

# Ang Hermano Mayor

Kuwentong Capampangan ni Braulio D. Sibug

*salin sa Filipino ni*

**Lourdes H. Vidal**

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Masayang-masaya ang aking Tiyo Cosme sa pag-uwi niya galing sa pulong para sa pista ng baryo namin. Para siyang nakaangat sa lupa. Ngingingitian ang bawat madaanan niyang kabaryo at ikinakaway ang kanang kamay. Kasama niya ang mga nagtaguyod sa kanya sa kandidatura bilang hermano mayor. Sumisigaw sila't nagbibiba sa tagumpay ng aking tiyo. Sa ganito nilang masayang paglakad, maraming sumunod sa kanila, pati na ang mga duling, bungi, bingi at ang mga naraanang naglalarong bata na nakisalo sa sigla't ingay. Lahat sila'y parang mga talangkang nagsulputan sa tag-ulan.

Napatangan ang Tiya Culasa nang makita niya na maraming taong patungo sa tirahan nila. Ano kaya ang nangyari? naisip niya.

Mga mahal kong kapanalig," anyaya ng Tiyo Cosme pagtatap sa bahay, "tumuloy muna kayo sa amin. Kahit tubig ay uminom tayo bilang pagdiriwang sa ating tagumpay. Halina kayo, O, Justo, Pareng Ambo, Teryo, ...Kayo na ang bahala sa mga kabarkada. Huwag kayong aalis. Pare, ayun si Kumareng Damyana, tumatakas. Habulin mo, Pare. Culasa," tinawag niya ang asawa, "dalian mo't magtimpla ka ng kape, patulong ka kay Sendang. Mainitan man lang ang sikmura ng mga bumoto sa akin." Nagkindatan at nagkalabitan ang mga tumangkilik sa kanya.

"Oo, sandali lang," ang sagot, humarap sa mga bisita nila. "Huwag kayong aalis, sandali lang ito," ngunit ang totoo'y masama ang kanayng loob

sa utos ng tiyo ko. Kay-inam na nasa't may magagamit pa sila sa loob ng isang buwan. Ngayon, sa loob ng ilang sandali'y mauubos lahat dahil sa pasikat ng tiyo ko. Humanda ka, naisip marahil nito, kung di aalis ang mga kinaladkad mo dito.

Samantalang nagtitimpla ng kape ang Tiya Culasa, nagsalita nang buong magmamalaki ang tiyo ko.

“Marahil, ngayon lang ninyo masasaksihan ang pinakamasayang pistang magaganap dito sa atin na di pa nakita sa nakaraan nating hermano mayor.” Kung sa bagay, may kayabangan ang tiyo ko. Bolahin lang siya’y kumakagat na.

“Kaya ikaw ang dinala namin, Pare, dahil alam naming hihigitan mo pa ang mga nakaraang hermano,” ang unang padulas ng kumpare niyang Ambo.

“Ba, kayang-kaya rin namang naging hermano mayor ng kaibigan kong Cosme,” ang agad sahod ni Apong Taki, “biruin mo, may dalawang anak na nasa-abord.”

“Abrod, Kuyug, di abord.”

“Ay, Oo, balita ko pa’y matataas ang suweldo ng mga anak ni Cosme. Tsiken pid lang ang libu-libo sa kanya,” ang sulsol ni Pedron sa unahan.

“Asahan ninyo,” ngunit di na naituloy ang sasabihin at tumawag na ang Tiya Culasa. “O, tayo na, tumatawag na ang kasama ko. Lumabas na tayong lahat.”

“Maasahan ninyo,” inulit niya samantalang hawak ang tasa ng kape, “walang sisingilin sa baryo. Solo kong lahat ang gastos.” Biglang narinig ang matunog na palakpakan. Nasamid si Goryong Duling sa kanyang narinig. Napalabas ang laway. Sa hiya niya’y bumaba siya nang dahan-dahan.

“Sa bisperas ng pista, may paligsahan ng poesiya at Crissotan. Imbitahin ninyo ang mahuhusay nating manunulat at sa araw ng pista pagkatapos ng misa’y may laro sa tubigan kasabay ng laro sa sakahan. Sa gabi, alin ang gusto ninyong aarkilahing sarsuela?”

Marami ang sumagot, “Ang sarsuelang “Ating Diyos.” Balitang-balita ito sa buong Pampanga.”

“Kung gayon, siya kong aarkilahin.” narinig na naman ang matunog na palakpakan. Masaya silang naghiwa-hiwalay. Si Tatang Isak lang ang walang alam sa usapan dahil bingi siya. Ang kape at suman ang binanatan.

“Hoy, maginoong hermano mayor, parito nga kayo! Kaboboto mo pa lang na hermano mayor, lumaki na ang ulo mo. Totoo ka namang pasikat. Bakit pinangako mo pang sosolohin ang lahat ng gastos? Mayaman ka na ba? O, ano ang sasabihin mo sa ating mga anak pag-uwi nila? Uubusin mo ang perang ipagpapagawa ng bahay natin?”

“Manong isara mo ang bunganga mo, Culasa, Karangalan ito, malaking karangalan. Nauunawaan mo? Di ba nakagisnan na natin ang kaugalian nating Pilipino lalo na tayong Capampangan? E ano kung gumasta man tayo? Baka sa kabila nito’y higit pa sa gastos natin ang ipagkakaloob ng langit. Di ka ba natutuwang sabihin nilang asawa ka ng hermano mayor?”

“Natutuwa? Sus., Maria Santisima! Matutuwa ba ako ngayong lilipad na lahat ang ipagpapagawa natin ng bahay? Di ka na naawa sa mga anak mo. Kulang na lang na dugo ang lumabas sa katawan nila sa init sa Saudi Arabia. Saka ngayon, dahil ibinoto kang hermano mayor, magpapasikat ka na nang walang puknat?”

“Napasubo na ako, Culasa, napasubo na ako. Lalong nakakahiya kung aatrasan ko pa ito. Bahala na.”

“Ganyan na lang nga ang matwid mo. Ikaw ang bahala, di naman ako ang sisishin ng mga anak mo. Hanggang ngayon, matanda ka na’y di pa naalis ang kayabangan mo.”

Sa madaling salita, dumating ang araw ng aming pinananabikan. Bisperas pa lang ng pista’y marami nang mga bisitang dumating. Mga kamag-anak, kaibigan, kakilala at magkakasamang naengganyong manood ng mga laro sa tubigan. Iba-iba ang tabas: may magaganda, may pangit, may pilay, may putol ang kamay, may kuba, may unano.

Nakasabit na ang mga banderitas. Maganda ang mga bahay, bagong isis. Nakasabit ang mga kurtinang may iba’t ibang kulay. Kumpleto kami sa gamit kahit hiniram lang namin sa kabilang baryo. Saan ka man lumingon ay nakalarawan ang tuwa, kulay, samyo, diwa, ngiti, kumustahan. Inihandang lahat ito upang maging maligaya’t masigla ang pista na pinamumunuan ng aming masigasig na hermano mayor. Di ka magkaringgan dahil sa ingay: atungal ng pinapatay na hayop, mga nagpapalakasang radyo, cassette, TV at nakadagdag pa ang iba’t ibang tumatapat sa mga bahay-bahay. Lumiligid ang

mga nagtitinda ng lobo at laruang hayop. May larong beto-beto, sakla, dais at pares-pares.

Sa bahay pinakamarami ang mga bisita ng aking tiyong hermano. Lahat ng pinakamalayong kamag-anak ay pinadalo niya. Kinumbida ang matataas na tao gaya ng gobernador at aming alkalde. Pinakamaraming tao sa kanila. Nagpapatay ng isang kalabaw, dalawang malaking baboy, dalawang litsunin, isang daang manok. bukod pa sa mga dalang regalo ng mga inimbita niya. Tatlo ang bantog niyang kusinero. Marami rin ang mga tumutulong na magluto ngunit lihim na nagtatago ng sariwa at lutong ulam.

Tuwing masusukol ng Tiya Culasa ang Tiyo Cosme, lagi itong binubulungan., “Tingnan mo nga ang kayabangan mo. Malapit nang maubos ang padala ng mga anak mo. O, ano pa ang ipagpapagawa natin ng bahay? Di mo ba alam ang halaga ng bilihin ngayon? Mahal ang lahat, di ko inaalís na gumasta ka ng katamtaman, ngunit binola-bola ka lang ng mga kasama mo’y nagpauto ka na. Maibabalik mo pa ba ang mga perang ginasta mo sa pistan nating ito?”

“Huwag ka nang umimik, karangalan ito ...karangalan. Dali, aalis ako. ikaw na ang bahala dito. titingnan ko ang mga kumite, baka may kulang sa ipinagawa ko sa kanila.” Sa totoo lang, kaya masayang lakad nanag lakad ang Tiyo Cosme ay upang mapansin ng mga taong baryo at mga dumarating na bisita. Maligaya siya kapag naririnig ang, “Iyan ang masipag at mabait na hermano mayor.”

Maagang dumating ang Banda Malabon. Nagpaseo muna bago tumapat sa bahay ng hermano mayor. Di ka halos makahinga sa lumilipad na alikabok sa dami ng mga batang sunod nang sunod. Nagmadaling umuwi ang Tiyo Cosme at agad napakilala. “Ako ang hermano mayor dito, tayo na, panhik muna’t magmeryenda bago maglibot.”

Pagkatapos ng meryenda, madaling sinimulan ang ikot ng mga bangka. Nakisamang sumakay sa nakagayak na pagoda ang tiyo ko. Todo ang bihis. Isinuot ang barong Tagalog ng pinsan ko. Dahil mataas ang pinsan ko. abot-tuhod ang suot ng tiyo. Ang pantalon ay maiksi, kaya’t kita ang combat shoes na ginamit ng pinsan ko nang nag-ROTC siya. Kahit puno ng pomada ang buhok niya’y unat pa ring nakasabog. Samantalang umuusad nang banayad

ang pagoda, sinasaliwan ng nakakikiliting sa katawang tugtog ng banda, may sumasayaw ng titingka-tingkayad. Lagi nagpapakita ang tiyo sa mga umiikot at taong nanumnood sa magkabilang pampang. Dahil sa maagap na pagtugon ng lahat sa palatuntunang pambispera, nairaos ito nang maayos. Nakawilihan ng lahat na nanood. Kinagabihan, dumating ang mga imbitadong bantog na makatang Capampangan gaya nina Jose Ganado, Cecilio Lapus, Florentino Tulala, Mario Sigwada at ang makatang babae na si Ofring de las Pinas. Nagdilim ang langit noon dahil ang sumisikat na buwan, tala at bituin ay sinungkit na lahat at ginawang corona at kuwintas. Nakabibingi ang palakpakan. Ito ang nagpapatunay na tinamaan nila ang hilig ng mga nanood at nakinig.

Araw ng pista at lalong lumakas ang alingawngaw sa iba't ibang panoorin pagkatapos ng misa. Inulit nila ang pasada, sumunod ang karera ng mga bangka. kasabay din ng mga ito ang mga laro sa sakahan na basketball at volleyball. Dumating ang tanghalian at di pa tapos.

Salu-salubong ang mga taong nanonood at pilit naghahanap ng kamag-anak nila at kakilala. Halos punuan ang mga bahay sa bisitang nangagdag-saan. Kahit saan ay nasisinghap ang bango ng lutong ulam. Naririnig ang maayos na kalansing ng kubyertos. Pangkat-pangkat ang mga namimistang magalang na nagpapatao po. May dalawang beses o limang beses mananghali. Bundat na ang iba sa busog ay gusto pang magdala ng nakabalot. Sa bahay ng hermano, kahit marami ang handa naubusan pa dahil nasa kanila ang mga taong de-kalidad, mga musikero at mga kakilalang nakasunod-sunod, Mangyari pa, pati ang mga pinakatagong sisidlan ng mga tumulong ay naki-pamista rin. Nagpahabol pa ng pinamiling ulam para sa hapunan.

Nang bandang alas-dos medya, itinuloy ang larong karera sa paglangoy, anillo de prenda at habulan ng bibe. Natapos naman ito nang lumubog na ang araw.

Tunay na lumitaw na pinakamasaya at pinakamatao sa lahat ang pistang pinangasiwaan ng Tiyo Cosme . Maraming kabaryo ang nagsasabing siya rin ang napagkaisahang ibotong hermano sa susunod na pista. Di lang siya maasikaso, siya pa ang kusang-loob na taya sa lahat ng gastos.

Kinagabihan, marami nang bahay ang madilim. marami ang nakapansin sa biglaang pagbabago ng kilos ni Tiyo Cosme. Wala na ang sadyang gaan ng katawan. matamnlay ang kanyang lakad, nakatungo at parang may mabigat na karamdaman. Di na niya hinintay ang paggawad ng premyo at ang palabas ng sarsuelang “Ating Diyos.” Nagpaalam siya sa komite, larawan ng masidhing lungkot.

Pagdating sa bahay, inabutan niyang mapanglaw ang kanyang maybahay. Kapwa sila di nag-imikan. Marahil, naisip nila ang perang dapat sana’y ipag-papagawa ng bahay, ngunit naubos lahat dahil sa marangal na katungkulan. Ano ang mukha niyang ihaharap sa mga anak pag-uwi nila. Ilang sandali siyang parang ipinako sa kanatatayuan. Pilit na itinutuon ang kanyang diwa sa kadilimang kawangis ng nagdidilim niyang isipan.

Kinabukasan ng pista, di pa man sumisikat ang araw, mabilis nang kumalat ang balitang nagpakamatay ang Tiyo Cosme, ang masipag naming hermano mayor.

## Ing Hermanu-Mayul\*

neng Braulio D. Sibug

Masayang-masaya ya'i bapa kung Cosme kng panuli nang ibat kng pulung para kng pyesta ming baryu. Balamu ing e makatuklung gabun. Balang alalabasnan na karing ka-baryu mi tinaman no't wawagwag ne ing gamat nang wanan. Kayantabe no ring mitaguyud kaya kng kandidatura nang panga hermanu mayul. Kukulyo la't magbiba kng pamanagumpe nang bapa ku. Kanitang masaya rang paglakad dakal lang tinakiki karela, pati na ring duling, bungi, maklak, ampo ring alabasan dang mamyalung a anak mekiayo kng sigla't inge, balamu talangka lang mekiyalkas-alkas neng ka-uran.

Mipamulala ya'i dara kung Culasa inyang akit no ring daka a taung paynturu kng tuknangan da. Nanu kaya ing milyari, nganang minisip.

"Kaluguran kung kapanalig," ing anyaya nang bapang Cosme, katulid da bale, "Salangi ko pa keni, agyang sanang minum tamung danum bilang pamagsaya kng kekatang pamanagumpe. Meko keni, O, Justo, Paring Ambo, Teryo...Ikayu na sang bala karing ka-barkada, eyu paburen mamako. Pare, oyta i Kumareng Damyana tatakas yamu, tagalan me, Pari, "Culasa," innaus ne ing asawa na, "mamirapal kang sangkap kape, pasaup ka kang Sendang, agya sang mikapali la atyan dening migbotu kanaku." Migkindatan la't mika-kalbitan ding minantabe kaya.

"Wa, saguli mu," ing pakibat: inarapan no ring bisita ra, "Eko sa mamako, saguli mu ini." Pero ing tutu masukal ya lub kng utus nang bapa ku. Matinatang agyang maygit pang pabulan atin lang sangkapan, ngeni, kng mapilan a minu magisan ngan uli na ning kapagpasikat ning bapa ku. Mimingat ya iti, nganang mimisip, nung enala mako ring tiklayas na keni ...

Kabang titimpla yang kape i darang Culasa minyabi yang mitmung kapangayan ing bapa ku.

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\* This Capampangan short story is found in *Iyas ning Parnaso: Katipunan ding Kasulatan a migwagi king Liligan Pamanyulat Kapampangan, 1980-1981*, a collection of winning entries to the Pampango Annual Literary Contest 1980-1981 sponsored by then Pampanga Governor Estelito P. Mendoza. Edited by Jose M. Gallardo, the collection was published in 1982, No publisher is indicated, pp. 75-81.

“Siguru ngeni yupa asaksyan ing masayang diling pyestang marapat keti kekatamu a eyu tengalan karing mengalabas tang hermanu mayul.” Nung kng bage talagang maki kayabangan ya’i bapa ku, pibola-bola ryamu agad nang kakana,

“Inya ikang penigobra mi, pari, uling balu ming igitan mo ring mengalabas tang hermanu,” ing minunang pakataluras nang pari nang Ambo.

“Ba, agyu na namang mag-hermanu mayul ning kuyug kung Cosme,” ing tambing nang sinalud Apung Taki, “biru mung ating yang adwang anak a maka-abord,”

“Abroad, kuyug, e abord,”

“Ay, wa, balita ku pa matas la sweldu ring anak nang Cosme.. Chicken feed la reng libu-libu kaya,” ing binte nang Pedrung ka-buntut.

“Paka-asahan yu,” dapot ene asundu ing buri nang sabyan minaus ya’y darang Culasa. “O, tara na maurus ne ing abe ku, tara lwal ta na ngan.”

“Paka-asahan yu,” inulit na kabang tatalnan ne ing tasang ating kape, “alang singilan king baryu, solwan ku gang ing gastus,” biglang meramdam ing matning palakpak. Misanipan ya’i Goryung duling king dimdam na. Mengapalwal ya wawa. King pangapakarine na tinipa yang gulung-gulung.

“Itang bisperas bengi mika ligligan poesya ampong Krissotan, Kumbiran ko ring mangayap tang talasulat, at king aldo ka-pyestan kaybat ning misa mika pyalung king danuman kagnan ning pyalung king sakan. Itang kabengian, isanung buri yung arkilan tang sarswela?”

Dakal lang mekibat: “Ing sarswelang “Ating Diyos!” Iti kabalitan ya mabilug a Kapampangan.”

“Nung makanyan, yang arkilan ku.” Meramdam na naman ing matning palakpakan. Makayan lang masayang mikakawani. Bukud nang Tatang Isak ing alang balu king mepisabi uling maklak ya. Ing kape ampo ring suman ilang sikasu na.

“Hoy, mapyang hermanu mayul, ume nako pu kene! Mibotu ka pamung hermanu mayul meragul nakakalbag. Tutu ka mong pasikat. Bat pengaku mu pang solwan mu ing heganaganang gastus, inta makwalta ka o nanung sabyan ding anak mu potang muli la? Gisanan mo ring kwaltang papagawara rang bale tamo?”



“Mananung isara me ing bunganga mu, Culasa. Karangalan ini, maragul a karangalan, aintindyan mo? E tamu wari akagisingan iting ka-ugalyan itang Pilipinu, lalu na itamung Kapampangan? Male mu mo nung megastus ta man dapot sumangid na nita maygit pa king gastus tamu ing ipagkalam ning banwa. Eka makuswelu ngening sabyan dang asawa naka ning hermanu mayul?”

“Makuswelu? Sus, Maria Santissima! Nakuswelu ku? Ngening sulapo noman ding pagawa tang bale? Eka malunus karing anak mo, kulang namu nung e daya ing lumwal kng katawan da king pali karing Saudi Arabia, saka ngeni uli mong miboto kang hermanu magpasikat kang anggag binet?”

“Makapasubu ku, Culasa, makapasubu naku, lalung makarine nung atrasan kupa ini. Bahala na ing malyari.”

“Makanyan namu pin ing matulid mu. Ika nang bala, aliwa murin aku ing sisyan da ring anak mu. Angga ngening matwa naka emu pa deyu ing kayabangan mu.”

Malagwat salita miras murin ing takdang aldo kekaming pagmasusyan. bispera na pa ning pyesta dakal no ring bisitang mamanyatang. Ding kama-ganak, kakaluguran, kakilala at ding makitukituki piyukyukan dang alben ing pyalung king danuman. Myayaliwa no tabas: atin nang malugu, atin nang matusra,, atin nang pile, atin nang putut a gamat, ating nang kuba, ating nang unanu.

Pakakatkat na ing barandal. Ding bale-bale manayun lang akakit uling bayu lang me-isis. Pakasabit na ing sari-saring kule kortina. Ganap kami gamit, agyamang pemanandam mi mu karing kasiping ming baryu. Nuka man malikid makalarawan ing tula, kule, samyu, diwa, timan, komustahan, a iti nga pigsadyan ban maganap masigla't maligaya ing pyestang pamuntukan ning masipag ming hermanu mayul. Eka miramdang king inge, ing gaga ring papaten dang animal, ding mipapatlalung gaga ring radyu, kasett, T.V at mekaragdag lapa ring miliwasliwas a manulid karing sibabale. Libad-libad la ring magtindang lobu ampong ayup-ayupan. Ating mu namang mag-be-to-beto, sakla, dais at paris-paris,

Mabisita yang dili ing bapa kung hermanu. Pelalung malaut nang kama-ganak peparatangan nala. Kimbiran nopa ring mangatas a tau antimo ing gobernador at ing kekeng alkalde. Matau neman dili. Pepapate yang metung a damulag, adwang babing maragul, adwang litsunan, dinalan a manuk subali pa karing daratang dang regalo ding pengumbiran na. Atlu la ring sita nang kosineru. Dakal la naman ding sasaup maglutu dapot lihim lang misasalikut king sagiwa at lutung ulam.

Y darang Culasa indat asarilingang ne'i bapang Cosme pilit neng bubulungan.

“Lon muna ing kayabangan mo, malapit nalang magisan ding parala ra ring anak mu. O nanu pang apagawa tang bale kanyan? Emyu balu ing pany-aliwan ngene? Mal ngan ing heganagana. Eku darayung gumastus ka ketang katamntaman, oneng ika pibola-bola ra kamu ring kayabe mu pa-utu-utu ka. Inta magbalik lapa ring kwaltang ginastus mu king pyesta tang ite?”

“Enaka sa bubulad, karangalan ini ... karangalan. Dale, mako ku, ika nang bala ken, lawan kula ring komiti pota ating pang kulang kng pagawa ku karela.” Ing tutu inya matula yang lakad-lakad ba rya mung apansingan ding taung baryu at ding bisitang daratang. Makuswelu ya ngening damdaman na ing: “Oyan ing masipag at maganakang hermanu mayul.”

Maranun lang dinatang ding Banda Malabon. Migpaseo la pamu bayu la tinulid kng bale ning hermanu mayul. Eka halus mipangisnawa kng susulapo alikabuk king keraklan da ring anak a tatakiki. Y bapang Cosme memirapal yang minuli at tambing yang migpakilala:

“Aku ing hermanu mayul keti, tara manik kayu't magminindal bayu ing libad.”

Kaybat ning meryenda-an pirapal dang inumpisan ing libad bangka. Mekyabe yang sinake king makagayak a pagoda ing bapa ku. Makapiblas yang “todo.” Sinulud ne ing baru nang Tagalog ning pisan ku. Uling maragul ya ing pisan ku inya miraras ya king tud ing susulud na. Ing pantalon na naman kuto ya, mayayakit la ring “combat shoes” a ginamit ning pisan ku inyang mig-R.O.T.C. ya. Agyang sepakan nang pomada ing buak na manalakad mu ring sabung-sabung ing buak na. Maka sunglass ya, eku balu nung nu ne

dinam,. Kabang lulusad yang banayad ing pagoda, kambe ning makagalo katawan a titigan ding musikus ating teterak patikadtikad. Parati yang papalto karing lilibad ampon karing taung manalbe mingatbang pampang.

Ulina ning mayagap nang kalingunan ing anggung makatala king tiuntuun dang pang-bispera meganap manayun at kewilyan ding sablang pesi-albe. Panga bengi dinatang la ring kimbiran nang bantug a poetang Kapampangan antimo ri Jose Ganado, Cecilio Lapus, Florentino Tulala, Mario Sigwada at ing Poetisang Ofring de las Pinas. Medalumdum ya ing banwa kanita uling gisan dong pinyungkit ding makaslag a bulan, tala at batuin gewa rong korona at kwintas. Makapangaklak ing palakpakan a iti babye waga king mituran la buri ring menalbe't mekeramdum.

Aldo ning ka-pyestan, lalung miragdag ing alingongo king myayaliwang pyalben kaybat na ning misa. Inulitan da ing libad, sinalisi ing lulung bangka. Anti murin kagnan na niti atin mu namang pyalung king sakan: basketball at volley ball. Dapot miras ing oras paugtuan ena ikwan meyari,

Sala-salibe la ring taung menalbe aplit manintun karing kamaganak da't kakilala. Halus kakatmu la ring bale karing bisitang makipagdamut. Numan karin masisingap ing banglu ning lutung ulam. Mararamdam ing manayun dang kalaksing ding kubyertus. Pangkat-pangkat la ring makipamyestang magalang papaindispu. Atin nang makatadwa o makatalima maugtu. Ding aliwa agyang magbutaktak no kng kabsi ing buri ra magdala lapang muling makabalut. Ing hermanu mayul mu uling keta la karela mengan ding taung "de kalidad," ding musikus at ding alang kakilalang maketukituki, agyang misnang karaka ing taw ra, mekurilyu la. O malyare, pati ring pakasalikot dang lulanang ding sasaup mekipamyesta mu naman. Papatagal nyang pepa-nyali para king apunan.

Itang banding alas 230 sundu ra ing pyalung a lulung kawe, tusuk-singsing at putputan bibi. Meyari naman iti itang ume neng saluksaluk ing aldo.

Talaga pung linto masaya at ma-taung dili ing pyestang pengasiwa nang bapa kung Cosme. Dakal lang kabaryu ming sasabing ya murin ing pisan-

metungan dang ibotung hermanu king tuki ming kapyestan. Emu bukud ing malingun ya, yapa ing kusang lub makataya kng heganaganang pigastusan.

Kanitung kabengyan, dakal no ring maralum dum a bale. Linto nong mapag-maragul ding menasang taung baryu. Agyang i bapa kung Cosme dakal lang mekapansing king biglang menaliwa nang kulus. Ala na itang sadyang mayan nang katawan, Malamlam ne panlakad, makaruku, balamu ing ating mabayat a panamdaman. Ena ne penayang meyari ing pamamyé premyu at ing pangalage ning sarswelang ‘Ating Diyos.’ Memun yang misnang lungkot karing komite.

Ka-uli na bale disan nya namang malungkot ing makibale na. Parehu lang e mibuldanan. Marahil ayisip do ring kwaltang dapat dang patalakad dang bale dapat ngeni megisan la ngan pauli ning marangal a katungkulan. Nanu ing lupa nang makiarap karing anak da potang muli la? King mapilan a penandit anti ya mung mi-paku king kayang katatalakaran, pilit nong dadangat ding panimanman na king karalum duman a makiwangis king matuling nang isipan.

Kabukasan ning pyesta, epa man sinlag ing aldo, mabilis mikalat ing balitang migpakamate ya i bapa kung Cosme ing masipag ming hermanu mayul.

\* “Ing Hermanu-mayul,” king IYAS NING PARNASO, (Katitipunan ding Kasulatan a Migwagi king Ligligan Pamanyulat Kapampangan, 1980-1981), Pampanga: Estelito Mendoza, 1982, pp. 76-81.

## TRANSLATOR'S REFLECTIONS

### Confession of an Intuitive Translator

Like most Filipinos I am multi-lingual. Capampangan is my first language as my parents were from Macabebe and Bacolor, Pampanga. I was born in Umingan, Pangasinan and lived there until I was eight years old so I spoke Ilocano. I learned English in school. I learned Tagalog only when my family evacuated in Manila during the Japanese Occupation.

Growing up and studying up to college, I enjoyed being able to understand and talk to more people because of my proficiency in the four languages. Returning to the academe after 17 years as housewife, I found my knowledge more useful. My first term paper was a translation of Tagalog poems into English. For my MA thesis I studied Capampangan narratives.

I did not study translation in school. Although I read a few books I could not understand their linguistic theories well enough to apply them to my work. So, I only worked as a translator when I had to or when given a translation work especially by a friend. Even if I was paid for my work, I considered myself only an occasional amateur translator.

I accepted more work translating from Capampangan to Filipino. Ateneo University Press published a novel and an anthology of stories. I worked for a week on the 148-page radical Capampangan Pasyon Ding Talapagobra which a friend needed right away for her dissertation. I also translated poems and short stories for a Philippine Literature textbook.

More than ten years ago, I was still able to translate my short lyric poem from English to Capampangan for the UP *Diliman Review*. I translated the English biography of a rich businessman. When he read my Capampangan version to his 90-year-old mother she cried. He gave me a computer set as my bonus.

My first translation work from Capampangan to English was a short story for my Ateneo M.A. thesis. Years later, as area editor for Pampanga I worked on poems and short stories for an anthology of regional writing. I wanted to illustrate the development of the literature from Pre-colonial Period to 1980.

My translation work may not be extensive enough to enable me to formulate scholarly theories. But it has been intensive enough. Together with my extensive creative writing work, I learned simple practical insights on work procedures. Translation of literary texts is a combination of scholarly research, intensive perception and creative writing.

As such the translator needs to do research in and outside his personal experience to get enough materials. These he has to analyze, classify and order to understand the materials for the writing of the translated text. With a wider playing field, an emotional involvement and a deeper understanding he will find solutions to the problems he will meet.

In translating from Capampangan, a native Austronesian language, to English a foreign Western language, I found problems first in the reading of the Capampangan text and secondly, in the writing of the translated text.

Reading Capampangan texts can be confusing because of the mixed-up orthography in the writings. Some texts were written in the old Hispanized orthography; others used the Tagalog alphabet but some used both in the same work.

Since the early Capampangan grammar and vocabulary books were written by Spanish Augustinian friars, they used the alphabetical orthography based on Spanish using the letters c, f, j, q, v, x and z.

After the July 4, 1946 independence, the Tagalog-based Pilipino became the official National Language. Zoilo Hilario as the Capampangan member of the Institute of National Language advocated the use of the Tagalog alphabet so Capampangan words could be integrated into the National Language together with words from the different regional languages.

The issue divided Capampangan writers, editors and publishers into two camps. Some Capampangans have for one reason or another started using the new orthography. But many Capampangans out of love for and pride in regional tradition have kept using the old orthography. They did not want to lose the unique character of the Hispanized orthography in their desire to preserve the amanung sisuan or the language sucked with our mother's milk.

Besides, after the 1987 Constitution imposed the expanded Filipino alphabet incorporating both Spanish and English letters Capampangan

words written in the old orthography can be integrated into Filipino as the National Language.

Braulio Sibug wrote his story using the Tagalog orthography. I did not have a hard time reading what looked like a Tagalog text. I missed the nostalgia of keeping in touch with my roots in reading the quaint old orthography.

The vocabulary could pose a problem in reading the Capampangan texts. But my proficiency in Tagalog helped me in working out the meaning of words. Many Capampangan words are similar to Tagalog words with slight differences. Some Tagalog words ending in “o” end in “u” in Capampangan like tutu for totoo, nanu for ano and many others. Pamanagunpe sounds like pagtatagunmpay, milyari like nangyari and many others.

After reading the story over and over I found the storyline very simple and familiar as found in many instances not only in Pampanga but all over the Philippines.

Like many Capampangan parents Cosme and Culasa have two sons working in Saudi Arabia. They have sent home the money to build a new house for the family. Cosme is flattered and persuaded to be the hermano mayor of their barrio fiesta. Because he wants the celebration to be the best ever, he spends the money for the food and the festivities. Filled with shame and remorse Cosme commits suicide.

In writing the English version of “Ing Hermano Mayul,” I had problems with the grammar, the vocabulary and literary connotative issues in the tone and attitude. I solved the problems in my personal practical experiential way as creative writer without resorting to critical scholarly theoretical frameworks.

As I said previously, my knowledge of another native language like Tagalog helped enormously in translating the everyday ordinary Capampangan words with similarities to Tagalog words. But I had to work hard figuring out the meaning of the old almost obsolete words by working in the context of the situations and actions in the storyline.

The story starts with Cosme going home followed by the crowd who have voted him hermano mayor for the barrio fiesta. Kukulyo and magbiba

are the action of the crowd so I translated the two words as “shouting” and “clapping.” With the crowd walking together tinakiki I had to see as “joining them.”

Capampangan grammar like the traditional Tagalog grammar I learned in high school is very different from English grammar. An important difference is the absence of the perfect tense. Also, the present tense serves as the progressive. So in my English version I had to choose between the past tense and the historical present.

I used the part tense in my first draft since most of the 700 short stories I wrote in English were in the part tense but I decided to use the historical present in my final draft for two reasons. First, with many quotations as dialogue the story is like a play that is being presented on a stage before the reader. Second, the present tense keeps the action flowing smoothly especially in the festivities.

The most difficult problem in the translation was classifying the short story as simply exposé or satire. I had to do a lot of spade work in the technical and cultural aspects. Without the cruel; surprise ending *Ing Hermano Mayul* is a humorous exposé on the excesses of the fiesta mentality of small-town Capampangans which could be true of many Filipinos too.

But in holding up the human folly or shortcoming of Cosme to ridicule it is satire in its intention to warn others against such excesses. But it is not satire in the absence of a clear moral norm or standard because the action of Cosme is set against his role as a good father. As such he is not the object of attack by the community but he could be the object of admiration.

With my inability to arrive at a clear classification to be able to work out the tone and attitude in the story, I traced the ambiguities in the characterization of the I-point of view. Without knowing his age I did not see him as central intelligence or naïve consciousness but merely as observer-commentator.

As a relative he feels close to the main characters. As a resident of the barrio he has an ambivalent patronizing sympathetic and sometimes critical attitude towards his barrio mates. He gave me the impression of being



an outsider-insider to the festivities and eventually to the tragedy of his relatives.

As a translator I decided to try to keep the ambiguity of the writer's tone and attitude by not clearly delineating his first person narrator. This could be in keeping with prevailing attitude to the fiesta that could attest to the complexity of the Filipino culture. The characters in the story like most Filipinos condone and even encourage this fiesta mentality but condemn such excesses in the same breath.

The black humour in the ending is not foreshadowed but is modified by touches of ironic cultural humour in the story itself. I tried to approximate the figurative and connotative appeal of both situations and words. The crowd that joined Cosme on his way home is made fun of by including the cross-eyed, the hare-lipped and the deaf as an allusion to a folksong. This crowd, *balamu talangka lang mekiyalkas-alkas* "swarm like the small crabs" because as a young girl I saw small crabs clambering up the riverbank.

The writer also used touches of local folk humour that somehow were not carried over by the English translation. The poets invited to crown the reigning beauties as "they pluck all the shining stars, moon and constellation" so the sky grows dark. The naming of the poets as Jose Ganado for Jose Gallardo, Florentino Tulala for Florentino Turla, etc., could only be appreciated by a Capampangan in touch with the literature of the region.

The nephew describes his uncle as "pebola-bola ryamu agad nanang kakana," I translated the comment as "if flattered he would bite" expressing how the uncle could easily be fooled but it did not have the rolling impression of pebola-bola and the finality and ease of kakana in the onomatopoeic sound of the Capampangan language.

For the ending I had to choose the right English words for two concepts. *Ing masipar ming hermano mayul* could be translated as "our industrious hermano mayor" or "our hard-working hermano mayor." I used the latter because "industrious" sounded like an economic jargon word while "hard-working" would be in keep with the tragic ending.

*Migpakamate* could be "committed suicide" or "killed himself." I used the latter which would be in keeping with the proud character of Cosme

while “committed suicide” sounded too technical like a police report. So, in rendering the situations or translating the words with cultural connotations I could only approximate in my version of the story.

What helped me immensely in the translation so I did not have to research on Capampangan life and culture, visit a small-town barrio, delve into the psychology of the patriarchal-matriarchal relationship within the Capampangan family was my personal experience. When I made the translation I was familiar with the place and events in their cultural context.

I grew up in Batasan, a Macabebe barrio attending the same festivals year in and year out. My father as a small-town politician gave lavish expensive parties with innumerable guests coming and going. I lived with the proud authoritative father and the submissive wife who favoured her sons as a typical Capampangan mother.

So even before translating this Capampangan short story I have done the spade work in my personal life. I spoke and wrote in Capampangan and the language of neighbouring regions. I lived the life of the characters in the story. Writing in English has been my fulltime commitment and work. These shortcuts made the translating both fast and enjoyable.

First, I read the Capampangan text over and over. I immersed my whole awareness and consciousness in the life of the characters with understanding and empathy. Then, I just try to render the experience in English. Because I made a deep and wide enough immersion the words flowed so I played by manipulating the words in the writing.

So, if I were to translate or write even just a love story set in the pre-colonial tribe in the island of Masbate, I would have to read history, anthropology and economics books or even visit the place. For this reason I have had to stay in practise as a translator in my comfort zone, the creative narrative and lyric poetry of Luzon in the Philippines;

In the narrative, whether factual or fictional, I can relive the experience; in the poetic I can duplicate the intense emotion. In my personal life I have live in the Tagalog, Capampangan, Ilocano and Bicol regions. I have memories of life in the Pre-war years, the Japanese Occupation, the Republic, Martial Law Era and years after the EDSA I Revolution.

As I continue translating I have to admit I am only an occasional amateur translator, not a scholarly professional one. I do not have the academic background in linguistics and semantics. Neither have I ever attended a class on translation.

Without the acquired trained skills I have to rely on my natural abilities as a what I call an intuitive translator with the following qualifications.

I have a facility with words after years of teaching English and Filipino in college. I feel emotions deeply and intensely as a practicing prize-winning poet. I portray characters well while writing hundreds of stories. I handle action in narratives well and understand people and society after living a long life.

An intuitive translator writes by using her conscious, subconscious and unconscious instincts to live the experience of others and render this experience in another language. She translates not only the words in their literal meaning but mainly the lived lives that resonate in his own consciousness to flow out into her own words.

### **Notes on the Author**

Braulio D. Sibug is a prolific contemporary Capampangan poet. He was a consistent winner in the Don Gonzalo Memorial Awards for Pampango Literature. He is a humorist who likes to poke fun on the foibles of his contemporaries. His story *In Hermano Mayhul* was a winner in the Pampango Annual Literary Contest, 1980-1981 sponsored by the Pampanga Provincial Governor Estelito Mendoza.