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## **“Indayuan,” An Amburayan Migration Song on Flight from Oppression**

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## Texts and Documents

### "Indayuan," an Amburayan Migration Song

FLORENTINO H. HORNEADO

#### BACKGROUND

"Indayuan" is a narrative song named for the beautiful mysterious girl of the poem. It was recorded, among others, from the repertory of *Lakay* Canuto Bayang (b. 1899), in Barrio Porporiket, Sudipen, La Union, on 1 April 1986.

Porporiket (also Polpoliket; population 500+ in 1984) lies along the west bank of the Amburayan River which flows from the Benguet mountains down to the China Sea at the border of the Provinces of Ilocos Sur to the north, and La Union to the south. The Amburayan River neatly divides Ilocos Sur and La Union. In the area where it is joined by the Bakun River, there are several villages belonging to the La Union town of Sudipen and the Ilocos Sur towns of Alilem and Sugpon. The Ilokanos in the sea coast towns as well as the villagers in these inland communities refer to the culture of the place as Bago.<sup>1</sup> It is a mixed Iloko-Kankanaey culture, rich in lore and literary sophistication.

This text was a paper presented at the Sixth National Folklore Congress held at Saint Louis University, Baguio City, 23-25 October 1988. The field work on which this text is based was done in 1986-87 with the help of funding from the Pacifico A. Ortiz, S.J. Professorial Chair in Political Science and Humanities, Ateneo de Manila University School of Arts and Sciences. The guides and informants in the research field are acknowledged for their essential contribution to the research and their generosity in helping in the preservation of their cultural heritage which is their contribution to the Filipino National Heritage.

1. For demographic and other topographic information, see my "The Alien in the Bakun-Amburayan River Valley Oral Literature," *Philippine Studies* 38 (1990): 199-225. This paper features another Bag-o narrative song recorded from Canuto Bayang, titled "Donya Annagud," a poem of some 337 verses, with English translation.

Raconteur Canuto Bayang is a native of this cultural area. He was born in Sugpon on the Ilocos Sur side of the Amburayan in 1899. He finished Grade II in Sugpon and dropped out to make a living. When he was a grown man, he went to live in nearby Op-oplas where he served as *teniente* for three years. He came to Porporiket when he was about forty years old, and stayed there to raise his family. At the time of the recording of his songs, his son, Teodoro Bayang, was the *Sangguniang Bayan* of Porporiket.

#### THE SUNG LITERARY TRADITION OF THE BAG-O

Exhaustive research into the sung literary traditions of the Bago is still to be undertaken. What can be done at this stage is merely to indicate the presence of probably a very rich tradition which at present is only partially known through a few but impressive long narrative songs such as the Bag-o ethnoepic *Allusan*, the "Donya Annagud" with 337 lines, and about half a dozen others of similar lengths, including the Bag-o version of *Lam-ang*.

The preliminary research appears to indicate that the generic *sarita* (story) covers all types of narratives which may be sung in different ways. According to Engracia Sang-et (b. 1923) of Alilem, herself a raconteur native of Alilem, they use different tunes such as the *dalleng*, *dallot*, *lay-os*, and *baguyos* to sing their stories.<sup>2</sup> Canuto Bayang adds *bangan* which he used in the singing of a didactic poem.<sup>3</sup> *Dung-aw* is a mourning tune and is used exclusively for funeral wakes.

Sang-et and Bayang identified the tune used for the *Allusan* as *baguyos* and they refer to the act of singing it as "ibaguyos," which appears to mean simply "to sing in the tune called *baguyos*."

The tunes vary from mournful, such as the *dung-aw*, to playful, Sang-et sang a part of *Lam-ang* and called the melody "dallot," which is defined by Vanoverbergh as "a kind of song and dance."<sup>4</sup> Bayang says that certain tunes are good for telling stories. This is the case of the *baguyos* which they use for the telling of the long narratives among which is the ethnoepic *Allusan*. However, it is not correct to equate *baguyos* with epic singing since the same tune is used for the non-epic narratives such as "Donya Annagud," "Poliganay," and "Indayuan." The literary common denominator among these is their being narrative songs.

2. Engracia Sang-et, interview held in Alilem, Ilocos Sur on 31 March 1986.

3. Canuto Bayang, interview held in Porporiket, Sudipen, La Union on 1 April 1986. His recordings are with this writer.

4. Morice Vanoverbergh, CICM, ed. and trans., *Iloko-English Dictionary*, n.d., p. 81.

The major formal contribution of the tune to the literary form of the narratives determines the verse lengths since the ordinary guide for transcription is the stops made by the singers at each end of a melodic line.

The baguyos is a repetitive melody, and it is possible to sing any narrative length without fear of running short of notes. Because of this, the tune is appropriate for narrative poems of any length, including epic singing.

Bangan, says Bayang, is appropriate for didactic songs because it is not for narrative singing. What he means, I think, is that it is specific for the singing of lyrical material, a characteristic it appears to share with the *dung-aw*.

Sang-et is vague about the nature of the dalleng, which Vanoverbergh also vaguely defines as "a kind of song."<sup>5</sup> Bayang's illustration of lay-os impressed me as faster in tempo than the baguyos, and more playful. Nothing can do justice to this area of Bag-o oral literature and ethnomusic except an exhaustive study which has not yet been possible. For the purpose of this text, suffice it to say that the story "Indayuan" was sung and recorded in the tune called lay-os. This does not mean it can be called "a lay-os" since this refers to a type of tune. "Indayuan" is a sarita which is the Iloko term for "story, tale, narrative, fable, legend, myth, allegory, parable, apologue, anecdote; account, recital, relation, narration, telling, conversation, talk."<sup>6</sup> They distinguish between *saritaen* (narrate) and *ilay-os* (sung in the lay-os tune). The verb form is *ilay-os* or *iday-os*.

The Bago narrative tradition of which "Indayuan" is a part is a sung tradition and properly belongs to the performing arts. The Bago do not seem to think of the text of the narrative as a fixed and rigid verbal composition. The carriers of the tradition memorize the narrative, but when they sing, they freely compose the words, multiplying the details when they deem it fit, or shortening when they find a need to do so. For this reason, each singing may be a variant and the content the only permanent feature. In some instances (as I noted in the narration of "Dagdagimuyo" by Sang-et), there are formulaic clauses or phrases which can easily be memorized because of their epigramatic or refrainal character.

To be included for the sake of the record is the *duay-ya* which refers to any tune (with or without words) used as a lullaby or cradle song. But in Bago usage, it also may mean singing in general as may be

5. Ibid., p. 80

6. Ibid., p. 293.

noted in the use of the term *iduay-ya* on the first line of the "Indayuan" of Lakay Canuto.

#### THE RECORDING OF THE SONG "INDAYUAN"

The narrative was recorded from the singing of Lakay Canuto Bayang in Porporiket, Sudipen, La Union, on 1 April 1986, along with others in his repertory. I came to him through the suggestion of raconteurs in Alilem who said he had a rich repertory of oral tradition. At the time of the recording, Lakay Canuto, though eighty-seven years old, was still vigorous. He came to see me and my assistants/guides at the home of his son Teodoro who, at the time, was *Sangguni-ang Bayan* member. On a side porch of Teodoro's house, he sat and drank some *tapey* (rice wine), and then sang for the tape recording, pausing from time to time to answer interview questions. Other villagers gradually gathered, including children. The villagers and my group served as his audience. In the course of his singing, Canuto made many gestures, sometimes standing to gesticulate, to laugh at his own funny remarks in the songs, in response to the reactions of his audience. Only a videorecorder could have done justice to his performance.

The transcription and preliminary translation were done by Saturnino Baltazar, native of Anaao, Alilem, and clerk of court in Bakun, Benguet Province.

#### SUMMARY OF THE NARRATIVE

As the story opens, Indayuan is shown as a young and very beautiful lady. She, lives with her father Kapariaan, and mother Sevilla, in Sugpon, Ilocos Sur. Indayuan's family and fellow villagers in Sugpon had come to this place when Indayuan was newly born.

At about the time of Indayuan's birth, a road was being constructed somewhere north of the Amburayan river valley, and people of the place were harrassed with taxes they could not afford to pay, and recruitment to work on the road construction. Many poor who found the taxes oppressive and the road construction too rough decided to abandon their original homes and migrate to other places in search of a better and freer life.

According to related oral tradition learned by informant Saturnino Baltazar of Anaao, Alilem, "All persons before who could not pay their *cedula* were required to go and work on the construction of trails or roads."

The migrant group to which Indayuan's family belonged moved southward till they came to a place called Bio, where they had to

cross a river by raft. It was there that they had to stay for the night, and begin the rudiments of their social organization. Lakay Bukaen and Lakay Salapang emerged as the leaders of the group, and the two decided that they should follow the Amburayan river. They moved on till they came to Dalawa, but they did not stay there.

Their next stop was in Kalipayan, but they found the place thickly forested with *kamachile* trees and other growths which were difficult to clear. So they decided to move on further south, and on the suggestion of Lakay Salapang, they chose a place with a spring. There they settled. But the spring dried up after a year, and again Lakay Salapang had to worry about where the community could move next.

He went up river and came to a place he thought was nice, with a stream nearby with plenty of fish in it. He came back to his people and told them of the place, but they wanted to be sure. So Salapang went back to test the fertility of the place by planting a banana tree called *balayang* on a *kaingin* he had made. The banana grew and bore abundant fruit. The place had passed the test, and the community decided to move in. They called the place "Balbalayang" after the banana planted there by Lakay Salapang.

In time the place came to be called Sugpon, from the word which means "collective enterprise." Here their descendants have lived, as well as the children of the lovely Indayuan.)

#### THE FLIGHT FROM OPPRESSION

There are some odd things about this song. The raconteur appears initially to tell a story about the lovely Indayuan. But then he gets caught up in the history of a flight from oppressive conditions. The flight has touches of an exodus by indicating that this group of Lakay Salapang was not the only group of refugees from what they perceived were unjust taxes and its oppressive equivalent, work on the building of new roads. Then towards the end, the story is concerned with how Sugpon got its name, with the accent being shifted to the quality of cooperation and mutual help (*sugpon*) with which the town was founded. There, too, is the confused time element. At the beginning, Indayuan is a young and beautiful lady who could be seen coming onto the porch, presumably in Sugpon. Then the time of the flight is placed no more, perhaps, than two decades back when Indayuan was newly born. Then at the end of the story, the people with whom Indayuan lived are referred to as ancient.

Despite these oddities, not strange in folklore literature, the story does give a unified general impression which is that of a flight from oppressive conditions in order to find a new and better way of life, a free life according to their own hearts' desire.

Oral tradition supplies what outsiders from the culture may only suspect. It is said among the Bag-o that in the distant past, the government tried to enforce strictly the collection of taxes generally referred to as cedula tax (but which could be more than that). The people found the tax too much, and they refused or found ways of evading payment. But the government found a substitute, which was to get those who failed to pay to render public service on the road construction projects. It is presumed that this was intended as punishment for being poor. It was perceived as oppression, and those who could flee, fled. Indayuan is a story of just such a flight. Since the flight was up the mountains and away from the lowland communities, these were what Spanish time Philippines called *remontados*, that is to say, "returned to the mountains."

Were they Christians? The name of the wife, Sevilla, suggests that they had real contact with Spanish Philippines. But the husband, Kapariaan (literally, bitter melon farm) was probably a non-Christian who would probably find even less reason for working in the government projects.

I have no doubt that this is a piece of oral history, and it may be possible to identify many of the actual events just as it is possible to identify the actual places along the Amburayan River valley today. But a significant theme which appears is the one suggested by the name Sugpon, which in the language of the place means "collective enterprise," or "cooperative work." The result of cooperation was their freedom and their town which today memorializes their collective effort. In that light, it becomes understandable why this folk story does not expand Lakay Salapang into a romantic hero of legend. Instead, his *balayang* banana receives more attention in the end.

Flights from oppression to freedom are stuff for romantic literature. This one becomes a moral tale—seek freedom together. Build on that community of strength. Leadership is at its noblest when unselfishly placed at the service of the community, as Lakay Salapang did.

Lakay Canuto Bayang, the narrator, has reason to hold this story dear to his heart. He was born in Sugpon in 1899 and lived there till he was about forty years old. He is a true native, and may well trace his ancestry to those brave pioneers who loved freedom.

For our countrymen like Lakay Canuto Bayang, who preserve their full dignity as he has done, stories like this are their history and oral memory. They serve to pass on to their descendants their ideals of liberty and survival, and hopefully inspire them to do what is noble in their own time. It is also their authentic voice, their true and articulate voice which can be silenced only by national deafness, alienation and exculturation.

## THE TEXT

## TRANSLATION

## INDAYUAN

## INDAYUAN

Ay adda ket malagipko  
 Nga iduayya nga iday-os  
 Iti biang ti pubpubliko,  
 Ta adda ket malagipko,  
 Ni babae nga Indayuan,  
 Nasudi ken nabulan,  
 Ni babae nga Indayuan.

I remember a story  
 To sing and to tell  
 For the public to hear,  
 For I remember the story  
 Of the woman Indayuan  
 Who was famous and lovely,  
 This woman Indayuan.

No rumuar diay paraangan,  
 Ni babae nga Indayuan,  
 Kas no la binokbukodan  
 Ti pudaw ti babbalasang  
 Kadaida nga agkakailian  
 Ni babae nga Indayuan,  
 Anak da Sevilla ken Kapariaan  
 Nga agkabangibang.

When she appears at their porch,  
 This woman Indayuan,  
 Seems to have taken to herself  
 The beauty of all the women  
 Who lived in her village,  
 This woman Indayuan,  
 Daughter of Sevilla and Kapariaan  
 Who were wife and husband.

Idi met kapigsa  
 Ti ubra ti daldalan  
 Ngem idiy Butak idi  
 Ti agdama nga maubran,  
 Da met Sevilla ken Kapariaan,  
 Isu met tay inda nagbutngan  
 Da Sevilla ken Kapariaan  
 Nga akin-anak ken  
 Donya nga Indayuan.

During the height  
 Of work at road construction,  
 And it was at Butak  
 Where the road was being made,  
 Sevilla and Kapariaan  
 Became afraid,  
 These Sevilla and Kapariaan,  
 Who were the parents of  
 This Lady Indayuan.

Nabukada metten nganagpaagbagatan  
 Ta kabutengda aya ti ubra  
 Nga saan nga pampamayan  
 Ti ayanna ngamin nga pagdaksan,  
 Ta tallo nga pisos ngamin  
 Ti pag-sedulan.

They decided to flee southward  
 For fear of the unforeseeable wrong  
 Which this great labor would bring,  
 For you needed three pesos  
 To get your *sedula*.

Ket nangina met ti kuarta piman;  
 No awan ti ilakom nga nuang,  
 Saanka nga makapag-sedulan  
 Nu dumanon ti panagsingirda  
 Dagiti mangopisina piman.

And money was very hard to get;  
 And if you had no carabao to sell,  
 You couldn't get your *sedula*  
 When it was time for collecting payment  
 By these public officials.

Isu ti inda nagtarayan  
 Napandan ditoy abagatan,

This was what they ran away from  
 And came southward to this place;



Nabukadan nga nagpaabagatan  
Da Sevilla ken Kapariaan  
Nga akin-anak ken  
Ni Donya nga Indayuan.

They fled toward the South,  
These Sevilla and Kapariaan  
Who were the parents  
Of the Lady Indayuan.

Immayda idiaiy Bio nga pagbalsaan,  
Ta awan pay met la idi  
Ti rangtayna dayta  
Ket pasig la a rakitan  
Nga Barcelo ti agan-andar.

They came to Bio to cross by raft,  
For there was not yet at the time  
The bridge that is there now.  
And the only ferry there  
Was Barcelo's bamboo raft.

Ay ket inda met inumian piman  
Idiaiy ti inda nagransuan  
Tagibi da met pay la piman  
Ni Doyna Indayuan,  
Isuna ta apag-adda  
Ni babae nga Indayuan.

And they spent the night there,  
They made themselves a camp there,  
For they were still breast-feeding  
The infant Indayuan  
Who was then a newly born babe,  
This woman Indayuan.

Kuna met da Lakay Bukaen ken  
Salapang.  
"Daytoy met karayan nga Amburayan  
Ti surotentay nga agpa-abagatan,"  
Kinunkunada piman.

And Lakay Bukaen and Salapang said,  
"We will follow the river Amburayan  
As we go towards the South."  
This was what they said.

Ket ni met Lakay Dawasen  
Dagiti annakna nagpaabagatanen  
Adda dimmanon diay Cabanatuan,  
Ket adda met nagdappat idiaiy Baler  
Kadagidiaiy dadduma nga anakna  
metten.

But Lakay Dawasen  
And his children who fled South,  
Some reached as far as Cabanatuan,  
And one went to live in Baler  
Along with his other children.

Ay ket ni Lakay Salapang  
Sinurotdan daydiay karayan  
Ta birokenda ti inda pagyanan  
Agingga t'dimmanonda  
Idiaiy Dalawa piman.

But they followed Lakay Salapang  
Along the river trail  
In search for a place to live in  
Until they came to the place  
Whose name is Dalawa.

Ket iti panangituloyda  
Nga nangsurot iti karayan  
Amburayan,  
Dimmanonda manen  
Idiaiy Kalipayan;  
Intero rumiet met diay kadamortisan  
Aliwat di pampamayan  
Ti kayona kakasla dapan.

But as they moved onwards  
Along the Amburayan River,  
They soon came upon a place  
Whose name was Kalipayan.  
But it was full of *damortis* trees\*  
And overgrown with thick *aliwat* vines\*\*  
Whose stems were a foot thick.

\**Pithecolobium dulce* (Roxb.) Benth. Bal-  
tazar translates it as *kamachile*.

\*\**Tetrastigma harmandii*. Planch. Also  
*ariwat*.

Narigatsa nga gagaikan,  
 Kuna met ni Lakay Salapang.  
 Timmaray met iti akin-abagatan;  
 Idi dumanon idiyay inna kitain  
 Ay nalawa met gayam,  
 Adda met ubbog nga pagsakdo-an.

Ay mabalinsan daytoy nga  
 paglugaran.  
 Tatta ket simmang-atdan,  
 Isu t' inda nagsusugponan  
 Piman aya nga inda nagyanan,  
 Isuda nga taga-Amianan.

Idi ngay ta matawenan daydi  
 Nga inda nagsusugponan,  
 Agkiddit met diay waig  
 Nga inda pagsakduan;  
 Ni met Lakay Salapang,  
 Biangna tay madanagan  
 Ta agkiddit ti inda pagsakduan.

Iti asideg met nga laud  
 Aya ket teppang  
 Rumiet met nga kabakiran  
 Ta birokenna gayam  
 Ti nawaya nga lugar  
 Nga inda paglugaran.

Isu nga birokenna  
 Ti inda pagyanan,  
 Iti met akin-abagatan  
 Nakitana nga adda met  
 Sebbang-sebbang  
 Isu ti inna ginaikan.

Nakitana ti maysa a karayan,  
 Bassit nga agay-ayos nga karayan  
 Nga isu dayta, "gayyaman."  
 Idi kitaenna piman ay waig met  
 Nga mapan idiyay Pangotan.

Idi ngay ta maaldawan  
 Ni lalaki nga Salapang,  
 Napan nagkammel idiyay karayan;  
 Ay intero, agkaiwara

This place is difficult to clear,  
 Observed Lakay Salapang.  
 So he ran southwards some more;  
 And when he found what he wanted,  
 It was a wide open place,  
 With a spring to draw water from.

This must be a good place, he said.  
 And so the others followed upwards.  
 And they went there to help one  
 another  
 To make the place their new home,  
 These migrants from the North.

But when they had spent about a year  
 Helping one another,  
 The stream was drying up  
 From which they drew their water;  
 So Lakay Salapang became worried,  
 For he feared very much  
 That their water would dry up.

Nearby to the West  
 Was nothing but a precipice,  
 And a very thick forest.  
 What he wanted was an open space  
 Where they could build their homes.

So he went to search  
 For a place to build their homes;  
 And when he reached further South  
 He noticed that there were  
 Many tracks of wild animals.  
 It was there he made a clearing.

He also found a stream nearby,  
 A small and flowing stream—  
 The one now called Gayyaman.  
 And on further looking, he discovered  
 It was the river that goes towards Pangotan.

When it was noontime,  
 Our man Salapang  
 Went to fish in the river;  
 And to his most pleasant surprise,

Met gayam ti udang;  
Ita agtaraytaray met  
Dagiti dalag ken ikan.  
Ay nagpintas daytoy nga  
paglugaran!

Napanen idia'y ayandan,  
Miniting na met daidan;  
Iti met kunkunana ay nasayaat  
gayam.  
O, dakay nga kakailian,  
Nawaya, ket iti pay akinbaba  
Waig pay nga attidog gayam,  
Nalames pay tattan,  
Kunana ti nagpalawag kadaidan.

Wen a ngem inka ngarud ges-adan,  
Kuna kan diay inna kakailian.  
Wen a, kunana kan met piman.  
Isu kano nga immunan.

Inna kano inumaan piman  
Daydiay nga imbaganan,  
Inna met minulaan  
Ti saba nga balayang.

Idi ngay ta naaldawan,  
Nagbunga metten diay balayang.  
Nakita na nga napintas  
Ti inna gines-adan.  
Addanto pagimbagan  
Ti udi t' aldaw nga masakbayan.

Ngem nalawag piman  
Ala 'diay lugar nga inda tinapuakan,  
Isu nga napanda aminen ditoy  
Sugpon  
Nga isu ti pangaw-awagda itan  
Nupay daytoy ti immuna  
Nga buniagna ket Balbalayang  
Gapu iti daydi saba nga balayang  
Nga immula ni Lakay Salapang  
Nga isu daytoy ti pagkunaan,  
Isu ti agpayso dayta  
Nga amin nga sarsarita,  
Aramid ti tao nga immun-una.

Shrimps were everywhere,  
And swimming to and fro  
Were mudfish and other fish.  
How beautiful a place to live in  
this was!

So he went to see his comrades,  
And he called them to a meeting:  
For the news he was going to tell  
was good.  
"O, you, my fellow villagers,  
It is a clear open place and low,  
With a long river flowing by,  
That is full of fishes,"  
He explained to them.

"Yes, but first go and test the place,"  
Said his fellow villagers.  
And he said, "Yes, if you say so."  
And so he went ahead of them.

He went to make a clearing  
At the place he had described;  
And he planted on it  
The banana called *balayang*.\*

Before many days had passed,  
The *balayang* bore fruit.  
And he saw that his clearing  
Was very beautiful.  
It promised a better life  
For them all in days to come.

And they became very sure,  
So they came rushing to the place,  
And they all came here to Sugpon,  
Which is what they call it today;  
But in the olden days,  
It was then called Balbalayang  
After the banana called *balayang*  
Which Lakay Salapang planted.  
And so this is what we can say,  
That what has been said is true—  
All the stories handed down  
About the deeds of the people of old.

\**Musa troglotidarum errans* (Blanco) Teod.

Isu nga Sugpon ngarud itatta  
 Sugpon kunkunada ngem  
 Iti kinaagpaysona  
 Iti akin-amanan  
 Ti nabuniagan ti Sugpon,  
 Ngem ita ngay ta bimmabada  
 Daydi mula ti tao nga immun-una  
 Isu ti naganna,  
 Isu nga Balbalayang dayta.

And so its name today is Sugpon,  
 But the original Sugpon  
 Is a little higher up the mountain  
 Where the northerners first lived  
 together;  
 But when they came lower down  
 To where Salapang planted the banana,  
 It was named after it,  
 And so Balbalayang is its name.

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