

# Summer solstice essay



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

Nick Joaquin's "Summer Solstice" is one of the many intoxicating narratives he's made. It could hold been attributed to the author's province of head while composing his narratives. He portions this sort of manner with Edgar Allan Poe and Ernest Hemingway. They love to imbibe and compose. I love to imbibe and drink... milk. I wish I am still a kid to bask it for free where merely my call is my ticket to acquiring it. This possibly the ground why I still have this magnetic attractive force to chests. I must acknowledge. I'm non in the place to transport out a unfavorable judgment of a master's work. Who am I anyhow? A master's work is a master's work. But as human existences. it is in our nature to knock. We even knock the expressions of our fellow worlds whom God masterfully created. I am non excused from such nature. so. coupled with the duty from the instructor. I will declare that I don't like the narrative. It merely lacks the erotism of a Harold Robbins. The lone short narrative I love that is barren of any erotism is Rappaccinni's Daughter by Hawthorne. It is romantic. Summer solstice is the clip of the twelvemonth in the Northern Hemisphere when the midday Sun appears to be farthermost North. It is a sacred juncture for the Druids of England. It was even insisted by scientists to hold caused the hard-on of the celebrated prehistoric memorial in Salisbury. England. the Stonehenge.

Nick Joaquin's short narrative version of the natural phenomenon does non incite any hard-on of some kind. It is dissatisfactory. I suspect that he could hold made some hard-ons. given the manner he used and hinted in depicting the feminineness or masculinity of his topics. However. he didn't. For what? For delicadesa? I was confused until it dawned on me that he could hold done that intentionally. He did that to victimize his audience into reading

farther by hanging their outlooks in suspended imaginativeness. He successfully outraged the secular emotions of human ardor but resisted from fulfilling them. He could hold done what I needed to read, but he didn't. It is "bitin". And that's the secret. To keep your audience by their natural inherent aptitudes for your ain advantage is Freudian. A hocus-pocus or thaumaturgy that can merely be juggled and pulled off, if you are a maestro of the trade. No admiration, the Palanca juries succumbed the same manner into giving out their items. Now, to measure the narrative, the secret plan was engineered to be like a film secret plan during his clip. It can be observed that he employed capitalized words to propose passages.

As a great fan of classical films, some of which dates to the clip of Master Joaquin, there is a dramatic resemblance to the manner the films were made during that clip to his "Summer Solstice". Movies during the station war epoch do demo the audience the name of each scene before continuing. Such method of interrupting the proceedings helps the incognizant few, and the slow 1s like me to dissect his point of position or what the narrative is all about in installment footing. It slightly helps the funny or the duty-bound reader like our category for this affair to rewind the contents of the narrative encapsulated within the passage and read it farther merely to hold some meager appreciation of what is go oning. There are six scenes or passages I have observed upon reading. The first, after the rubric, established the epoch or clip when the narrative happened. Introduction of props like horse-drawn passenger cars surely does non picture the present but leads the reader to the yesteryear. The chief character Dona Lupeng was introduced

as a conservative female parent of three male children and populating a classy life style with retainers.

This suggests statutory pride that you would not anticipate her or, with her hubby Don Paeng to mix with the people outside their societal kingdom. Don Paeng and Entoy, the driver were not as rollickingly introduced by the writer than the Dona or Amada. Another of important ingredients was the nearing juncture of St. John's festival. This accentuates the narrative with acquaintance from the local readers. The 2nd scene commenced by the capitalized entry of " BUT HOW CAN THEY..." established the quandary of Dona Lupeng of her outstanding wonder of how the norm is being disturbed by the nearing festival of St. John. A male frequenter saint should be venerated, but the antonym is going on where adult females are empowered to hold messianic enterprises of bringing forth natural phenomenon for the planting season. Guido was introduced in this peculiar scene. A assorted character, he added substance to how adult females are empowered and further suggested such feeling to Dona Lupeng with his romantic feeling of adult females. I am reminded by the Cartoon Network's Johnny Bravo. In contrast to the first scene where the writer somewhat advocated muliebrity more than its popular opposite number. This scene established a puff of a more male ambiance.

The writer employed titillating descriptions of his performing artists. Surgical in item therefore eliciting, but not plenty. This scene besides introduced Dona Lupeng's revolting aura when she resisted the direction of her husband's order to sit down. The 3rd scene inaugurated at the grandfather's topographic point. There was a societal assemblage attended largely by

household members. This scene evidenced the intent of why the character of Guido was conceived. He was inoculated in the narrative to provide the quandary in Dona Lupeng. It happened in their rambling minutes in this scene. Women harmonizing to this European educated Don Juan are meant to be adored and handled with attention like some China wares. to be placed on a base and to be worshipped. This strengthened the political positions of Lupeng with respect to gender issues. Femininity is similarly every bit powerful as maleness. The extract of the women's rightist thought that one is non born but instead becomes a adult female attitude was easy being ravenously digested. Guido was unnatural comparative to the times and position of his being when patriarchy was the popular motion in society. Don Paeng noticed this abnormalcy.

The 4th scene marks the consummation Lupeng's virginity of the boggling gender-political issues that she has been inquiring all along. This is a given. The temper observed by her hubby is slightly interpreting a declaration of newfound penetrations which I suspect could hold been brought about by the early conversation with Guido. She is now seeing a bright visible radiation beyond the oblivion of uncertainness. Guido's far out thought of adult females supplemented the warming wonder of Dona Lupeng of the Tatarin to travel beyond boiling point. The Dona's wonder and continuity to go to the Tatarin unwittingly performed to dissemble her feminine/nist power. Despite the Don's opposition. she was able to do him allow her desire to travel to the festival. " THE CULT OF THE TATARIN" phrase commence the 5th scene. It briefly described Tatarin as a three twenty-four hours festival with the beginning of the banquet of St. John followed by the two-day jubilation of

muliebrity in a man's banquet. The scene tries to exude a more gay temper than the banquet for the frequenter itself. It is like the anticipated cockfight of Jaro Fiesta where it is a much more anticipated event than the mass to observe the banquet of The Blessed Mother of Candles itself ; or the Ati-atihan in the banquet of the Santo Nino.

This is besides going on in this scene. where the concluding rite of transfiguring adult females is the most of import rite in the Tatarin. This is women's twenty-four hours with St. John as their mascot. The ritual is slightly helter-skelter. as if the adult females were similar sharks in feeding-frenzy. Don Paeng became their victim when he acted his protest over his wife's self-determined demeanour to fall in in the dance crowd. In a pool of estrogen and Lipo-Lutin. a testosterone is nil. The 6th scene of the short-story took topographic point in the couple's place ; Don and Dona Paeng's place. The concluding contention of the sexes. The 12th unit of ammunition of gender pugilism. On the bluish corner. the Adam of the species. Don Paeng ; and on the ruddy. the Eve of the species. Dona Lupeng. Venus vs. Apollo. The bell rang to mean the battle. Dona Lupeng threw a poke " What are you traveling to make Rafael? " . Don Paeng countered with a hook. " I am traveling to give you a whipping"

This exchange of verbal clouts and uppercuts continued until Dona Lupeng was declared master by a whooping K. O. Don Paeng finally surrendered his highly-priced male pride to creep like a lizard and snog the pess of Dona Lupeng. FEMININITY WON! ! ! This is the terminal of one of the most intoxicant short-stories I have of all time read. What can I expect from a Nick Joaquin anyhow? Elating elixirs as inputs. rational poisonings as end

products. For a lowly minded being like me. it is difficult to understand the narrative unless I indulge myself into elating activities he patronizes. This is my passport in going indulged in similar vantage point as the writer. To make him is to run into him in the lands of the high spirited. The topographic point of St. Michael. The portraiture of St. John in this narrative is to deviate our attending from his saint... Saint Michael. Nick Joaquin died a twosome of old ages ago. As a testimonial. I wish I have made him happy at least by reading one of his narratives. I hope that he is at peace to whatever topographic point he is now. a topographic point where vino. whiskey. and beer is overrunning and free. I hope there is milk at that place when my bend come.