivity of Catholics or Christians. Given the gendered social concerns of the dedication and the relative novelty of a Filipina fictionalist, the semiotic ambiguity of “our” Liberty perhaps could be taken as referencing a secular female collectivity. The Filipina suffragette movement had begun in earnest several years previously. Moreover, the Gota de Leche organization mentioned in the dedication was an important early sororal club of the kind that crafted new social roles for Filipinas during the American colonial period. Such groups emphasized charity work, but that in itself created spaces for Filipinas in the public sphere out of which suffragette endeavors would emerge. Yet if the right of women to vote was the “campaign for our Liberty” highlighted in the dedication, there would be no reason to leave that Liberty so hazy, nor let it trail off into the ambiguity of an ellipsis. Reticence on a topic that was a matter of active public debate in the early-mid 1920s would be pointless. A much less demure Liberty, however, one that indeed could be deemed subversive and so impel vaguery, would be anticolonial in intent. And the “campaign for our Liberty” does sound as a strident, if indeterminate, plea for Philippine national independence after a quarter century of American rule. This is a dissonant note

on which to culminate a dedication otherwise filled with a dramatized maternal affect toward the unfortunate, and with overwrought, unbelievable professions of humility. After all, if there is one thing it took to become the first Filipina to break into secular print in Spanish, it was not humility.

The dedication, in other words, clues an alert reader of the anthology to be on the lookout for pro-independence sentiment along national and perhaps gender lines, notwithstanding all the forthcoming foci on familial distress. The most forward of those sentiments appear in “Del pasado dia 30” [“Of the 30<sup>th</sup> of the Month Past”], a narrative of less than a page and a half that commences by noting that

El 30 de Octubre de 1919, declarado oficialmente el Dia de la Bandera, la muy Noble y Leal Ciudad de Manila ofrecio a propios y extraños un espectaculo inusitado. Amanecio engalanada por miles y miles de banderitas tricolores, con franjas, triangulos, soles y estrellas. Dificilmente se podia encontrar una casa por mas pobre y humilde sin sus correspondientes banderitas que tambien en puertas y ventanas asi como en autos, coches, tranvias, carros y bicicletas ondeaban estrechamente enlazadas con la hermosa bandera americana, ambas majestuosas, triunfantes y ufanas de sentirse a la vez acariciadas por el amor y la veneracion de todo Filipinas (26).

[On October 30, 1919, declared officially as Flag Day, the very Noble and Loyal City of Manila offered to its own and to foreigners an unusual spectacle. It dawned festooned by thousands and thousands of little tricolored flags, with bands, triangles, suns and stars. Difficult it would be to find a house, as poor and humble as it were, without its corresponding little flags that in doors and windows just as on autos, cars, streetcars, horse carriages and bicycles, waved tightly interconnected with the beautiful American flag, both of them majestic, triumphant and satisfied with feeling at once caressed by the love and veneration of all the Philippines.]

An official Flag Day in any colonized land is sure to present a symbolic landscape rife with potential readings. Particularly notable here, though, is the boldness with which Paz Zamora depicts the patriotic sentiment of Filipino society at large. By 1919, the brutal American conquest of the archipelago at the turn of the century had settled down into relatively stable and well-oiled bureaucratic machineries. National independence for the islands was off the table as a military possibility and effectively so as a political possibility, even though, as Victor Bascara notes, “as early as 1919, the US Congress was already holding committee hearings on ‘Philippine Independence’” (94). Although the Democratic administration of Woodrow Wilson had granted relatively more autonomy to Filipinos, and Wilson himself had ultimately spoken in favor of independence for the islands, Paz Zamora was publishing in 1924, not 1919, and so knew that the subsequent, Republican

presidencies of Warren Harding and Calvin Coolidge had “sought to halt or reverse” such approaches (Kramer 387-88).

It is contestatory, therefore, that Paz Zamora depicts in “Of the 30<sup>th</sup> of the Month Past” a Filipino society passionate for a Filipino standard. The tricolored flags with the bands, triangles, suns and stars are those first unfurled to celebrate the independence declaration of Filipino revolutionaries in 1898. Such freedom proved evanescent before American firepower but remained vibrant, according to the story, in Filipino hearts. Manila thus hardly seems as “Loyal” as Paz Zamora avers. With a similarly unbelievable claim, she tops off the patriotic enthusiasm of the masses by referring unctuously to the “beautiful American flag” that, like the Filipino banner, is loved and venerated by all of the Philippines. It, obviously, is not. Paz Zamora subsequently describes the Filipino flag as “nuestra sacrosanta Enseña tricolor por tantos años guardada con celo fervoroso cual reliquia sagrada, dentro del pecho de todo un pueblo” [“our sacrosanct tricolor Ensign that for so many years was guarded inside the breast of a whole people with passionate zeal like a sacred relic”] (26). These are hardly the words of a self-abnegating maternal figure committed only to apolitical relief for the orphaned and impoverished of Manila.

The real moral of “Of the 30<sup>th</sup> of the Month Past,” in fact, appears in an ideologically potent anecdote that follows the opening description of Flag Day. Paz Zamora relates that as an automobile headed toward Taft Avenue with an American flag aside one headlight and a Filipino flag aside the other, the latter detached from its pole and fell to the ground without the driver noticing. A frail, elderly man sees that oncoming cars are about to crush the pennant and he leaps into the traffic to rescue it. An approaching driver barely swerves in time to avoid killing him. When the old man is asked why he risked his life for the fallen flag given that he easily could have bought an inexpensive new one, the man squeezes the “banderita sucia y rota” [“little dirty and worn-out flag”] and explains, “Iban a pisotearla.....Podia yo permitir que sufrá semejante ultraje la amada enseña por la cual dos hijos míos ofrendaron sus vidas con la sonrisa en los labios?” [“They were going to trample it.....Could I allow that the beloved ensign for which two sons of mine offered their lives with a smile on their lips suffer such an insult?”] (27). On this note of triple sacrifice for the patria—the dead sons and their death-risking father—“Of the 30<sup>th</sup> of the Month Past” ends.

Unspecified, therefore, is whether the sons lost their lives in the anti-Spanish or anti-American phase of the independence effort. Any resolution of this ambiguity would lead the story in opposite interpretive directions. After all, the Filipino flag held sacred by the aged father was raised initially by a movement that at the time was declaring independence from Spain, not the United States. Consequently, despite exalting the archipelagic banner, Paz Zamora retains plausible deniability

regarding her ideological intentions. She does describe the American flag as “beautiful” and “majestic,” and that would seem to be enough praise to inoculate her from charges of anti-Americanism. Since the American rulers of the islands defined their presence as liberating the Philippines from Spain, they had no problem with Filipino patriotism directed anachronistically against what they saw as an evil empire now defunct. They could have read the Paz Zamora narrative as anti-Spanish in nature and been entirely at ease with it.

Nevertheless, the suggestions are omnipresent in the story of contemporary rather than historical Filipino patriotism. Indeed, the ambiguous “campaign for our Liberty” of the book dedication reappears via the symbolic evasions of the father-sons anecdote that climaxes “Of the 30<sup>th</sup> of the Month Past.” Here, a transgenerational Filipino trinity that stands for a larger Filipino polity worships the standard of island independence two decades into American rule. The sacred cause of archipelagic patriotism is explicitly at stake here, marked by filial sacrifice at that. The story critiques the colonization of the Philippines by Americans in a contemporary moment, not by Spaniards in an erstwhile one. The exaltations by Paz Zamora of the American pennant in the first part of the story now come to constitute a strategic deflection as much as the initial self-effacements of the book dedication.

If a reader of that dedication and of “Of the 30<sup>th</sup> of the Month Past” were to start looking for a larger authorial concern with an anti-American patriotism, further support could be found in other short texts in *My Contribution* that trend in that direction. The two legends, to be sure, seem unrelated at first glance to anything involving the United States. For instance, both are set in ancient times, long before even the Spanish empire arrived in the Philippines. Yet both tell of peasant communities that are perishing because their overlord is hoarding the natural resources of the land, and this rings of contemporary concern. In “El viejo de la montaña” [“The Old Man of the Mountain”], shepherds and their families are dying of thirst during a drought because the local despot is keeping for his animals the little available water. When the community defies the tyrant, he drowns three of their children. In the parallel “El castigo de la avaricia” [“The Punishment of Avarice”], peasants are starving during a time of bad harvests because their ruler is stockpiling all the remaining rice for himself. Both oppressors eventually get their comeuppance, with the first one turned into a rock by indigenous gods and the second one smothered by a swarm of vengeful white ants. These tales are entirely removed in time and focus from the American colonial period and yet, perhaps, not at all. To a reader struck by the independence allusions in the dedication and “Of the 30<sup>th</sup> of the Month Past,” the two legends could read easily as an allegorical protest against the rapacious role of the United States in the islands and a warning of how the scales of justice will eventually be set right. Thus, the children killed in

the cause of liberty in “The Old Man of the Mountain” resonate with the sons killed in the cause of liberty in “Of the 30<sup>th</sup> of the Month Past.” In the two legends, there is clearly an authorial push on behalf of the Filipino masses for freedom from unjust rule. Ancient and contemporary eras are perhaps one and the same. Pedro Paterno often worked with such allegorical timebending and Paz Zamora may have done so as well.

Another text in *My Contribution* that suggests itself to an anticolonial reading is the richly layered “Cuentos cortos de la literatura extranjera [sic]” [“Short Stories of Foreign Literature”], a narrative in which four women friends decide to each tell a story and then vote on whose is the best, with the tale teller receiving the least number of votes obligated to drive the others out for a snack and then pay for it. The first woman launches into what she says is an Israelite love story that ultimately explains why the custom of wearing earrings exists. The second woman presents a German legend about a cruel “conde obispo” [“count-bishop”] who drowns rebels who justly rise against him and, as comeuppance, is devoured by a horde of mice or rats (68). The third woman offers a French story about a devoted mother who struggles for years to free her son, who had been imprisoned for hunting the pheasants of the king; the mother eventually succeeds by the (metaphoric) power of her maternal voice.

Already, then, there is quite a matrix of ideological subtexts at hand. One set of points involves gender: here is an entirely female cast of characters, with each of them having a right to speak and to choose a narrative of her telling, not to mention the right to vote. Then there are the signs of Americanization also visible, from the automobile the women have at their disposal to the democratic organization of the round-robin format to suffrage itself. The American colonial regime had not complied with these ideals—certainly, very few Filipinas had cars, fewer if any had democratic structures in their domestic lives, and none had suffrage—but their mere presence is a sign of the post-1898, Americanized Philippines. None of these liberatory aspects of the narrative frame was conceivable amid the priestly strictures of the pre-1898 Spanish Philippines. A third important framing feature is simply that foreigners are not narrating Philippine spaces here; rather, Filipinos are narrating foreign spaces. This too is a potent inversion of subjectivity, given the transhistorical record of power in the archipelago. And content as well as vantage plays an ideological role in the inset tales, from the justifying of women’s adornments in the first story to the empowerment of maternal affect in the third. The anti-authoritarianism of the legend in the middle echoes its stand-alone counterparts “The Old Man of the Mountain” and “The Punishment of Avarice.”

The last of the “Short Stories of Foreign Literature,” however, is the most compelling of all, in part because it is not “foreign” in the slightest. It instead is

a ghost story that features José Rizal, the national martyr and the unparalleled (if historically inaccurate) symbol of Filipino freedom. The fourth woman to speak, Julita, tries twice to tell “un cuento nativo” [“a native story”] but the others exclaim that they have heard those two folk stories many times before and prefer something else (71). Julita then comes up with a different kind of native story, announcing “os contare una terrible aventura que me sucedio hace poco” [“I will tell you a terrible adventure that happened to me a little while ago”] (71). She describes how she had been reading in a first-class compartment in a train when a strange man came on board and sat across from her. He was gaunt, haggard, unkempt. His eyes were “tristes, vidriosos, sin vida” [“sad, glassy, lifeless”] (72). She thought he was sick, but then he began to speak to her:

“Sabe Vd. quien soy? Pues yo soy Rizal” “Un pariente tal vez del heroe?” “No! no, soy el heroe en persona!” Me quede petrificada, se trataba de un loco seguramente y yo me hallaba encerrada con el en aquel compartimiento!...temblando continue frente a frente de aquel demente que peroraba gesticulando. De que hablaba? No sabia repetirlo, escuchaba su voz sin oír lo que decia...Las palabras patria, redencion, pueblos, esclavos, opresores tenian, al emitirlos sus palidos labios, sonidos extraños. Hablaba sin cesar, sin respirar casi. Y sus mortecinos y tristes ojos se volvian cada vez mas inquietos [sic] y relampagueantes. Era la crisis que se acercaba? Yo no tenia mas que una idea, un deseo, abandonar el tren a la primera parada y huir, huir lejos, muy lejos, fuera del alcance de aquellos ojos fosforescentes..... [sic]”

[“Do you know who I am? Well, I am Rizal” “A relative perhaps of the hero?” “No! no, I am the hero in person!” I froze petrified, he was surely a madman and I found myself enclosed with him in that compartment!...trembling I continued face-to-face with that lunatic who perorated gesticulating. Of what did he speak? I would not know how to repeat it, I listened to his voice without hearing what he was saying...The words fatherland, redemption, peoples, slaves, oppressors had, upon being emitted from his pallid lips, strange sounds. He spoke without ceasing, almost without breathing. And his dying and sad eyes became more and more lively and flashing like lightning. Was it the crisis that was nearing? I had no more than one idea, a desire, to abandon the train at the first stop and flee, flee far, very far, beyond the reach of those phosphorescent eyes..... [sic]”] (72)

There is enough in this paragraph alone to merit a substantive interpretive essay, from the resurrection of Rizal as seemingly ill—he himself, a doctor, had diagnosed the Philippines as metaphorically sick in the preface to his landmark novel of 1887, *Noli me tangere*—to his apparent insanity before an elite, highly literate, highly modern Filipina who is, after all, interrupted by this ghost while in the process of reading in a first-class train car. But exactly why does this 19<sup>th</sup> century specter arise at this 20<sup>th</sup> century moment? His haunting words ring with an unrealized,

even messianic revolution, and yet they are divested somehow of their familiar meanings, at least in this time and place. These are “strange sounds,” but why? And what, precisely, is the “crisis that was nearing”? Is it political and national in import? After all, this is Rizal, not an anonymous madman, who may be nearing a personal breaking point. Is a moment of violence on the verge?

The key here is not any furnished answers but the productive ambiguity of the questions paired with the unambiguous reaction by the narrator to the same: she runs away. Whereas the apparition of Rizal has been embraced more or less universally by Filipinos ever since his death, and in more ways and media than can be counted, Julita flees from his specter. At the next stop she sprints off the train and, finding herself alone at the station, keeps fleeing, only to hear (as befits a gothic narrative) steps behind her. She turns her face to see that “era el loco que me perseguia!” [“it was the madman who pursued me!”] (72). In fact, “pursued” is an unavoidably reductive word here to depict the relationship of the ghost to Julita, for in Spanish “persegua” carries the triple meaning of pursued, persecuted, and haunted. Rizal is doing all these things to a modern Filipina who tries to escape from him. Yet at this climactic moment of flight from a resonant past, and with the other women hanging on her every word, Julita laughingly reveals that this entire episode never happened at all! There was no train, there was no Rizal, there was no haunting: “Era simplemente un mal sueño producido por una comida indigesta” [“It was simply a bad dream produced by an undigested meal”] (73). The fourth story, the most potent of all, ends thus abruptly in farce.

Yet though Julita dismisses Rizal glibly, the reader cannot. Surely Paz Zamora knew that and intended as much. His presence still haunts, precisely because of its lack of clarity. What does an apparition of Rizal, the ultimate symbol of national freedom, mean after a quarter century of American colonization of the archipelago? How should a Filipina react before it? Rather than facilely resolving the contemporary meaning of Rizal one way or another, Paz Zamora offers him as an open question and, apparently if opaquely, as a call to some kind of collective action. This approach coincides closely with the ambiguous imperative of the dedication to *My Contribution* and to the metaphorical implications of the legends. The Rizal of “Short Stories of Foreign Literature” is hardly the burnished bust upheld by the American colonizers of the Philippines. They were supportive of post-1898 veneration of Rizal as a national hero and martyr because he wrote his novels against the ills of Spanish rule and was safely dead before the segue to American rule. Indeed, the United States styled itself as the helpful continuation of (supposedly) Rizalian efforts, not as their antagonist. Paz Zamora, however, presents her readers with an altogether unresolved Rizal who haunts the very version of modernity ushered in by America. Surely it is not a coincidence that the democratic balloting to decide the winner of the storytelling competition

culminates as farce too, for each woman votes for her own story as the best. The result is a four-way tie. The democratic ideal, even digested, ends up as one more undigested meal.

That being said, there is still some kind of progress in the underlying fact of Filipinas, independent of Filipinos, being in a position to structure their own stories in the first place. And even the more conventional short stories that predominate in *My Contribution*, unremarkable aesthetically and narratologically though they are, allow some space for roles and autonomies for female characters that the male predecessors of Paz Zamora had little interest in creating. Pedro Paterno, in his 1885 novel *Ninay* that launched the Filipino novelistic tradition, cast as his female lead a distressed virgin whose primary narrative function is to die as such.<sup>7</sup> Rizal, his successor, duplicated and deepened that dubious achievement with María Clara, another distraught maiden who remains today, despite it all, the archetype of the ideal Filipina. Paz Zamora, notwithstanding her domestic concerns, crafts her women far outside such conservative confines. And since the personal is as political as the public, a sentimental story in *My Contribution* such as “Perdón” [“Forgiveness”] is as ideological in its way as the abovementioned narratives. It is significant, for instance, that this story that opens the anthology relates a love triangle that is told from the perspective of Marta, its female lead. She has to decide whether to rescue her enemy, Juanita, from a flood. Years earlier, the childless, loving Marta had raised the teenage Juanita in fulfillment of a deathbed request from Juanita’s mother, a lifelong friend. Eventually, however, Juanita had had an affair and a daughter with Pedro, Marta’s husband. Now, as the floodwaters rise, Marta wonders whether to save Juanita and her daughter, an innocent girl whose face resembles that of Pedro. The richness of this melodrama is how it foregrounds a cast of complex female characters charged with thinking through, and acting upon, difficult issues not only of maternity and love but also of life and death, guilt and responsibility. Pedro, in fact, is consigned to a non-speaking, secondary, and posthumous role. None of this is to say that Paz Zamora is a feminist in the model of contemporary suffragettes in the continental United States or in that of a radical American woman abroad such as Gertrude Stein. But at least she is not a feminist in the model of Paterno or Rizal, for whom producing a narrative with strong female leads was inconceivable.

The intricate intimations of Paz Zamora’s politics coincided with the ideological complexities of *El debate* as a newspaper that supported her work. On August 13, 1924, some four months after the publication of *My Contribution*, an editorial appeared in *El debate* that recalled the events of that same day in 1898 when, in the Battle of Manila, the Spanish and American militaries staged a fake battle so that the former could surrender directly to the latter while leaving the ascendant Filipino revolutionary forces entirely out of the equation of who would control the

archipelago next. The editorial in *El debate* commences, “De mal agüero fue tanto para los españoles como para los filipinos el número trece, porque el trece fue la fecha de agosto hace veintiseis años, en que las tropas norteamericanas tomaron la capital del Archipiélago, y en el mismo día, puede decirse que empezó el distanciamiento entre los nuevos invasores y los filipinos que hasta entonces habían cooperado como aliados en la lucha contra los españoles” [“The number 13 was a bad omen as much for the Spaniards as for the Filipinos because the 13<sup>th</sup> was the date in August twenty-six years ago on which the North American troops took the capital of the Archipelago, and on the same day, it can be said, the distancing began between the new invaders and the Filipinos who up until then had cooperated as allies in the fight against the Spaniards”] (“La efemeride” 4). The editorial ends with a barely veiled desire that “las esperanzas que se les hicieron concebir antes de que la efemeride de hoy ocurriera, seran una realidad algún día” [“the hopes that were conceived before the event whose anniversary is today will be a reality someday”] (“La efemeride” 4). In short, *El debate* mourned the Philippine independence that was snuffed at its birth by the Americans in 1898, the hope for which remained unrealized due to the same regime that in 1924 was still controlling the archipelago. The symbolisms of the recently published story “Of the 30<sup>th</sup> of the Month Past” by Paz Zamora resonate with such ideological sentiments.

It is in the area of gender, however, where *El debate* figures into any evaluation of Paz Zamora in particularly complicated ways. On March 27, 1924, shortly before the April publication of *My Contribution*, the lone theatrical monologue of the anthology, “Las tribulaciones de una ‘vieja joven’” [“The Tribulations of a ‘Young Old Woman’”], appeared on the Social Page of *El debate* with the author listed as “M.P.T.” The use of pseudonyms was widespread among Filipino authors during the American colonial period, so the invocation of one here by Zamora, with the “M.P.” a direct allusion to “Maria Paz,” is surprising only in that she did so with her book about to hit market. Subsequent cross-promotional efforts by *El debate* shed such pretense. The Thursday, May 8 issue of the newspaper announced that the Social Page was being moved to Tuesdays and was being replaced on Thursdays by “La página de Mama” [“Mama’s Page”], starting with that very issue (“‘Página de Mama’” 6). And the lead two columns on the left side of Mama’s Page that inaugural day were filled by “El aguinaldo de Pepito” [“The Christmas Gift of Little Joey”], the most saccharine of all of the stories published in *My Contribution* a month previously. “The Christmas Gift of Little Joey” narrates the fulfillment of a Christmas Eve wish of a young boy that Santa Claus bring him not toys but rather the love of his daddy, who is having an affair and no longer gives much time or attention to his son and wife.

The byline this time is not “M.P.T.” but “Maria Paz Zamora.” Moreover, prefatory remarks by an unidentified editor proclaim that

la autora del siguiente cuento es bien conocida y admirada en todo Filipinas...Su lenguaje claro y castizo, la concision sencilla de su verbo: su ilustracion, su cultura, la amplitud y liberalidad de sus observaciones, son mas que la garantia que la Gloria exige para acreditar a su nombre, a nombre de la Srta. Maria Paz Zamora, la posesion de un asiento de oro al lado de los mas brillantes cuentistas que tenemos o hemos tenido en Filipinas. "Mi Obolo" es una coleccion de cuentos filipinos que se acaba de publicar y ahora esta en venta, y si quereis leer pedazos de nuestra vida de familia, quereis ver retratos de nuestros hombres y mujeres de los pueblos o de Manila, leed esa coleccion. El cuento que damos ahora es uno de "Mi Obolo" y es dificil leerlo sin llorar...[sic]

[the author of the following short story is well known and admired in all the Philippines...Her clear and pure language, the simple conciseness of her diction: her enlightenment, her culture, the breadth and generosity of her observations, are more than the guarantee that Glory demands in order to give credit to her name, the name of Miss Maria Paz Zamora, the possession of a seat of gold aside the most brilliant short story writers that we have or have had in the Philippines. "My Contribution" is a collection of Filipino stories that has just been published and that now is on sale, and if you want to read pieces of our family life, if you want to see portraits of our men and women of the villages or of Manila, read that collection. The story that we present now is one from "My Contribution" and it is difficult to read it without crying...[sic] ] ("El aguinaldo" 6)

A third story from *My Contribution*, "Las cucharas de oro" ["The Golden Spoons"] ran in the August 10 issue but not on either Mama's Page or the Social Page. Instead, it appeared in the main of the newspaper under the banner headline "Las cuatro mejores producciones literarias del año" ["The Four Best Literary Productions of the Year"] (5). *El debate* explained that it was publishing simultaneously "algunos trozos interesantes y representativos de las cuatro mejores producciones literarias del año debidas a plumas filipinas...[incluso] la primera contribucion que la mujer filipina aporta a nuestro propio acervo literario aparte de que es la primera seria coleccion de cuentos filipinos de su genero que se ha lanzado jamas al mercado de las letras locales. La autora de Mi Obolo es la Srta. Paz Zamora, de Manila" ["some interesting and representative pieces from the four best literary productions of the year from Filipino pens...{including} the first contribution that the Filipina woman makes to our own literary heritage apart from the fact that it is the first serious collection of Filipino short stories of its genre that has ever been launched into the market of local letters. The author of My Contribution is Miss Paz Zamora of Manila"] ("Las cuatro" 5).<sup>8</sup> "The Golden Spoons" duly appeared under the headline alongside texts by some of the most highly regarded Filipino authors of the era who wrote in Spanish: Manuel Bernabé, Buenaventura Rodriguez, and the aforementioned Guillermo Gómez Windham. These were, in fact, the first three

winners of the Zóbel prize, a competition newly established to highlight and promote the production of Spanish-language literature in the Philippines. Gómez Windham took the inaugural Zóbel in 1922, while Bernabé and Rodríguez shared the 1924 honors after the prize went unawarded in 1923 (Brillantes 56-64). Paz Zamora submitted *My Contribution* for the 1925 competition but the Zóbel went to Enrique Laygo for *Caretas* [Masks], a collection of short fiction that would not be published in book form until years later (Brillantes 65-67).

Whether *My Contribution* was indeed “the first contribution that the Filipina woman makes to our own literary heritage” is questionable (“Las cuatro” 5). On September 23, 1922, the novella *El anillo* [The Ring] by “Mimi” had been published as the fourth issue of *La novela semanal* [The Weekly Novel], a periodical that could be acquired by subscription or purchased in various Manila stores. The name of that author is female and if the author were too, then *The Ring* would displace *My Contribution* as the first known book of fiction by a Filipina. However, “Mimi” is obviously a pseudonym and *The Weekly Novel*, given the well-known authors it attracted and its evidently broad circulation, had to be widely familiar to the readership of a newspaper such as *El debate*. Pseudonyms do not equate to anonymity and it seems probable that many Spanish-speaking Filipinos, particularly those in the Manila publishing industry, knew full well who “Mimi” was. The editors of *El debate* who chose “The Four Best Literary Productions of the Year” in the August 10, 1924 issue must have been aware of *The Ring*, published just two years earlier, and they would not have emphasized that Paz Zamora was the first Filipina to compose literature if they had any sense that “Mimi” indeed was a woman.

Subsequent to the inaugural Mama’s Page and its directly credited story to Paz Zamora on May 8, that space every Thursday provided a flexible platform upon which gender, political, and literary matters intermingled for the reader in tightly juxtaposed columns. Article headlines and subheadlines from various issues of Mama’s Page included the following:

May 15: “Enseñanzas modernas que se dan en America para escoger, conseguir y conservar a un marido” [“Modern teachings that are given in America to choose, get and maintain a husband”] (“El marido” 7)

May 29: “El cultivo del repollo beneficiara mucho a Filipinas” [“The cultivation of cabbage would greatly benefit the Philippines”] (6)

“Lo que no deben llevar las pianistas en noches de concierto: Algunos consejos que las mamas pueden trasmitir a sus ninas” [“What pianists should not wear on concert nights: Some advice that mamas can pass along to their girls”] (6)

“El avance del modernismo en el arte pictorico es inevitable, los extravagantes futuristas y cubistas nunca predominaran’..Que cuadros deben ponerse en el salon de una casa decente y cuales son los que hay que escojer” [“The advance of modernism in pictorial art is inevitable, the outlandish Futurists and Cubists will never prevail’..What paintings should be put in the hall of a decent home and which are those that must be chosen”] (“La pintura” 6)

“La primera Asociacion de Damas Filipinas que contribuye a los Fondos de la Independencia: Madres y futuras madres al fin, las damas de esta gran sociedad han probado su deseo de asegurar el futuro de sus hijos” [“The first Association of Filipina Ladies that contributes to the Independence Funds: Mothers and future mothers in the end, the ladies of this great society have proven their desire to assure the future of their children”] (6)

June 5: “Todos deben amar la muerte en nombre de la patria: Esta es una de las misiones sacras de las madres para con sus hijos” [“Everyone should love death in the name of the fatherland: This is one of the sacred missions of mothers regarding their children”] (6)

“Lo que deben hacer todas las mujeres juiciosas y elegantes antes de entregarse al descanso” [“What all sensible and elegant women should do before turning in for a rest”] (6)

June 12: “Hay una hermosa literatura que puede llamarse del hogar, y esa debe ser sencilla, expresiva y sincera” [“There is a beautiful literature that can be called literature of the home, and it should be simple, expressive and sincere”] (6)

July 10: “La influencia magica del peinado sobre el rostro” [“The magical influence of a hairstyle on the face”] (8)

August 7: “La espiritualidad del hombre tiene que ser distinta, no superior, a la espiritualidad de la mujer: El alma de la mujer esta dotada de elementos tan contrarios y diversos, que su espiritualidad no puede ser mas compleja que la del hombre: El feminismo a traves de los tiempos” [“The spirituality of man has to be distinct, not superior, to the spirituality of woman: The soul of woman is endowed with such contrary and diverse elements that her spirituality cannot be more complex than that of man: Feminism through the ages”] (3)

December 25: “Si queremos la intervencion de las mujeres en la politica hagamoslas libres e iguales: Para respetarla es preciso que conozcamos su gran desgracia estando eternamente sujeta” [“If we want the intervention of women in politics let us make them free and equal: To respect her it is necessary that we recognize her great disgrace of being eternally subject”] (D.S., 9)

Articles such as the above reveal a heady mix in which the world of women in the Philippines was apparently in welter. So animated an array of articulations surely complicates the conclusion by Cynthia Rivera that in the 1920s, there was a “national trend in journalism evidenced by the 1903, 1918, and the 1939 censuses, where English had practically displaced all other languages and dialects in terms of subscription and readership. The shared view between women writers and the consumers of women’s magazines seemed to affirm that the English language was perceived as the ‘jargon of national development’ and, as such, embodied the ‘liberative’ aspirations of Filipino women for suffrage and women’s rights” (12). On the contrary, a mind-spinning array of identity issues whirled on Mama’s Page, with the most domestic and conservative of gender stylings appearing flush alongside calls for freedoms of one kind or another.

Amid that effervescent mix of advice columns and reportage, Mama’s Page also gave space to poetry and fiction and recollections by (alleged) women. Such texts included “La agonía de las flores” [“The Agony of the Flowers”], a brief story of a slavish, ignored wife whose intellectual husband finally realizes he should love her more than his books, published by Maria Mejia on August 7; “Memorandum,” a memoir of schooldays by a writer identified only as “Una alumna, Instituto de Mujeres” [“A Female Student, Institute of Women”] on November 9 ([“Una alumna”) 1); “Pobre Elvira!...” [“Poor Elvira!...”], an overwrought tale of a beautiful and doomed lass who dies young from a heart defect while kissing her beloved, penned by Jazmin Del Valle on December 7; “Por los carmenes” [“Through the Walled Gardens”], an anecdotal narrative of beautiful roses and a sublimely rose-like young woman named Pura [Pure] by Luisa Villarosa on January 11; and so on. Some of these pieces, however, may not have been written by women at all. Given the proliferation of pseudonyms in the era, the anonymity of a byline like “A Female Student” (or, for that matter, “M.P.T.”) allows for the gender of the author to remain an open question. The same is true of a dubious moniker like “Jazmin Del Valle” (that is, “Jasmine of the Valley”) from an ostensibly female writer who previously, in her/his case, had shown up in *El debate* as the author of an open letter to a famous Filipino boxer and of a sonnet whose male narrator bemoans how much he has suffered because his beloved is ill.<sup>9</sup> The chances seem slim too that Luisa “Villarosa” happened to have an actual last name meaning “Rose Villa,” given that her subject was a rose villa. Some, perhaps all, of these authors were probably men pretending to be women. And there was at least one, Fernando Maria Guerrero, who announced that he was channeling them. The only hitch in his case was that the woman he was channeling likely did not exist in the first place.

Guerrero, who had emerged as a leading poet at the end of the Spanish colonial period while still in his early twenties, had become now in his early fifties a frequent contributor of poetry and prose to Mama’s Page (Mariñas 61). His efforts

included an alleged transcription of an apocryphal notebook that he serialized as “Las opiniones de Paquita” [“The Opinions of Paquita”] in October and November 1924.<sup>10</sup> Guerrero explained in the opening installment that six months previously his friend Paquita, a lovely young woman, had died of sadness. Thereupon, her mother gave to Guerrero a little notebook that had belonged to the melancholy damsel, whose last will was that Guerrero do with it whatever he liked. The graying poet professed to readers of *Mama’s Page* that “Cuanto vais a leer lineas mas abajo es el contenido de las primeras treinta paginas del cuadernito. No he hecho mas que...enmendar alguna que otra insignificante falta de ortografia. Que cosa tan paradójica....[sic] la voz de una muerta opinando sobre cintas y trapitos y demas menudencias femeninas....[sic]” [“As many lines as you are going to read below are the content of the first thirty pages of the little notebook. I have not done more than...amend one or another insignificant imperfection of orthography. What a paradoxical thing....[sic] the voice of a dead woman giving opinions about ribbons and little cloths and other feminine trifles....[sic]”] (2). The notebook itself then promptly begins with the highly unlikely but, for an aging man posing as a young woman, no doubt highly exciting self-description, “Yo soy una mujercita de veintidos años” [“I am a little woman of 22 years”] (2).

Even in the unlikely scenario that Paquita did exist and Guerrero merely was passing on prose actually written by her, the fact would remain that he frames and puts forth the voice of this “little woman” on “Mama’s Page.” His is one more voice that is complexly gendered feminine alongside all the rest in *El debate*. And it is into that ever-changing amalgam that *My Contribution* reappeared in December 1924 in the form of successive, identical advertisements that saw light on pages outside the realms of the Social Page and *Mama’s Page*: “Mi Obolo: Es el titulo del librito que contiene una buena coleccion de cuentos de Navidad editada por la Srta. MARIA PAZ ZAMORA. De venta en el Debate Printing Press, Agencia Editorial, Manila Filatelica Libreria Martinez, Libreria Castillo, Colegios y Universidades Filipinos” [“*My Contribution*: It is the title of the little book that contains a good collection of Christmas stories edited by Miss MARIA PAZ ZAMORA. On sale at the Debate Printing Press, Publishing Agency, Manila Philatelic Martinez Bookstore, Castillo Bookstore, Filipino High Schools and Universities”].<sup>11</sup> The oddities of this sales pitch include the literal and figurative diminution of the book itself as a “little” one, a “librito” rather than a “libro.” Also, the ad describes the anthology as a Christmas collection even though only one of the seventeen pieces is a Christmas story and the book itself was published in April. Plus, the copy describes Paz Zamora as its editor rather than author. The pitch, in other words, is not only paternalistic but also deliberately misleading.

Oddly, Paz Zamora might have not been aware of the polyphonic contexts in which her work was appearing in *El debate*. On April 10, 1924, the newspaper

declared in the lead center story of the Social Page that “Como habíamos anunciado previamente, la Srta. Paz Zamora con su hermana, la Srta. Rosalia Zamora, salieron el domingo, por el ‘President Jackson,’ y aguardaran en Hongkong a su hermana la Sra. Felicidad Zamora de Garcia Roxas, para proseguir el viaje alrededor del mundo. EL DEBATE gozara del privilegio de acoger en sus columnas las impresiones de viaje de una pluma femenina tan culta, como es la de la Srta. Paz Zamora” [“As we had announced previously, Miss Paz Zamora with her sister, Miss Rosalia Zamora, left on Sunday on the ‘President Jackson’ and will wait in Hong Kong for their sister Mrs. Felicidad Zamora de Garcia Roxas, in order to continue the voyage around the world. EL DEBATE will enjoy the privilege of including in its columns the travel impressions of so cultured a feminine pen such as that of Miss Paz Zamora”] (“Paz Zamora” 6, 8). The article added that the well-known poet and politician Claro Recto would also be contributing pieces to *El debate* and that “La Srta. Zamora, al igual que el Rep. Recto, nos enviaron sus impresiones escritas de tal suerte que nuestros lectores podran catar lo que esas dos plumas delicadas recojan a lo largo de su peregrinacion por los sitios mas importantes del mundo. Las Zamoras iran primero a Europa y despues a America” [“Miss Zamora, the same as Rep. Recto, will send us their written instructions so that our readers will be able to taste what those two delicate pens gather throughout their excursions through the most important sites in the world. The Zamoras will go first to Europe and afterward to America”] (“Paz Zamora,” 8). In other words, the same month in which Paz Zamora released the first published Philippine short story collection, she left the Philippines altogether to circumnavigate the earth. Clearly, as time and distance carried her away from the archipelago, she would not have been in a position to read the initial Mama’s Page on May 8 and its re-release of “The Christmas Gift of Little Joey,” much less follow that section as it developed in the subsequent months.

As of this writing, it is not clear if Paz Zamora did send back pieces during her round-the-world journey or if they then appeared in *El debate*. Any reports that she may have submitted for publication there or elsewhere have yet to be found. It is also not yet known how long her trip lasted. In the last third of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, elite Filipinos had established a tradition of spending many years abroad at a stretch. That at least half of the trip itself did take place, however, is proven by a dedication that she wrote by hand on a copy of *My Contribution* that she datelined as Barcelona, December 1924.<sup>12</sup> Meanwhile, the very promotion by *El debate* of her intended writings alongside those of Recto, a hispanophone Filipino who was a leading figure in both literary and political realms, speaks again to the complicated intertwinings of gender and power among American subjects/nationals in the Philippines in the first third of a century that a global America—made global by the Philippines—came to dominate.

When Paz Zamora did reappear in the archipelago, she did so with a new surname and a new genre but once again in the twinned worlds of periodical and book publishing. In 1930, along with the well-connected Sofia Reyes de Veyra, she parlayed her recipes published in the bilingual (English-Spanish) Manila magazine *Woman's Home Journal* into a lengthy cookbook, *Everyday Cookery for the Home (Choice Recipes for All Tastes and All Occasions)*. This compilation was intended for all those housewives who, unlike many of their fictional peers in *My Contribution*, never thought of leaving hearth and family but rather were desirous of making both run as perfectly as possible. Given the previous literary production of Paz Zamora, there is an apparent ideological retreat here in her move to a cookbook and to its retrograde implications for Filipinas on how to live their lives. Gone in this text is any sense of possible identities for Filipinas outside the kitchen and associated responsibilities. Although some of the women in *My Contribution* are represented negatively for having betrayed family units, at least the idea of women leading lives independent of those consecrated by tradition is offered as a possibility. This is not the case in the cookbook. Absent in the main of this text is anything hinting of public politics or, for that matter, the public sphere beyond the food market. Here instead are two prominent married women telling other married women how to excel in the kitchen. It is hardly a recipe for revision.

The cookbook came out in three different editions, the first in Manila in 1930 by San Juan Press, another in Manila in 1934 by Ilaya Press, and another in Hong Kong at an unclear date by the St. Louis Industrial School.<sup>13</sup> It must have been a commercial success to reach three editions, including one outside the Philippines, or perhaps it was simply a publication heavily subsidized and circulated by its wealthy authors. For the present paper it only has been possible to consult the 1934 Manila version, so all forthcoming analysis is based on that. The title of the cookbook stayed the same throughout all editions; and the 1934 Manila edition gives the byline and its fonts as follows: "By Mrs. SOFIA REYES DE VEYRA, *Dean, Domestic Science Department, 'Centro Escolar University'*, and Mrs. MARIA PAZ ZAMORA MASCUÑANA, *Associate [sic] Editor, 'Woman's Home Journal.'*"<sup>14</sup> The emphasis in the cookbook title page on the married status of the writers and on their work in specifically female endeavors reduces the eclectic mix of gender, politics and art found on Mama's Page to a narrow focus on the kitchen duties of homemakers. The preface of the cookbook correspondingly explains that "the authors have made a selection of choice recipes which they had individually contributed to the English and Spanish sections of the 'Woman's Home Journal'...Experience at their own tables with their families and guests has...spurred them on to the realization of this book, the contents of which they had before treasured alone but now bequeath to their sisters, the housewives of the Philippines, as a testimonial of admiration and love, to aid them in the task that is so eminently their own" (3). The following page adds, "This book is dedicated to the Filipino housewife whose interests it aims to serve and whose

labors it hopes to lighten” (4). It would take a rather deconstructionist reading to find anything subversive or progressive in these statements. There is little hint of a desired liberation of any kind, unless the stated effort at reducing the workload of “the Filipino housewife” is taken as some sort of sororal bonding against an implicitly patriarchal exploitation.

Yet this is not to say the cookbook is fundamentally apolitical. In a colonial situation in particular, no text can be. Of clear significance here is the evident ascendancy of English in the archipelago, at least among the kind of literate and solvent classes in a position to buy a cookbook, in the ten years since *My Contribution* had been published. Although *Everyday Cookery for the Home* is a bilingual book compiled from a bilingual periodical, one of its languages is more equal than the other: the titles of both the book and the magazine are only in English, as is the cookbook preface, its dedication, and the subsequent short sections entitled “Introductory Remarks” and “The Vitamins.” The recipes in English by Reyes de Veyra then appear for the next 95 pages, seconded without any prefatory comments in Spanish by the recipes by Paz Zamora Mascuñana in the subsequent 116 pages. Given that English is a more concise language than Spanish, the longer Spanish section does not indicate a greater relative weight in the cookbook. On the contrary, another decade of American hegemony in the archipelago has altered the readership for Paz Zamora Mascuñana to the extent that now it is effectively assumed to be literate in English. That tongue in a periodical such as *El debate* appeared merely in the marginalia of advertisements and the like. Only a Filipina who was anglophone as well as hispanophone in 1934, however, could comprehend the opening statement of the “Introductory Remarks” that “The greatest problem that confronts the housewife is the feeding of her family with the right kind of food and prepared in the right way” (5). The veracity of the assertion in 1492 by Antonio Nebrija that language and empire were always companions seems once again patent here.

Regarding the domestic linguistic context, Reyes de Veyra and Paz Zamora Mascuñana affirm that “the Filipinos, though constituting essentially a unified nation, are yet a bi-lingual people in their speech, writing and business dealings” (3). Here, “bi-lingual” refers to English and Spanish. This statement is breathtaking in its wholesale elision of the hundreds of indigenous languages and dialects that dominated the archipelago among all those classes not in a position to, say, publish cookbooks in Hong Kong. The presumptively “unified nation,” of course, is in reality a presumptively unified class that is projected by the authors as definitive of the islands at large. This class blindness suggests that Paz Zamora Mascuñana has receded ideologically along material as well as gender lines. Certainly, the sympathetic lumpen (or at least unfortunate) characters who repeatedly populated *My Contribution* a decade earlier—a shoeshine boy, an abused and stray dog, a

simple peasant lad, starving ancient villagers, neglected and orphaned children, a poor but heroic everyman—no longer figure into the Philippines of her cookbook world. Instead, her class orientation pivots to and from an altogether different, and rather higher, spot on the socioeconomic spectrum.

That two authors from the social stratosphere had written a book for women who have to do their own cooking suggests, however, a feigned bridging between upper and middle classes, an implicit version of noblesse oblige directed at ostensible peers from the bourgeoisie. After all, the small group of Filipinas who could circumnavigate the world on a whim in 1924, as with their counterparts today, certainly did not have to make their own food: a cohort of ample and cheap domestic labor is a transhistorical constant among the Filipino elite. The cookbook authors hardly needed to go budget shopping at daily markets, notwithstanding the importance of frugality that they stress in the “Introductory Remarks” of the cookbook. In the course of ten years, Miss Paz Zamora, pioneering author of monolingual Spanish narratives about Filipino families in distress and a Filipino nation longing for freedom, has become Mrs. Paz Zamora Mascañana, co-author of English and Spanish advice for how middle and upper class women can keep their family and country well-fed. Cynthia Rivera, commenting on the fifth anniversary issue of *Woman’s Home Journal*, which appeared the same year as the first edition of one of its byproducts, *Everyday Cookery*, notes that the magazine offered “idealized images of ‘women who are doing something,’ characterized by the powerful, socially well-placed, educated, well-married Filipino women who were clones of their Western counterparts. Thus, the women who inhabited these magazines as subject were women who were a cut off the colonial mold, convenient articulators for the regime and a vital cog in the wheel supporting the infrastructure of colonization and its concerns....This regime entrenched the initial rootedness of women’s concerns to their domestic roles as wives and mothers, and facilitated the expansion of these functions into the national context” (17-18).

As for the recipes themselves in *Everyday Cookery*, the two halves of the book share a format that generally consists of a short list of ingredients followed by a pithy declarative paragraph with instructions for preparation and cooking. If Hemingway had ended up in the Philippines instead of Cuba, that other island center of the 1898 war, this is the kind of cookbook he would tolerate. On occasion in *Everyday Cookery*, the ingredient list is dispensed with entirely and instead is itemized in the course of the instructional paragraph. The brevity and simplicity of the approach is such that most pages contain two to three recipes each, sometimes even four. It is a format intended to place the functionality of the recipes above all other considerations. The influences of various American, European, and Chinese dishes are often evident in both halves of the book, as could be expected in a place

colonized by the United States and Spain and characterized by a long history of Chinese immigration.

Nevertheless, the English and Spanish sections of *Everyday Cookery* are not, as the authors point out, translations of each other but separate slates of recipes developed in the respective homes of Reyes de Veyra and Paz Zamora Mascuñana (3). Subtle differences of style and orientation follow suit. For instance, the English section by Reyes de Veyra has a much more American feel to it, with many of the recipes about as deracinated from the Philippines as can be imagined. There is more mayonnaise popping up than would seem likely, for example. At times, this half of the cookbook reads as if it were produced somewhere in a Great Plains or Rocky Mountain state. Adjacent pages in the salad section, for example, include recipes for fruit salad, potato salad dressing, pineapple salad, head of lettuce salad with salted cream dressing, poinsettia salad, carrot and bean salad, and “salad dressing good for lettuce or cabbage” (50-51). The first four pages of the “Biscuits” section offer recipes for pineapple puff, brown sugar and nut cookies, butter scotch wafers, brown and white angel food cake, cracker cookies, fairy cake, ice cream cake, “Hot Biscuit but Somewhat Different,” and bran waffles supreme (82-85). Whatever one might anticipate from a Filipino cookbook, bran waffles supreme is probably not the first dish that comes to mind.

The Spanish section of *Everyday Cookery* certainly includes American-influenced recipes, such as “‘Corn Beef’ con Tomates” and “‘Corn Beef’ con patatas” (that is, with tomatoes or potatoes), just as the English section does offer dishes with Filipino ingredients (154). Yet the ratio is not the same. On the whole, Paz Zamora Mascuñana is much more likely than Reyes de Veyra to use Filipino ingredients for Filipino or Filipinized dishes, to wit the numerous ingredient lists that contain one or more words that are italicized to indicate local food products. As a result, her half of the book is immediately followed by an eight-page glossary in Spanish that explains all the Filipino and Filipinized ingredients (the latter are sometimes of Chinese origins) that she mentions in her recipes. There is no glossary after the Reyes de Veyra recipes because no anglophone reader has to contend with an abundance of unfamiliar Filipino elements in the English and Americanized half of the cookbook. The addition of the Spanish glossary of local terms indicates that the readership anticipated by Paz Zamora Mascuñana included Spanish speakers inside and outside the Philippines who were so removed from Filipino culture that they would struggle to follow the many localisms in her recipes.<sup>15</sup> If a decision to retain relatively deep roots in Filipino cuisine were taken as an anticolonial or quasi-nationalist stance, then Paz Zamora Mascuñana could be perceived as tentatively transmitting through her culinary compositions a kind of patriotism that resonates, however dimly, with some of her independence-minded fiction in *My Contribution*. Such an argument would at least absolve her of the full charge of having abandoned

all that was progressive in her earlier writings; it would also, by extension, render Reyes de Veyra as a cook relatively coopted by American cultural hegemony. Yet even if the localized recipes are taken as some kind of independence stand by Paz Zamora Mascuñana, such an effort pales before the strength and complexity of her voice in “Of the 30<sup>th</sup> of the Month Past” and “Short Stories of Foreign Literature.”

What does stand out amid her recipes, though, is the sharpness of her prose and its severely shorn structures. Paz Zamora Mascuñana is crisp and austere in her half of the cookbook, unlike in her fictions a decade earlier. In the recipes, her stark sentences form a steady tattoo of authority. She never permits herself kitschy flourishes and editorializings like Reyes de Veyra. For instance, although each author begins her half of the cookbook with a series of recipes for soups, Reyes de Veyra commences hers with the following pap:

#### SOUP

The value of soup is such that it has been said that “soup is to a meal what a portico is to a palace or an overture to an opera”. Besides, soup serves two purposes: as an appetizer and as a part of the meal itself. (9)

Apart from the metaphors of palace and opera to introduce the cuisine of an archipelago whose majority peasant population was unlikely to spend much time thinking of either, the truly surplus wealth here arises amid the verbal self-indulgence of Reyes de Veyra. After all, a prefatory panegyric to soup is hardly needed from a narrative point of view. The English section of the cookbook appears first, so Reyes de Veyra is already following a host of other preludes—the “Preface,” the dedication, “Introductory Remarks,” and “The Vitamins”—before musing about “[t]he value of soup.” The details of her subsequent recipe, for split pea soup, seem almost an afterthought to her literary sensibility.

Paz Zamora Mascuñana is far more economical. Her half of the cookbook does not follow any prelude—the preceding page is merely the last recipe from Reyes de Veyra—and yet she launches her initial recipe, for “Consomme economico” [“Economical consommé,” that is, “Cheap Broth”], *in medias res* (105). There is no meditation, rococo or otherwise, about the value of soup. On the contrary, the recipe begins briskly with a bareboned ingredient list whose first item is “ $\frac{3}{4}$  kilo de huesos de costillas de vaca con algo de carne en pedazos pequeños” [“ $\frac{3}{4}$  kilogram of the rib bones of a cow with a bit of meat in small pieces”]. Talk about *in medias res*.<sup>16</sup> This is not a chef to mess with. She may wax the floors (or at least pretend to do so while hiring a poor Filipina to do it for her), but she will not wax indulgent. In the hundred plus pages that remain, she will never wallow rhetorically like Reyes de Veyra, who writes in her introduction to the category “Soft Drinks” that “In hot days there is nothing so refreshing as a cold beverage. Iced lemonade is the first

thing that comes to one's mind" (90). This is pablum for a colonized country and a colonized reader.

In the respective sections on meat, Reyes de Veyra concentrates on anodyne dishes that would be at home in a generic American kitchen: "Sugared Ham" and "Meat Loaf" and "Cheese and Ham Omelet" and "Tomato with Meat." The animals who furnished the meat are virtually invisible, much as they are in mainstream American cookbooks and supermarkets, and much as they are not in Filipino culinary traditions. Largely poor and rural populations, of course, are intimately aware that they are eating animals who were killed for that purpose, indeed often prize as delicacies the most obviously animalian parts of their food. In keeping with that knowledge, Paz Zamora is unsparingly attentive to the flesh-and-blood physicality of the dead beings who source her meals. She puts forward instead, for example, five different recipes for tongue (cow and hog) and an in-your-face recipe for "Cabeza de jabali" ["Head of Wild Boar"]:

Se deshuesa la cabeza de cerdo, se separan las orejas, la lengua y la carne del interior que se cortará en tiras y el pellejo de la cabeza se adoba varias horas con los condimentos bien triturados (menos la pimienta en granos que se mezclará [sic] enteros) después se extiende el pellejo y se lo rellena con las tiras. Se cose con un bramante, procurando darle a la cabeza una forma redonda y ésta con los huesos se hierva [sic] con mucha agua hasta que esté tierna, se retira entonces de caldo la cabeza y se la pone dentro de un molde bien apretado y una vez fría se la deja varias horas en la nevera hasta que esté dura la gelatina.

[You bone the head of the hog, separate the ears, the tongue and the interior meat, which you cut into strips, and you marinate the skin of the head for several hours with the well-ground condiments (except for the pepper seeds, which you will mix in whole) and afterwards you stretch out the skin and you fill it with the strips. You sew it up with twine, making sure you give the head a round shape, and with the bones you boil the head with a lot of water until it is tender, then you take the head out from the broth and you put it in a very tight mold, and once it is cold you leave it for several hours in the refrigerator until the gelatin is hard.] (148)

The wild boar is not the only thing whose head is boned in this passage. So too is that of the reader, who cannot help but be struck by the forcefulness of the writing. The superficially feminized aesthetics of *My Contribution* seem far away, banished as it were to the servants' quarters. Or, at the very least, to the sugared ham and meat loaf of Reyes de Veyra's half of the cookbook.

Put another way, the writing style of Paz Zamora in *Everyday Cookery* is the most liberating element of an otherwise imprisoning text. The reductive housewifery of

the cookbook fences her into femininity, yet the phallic push of her prose yields a product at odds with that same reduction. In this sense, her half of *Everyday Cookery* is much more aggressive and tense than *My Contribution*, whose stories often mask their bite with saccharine. The short story collection uses family drama to veil ideology unbecoming a Filipino. But her half of the cookbook uses family food to veil a voice unbecoming a Filipina. Consequently, the most important political aspect of *Everyday Cookery* is not the contents of its convictions but the quality of its codes.

The spare compositional skills of Paz Zamora Mascuñana in *Everyday Cookery* prefigure the aesthetics of her memoirs about her last five days under Japanese rule in World War II. These memoirs may have been written any time between 1945 and 1958, for as far as is currently known, they were not published until June 1958 in the fourth volume of the *Bulletin of the Philippine Historical Association*. An unsigned editorial note there at the bottom of the first page of the memoirs reads, “Notable escritora filipina en español Doña María Paz Zamora Mascuñana es la autora de *Mi Obolo* (Manila, 1924), una colección de cuentos filipinos singularmente interesantes” [“Notable Filipina writer in Spanish Mrs. María Paz Zamora Mascuñana is the author of *My Contribution* (Manila, 1924), a collection of singularly interesting Filipino short stories”] (Paz Zamora de Mascuñana, “Nuestros” 63). The memoirs were republished by the author herself in 1960 in a private anthology titled *Cuentos cortos 1919-1923 y Recuerdos de la liberación 1945* [*Short Stories 1919-1923 and Memories of the Liberation 1945*]. All citations in this essay are taken from this self-published volume. The “Short Stories 1919-1923” are actually a reprint of all but the final two narratives from *My Contribution*. The place of those last two texts is now taken by the memoirs of wartime.<sup>17</sup>

The war text has been republished at least three times since then, but each of those versions is radically distinct from the others and from the originals of 1958 and 1960, which are virtually identical. The later versions are all heavily abridged and translated into English, but the chopping-up is done in different places and different ways, and all the translators are different.<sup>18</sup> Along with this protean publication history, the memoirs also seem to be the only fragment of the oeuvre of Paz Zamora Mascuñana that has received sustained attention from a scholar. In 2000, amid a collection of autobiographical writings by Filipinas, Cristina Pantoja Hidalgo published excerpts of the war text by Paz Zamora Mascuñana (*Pinay* 113-25). Her only direct comment on the memoirs, however, appeared in the form of the following biographical blurb:

*María Paz Mascuñana (1888-1978)*

María Paz Zamora’s father was Dr. Felipe Zamora who, according to his great granddaughter, Sylvia Rocés-Montilla, was the first Filipino doctor. The Zamora family

(there were five daughters) had to go into exile in Vietnam to avoid being investigated by Spaniards for Dr. Zamora's friendship with Jose Rizal. Maria Paz was the model for the Marquesa in Juan Luna's famous painting. She was educated by governesses, and could speak English, French, and Esperanto, aside from Spanish and Tagalog. Though she never had formal schooling, she valued scholarship, and set up foundations which supported research on leukemia, rabies, allergies, and cancer. She was also skilled in the traditional womanly arts, sewing and embroidering the fine linen tablecloths for each grandchild, and producing a cookbook, *Everyday Cooking [sic] for the Home* (published by St. Louis Industrial School in Hong Kong) with Sofia Reyes de Veyre [sic]. *Lourdes Brillantes*, the translator of Mascañana's piece in this volume, belongs to the faculty of the Department of European Languages at the University of the Philippines. (*Pinay* xvii)

The significance of this description lies not in its spectacular details—exile in Vietnam? model for a famous painting? fluency in Esperanto?—and how they might inform any reading of the writings of Paz Zamora Mascañana. The blurb instead stands out for the dubious quality of such content, for its unconscious omissions and erroneous information. Pantoja Hidalgo, for instance, is apparently unaware of the existence of *My Contribution*, either its original 1924 version or its republication along with the war memoirs in 1960. She likely is unaware too of the fervent, diverse messages of a monolingual Spanish periodical such as *El debate* that provide contextual clues on how to read those short stories. And surely Pantoja Hidalgo would have mentioned the circumnavigation of the world by her subject had she known about it. She does know about the cookbook but apparently has not seen it, for the title is wrong; the only edition mentioned is the Hong Kong one; and the surname of the co-author is misspelled.

Such problems are synecdochical to the macro issues of research on 20<sup>th</sup> century Filipino literature in Spanish. The few people who undertake it are always hampered by the difficulty of locating texts, which tend to be unindexed, scattered, and often simply unknown to exist in the first place. Moreover, even the written and oral sources that can be accessed are frequently unreliable. It is typical, as in the blurb above, for factual or factoidal data to come from family members several generations removed from their forebears. The oblique forces of time and memory, perhaps also the disappearance of Spanish as a family language, make such information questionable at the very least. In addition, Filipino scholars who might seek to corroborate the veracity of any purported fact about a hispanophone Filipino author or text may well be constrained by an inability to work in Spanish. Such illiteracy is a consequence of the same forces that produced the war memoirs of Paz Zamora Mascañana in the first place: the annihilation of Manila in World War II and concomitant obliteration of the largest hispanophone community in the archipelago. An anglophone scholar such as Pantoja Hidalgo reflects in her own name the Spanish imperial heritage of the islands but, in her need for a translator

for the memoirs, the succeeding American imperial triumph as well. In other words, the combination of linguistic and archival issues that problematize her description of Paz Zamora Mascuñana are not indicative of one particularly apocryphal case but of many assessments of Filipino literature in Spanish.

In a 2006 book, Pantoja Hidalgo returned to the memoirs and explained that she had become aware of them thanks to a friend (*Over* 137). This same friend, she added, “also helped me obtain permission from Mascuñana’s heirs to use excerpts from the book and have them translated by Professor Lourdes Brillantes” (*Over* 137). Again, such heavy reliance on personal networks is common in research on 20<sup>th</sup> century Fil-Hispanic literature. This practice, however, carries with it a slate of obvious problems, such as the narrowing or potential elimination of otherwise standard professional distances, not to mention the exclusion of scholars who do not have access to such private corridors. Often bypassed, meanwhile, is direct work with source material due to the language barrier. In her comments on the war memoir, Pantoja Hidalgo repeatedly refers to it as a diary and reflects, “One wonders how this woman was able to keep such a detailed record of this ordeal and what might have motivated her to do so. I am tempted to think that it must have been a habit – this need to record things, even terrible things, *as they happen*; and to speculate that there must be accounts she kept of other important events in her life, still undiscovered” (*Over* 126). She adds, “This account is distinct from [other Filipinas’ war memoirs in English] in having been produced in the white heat of the moment, and is therefore the most devoid of artifice” (*Over* 127). Yet for various reasons, it is not at all self-evident that Paz Zamora Mascuñana did indeed write “in the white heat of the moment.” In fact, the opposite seems far more likely, with the diary format of the text being instead a reconstruction of events rather than a chronicle.<sup>19</sup> A matter of linguistic style in Spanish could create confusion here, for historical texts in that language often employ the present tense to recount past events. Such use of the “historical present” by Paz Zamora Mascuñana was imitated in the translation by Brillantes, where it comes across as a simple present tense, that is, without any historicity implied. The result is that, to a reader of the English version, the memoir feels much more like a breathless narration of events in real time than it does in the Spanish original. This is because the Spanish practice of favoring the historical present tense does not carry the sense of real time at all. It is a rhetorical way of making past events sound immediate, not immediacy itself.

In fact, the most vivid events of the memoir—escaping from houses while clutching possessions, fleeing in the streets from bullets and bombs, coming upon the dead and wounded—could not have been narrated in the moment. It would have been physically impossible. There are also plenty of features of the text that connote anything but a practice of writing things “*as they happen*,” a characterization so important to Pantoja Hidalgo that she italicizes it for emphasis (*Over* 126). These

features include the total absence of the metatextual moments so common in diaries (there is no “As I write this...” type of phrasing), rhetorical strategies centered on onomatopoeia, and a copious succession of ellipses meant to elicit emotion in the reader. In other words, the memoir reveals artifice in abundance. Furthermore, it was not published (as far as is currently known) until 1958, a full thirteen years after the events in question. And on top of that, in 1960, it appeared in a book whose title page refers to it as “Recuerdos de la Liberacion” [“Memories of the Liberation”] rather than the more instantaneous sounding title that Pantoja Hidalgo uses, “Our Last Five Days Under the Japanese Yoke,” a translation of “Nuestros últimos cinco días bajo el yugo japonés” (*Pinay* 113). The latter is the (misquoted) title of the memoir given by Paz Zamora Mascañana right before it commences, that is, as a kind of chapter title, but it does not appear on the title page of the 1960 book itself.<sup>20</sup> The confusions suggest that Pantoja Hidalgo may have seen the memoirs in isolation from the rest of that book, of whose existence she does not seem to know. She never indicates awareness of the fifteen short stories that precede the memoir in the 1960 book nor, consequently, that those stories were previously published in *My Contribution* in 1924.

Scholars of American Studies who can work readily in Spanish and who come to realize that Filipino arts produced in that language during the U.S. colonial period are fully part of American history, literary and otherwise, may have a different set of intellectual challenges to face. The flip side of being a Filipino researcher who does not know Spanish is being an American researcher who does not know any Filipino language or have any feel for Filipino cultures. Yet it is not as if even Filipino intellectuals in the time of Paz Zamora Mascañana had a broad familiarity with the plural literary phenomena of the archipelago. The main vernacular languages, each of them with millions of speakers, are mutually unintelligible, so the mere existence of significant fictional texts written in, say, Cebuano or Hiligaynon or Ilocano, was and remains unlikely to be known, much less commented upon, by Manila writers who spoke or speak only Tagalog and English.

A manifestation of this reality is “Are There Women Writers in the Philippines?,” an article published in the May 1939 issue of the *Woman’s Home Journal*. This piece, written by Maria Luna Lopez between the eras of *Everyday Cookery* and the war memoir, concludes that yes, there are women writers, albeit a small and young lot, and that despite the historical challenges to a woman’s literary career and the persisting responsibilities of childbirth and childrearing, “nature has dowered women with the same capacities as men. No, the women may be marking time, but they are a force to be reckoned with. They are on the move and are bound to get somewhere” (54).<sup>21</sup> The declaration is powerful and carefully reasoned and wrong. The reason for the error is that it assumes that all Filipinas who wrote creatively did so in English. Given that assumption, it was reasonable for Luna Lopez to adopt

the give-them-time position. After all, the appearance of Filipinas who could write fiction or poetry in English as a native language—that is, the first generation to have gone through the American school system installed at the start of the century—does not commence in earnest until the mid-late 1920s. But Luna Lopez is not conscious of her linguistic exclusions. It does not occur to her to wonder whether there were Filipinas who wrote in Spanish who predated the rising anglophone cohort, not to mention vernacular fictionalists such as Jalandoni.

Such linguistic narrownesses continue today. In a 2003 monograph, Edna Zapanta-Manlapaz declares that Paz Marquez-Benitez “holds the distinction of having written the first modern short story in Philippine letters, ‘Dead Stars,’ published in *The Philippines Herald Magazine* in 1925” and adds on the next page that that same story was “the first modern short story in English by a Filipino writer” (*Filipino Women* 21-22). The double phrasing leaves the impression that Zapanta-Manlapaz is not only unaware of *My Contribution*, a whole book of short stories published a year before “Dead Stars,” but also that “modern” and “in English” are essentially synonymous terms. A similar pattern appears when Zapanta-Manlapaz notes that “*Filipino Love Stories*, reportedly the first anthology of Philippine Stories in English by Filipinos, was compiled in 1928 by Marquez-Benitez from the works of her students” but then a few pages later cites a writer who stated emphatically in 1931 that Marquez-Benitez “compiled the first anthology of Filipino short stories, *Filipino Love Stories*” (*Filipino Women* 22, 25). This citation from 1931 lacks such qualifiers as “reportedly” and “in English” that Zapanta-Manlapaz adds in her own rendition of it and as such stands as uncontested fact. Once again, the lingering impression is that the two phrases are synonymous and accurate. Taken together, they are neither. *My Contribution* appeared four years prior to *Filipino Love Stories*. Moreover, it was an anthology by a female author, not a female editor. In short, based on language issues alone, it was just as easy to be a linguistically limited analyst of Filipino literature prior to World War II as it is today.<sup>22</sup>

The blinders of language shutter everyone, the writer of these lines included, who seeks to account for Filipino fiction in any time period and yet cannot read or perhaps even perceive literatures in the many Filipino languages they do not know. After all, it is not as if Paz Zamora Mascañana moved in circles completely alienated from those of Marquez-Benitez in the historical reality of the Philippines. According to Zapanta-Manlapaz, the latter had founded the *Woman’s Home Journal* in 1919 as “the first women’s magazine in the country” (*Filipino Women* 22); Rivera writes instead that the “pro-establishment” *Woman’s Home Journal* appeared first in 1926 as a “successor” to *The Woman’s Outlook*, a publication inaugurated in 1922 (11, 6). Either way, Paz Zamora Mascañana and Marquez-Benitez were members of elite families who were absolute contemporaries, for the former was born just six years after the latter and likewise lived some ninety years. Given the general social,

economic, and political incestuousness of the Filipino plutocracy, surely they knew each other, probably quite well. And it is not as if Paz Zamora Mascuñana had disappeared altogether from the *Woman's Home Journal* even by the time Luna Lopez had written "Are There Women Writers in the Philippines?" in 1939. The second page of that article, to wit, abuts a text box that lists all the individuals who owed one per cent or more of the total stock in the corporation that published the periodical ("Commonwealth" 54). The last name on the list is none other than "Mrs. Maria Paz Mascuñana" of Colorado Street, Manila; the first name on the list, noticeably, is that of her cookbook coauthor, "Mrs. Sofia R. de Veyra" of Taft Avenue, Manila ("Commonwealth" 54). Both locations would soon reappear in the war memoir of Paz Zamora Mascuñana, whose apocalyptic environment would make a periodical such as the *Woman's Home Journal* seem as relevant to Filipino reality as a recipe for bran waffles supreme.

It can be argued that the horrors of February 1945 in Manila were an entirely gratuitous calamity in that it resulted from the optional decision by Douglas MacArthur—he made it against explicit military counsel—to invade the Philippines in 1944 in order to retake the islands from Japan. The battle in Manila the following February between American and Japanese forces ended with possibly over a million dead Filipinos. Amid that armageddon, the primary Spanish-speaking community in the archipelago was eviscerated. The reprisals by Japanese forces against Filipino civilians during this climactic bloodbath, however, made those Filipinos see the Americans as heroes in a most evil hour. It is that sense and scene that contextualizes the diary by Paz Zamora Mascuñana.

She opens it on February 8, 1945, as follows: "Unos dentro del refugio y otros debajo de la escalera, anoche, miércoles 7, la pasamos desvelados por los cañonazos y las explosiones, y en el amanecer de hoy, al reanudar con más violencia el duelo de artillería, nos hemos preguntado llenos de esperanza y de ansiedad, '¿Serán los Americanos que al fin vienen a libertarnos?'" ["Some inside the refuge and others beneath the stairs, we spent last night, Wednesday the 7<sup>th</sup>, unable to sleep because of the large cannon fire and the explosions, and today at dawn, when the artillery duel resumed with more violence, we have asked ourselves full of hope and anxiety, 'Is it the Americans who finally come to liberate us?'" ] (57). The story she is about to tell is of both the United States and the Philippines. And the text of that story pertains as much to American literature and history as it does to Filipino.

Within the particular sweep of literature by Paz Zamora Mascuñana, however, what stands out is the multifaceted boldness of the opening passage. The stark beginning, the stripped prose, the bare violence in focus, the severe immediacy of the tone—this is a startling and masterful opening. The family foci of so many *My Contribution* stories are bypassed abruptly here, while the domestic presumptions

and concerns of *Everyday Cookery* now seem straight out of some sort of fantasy world. At the same time, an authorial talent evident in the former for quickly hooking a reader and, in the latter, for issuing spare declaratives, are repurposed here into an ability to plunge into a war scene with skeletal suspense. Many other writer-witnesses of the horrors of war, whatever the war, no doubt offer similar aesthetics and impulses in their own memoirs, but few if any of those people's prior publication was a coffeetable cookbook. Paz Zamora Mascuñana, in other words, appears liberated here as an author even as she, awaiting liberation in reality, runs for her life. The hispanophone Filipino society in which she had written previously has been blown apart amid the Japanese terror and the American onslaught, along with all of its constraints. There is no longer any need to conform her narrations to modes associated with women. This is the freedom with which she could not write fiction in 1924 because women were not supposed to write this way. This is the freedom with which she could not write beyond the kitchen in 1934 because housewives were not supposed to write this way either.

Now, approaching the age of sixty, Paz Zamora Mascuñana is finally free. Why? Because her market has dematerialized, her community and context have collapsed, and she no longer needs to write, as *El debate* once put it, “exactly how women write”] (“Las cuatro” 5). She can write as a human being because humanity in Manila is now under obliteration. Indirectness and ambiguity can be foregone as kitchen care yields to carnage. This is not to say that Paz Zamora Mascuñana is no longer gendered in any way—of course she is—but rather that now she can write beyond the confines to which being gendered has hitherto limited her. At last she is free, though it is an acute condition of being unfree that makes this possible. Does the war produce this possibility? Yes. Are hundreds of thousands of dead Filipinos worth it? No. The travesty is that hyperbolic tragedy is required to allow her enough subjective space, enough agency, to write of unladylike topics with unwomanly rhythm.

The memoir, however, is not Hemingway redux. Its third paragraph initiates a very theatricalized sequence in which each of four unidentified refugees says something in turn. And the next page includes a paragraph rendered in the following font and form: “Bang!.... *Whi ..... i ..... i ..... iz ..... Bang!*” (58) This is not raw reportage. Yet by and large, the style of the memoir is remarkable for its *Everyday Cookery* efficiency. Even when rhetorical questions and exclamations are employed for effect and affect, the prose constantly cuts to the bone of the matter, hews to the horror without averting its gaze. By contrast, all the stories in *My Contribution* arrive only obliquely at their moralizing conclusions. In the war memoir, Paz Zamora Mascuñana dispenses with timidity, and nevermore so than when depicting the massacre that marks its most powerful moments:

Sacamos a las llorosas mujeres del *shelter* y con ellas nos fuimos a buscar a las otras víctimas, ¡que horroroso y espeluznante espectáculo nos esperaba en el solar vecino! En primer término Ramón Zaragoza con la cabeza destrozada y luego en fila los criados, Don Manuel Vivencio del Rosario y su hijo Manoling, los chicos Rojo y su anciano padre, el Coronel Martinez y su hijo, Paco Marin, éste, tenía los intestinos fuera pero respiraba aún cuando llegó su esposa y pedía que le terminaran de matar porque no podía más.... [sic] ¡Y pensar que este montón de cadáveres destrozados en medio de charcos de sangre eran, no hacía mucho, hombre [sic] fuertes, sanos, rebosantes de vida!”

[We took the crying women from the *shelter* and went with them to look for the other victims. What a terrible and horrific spectacle awaited us in the neighboring home! First of all, Ramón Zaragoza with his head destroyed and then in a line the servants, Don Manuel Vivencio del Rosario and his son Manoling, the Rojo boys and their elderly father, Colonel Martinez and his son, Paco Marin, who had his intestines outside but still was breathing when his wife arrived and he asked that they finish him off because he couldn't stand it any more....[sic] And to think that this pile of destroyed cadavers in middle of pools of blood were, not long ago, strong men, healthy, brimming with life!] (63)

Paz Zamora Mascuñana does not flinch from the horror here, does not drape over it in any way. There is no tentativeness here of purpose or politics. Aesthetically, this is the prose of “Head of Wild Boar” transported out of the kitchen and into war.

The spartan strength of her writing achieves its most powerful pathos of all when she revisits the scene of the massacre just a short time later and discovers that the Rojo boys were not dead after all:

Como personajes de un cuadro dantesco veo a los dos chicos Rojo tratando de incorporarse...[sic] los pobrecitos aún vivían y no nos hemos dado cuenta de ello cuando venimos no hace tres horas!

“Estamos vivos y nadie viene a ayudarnos,” exclaman dolorosamente, al verme aparecer. ¡Cómo describir la pena y la compasión que sentí al verlos! Quiero cogerles en mis brazos, arrastrarles lejos, pedir ayuda...[sic] pero es demasiado tarde, y solo puedo balbucir “Estamos rodeados de fuego y de japoneses, pobres hijos, y no podemos hacer nada.”

“¡Podéis resistir! ¡Si no queréis morir todos asesinados no os dejéis amedrantar!” ¡Pobres jóvenes tan valientes! Tal vez tenían las piernas destrozadas, no podían moverse de su sitio....[sic]

Fuertes pisadas que se acercan me hacen retroceder, es un soldado nipón que al verles mover o tal vez porque les ha oído hablar, se acerca al grupo de los dos hermanos y comienza a disparar a boca de jarro...[sic] y poco faltó para que mi grito de horror descubriese mi presencia al asesino.

[Like characters in a Dantean painting I see the two Rojo boys trying to sit up...[sic] the poor boys still lived and we had not realized it when we came not three hours ago!

“We are alive and nobody comes to help us,” they exclaim grievingly on seeing me appear. How to describe the pain and compassion that I felt on seeing them! I wanted to gather them into my arms, pull them far away, ask for help...[sic] but it is too late and I can only stammer, “We are surrounded by fire and by Japanese, poor children, and we can’t do anything.”

“You all can resist! If you all do not want to die assassinated don’t let yourselves be scared!” Poor youths so valiant! Perhaps they had destroyed legs, they couldn’t move from their place...[sic]

Strong footsteps that neared made me retreat. It was a Japanese soldier who on seeing them move or perhaps because he had heard them speak, neared the group of the two brothers and began to fire at point blank range...[sic] and my shout of horror almost revealed my presence to the assassin.] (64)

All the maternal sentiment that previously had powered her work in the world is useless now. It is irrelevant to the Rojo boys and, in turn, to the aesthetics of her prose. Notwithstanding her invocation of ellipses and exclamation points, this is ascetic narrative, shorn of inefficient adjectives and frilly phrases. Each rhetorical shift, from description to quotation to interior monologue and back again, pushes the scene forward. The asides do not move laterally here at all. The scene-setting never slows down the plot. The passage progresses relentlessly without succumbing to phallic linearity. The war memoir is consequently the most feminist and independent prose that Paz Zamora Mascuñana ever wrote. It is true that *My Contribution* was a groundbreaking short story collection, but none of its fictional children or women is ever described as starkly as some of their counterparts in the memoir: “Entre los heridos de esta mañana han fallecido dos niños, tenemos además un cadáver de mujer atravesado en la puerta de la entrada” [“Among the wounded from this morning have died two children. We have as well the cadaver of a woman across the door of the entrance”] (68). This is terrifying, remarkable, liberated text.

At the end of the memoir, the American military does arrive and Paz Zamora Mascuñana, like her fellow refugees, welcomes them jubilantly as “estos benditos hijos del Tío Sam” [“these blessed sons of Uncle Sam”] (74). The memoir even ends with a prayer that “sea bendita para siempre América por habernos libertado a tiempo” [“may America be forever blessed for having liberated us in time”] (75). She is a long way from the ambiguous anti-Americanism of *My Contribution* in 1924. She is even further away, ideologically, from the openly melancholic and anti-American stance of *El debate*, her patron periodical, that same year on the anniversary of the first raising of the U.S. flag over Manila. Now she is explicitly

pro-American. And yet, paradoxically, she is as free as she ever has been: if not in her politics, at least in her prose.

Perhaps wistfully, perhaps not, the book in which the war memoir appears leads with the statement, “Dedicado a mis sobrinos sobrinos-nietos y bisnietos para que no se olviden del idioma de Cervantes y tengan un recuerdo de su lola Paching” [“Dedicated to my nephews/nieces great-nephews/nieces and great-great-nephews/nieces so that they do not forget the language of Cervantes and so that they have a memory of their great-aunt Paching”] (third page from title page).<sup>23</sup> Anyone unfamiliar with her oeuvre would have no idea that those “Short Stories 1919-1923” were a reprint of the first fifteen texts of the unnamed *My Contribution*, slightly altered in spots and sanitized imperially in terms of standard Spanish grammar (primarily via the addition of accent marks) but for the most part identical in content and order. Certainly, the public nature of the previous publication of those short stories (including those that also ran in *El debate*) and the charged sociopolitical contexts in which they appeared, is entirely unacknowledged by Paz Zamora Mascuñana. The dedication instead frames the 1960 book as an entirely personal and familial endeavor, a kind of legacy project by a 72-year-old great-aunt whose aims extend no further than a gentle farewell to her younger relations and to a language now on the edge of extinction in the archipelago.

This is a far cry from the subversive epigraph that launched her short story anthology half her lifetime earlier: “My Contribution: Humble attempt of a book humbly dedicated...to the campaign for our Liberty” (2). And yet, perhaps there is a kind of link after all. The 1960 publication gave space to the war memoir, the last known text of Paz Zamora Mascuñana and far and away the most liberated—and therefore, far and away the most political. The humility of a valedictory memento from a great-aunt is belied by the strongest and most straightforward, and therefore most ideological, writing of all.

Paz Zamora Mascuñana would live a long time yet, another fifth of her life, and pass away in 1978 at the age of 90 in an era when the Philippines was under the harsh rule of a dictator, Ferdinand Marcos. It was a rather different time than the one she had been born into, the final stage of the Spanish military and clerical regime in the islands. And yet, with Marcos a close ally of the United States, and the Philippines under martial law, perhaps it was not so different at all. A woman such as her was still, perhaps, unthinkable. But through her writings, she had shown otherwise.

Today, the works of Maria Paz Zamora Mascuñana, like most texts written in Spanish by Filipinas, are essentially unknown and almost inaccessible. Yet such oblivion does not correspond to irrelevance. On the contrary, the nexus of American empire and American feminism emerges in her corpus like nowhere else.

True, her final major work, the memoirs, was likely written after 1946, that is, after the formal independence of the archipelago and thus after the definitive cessation of her status as an American national. Yet this technicality seems to diminish not at all her centrality to what propagandists still refer to as the American century. The long prime of her life was spent as an American colonial subject. And with the Philippines a client state of the United States ever since, she still was a producer and product of global America long thereafter.

Throughout the 20<sup>th</sup> century, the Philippines marked the modern reach of the United States in multiple ways. And Paz Zamora Mascañana was apparently the first female subject-national of a globalized America to create a body of work in the language of the planetary empire that the United States replaced. As such, her short fictions and recipes and war remembrances are a bellwether of the relationships of gender and imperialism in the last century. No overarching story of 20<sup>th</sup> century American women ought be told without her occupying a place in it. For that matter, no overarching story of America in general ought be told without her either. A century of America, not only of the Philippines, can be read from her vantage. Much could be gained from doing so. Not to complement other narratives, not to diversify for the sake of diversity, not to curve geography and language and gender in the name of forging new paths. The only issue at hand is to set the record of the century straight. That is all.

## Notes

1. At least one unpublished memoir of World War II in Spanish by a Filipina also survives: a seven-page, single-spaced typescript by Concepción Gotera, a 33-year-old nun who was deposed by an American colonel on March 2, 1945. He was asking her to give oral testimony about her experiences amid the apocalyptic battle in Manila the previous month between American and Japanese forces. Gotera, according to a note by the colonel, “appeared to have difficulty recalling dates and circumstances before the stenographic report. She asked to be permitted to write out what had happened and this seemed to be the best solution. What she wrote is attached” (“Testimony” 1). The following typescript consequently has two parts: the seven pages in Spanish by Gotera, which appear in the form of a diary starting on February 3, 1945, and ending on February 21, 1945 (these dates surround those of which Paz Zamora would also write); and, preceding that, five pages in English that include one page of introductory interrogation of Gotera (asking her name, age, place of work, etc.) and four pages that bear a vague, oblique relationship to the Spanish text. As of this writing, the apparent sequence—and further research may clarify or disprove this hypothesis—is that the colonel began by questioning Gotera in English but she could not respond coherently because the traumatic and recent events were jumbled in her mind (and not because communication in English was a problem for her); she then typed out the text in Spanish to sort out those “dates and circumstances” for herself; then the colonel interviewed her successfully while a stenographer noted the responses and subsequently converted that shorthand into the English version. All these mediations and circumstances of production distinguish the Gotera typescript from the polished, self-authored Paz Zamora memoir. There may be extant other published and unpublished war texts in Spanish by Filipinas; if so, dedicated archival sleuthing will be required to find them.
2. A common perception that the “American national” legal categorization of Filipinos ended with the onset of the Commonwealth of the Philippines in 1935 appears to be wrong. Veta Schlimgen argues convincingly that the inauguration of the Commonwealth only changed the “national” status of Filipinos if they emigrated to the continental United States; if they remained in the Philippines, as apparently did Maria Paz Zamora, they remained U.S. nationals until the formal independence of the archipelago in 1946.
3. For an overview of both unpublished and published writings by Filipinas during the Spanish colonization, see Santiago, “Flowering.”
4. The confusing nomenclature and categorizations of race and ethnicity in the Philippines often necessitates a qualification whenever something is considered to be the first of its kind by a “Filipino” or “Filipina.” In the mid-19<sup>th</sup> century, “Filipino” meant a person born in the Philippines of entirely Spanish descent. This meant that Gonzaga de León was not considered “Filipina” at the time because she was of indigenous and Chinese descent. That fact actually marked her as a “mestizo”

in the Philippine context, where “mestizo” identified various categories of racial mixing, not just indigenous-European miscegenation as was typical in Spanish colonies in Latin America. Gonzaga de León, therefore, is only the first “Filipina” to publish a book when that term equates to its current meaning, not the one prevalent during her lifetime. Conversely, the first “Filipina” to publish a book in the traditional sense of that word was actually María Varela de Brodet, who published an original novena in the late 1830s and expanded it for a republication in 1844 (Santiago, “Doña” 374).

5. Both women were related to important Filipino male writers. Florentino y Florentino was the mother of Isabelo de los Reyes, a remarkable intellectual who published in diverse genres. Paterno y Devera Ignacio was the sister of Pedro Paterno, the first novelist of the archipelago.
6. For analysis of *Cándida’s Career*, see the third chapter of Lifshey, *Subversions of the American Century*.
7. For analysis of *Nínay*, see the first chapter of Lifshey, *The Magellan Fallacy*.
8. There are two ambiguous words in this elogium. The first is “genero,” which can translate to both “genre” and “gender.” The former meaning seems likelier here since otherwise the clause would repeat the point of its predecessor about Paz Zamora being a trailblazer as a woman. The translation of “genero” as “genre” therefore leads to a second point, namely that, irrespective of gender, Paz Zamora innovates as a Filipino writer by virtue of being the first to publish a serious short story collection. Regarding the second ambiguous term, “local,” it is unclear whether it refers here specifically to Manila and environs, as opposed to other regions of the Philippines, or whether (and this seems more likely) the adjective is used rhetorically to refer to the whole of the archipelago.
9. In the letter, written in the second person and titled “La madre del campeón” [“The Mother of the Champion”], Del Valle urges the world champion flyweight Pancho Villa – another Filipino who went by a remarkable moniker—to kiss his mother upon returning to the archipelago. The sonnet is entitled “Enferma” [“Ill Woman”] and bylined as written in January 1924.
10. Other contributions by Guerrero to *El debate* that autumn include the rhyming verse of “A la muerte” [“To the Death”] on September 7, the prose poem “El poema del agro” [“The Poem of the Fields”] on October 5, the short story “La paloma del loco” [“The Dove of the Madman”] on November 16, and the essay “El individualismo y la emotividad en la nueva literatura” [“Individualism and Emotivity in the New Literature”] on November 23.
11. This advertisement appeared in the *El debate* issues of December 19, 27 and 28 (6, 6 and 2 respectively).
12. The dedication reads, “Al Sr. Jose Albernich Gofre(?) [unclear word] Maria Paz Zamora Barcelona Dic. 1924,” that is, “To Mr. Jose Albernich Gofre(?) [unclear word] Maria Paz Zamora Barcelona Dec. 1924.” Personal copy. Reproduction of dedication available upon request.
13. The library of the Ateneo de Manila University holds the Hong Kong edition and lists it as a second edition but does not give a publication year. The 1934 Manila

- edition, however, identifies itself on its title page as “Second Edition (Revised and Increased).”
14. This typographically dramatic representation of the co-authors stands out from the nearly uninterrupted anonymity of the individual recipe contributions that Paz Zamora Mascuñana had made to the *Woman's Home Journal*. In that periodical, the only recipe located to date that bears her byline is a brief plan for “Filipino Fish Soup” in the November 1937 issue, that is, years after all three cookbook editions had appeared. This recipe is also the only known anglophone text that is credited exclusively to her.
  15. Such readers were not necessarily foreigners. Pedro Paterno, the forerunner of Filipino fiction in Spanish, was so elite that he could not write in Tagalog with fluency despite being raised in Manila.
  16. “Res” is Spanish for cow.
  17. The last two texts of *My Contribution*, “Las cucharas de oro” [“The Golden Spoons”] (which also had appeared in *El debate*) and “El Macui: (Cuento annamita)” [“The Macui: (Annamite Short Story)”] are not acknowledged as absent in the 1960 book. Curiously, the copy of *My Contribution* with the handwritten dedication includes “The Golden Spoons” but not “The Macui.” This copy shows signs of having been rebound at some point but in all other respects is identical to the only other copy that appears to be archived outside the Philippines—a text held by the Yale University library—so it seems likely that the absence of “The Macui” in the dedicated copy owes to the pages of that last story having come detached at some point and not rebound with the rest.
  18. The first of the later versions was “A Housewife’s Diary of the War,” abridged and translated by Carlos Quirino, in volume ten of *Filipino Heritage, The Making of a Nation Birth of a Nation (1941-1946) War Baby*, Editor-in-Chief Alfredo Roces (Lahing Pilipino Publishing, 1978): 2689-2693. The next known version after that appears scattered in bits and pieces in Alfonso J. Aluit, *By Sword and Fire: The Destruction of Manila in World War II, 3 February – 3 March 1945* (Bookmark, 1995). Aluit did the abridgement, rearrangement and translation himself, using the 1958 original in the *Bulletin of the Philippine Historical Association* as his source text (vi). He frequently paraphrases that document rather than cite it directly; and he switches it to the third-person so that the original first-person narrator transforms into “Mrs. Mascuñana.”
  19. This is almost certainly the case as well with the unpublished typescript in Spanish of Concepción Gotera, a Filipina whose account of her own experiences amid the wrack of Manila in February 1945 likewise appears in the form of a diary. According to the prefatory note of an American colonel, this “diary” was actually a reconstruction of events that Gotera composed to help her clarify events in her own mind before giving official testimony. It is possible that Gotera did indeed keep a diary in some form during the period covered by her Spanish text (February 3 to February 21) because in an entry on February 3 she writes that she has just lost the diary that she had maintained from the 21<sup>st</sup> (presumably of January) until the previous day, February 2 (“Testimony” 6). However, given that

the American colonel explicitly explains that her Spanish text is a reconstruction, and given too that he does not indicate that Gotera had any original account from February, it seems likely that even if such an original account of February 3 to February 21 existed, it was no longer in her possession at the time she typed up the reconstruction. In fact, that the Spanish text is typed in the first place underlines that it is not a diary written in real time: if there was one thing Gotera was not doing while cowering in the open air in bombed-out ruins throughout February as apocalypse raged all around her, it was carrying a typewriter around. Perhaps she did keep a sort of diary with a pen and a few sheets of paper, lost it in the chaos, and then later, when the desire arose, typed up a reconstruction of it. Something similar could conceivably have transpired with Paz Zamora Mascuñana. But even a typed version of a lost original is an *ex post facto* creation subject to all the inventions and revisions, intentional and otherwise, that any reconstruction carries with it even if fidelity to that lost original is the goal of the author. For more on the Gotera text, see the first endnote of this essay.

20. The title given by Paz Zamora Mascuñana in both the 1958 printing in the *Bulletin of the Philippine Historical Association* and the nearly identical reprinting in the 1960 book is “Nuestros cinco últimos días bajo el yugo nipón” (57). The version of that title given by Pantoja Hidalgo flips the second and third words and replaces “nipón” with “japonés.” The first change makes the title conform to standard Spanish syntax. The second change would seem to be because “nipón” is no longer as socially acceptable a word as it used to be.
21. Luna Lopez was herself one of the first Filipinas to publish in English. According to Cristina Pantoja Hidalgo, “Her essays are included in the earliest essay collections in English by Filipino writers, like *Dear Devices* (1933), and she served as president of the Women Writers’ Association” (*Over* 137).
22. These kinds of unacknowledged slippages recur in Zapanta-Manlapaz. For instance, very early in her monograph she announces that “the first volume of poems by a Filipino woman,” *Poems* by Angela Manalang-Gloria, was published in 1940 (*Filipino Women* 5). Rather later, however the qualifier “in English” is inserted into that description (29, 30).
23. The awkwardness of the translation arises from various ambiguities in the original. “Sobrinos” can mean either “nephews” or a totality of nephews and nieces. In normative Spanish, “bisnietos” means “great-grandchildren” but since the dedication does not mention “nietos” or grandchildren, it seems more likely that in this case “bisnietos” refers instead to “great-great-nephews/nieces.” As of this writing, it is not known whether Paz Zamora Mascuñana had any children, but the dedication, despite the reference to “bisnietos,” seems to imply that she did not. She does refer to herself as “lola” which is a Tagalog word derived from the Spanish “abuela” or grandmother. However, “lola” in the Philippines can refer also not to a biological grandmother but to an older woman who plays a kind of grandmaternal role. The weight of the dedication thus seems to favor a translation that marks her biologically as a great-aunt, socially as a grandmother, and her intended readership as her nephews and nieces and their descendants. Future research into her family tree, of course, may prove this supposition wrong.

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