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## Documenting Music and Dance in the Philippines, 1966

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## Documenting Music and Dance in the Philippines, 1966

**Robert Garfias**  
University of California, Irvine

It is difficult to imagine that even in the 1950s so little was known about the Philippines beyond the people and culture of Manila. In the United States when I was growing up, there were many Chinese and Filipinos, but very few Koreans and virtually no Vietnamese or Indonesians. Filipinos were widespread, particularly on the West Coast of the US. In fact as a young Mexican boy growing up in California I was very accustomed to having Filipinos among our close family friends. Like most urban Mexicans and Central Americans, Filipinos also found work in the hotel service industry of the big cities. They mostly had Spanish surnames and they mixed so well with the Latino community, often marrying into it, that for me it came as a shock at about ten years old, to learn in primary school, that the Philippines was not another Central American Republic. So the Philippines and people from the Philippines were very much part of the life of the West coast of the United States, but what we knew of the Philippines was very narrow.

In my early years studying ethnomusicology, the musical cultures of Java and Bali were central to our studies. What resources we had, in the form of either books or recordings were very few and concentrated on a few areas. I soon began to wonder what else might be going on in the Pacific region, outside of Indonesia. At that time I was searching avidly for any information concerning music from the rest of the world. I did come across some travel books on the Philippines that contained drawings of the *kulintang* gong row and this piqued my interest. It was still common to find travel books illustrated with drawings rather than photographs. Sometime in the 1950s Harold Conklin's LP on Folkways on the Music of the Hunanoo of Mindoro appeared and it was a real revelation.

But it was not until Jose Maceda came to UCLA in the early 1960s and while we were both completing our graduate studies for the doctorate, that I came to know something of the richness of music forms that existed in the Philippines. I closely studied his Maguindanao research and listened to his field recordings and Maceda and I talked a lot about music in the Philippines.

On a trip to New York in the mid-1960s, I visited Porter McCray then director of the JDR 3rd Fund. This was a private philanthropy of John D. Rockefeller III and was focused on Asia. McCray asked if I knew someone who would be willing to establish film and recording archives of traditional music and dance in the Republic of the Philippines and the Republic of Korea. I told him that I would and

that I could do it. I later applied and was awarded a JDR 3rd Grant to complete this work in the Philippines and Korea.

I had done a lot of recording and a lot of photography so I felt confident that the filming would be something I could manage. Here it is important to point out two things. In the mid-1960s there was still no feasible technology for recording sound and picture together. In the field, this also meant that each system was running on batteries and thus at different fluctuating speeds. Synchronizing sound and picture was thus a major issue. I settled on using the Arriflex 16M together with the Nagra III-S reel to reel recorder. This combination made use of a track on the tape reel that recorded the speed of the camera. Thus later in the lab the speed of the audio tape could be adjusted to the speed of the camera at the time of the recording. This was not always entirely reliable but it was the only thing available.

The second big issue was that there was little documentary film of music and dance of any type at all. Filming in general was largely associated with movies filmed in studio conditions. Documentaries, as they existed, were mostly shot silent and then had narration and sound added later. Mantle Hood's *Atumpun* (1964) had just been released about the talking drums of Ghana based on a semi documentary story created and narrated by Hood. Hood had used this same system, running on batteries and then synchronizing sound and picture later in the lab. It was clear that if I had chosen to make this kind of film most likely only one film could have been put together in the time allotted and consequently the ability to complete fuller documentation of the music and dance of the Philippines would have been impossible.

I talked to a number of people about filming but I was most strongly influenced by what both Alan Lomax and Henry "Sandy" Jacobs, an independent videographer in San Francisco told me. Sandy told me about the work of Wallace Fressien and Paul Eckman in nonverbal communication behavior. The point suggested by both Lomax and Jacobs was to interfere with the camera as little as possible and thus to present as much evidence as possible. So I decided that the best way to work would be to try to document complete performances much as was being done at the Encyclopedia Cinematographica in Goettingen since the early 1960s. The Goettingen institute had already made some excellent music films in Chad that impressed me very much. They had state support and were therefore able to take three Arriflex cameras into the field and then edit and synch them with sound later. In fact what we would be doing is making a document of each complete performance with both sound and motion picture. In addition, since we would not be making a narrative documentary, there was the additional incentive that there would be little wasted on unusable outtakes and virtually all the filming would be valuable documentation.



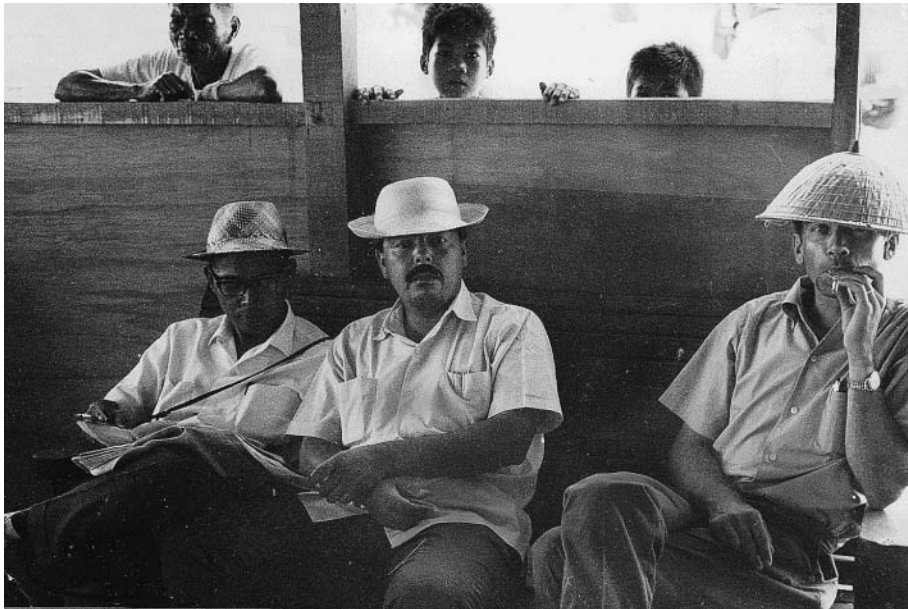
**Figure 1** Harold “Bud” Schultz and Robert Garfias on a *kumpit* in the Sulu Seas near Manubul Island.

The real work now began in the Philippines in early 1966. I brought with me an ethnomusicology graduate student from the University of Washington, Harold “Bud” Schultz (Figure 1).

My plan was to cover as much of the Philippines as we could and be guided by the advice of Jose Maceda, a friend and fellow UCLA ethnomusicology Ph. D. now a member of the faculty at the University of the Philippines (Figure 2). Jose and I had been in grad school together at UCLA and knew each other well. Jose had started out as a concert pianist and had gone to Paris to study under E. Robert Schmitz. He was actually in Paris when the Nazis marched in. He was fluent in French and was very much a part of the new music movement in Paris and internationally. In the Philippines, however, Jose was quite cut off from the outside world. Manila at the time was still a bit provincial and while a person with international standing like Jose would have fit in easily in Japan of the mid 1960s, in the Philippines he soldiered on alone playing, composing and doing research on the music of the Philippines.

Our plan included Maceda in everything that he could make time for. Also part of the plan was to leave copies of all the films and recordings as well as a new Nagra tape recorder that I had carried from Switzerland to be left there as part of the new archives of Music and Dance at the University of the Philippines (Figure 3).

Our very first recordings were on Feb 4th when there was a concert at the University of the Philippines where they were to play some of Maceda’s music.



**Figure 2** Jose Maceda, Robert Garfias and Harold Schultz waiting at the airport in Bongao, Sanga-Sanga.



**Figure 3** Harold "Bud" Schultz recording with the Nagra III-S and mixer. Marawi City, Lanao, Mindanao.



**Figure 4** Amul Lumuntud playing on the University of the Philippines campus.

Part of the concert was devoted to Magindanao music played by the UP student group directed by Maceda. Amul Lumuntud, an established Maguindanao *kulintang* and *kudyapi* player and a friend of Maceda's also played solo in the concert. We filmed him later on the campus of the University of the Philippines. I remember in particular his smooth and fluid *sinulug* (Figure 4).

A few nights later we attended a Bayanihan concert. I had met Lucrecia Kasilag and heard Bayanihan in Los Angeles a few years before and knew them as the group that started bringing traditional music and dance to the big stage. The Mexican Ballet Folklorico followed shortly afterwards and soon many countries all over the world were doing it. In the name of presenting the tradition in a manner suitable for the stage, a lot had to be changed, but Bayanihan was particularly troublesome because they would go out into the field, learn new dances and choreograph them for the stage right there. So soon, the locals were doing their traditional dances the Bayanihan way instead of the way they used to do it. Many times in the field, because film was so expensive, we would be presented with these dances and I had to only pretend to film the dance and not run the camera at all. In retrospect considering the cost of getting there and the uniqueness of the opportunity, it would have been better to have filmed it all, but film was very expensive and we needed to make it last.

Our first trip into the field was to Ibaloy country in Mountain Province. We hired a car to drive us to Baguio, but the driver didn't seem to know the way. We went first to Baguio, the biggest city in Mountain Province, and from there by jeep on a dare-devilish ride through the mountain passes to Bokod, a village where there was a mission of the Flemish Marists priests. There we met Father Roberto and some of the musicians. It was sweltering hot but it was their winter season. They gave us a small house higher up in the hills. From here we made our first films of the trip. Today it is hard to imagine what it was like filming like this and taking still photos when you would not see the results for months. In fact, we did not see the still photos until July of that year, the films even later. All we could really check were the sound recordings.

Later we were taken to a wake near the Bokod-Bubuk junction. The dead man was an elder and his daughters were nurses and therefore the body was not being exposed out in the open as would be usual. We were told that the practice was to tie the body into a chair and hoist it up on the entry posts. News would go out about the death and very often a *carabao* would be killed. This would serve as the food for several days of funeral festivities often lasting a week. This was partly because it would take several days for some of the guests to get the news and then to travel there.

We stayed a few days in Bokod. On our last day, Sunday, in the morning, we went down rather leisurely into Bokod to do more recording of the gong ensemble and some songs dedicated to us. In addition to filming a number of dances, including a healing dance and some gong and drum ensembles that I was very happy with, the local people introduced us to a couple of traditions that I had not known existed there. One was the playing of a bamboo tube zither, called *kalsang* here and made from a half bamboo tube (Figure 5).

The other was the *pakkong*, a two tongued tube of bamboo with a small hole made in the base. The player hit the tube against the palm and opened and closed the small hole, creating a modulated buzzing sound that was intended to scare away snakes as the women made their way up to the fields to collect yams (Figure 6).

Father Roberto seemed disappointed that we had not come earlier to Sunday mass. I regret that it had not occurred to me. I think we figured that they were praying and we were free for a while. We had lunch with Father Roberto and Father Ampe. Then Father Ampe drove us wildly back to Baguio, and almost to heaven.

On this same trip we continued further north. We started out quite early on the drive up to Abra. This time at least we seemed to have a good driver and one who knew the road. We had to ford rivers and to be ferried across them on a raft with the taxi on it. We reached the home of Mrs. Balmaceda and relaxed there. We



**Figure 5** Ibaloy *kalsang* player. Bokod, Mountain Province, Luzon.



**Figure 6** Ibaloy *pakmong* player. Used to frighten snakes while on the trail. Bokod, Mountain Province, Luzon.



Figure 7 Tinguian *gangsa* ensemble playing *sinuklit* in Abualan, near San Juan, Abra.

recorded the *gangsa* ensemble in San Juan (Figure 7).

Next morning we started at 5 a.m. for the long walk up to Abualan. We had to wade through the river most of the way. We spent the morning in Abualan taking pictures and sitting around. It was a death anniversary festival and people had come from outlying settlements to join in. There was much gong playing. We did some filming and recording and there was much confusion. A pig was slaughtered and apparently that was part of what we had for lunch. The luncheon was a long table inside the house. By this time everyone was having stomach problems. Then we had the long walk back to San Juan through the river bed.

We returned to Abra and spent much of the next morning filming the dances and the musicians and generally trying to salvage something out of what we had lost the day before. The filming in Abualan had certainly been *in situ* but it was hard to make out what was going on. There were many performances of *sinuklit* and *tinlaukatikan*. We had been invited to record the event but we had no guidance as to what was going on (Figure 8).

In San Juan we were more in control and could thus learn what each of the dances and music performances, and the gong patterns, was called. For example, when we filmed *sinuklit*, we could move the camera and mike from one gong to another step by step and thus see and hear how all of the gongs fit together (Figures 9 a-c).



**Figure 8** Tinguian *tinlaukatikan* at Abualan, near San Juan, Abra, Northern Luzon.

I should add here, that in my mind the purpose was to document as clearly as possible, the music and/or dance activity. Trying to document a local festival with activities going on in several places at once, would have required much more time and a different kind of preparation.

In the afternoon we left Abra and started on the long drive up to Laoag. We passed through Narvacan and reached Laoag late in the evening. We checked into a hotel and I asked the hotel people to deliver a message to Mr. Emilio Alvarez. I was prompted to go to Laoag because I had been told that there were harpists there. I had no idea that there were harpists in the Philippines at all but I saw a harpist walking the streets of Manila. I would have recorded him but we could not connect or communicate.

The Ilocos region was quiet and quite beautiful. At the time there were no tall buildings, and horse drawn *calechas* were the main form of local transport. Now in Laoag we met Mr. Emilio Alvarez at breakfast. He then took us to Vintar to hear his friend Aquilino Pacis, who had played with the Filipino Syncopators of 1928, on the RKO Pantages Circuit. He had studied harp with Harpo Marx and his playing showed a distinct 1920s Jazz flavor. He did know the local Ilocano repertoire however. In the afternoon we filmed and recorded the Duma Flute and Drum band (Figure 10).

The following Sunday was the busiest day we'd had yet. We spent a busy morning in Vintar filming and recording harp music and the accompanying dances,



a.



b.



c.

**Figure 9 (a-c)** Tinguian *sinuklit*, San Juan, Abra. Clips from film showing individual players (a and b) and entire group (c).



**Figure 10** The Duma Flute and Drum Band, Laoag, Ilocos Norte, Luzon.



**Figure 11** Ilocos harpist, Paoyay City, Ilocos Norte, Luzon.

the Fandango and La Jota and trying to avoid current American pop music like Lemon Tree and Glow Worm (Figure 11).

That same afternoon in Paoay we were enjoying the Mayor's birthday party and after that we recorded a string of ladies invited by the mayor who played the harp. One of them told us that she had not touched the harp in 40 years. Some lovely music and some amazing singing. When they knew the song the ladies would just start singing regardless of whether we were trying to film the harp — they just joined in—and punching each other on the knees to get the other one to be quiet when they thought she was singing wrong. Very funny.

We returned to Paoay and were two hours late for our recording sessions with the Duma band. They were disappointed that we did not pay them more. I had followed Mr. Alvarez' suggestion but obviously his had not been enough. We then returned to Mr. Alvarez' house to record a really wonderful duet, Dolly Manuel and Boy Lasso, a very smooth and professional young pair who sang the Ilocano *jaranas* beautifully.

From Laoag we headed back into Mountain Province and to Bontoc from where we went to the neighboring Sagada where we recorded gong ensembles and some wonderful group vocal music.

On March 6, 1966, we began our adventure in the south. For this trip, Jose joined us. We took a plane to Zamboanga and using that as a base of operations, made trips into the Sulus, and to Basilan Island very close to Zamboanga. In retrospect, it was one of the most important and memorable parts of the trip. In part this was because such a trip would no longer be possible, at least during the rest of my lifetime. From Zamboanga we traveled all the way to within a few miles of Borneo.

One of the wildest parts of the trip was right at the start. We took a short ferry ride across to Basilan Island, only a few miles away. From Isabella city we rode out to Lamitan and from there we went to an area where we were met by a group of about 100 Yakan who had come down from the hills to meet us. Here we filmed gong playing, xylophone, *suling* and *kobing*. Everyone in the community was in their local dress, reminiscent of Islamic military dress of the middle ages. The men all carried long knives or rifles or both. It all went smoothly but it seemed as if none of the people smiled, even the young women. Soon after this it would be impossible to go there at all (Figure 12).

On March 7 we filmed and recorded in and around Zamboanga. Many of the films were among the local Samal people who were well established in this region. We filmed and recorded at two different places there, one was an elegant home all polished concrete and on the water's edge, the Nuñeo house (Figures 13 and 14). The other place was a kind of club house open-air area where recorded *kulintang*



**Figure 12** Yakan group near Lamitan, Basilan Island, Sulu Seas.

and did not film because it was at night and without a powerful array of lights filming would have been impossible. The music here was elegant and formal much different from what we encountered in the island part of the Sulus. They played numerous *umarals*, and instrumental pieces like *telu-telu*.

In the evening Bud Schultz and I went out to a Bajau village in Little Taluksangay. The town was on the water with many of the houses built right on and over the water. It was about a kilometer or two from Zamboanga. It was also the place of the old mosque now rebuilt. Wonderful music and a wild place. Only women were playing and it was pitch dark and we were surrounded by the people of the village. We later learned from Rudy, our driver, that a taxi driver had been killed there the night before. Great music. They struck the gongs with a loose flair and much harder than the refined ladies of Zamboanga. But even the courtly and graceful *sinuug* had a shifting pulsing beat to it that was what I came to think of as the essence of the Sulu Islands style (Figure 15).

On March 10 we took a larger boat, a small steamship for the longer journey to Jolo Island. The boat was a cargo carrier running between islands. There were no benches or chairs on the boat and everyone just sat around wherever they could on the deck. On Jolo we checked into a hotel and from there with the help of local contacts we travelled around the island and made great recordings of *kulintang* and *gabbang* and *biola* and song forms like *Tenis-tenis* (Figures 16 and 17).



Figure 13 *Gabbang* and *biola* duo. Rio Hondo, Zamboanga.



Figure 14 *Kulintang* group. Rio Hondo, Zamboanga.



Figure 15 Bajau *kulintang*, Little Taluksangay, Zamboanga, Mindanao.

Next day at night we took a ride in a *kumpit*, an outrigger long boat, out to the island of Manubul (Figure 18). It was a gorgeous night boat ride with the phosphorescent sea life lighting up the ocean below like a Disneyland boat ride. On Manubul we recorded *kulintang* and *gabbang* music into the night. We were then put up in houses out over the water.

In the morning we left Manubul amidst warm expressions of farewell from all those living on the island. After traveling for about two hours the *kumpit* motor died. It took over an hour to repair the motor. We had been warned before leaving that it was dangerous to go out to sea in a small boat so we had taken along a member of the Philippine Constabulary because we were told that if fire was answered the pirates would retreat. So we were safe from attack, but were running very late and would surely miss the plane that we were scheduled to take to Bongao further south. Since there would be no other plane going there for a week, it was imperative that we catch that plane, but we were dead in the water.

At last the motor was repaired and we started. But by now it was so late that we had to head for Parang on the south side of Jolo Island. From there we hired a car - actually a jeepney - to take us across the island right to the plane. No time to return to the hotel for more film and tape, nor for a change of clothes. I was also worried that traveling in a car on the island we might be picked off and here the presence of police would be a liability rather than an asset. There might be an



Figure 16 Jolo Island *kulintang* with *gandang* pair, Sulu Seas.



Figure 17 *Gabbang* and *biola* duo, Jolo Island.



Figure 18 *Kumpit* near Manubul, Sulu Seas.

attack on a vehicle on the road, we were told, in order to capture the rifle, which might not be attempted at sea.

We made it to the plane and reached Bongao with a severe shortage of supplies. We were put up at a very small, Chinese traveler's hotel. A Chinese merchant's rest house. The communal bathroom was so confusing as to defy description. It was dark and wet and it was not possible to figure out what was the shower and what was the toilet! The sleeping rooms had tight narrow bunks for sleeping, sealed in and terribly hot. But we did sleep there a few nights.

In retrospect it is difficult to remember how things were arranged. Jose Maceda travelled with us on this trip and he had been here before. He had also been all the way to Sibutu and Sitankai a bit further on and just off the coast of Borneo. We were strolling around Bongao when we were accosted by a person who said he was the chief of police, and no doubt he was. He took on a menacing air and accused us all of being Japanese. There could be no law against that, but ever since WW II anti-Japanese feelings were still strong. Maceda carefully but firmly explained who we were, but even calm old Jose was quite vexed about this man's behavior.

Somehow we met the mayor and other officials who were very helpful and also a nice young man who had been appointed dental inspector for the region. After this we found everyone to be very helpful.

We had a full day of filming dances right in Bongao, many individual versions of *umaral*, and then made a boat trip to Sanga-Sanga where at the home of the local *panglima* we heard an excellent *kulintang* played by local women (Figure 19). I found the Sulu style repertoire to be very exciting and different in each area. This group played several pieces including an Ulan-Ulan which was powerful and absorbing. It was here as we were recording in that same house jutting out over the water that I heard a wailing and singing coming from the back somewhere. It was unmistakably like a Romanian *bocet*, a song expressing sorrow over the death of a relative. I asked what it was and was told that the old woman singing and weeping was remembering her son who had been killed a few years ago and who would always be involved in this kind of music performance. I asked if it would be alright to record her and the young man said that he thought she would be delighted. Not wishing to be intrusive, Bud gave me a very long cable and I was escorted alone to the back where I recorded this really memorable performance. It was clearly part of a type of Islamic ritualized lament, not yet well documented, but I had not expected to find it here. A great find.

We could film very little because we had hardly any film and I had almost no color still film either so I could only shoot black and white pictures. Still, we got some wonderful material on this trip. On the boat trip some young ladies invited us to a small lunch party at their homes. I remember that I hesitated because of the



Figure 19 The excellent *kulintang* group at Sanga-Sanga, near Tawi-Tawi, Sulu Islands.

pressure of time but I think Jose helped to persuade me that we must accept the kind hospitality and so we did.

Before getting on the plane back to Jolo Island we took a short boat trip up to Malassa, still on Sanga-Sanga Island, where we filmed and recorded *kulintang* played by a small group of Bajau women and children (Figure 20).

Once back in Jolo we collected our stuff and took a trip to the center of the island where we recorded and filmed a good *kulintang* group. I remember being impressed by the discovery of *gaddang* playing for the first time and noting how the playing position was very much like the playing of the *mridangam* in South Indian music, although these drums were much smaller and were played in interlocking style like Balinese *kendang*.

We continued now onto the west part of Mindanao. We took a plane from Zamboanga to Cotabato in the Maguindanao region of Mindanao. Almost immediately, Jose, Bud and I set off up the mountains to film in a Tirurai village in Kiga, Upi. Again we had to impose on gracious local hospitality.

There in Kiga we stayed in a nipa hut with bamboo floors. I did not realize until morning that the slats were wide apart because daylight was coming up through the slats in the floor. That evening we recorded the gong ensemble, sweet sounding bossed gongs, and *suling* and *kobing* and epic singing. In the morning



**Figure 20** Young *agung* player with Bajau *kulintang* group, Malassa near Sanga-Sanga, Sulu Islands.



**Figure 21** Tirurai gong ensemble. Kiga, Upi, Cotabato, Mindanao.

early we set up the camera and filmed the gong players in front of the hut where we had slept (Figure 21). We then headed down the mountain back to Cotabato.

In the same afternoon we went out to the town of Nuling and heard several *kulintang* and *kudyapi* players. It was excellent music. Almost all the *kulintang* players were women, except for the *agung* players. We spent two days filming and recording in Nuling (Figures 22 and 23).

On March 20 we flew to Davao. We checked into a hotel in Davao. While everyone took a nap in their rooms I found myself feeling antsy. I linked the two Nagras and began recording the sound of me playing on, plucking my metal comb. I would copy it back and forth at different speeds and mix the sounds until I got a combination of very fast high parts and slow deep bass parts. I later called this my Davao Mix. Later in the afternoon I played it for Jose and he asked if it was something I had recorded while I was in Indonesia.

We went down the coast from Davao to the region of Lacaron where we were graciously put up by a local resident on his spacious grounds, really also like a park with many flowers and large palms. Here the next day we filmed Bagobo musicians and dancers playing the *ahung*, strung up on wooden frame (Figure 24).

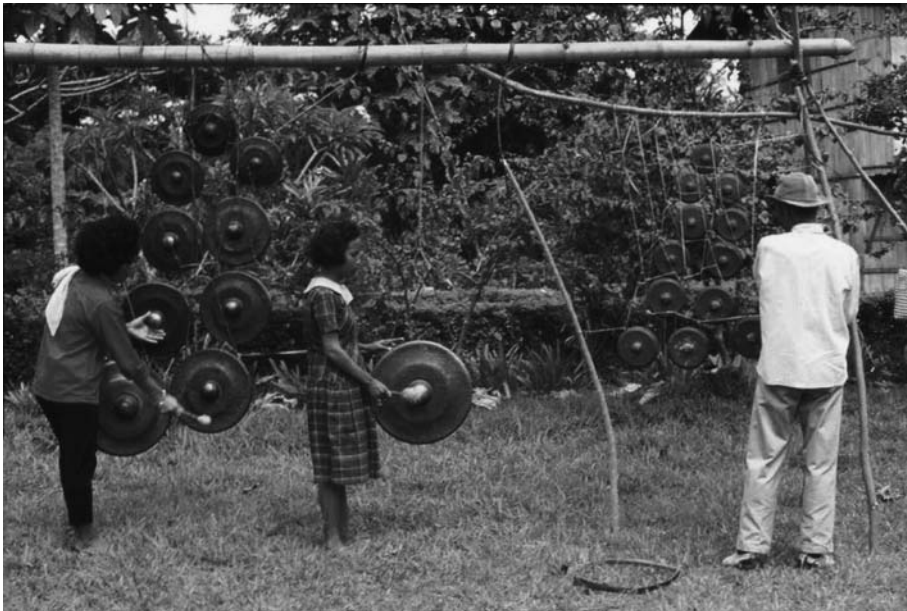
On March 23 back in Davao in the morning we drove to the Calinan area and there filmed and recorded Manobo musicians and dancers again playing the *ahung* and dancing (Figure 25).



Figures 22 and 23 Maguindanao *kulintang* ensembles, Nuling, Cotabato, Mindanao.



**Figure 24** Bagobo *ahung* playing, Lacaron, Davao, Mindanao.



**Figure 25** Manobo *ahung* players, Calinan, Davao, Mindanao.



Figure 26 Maranao *kulintang* group at Lake Lanao, Marawi, Mindanao.

From Davao, we flew to Cagayan in North Central Mindanao and then took a taxi to Iligan where we had to cross the street and get a Maranao taxi to take us to Marawi. The people at Mindanao State University in Marawi put us up in the guesthouse which was very nice. From this comfortable base we did some exploring around the immediate Marawi city area (Figure 26).

We also visited the gong making village of Tugaya on Lake Lanao. Somewhere near Tugaya we encountered a *kudyapi* player with a group of musicians with him that included *insi*, end blown flute, a *kobing*, mouth harp player, a *sirong-a-ganding*, tube zither and one young man who played on a metal betel nut box with a small jack knife. It was a most amazing ensemble to me. To my distress we were not at that moment traveling with all the camera equipment and so we only could capture a sound recording of this amazing music.

It was later with the help of the president of Mindanao State they were able to connect with Usopay Cadar, who had been a Fisheries Major there and who came from a family of *kulintang* musicians. I invited him to the University of Washington in Seattle as a visiting artist instructor and where he eventually finished a PhD And thus began the long and interesting history of *kulintang* in the United States and beyond.

It was very now busy in Manila. Jose Maceda at great effort had arranged a UNESCO sponsored International Folk Music Council (now called International

Council for Traditional Music) conference to which a great number of ethnomusicologists from all over the world would be coming. Maceda left us in Davao in order to get back to work on the conference. I was presenting a paper and so had to get down to writing it.

While I worked in Manila at the Swiss Hotel where we were staying, I sent Bud Schultz on alone to Palawan Island where he gathered a great amount of material. These days in Manila coincided with Holy Week. It was amazing to be in a place where everything closed down, restaurant, movie theaters, etc. Some theaters were showing religious films only. A very strange quiet, other-worldly atmosphere prevailed. I remember quiet crowds outside of the Quiapo Cathedral and other big churches.

During this time and while Bud was in Palawan, I made a trip at the invitation of Francisco De Leon of the music faculty of the University of the Philippines to go to his homeland in Nueva Ecija. There in Nueva Ecija I was able to record a brass band playing the Nuevo Hermanos music where I found great melodic similarities to the music of my father's birthplace, Tehautepec, Mexico. It was Good Friday and I entered the church where pairs of singers were taking turns and singing the entire New Testament in two part harmony. This was the *pabasa* (Figure 27).



Figure 27 *Pabasa* being sung on Good Friday evening. Nueva Ecija, Luzon.



Figure 28 Kalinga *patang-ug* bamboo percussion. Lubuagan, Northern Luzon.



Figure 29 Kalinga *gangsa* group. Lubuagan, Mountain Province, Luzon.



**Figure 30** Emilio Alvarez plays the Laoag Jota and Fandango.

After the Manila ICTM conference we made another trip to the north first heading up to Baguio. From Baguio we made a trip to Lubuagan in the Kalinga area. We did a lot of filming here, dances and *gangsá* as well as some wonderful *kolibit* and *patang-ug* playing (Figures 28 and 29).

Then we went up to Laoag once more and did a little more recording and filming and met once more with Emilio Alvarez (Figure 30).

Not long after returning from Ilocos we prepared to finally leave the Philippines. We had really covered a lot of territory and seen more of the Philippines than most Filipinos ever see. For years to come I would think of this as one of the most exciting voyages of discovery in my career. Finding so much music and dance that had not been previously documented was very exciting to me, but in addition, I had the memory of very good food everywhere I went. No matter how remote and isolated the region might be, there was never once a bad meal. Those are fond memories, indeed.