

12-31-1959

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Enrique Victoriano Victoriano

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Recommended Citation

Victoriano, Enrique Victoriano (1959) "Fighting Cocks: Of Cocks and Kites and Other Short Stories," *Philippine Studies: Historical and Ethnographic Viewpoints*: Vol. 7: No. 4, Article 25.

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.13185/2244-1638.3183>

Available at: <https://archium.ateneo.edu/phstudies/vol7/iss4/25>

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philippine studies

Ateneo de Manila University · Loyola Heights, Quezon City · 1108 Philippines

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Review Author: Enrique Victoriano

Philippine Studies vol. 7, no. 4 (1959): 535–538

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Fri June 30 13:30:20 2008

been reduced to one-tenth their quantity, and the reduction was effected by quoting or paraphrasing a few paragraphs.

The writings of Thomas are voluminous and his person not obscure, as attested by a two-column notice in *Time* (U. S. edition, March 23, 1956, pp. 52 and 55). From Thomas' original work, nine paragraphs (11-15, 36-39) are used, but no paraphrase is attempted of his material on birth control par. 14). In his 38th paragraph Thomas speaks of "novelist and Hollywood," but this appears in the "Adaptation" as "novelist in Hollywood."

From the 24 pages of Mihanovich's text the authors selected four paragraphs (1,4,6, and 8) and from his three-page summary they chose the last two paragraphs to quote or paraphrase. In his 4th paragraph, Mihanovich spoke of "the Catholic teaching on the indissolubility of marriage." which appears in the "Adaptation" as "the dissolubility of marriage." The chapter of Mihanovich from which the "Adaptation" is made is devoted explicitly to an over-all view of divorce. It contains abundant data on the extent and effects of divorce, and on civil legislation relating to divorce. This material is not paraphrased.

The authors present no explanation for having selected excerpts from Thomas' first chapter, "The Changing Family", to the neglect of his fifth chapter in the same text. The fifth chapter is explicitly on "Church Laws on Marriage".

Having called attention to the aspects of the book which are not as objective as they might appear, we again recommend it for its value as an empirical study.

CHARLES MCKENNEY

FIGHTING COCKS

OF COCKS AND KITES AND OTHER SHORT STORIES. By Alejandro R. Roces. Manila: Regal Publishing Co., 1959. 140p.

It would probably be an exaggeration to claim that this book is to cockfighting what Tom Lea's *The Brave Bulls* and Hemingway's *Death in the Afternoon* are to bullfighting. However, anyone who reads this book, even if he has never blown a puff of cigar smoke at his favorite rooster's face, can now sit in at the most sophisticated cockfight without feeling like a paleface in a crowd of sun worshippers.

Mr. Roces—so Fr. Bernad who writes the preface tells us—has never been inside a cockpit. Yet by diligent research he has brought to the English language a new set of technical terms used in the fine art of alectryomachy (cockfighting to you). This is the more remarkable if we consider that the terminology available to him is probably all in the dialect or at most in Spanish. A bit of American

slang even seems to have its origin in the cockpit. When a gangster snarls out of the side of his mouth that "he ain't taking any more of your gaff," he is unwittingly using the language of the pit. For to take the gaff means to take a blow from the saber-shaped razor-sharp spur fastened to the rooster's leg. On many other occasions, Mr. Roces' turns of expression are so happy and delightful as to make the reader flap his arms and crow with delight.

The book is made up of seven short stories following each other chronologically more or less. Each story is a short *story* in the true technical sense of the term, unlike some of these modern Things which one reads, which begin well enough, present a situation, complication, arouse interest, and leave the reader to wonder if the last pages have been lost. Plot, local color, single impression, character delineation through dialogue, even surprise ending are all here.

The two main characters carry on a Bud Abbott-Lou Castello repartee right through the book. Kiko is forever trying to sell his brother, the narrator, a new scheme for winning at the cockpit, while the latter objects, is sucked in, is a sucker. Each scheme somehow manages to end disastrously for the brothers even when their scheme is completely—or at least, apparently—infallible. As when Kiko pits a super-cock against a pair of twins thus giving the opposition all the advantages. But the super-cock is so super that in his eagerness he drives his spur into his own head. Again when Kiko decides to be scientific about the whole thing. No more superstitions such as picking a rooster with twelve scales since there were twelve apostles (he lost that one because one of the apostles was Judas—naturally). This time he will breed his own gamecock giving heed to such things as genes, a sturdy mother hen, a fighting sire, pedigrees and all that. The hitch this time is his own mother. When the fierce-looking product of his careful breeding runs squawking from his opponent at the first touch of steel, Kiko traces back every step of his carefully planned program and stops in horror before his mother's White Leghorn poultry yard. "Mother," he cries. "You didn't...!!" "Of course, I did," she replies indignantly. "But only in the daytime. I always separate them at night."

Minor characters in the stories are not just props to fill in the scenery. Kiko's and the narrator's father gets genuinely "corny" in his endearments when his wife begins to cry, so that the boys, embarrassed, have to leave the house. The *teniente del barrio* objects to cockfighting not on moral grounds or because the SPCA people have been talking to him but because cockfighting is a waste of time. It has already been proven that when two gamecocks are matched against each other, one is bound to lick the other. You've seen one, you've seen them all, is his motto. Even the roosters have a personality all their own. There's the gigolo who escaped to the forest and

lured all the hens from the surrounding farms. There's the scraggly Jolo fighter who looked as if he had been hatched from a scrambled egg. A third bird looked regal as a pineapple, but the unshorn crown-like comb on its head proved that even among fowl "heavy is the head that wears the crown." For in battle the slashing spur of an opponent caught the King's head, weighed down as it was by the excess burden of the crown. Finally we have the hermaphrodite who killed its adversary in unfair fight (unfair because its opponent had not yet made up its mind whether to fight or make love) and promptly laid an egg.

Mr. Arturo G. Roseburg, in his introduction, says that the book is a welcome addition to the thin body of Philippine writing in English. This writer agrees with him enthusiastically and hopes for more of the same in the future. However, before final entrance into this body is effected, it is suggested that the author re-edit the work and smooth out much of what Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch calls "jargon." The use of jargon by even the best of Filipino writers is quite understandable, and one need not call on the mountains to cover him if he is caught in the act. It becomes merely a question of having someone who has a more intimate understanding of the English language go over the work, and where simple straightforward Anglo-Saxon expressions will tell the tale as well or better than a highfalutin' sesquipedalian word—let the former be used. True, in a number of places Mr. Roces engages in the mock-heroic so that his equally mock-heroic language sits well. But there are no mock-herics involved when announcing that "Atty. Javier *asseverated*" or that "my brother and I had to *egress* through a *postern*." In describing a battle between a "gallinivorous" kite and a bird's parent "on the distaff side" we have the "raptorial bird" fleeing with the "rasorial fowl" in "truculent pursuit."

Each story as we said ends in disaster for the heroes. This may be Mr. Roces' way of telling us that he doesn't approve of cockfighting as a Good Thing, even though he himself might find it interesting. People who sob about the supposed suffering of animals may find fault with the author for not treating the bloodier aspects of the sport with the right amount of indignation. Noteworthy in this lore on cockfighting is the fact that the favorite indoor sport of graft and corruption finds no countenance in the cockpit. Here large sums of cash are passed from hand to hand. Yet there is no stealing, no swindling, no cheating, no "welching" on bets. The reason for this seems to be that any one of these human failings could easily earn a man a swift hack with a bolo or a few inches of balisong in the guts. Not to mention loss of face. In other departments of our national life where graft and corruption enjoy greater freedom, one wonders if the right deterrents have been applied. In these departments loss of face—or of conscience—no longer have any meaning.

Is it possible that the judicious use of our national symbol for courage and righteousness, the bolo, might succeed in bringing honesty where everything else seems to have failed? The cockpit certainly is not an institution that we would like to see enshrined for posterity. But where correcting a defect of national and public proportions is concerned, we may well learn from such deterrents as keep the cockpit honest if nothing else.

ENRIQUE VICTORIANO

A USEFUL TEXT

THE ELEMENTS OF LOGIC. By Vincent Edward Smith. Milwaukee, Wis.: The Bruce Publishing Company, 1957. xii, 298p.

Since this textbook in Aristotelian logic for undergraduate students has been designed in such a manner that it can be covered in one semester, namely forty-odd hours of teaching time, it has a great appeal to the Professor of Logic. Moreover, the author has organized the matter in such a clear-cut manner that both the professor and the students can't help but realize that the matter can be covered in the time available. Thus the book is divided into seven parts: introduction, the first act of the mind, the second act of the mind, the third act of the mind, the kinds of argument, special questions and finally the fallacies.

The author has two modest ambitions. The first is to make logic come more alive for students by presenting it in terms of case histories of logical operations. The other is to move considerably beyond the purely formal treatment of the syllogism and to confront students with some modern applications of logic and the scientific method. In my opinion the author has certainly achieved his purposes.

Mr. Smith, knowing that Logic is an art as well as a science, accomplishes his first purpose by means of numerous case histories which are so varied and explained so clearly that the student's attention is bound to be captivated. Thus Logic becomes a fascinating study, or perhaps I should say, an exhilarating experience rather than a study.

The author has a very interesting way of showing the domain of Logic by using examples from different fields of knowledge which bring out the meaning and distinctions between real and logical relations. Thus the student realizes that Logic is not confined to a single department of knowledge but is applied in all learning to all fields of knowledge.

Since the purpose of Logic is to organize logical forms, the author shows how this organization is accomplished in the first operation of the mind by considering comprehension and extension of concepts, then the reflex universals and the categories till he comes to definition which is the highest achievement of the first act of the mind.