

SEMPER'S "KALINGAS" 120 YEARS LATER

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The continuing acculturation process of the Kalingas has brought about certain social changes. Although tattoos, earrings, and extensive religious paraphernalia have disappeared, they have maintained their identity as a distinct group in terms of housing pattern and architecture, farm practices, and additional sources of livelihood. Evidences of intermarriages and lowland migration are apparent. On the whole, however, the present-day Kalingas are not significantly different from the group Semper described 120 years ago.

In May of 1860 a young German naturalist by the name of Carl Semper hiked over the Sierra Madre Mountains from Palanan with a small safari of Filipino *cargadores* (carriers) and spent a week among a little-known tribe in the headwaters of the Katalangan River which flows into the Pinakanawan River in the present municipal center of San Mariano, Isabela. A brief letter he wrote from Aparri which was published in Volume 10 of the *Zeitschrift für Allgemein Erdkunde* the next year contains the only description of these people in ethnographic literature. According to this description, they were a typical Filipino "cultural minority" - growing their own food, smithing their own tools, practising their own religious rites, decorating their artifacts with distinctive designs, and trading forest products for metal and salt. But their religion was already suffering attrition, they dressed like lowlanders and wove no cloth of their own, and apparently did not make war either among themselves or with their neighbors. They thus appear to have been in 1860 on the outer edge of the acculturative process by which their Gaddang and Ibanag neighbors had shifted from minority

to majority status a century earlier. Curious to see the continuation or results of this process 120 years later, I spent the second week of April 1978, in the upstream hamlets of Diboloan, Dilumi, Andarayan, Kadsalan, and Ambabuk in the same area.

The people in question were called Kalingas then and are called Kalingas now, although they are referred to in Spanish records as Catalanganes, a term still applied to their eastern-most dialect. *Kalinga* - pronounced with the *ng* of "singer" not "finger" - is the Ibanag word for "enemy" and was applied to pagans in the mountains and foothills on both sides of the Cagayan River all during the Spanish regime. It is still used by Ilocanos in Isabela to refer to their immediate mountaineer neighbors. There is no tribal or linguistic connection between these "Kalingas" and the people of the sub-province of that name in Kalinga-Apayao, however, nor would any observer familiar with both of them think so. Quite the opposite, I was unable to distinguish "Kalingas" from Ibanags or Ilocanos by physical features alone. Much less could I recognize, or give credence to, Semper's view that their eyes, stature, and skull type betray an ultimate Chinese or Japanese origin.

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Semper had spent a week among the Negritos on the Pacific side of the mountains before crossing over, and concluded that the Negritos he saw in Katalangan were new arrivals because he observed no Kalinga-Negrito mestizos among them. By this test, there must be such

intermarriage today. Two of about a dozen Negrito women and children I saw were a warm chocolate brown instead of black and one was as yellow as if jaundiced, while an otherwise typical Kalinga in G-string was a dull charcoal black. (A man of direct Kalinga-Negrito parentage I met in San Mariano had the mixed features one would expect except in one particular — he was taller than the average Kalinga.) Moreover, three items in a Katalangan word list recorded in Dilumi were considered to be Negrito terms by more sophisticated informants in Disulap — *panyana* (how), *sitbing* (near), and *dumêkel* (to swell up).

These Negritos inhabit the forest close to Kalinga settlements, and show up with wild game in season to barter for corn and other agricultural products. They seem to have an ambivalent reputation among the Kalingas. On the one hand, they are characterized as timid and retiring in their relations with non-Negritos, but, on the other, as hostile or even dangerous in their own forest haunts. The leading citizen of Dilumi believes that his grandfather was killed early in the century by a Negrito arrow for no other reason than "that's what they do when they want you to move." They are reported to fasten red-cloth warnings along the trails when they are at war among themselves, and collect cash from travelers who wish to pass through. The "wars" themselves presumably arise from a custom which requires mourning relatives to take a life following a death in their family. One Kalinga readily translated *mangayaw* for me, the pan-Philippine term for head-taking or slave-raiding, as "to fight," but all others were quick to volunteer the information that this was a Negrito word unknown to Ilocanos, Ibanags or Kalingas.

The word "mestizo" now refers mainly to Ibanag-Kalingas who, together with Ibanags and Ilocanos, outnumber "pure" Kalingas about four to one. These non-Kalinga settlers generally farm swiddens the same as Kalingas do, although there are more permanent farms

between Disulap and Minanga, and I saw one plow in Diboloan. Semper refers to such non-Kalinga intrusion as "*Tagalische*" — and deplors its influence as lazy and untidy, e.g., they make simple roofs or bamboo instead of thatching them, and just throw the garbage out the door. But he must be using the term to mean lowlanders in general since even today San Mariano's Tagalog population is so small its families are easily named and counted. Spanish references to short-lived Dominican and Franciscan missionary efforts in the 1750's give no hint of outside migration, but in the 19th century become rather emotional about the movement of "lawless" elements from Isabela and Nueva Vizcaya — that is, Filipinos rejecting tribute-paying vassal status. Several punitive expeditions were sent in to flush them out, and a Royal Order in 1897 attempted to accomplish the same goal by reestablishing the defunct missions.

Aggressive Ilocano migration began only in this century, but now constitutes a dominating element both in agriculture and in ventures requiring capital investment. English-speaking informants frequently referred to the dispossession of Kalingas by lowland immigrants, but I was unable to locate any specific examples. The Ilocano, Ibanag, Kalinga mestizo and one Bikolano settlers in Ambabuk, for example, where most of them are employed in logging concessions, found the site unoccupied twelve years ago. Settlers of whatever origin seem to move around in the normal course of swidden farming without dispossessing anybody. Kalinga mestizos from Minanga have recently settled in Kadsalan to be near the facilities of a log pool (whose personnel come mainly from Tarlac), while others have moved to both Disulap and Andarayan for their wider tracts of land. On the other hand, many Kalingas have shifted westward to be nearer the markets for their produce. The logging concessions themselves, however, are held by high-ranking military officers not resident in the province.

Semper found G-strings only in the more remote settlements, and I saw them only in Dilumi, small and made of plain white cloth purchased in town. Little bags hanging from the neck for betelnut are also made of this cloth but are evidently different from the large bags Semper mentions when describing the Kalingas as passionate chewers. The distended ear lobes of Semper's day, with as many as six earrings in each, have disappeared: Kalinga women now have their ears pierced in modern Filipina fashion, and the men not at all. I was shown some heirloom earrings more than an inch in diameter, a quarter-inch thick, and hollow, which were made of some thin sheetmetal like tin with a brassy tint; these are probably what Semper refers to as "badly gold-plated earrings" obtained from Christian or Chinese peddlers at exploitative prices. Some women also retain inherited necklaces of small glass and porcelain beads of many colors, and every man in a G-string was wearing a choker of the same sort. Semper mentions tattooing — which has completely disappeared — but not teeth decorating, and colored wicker strings and brass coils binding the wasp-waists of both sexes, a practice formerly esteemed in the lower Chico Valley of Kalinga-Apayao and still found among Ilongots.

In consonance with his thesis of a Mongolian origin for the Kalingas, Semper says they tattoo themselves with Chinese characters, and that their other decorations display a similar source of inspiration. Unfortunately, I was unable to test this analysis by direct observation since I saw no indigenous designs of any kind save a simple crisscross border done in white paint on the edge of a prayer shelf in one house, and a very pleasing design of repeated diamonds carved in high relief around the wooden cylinders of a small forge in Diboloan. The forge itself was dismantled, but its feather-lined pistons still functioned perfectly. It had belonged to the grandfather of the present smith whose only available samples of workmanship were metal sheathing on some sticks and grubbing hoes for swiddening. (I don't know what to make of Semper's

further reference to smithies as being found in practically every house — "*die Schmelde, die fast in keinem Hause fehlt.*")

The Katalangan River provides a natural route to Palanan and Semper's barrio Ambabuk is still the last settlement before cresting the Sierra Madres — as it was during Military Governor Mariano Oscariz's incursions of the 1850's — while the last public school is in barrio Disulap just northeast of the river junction at Minanga. The national highway ends at Disulap — "Km. 420" — but Diboloan, Dilumi, Andarayan, Kadsalan, and Ambabuk are all accessible during the February-to-August logging season by motor trails across which loggers haul *apitong*, *lawaan*, *mayapis*, *narra*, and *tanguili* to sawmills in San Mariano. The slopes are less precipitous than on the Cordillera Central: Semper noted their rich red soil, and all six of the barrios mentioned above are on navigable streams. Semper said the air was fragrant with the odor of blossoms which nourished the bees that provide one of the major Kalinga trade items, and the fertility of the valley is still impressive. Despite at least two centuries of continuous slash-and-burn swidden farming and twenty years of logging so intensive the sound of power saws was audible in most sitios, I saw no significant areas of cogon grass or raw erosion. Where the hillsides were not actually smoldering with the fires of new swiddens, they were densely covered with either centuries-old timber or thick bamboo groves and hectares of bananas. Isolated hardwood trees and logs, rejected by cutters and still burning from swidden fires, were surrounded by green grass, undergrowth, and banana plants.

Semper found no more than five or six houses in any one settlement, and this has remained the preferred Kalinga housing pattern up to the present. The twelve-and thirteen-house clusters I observed in Dilumi and Ambabuk were responses to pressure exerted by the Philippine Army as part of its counter-insurgency strategy. Modern Kalinga architecture conforms exactly to Semper's description of 1860:

Their houses are small and low, most of them made of bamboo and rattan; no nails are found in them – everything is tied together. The houseplan is very simple – a rather long rectangle with the kitchen at one end with a square area next to it unenclosed but under the same roof; the interior and the kitchen form only one room with the kitchen being separated from the main room only by a crossbeam showing through the floor. Next to the kitchen a ladder, which is taken in at night, leads up from the little open space under the roof, where the *pilan* stands for pounding rice. As a rule there are only two windows in each of the long sides of the house, and to one of these a small extension is attached, a kind of small storeroom. The roofs are well constructed in such a way that the edges are rounded off, which they achieve in a very simple manner and whereby it has the advantage that the grass they use for thatching, as long as eight feet overall, lies parallel. During my four-week stay I did not see them thatch a single roof. Bamboo roofs are rarer; these are slightly inclined, the split bamboos being placed with one groove up, the next down, with the upper one fitting into the lower so there are just as many drainspouts spread along the width of the house as pieces of bamboo. They are very good protection against rain, but any strong wind easily dislodges them. The roof always completely encloses the room except for two little holes at the end of the ridgepole; but they provide no ventilation so the interior is always completely full of smoke above. Over the years such a lot of soot accumulates from the high density of the smoke that everything becomes shiny black.

Although Semper does not mention it, in the better houses the posts are hewn of hardwood – four on the kitchen side, four down the middle, and three on the other side – with large carved pegs mortised into them to support the floor beams. The walls are made of interlocking half-sections of bamboo placed vertically. None of the houses I saw were older than 15 years, yet many had been abandoned instead of being repaired, a new one frequently standing right alongside the old one. Non-Kalinga informants believed that Kalingas never repair a house or salvage material from the old one to construct a new house, and it was indeed the case that among the two dozen houses I examined closely, only once did I find even the

smallest repair made with fresh rattan lashing. Considering the investment in labor which these structures represent, such a custom would strongly suggest some forgotten taboo, perhaps one requiring the abandonment of a house in which a death has occurred. Of course, entire settlements are regularly abandoned in the normal pursuit of swidden technology, perhaps after a decade or two, with the swiddens themselves being shifted around the nearby slopes every third or fourth year as the tough growth of cogon roots makes them uneconomical to replant.

Semper noted that rice and corn were stored in two different kinds of granaries, and this is still true. Corn is kept in simple bamboo cubicles with a flat sloping roof, but rice in rather elegantly fashioned structures with a gabled roof and triangular cross-section. These latter stand on five-foot hardwood posts, square at the base but rounded above and fitted with a shoulder to receive a large disk-shaped rat guard. Two two-by-fours mortised into the top of the posts support the bamboo floor of the granary, and all these parts are tightly lashed together with rattan in neat symmetry. In the case of the two floor beams, these lashings pass through diamond-shaped holes chiseled through them, and then through cup-shaped recesses carved out of the post below with a little crossbar left intact to take the loops of the binding. With the exception of the two floor beams, all this carpentry has been accomplished without saw, drill, or adze. The roof and the triangular ends are made of a thick, tightly bound cogon thatching.

Semper called the Kalingas good farmers, and praised their soil as productive, their fields as well-kept, and their houseyards as neat and clean. He listed rice, corn, sugar cane, camote, ube, gabi, ginger, and a superior quality of tobacco among their crops, but assessed swidden capacity as being insufficient for their total needs. Their apparent material comfort he attributed to their trade in wax and the fish which they caught with nets, hooks and lines,

and bows and arrows or by poisoning the streams, and sold salted. Most of these observations would be appropriate to a settlement like Dilumi today.

Dilumi stands some 2,000 feet above sea level on the crest of a small ridge between the Dilumi and Disoap Creeks which flow into the Katalangan River. Its nearest neighbors are to be found three kilometers to the northeast in Andarayan on the banks of the Katalangan itself, with woods of mixed second growth and bamboo tangled with vines and rattan in between. A logging trail climbs steeply from the west and disappears up an even sharper incline into the dark towering forests of the Sierra Madres to the east. The settlement occupies a relatively level site which was only logged off ten years ago, a fact completely obscured by its surrounding stands of bamboo, and neat houseyards with squash vines, banana plants, and coffee trees. In addition to a number of granaries and sheds, it contains twelve occupied houses and one abandoned, the better ones thatched with cogon and the poorer roofed with bamboo just as Semper said. Its sixty-some inhabitants are all related, and the nearest thing they have to a village chief is a wise old man by the name of Ipiyak Impiel whose only son is in his forties.

Ipiyak's father migrated into the area from Ambabuk early in the century after his own father had been killed by Negritos, and here Ipiyak married, paying no brideprice but performing a brief period of service for his father-in-law. After exhausting the local swidden potential, the family moved to Andarayan where there was more open space, especially convenient for their unpenned pigs and chickens. There his father died and was buried under the house as a sign of respect, and Ipiyak eventually returned to Dilumi to occupy the creekbank just below the present village. For a while prior to the introduction of chain-saws he worked as a sawyer, and still occasionally sells handhewn houseposts. He and his neighbors only recently moved into the present site in compliance with Army orders to con-

centrate, and will presumably not be permitted to continue their former migratory practices. This threatens some hardship since a swidden plot must be left fallow for at least eight years, and they will have to increase their trading activities to supplement the decrease in food crops. Two crops of corn can ordinarily be grown in the same swidden from which one crop of rice has been harvested, but this year has been so unusually dry that these crops are threatened, and even the gardens on the edge of the village are not being worked.

Ipiyak occupies the best-built house in the sitio, and its interior furnishings can be seen at a glance — two wooden chests and kapok pillows in one corner together with a few sleeping mats woven in Dilumi, heavy handmade hunting nets hanging from the walls and elongated eel traps made by Ipiyak himself, thin cotton blankets thrown over a rattan clothesline among a few shirts and dresses, a handsome bolo and sheath peddled from Central Luzon and a stone corn mill of a type no longer manufactured, and, tucked into the bamboo walling, a sprig of fresh *sili* (pepper) and an arrow with a graceful well-honed point Ipiyak hammered out of a six-inch nail with no more forge than a charcoal fire. Near the three-stone hearth in the kitchen were some clay cooking pots made in Santa Maria (Isabela) and a water jar with a spigot fired in, an assortment of spoons, glass tumblers and enamel plates, and suspended over it, a few ears of drying seed corn and a container of salt. No religious paraphernalia was to be seen in the house but out in front were four little bamboo legs that once supported a tiny spirit house where Ipiyak used to make food offerings to the *anitos*. Around the house were a number of small wooden mortars of different designs and some four-foot lengths of bamboo for carrying water up from the spring, and hanging under it were almost a dozen pestles glossy from use. Near the door a whetstone and water bowl were set into the ground, and nearby stood separate granaries for rice and corn, and a few sheds for outdoor work and wood storage during the rainy season. All

around were coffee trees in fragrant bloom.

The first time I saw Ipiyak, he was returning from the woods with a pair of homemade goggles around his neck, a string of small fish in one hand, and a rubber-band gun in the other which fires an arrow fashioned from the rib of an umbrella. The second time, he was carrying the looped cords of a snare for catching wild chickens, and had the domestic decoy under his arm. Neighboring children were carrying wicker fish traps and some box-like ones they made themselves out of bamboo and wire mesh. (Near Diboloan I noticed a dugout canoe with gracefully flaring sides used for carrying fishnets deeper into the stream; Semper says the Kalingas sold such boats in Ilagan for six or eight pesos.) Ipiyak also hunts for deer and wild boar — a long-legged beast with a snout that can tear up swiddens like a miniature bulldozer — either by himself with bow and arrow and dogs, or in hunting parties with dogs to drive the game into stout nets. He also barter meat from Negritos but not in sufficient quantity to constitute a regular or significant source of protein.

Dilumi's fields do not produce a year's supply of rice and never did. (I was served commercially polished rice, *bagoong*, and five-year-old Tanduay Rhum for lunch.) Evidences of its consequent dependence on trade were to be seen everywhere. Wild beeswax, a forest product traditionally used for stiffening the threads of lowland looms since pre-Hispanic times, has been replaced in importance by bananas, although the accompanying honey is now also marketed. Coffee is also a recent cash crop with trees planted between all the houses and a small coffee mill mounted on one house porch. For moving the heavy bunches of bananas to the nearest creek for transportation downstream. Dilumi has as many carabao carts as houses — all with solid wooden wheels cut by hand — and tethered between Diboloan's thirteen houses, I noted six carabaos kept for the same purpose. Stacked up along the road were twenty-foot lengths of four-inch *mabu* bamboo, tied together in bundles

of about 25, ready to be dragged to the same creek where outside merchants will come upstream empty-handed, buy them for rafts, and then load them with bananas for the trip to markets in San Mariano or Ilagan. This traffic in bananas, bamboo and rattan, incidentally, is regulated under licensed government concessions.

There is little in Dilumi today of the extensive religious paraphernalia reported by Semper — sacred pots in a corner of the house and wooden tablets with what appeared to Semper to be Chinese characters engraved on them, little spirit houses and special carved benches consecrated out in front, and gongs to be played during religious ceremonies by suspending them from the belt while kneeling and beating them with both palms. Although I did not see them, such gongs still exist and are played in the manner described during festivals in which food offerings are made to *anitos* (spirits). One house in Diboloan had two such blackened pots behind the door, and a broken-down spirit house in the yard — and such spirit houses also used to be erected in the fields. Of carvings there was no trace, although there was a bamboo bench in front of one house in Ambabuk with a sort of flagstaff attached from whose cross-arm two bits of white cloth fluttered. There was such a pole in Dilumi, too, and I was told they were common to most Kalinga settlements. No Kalinga informant seemed to know anything about the wooden tablets, but an elderly Ilocano of long residence remembered having seen some sort of boards incised with vague whorls and curved lines, but no figures, whether drawings or writing. All of these relics were explained as signs of respect for *anitos*, but it was rather indignantly denied that *anitos* had any connection with departed ancestors. Ipiyak himself said that he did not know what happens to the spirits of the deceased with a finality that discouraged further inquiry.

Perhaps the most interesting section of Semper's account is his description of this religion:

They are dedicated to a religious cult which, even as crude as its present form is, still betrays the fact that it was brought here from abroad and did not spring from this soil. There are two pairs of gods – Tschiehonau (male) and Bebenangan (female), and Sialo (male) and Binalinga (female), these are the only true gods, for whom they annually celebrate a general fiesta in a certain *rancheria*, where a house is consecrated to them, the same one in which the last priest *hataasan* and his wife *talamajau* lived. Since their death, they have been without a priest, and their entire cult is limited to the annual fiesta held in June. To these gods, big wooden tablets are dedicated, hung diagonally under the roof opposite the door and covered with written characters very reminiscent of Chinese. In one house I also saw a carved picture of a god. I regret that I lacked the time and patience to make a sketch of it, for later illness forced me to get away from this unhealthy region sooner than I had intended. Besides these four, they also have a multitude of others which are really housegods, called "anitos." These are the souls of their ancestors, to whom they ascribe the function of protecting their houses and possessions after their death. The lore of these anitos is very complicated; in what follows I will try to bring together what I was able to gather in separate bits here and there. When a person dies, he can only be made an anito when he has grandchildren; then, however, he remains one for all descendants in the family. Thus it can happen that there are a multitude of anitos in the same house – that is to say, if the family has lived together in the same house for a long period of time, which is quite common here. If a son or daughter leaves the parental home, they remain without any anito until both parents die; then the children divide the available anitos among themselves, though certain ones always remain in the old house. When a married son dies without grandchildren, neither he and his wife nor his children will become anitos. Every anito will be called by the name which the bearer of the soul made into a housegod had during his lifetime. Certain objects and places are hallowed to these anitos. In one corner of the room stand *ollas* shaped like pot-bellied spittoons, which are consecrated to the oldest anitos; they watch over the house and the welfare of the whole family. In the open space before the house stand little houses a foot-and-a-half to two feet high, rough copies of the big ones; these are the dwellings of those oldest housegods. To the eldest among them, furthermore, the little open space in front of

the ladder, where the *pilan* stands, is consecrated; it must not be defiled by fire or food. Then one or more benches with certain ornamentation are found in the houseyard. One almost always has a long piece of bamboo and a small piece of wood at the upper end in the shape of a plain half-moon on whose wider part are (Chinese?) characters. These are consecrated to the younger anitos. Finally, even the smithy which is lacking in few houses belongs to an anito. When the grandfather of a large family dies, as many anitos will be made of him as he has sons who have founded new families – that is, as soon as these have children of their own. If there are many anitos in the same house, and the children separate at the death of their parents, they divide these among themselves, but the oldest ones always remain in the ancestral home. Also, it seems as if these may complete their services after some time; at least, I was told several times when I asked the reason for the complete lack of those *ollas* in one old house, that they had just thrown out a bunch of them a short time before as being of no more use. Necklaces and finery which they wear during their lifetime are kept sacred; people will not sell them at any price, and ascribe miraculous powers to them against all possible diseases. Also the anitos have fiestas at certain times – at the beginning of sowing and shortly after harvest. Then big fiestas will be organized to the anitos, and the best gifts of food and drink be gathered, and must not be touched until a little of every bowl has been offered to them.

Many of Semper's observations are ordinary characteristics of indigenous Philippine religions. Friar missionaries all during the Spanish regime noted conjugal pairs of Filipino deities and an ancestor worship directed to *anito* spirits, and the common fate of such worship was to quietly survive the loss of a formal priesthood and pantheon as Semper noted. The hallowing of household objects and spaces, the tabooing of ritual cooking pots, and the preserving of heirloom jewelry is almost universal. So, too, is the conviction that post-mortal well-being is dependent upon sacrifices made by direct descendants. But although there is also a concept that a man's destiny is only truly fulfilled in the birth of his grandchildren, the idea that elevation to *anito* status is actually prevented by a want of grandchildren would appear to be unique. And

the idea that one man becomes more than one *anito* after death is so strange as to raise doubts. Moreover, if the Kalingas really held such a belief, China would be a poor place to seek its origin. Prior to the founding of the People's Republic, the Chinese son was absolutely duty-bound to perform those sacrifices without which his father's soul — not his grandfather's — could not be laid to rest. An indigenous origin for such a belief would be more likely. But perhaps still more likely would be the possibility that Semper was simply mistaken. At any event, it is too late to examine any 19th century specimens of supposedly Chinese writing in the Katalangan Valley today. But it is probably not too late for a sympathetic ethnographer to discover whatever *anito* cult is still being practiced by men of Ipiyak's generation, should one wish to try.

What first attracted my attention to Semper's report was its evidence that a Filipino minority had maintained its identity until the middle of the last century while living in close contact with the Filipino majority and dependent upon it. Most Filipino communities that preserved an unhispanized culture to this late date were comparatively self-contained and economically self-sufficient. Such peoples in the mountains of both Mindanao and northern Luzon were self-sufficient in food, manufactured their own cloth and tools, wore distinctive costumes and built distinctive houses, practiced their own religion and followed their own laws, and traded with other Filipinos only for salt, iron, and Chinese porcelain and brassware. Semper's Kalingas, however, displayed no such cultural independence in 1860, and appeared to be on the verge of absorption into the anonymity of the majority population. What might have happened to these people by 1978? Would they indeed have disappeared — or would they still be recognizable in their own historic territory? My April visit made it clear that the latter is the case.

Of course, the acculturative process has continued and is continuing. A century of

migration into the Katalangan Valley has outnumbered its Kalinga inhabitants and limited their access to potential swidden land. If Semper is correct in thinking that they used to live in one site for several generations — though surely not in the same bamboo house — the population must have been small enough then to permit the shifting of fields around a wooded area within reach of that one site. This must have been the case in Diboloan whose oldest inhabitant was born there, as were her parents and grandparents. But Ipiyak shifted his residence four times during his lifetime, and the present residents of Ambabuk, Andarayan, and Kadsalan all settled there less than twenty years ago. It was due to the social pressure — and ridicule, no doubt — of this influx of hispanized Filipinos that the district's unhispanized Filipinos gave up their tattoos and earrings, and all esthetic expression of their religion. This impetus for change appears to have been comparatively mild, with an easy mingling of Kalingas and Ibanags, but much less benign forces are confronting the same people in the 1970's — namely, modern logging operations and military counter-insurgency campaigns.

The creeks which feed the Katalangan River flow out from among some of the most magnificent stands of timber in the archipelago — mahogany giants one or two hundred years old. A logger who delivers three of these five-foot logs realizes a cool profit of one thousand pesos, as sure a magnet to the capitalist's heart today as gold was to the conquistador's in days not long past. The Sierra Madre forests that produce this bounty also provide admirable cover for guerrilla warfare, and the Armed Forces of the Philippines cannot ignore the fact that loggers and insurgents work in the same territory. The Army has already restricted swidden-farming movements, and some of the farmers themselves have suffered the consequences of its investigative techniques. (Ipiyak was sent home from such an interrogation vomiting blood in February, 1978.) On the other hand, the logging operations have not yet exerted their full negative impact on

the area, and even perform ameliorating functions at present. Their log pools provide occasional employment and a source of discarded material, their roads give improved access to the markets on which Kalingas depend, and their trucks offer free transportation for those willing to travel at their own risk. (The risk is small, as a matter of fact; the roads are so tortuous and the loads so heavy that drivers must keep their trucks under control at all times by means of six-wheel drives, two-speed axles, and remodeled transmissions.) But as soon as loggers have ripped through a stand of timber, farmers move in with fire and open a new swidden. Since the trees involved would take centuries to replace, this unwitting combination of efforts promises the complete destruction of the Sierra Madre forest cover in the foreseeable future — and the Kalinga way of life along with it.

Meanwhile, however, that simple fringe culture appears not merely to have survived but to be flourishing. It is a rough life style of limited horizons and steady demands on physical labor. But it is not without a certain

dignity and independence, and does not entail the raw exploitation experienced by the Philippine peasantry and proletariat. It is true that Ipiyak receives no modern medical or dental care and that his children do not go to school — but then, young Kalingas in Dilumi have full sets of teeth as solid as ivory, and do not face such modern fate as the three one-armed dynamite fishermen I met among their better educated neighbors. All in all, the struggle for existence and pursuit of happiness in the Katalangan Valley today is probably not significantly different from what it was a century ago.

Semper's Kalingas 120 years later are thus just about what they were in 1860 — a group of Filipinos with their own identity and language, living in symbiotic relationship with Filipinos of another culture and heritage, and dependent upon the primordial exchange of forest products for foodstuffs and manufactured goods. As such, they nicely illustrate a stage of Philippine history which other groups in the archipelago may have occupied for centuries or even millenia.

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