Betrayal, Class Fantasies, and the Filipino Nation in Daly City

Benito M. Vergara, Jr.

"It's the only place in the world with more Filipinos than there are in Daly City, California."

—Cesare Syjuco, in *1001 Reasons to Stay in the Philippines*

"America's where the money is, baby!"

—Tina Paner, in the film *Sana Maulit Muli*

If you drive down California's Skyline Highway a little too fast, you might miss Daly City altogether. Bordering San Francisco to the north, Daly City, like much of suburban America, stretches its boundaries into the next town, in a diffuse mass of tract housing—varying in age, costs, architecture and prestige—that extends from the Sunset District in San Francisco all the way down south to Foster City and beyond. What were once acres of cabbage patches and pig ranches became, in the late 1940s through the 1970s, seemingly endless rows upon rows of suburban dwellings crisscrossing the Colma hills. Its streets swathed with mist, Daly City—or as some locals called it, "Fog Gap"—was emblematic of what critics called in the sixties "the West Coast housing mess" (Chandler 1973:130).

This is where, in a city with a total population close to 95,000, about 25,000 Filipinos make their home. As the largest and fastest-growing ethnic minority in the city, Filipinos comprise 27 percent of the population. From a population count that stood at 14,400, the number of Filipinos in Daly City nearly doubled

between 1980 and 1990 (Daly City/ Colma Chamber of Commerce 1992:3). In the 1990 census, those who identified themselves as "white" outnumbered Filipinos by only 10,000 people. In all, 45 percent of Daly City's residents are foreign-born. The large influx of Filipinos to the U.S. is traceable to the revised immigration laws of 1965, which produced a fivefold increase in the Filipino immigrant population in the succeeding five years. Since 1965, Filipinos have made up the highest number of Asian immigrants admitted annually. By 1990, there were in the United States 1.4 million Filipinos, of whom some 64 percent were born overseas (Moreno 1994). This large proportion of Philippine-born Filipinos in the overall population resonates in the composition of the Filipino community in Daly City.

These large numbers are only part of the reason that enshrines Daly City—or "Dah-ly City," Filipinos say jokingly—in its peculiar place as "Little Manila," or "Manilatown," even though the appellations may not seem particularly applicable.[1] To begin with, Filipino populations in Los Angeles, Honolulu or Seattle are certainly larger, but there is a higher concentration in the obviously smaller Daly City. There are also towns in California like Delano, Stockton or Union City with older, more historically established Filipino communities—former centers of Filipino agricultural migrants in the 1920s and 1930s—but Daly City retains its title as "the *adobo* capital of the U.S.A."

As a Filipino accountant told me, "I had heard of Daly City even before I arrived in the United States. There are lots of Filipinos there." Friends in the Philippines inquiring about my research would ask, upon hearing the name Daly City, "Aren't there lots of Filipinos there?" At the offices of the *Philippine News* in South San Francisco, a few persons were actually surprised when I told them that Filipinos comprised only about 30 percent of the city's population. "Is that all? I always thought that it was 60 percent. Eighty, even." Perhaps only Jersey City in New Jersey qualifies as Daly City's mythic east coast counterpart.

But, as noted above, cognizance of this "concentration" is somewhat illusory, as one city's inhabitants and services spill over into the next. Indeed, Filipinos are spread out everywhere in the San Francisco Bay Area: with the exception of "whiter," wealthier communities like Atherton and Menlo Park, Filipinos live in large numbers down the Peninsula, all the way to South Bay cities like San Jose and Sunnyvale. In the East Bay, in towns like Hercules, Antioch, Pinole—whose public library contains an impressive Filipiniana collection—Filipinos have long been making their mark.

Riding on the SamTrans bus that weaves through the Daly City streets, one constantly hears snatches of conversations in Tagalog and Ilocano. The 20J passes through Daly City's St. Francis Heights and Serramonte districts—the latter about 44 percent Filipino—and stops in front of the Seton Medical Center, the largest employer in the city and responsible for the initial influx of Filipino medical technicians and nurses after it opened as St. Mary's Help Hospital in 1965. The center of all this Filipino activity is Serramonte Mall,

where, amidst the McDonald's, the B. Dalton's, and Mervyn's, Filipinos of practically every demographic background congregate. Everyday, veterans and senior citizens—most are men, and many look formal in their coats and ties and slicked-back hair—sit on the mall benches, reading newspapers, gossiping, queueing up for lotto tickets. One informant in his twenties told me: "I can see myself looking like them in the future, man. Hanging out at Serramonte, wearing a baseball cap, eating a hotdog." Another generation is represented by Filipino American teenagers in "hip-hop" attire, who hang out at the mall like everyone else.

Filipino restaurants abound in Daly City, from the ritzier Tito Rey, with its dress code, to the more than a dozen *turo-turo* style eating places where one can find anything from *kare-kare* to *sinigang na bangus*. Branches of the Filipino originals are everywhere in evidence: Max Fried Chicken, Barrio Fiesta, Goldilocks. Chips, crackers and candy imported from the Philippines, as well as locally-made Filipino meat products, are widely found in Asian food stores, including the occasional Filipino market. There are video rental stores with movie posters featuring Richard Gomez and Sharon Cuneta pasted up on their windows. Through the Lopez-owned cable network, The Filipino Channel, residents can have Dolphy sitcoms and news from the Philippines beamed into their living rooms every day. A half-dozen Filipino newspapers circulating in the Bay Area keep the community informed about happenings affecting Filipinos worldwide.

Daly City is indeed an "*adobo* capital" of sorts, but, as I argue in this article, this "identity" is not only based upon its being in the United States, but is rooted in the Philippines as well. Daly City's identity not only derives from what its city fathers call "the most ethnically diverse city in San Mateo County" (Daly City/Colma Chamber of Commerce 1992:3), but also in the imaginings and dreams of social mobility by Filipinos in the Philippines. This article may start with Daly City, but it rightfully begins, and ends, seven thousand miles away. Daly City, in a sense, functions as a mirror upon which the anxieties and dreams of middle-class Filipinos in Manila are reflected.

The focus here is on the post-1965 immigrants, most of whom arrived in the mid-1970s through the mid-1980s, and not their children, the second generation, who have been coming of age politically in the United States. Nor will this article deal with the Filipino migrant laborers of the 1920s and their children, or the so-called second wave of immigrants in the 1950s and their American-born offspring. Though substantial historical work has been done on the first and second waves of Filipino immigrants, the post-1965 generation, composed primarily of politically fragmented and consistently underemployed professional and skilled workers, has been largely neglected by scholars. But to begin to understand the post-1965 generation of Filipino migrants to Daly City, one must "go back." In the process, I hope to show that the dreams and anxieties of middle

class Filipinos, seen through the prism of class, are in turn intertwined with notions of national belonging and a multifaceted relationship between money and nation.

In "looking" at both places I intend to use as a guide George Marcus's (1986) observation that, to represent the larger systemic context of one's subjects, it is necessary to examine different field sites and incorporate multiple locales in ethnographic writing. The growing interconnectedness among "cultures" worldwide—fostered by the movements of migrant peoples, but also by mass media—should be reflected in ethnographic method. I hope to compare the transnational aspects of these conceptions of class and nation, and show how they define and complement each other. Imagining is done in different directions, after all.

This article does not attempt to exhaust the particularities of an unstable, heterogeneous mass conveniently called here "middle class Filipinos," but will only examine the homogeneities it presents for inspection. It seems ironic to discuss identity—particularly when national identity is concerned—as being relational when, "on the ground," it is perceived as essentialized and timeless, despite efforts to uncover the hegemonic trickery engendering it. But, in this case, distinctive identity formations are produced in the transnational intersections of conceptions of class and nation.

To this end, I also quote Arjun Appadurai's observation that mass media has enriched the formerly "residual practices" of "fantasy and imagination"; now, fantasy is "a social practice; it enters...into the fabrication of social lives..." (1991:198). It is in this fantastic aspect, combined with the teleology of immigration, that Daly City constitutes an embodiment of potential within the Filipino's sphere of possibilities. Daly City, in a sense, represents a certain class ideal which is both product and component of Filipino middle class imagining. And, I argue, Daly City represents a kind of national belonging as well. But it is an ideal that is fraught with the potential loss of the very markers that indicate belonging to this particular class and nation.

This article is situated among academic discussions of an emergent transnationalism. The scholarly consensus in the last decade or so is that new patterns of migration have been appearing, and that previous conceptualizations of migration, which included mechanistic push-and-pull paradigms, are now inadequate in describing the new phenomenon. Migrants are creating social spaces that bridge cultural, political, and even geographic borders, and forging loyalties that span national and familial boundaries. This "process by which immigrants build social fields that link together their country of origin and their country of settlement" has been called transnationalism (Glick-Schiller *et al.* 1992:1). Changing notions of nation, place, culture, and identity have also led scholars to reconceptualize anthropological studies of migration. Previous metaphors of disconnection and uprooting have been questioned, portraying migrants' activities as constituting "a single field of social relations," as opposed to being "fragmented social and political

experiences...spread across state boundaries" (Basch et al. 1994:5). In many cases, the everyday lives of migrants exist independently, or even in defiance, of state-constituted borders.[2]

For this article, I have cobbled together different instances, drawing from both the United States and the Philippines, which illuminate the variety of ways in which class intersects with Filipino national belonging—conjunctures which occur in a transnational space. I also show how these notions of Filipino identity and belonging are evoked, in its essential and particular forms, to regulate the class and national inclusion or exclusion of middle-class individuals outside the country. To begin, I leave Daly City for a moment to take a detour and focus on its "origins" back home.

Departure as betrayal of the nation

In 1993, a book edited by Isagani Cruz and Lydia Echauz appeared in Manila bookstores. Titled *1001 Reasons to Stay in the Philippines*, the monograph, presented in a format admittedly cribbed from U.S. self-help guides like *Life's Little Instruction Book* and *The Portable Life 101*, manifests a particular class's fantasies, as well as their perspectives, concerning notions of Filipino identity. The book, according to the editors, was meant to be a collection of "positive thoughts about the Philippines," hoping to "make life more enjoyable for the millions of Filipinos who prefer to live in their home country rather than face isolation, alienation, and prejudice outside..." (Cruz and Echauz 1993:preface).

Consisting of two or three pithy quotes on each page, the "1001 Reasons" are by turns droll, touching, and often surprisingly revealing. Most of the reasons given revolve around platitudes concerning the beauty of the country—"the implacable enchantment of its 7,100 islands," says poet Anthony Tan (*Ibid.*:132)—and having one's family and friends nearby—"I want to be able to bump into old friends and people I grew up with when I walk the streets," claims Glicerio Sicat, President of Interpacific Capital Phils. (*Ibid.*:9). But a significant number evoke some form of nationalistic service to the country, as may be seen from the quotations below:

> Times call for every Filipino to think of self last and country first. This is not the time to desert our country for convenience of selves. Happiness, dignity and recognition come first before material possessions (Isidro Cariño, President, Asia Research and Management Corporation, *Ibid.*: 25).

> Each Filipino has the obligation to help improve and uplift the country economically, politically, and spiritually. I would like to fulfill my obligation in whatever way I might be able to, no matter how small and seemingly insignificant (James E. Festejo, *Ibid.*: 183).

> There is a need to develop a critical mass of Filipinos who are willing to sacrifice personal interests for national good (Roberto S. Sebastian, Secretary of Agriculture, *Ibid.*:45).

I'm trying to live up to my name—*nagpapakabayani* [being a hero]! (Bayani V. Evangelista, Publisher/Editor-in-Chief, *Mediawatch*, *Ibid.*:136).

As these comments suggest—another interviewee says that those responsible for Philippine development are "silent heroes" (*Ibid.*:158)—leaving the Philippines is tantamount to a betrayal of sorts, a non-fulfillment of an obligation to contribute to the nation. Departure is a betrayal of the nation to pursue what are seen as purely personal interests. These comments further imply a binary opposition between money and nation.[3] Those who leave, ostensibly in pursuit of money, are seen as unwilling to sacrifice for the nation, as thinking only of themselves. In this interesting twist in the definition of "heroism"—for merely staying in one place!—nationalism is also tied up with the naturalization of the link between ethnicity and place, i.e., that people of a certain ethnicity, and for that matter people of a certain nation, belong to one particular geographic place (Malkki 1992:27).

Remaining home, in turn, is linked with the invocation, preservation and consequent reification of "traditional" Filipino character traits depicted as nothing but positive:

Neighbors still care enough for each other to drive a sick child to the hospital (Gloria S. Chavez, College of Business and Economics, De La Salle University, Cruz and Echauz 1993:18).

Strong extended family ties. Good formative years for children. Opportunity to help less privileged ones (Roman F. S. Reyes, senior partner, SGV & Co., *Ibid.*:143).

I am a first class citizen in my country. It is the only country where the people understand *utang na loob, pakikisama*, and *bayanihan* [debt of gratitude, companionship, and cooperation] (Roberto Benares, Insular Investment and Trust Corp., *Ibid.*:34).

Those who don't have reasons for staying should leave, so we can have this beautiful country all to ourselves (Barry Ponce de Leon, civil engineer, Department of Public Works and Highways, *Ibid.*:189).

A plant warehouse head working for the San Miguel Corporation puts it aptly when he likens "the Filipino tradition of togetherness and support" (*Ibid.*:29) to being in a mother's womb, stressing the primal, essential character of tradition and, interestingly, its connection to place. The implication is that when one leaves the Philippines, one similarly leaves its protective environment, and one's sense of service, behind. It is as if the Filipinos who choose to stay deem the parameters of nationalism and national belonging as coinciding squarely with and within the state's own borders.

But this middle-class rhetoric of betrayal—something more akin to the loss of *pakikisama*, rather than an act

of unpatriotism—flies in the face of apparently successful attempts by both the Aquino and Ramos administrations to crown overseas contract workers, or OCWs, as new heroes. The OCWs were responsible for contributing more than US$3.595 billion in the first nine months of 1995 alone, underscoring the government's parasitic dependence, in the form of the "Philippines 2000" economic program, on the export of cheap labor to countries where workers' rights are fraught with uncertainty.[4]

This suggests that the reference points of Cruz and Echauz's interviewees may really revolve around the difference between leaving and staying away. The title of their book—not to mention the very reality of its being written—already confirms a desperation of sorts to stem the hemorrhage of "deserters." But "staying" can only be the opposite of "leaving" as long as those who have "left" do not return for good. As Rey Ventura reminds us, writing about Japan,

> There is no Japanese Dream, and yet Japan, for the Filipino, has become a second America. There is no Statue of Liberty in Yokohama—and why should there be? A statue of the Yen would be more appropriate. We do not dream of becoming Japanese citizens... We do not imagine that we will settle there for ever (1992:165).

What I am suggesting is that the interviewees may be defining themselves and their country specifically against the United States, and Filipinos in the United States. For Filipinos in Abu Dhabi, Jeddah, Singapore, Yokohama, Kuala Lumpur, Melbourne, Madrid, Koln, London, and Hongkong, staying away permanently is an idea that is not as viable—or a possibility that lodges itself as deeply in the national imagination—than the notion of eventually settling in Chicago, Hialeah, Houston, Baton Rouge, Kodiak, Fresno, Seattle, or West Covina. I am not discounting those Filipinos in the United States who do not intend to stay permanently, but the lines outside the U.S. embassy on Roxas Boulevard in Manila are an obvious manifestation of how deeply woven into the national fabric this possibility of relocating to America is. And, within this horizon of expectations, lies Daly City.

Betrayal vs "home service at its best"

But the distinction between leaving and staying away can itself be subsumed underneath a more over-arching opposition between Filipinos in the United States and in the Philippines: it is that of money and of the nation. As seen in the interviews above, the self is posed against the nation: the self, with its dreams of material success, is to be renounced in the service of the nation. E. San Juan, Jr., in his inimitable way, has characterized Filipinos in the United States as having "dutifully internalized the ethos of bureaucratic individualism, the ABC of vulgar utilitarianism, inculcated by the media and other ideological apparatuses in the Philippines and reproduced here in the doxa..." (1994:7). But though he follows his pronouncement with a discussion of his frustrations concerning an appallingly apolitical Filipino community—"fragmented and inutile"

are his words—his rhetoric similarly falls within the binary construction of money versus "nation."

For the interviewees of Cruz and Echauz, the "pull" of money, to regress conceptually for a second, is seen to go against the strictures of nationhood and an untainted Filipinoness. One of my informants from Daly City makes the same distinction between Filipinos in the Philippines and in the United States through his reference to a conflict between "*matiryalismo*" and "*nasyonalismo.*" In the course of our conversation, he tells me that Filipinos in the U.S. can certainly be "nationalistic" too, if they contribute to relief programs in the Philippines and the like. After a pause, he corrects himself, "I guess that's not much." The paradox here is that it is precisely money, thought to be antithetical to loyalty to the nation, which itself provides the catalyst for heroism undertaken for the nation's sake. The quest for money, amidst the privations of other lands, can make heroes of OCWs. The acquisition of money, then, does not taint equally. Its corrupting power lies in the seeming singularity of the United States to evoke such betrayed feelings among the "nationalistic" middle classes who have been left behind.

This partially explains the odd erasure of the figure of the overseas contract worker from the nostalgic sweep of the interviewees' answers reported by Cruz and Echauz. Again, the contrast between leaving and staying is rhetorically employed. In the case of OCWs, the circulation of money is controlled, and kept mostly within the confines of the nation's borders. It is money, earned and circulated outside by green-carded immigrants in the relative luxury of the United States, that is detestable. Nowhere is it discussed that some people may seek their fortunes overseas because they must, in order to support their siblings and children.

The irony is further stretched when compared with other "reasons" given for staying:

> I detest housework. I need someone to keep house for me, cook meals, wash and iron clothes, so I can pour my energies into development work, helping the poor and making this country a better place (Victoria Garchitorena, Executive Director, Ayala Foundation, *Ibid.*:19).
>
> The orchids I have grown. Efficient maids to prepare meals while I rest from the day's work (Edna Formilleza, former Undersecretary of Education, *Ibid.*:31).
>
> Maids, yayas, and drivers—home service at its best! Boracay, Dakak, and Palawan—heaven next door! (Isabel Yotoko, writer, *Ibid.*:83).
>
> I don't have to do house chores. I have four maids and a driver doing everything for me. I'm a queen at home (Mariela Corpus Torres, housewife, *Ibid.*:113).
>
> I don't need a weather report to help me decide on my wardrobe for the day. My housemaids give me freedom and leisure time for a job and entertainment outside the home. At present, in terms of the inflated-peso value of my old house, I can call myself a

> millionaire (Sylvia Ventura, *Ibid.*:133).

> I can wake up in the morning and not bother making my bed, knowing somebody else will do it (Antonio Concepcion, Senior Vice-President and Chief Marketing Officer, La Tondeña Distillers, *Ibid.*:191).

"Home service at its best," indeed: the irony of this class blindness is not lost on the reader, who will remember the hundreds of lower- and lower middle-class Filipino women working as maids and babysitters overseas. (Note that the interviewees' credentials—schools, occupations—are easily interpretable as shorthand for "middle class" and "upper middle class.") The convenience of having maids not only affirms one's class standing, but gives one a reason—or indeed, *the* reason, as some interviewees admitted—to stay in the Philippines. The maids are seen as better off working for Filipinos and earning paltry wages, as opposed to working abroad and being able to stretch the riyal further.

My position contrasts with Rey Ventura's rather simplistic assertion that "the richer you are in the Philippines, the more likely you are to go abroad and to settle there for good" (1992: 164). This is true perhaps only to the extent that the Philippine income of those who have left for good have been able to support partially—but not fully—the requirements of one's class habitus. Hence, the departure in pursuit of the fundamental embellishments of middle-classness already attained by those who can "afford to stay" in the Philippines.

The interviewees of Cruz and Echauz (1993) also suggest a link between class and nation: that one's class perquisites allow one to grow more fully as a Filipino. Their maids not only purchase more time for the job, but more opportunities to pursue and gain cultural capital. The paradox, of course, is that most of the cultural capital to be acquired in Manila comes in the forms engendered by American media, particularly films and television (with cuisine and, to a lesser degree, fashion as possible exceptions). Ironically, it is the immigrants who tentatively put themselves in a better position to consume these more legitimized products to shore up class standing. But, from the perspective of Manila, to live in the United States inhibits the possibility of leisure—"Here we are real people, not shadows holding two to three jobs to survive," says a deputy manager of the Lufthansa office in the Philippines (*Ibid.*:191)—that the middle class requires. As Pierre Bourdieu writes, ease "represents the most visible assertion of freedom from the constraints which dominate ordinary people, the most indisputable affirmation of capital" (1979:255). And, as we have seen, the "efficiency of maids"—which includes the removal of the burden of making one's bed—makes the middle-class Filipinos "real people" and frees them up for "more efficient service" to the nation, to make it "a better place."

To be maidless in America (and losing that particular class marker)

constitutes a fear enough, in this sense, to keep the upper middle class in its place.[5] They can therefore be "silent heroes," in contrast to those who have left the homeland in an act of betrayal. Perceptions of this betrayal are parleyed into interesting stereotypes—not really perpetrated through social power, but through their numbing repetition—which, at many times, seem completely contradictory to each other. Filipinos in the United States can both be praised (and reviled, at least by San Juan) for their financial successes, and condemned for their seeming abandonment of the sinking ship that is the Philippine state. Only those deemed to have been extraordinarily successful (and therefore worthy of a certain worldwide acclaim) —actress Lea Salonga, businesswomen Loida Nicolas-Lewis and Lilia Clemente, for instance—are seen to escape the clutches of cash and its taintedness, and are embraced by national belonging once more. The contradictions in these stereotypes are even more clearly seen through the relatively uncomplicated prism of Philippine film.

Material success and Filipino authenticity

A movie produced in 1994, called *Home Sic Home,* starring the Filipino comedian Dolphy, paints the same sort of portrait of life in America. The widowed Dolphy leaves his son's family behind in the Philippines after being petitioned by his other son, who resides in the United States. (Both visa and plane tickets even arrive in the same envelope.) The son, of course, has "changed" and become irretrievably yuppie: he and his Filipina-American wife drive a flashy car and live in a comfortable home in the suburbs of Los Angeles. After the obligatory traveling to San Francisco, Hollywood and Las Vegas, Dolphy soon realizes that life in America isn't what he expected. His son leaves him at home on weekdays, and he is afraid of using the phone to call long-distance without his son knowing. Things get worse, for he is essentially left home to take care of his grandson, who is bratty, thinks his grandfather is odd and, worse, does not understand or speak Tagalog. The film follows Dolphy's misadventures in looking for a job with his friend, played by the late Panchito: they find employment as hospital attendants very easily. The bad guys come in the form of two INS (Immigration and Naturalization Service) agents who investigate Dolphy's green-card marriage to another Filipina, played by the much younger Dina Bonnevie (they eventually fall in love with each other). But Dolphy gets into a car accident and, at his hospital bed, the grandson, blinking away tears, promises to learn Tagalog. Dolphy recovers, and decides to return to his less well-off son in the Philippines.

The 1995 film *Sana Maulit Muli* illustrates the same conflicts, but the pressure of money in this example is most strongly contrasted against romantic ties. Aga Muhlach plays Jerry, an advertising executive in Manila who refuses to give up his career to be with his fiancee Agnes, played by Lea Salonga, who has just been petitioned to come to the United States by her mother, who had abandoned her at a young age. Agnes grows more despondent each day: she is shown getting terribly lost in San Francisco, her mother treats her as a servant, and her new, bratty siblings dislike her. "I don't belong

here," she says, and thinks of returning, but realizes, "*Ang daming halos magpakamatay na makarating dito* [There are so many who would almost give their lives trying to get here]." Despite her pleas to join her, Jerry decides to wait instead for his promotion, telling Agnes that he is not ready to marry.

Now deserted by Jerry, Agnes finds a job doing difficult, menial work in a seniors' home. The film fast-forwards a year and a half later: Agnes has now become a successful real estate agent in Foster City, California (after working first as receptionist, then as secretary), and has already bought a beautiful A-frame house in Half Moon Bay. But Jerry suddenly reappears, to face a completely different Agnes: harried, consumed by work—but also self-confident, aggressive, her voice without a trace of her old Tagalog accent. Jerry is shown to find a series of odd jobs as an illegal alien, chopping up logs at a lumberyard, cleaning cars on a lot, and washing dishes at a Filipino restaurant in Milpitas. But their occupations are not the only tables which have turned. Agnes is now unwilling to commit: "*Inagaw ka nang ambisyon sa akin* [ambition grabbed you away from me]," she tells Jerry. After quitting his job (where he is cheated out of his wages by the Filipino manager), he asks Agnes to marry him now or go back to Manila with him. Agnes refuses him twice. "It's not true that everyone wants to live here," Jerry says before he leaves for the Philippines. The film ends improbably with the woman (of course) leaving her career, the couple reunited on the streets of Manila.

These films reflect and distill the image of the Filipino in the United States according to beliefs held by people I have spoken to in the United States, and by Cruz and Echauz's interviewees in the Philippines. The films work with tropes easily recognizable to their audiences in Manila, alluding to a familiarity of sorts with images and situations of the Filipino immigrant life. The long, back-breaking hours of work, victimization by fellow Filipinos and, most importantly, the personal transformation of immigrants upon their arrival (however "accurate" these perceptions may be) are images the two films produce and affirm. Dolphy's son has seemingly earned his money at the expense of his soul, and is only redeemed later by his belated profession of allegiance to family. Evoked in these films are transnationally shared standards of class—the house, the car—signs recognized in a transnational grammar of wealth. Similarly, the naturalized, mythic trajectory of upper-middle class wealth is reaffirmed, although the films upset this by (of course) making romantic and/or familial love triumph over a lucrative career, or the possibility of one.[6]

Another stereotype affirmed in these films is the widely-held notion that the Filipino child raised in America is spoiled and rude to their elders, something often attributed to their upbringing in a different environment. But more integral to *Home Sic Home*'s theme, which is echoed in *Sana Maulit Muli*, is its obsessing over language. Language becomes more potent as a national symbol in a foreign context,

and is used to patrol the perimeter of national belonging. In interviews and in social settings, one often hears from first-generation immigrants such comments as, "But she's not Filipino, she doesn't speak Tagalog anymore" when referring to Filipinos (especially youths) raised in the United States. Conversely, Filipino-Americans in a symposium held at Skyline College (with predominantly Filipino students) in San Bruno, California, complained about how recent immigrants, upon finding out that they do not speak any Philippine languages, would say, "*Sayang* [Too bad]. You should learn"—thereby, in their words, questioning their identities as Filipinos.

Another complaint which I often hear—"*nakakainis sa lahat* [most annoying of all]," says an informant who works at a social service agency—is of Filipinos who "pretend" they do not speak Tagalog. "*Lalo na kung halata mong marunong magsalita* [Especially if you can tell that they know how to speak]," the informant adds. Language is at issue in another criterion of Filipinoness. A politically prominent woman who lives near Daly City tells me that, for many Filipinos, "*ayaw nilang masabi na meron silang* accent. *Sabi ko, pag nawalan kayo ng* accent, *hindi kayo Pilipino* [They don't want it said that they have an accent. I say, when you lose your accent, you are not a Filipino]." Certainly, distinctions are tricky; Tagalog is by no means understood by every immigrant. But the regular irritation displayed by some informants is reflective of the seeming artificiality of English when spoken by a Filipino, who, regardless of location, must speak a Philippine language. English and an American accent are also connected, as in the Philippines, to class: "*anong klaseng pataasan ng ibi iyan?*" an informant colorfully commented, in a scatological reference to one-upmanship. The borders of the nation are constantly defended in the minutiae of everyday life.

The movie protagonists' easy ascent into the reaches of the upper middle class, and its price, also tie in with other stereotypes as well. In 1974, in the early days of Marcos's *balikbayan* program, Letty Jimenez-Magsanoc wrote a rather bitchy essay in the *Philippine Panorama* Magazine derisively describing the persons referred to by the newly-coined term:[7]

> ...she gushed forth with all the Americanese adjectives she'd picked up....that indicate beyond a doubt to her friends...that their *Balikbayan* really knows her English. She even pronounced Tondo with a long O.
>
> ...this particular *Balikbayan*'s name used to be Patsy but since she migrated to the Land of the Free and the Land of the Brave, she's become Pat.
>
> When interviewed, a *Balikbayan* [with no green card, the writer stresses] blurted out: "I'm so glad to be back in your country... er...I mean, our country."
>
> When the *Balikbayan* goes shopping (bless his darling dollars), he strains his arithmetic, multiplying and dividing dollars by "*paysus*" whenever applicable.

If the figures add up right, he goes on a buying spree.

Throughout the essay, Jimenez-Magsanoc's pointed remarks revolve around either the *balikbayan's* increased capacity to spend or the horror of how expensive imported goods are: "The prices of goods imported from the States dismay the *Balikbayan*...shaking his head feeling sorry for his brother Filipinos who will go to their grave without ever having sunk their teeth into the luscious softness of *Three Musketeers* or *Playboy's* Playmate of the Month." Again, she refers to the immigrant's relationship with money, coinciding with the shedding of qualities of Filipinoness.[8] Interestingly, her irritation also registers on a linguistic level, from pronunciation, vocabulary, the changing of names, and slips of the tongue. The implication is that the betrayal of the nation seems to be perceived and played out not only on an everyday level, but on a practically unconscious plane—or, it may even be, as Jimenez-Magsanoc seems to imply, a deliberate linguistic affectation. This general loathesomeness accorded to the upper middle-class Filipino immigrant, whether in the United States or back in the Philippines—she calls them *"Balik-yabang"* (*"yabang"* means to boast)—is played out on both class and national levels.

Filipino class divisions in Daly City

But it is the very obvious class differences within the Filipino immigrant population of the last thirty years that complicate the usually homogenized image of Filipinos in America as successful and upper middle class. This image of Daly City as suburb triumphant, coupled with the "model minority" myth which some Filipinos seem to gleefully celebrate, also obscures a significant amount of declassed laborers. As noted earlier, the years following 1965 comprised the migration of mostly middle-class medical and scientific professionals. Today, many Filipinos have ended up employed well beneath their educational attainments: as baby-sitters, parking attendants, security guards, clerks, Navy cooks, waiters, janitors—all members of the so-called service industries. Stories abound of nurses and physical therapists being underpaid and forced to work during night shifts alone.

These occupational woes, in turn, allow for the formation of class-based epithets like *"mga patapon sa atin* [trash back home]" and *"halatang biglang yaman* [obviously nouveau riche]," descriptions uttered by some of my informants. Certain Filipino restaurants in the Bay Area, for instance, are said to be frequented by the *"sosyal* [higher-class]," while others are said to be *"bakya"*—despite the fact that the main difference in the restaurants' clientele more often have to do with age than with perceived economic standing.[9]

Daly City reflects these class differences behind a screen of upper middle class homogeneity. Helen Toribio, a counselor with the Pilipino Bayanihan Resource Center based in Daly City, describes the city as having a "kind of this superficial image like it's very upper middle class," citing its "projection overseas in the Philippines." She stresses how Daly City is seen abroad: "They don't show this side of Daly City," she says referring

to the Top of the Hill district, bordering the Ingleside section of San Francisco. "These are poor neighborhoods of Daly City," Toribio explains to me; this older, somewhat rundown neighborhood is inhabited by about two thousand Filipinos, comprising almost 31 percent of the population in that census tract. It is mostly in the Philippines, and in crafted images like films, that Filipino immigrant life takes on the glow of the successful bourgeoisie. This coexists uneasily with often-recited stories of immigrant sacrifice, of being "shadows holding two to three jobs just to survive," which are ultimately blurred into the soft glaze of upper middle class prosperity. It is, in effect, a similar kind of class blindness that glosses over the countless nannies and gas station attendants of Filipino origin.

For instance, a statistic often cited by Filipinos ranging from community leaders to magazine publishers is that the annual median household income of a Filipino family is about US$14,000 higher than the United States average, according to the 1992 Census Bureau Current Population Report. (In fact, average Filipino household income, at US$43,780, is even bigger than the comparable white household income calculated at US$38,909.) But these numbers are misleading: Filipinos have a higher number of persons per household, which certainly inflates total household income. Among Asian families, Filipinos have the highest proportion of families with three or more income earners. Such households constitute 30 percent of all Filipino households; for the whole United States, the comparable figure is only 13 percent.[10]

Being in the United States does seem to make it easier for declassed workers to acquire certain markers of the middle class life even as they lose others. An informant marvels, for instance, at how easily one can put a down payment on a new car in America. All this is in contrast, the informant says, to the conditions in the Philippines: how he pays his taxes, "and nothing ever happens; look at our roads," he adds. In the United States, a car and a house in the suburbs are, for apparently many Filipinos, not far out of reach, thanks to the magic of credit and thirty-year mortgage rates. It is, ultimately, indicative of how money in America suddenly gains a kind of elasticity not seen in the Philippines. Money suddenly goes a longer way, and allows the consumer to choose from a wider variety of products.

I want to pose what newspaper columnist Hermie Rotea called as early as 1972 "the six-times mentality in relation to the dollar-peso exchange rate" (1972:4) as a contrast to the reasons given earlier—typified by an atmosphere of so-called traditional Filipino values—for staying in the Philippines. Corruption and inefficiency of the government are often cited by my informants as reasons for leaving the Philippines. But it is clear that frustration concerning money and the dimming purchasing power of the peso are what primarily spurs the immigrant to leave. But, standards of living in the United States are deceptive, San Juan claims; he writes about the "mutable exchange rate of dollars to pesos" and how, "ignoring cost-of-living disparities," this becomes the true "opium of the masses" (1994:4). Actively computing the exchange rate, particularly before purchases, is an act

described as something tourists and very recently-arrived immigrants do. This mathematical slippage, an operation revealing a primary orientation towards the homeland, conceals the class disparity behind the monthly paychecks. The differences in cost of living are glossed over; it is the sum that counts—and the car and the house that go with it.

But this is related to another seemingly paradoxical "state," in opposition to this affluent veneer: that of "second-class citizenship," an often-cited condition of Filipino immigrants in the United States—which suggests, as one of the interviewees above puts it, a "first-class" citizenship in the country of one's birth and, by extension, of belonging. ("Second-class citizen? *Serbisyong-bayan muna* [Service to the nation first]," Aga Muhlach says in the movie, once again evoking the binary opposition.) Though the concept of second-class citizenship also implies a certain political awareness—a denial of rights to minorities, for instance, or the daily experience of racism—it also revolves around, depending on who says it, "class" rather than "citizenship," and, once again, the absence of maids. Living first class in the Philippines, as a *Filipino should,* and *according to the dictates of one's class*, primarily entails the capacity to consume; it also means not having to work two or three jobs, or working at a job commensurate to one's education. Once again, this highlights the importance of money, which brings one a step closer to tainted money from overseas. Those without the wherewithal to live as they "should," or "could," leave, and stay away, and are in turn branded as outside the ambit of Filipinoness.

"Citizenship," however, earns equal weight (or lightness) in the phrase "second-class citizenship" when one considers its significance. The near-mythic rituals of obtaining a green card and taking the oath of citizenship is combined, but with less strenuousness, with assertions that one is still Filipino. The category of "U.S. citizen" does not diminish, so an indignant immigrant might say, this sense of national belonging. Indeed, it may be more correct to say that, for the immigrant, exertions towards the affirmation of one's nationhood become largely unnecessary—or, even truer, unnoticed—unless questioned. And this is not just because the mantle of political citizenship can easily be shucked off, though this is true; it is probably also because the terms of its problematics do not come to the surface of everyday life as often. But the malleability of citizenship seems to exist only for the new citizen, for doubtless the community back home may be poised to inscribe difference at each juncture.

The argument advanced here must be qualified, however, for it seems tangentially related to the assertion that the middle class bears the burden of nationhood more heavily than the so-called masses. And this is partly right in the sense that the problematics of nationalism may be seen as a mostly middle-class concept, but the instilling of nationalistic concepts through public education, both formal and informal, has long made the weight of

the nation fairly equal on everyone's shoulders. The creeping in of class cleavages alone, to point out the obvious, attests to the failure of this nationalist project to transcend "internal" differences. Questions of national belonging certainly erupt into public discourse among Filipino immigrants, but I argue that they similarly manifest themselves, at fitting times, in choices made every day.

Transnational TV and the consumption of Filipinoness

I had initially approached studying Daly City in terms of what I saw as the nostalgic impulse, a force that could be considered socially generative. But I was later struck by a comment made by Jose Ramon Olives, managing director of ABS-CBN International, who remarked to reporters that, through The Filipino Channel (TFC), he was "in the business of selling emotions" (Gutierrez 1995:B1). Olives adds that "TFC's primordial role is to help scuttle the Filipino's crustacean mindset so they can feel, think and move up as one, instead of pulling each other down." (John Silva of *Filipinas Magazine* would also say of his former publication: "We sell nostalgia, we sell emotions.") Another article about the channel also quotes a radio broadcaster from Vallejo, California who says that TFC "brought back memories of when I was growing up in Quezon City."

Their comments are interesting precisely because nostalgia is certainly not the operative social force in this case: nostalgia deals more "properly" with temporal, not spatial, distance, as Phillips writes (1985:65). Temporal distance hardly characterizes TFC's up-to-the-minute programming from the Philippines. Unlike other ethnic television stations, there are no locally-produced Filipino TV shows on the channel; in contrast, TFC is expanding rapidly, with 24-hour programming of "*Ang TV*," "The Sharon Cuneta Show," and a whole slew of Filipino movies. An article in *Filipinas Magazine* cites marketing manager Manuel Lopez, Jr. as attributing TFC's popularity to "the desire of Filipino Americans to maintain their cultural identity and heritage." The article adds that Lopez has received "hundreds of letters" from pleased viewers, particularly parents who "tell [him] it's the best thing that's ever happened to their kids" (Salido 1995:26-27).

Television may be creating this transnational link, but the viewers' seeking out of current showbiz gossip is by no means nostalgic. The popularity of a television station that broadcasts programs that would seem so far removed from the everyday lives of Filipino Americans is remarkable. With its utter lack of coverage of Filipino American issues, the world of The Filipino Channel is an oddly myopic one, regaling its 25,000 subscribers with the immediacy of life, without satellite feed delay, in the Philippines. "Except for the commercials," Lopez tells the reporter, "you'd think you were watching TV in Manila." As a complete replica of Manila's ABS-CBN 2, TFC fills the need to assuage a certain sort of homesickness, one based more on bridging spatial distance rather than time.

Looking at Daly City from this perspective suggests that the Filipino community in this city may be involved in something more profound than

merely maintaining ties to the homeland. It is of course an eager response to the call of savvy marketing, but also, as with many other things in Daly City, a collective assertion of Filipinoness. One can see this in the annual *Santacruzans,* with costumes rendered authentic to the last glittering detail; the newspapers which seamlessly combine the scandals from hometowns both in the Philippines and abroad; the easily rentable videos which bring into living rooms the latest from Manila's film studios; the countless Filipino restaurants mostly indistinguishable from each other. One can perhaps read these manifestations as efforts to keep the nation closer, as part of a passively concerted longing to demonstrate national belonging. They are, in effect, a claiming of a reified heritage that would be denied them back home, a production and consumption of things Filipino, that potentially fends off accusations of betrayal, in order to live perhaps as much as possible as if they were in the Philippines. Perhaps branding The Filipino Channel as being completely removed from immigrant life is wrong; perhaps the homeland has everything to do with their everyday life in America.

It is a paradoxical situation, one that seems to repudiate the assertions that Filipino immigrants possess a remarkable ability to assimilate. In Jimenez-Magsanoc's view, "No immigrant or alien resident absorbs America's attributes faster than the Filipino. That all comes from the Filipino's tried and tested ability to adjust to most any situation... The Filipino automatically recasts his image after that of his adopted land" (1974:9). Abdul JanMohamed similarly states, too easily, that immigrant status "implies a voluntary desire to become a full-fledged subject of the new society. Thus the immigrant is often eager to discard with deliberate speed the formative influences of his or her own culture and to take on the values of the new culture..." (1992: 101). The post-1965 Filipino immigrants to the U.S. do not readily fit such a portrait. Are we, then, speaking here of a redefinition of the immigrant, in terms of the retention of ties to a "homeland"?

However, class desires prevent the endowment of a complete authenticity on these trappings of Filipinoness and the occasions for their manifestations, for a true bridging of the distance embedded in these material reminders would entail a return to the homeland. Indeed, it is not precisely a striving for the "original" that is the locus of desire. The desire perhaps remains only for the striving itself, and not the referent. This is why this kind of consumption feeds off the luxury of distance: the humidity, the rampant crime, and traffic jams can only be felt through, and warded off, by the printed page and the glow of the television screen. "The Filipino Channel," Olives tells me in an interview for the *Philippine News,* "is to make them realize that the country they've left behind is not as bad as how they think it is."

And therefore Daly City acts as an imperfect mirror, one that erases the reality of the lower middle class but simultaneously reflects its residents' class and national anxieties and longings. This image can be seen as a product of the cultivation of class dispositions—which include migration and *a* Daly City itself, as the act of leaving becomes more and more

concrete a possibility in the breadth of Filipino middle-class imaginings. But it is, at the same time, an image both resented and envied back home for how it goes precisely against the same class and national standards. The spatial connections may be delineated as such: one can say that Daly City is, in a sense, a Quezon City where the buses run on time, a Laoag City where every house has a two-car garage, a Davao City where its middle class residents can acquire their widescreen TVs and minivans, as transnationally shared symbols of middle-classness, in a manner impossible for them to achieve back home.

Notes

[°]I would like to thank Madeline Hsu and Jun Aguilar, whose suggestions and support at various stages of this article proved invaluable.

[1]A real Manilatown, with barbershops, hotels, restaurants, and clubs, did exist just south of San Francisco's Chinatown until it was swallowed up by the Financial District. One of the last structures to remain was the International Hotel; and the defense against the eviction of its tenants became a rallying cry for the Asian American civil rights movement in 1977. Today, the area south of Market Street—or what has not been made into convention centers—contains primarily Filipino residents. Described in 1979 as "perhaps the largest Filipino ghetto in the U.S.," the Filipino tenement houses, "sandwiched in alleys," are located next to warehouses and whorehouses (Luna 1979:S2). Many Filipino veterans also make their home in the low-income hotels in the Tenderloin district.

Certainly, with respect to the "-town" suffix, this is more "properly" applicable to areas within bigger spaces like cities, as in San Francisco, but not Daly City (or Monterey Park, California, for that matter). Moreover, there is no single grouping of areas or census tracts in Daly City where Filipinos reside.

[2]To what degree is transnationalism a reaction to actual, changing empirical phenomena? Forms of cultural dialogue and social fields linking different places have existed ever since pre-colonial eras; migrants ever since the rise of wage labor-based capitalism could also be called transmigrants. Are the changes of the late twentieth century sufficient to declare the emergence of a new process, or is transnationalism merely the product of revisionist migration studies? One cannot deny that global connections have intensified: the immense circulation of people and capital all over the world, the growing political involvement of migrants with their homelands, the influence of mass media, the developments in communication technology. But one cannot help be wary about the concept of transnationalism: that the difference it describes, that the newness it claims to articulate, may only really revolve around a matter of degrees.

[3]The silence about the burden of the colonial and neo-colonial relationship is quite interesting to note, and is somewhat beyond the scope of this

paper—or, indeed, may have everything to do with it, at the very least in terms of fantasy as social practice. The trope of betrayal is hardly ever couched within the framework of a "return" to the former metropole.

[4]As Rosario Ballescas writes, the government is "utilizing the young women of the Philippines in exchange for immediate but temporal and artificial financial alleviation; utilizing the... women to try to resolve poverty, a role which should rightly be borne primarily by the government..." (1992:114). In fact, US$2.79 billion were sent as remittances by Filipinos in the United States in the first nine months of 1995—transnational financial links that contribute to the maintenance of familial ties strained by the calls of global capitalism (*Philippine Daily Inquirer* 1996:4).

[5]A few may remain undaunted by the problems of maidlessness, such as wealthier Filipino immigrant families with their own *yayas* in tow, allegedly paid well below minimum wage. But, for most, the need for a maid is usually met by petitioning for one's parents who, if already retired, end up staying at home to take care of the grandchildren.

[6]Indeed, as can be seen from newspaper columns, films, and television talk shows, the biggest toll exacted by the circulation of migrant labor worldwide has been on the family, regardless of which form it may have. I intend to explore the relationship between family and the nation further in my dissertation.

[7]The *balikbayan* program was, in essence, a massive public relations campaign for Marcos, to show those in the United States that his *Bagong Lipunan*—or New Society, a phrase which did not outlive his regime—was for the good of the country. *Balikbayan* season officially began on 1 September 1993, reaching out to about 700,000 Filipino "residents and their descendants" in the United States. Marcos rolled out every come-on he could think of: a temporary tax holiday from the Department of Foreign Affairs; the creation of a special military tribunal focusing on crimes committed against tourists, to try and decide cases within 24 hours; a National Hospitality Committee, headed by his wife Imelda, to ensure that "government officials will see to it...that guests at all times will enjoy courtesy, honesty, convenience, safety and security; that the generosity of the guests is not abused, even by their own relatives, through a public education program; "discounts on airline fare, hotel and food rates, and shops selling "native handicrafts"; and free medical and legal services, in case "some of these Filipinos may have legal problems about property or inheritance cases" (Alvarez-Bihis 1973:15). One could seriously interpret this as paving the way for a future reconfiguration of state and national borders, but it was still primarily a campaign to drum up positive publicity to conceal the terrors of martial law. The program also paved the way toward the institutionalization of the OCWs' monetary role, beginning with the early temporary migration to Saudi Arabia in the mid-1970s.

[9]The quaintness of the *Three Musketeers* aspect of Jimenez-Magsanoc's observation is due to the fact that extremely liberal import laws in the mid-eighties have allowed the huge influx of imported candy bars and such into local *sari-sari* stores. A recent visit to a supermarket in Manila confirmed this: less and less locally-made products were on the shelves, and much of the commodities—from milk and paper napkins to potato chips and cookies—were imported, usually from Australia and the United States.

To return to maids: Raul Pertierra astutely observes that "much of the media outrage about Filipinos working overseas is directed as much to the fact that they are working as maids than that they are potentially exploitable. The growing image overseas of the Filipino as maid is what is objected to. This low view...undoubtedly reflects the views of the Philippine elite who resent that the country's image is shaped by their social and cultural inferiors" (1992:xv). A class-based blurring again occurs when one considers that many domestic workers are college graduates and/or former professional employees.

[10]John Silva, former associate publisher of the San Francisco-based *Filipinas Magazine,* bemoans the lack of "consumer strength" in the Filipino community in the United States. "We buy cars, we have twenty billion dollars' spending power," he says in a talk at the University of California at Berkeley on the future of ethnic publications in April 1995. Citing a study that their subscribers' second car is a Mercedes-Benz, Silva goes on to say, "I get so upset that up to now, there is no recognition of Filipinos as consumers." *Philippine News* (1995:2,4) similarly cites "a reliable 1991 marketing study" that estimates Filipino buying power at US$52 billion annually.

References

Alvarez-Bihis, Ressie
1973 "Operation Homecoming", *Philippine Panorama*, October 17, 1973:15 and 21.

Appadurai, Arjun
1991 "Global Ethnoscapes: Notes and Queries for a Transnational Anthropology". In Richard G. Fox (ed), *Recapturing Anthropology: Working in the Present.* Santa Fe, CA: School of American Research Press.

Ballescas, Ma. Rosario P.
1992 *Filipino Entertainers in Japan: An Introduction*. Quezon City: The Foundation for Nationalist Studies, Inc.

Basch, Linda, Nina Glick Schiller, and Cristina Szanton Blanc
1994 *Nations Unbound: Transnational Projects, Postcolonial Predicaments and Deterritorialized Nation-States*. Langhorne, PA: Gordon and Breach.

Bourdieu, Pierre
1979 *Distinction: A Social Critique of the Judgement of Taste.* Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

Chandler, Samuel
1973 *Gateway to the Peninsula: A*

History of the City of Daly City. Daly City, CA: City of Daly City.

Cruz, Isagani R. and Lydia B. Echauz
1993 *1001 Reasons to Stay in the Philippines.* Manila: Aklat Peskador.

Daly City/Colma Chamber of Commerce
1992 *1992-93 Business Directory.* Daly City, CA: Daly City/Colma Chamber of Commerce.

Glick-Schiller, Nina, Linda Basch, and Cristina Blanc-Szanton
1992 "Towards a Definition of Transnationalism: Introductory Remarks and Research Questions". In Nina Glick Schiller, Linda Basch, and Cristina Blanc-Szanton (eds), *Towards a Transnational Perspective on Migration: Race, Class, Ethnicity, and Nationalism Reconsidered.* New York, NY: New York Academy of Sciences.

Gutierrez, Lito C.
1995 "Network Aims To Reach All Filipinos Anywhere", *Philippine News,* June 28-July 4, 1995:1 and 12.

JanMohamed, Abdul R.
1992 "Worldliness-without-World, Homelessness-as-Home: Toward a Definition of the Specular Border Intellectual". In Michael Sprinker (ed), *Edward Said: A Critical Reader.* London: Basil Blackwell.

Jimenez-Magsanoc, Letty
1974 "The 'Darling *Balikbayan*'", *Philippine Panorama,* January 20, 1974:9.

Luna, Victoria
1979 "'When We Get To America, Life Will Be...'", *Ang Katipunan,* June 16-30, 1979:S1-S2.

Malkki, Liisa
1992 "National Geographic: The Rooting of Peoples and the Territorialization of National Identity among Scholars and Refugees", *Cultural Anthropology,* 7 (1):24-44.

Marcus, George E.
1986 "Contemporary Problems of Ethnography in the Modern World System". In James Clifford and George E. Marcus (eds), *Writing Culture: The Poetics and Politics of Ethnography.* Berkeley, CA: University of California Press.

Massey, Doreen
1992 "A Place Called Home?", *New Formations,* 17:3-15.

Pertierra, Raul, ed.
1992 *Remittances and Returnees: The Cultural Economy of Migration in Ilocos.* Quezon City: New Day Publishers.

Philippine Daily Inquirer
1996 "Workers' Remittances Shoot Up By 67 Percent", *Philippine Daily Inquirer,* January 14, 1996:4.

Philippine News
1995 "Your Strongest Link to the $52 Billion Filipino Market". South San Francisco, CA: Philippine News, Inc.

Phillips, James
1985 "Distance, Absence and Nostalgia". In Don Ihde and Hugh J.

Silverman (eds), *Descriptions*. Albany, NY: State University of New York Press.

Querol Moreno, Cherie M.
1994 "FilAms 2nd Highest Income Producers Among AsianPacs", *Philippine News*, January 26-February 1, 1994:1 and 15.

Rotea, Hermie
1972 "U.S. Statehood for R.P.?", *Philippine News*, June 1-7, 1972:4-5.

Salido, Sheila C.
1995 "Beamers", *Filipinas*, September 1995:26-28.

San Juan, E., Jr.
1994 "Toward the Twenty-First Century: Where Are You From? When Are You Going Back?". In *Allegories of Resistance: The Philippines at the Threshold of the Twenty-First Century*. Quezon City: University of the Philippines Press.

Ventura, Rey
1992 *Underground in Japan*. London: Jonathan Cape.