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## Appendices



## APPENDIX A

### A Man of Letters

Rizal wrote several hundred letters, and received hundreds more. Many have since been lost, but perhaps the greater part has survived. They cannot all be found in one place, however.

The Jose Rizal National Centennial Commission tried to collate everything in 1961, but while its volumes of collected correspondence gathered most of the letters in the *Epistolario Rizalino*, the landmark volumes edited by Teodoro M. Kalaw in the 1930s, as well as the family letters compiled by the Lopez Museum in *One Hundred Letters* in 1959, errors and omissions marred the collection. A few more letters have since been discovered (see, for instance, Schumacher 1977). And there may be more new letters from the rediscovery (dating back to at least 1995) of the Blumentritt trove in Ceske Budejovice, in the Czech Republic.

But there is no one definitive edition of the correspondence. This is a great pity, because the letters, together, constitute a distinct body of work. They may almost be said to be Rizal's first novel.

The scholar Raul Bonoan SJ has written, persuasively, on Rizal's understanding of the novel form as influenced by a "peculiarly Spanish philosophical movement known as Krausism" (Bonoan 1996b: 223). In brief, Rizal understood the novel not merely as fiction but as "the conveyor of historical meaning" (224). The same thing can be said of his letter-writing.

The draft of a March 1887 letter in French, preserved in a notebook and written it seems likely to his older friend in Paris, the painter Felix Resurreccion Hidalgo, explains what he tried to do in the *Noli*, then just off the press. "I have told our compatriots our defects, our vices, our culpable and cowardly complacency with the miseries over there. Whenever I have found virtue I have proclaimed it and render homage to it; and I have not wept in speaking about our misfortunes, instead I have laughed, because no one would want to cry with me

over the misery of our native land, and laughter is always good to conceal our sorrows. The incidents I relate are all true and they happened; I can give proofs of them” (Rizal 1963b: 84).

These lines come from a longer justification of the novelist’s intent, but they can also serve as an explanation for Rizal’s ambitions as letter-writer: the reporter’s contract with reality (again and again we can hear him vouching for the truth of his news-by-correspondence), the proclamation of virtue whenever he found it (with Filipinos and foreigners alike he was not stingy with praise), the sorrow-concealing laughter he was so adept at provoking (in many of his letters we hear him strike the sardonic or the rueful note), not least the “telling off” that must be understood as self-criticism, of “our culpable and cowardly complacency.”

The correspondence with his closest friend, the Austrian scholar Ferdinand Blumentritt, can be read as constituting a narrative in itself, a story within a story; the 211 surviving letters collected in the *Epistolario* form a substantial corpus — indeed, some of the most crucial insights into Rizal’s life and character can be found in this decade-long correspondence — but they also trace a distinct narrative of their own.

The salutations they used, beginning with Rizal’s first letter of 31 July 1886, sketch a quick outline of this narrative. “Esteemed Sir,” the short letter, stiff with an elaborate formality, began. Unfortunately, the first letters from Blumentritt have been lost, although their contents are adverted to in Rizal’s replies. The earliest of Blumentritt’s letters to survive, dated 14 November 1886, greets Rizal most formally: “Very esteemed Sir.” Within a month, however, the web of scholarly discussion having been strengthened by more and more filaments of a personal nature (mutual acquaintances, the exchange of photographs), Rizal was greeting Blumentritt more familiarly: “Esteemed Friend,” his letter of 9 December 1886 began. This was the salutation the two letter-writers used for the next six months, until Rizal and his companion Maximo Viola visited Blumentritt and his

family in Leitmeritz (present-day Litomerice, in the Czech Republic) in mid-May 1887. After that four-day visit, and for the next two and a half years, the letters became even more familiar, starting with just a simple “Dear Friend.” It was around the time Rizal asked Blumentritt to write the prologue to his annotated version of Morga’s history of the Philippines that the “intimate fraternity” reached its next level of intimacy. “My Dear Friend and Brother,” a postcard of Blumentritt’s, dated 10 November 1889 and addressed to Rizal in Paris, began. Rizal replied in kind. Within a couple of months, the two had shortened their salutation even further; now it was simply “*Mein Bruder*” (My Brother). This was the way they addressed each other for the next six years, until the eve of Rizal’s execution. One of four letters he wrote in his prison cell on 29 December 1896, the day he received the death sentence, was for Blumentritt. “My dear brother,” it began. “When you receive this letter I shall be dead by then.”

If not a novel-in-all-but-name, or a series of stories-within-stories, then the letters may perhaps be understood as Rizal’s own newspaper, published in instalments, and like a real one vulnerable to subscribers’ moods or editorial limitations.

“As to news about myself,” he writes his brother-in-law Manuel Hidalgo after a few months in Madrid (Rizal 1963a: 58), “I have little to give you, having already told them in my letter to our parents. Political news may be found in the *Diariong Tagalog* to which I sent a review.” It was all of a piece. (He did relent, and related a tale about an Italian runner and Spanish bad manners.)

About two months later, he writes Hidalgo again with a variation on the theme (Rizal 1963a: 82). “The mine of my verbosity and news has been exhausted by the letters I have written to our parents and to my good sister Neneng. However, I believe I have something to your taste” — and proceeds to talk about international politics.

He could certainly fill up a page. For instance, a letter written from Berlin on 11 November 1886 and addressed to Hidalgo and his wife Saturnina (or Neneng, Rizal’s eldest sister), begins with an

improvement on the theme of exhaustion. “Although I have already told in my letters to our parents all the news I have, nevertheless this does not excuse me from writing to you,” he begins. He then continues to write about Christmas customs and cultural traditions in Europe, contrasting those of Germany and of England (kissing under the mistletoe, for instance) with those of immature, indulgent Spain. He ends by saying: “This is how I have written you, filling four sheets of paper without saying anything, which shows that one can write even when one has no news to tell. Please write me” (Rizal 1963a: 246–247).

Most of his letters were not written for publication, but they were not exactly private. They were meant to be read in company, or to be copied, or to be passed from hand to hand. Sometimes he would say so himself. Writing to his friend and classmate Fernando Canon from on board the ship that was bringing him back to Asia (Rizal 1963b: 143), he said: “Tell our friends to consider this letter as addressed to them also. Tomorrow I buy paper at Port Said. Tell them [this] news of mine.”

Such instructions litter the correspondence, but perhaps they were not even necessary. The habit of sharing each other’s letters was ingrained, and in Rizal’s case allowed even strangers to claim familiarity, or intimacy, with him.

On 21 November 1894, Rizal wrote Hidalgo about Governor-General Ramon Blanco’s offer to transfer his place of exile to either Ilocos or La Union, and added somewhat optimistically, “I believe I shall leave this place in January” (Rizal 1963a: 388). A mere week later, Apolinario Mabini, who never met Rizal, whom Rizal did not know, was chatting up del Pilar in Madrid: “I have just read a letter of our Pepe [Rizal’s diminutive] to his brother-in-law Hidalgo in which he writes that General Blanco ... promised to transfer him, first to Iloilo [sic] or La Union and, later, to set him free. Pepe expects the transfer to be decreed this coming January” (Mabini 1999: 24).

It is no surprise then that when Spanish authorities raided the German-owned warehouse in Manila where Andres Bonifacio, the founder of the revolutionary organization Katipunan, was employed, in August 1896, they found several copies of letters to or from or about Rizal.

Rizal had the habit of writing several letters in one extended sitting, perhaps as a way of budgeting his time. “I have already written four very long letters and although I’m quite tired, I have the greatest pleasure and satisfaction of writing you and I feel that my pen is lighter and my ideas are freshened and quickened,” he wrote his family on 29 January 1883.

On 30 December 1882, on the last weekend of his first year abroad, he sat down for an epic writing binge. He wrote at least 15 letters, of which at least four survive. To his younger sister Josefa (Pangoy to the family), he says, “Yesterday I received your letter together with that of Sra. [Señora] Maria. So that you may not say that I don’t answer you, I’m now going to write you, although it seems I shall lack time. I have already finished fourteen letters and yours is the shortest, because I have run out of things to say” (Rizal 1963a: 71).

To his beloved brother Paciano, he talks about expenses in Madrid (double than in Barcelona, he says), invites his brother (as well as “the coming generation — the generation that will govern and lead Calamba by the beginning of the twentieth century”) to travel to Europe, and adds a request that runs like a refrain through his correspondence: “Be informed of the contents of my other letters” (Rizal 1963a: 68).

And to Maria, slightly older but among his siblings the closest in age to him, he gives what would turn out to be fateful instructions (Rizal 1963a: 69). “I should like you to keep all my letters in Spanish beginning, *Mis queridos padres y hermanos*, because in them I relate all that have happened to me. When I get home, I shall collect them and clarify them.” (Rizal himself kept many of the letters he received.

There is a celebrated and moving portrait of him, penned by Viola, carefully lugging the letters he had received from place to place.)

When Rizal made his request of Maria, he had written only three, perhaps four, such family letters. After the request, he wrote many more; at least 19 letters beginning “Dear Parents and Siblings” are extant. There are also eight letters addressed to the parents alone, but which were in all likelihood shared with the children and their relatives. All told, some 30 or so letters addressed to the entire family have survived, newsy digests of his travels abroad: his first passage through the Suez Canal, his love affair with the great city of Paris, his first impressions of London. Most of these omnibus letters, however, were written during his first European sojourn. After he took up residence in London in 1888, the “letters in Spanish beginning, *Mis queridos padres y hermanos*” became rare. In part this was because the volume of letters to individual members of the family had grown, and in part because he was no longer the eager tourist of the first voyage.

The last letter addressed to the entire family, using the same salutation he had flagged to Maria, was a short and earnest note written from his prison cell after he had been informed of his appointment with the firing squad (Rizal 1963a: 441). “My dear parents [and siblings]: I should like to see some of you before I die, though it may be very painful. Let the bravest come over. I have to say some important things.”

## APPENDIX B

### Falling for the American Trap

Renato Constantino's "Veneration without Understanding" was the astounding Rizal Day Lecture of 1969. The courageous, cobweb-clearing exercise in provocation has since become the classic critique of Rizal and his pre-eminence in the Philippine pantheon of heroes.

What, exactly, did Constantino say? He said that Filipinos who hold Rizal up as the ideal hero do not understand that he was, in truth, a counter-revolutionary — and therefore insufficiently nationalistic. "Rizal repudiated the one act which really synthesized our nationalist aspiration, and yet we consider him a nationalist leader." That "one act" was the revolution of 1896.

"Veneration," however, is replete with false choices. Constantino's critique is based, not only on a Marxist reading of history and nationalism (for instance: "The exposure of his weaknesses and limitations will also mean our liberation, for he has, to a certain extent become part of the superstructure that supports present consciousness") but also, and tellingly, on a rhetoric of false dichotomies.

A Marxist reading of Rizal is not necessarily impossible; E. San Juan Jr. has written incisively on Rizal's writings from just such a perspective. For instance, in his post-2001 riposte to Constantino entitled "Understanding Rizal without Veneration," San Juan wrote: "As I have tried to argue in previous essays, Rizal displayed an astute dialectical materialist sensibility. One revealing example of concrete geopolitical analysis is the short piece on Madrid and its milieu excerpted in Palma's 'The Pride of the Malay Race' (pp. 60–62)." (Rizal's notes, originally written in French, in Heidelberg, show not only a sense of place but also some feel for demographic description and analysis.)

But an argument anchored on false choices is not only deceiving; it fosters a new misunderstanding. In 1969 (and again in 1979, when he published the lecture as one chapter in *Dissent and Counter-*

*Consciousness*), Constantino may have been moved by a genuine desire to offer a corrective to the prevailing hero worship of Rizal. But a corrective based on false logic can work only if it itself is based on false consciousness; in other words, if a reader or an auditor did not know any better.

Right at the start, "Veneration" offers a false choice between revolutionary leader and national hero. "In the histories of many nations, the national revolution represents a peak of achievement," Constantino writes. "It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that almost always the leader of that revolution becomes the principal hero of his people." He then offers mostly martial examples: Washington, Lenin, Bolivar, Sun Yat-sen, Mao, Ho Chi Minh. But if we take a closer look at his phrasing, we find that he has in fact qualified his sweeping statement: thus, "many nations," not all; "almost always," not always. If he admits exceptions, then his starting assumption that a country's "principal hero" is the leader that scaled the peak of that revolutionary achievement is not exceptional. In other words, if there are exceptions to this apparent rule, why take Rizal to task for being yet another exception?

It seems to me that the rhetorical objective of this first false choice is to imply that the Philippines, by choosing Rizal as its pre-eminent hero, is less of a nation. "In our case, our national hero was not the leader of our Revolution. In fact, he repudiated that Revolution."

Constantino's main proof for this repudiation is the famous Manifesto of 15 December 1896, which Rizal prepared as part of his legal defence. It is a controversial, still-disconcerting read, because as foremost Rizal biographer Leon Ma. Guerrero has noted, apropos of the Manifesto, "There can be no argument that he was against Bonifacio's Revolution." But again the nationalist historian offers us a false choice: Either Rizal was for the revolution, which broke out while Rizal was in Manila *en route* to Cuba; or his words "were treasonous in the light of the Filipinos' struggle against Spain."

But in fact there was a third alternative. The Judge Advocate General, Nicolas de la Peña, refused to publish the Manifesto, which would surely have been read by the revolutionaries, because Rizal “limits himself to condemning the present rebellious movement as premature and because he considers its success impossible at this time, but suggesting between the lines that the independence dreamed of can be achieved ... For Rizal it is a question of opportunity, not of principles or objectives. His manifesto can be condensed into these words: ‘Faced with the proofs of defeat, lay down your arms, my countrymen; I shall lead you to the Promised Land on a later day’ ” (Guerrero 2007: 450–451).

This reading of Rizal’s statement from the Spanish perspective, which Constantino did not acknowledge or advert to in his lecture, shows the fundamental flaw behind his historical approach. In using what he calls “historical forces unleashed by social development” to situate Rizal’s “treason,” he fails to reckon with the actual, life-or-death context in which Rizal wrote. Indeed, he fails to see Rizal the way the revolutionaries themselves, beginning with Andres Bonifacio, the founder of the Katipunan, saw him.

And how, exactly, did they see Rizal? Let one account, out of many, serve for the rest. Writing in April 1899, the revolutionary leader known as *Matatag* or Firm (his real name was Antonino Guevara) recalled a day at the Luneta in January 1898, when the people were celebrating the treaty, short-lived, as it turns out, of Biak-na-Bato. “At that time, while seated on one of the granite benches along the promenade at the Luneta, I pointed out the spot where our distinguished countryman, the hero and unfortunate Dr Jose Rizal, was executed by the firing squad. I told Pedro Guevara, Teodoro Arquiza, and others from the town of Magdalena, who were with me: ‘There, my friends, is the place where our hero fell, irrigating that soil with his precious blood in defense of our beloved fatherland. May his life serve as a model for us. Let us pray for his eternal rest, and let us beseech God to give us many doctors such as Dr Jose Rizal whenever

we find ourselves wanting, in order that we shall gain our coveted independence' ” (Matatag 1988: 21–22).

Of the many false choices that are splayed throughout “Veneration without Understanding” like so much faulty electrical wiring, the most fraught, it seems to me, is Constantino’s argument from Americanization. “Although Rizal was already a revered figure and became more so after his martyrdom, it cannot be denied that his pre-eminence among our heroes was partly the result of American sponsorship.” And again: “History cannot deny his patriotism ... Still, we must accept the fact that his formal designation as our national hero, his elevation to his present eminence so far above all our other heroes was abetted and encouraged by the Americans.” And yet again: “His choice was a master stroke by the Americans.”

These passages imply that Rizal’s pre-eminence is ultimately undeserved. His heroism is beyond question, but his place among our heroes is less secure because of American colonial intervention. To quote Constantino: “Rizal will still occupy a good position in our national pantheon even if we discard hagiolatry and subject him to a more mature historical evaluation.”

But in his zeal to dissolve the Rizal mystique, Constantino fails to account for the views of the men and women who actually fought in the revolution. To that revolutionary generation, exemplified by Matatag but also reflected in the writings of Bonifacio and the official acts of Emilio Aguinaldo, Rizal’s pre-eminence was undisputed. To minimize that honour, because the new colonial masters reinvented Rizal in their image, as the bearer of benevolence, is to accept the American view, that Rizal was a mere reformer.

There are other false choices in Constantino’s lecture; perhaps the most consequential is the old reform-versus-revolution debate. Constantino quotes from a very early letter (I think it is the 15th in a correspondence that runs to 211 extant letters) that Rizal wrote to his great friend Ferdinand Blumentritt, in order to prove Rizal’s mere “reformism.”

“... under the present circumstances, we do not want separation from Spain. All that we ask is greater attention, better education, better government employees, one or two representatives and greater security for our persons and property. Spain could always win the appreciation of the Filipinos if she were only reasonable!”

Constantino, however, is guilty of a serious case of cut-and-paste. He left out the most telling passages. Here is the crucial paragraph from the letter dated 26 January 1887; the lines he removed are in boldface:

**“I agree with you concerning the independence of the Philippines. Only, such an event will never happen. A peaceful struggle shall always be a dream, for Spain will never learn the lesson of her former South American colonies. Spain cannot learn what England and the United States have learned. But, under the present circumstances, we do not want separation from Spain. All that we ask is greater attention, better education, better government employees, one or two representatives and greater security for our persons and property. Spain could always win the appreciation of the Filipinos if she were only reasonable! But, *Quos vult perdere Jupiter, prius dementat!*”**  
(Rizal 1963c: 44)

That Latin allusion, so characteristic of Rizal, is usually translated thus: Those whom Jupiter wishes to destroy, he first makes mad. In the context of Rizal’s word and work, he obviously means Spain.

But Constantino did not only slight crucial passages; he slighted crucial letters. He does not show, for instance, that less than a month after Rizal wrote the Jupiter letter, he wrote to Blumentritt again, in these words: “The Filipinos had long wished for Hispanization and they were wrong in aspiring for it. It is Spain and not the Philippines who ought to wish for the assimilation of the country. Now we receive this lesson from the Spaniards [a rejection of a proposed reform] and we thank them for it” (Rizal 1963c: 51).

Five years after the Jupiter letter (to give another instance; we can easily multiply the examples), Rizal wrote to Blumentritt another

explanation why he was bound to return to the Philippines: “Now I tell you: I have lost my hope in Spain. For that reason, I shall not write one more word for *La Solidaridad*. It seems to me it is in vain. All of us are *voces clamantis in deserto dum omnes rapiunt* [voices crying in the wilderness where all are lost]” (Rizal 1963b: 434).

Thus, Constantino’s attempt to use Rizal’s own letters to show a merely reformist rather than separatist or revolutionary outlook is fatally flawed: the letters, in their entirety, say otherwise. Rizal had realized at least as early as 1887 that the real battleground was back home. John Schumacher SJ dates the separatist tendency in the movement, and Rizal’s leadership of it, to “after 1885, at least.” In 1889, in a crucial letter to the staff of the *Soli*, Rizal responded to the news of more persecutions in the Philippines with a prophecy. “The day they lay their hands on us, the day they martyrize innocent families for our fault, goodbye, friar government, and perhaps, goodbye Spanish government!” (Rizal 1963b: 321). By 1892, Rizal was deep in plans to found a Filipino colony in northern Borneo, an idea fellow separatists like Antonio Luna welcomed as a political opportunity and a strategic advantage. And on 30 December 1896 Rizal walked calmly to his death, certain he was making his prophecy come true.

In using the reformer-versus-revolutionary box to classify Rizal, therefore, Constantino failed to reckon with another and truer alternative: radical.

*A preliminary version of this essay first appeared in the Philippine Daily Inquirer in two parts, on 15 and 22 June 2010.*

## APPENDIX C

### Colour and Scent, Light and Sound

In 1944, the 22-year-old journalist Rosihan Anwar was a frequent visitor to the Jakarta Museum. “My main interest at that time was not very specific. I just liked books, whatever I could lay my hands on at the time,” he said in a lengthy interview (Rosihan 2010b). “[Because of] the situation, the Japanese occupation, there were no books [for sale] anymore.”

So it was the library for him. One day, late in the year, he was browsing through a book on the Philippines — then very much in the news. “Surprisingly enough, as I read the book, I saw the poem [of Rizal’s]. In Spanish. ‘Adios Patria Adorada.’ [the poem’s famous opening line]. ‘Mi Ultimo Pensamiento’ or something [the poem’s first title, meaning My Last Thoughts]. I don’t understand Spanish .... [But] as I read further, I saw the translation [in English].”

He had found the most famous poem in Philippine history. It is pleasing to imagine the scene: a newspaper reporter and occasional poet, active in the pemuda or militant youth networks of the time, stopped in his tracks by a martyr’s poem. He decided, then and there, to translate it into Indonesian.

“The situation was favourable to promote nationalism. In that context, I thought it would be good that I could disseminate this story about Jose Rizal among our younger people at that time. It was quite natural. I thought it would be good to tell the story of Jose Rizal, this rebel against the Spanish. And of course the climax, when he was already sentenced to death and then hauled off to face the firing squad, and he wrote that [poem] ..”

Three sources of Rosihan’s translation of “Mi Ultimo Adios” may be considered to carry some authority — the 30 December 1944 issue of *Asia Raya*, published in Jakarta, in which the translation first appeared; the paper “Rizal’s Name in Indonesia,” which Rosihan

contributed to the International Congress on Rizal, in Manila, and from which he read excerpts on 7 December 1961; and the proceedings of the International Conference on the Philippine Revolution and the First Asian Republic, held in Jakarta in August 1997. Many of the conference papers were included in *Toward the First Asian Republic*, edited by Elmer A. Ordoñez and published by the Philippine Centennial Commission; the compilation included the Rosihan translation on pages xvi–xvii.

As may be expected, differences exist between the versions.

The translation in the 1997 volume is clearly based on the 1961 paper. Characteristics of the 1961 version are repeated in 1997: among them, one missing line, two added words, and four word substitutions. The line breaks in the 1997 version, as well as the choices in punctuation, also follow those of 1961. Even then, the 1997 translation carries two new if minor differences: a missing period (to punctuate the first stanza), and a newly spelled word (*masa* has become *massa*).

Some of the differences between Rosihan's two versions, however, between that of 1944 and that of 1961, cannot be classified as minor. The missing line in the 1961 poem is the third in the following sequence:

*Sebab beta akan mendjadi:  
oedara diatas djalanan  
tanah didalam pandangmoe*

This is a rendering of the second line of Rizal's twelfth stanza, after he accepts the possibility of being forgotten by his own people — the fate of “oblivion,” to appropriate the word used in the two most popular English translations, those of Charles Derbyshire (1911) and Nick Joaquin (1944). It doesn't matter if you forget me, he says,

Because I myself will become:  
air above the street  
the soil in your field

The same idea of an encompassing presence, in both earth and sky, is current in Rizal's second line. The missing words, in all likelihood an inadvertence, thus reduce the scope of Rizal's promise.

The 1961 version also makes two additions; these do not change the meaning of the poem, but all the same they subtract some nuance from the affected lines.

In the 1944 original, Rizal's coming to terms with the possibility of oblivion is phrased thus:

*Apakah artinja lagi, Tanah Airkoe,  
djikalau poen dikau loepakan akoe*

What does it matter, my homeland,  
even if you forget me

In 1961, the translation becomes

*Apatah artinja lagi tanah airku,  
djikalau pula dikau lupakan aku*

So what does it matter, my homeland,  
if you also forget me

The second word addition adds everything — literally.

*Selamat tinggal, sekali lagi:  
Koetinggalkan bagimoe segala  
handai-taulan, kasih sajangkoe*

Goodbye, once again:  
I leave all to you,  
my friends, my love

becomes, in the 1961 version:

*Selamat tinggal sekali lagi  
Kutinggalkan bagimu segala-galanja  
handai tolan, kasih sajang*

Goodbye, once again  
 I leave with you everything  
 friends, love

There are three more word substitutions. The act of prayer, from *Berdo'alah* to *Berdo'a*; the action of repeating, from *mengoelang* to *pengulang*; and degrees of causation, in the sense of reason, from *lantaran* to *karena*.

To the first-time reader, however, the 1961 version differs most from the 1944 translation in spelling; the first of the major changes to standardize Indonesian orthography, rendering *oe* as *u*, was already in effect when Rosihan took the floor of the Philamlife Auditorium on Isaac Peral street in Manila, on the afternoon of the fourth day of the Rizal centennial congress.

There is a fourth source for Rosihan's translation: In July 1946, *Bakti*, a nationalist magazine published by the youth of Mojokerto, in East Java, ran Rosihan's version, uncredited, in its issue marking Philippine independence. (The transfer of sovereignty from an over-extended, war-weary America to a devastated Philippines took place on 4 July 1946.) Except for one crucial change — *Daerah pilihan*, chosen region, had morphed into *Daerah Pilipina*, the Philippine region, in the second line — the *Bakti* version is an accurate copy of the *Asia Raya* original. No missing line, no additions or substitutions.

To the reader familiar with Rizal's farewell poem in the Spanish original or in the many English translations or in the lengthy Tagalog version (double the number of stanzas of the original) that is popularly attributed to the revolutionary leader Andres Bonifacio, it should be clear that the Anwar translation is not only a free verse rendition of a 14-stanza poem written to a strict meter, but an incomplete version. The reason, Anwar says, is it was based on an incomplete English translation.

But it has its merits. Its simplicity of language speaks directly to the heart, as well as to the time in which it was written. And it

introduced Rizal to a wider Indonesian audience, at that exact point in Indonesian history when Rizal's articulate spirit of self-sacrifice, his readiness to die for his country, found a response in the Indonesian *pemuda*.

It is for these reasons that I propose that the 1944 translation be considered the definitive source. (It is available online, as it appears in the 30 December 1944 issue, through the wonderful Indonesian Newspaper Project of the Netherlands Institute for War Documentation. Many of the newspapers published during the Japanese occupation of what is now Indonesia, including most of the issues of *Asia Raya*, are included, accessible at <[http://niod.x-cago.com/maleise\\_kranten/index.do](http://niod.x-cago.com/maleise_kranten/index.do)>.

The 1944 translation used part of the first line of Rizal's originally untitled poem, rightly in my view, as the title. What follows is a faithful copy of that first translation in Bahasa Indonesia, down to the extended ellipses. The English translation that comes after is based primarily on consultation, on 21 May 2010, with Rosihan Anwar.

**Adios, Patria Adorada ...**

*Selamat tinggal, Tanah koepoedja  
Daerah pilihan, soerja Selatan.....  
Alangkah nikmatnja tidoer abadi  
dalam pangkoean dikau, o Tanah merawan hati  
Pabila ditengah roempoet hidjau melambai  
jang menjelimoeti mesra perhentian beta,  
Engkau melihat soeatoe masa  
merekah-mekar boenga setangkai  
alit-djelita tersipoe-sipoe  
ketjoeplah dia dengan bibirmoe,  
sebab itoelah soekmakoe.....  
Dan bila dimalam hari  
seorang insan jang soenji  
mohonkan restoe, semoga damailah tidoerkoe,*

berdo'alah poela, Engkau, Toempah Darahkoe.  
 Do'akan mereka jang meninggal doenia  
 dengan doeka-nestapa tiada terperikan,  
 Do'akan mereka jang masih hidoep  
 merintih-derita dalam teroengkoe,  
 Do'akan agar ringanlah beban  
 perasaian Iboe serta djanda  
 anak jatim piatoe kita,  
 Do'akan djoega dirimoe sendiri  
 Engkau jang tengah menoedjoe Merdeka...  
 Djika koeboerankoe bertanda tiada  
 Tiada bersalib diloepakan soedah,  
 Biarlah petani meloekoe tanahnja  
 dan aboekoe achirnja berbaoer-satoe  
 dengan boekit serta lembahmoe.  
 Apakah artinja lagi, Tanah Airkoe,  
 djikalaupoen dikau loepakan akoe,  
 Sebab beta akan mendjadi:  
 oedara diatas djalanan  
 tanah didalam padangmoe,  
 mendjadilah beta  
 kata bergetar pada telingamoe  
 rona dan wangi, sinar dan boenji  
 njanjian tertjinta, mengoelang abadi  
 Amanatkoe.....  
 Tanah Airkoe koedjoendjoeng tinggi  
 poentja dan alas djiwa larakoe  
 Goegoesan Filipina nan indah djoewita  
 Selamat tinggal, sekali lagi:  
 Koetinggalkan bagimoe segala  
 handai-taulan, kasih sajangkoe.  
 Akoe berangkat pergi ketempat,  
 dimana tiada boedak-belian

*haroes bertekoek toendoekkan kepala  
dibawah tjerpoe kaoem penindas,  
dimana insan tiada tiwas  
lantaran menganoet Kejakinannja  
dimana Toehanlah kekal bertachta.....*

Goodbye, land I adore  
Region chosen in the Southern sun.....  
How wonderful to sleep forever  
In your bosom, O blessed land.  
When in the waving green grass  
that shrouds my grave  
the time comes when you see  
a sprig of flower bloom from a crack  
smiling, blushing,  
touch it with your lips  
because that is my soul.  
And when in the still evening  
a lone man  
asks for the blessing of peaceful sleep,  
Pray for me, O my country.  
Pray for those who left our world  
with indescribable grief, sorrow,  
Pray for those who are still alive  
groaning in pain in prison,  
Pray to lighten the load  
of the suffering mother and widow  
and the orphan,  
Pray also for yourself  
You who are headed Freedom's way...  
If there is no longer a cross to mark my grave  
and I have already been forgotten,  
Let the farmers plough the land

so my ashes will merge in time  
with the hills and valleys.  
What does it matter, my homeland,  
even if you forget me,  
Because I myself will become:  
air above the street  
the soil in your field,  
a pure note  
vibrating in your ears  
colour and scent, light and sound  
a beloved song, endlessly repeating  
My faith .....

My homeland I hold up high  
the very basis of my being  
The beautiful isles of the Philippines  
Good-bye, once again:  
I leave all to you,  
my friends, my love.  
I leave to go to that place,  
where there are no slaves  
who bow their head  
under the oppressor's sole  
where no one dies  
because of what he believes  
where God reigns eternal .....