

Chinoy

volume 4, issue 1 (Sept. 2002)

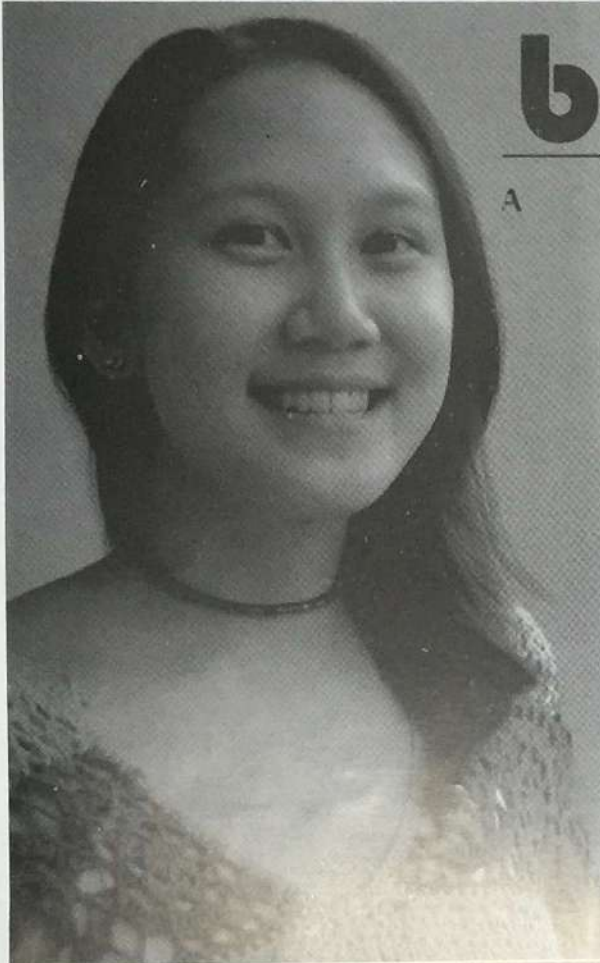
The official publication of the Ateneo Celadon

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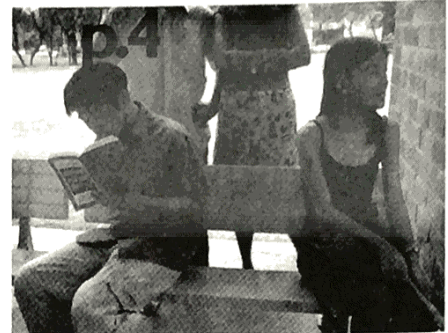
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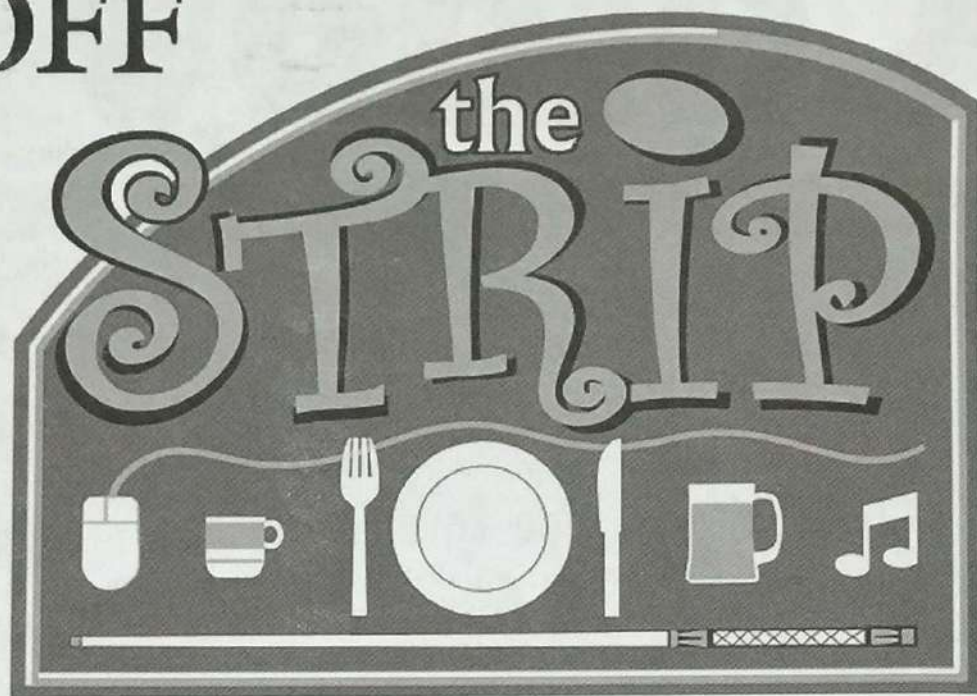
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Letter from the Editor

Jennifer Lo, editor-in-chief

Look around you. More often than not, you'll find a chinky-eyed person blending in with the crowd. The Tsinoy of today are hardly distinguishable from other Filipinos, in their manner of dressing and speech, or in their way of thinking and acting. The only difference is that they have a dimension to them which may mystify and sometimes even amuse those who may not understand. This dimension is his cultural heritage, handed down through tradition and constantly evolving through time.

In this issue, we hope to share that dimension with you as we step into the shoes of some very interesting people. The girl, daring enough to defy her parents' dating policy. The bi-lingual daughter, at ease with both the Filipino and Chinese cultures. The eager summer job trainee behind the counter of the family business. They are Filipinos at heart, yet retain some part of their Chinese culture. They are the modern-day Tsinoy. ☯



Contributors: Kris Tang, Ginnii Sua, Abby Go, Arlene Sy Not in Picture: Carolyn Ang, Arlene Wong

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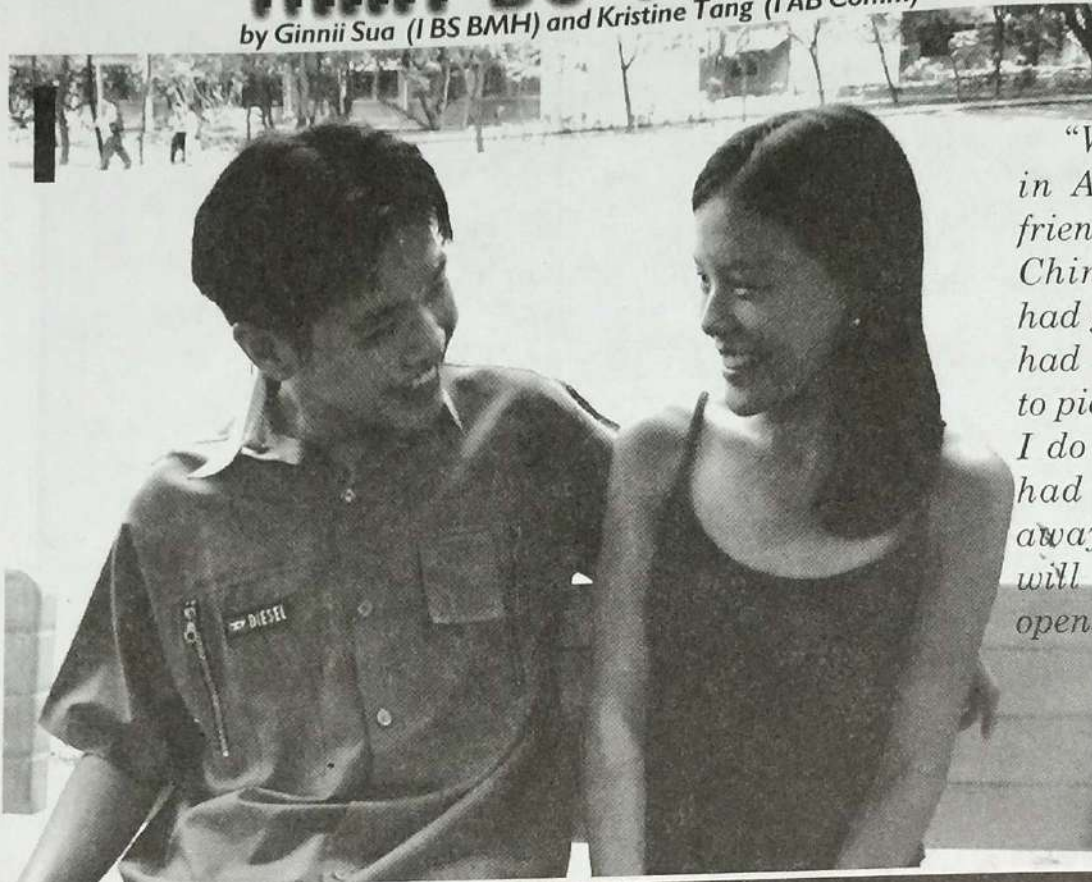
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WHAT DO YOU THINK OF FILIPINOS

by Ginnii Sua (I BS BMH) and Kristine Tang (I AB Comm)

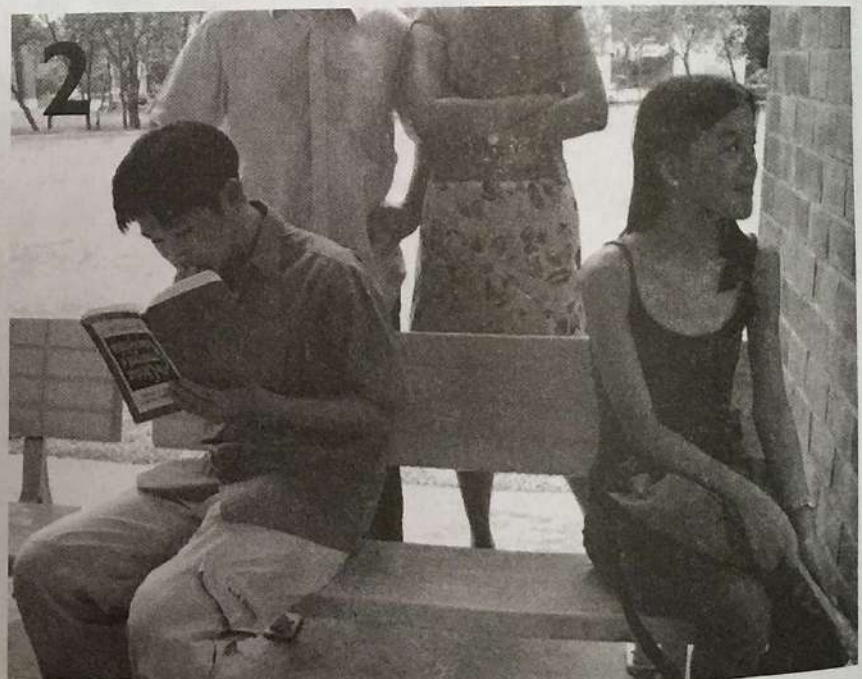


"When I was a student in Ateneo, I used to be friends with a number of Chinese girls. When we had group reports to do, I had to ask somebody else to pick them up and when I do bring them home, I had to stop two houses away so that the daddy will not see me when he opens the gate..."

Is this any way to court a girl?

1. get to know her well
2. pretend not to know her when her parents are there.
3. wait for her parents to leave
4. get back to getting to know her

This was how some Filipino-Chinese friendships went back in the 80's, according to Mr. Ambeth Ocampo of the History Department. We can only imagine how hard romantic Fil-Chi relationships were during those days. **What has changed after the turn of the 21st century? Are Chinese more open to the idea of marrying Filipinos? And what do Filipinos think about this issue?** These are the questions we are trying to shed light on as we ask different people what they think about Fil-Chi relationships.



NO-CHINESE RELATIONSHIPS?

What Pinoys Think...



"I am open to the idea even if the parents are against it. It's not in the race *naman*. Maybe they had a bad experience with a Filipino before so they generalize that all Filipinos are like this..."

Katya
III AB-EURO

"I think it's more acceptable now, although there are still parents who don't agree. It's basically cultural and it depends on how conservative and flexible the parents are. I don't think it's a big problem now compared to before."

Mr. Ambeth Ocampo
History Department



"If the guy's serious and it's the same feeling with me, then I would pursue the relationship. But it depends on the guy; if his parents are against the relationship and he's the family-first type of person then I would respect his decision, whatever it may be."



Celeste B. Gomez
III Bs-PSYCH

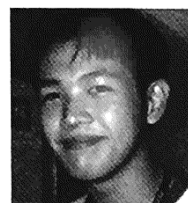
"If I were to fall for a Chinese girl, I would have to give the decision to her. But I would first exhaust all reasons to persuade her to push through with our relationship. I would also talk to the parents. It would only be just if they would try to get to know me first before they jump into any decision. If the girl decides not to go through with the relationship, then I would respect her decision. I would just like

"Champ"
AB-PHILO



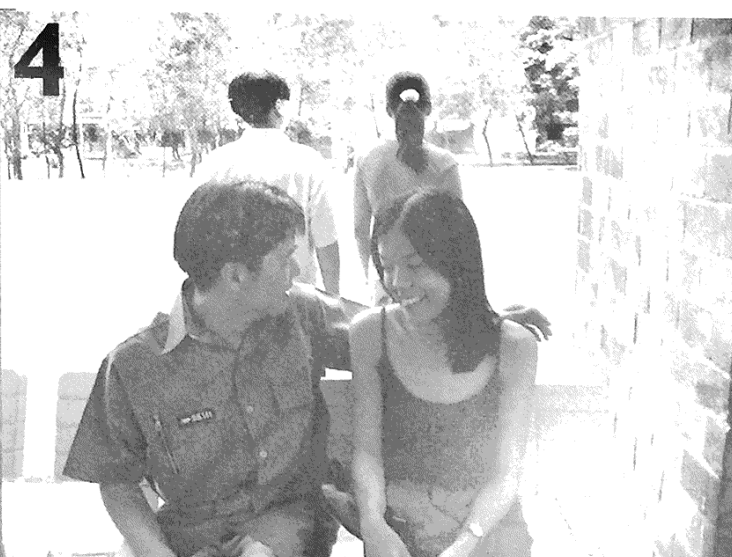
"Usually, the only problem with Fil-Chi relationships is the parents. My mom is Chinese but they accepted my dad *naman* so there was no difficulty. Personally, I am open to the idea, though I think the Chinese feel that some Filipinos are not good enough that's why they're against the relationship."

Diane Carasia
I AB-PSYCH



"Out of respect for the parents, I wouldn't pursue the girl anymore if they are against Fil-Chi relationships. I think it's part of their tradition to want to marry fellow Chinese. I respect their opinion and I don't hold anything against them."

Chok Porciuncula
II BS-BIO



"I wouldn't date the guy anymore if the parents are really against it. They're gonna do everything to keep you apart so you wouldn't be able to date properly in the first place. So 'wag na lang."



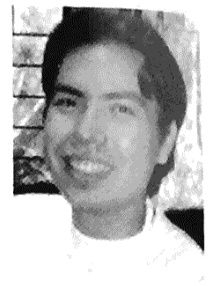
Chs
III AB-COMM

"If you really love the person, you really shouldn't care what the parents think because it's your life. It doesn't matter if a person is Filipino or Chinese."



Bea Siojo
I AB-PSYCH

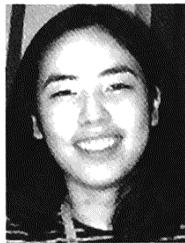
"It's hard to date a Chinese girl, because of the cultural difference. And it's difficult because some Chinese don't really like Filipinos. But if I really like the girl, I guess I would go ahead with it. You can't just let someone stop you from liking a person."



Rey Felix Rafola
II AB-MEC

What Chinoys Think...

"Honestly, I can't picture myself having a romantic relationship with a Filipino. I don't know why, maybe it's because of upbringing. I know some friends who had relationships with Filipinos and *sobrang gulo sa* family. I don't want that to happen to me. If ever I would have one, I want him to be accepted by my family."



Kimberly Gosingco
III BS-MIS

"Most Chinese are prejudiced regarding this issue. I think it's because they don't know Filipinos well enough. Maybe they don't have friends who are Filipino so they tend to think that they're different and that they should not have much relationship with them. I have a son and I allow him to date Filipinas and would not be surprised at all if he marries one."



Mrs. Ellen H. Palanca
Chinese Department

It's okay for me to go out with Filipinos as friends but when it comes to romantic relationships, my parents don't allow it. I guess it's because of tradition. They want me to have a partner who's from the same race, from the same culture, from the same way of life. It's just that Chinese have the same outlook on life. They're against marriage but if that happens, they said that they won't be able to do anything about it but they won't be happy."



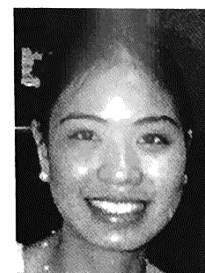
Hans Yao
IV BS-MGT-H



"My parents really don't recommend it but they would respect my decision if I would decide to have one. It's just not favorable to my parents. Medyo may stereotype kasi."

Edward Cheson Sy
II BS-CHCE

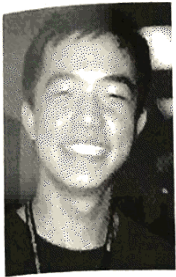
"Okay lang sa parents ko and okay lang sa akin. 'Coz when you think about it, *yung* culture ng Filipino and culture ng Chinese, *parang* nag-o-overlap, they meld together. If may differences, *hindi naman ganyan kalaki*, or *hindi naman ganiyan ka-obvious*. If meron differences, *mga sobrang liit na lang*, *mga sobrang* traditional na things."



Jayme Chua
IV BS MCT

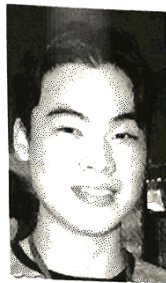
"I think the Chinese now have become more open-minded and liberal. I've asked a lot of my friends what the real issue is and the usual answer is tradition but then if you really think about it, they would all agree that it's financial."

Ms. Stephanie Cu
History Department



"I'm allowed to date Filipinas but my parents still prefer Chinese. For my part, it doesn't really matter if she's Chinese or not. It's the person not the race, though there would still probably be cultural conflict."

Jonathan Uy
II BS-ME



"I know people who are in Fil-Chi relationships and I'm not opposed to it. But when it comes to me, since I haven't been in that situation and since my parents are against this kind of relationship, I wouldn't go through with it."

Shannon King
II BS-MIS



"My dad's the typical conservative Chinese, so he doesn't want me to have romantic relationships with Filipinos. I think he wants to preserve the line. He wants my children to be Chinese *talaga*. If ever I would fall for a Filipino, I would end the relationship right away, before things get serious. I wouldn't want to go against my parents' will."

Jen Jen Go
III BS-MIS



"My parents always tell me that they prefer Chinese and I, myself, do too. One reason is because Chinese have a lot of rituals and that they fear a person from another culture might not understand them. It might cause conflict in the relationship. If I were to get involved in one, they would have to accept it. They're not really against it, it's just that they prefer."

Dennis Tee
IV BS-MGT-H

The Chinoy of today is hardly distinguishable from his Pinoy peers. That is how assimilated they have become. In Fil-Chi relationships, however, there still exists some apprehensions, may it be cultural, financial or plain stereotypical mentality. What is asked in both parties is open mindedness — for the Chinoy families to understand that marrying a Pinoy is not diverting from one's culture and for the Filipino families to understand that Chinoy parents only want the best for their children. For the "illegal" Fil-Chi couple, acceptance is not going to happen overnight. Only when they're truly determined to hold on to the relationship will they be able to make it. Being rebellious wouldn't help the situation at all, because if they want the relationship to have the best of both worlds they'll have to earn their parents' approval — and they will, eventually. ☯

REAL LIFE

Cherry Uy (IV BS MCT), a chinoy; and Mikey Rosales (IV BS MGT), a pinoy have the perfect relationship. They lack only one thing — their parents' approval. Bakit kayo bawal?

C: Dad *ko kasi may stereotype na pag Filipino, lolokohin ka lang, iiwanin ka.*

M: Parents *ko*, they're not so for it, but then they're not really against it. What they don't want is *na maayawan ako ng* someone from her side.

Do you think in the future, you relationship will be accepted by your parents?

C: I don't know, *siguro wait lang and see. Siguro pagna-prove niya [Mikey] yung sincerity niya for me, or na-prove namin na we're really meant for each other. Sana pumayag na rin.*

Yung dad ko, may stereotype. Sa mom ko naman, preferably Chinese rin sana, pero kungyari makita niya na sincere naman and okay naman yung Filipino guy, okay lang rin. Ang thing lang bakit gusto talaga niya ng Chinese [boyfriend] is

medyo mahirap pakisamahan kung magkaiba yung culture ng families. Kungyari mag-asawa, tapos may gathering — mahirap lang kasi iba yung culture. For my mom, culture lang talaga yung problem, not because of any stereotype.

Two cultures can co-exist in harmony, despite differences in traditions and values. But the real issue here is: how different is the Chinoy's culture from the Pinoy's?

C: *Mahirap daw kasi iba yung culture, ano ba yung culture na iba?* (asks Mikey)

M: *Ako, ayoko magpula pag may birthday!*



*Joke lang! I think in a lot of ways Cherry's very Filipino. What she eats, how she talks, how she thinks. Siyempre there are some things that are different such as language, pero very minimal lang. Cherry, in a lot of ways, is Filipino. If she wasn't *chinita*, and didn't have "Uy" as her surname, I'd never think of her as Chinese.*

TWO CULTURES One LOVE

art by Joyce Gotamco
Article by Abby Lana Go II-AB MGT
Graphic Design by Cami Dalusong III BSMIS

This is the story of a Chinese guy who fell deeply in love with a Filipina. Let's call the hero of my story Henry and the heroine, Malou.

Like some 1st generation Chinese in the Philippines, Henry's parents wanted him to marry a Chinese girl. He had gone through countless kai shaos, meetings where his parents set him up with the daughter of other Chinese families. He had endured numerous blind dates but none of these relationships ever worked out. He had just about given up on ever finding the right one. That is, until he met her.

Boy Meets Girl

She was the girl of his dreams: simple yet pretty, quiet and conservative. Their conversations were never boring. She was a strong woman who would stand up whatever she believed in. The only thing was, Chinese blood did not run through her veins.

His parents' disapproval was just enough to stop him from pursuing her, though. He became her most persistent suitor, religiously fetching her from school every afternoon and even tutoring her in her accounting subjects free of charge. His extraordinary persistence, and his perfect set of teeth, eventually won her heart.

Things were not easy for them as a couple. Knowing that his parents would

disapprove of a non-Chinese daughter-in-law, Henry kept his relationship with Malou a secret. Malou's mother, on her part, disliked Chinese and strictly ordered her daughters to avoid marrying one. With the unlikelihood of their marriage being accepted, they were left with no other choice but to elope.

Clad only in simple suits, they exchanged "I do's" in the presence of a judge and a close friend. Afterwards, instead of throwing a big bash in some ritzy hotel, they ordered chicken from Savory and ate the simple dinner together.

They managed to keep their marriage a secret from their families for 3 whole years. By then, they had been blessed with two beautiful children, a girl and a boy.

Just when they thought that things were turning out well, their eldest child was suddenly taken ill. None of the doctors they consulted could prescribe the right treatment. With their two-year old daughter's condition getting worse and their finances running out, Henry decided to approach his mother for help.

Acceptance

Contrary to what he had expected, he didn't receive a single harsh word from his mother despite his marrying someone not Chinese and keeping their marriage a secret from the family. Instead, she immediately asked him to bring the child so she could accompany them to a Chinese doctor she knew.

Tears sprang to her eyes when she saw her



two grandchildren for the first time. She welcomed Malou as well with open arms.

Henry's mother preferred a Chinese daughter-in-law so she could communicate with her more easily and also prevent any possible culture clash. Malou struggled long and hard to overcome the language barrier. Because her mother-in-law knew how to speak only a smattering of Filipino, Malou strived hard to learn Fookien (her mother-in-law's native dialect). Eventually, she was able to speak and understand the basics allowing the language gap to diminish.

They managed to keep their marriage a secret from their families for 3 whole years.



Images of buddha side by side with the Crucifix and the Sto.Nino

Cross-cultural Family

Henry and Malou's story is none other than the true story of my parents. I was that baby who got sick.

Our family pretty much has an interesting exchange and mishmash of both Filipino

and Chinese cultures. In bringing us up, our parents never give emphasis to one culture over the other; they make it a point to bring out the best of both worlds all the time.

Despite her being a Marian devotee, my mother does not mind having images of Buddhist gods and goddesses in our house. On Sundays, my family visits a Buddhist temple in the morning then attends a Catholic mass right after.

We speak in English or Filipino at home, and easily revert to Fookien when our grandmother is around.

Conflicts brought about by my parents' different cultural upbringing, however, are not avoided entirely. My mother is more inclined towards the arts; she encourages us to indulge in sports, enroll in music classes, and other activities. My father usually objects deeming them a mere waste of money. He'd rather we spend our spare time helping out in the family business. To resolve this, they allow us to indulge in extracurricular activities as long as we

allot a few hours helping out in the office.

My father's uptightness also clashes with my mother's leniency. Ever aware of the spate of kidnapping of Chinese Filipinos, my father is extremely cautious. When asking for permission to go out, we are faced with a barrage of questions: "Who are you going out with?", "How are you getting there?", "What time are you coming home?" Thankfully, my father has loosened up a little, now that we can take care of ourselves.

Formula for Harmony

Through compromise, understanding, and adjustments, our family is able to stay together despite the differences in culture and sometimes even values. I even believe that aside from love and trust, the cultural difference adds up to the flavor that spices up our family's relationship. Seeing my family in this blissful state makes me firmly believe that racial disparity doesn't matter so much in relationships, the essentials lie somewhere else.

Although Chinoy parents are now more open to the idea of their children having Filipino partners, there are still a number who see it unfavorably. Stories of couples whose parents forbid them to see each other are not uncommon. There may be a few of whose relationships did not turn out well, but what is seldom heard are the success stories like that of my parents' which, without a doubt, far outnumber the former.

I asked my father once if he would ever forbid me to marry someone from another race (Filipino, in particular). Without batting an eyelash, he vehemently answered "No". He said, "There is absolutely no reason for me to forbid you to marry someone who is responsible enough to take care of you, regardless of his cultural background. However, if he cannot take good care of you and your family, I would be the first one to take you away from him, *kahit na* pure Chinese *pa siya!*" ☺

cultural difference adds up to the flavor that spices up our family's relationship.

She promoted awareness and interest in the Chinese tradition of feng shui among Filipinos through her TV show and columns. She changed her name to a double "L" (something to do with numerology). She wrote a book on illicit love affairs— Pinoy style. Chinoy sits down with Mrs. Jullie Yap Daza, this interesting mix of modern and traditional, to find out her own formula for success as a mother of four and a career woman who holds down a taxing job serving the public as a very sought-after broadcast-journalist.



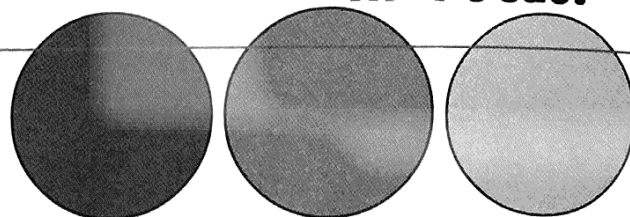
Growing up, I was very quiet, very timid, very shy. We were growing up in a big house with my grandparents, typical Chinese style where all the children live together. It was a very introspective kind of childhood."

Jullie Yap-Daza's foundation in communication and expressing herself is rooted in her family's scholarly background. "My mother was a teacher, she was one of the first working women at that time, so I learned a lot from my mother, my father was a mathematical genius. None of his mathematical genes went to me though," she quips. "My father used to travel a lot and he would write me these beautiful travelogues, pieces describing what he had seen... so I had a very good foundation in communicating my feelings."

Upon entering college, her Chinese background set her apart from her other classmates in UST. "I was special because I had a different dimension which they [classmates] did not have. In class, when we were discussing oriental literature for example, I could contribute a different insight into Chinese poetry, Chinese painting. When we were discussing religion in Apologetics or Religion class, I would give them the Buddhist, or Taoist point of view."

Her professional life started very early. She began writing for her Alma matter's school magazine, the Varsitarian. In her senior year, the editor in chief of the Evening News happened to be her professor. She was chosen along with five other girls to work in his newspaper. At eighteen she was already writing first-page editorials and was doing the job of a managing editor. This was a period she considered "training grounds" for bigger things to come.

In Focus:



The Married Life

Her marriage— or rather her elopement— was a shock to all, especially her family. "I was one of the first girls to get married to a non-Chinese. Betty Go Belmonte and I. We got married almost at the same time, and we were similar in that we chose men who were not Chinese."

We asked her how her family reacted to this: "Of course, they were shocked because I eloped. They were shocked, not because I married a Filipino but because I did not prepare them. We just decided to elope, my wedding dress was finished in six hours! When my father-in-law read my newspaper [the next morning], and he saw my picture there getting married to his son...haha!"

Her thoughts on intermarriage of people from different backgrounds: "I think it's a minority who continue to practice a short and narrow view about religion, race and culture. When you look at it, the more you travel around the world, you see how people are alike."

She raised her kids to be independent. As she puts it quite frankly, "I give them a lot of lee way because I know they are smart. If I knew they were dumb, I would not have allowed that, I would have been very strict with them. I think strict parents are there for dumb children. Tell your parents that!"



Jullie Yap Daza

By Carolyn Ang IV AB Euro

On Her Success

Her work philosophy which contributed to her success is: "That your work is your life. Your work will make you interesting. Your work will make you famous. Your work will bring you to the right places and to the right people. Never cheat anyone, give them what is due them and the world will give it back to you."

"She avoids big social events if she can help it, but will take time to lunch and have dinner with friends. She loves nature (except staying under the sun), sees beauty in the littlest detail, is a devoted friend, and is given to laughter very easily," says Charisse Chuidian, a good friend of Jullie's.

Jullie's philosophy in life: "My thinking as I started maturing is like this: I wanted this, (small circle with fingers) so I ask God, please give me this, please give me this. Not knowing that god is going to give me this! (big circle with arms) Why should I be asking for this (small circle again with fingers), when I do not know what larger, more beautiful things are awaiting to be given to me?" ☯

Mrs. Yap Daza was recently awarded a Jose Rizal Awards for Excellence given by Kaisa, Inc. for her outstanding contributions to Philippine society

www.ateneo-celadon.com

Things I can't understand about my Chinese friends:

"How come they always have funny but yummy food and sweets in their house?"

-Mau Torres 3 AB Euro

"I don't understand why they're not allowed to have relationships with non-chinese people."

-Marco Monzon 1 BMH

"...wearing red on birthdays, belief in dragons, arranged marriages, animals that symbolize years and their medicine are some things which confuse me."

-Mary Louise Liao 1 AB ECO

"The language... It's just so intricately woven with different dialects."

-Krissy Sacdalan III BS MIS

"Why are chinitos and chinitas so irresistible?"

-Angelo Atadero, 1 BSME

"Why can't the Chinese marry Filipinos?"

-Oscar Bruce, Jr., 1 BSME

"Why is it a need to form a Chinoy group?"

- Jose Agustin, Filipino Teacher

"What is it with arranged marriages?"

- Rocco, II-AB EURO

"umm.. They all look the same"

-Chum Basubas I-BMH

"The way they speak.. parang wa-lah lang... bisaya type punto!"

-Eli Llorente I-POS

"Why are they so OC about their food and they always think someone's gonna kidnap them?"

-Celine Esguerra I-POS

"Why are they so good in math huh!"

-MJ Cua I-ECO H

"What is it with all the incense and Feng Shui?"

-Karla Deles, 2 BS CS

"I don't know kung bakit big deal sa Chinese women yung 'fold' sa eyes. Some even undergo operation just to get the 'fold'."

Bic Arce, 2 BS ME

"Impressions on the Chinese: 1. Industrious, hardworking, rich; 2. Impressive cultural heritage; 3. Averse to their children marrying Filipinos; 4. Yummy food!"

-Vincenz Serrano, English Department Faculty:



Proud To Be Chinoy

One girl shares what it means for her to be a Chinese Filipino today

It's interesting to be Chinoy.

I vividly remember the early years: the groans, the childish pouts, followed by attempts at uttering what seemed like decent-enough, chop-suey Chinese phrases. We had little choice back then. Often, my brother and I couldn't get what we wanted unless we articulated our wants and needs in straight Fookien (the Chinese dialect largely used locally). English and Tagalog were permitted once in a while, but not without a constant, nagging reminder to speak in Chinese.

Chinky-eyed sister and brother mingled with more chinky-eyed people in school. We were both sent to private Catholic schools, each boasting of a well-grounded Chinese curriculum. For years we studied Mandarin (the mother of all Chinese dialects), the daily lessons consisting of stories and a corresponding set of vocabulary words and guide questions. There were enrichment activities once in a while, such as composition writing, dialogue recitation, Chinese calligraphy, and the annual celebration of the Mooncake Festival and Chinese New Year, complete with the customary dragon and lion dances. It was Little China for us every day. And more often than not, we were Little Chinese who actually knew more Taglish than Chinese.

College Blues

Come college, all 13 years of Mandarin Chinese flew out the window. Except for my remembrance of basic conversational words and phrases, I find myself incapable of speaking or writing profound, meaningful Chinese statements (I can see my Chinese teachers frowning shamefully at me). Sadly, I had to dismiss many friends' notions of my "perfect" Mandarin proficiency. The truth is, I am even more proficient in Fookien (and surprisingly, English and Filipino), which I regularly use at home. I guess, it comes with daily practice and usage.

But I will not discuss the ways in which my high school's Chinese curriculum could be improved. That's not the point.

I speak for those like me: members of the young Filipino-Chinese community who've studied at least 10 years of Mandarin in the Philippines, and who don't exactly find good, serious use for it right now. I'd bet that at present, none of my high school batchmates find their own 13 years of Chinese studies quite useful (unless "useful" constitutes impressing college friends with Chinese translations of "I love you" and "how are you?").

Who can blame us? We grew up on modern Philippine soil, in an age where technology and globalization are all the hype. Many of us grew up under the care of yayas who put us to sleep singing popular jukebox songs; we witnessed the daily turn of Philippine events in so many forms of media, both in English and Filipino; we learned how to eat Jollibee and McDonald's way before our palates grew accustomed to the taste of steamed dumplings, bamboo shoots, and black chicken soup. So don't blame us if we can't seem to get that Chinese accent right.

And excuse us for that familiar Chinese twang in our Tagalog or English.

In college, I've been singled out in class once or twice be-

"One teacher asked if I was allowed to date Pinoys..."

cause of my upbringing. One teacher asked if I was allowed to date Pinoys, or have one as a prospective boyfriend (I could feel all my blockmates' eyes on me, intrigued, as if I were some lab specimen). Another teacher, having asked us to pass our quizzes to the front, amusingly commended us (very few) Chinese in class for practicing the value of respect, having handed over the sheets of paper with both hands (which we really didn't — I guess he was just making a point).

Being Chinoy

There's nothing exciting about being Chinese, really. Sometimes there are even more down sides than perks. For one, you have to keep up with cer-

tain traditions you don't necessarily understand. You attend really big family gatherings with half the people in it not knowing each other. At some point in time you're not allowed to go out with this guy, because first and foremost, he's not Chinese (duh!). And yes, of course, you're almost always on the lookout, especially if it's kidnapping season.

"I speak for those like me: members of the young Filipino-Chinese community..."

I sometimes wonder where people like me stand. Except for my chinky eyes, fair complexion, and

100-percent Chinese descent, I'm not exactly what you'd call pure Chinese. On the other hand, I've been with enough Chinese — family, relatives, high school friends — to not know what it's like to be a true Filipino.

For those of you who think this is some kind of cultural conspiracy, I actually believe otherwise. Whoever coined the term "chinoy" must have greatly acknowledged the role and significance of the growing generations of Filipino-Chinese in the world: people bridging the gap between two very different cultures, catalysts to an assimilation of two worlds.

A Cultural Mix

It's nice to be able to look up to the likes of Henry Sy (who, by the way, I'm not related to) and John Gokongwei — Chinese who've made it big in the Philippines. And I'm not referring to the big bucks. Obviously, people like them have found security, success, fulfillment, and most importantly, a home in a country far from Mainland China. I'm sure they've had their share of identity-searching and adjustment. It's a comfort to know that they embody a part of Philippine society today, and more importantly, to know that the Philippines has called them her own.

I was fortunate enough to have visited my ancestral home in Fujian province, south of the Mainland, two years ago. Naturally, the locals spoke their dialect — Fookien — fluently. At first I thought that was to my advantage, but I was terribly wrong. I found myself groping for the most formal, proper Fookien words to use during several occasions. I was surprised to discover that I wasn't as fluent as I thought. I went to this quaint shoe store and, trying to explain why I wanted a bigger size, accidentally blurted out: "*Kasi!*"

The saleslady just stared at me blankly. I eventually gave up on explaining.

Well, I'm Chinoy, I could have told her. And damn proud of it. ☹

Weathering the Storms

By Arlene Anne Wong IV AB MECO

Art by Sheryl Lim III BS MIS

What are some of the traditional values which helped the immigrant Chinese succeed in the Philippines? How can these traditional Chinese values be transferred to the next generations?

Many of the self-made men in the Philippines traced their beginnings as simple workers, performing dirty jobs with their own two hands. It is a well-known fact that Henry Sy used to peddle shoes in Binondo. John Gokongwei Sr. hawked textile, soap, and other goods aboard his bicycle..

Starting Small

Most Chinoy businessmen share the same experiences; they too started out small. The immigrant generation of Chinese who came to the Philippines from China arrived in the country with not much else but the clothes on their back. They erected a foundation, literally with their blood, sweat and tears.

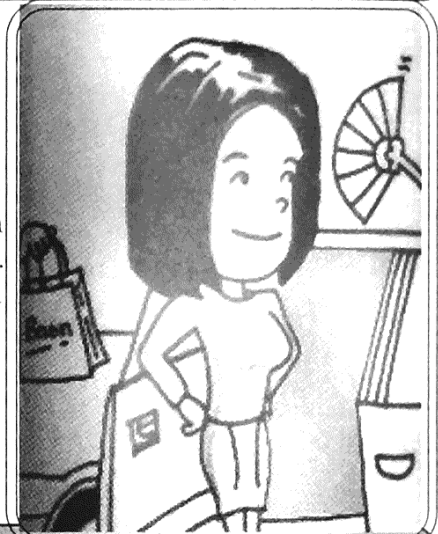
Such was the path taken by the grandfather of Willard Cheng, a communications junior. The older folk left behind an impoverished life in China with barely anything. Once settled in the Philippines, he placed food on the table by hawking merchandise such as slippers. "Napakahirap nga raw talaga ng buhay noon kasi yung kapital [konti lang] atsaka ang stocks pakonti-konti lang," shares Willard. His grandfather's hard work and perseverance eventually bore fruit. In the 1950's, the family opened their new hardware along Recto St. in Chinatown. "Gradual yung process...Nagsimula sa konting kapital, konting mga tornilyo. Later on, lumalaki na ang stocks, nag-eexpand na yung store space. Nagsimula talaga sa wala," adds Willard.

The T Word

While already inching their way towards financial stability, the immigrant Chinese never forgot the difficult lives they escaped from in the Mainland. Each one took to heart in instilling the value of hard work and perseverance to their descendants. Therefore, the children of these immigrant Chinese, today's parents, had been subjected to stringent training at a very early age. Heavy premium was placed on hard-earned money.

children of these immigrant Chinese had been subjected to stringent training at a very early age.

Abigail, a junior in UA&P, recounts her mother sharing some of her experiences as a young schoolgirl. "My mother and her siblings came home from school with piles of scrap paper collected from school, even from



Because of the hardwork and perseverance of our forefathers, life is easier for us

streets. They were to be used as *pambalot* for their tailoring shop. They never went home without any paper for they would surely receive a round of spanking from Guama (*maternal grandmother- ed.*)"

Such training and discipline, which may be viewed as harsh by the current generation, reaped rewards of greater success and prosperity for their business establishments.

The current generation rides on the crest of the generations past. Their forefathers' hard work and perseverance produced the comfortable lives they enjoy today. Where as their parents had to take public transportation, even get to places through walking miles, today's Filipino-Chinese youth, more often than not, have the services of a chauffeur. They have household helpers to do things for them, the very same things that their parents managed to do on their own.

"When mama was younger, during meals, a piece of mango was divided among all three of them [she and her siblings]. The one

who does poorly in school gets the seed part. Now, I get to eat all the mangoes I want. Sometimes, I even discard the seed part right away," confesses Abigail. She also shares how her mother waited for two years to finally own the shoulder bag she desired, as a graduation gift at that. Today, kids' vocabulary of a

graduation gift would not even entertain a shoulder bag; in fact, more likely than not, they have countless bags at the back of their closets.

This rigid training experienced by the second generation Chinese branched out into two upbringings for the current generation. The parents either imposed a similar kind of training on their children, or spoon-fed them, providing them with all the material benefits the elders could afford.

Willard and Abigail, fortunately, were both products of the latter. It is not to say, though, that both remained complacent and dependent on their parents. "*Sabi ng Dad ko, ayaw niyang maranasan ko ang hirap ng buhay dati, although hindi raw talaga mawawala yung discipline, yung pinaghihirapan talaga,*" confides Willard.

At a young age, both were required to spend hours at the sales counter of the family-owned business. "*Ayoko dati, pero ginagawa ko na rin. Natural na siguro sa atin ang pagiging masunurin. Makikita mo yung hirap,* so you [would] also want to contribute," asserts Willard. "When I look back, I realize *na yung pagbabantay ko*, proved to be very beneficial to me. It really enabled me to appreciate the value of money," recalls Abigail. Their stint at the *kaha* also honed their math skills and allowed them to interact with people from different walks of life. Abigail further relates, "You get to talk to people who come down from the mountains in jeeploads, sometimes with thirty of them in one jeep... paying for all their merchandise using one peso coins!"

Jungle Survival

The immigrant Chinese founders have weathered innumerable difficulties since they first set foot on this archipelago. With each ordeal, they emerged

wiser, more prosperous and with a higher degree of perseverance and tolerance. Nonetheless, one of the best traits of the elders remains to be their humility.

Some of the present generation of Chinese-Filipinos are too sheltered for their own good that their pain thresholds are too low to allow survival in the jungle world outside. A number, on the other hand, have been trained well.

"*Lumaki kasi ako na lahat pinaghihirapan, hindi nakukuha sa mabilisan. Ayoko sa culture of dependence, yung nakinabang ka sa bigay ng iba...* By virtue of your being a son, you receive all the wealth and prosperity... *hindi maganda, nakakalungkot,*" expresses Willard. "*Sabi ko sa sarili ko, hindi ko gagawin yun kasi nakakahiya sa magulang ko,*" he adds.

ATENEO DE MANILA
UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES

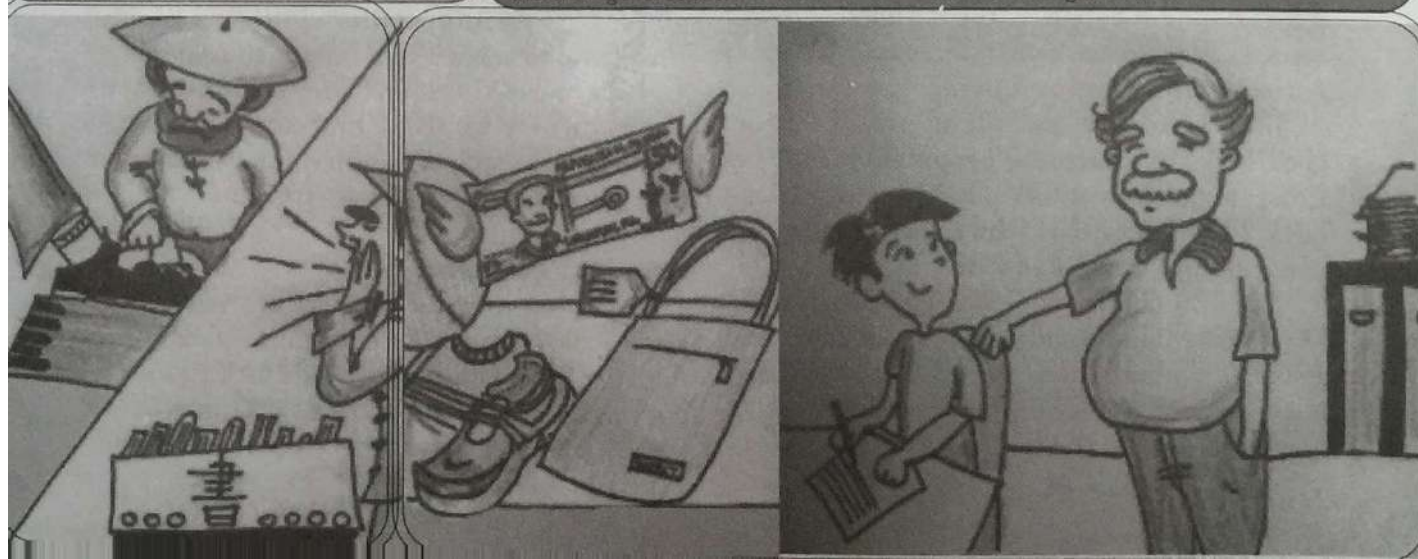
Lessons

It is said that only through experiences of trial and suffering can values be learned and character be shaped. The past generations have gone through a lot of trials to attain the financial wealth their families enjoy today. However, without imbibing the values that they learned along the way to their children, all their hard work may just come to naught. Without the values of industry, thriftiness and social responsibility, their children may very well squander away their money or else become mere worshippers of the all-mighty buck. There are no guarantees of comfortable and convenient lives, so it just might be reasonable for the older generation to expect us to appreciate the value of hard earned money, and to be prepared for hard times. It is well for all to remember that long after wealth and beauty tarnish, it is strength of character that will allow us to weather the storms of life. ☺

Business tycoons like Henry Sy and John Gokongwei Sr. started as simple salesmen selling their wares in the streets of old Manila

The hard work of generations past translates to more buying power for the new generations.

The values of hard work and perseverance are the best traditions one can hand down to the next generation



An Era of Learning

speech from the JGSOM inauguration, March 11, 2002



Good morning. I am John Gokongwei, Jr. I am not an Atenean but I feel at home with you. Today, at least.

Sixty-two years ago, I could not have dreamt of appearing before the Jesuits and their students to tell the story of my life. I was no more than a student then, at San Carlos University in Cebu, when my father died suddenly. It left me, the eldest, the responsibility of taking care of my mother and five siblings. That was tough for someone who was 13. Creditors had just seized our home and business and I had no experience with earning a living.

But here I am—not all on account of my good looks or charming personality—but because I somehow survived. And when I look back, I know now that I did so because I recognized change when I saw it.

The first change was war. I had turned 15. My mother had already sent my brothers and sister to China where the cost of living was lower. From Cebu, she and I had to make money to send to them.

Bicycle Age

I turned to peddling. My day began at 5 in the morning. I would load my bicycle with soap, thread, and candles, and then bike to neighboring towns to sell my goods. On market days, I would rent a stall, lay out the goods from the bike, and make about 20 pesos a day, enough for me to survive and to buy even more goods for next time.

Batel Age

After two years of biking and peddling at 17, I entered my batel age. The batel was a small very utilitarian boat that defied the open sea and would take me farther from Cebu and all the way to Lucena.

Once, our batel hit a rock and sank. Thank heavens for my rubber tires! Those were the goods I had with me to sell in Manila. Well, we all held on to those tires, which meant I saved all those traders and those traders saved all my tires.

At that time, the War was still going on. Ironically, I look back at the War with the fondest of memories. It was the great equalizer. Almost everyone I knew had lost big and small fortunes at the time. This meant we all started at ground zero.

When the war ended, I was 19. Because of the war, the economy was more dependent than ever on imports. So when I set up Amasia, my first company, it was to import textile remnants, fruit, old newspaper and magazines, and used clothing from the U.S.

Age of Trading

By then, my brothers and sister returned from China. Together, we worked in the trading business I had begun—as bodegeros, clerks, warehousemen, cashiers, and collectors. And all this while they were all still going to school; me, I stopped schooling.

Like most Chinese-Filipino families, we worked where we lived, and times, we had to endure the stench of rotten oranges and potatoes filling our two-story apartment.

Age of Manufacturing

I decided to enter the age of manufacturing. In 1957, I started a corn milling plant producing glucose and cornstarch. But there was one problem: I needed capital. This was not easy. I was 30, had no big company success to

back me up, and I didn't know any bankers.

Thankfully, Dr. Albino Sycip, then chairman of China Bank, and DK Chiong, then president, gave me a clean loan of P500,000 to start my business.

From there Universal Corn Products, the predecessor of Universal Robina Corporation, was born.

By 1961, cornstarch was becoming a commodity, and I saw that there was no future in a business where we had to keep lowering margins to survive. It was time to get into bigger, and riskier, game played by big multinationals like Procter and Gamble and Nestle. I saw that all they did to capture the market was to brand their products, for instance their coffee and their toothpaste. That is, give their coffee and toothpaste a name, a face, and an image that customer would instantly recognize and identify with quality.

Age of Brands

So, we put up CFC, and our first successful product was Blend 45, an instant coffee we put out to directly compete with Nestle's Nescafe. We positioned it as "the poor man's coffee," hired top movie star Susan Roces to endorse it, and employed Procter-and-Gamble veterans to sell it. We gave our coffee, snack food, candy, and chocolates a name, a face, an image.

It was also at this time that I returned to school for an MBA—with all due respect to the Jesuits, at De La Salle University—and a decade later for a 14-week advanced management program at Harvard. Going back to the university for studies which war had interrupted gave me an appreciation, believe me, for the beauty and the breadth of business life. This is something I believe I would never have gained if I had chosen to stop my education.

Age of Expansion

In the past decade, which is one-sixth of my entire business life, the company has tripled in size. This was the decade when our companies raised money from the global equity and

debt markets, brought our companies public, and hired the best professionals to run them. In six decades, we grew from a one-man team to a group with 30,000 employees.

Age of Globalization

Now I am in what you can probably call the age of globalization. I am always asked where I stand on this issue. I say that it does NOT matter where I stand because as sure as the Ateneo Basketball Team will win next year's UAAP championship, global barriers will come crashing down, and we have no choice but to prepare ourselves for that.

I chose to live my life unafraid even during times when I was afraid. I discovered that opportunities don't find you. You find your opportunities. I found those opportunities when my father passed away, when war came, through changes in presidents and their policies, during martial law, despite the coup d'etat, past economic booms and busts, and in the midst of market shifts and movements.

Now I'm 75 and retired. And funny, but I often wonder what even happened to my first bike! The bike that was my companion during those first years when my family had lost everything. I wonder where it is now? That bike reminds that success is not necessarily about connections, or cutting corners, or chamba—the three Cs of bad business.

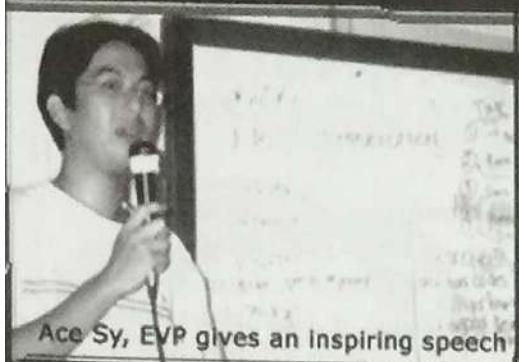
Call it trite-but, believe me, success can be achieved through hard work, frugality, integrity, responsiveness to change and most of all boldness to dream. These have never been just easy slogans for me. I have lived by them.

"...success is not necessarily about connections, or cutting corners, or *chamba*"

"...as sure as the Ateneo Basketball Team will win next year's UAAP championship, global barriers will come crashing down."

I hope that many of you in this room will some day choose to be entrepreneurs. Choose to be entrepreneur because then you create value. Choose to be an entrepreneur because the products, services, and jobs you create then become the lifeblood of our nation. But most of all, choose to be an entrepreneur because then you desire a life of adventure, endless challenge, and the opportunity to be your best self.

Thank you. ☺



Ace Sy, EVP gives an inspiring speech



Cool Dude,
Tristan Rosario



The Culturals Affairs Department



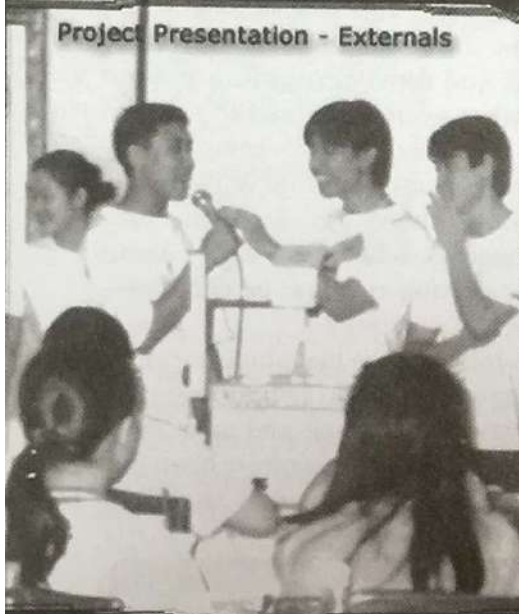
chilling out on the couch



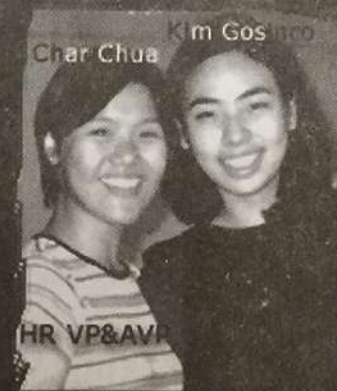
The Finance Team



Gege Uy, photographer



Project Presentation - Externals

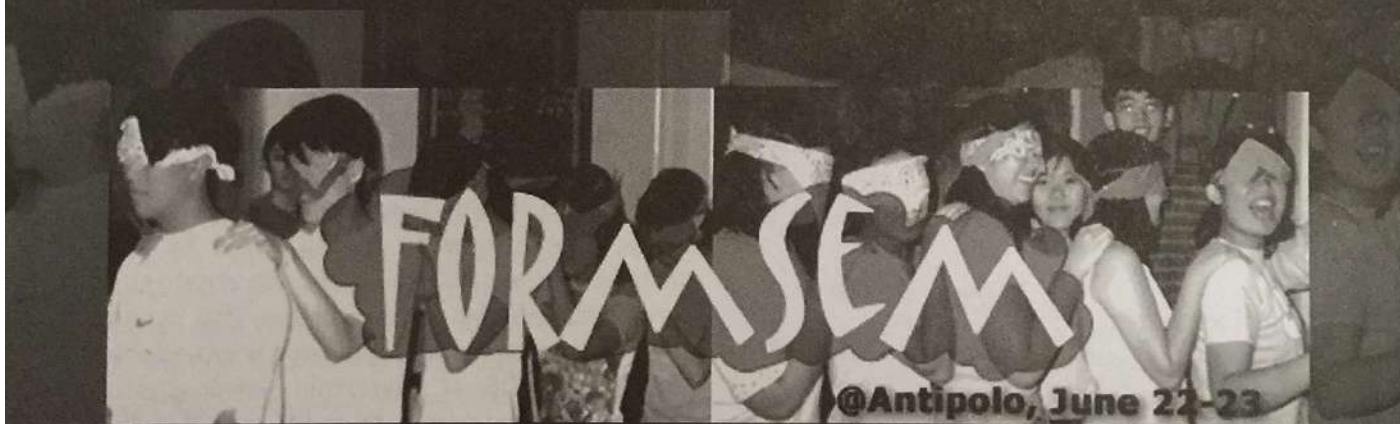


Char Chua Kim Gossico

HR VP&AVP



Geof Yu, President, welcomes
the new officers



FORMSEM

@Antipolo, June 22-23

News Flash: Celadon Charged With Disturbing the Peace!

BUHAY CELADON

By Victor Barreiro

Ateneo Celadon executives were charged with reckless endangerment and disturbing the peace at Villa Cristina Resort in Antipolo. The cause of this disturbing scene was, as one of the members puts it, "an extremely successful FormSem," which they held last June 22- 23, 2002. This FormSem, or formation seminar, was meant to be a venue for the new executive board and department managers of Celadon to showcase each department's new plans for the year and an opportunity for team building among the new leaders of the organization. This team-building aspect had disastrous circumstances, however, as it led to a host of chaotic events.

Silence of the Lambs

Fighting hunger pangs and sore bottoms from the long ride, the afternoon was spent with each department presenting their project line-up for the year. The evening was followed up by a team-building game originally called "The Amazing Race", an adventure race across the grounds of the resort where teams had to complete a challenge at each checkpoint and pass through all checkpoints in the least amount of time. However, due to a torrential downpour in the evening, "The Amazing Race" was restructured into an in-hotel competition.

The race was forcibly conducted in the quietest way possible. Other hotel guests were spooked by the groups of kids running up and down the stairs and hallways silently gesturing to each other. This led to its final, though unofficial name, penned by a slightly disgruntled participant: "Silence of the Lambs."

A short birthday ceremony was held for managers and executives who celebrated their birthday within the past month. A chaotic cake smearing frenzy, however, disrupted the celebration, of which few were spared. The managers and executives returned to the hotel after the frenzy, supposedly to get some much-needed rest.

During the late night, while most of the managers slept, the executive board themselves held an impromptu videoke session lasting most of the early morning. Unfortunately,

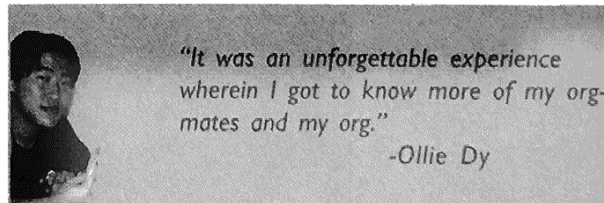
the videoke room's door was left slightly ajar, driving some nearby members to move to different rooms as the wails of the executives reached parts of the second floor.

Pagan Ritual

Guests of the hotel became most suspicious of the Celadon members near the end of the FormSem as the participants formed a circle and shared what they had learned or experienced. This sharing elicited tears from some of the male and female officers, causing the guests to believe it to be some form of pagan ritual sacrifice. Celadon ended the Formation Seminar with the oathtaking of the new managers and Executive Board, using a modified version of the Panatang Makabayan. Authorities came too late to stop this "Panunumpa ng Katapatan sa Pamilyang Celadon" from being completed.

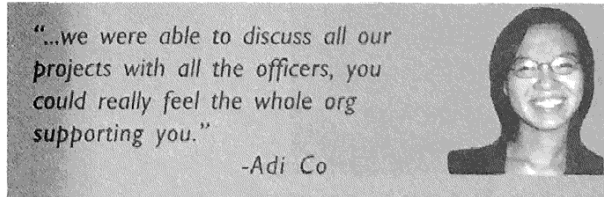
Despite persistent pleas from Celadon members that this was nothing more than a simple seminar, the authorities took the executive board into custody and placed all other members under house and school arrest. "I'm glad it's all over," one of the other guests exclaims in relief. The remaining Celadon members were made to return home under the circumstances, perhaps learning a few more lessons than what their "seminar" had originally planned for them. ☺

With the exception of the arrest of the Celadon executive board, and the insinuations of a pagan ritual, all other events were confirmed true as of press time.



"It was an unforgettable experience wherein I got to know more of my org-mates and my org."

-Ollie Dy



"...we were able to discuss all our projects with all the officers, you could really feel the whole org supporting you."

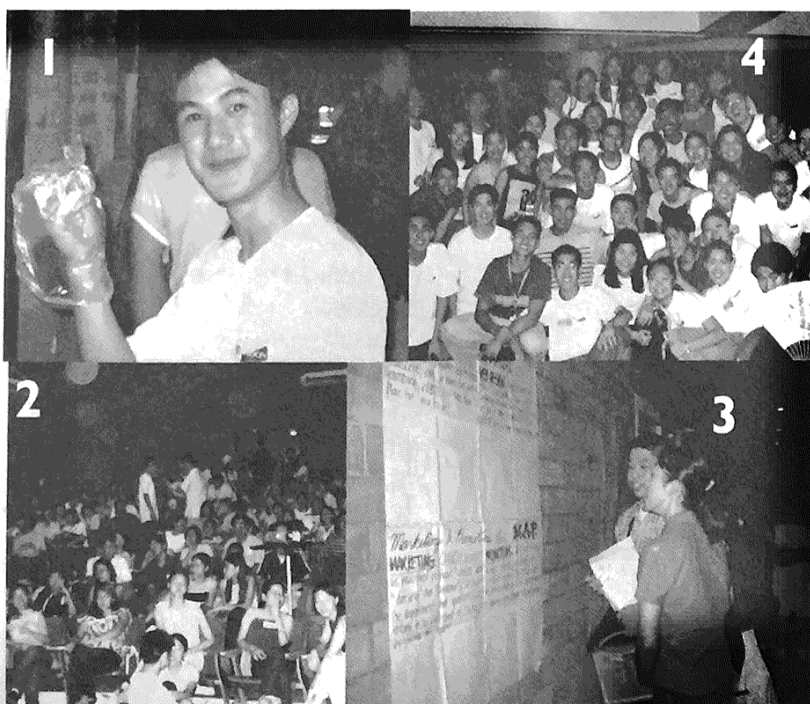
-Adi Co



By Clarissa C. Tobias I AB Comm

Opening the Celadon Doors: The first Celadon General Assembly through the eyes of a freshman

Even before I reached the doors of Sec Lecture Hall 3, I could already hear the throng of people waiting to be let in. At the top of the stairs, I was greeted by the endless chatter of students anticipating the beginning of the 1st general assembly of Celadon last July 30, Tuesday.

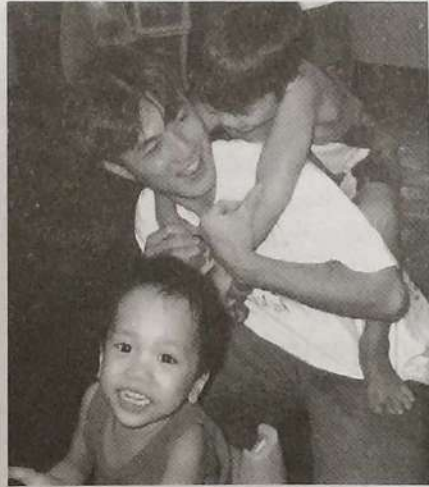


1 When it was time for the president of Celadon, Geoffrey Yu (IV BS MGT), to speak, all hushed down to hear what he had to say. It wasn't your usual welcome speech. What made it so memorable is how he kept on saying "...sobrang dami tao! sobra!!" It was incredibly hilarious, yet emanating with congeniality. His speech set the tone for the whole night, making us feel at home and not at all intimidated despite our being newbies.

2 After the speech, the lights turned down, the countdown on the silver screen ticked, and a video flickered to life! We were then brought into the world of Celadon, which we could very well see was a family of uncontrollable fun, wonderful friendships and incredibly involved students. Just seeing how the different departments presented their projects with so much jokes, smiles and cool clips made the new members feel all the more welcome.

3 Now that the events were introduced to us, we were given the chance to sign up for whatever projects we wanted to, which was totally great, as each choice was a choice out of our own interest and passion. Once we had furiously scribbled our names on the manila papers for the projects, it was time for the most anticipated moment of the GA... of most GA's anyway... food!!! Everyone scrambled to Sec B and C lobbies to grab a bite to eat, and we even had cake! We were also given a wonderful presentation by the Celadon Dance Troupe, who were soundly applauded afterwards.

4 And as all good things must come to an end, so did this Celadon night come to a close. I left with new friends and a new org I knew I could truly be part of. I arrived home feeling light-hearted and eager for more encounters with Celadon. For not only did I find a brilliant group of people filled with dreams for a brighter future, I found hearts and minds open and compassionate... I found family. ☺



BE A PART OF
THE NEXT ONE

EVERY MONTH
BROUGHT TO YOU BY
THE EXTERNALS
DEPARTMENT



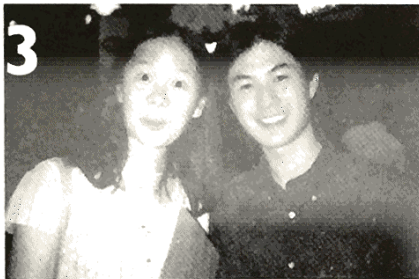
Celadon Outreach Projects

BECAUSE COLLEGE AIN'T ALL
ABOUT STUDY





1. models strut their stuff 2. Celadon models 3. former president, Tina Khoe ('02) & incumbent prez, Geof Yu (IV) share a moment 4. John Go (II) & Tiff Tan (Ext. VP) 5. New EB take their oaths 6. auctioning off Linds Go ('02)



Flash Back: The Year-ender Party

By Victor Barreiro

Celadoneans came out in full force last March 22 to celebrate the culmination of another year of college and the beginning of a new year for Celadon. The party at the basement level of Jack's Loft in Eastwood, Libis, held a number of surprises for its guests. There was free food for everyone as the music played and spotlights streaked across the bare cement walls of the room.

To formally kick-start the party, outgoing president, Valentina Khoe, delivered a brief but robust speech followed by an eye-popping fashion show. Drop-dead gorgeous models included the two women on top, Tina Khoe herself and Lindsay Go (former EVP), Tiffany Tan (incumbent Ext VP) and Sebie Sy (Finance Manager)

Afterwards, the models stood on the auctioning block with guests struggling to outbid each other for a chance to have lunch

with them. Some interesting matches were made that night with Henry Wu paying 900 pesos to win Lindsay Go (by far the largest bid) and Ace Sy (incumbent EVP) securing a lunch date with Ollie Dy (II ECE). It was all in the name of fun (and of course to raise some money for the org).

A simple turnover ceremony for the incoming executive board of Celadon 2002-2003 culminated the evening. As the old took a step back, the new EB emerged into the spotlights.

By the end of the evening, one thing was certain: not only had it been a successful year-ender party, it had also been a wonderful year for Celadon as well. It was a fitting end to cap off another great year with Celadon. ☺

Watch Out for CELADON'S 2nd G.A.!!!

Let us meet once again as a whole
CELADON family and reminisce what
happened during the first sem as well as
see our upcoming exciting activities!!!



Attention: To all those who wants to join the CELADON
dance troupe, inform Charlene Chua, 09178111361 ASAP!!!

Celadon: More than Just an Org

by Adrienne B. Co



Being a part of Celadon is more than the
pride and joy of having something to
add to my resume: it has had a per-
sonal impact on me.

Projects, meetings, GA's. Posters, caf
standees, shifts in the booth. Participation in
these things have taught me that there is
more to life than academics. Next to or
almost equal to an A in Padre's Philo class,
self fulfillment that results from the comple-

tion of projects for the org. is the best thing
experienced in college.

Celadon has taught me a number of lessons
that can never be learned inside the classroom.
Endless interaction with people plus decision-
making for petty, as well as serious issues or
problems has resulted in my learning a lot about
life.

And of course, the people! Those whom I have
worked with, those whom I have met in GA's and
overnight seminars, and those who also hang out
in our dear ol' room in Colayco— they have
become so special to me. I have surely learned
from their advice, *chikas*, and jokes. I am re-
minded of my own idealism whenever I see the
passion of the freshmen and of my batchmates.
And I am all the more inspired to go on whenever
I see the upperclassmen's harassed—or rather,
determined faces.

The warm hugs, sweet hellos, and boisterous
laughter should not be forgotten, too. With all
these, I feel that Celadon has become more than
just an org. It has been a family comprised of dear
people who, I know, can be trusted, will support
me, and help me grow as a person. ☺

A Peek into the CELADON ROOM

It's one of the many rooms in Ateneo's Colayco Hall where different organizations can hold their meetings, study, or just plain hang around. Many see the room as small, cramped, and hot – what with all the schools bags strewn all over the floor and the people practically piled up on the benches. Noise levels reach its peak at around 12 noon. Sometimes it's even necessary to step out for a few seconds just to clear your head of all the dizzying activities going on. All the same, we, Celadoneans call it our “home away from home.”

Fun and Friends

Enter the Celadon room and more likely than not, you'll find a game of bridge ongoing. Bridge for Celadoneans is not just a card game. It's a rite of passage. Celadonian Bridge is the noisiest variation of the game in the world. Partners blatantly signal to each other, pretending to have a fit of coughing (**ubo* tuloy-mo-lang *ubo** which translates roughly to **cough* just-continue-playing-that-suit *cough**) or the more discreet throat clearing.

The gem of the room, however, would have to be the mahjong set. Mahjong is the one game in the Ateneo, which can only be found in the Celadon room. Again, Celadoneans have their own breed of mahjong. The usual square “wall” is transformed into a diamond one, mainly because of space constraints. Players usually end up fighting over tiles, prompting the other players to scream out loud (“Pong!” or “Chow!” as the occasion calls for it), and reach out for a discarded tile the moment it is laid on the table. Since chips aren't dealt out during games, all winners can do is brag about the hypothetical money that they could have won.

Home

Other Ateneans may brag about their benches in Quad where they can watch the world go by, but give us our little niche in Colayco anytime. Because it's more than just a room where we plan projects to promote culture; it's a room with a whole culture of its own.



Article by Julie Chua II BS ME-Math

Art by Ollie Dy II BS ECE



regulars of the AC room



Aling Lahi Ka...

CHAMPOY

Chinoy?

Today's Rice is Tomorrow's Fried Rice
Chinoys are well known for their extraordinary frugality. "recycling" of left-over food has become a creative art. Today's rice is tomorrow's scrumptious fried rice. In addition to that, today's adobo is definitely a good candidate for tomorrow's misua.



After watching a HongKong film, you itch to learn Kung Fu
After watching movies such as Drunken Master or The One you have this inordinate desire to kick as high as Jet Li and you practice on anyone in close proximity to you.

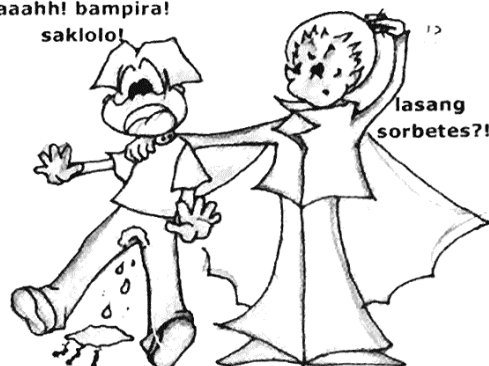


When you forget the Chinese term for a particular word, you say "hio-nge, hio-nge, hio-nge... basta hio-nge la!"
The word, "hio-nge" means "that" in Chinese. Due to our lack of fluency in speaking the Chinese dialect, it is often the only word that comes to mind.

Pinoy?

You eat ice cream in bread buns
Legend has it that when Mamang Sorbetero was having breakfast, he discovered that they were out of margarine, so he buttered up his bread with the only other dairy product available—sorbetes.

aaahh! bampira!
saklolo!



Creative Design by Sarah Grace Lee III BS MIS

Once you watch an episode of a telenovela, you find the need to follow the plot till the end
Those long summer afternoons would not be as interesting without these short melodramas
local television keeps churning out. With themes tackling the ups and downs, the twists and turns of life and everything else in between.

pangako ko sa iyo
ikaw lang ang mamahalin
sa puso ko'y iingatan



Article by Stieggle II BS ME

Art by Keefe de la Cruz III BS LM

When you forget the Filipino term for a particular word, you say "yung ano"
Our conversations are always peppered with "yung ano".
What's amazing is that we manage to understand each other even though our sentences are grammatically incoherent!

nakita mo si kuwan kanina?
kasama niya si ano,
bumibili ng kuwan sa ano



ah! oo, niyaya nga niya ako sa kuwan, kaso may ano ako...



Not Another Kung-fu Movie

By Victor Barreiro II-AB Comm



I liked *The Matrix*, but I also liked *Life is Beautiful*. I enjoyed *10 Things I Hate About You*, but I also enjoyed *Il Postino*. I loved *The One*, but I also loved *Not One Less*.

Some of you probably don't know *Life is Beautiful*, *Il Postino*, and *Not One Less*. Chances are, unless you like watching subtitles, you've never even heard of them. They represent the broad range of other movies out there beyond American Pop Cinema. Yes, all of them are foreign, and all of them are very good.

Of course, not all foreign movies are superbly high-caliber. Philippine movies are beginning to have reputation for using sex as a transitional device, Indian Movies are almost always expected to have some form of musical interlude, and let's face it, Chinese movies for most people equals *Crouching Tiger*, *Hidden Dragon* fight scenes, to hell with the story.

Chinese movies go much deeper than the stereotypical martial arts epic. They relate to us not only the culture and reality of the Chinese, but extend it to the far reaches of human experience.

Two directors and their four movies have helped contribute greatly to revealing this culture with their films. The first is Ang Lee who, despite being associated almost exclusively with *Crouching Tiger*, *Hidden Dragon*, also made the comedies *The Wedding Banquet* (1993) and *Eat Drink Man Woman* (1994). The second is Zhang Yimou, who haunts his watchers with controversial movies such as *Raise The Red Lantern* (1991) and *Not One Less* (1999).

The Wedding Banquet

Ang Lee's *The Wedding Banquet* is a comedy about the clash between homosexuality and Chinese tradition. In it, the main character Gao Wai-Tung has a wonderful life, with a successful business and a relationship with his lover Jason. Problems ensue when his traditional parents keep pushing him to get married and sire a grandchild. He strikes a bargain with one of the Chinese tenants from his building to fake a marriage. The charade culminates in an elaborate wedding banquet that goes awry.

Eat Drink Man Woman

In *Eat Drink Man Woman* Chef Chu is trying to keep his daughters at home and happy, but the temptations of love and success in today's modern world threaten to take them away from home. Besides the generational conflict, there is also the gastronomical showcase, a way by which Chu reveals his emotions more clearly than by speech to his children.

Raise the Red Lantern

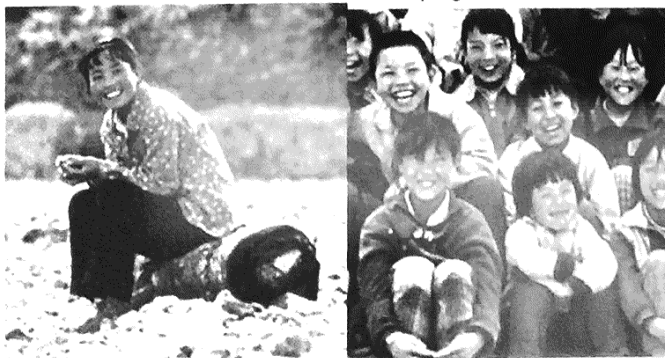
Zhang Yimou's *Raise The Red Lantern* is set in 1920's China about the battles for power among the concubines of a rich man. They fight for power to be his favorite, signified by a red lantern. This is a story of sexual politics; banned in China, this film has also been seen as a parable of corruption in the Chinese government, with its portrayal of a dictatorial social community and a shifting balance of power.

Not One Less

Finally, *Not One Less* is the story of a young girl who becomes substitute teacher to their dilapidated school, where even chalk is priceless. A challenge is presented to her: keep students from dropping out during her one-month stay. Ultimately, this movie is a subtle reminder to the viewer of the social realities that rural towns everywhere face.

Whether it be learning about the realities of life or simply watching to realize something about the self, let it be known that Chinese movies aren't as stereotypical as one would have you see at first glance. ☺

Scenes from Zhang Yimou's poignant "Not One Less".



WOO DA CHINOY

by: Justin Fung



For Comments/ Suggestions/ Storylines
email chinoyomm@yahoo.com

Celadon Cultural Month

Once in a Blue Moon

A Mooncake Dice Game in celebration of Mid-Autumn Festival
Sept. 20, 2002 Friday 430-8pm Tickets at Kostka Ext.

Gratia: Faculty Appreciation Week

In line with the celebration of teacher,s day or Confucius, day
Sept. 23-27, 2002 Events at Kostka Ext.

A Talk on Love

Oprah-style talk show featuring the relevant theme of Filipino-Chinese relationships
Sept. 27, 2002 Friday 430-6pm Sec Lec 3

...being surrounded by Filipino classmates, educators and friends since kindergarten doesn't mean that I should miss out on all things Chinese.

You know how to speak Chinese!" That statement has been uttered to me so many times I've already lost count. From distant relatives to my mom's friends, from orgmates to groupmates' parents, they were pleasantly surprised at my being able to converse with others using Fookien. The most recent one was my dentist, whom I visited 2 weeks ago. It was nearly lunchtime and there I was on the dental chair, braving the pain her

holds in the neighborhood. But my relatives' legacy runs deeper than the annual observance of festivals.

One such legacy is speaking the Chinese language. I picked up the dialect [fookien] hearing my relatives speak it. It's sad when I hear of people who don't share my enthusiasm for it. My mom's friends would complain that their children, products of Chinese schools, are embarrassed to speak Chinese. The complaints are usually punc-



Ping Lun Pian is a Chinese term used to denote a written opinion or critique

Making a Connection

by Armie Lee

equipment was inflicting on me. Throughout the ordeal, there was a lingering thought in my head. Could I eat after this? Immediately after this? I was totally starving, I could wolf down anything. I asked her in Fookien. She laughed, saying yes I can eat afterward and went on to express her surprise that I could speak the dialect.

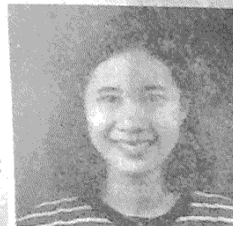
Perhaps it's because I look more Filipino than Chinese. Or maybe it's learning that I didn't go to a Chinese school. But being surrounded by Filipino classmates, educators and friends since kindergarten doesn't mean that I should miss out on all things Chinese. Thanks to my family, I never lost touch with the Chinese in me. I may be just 25% Chinese, but I am very much a Chinese as much as I am a Filipino. I'm no stranger to Ongpin. I love stocking up on hopia. I eat misua on special occasions, participate in the August Moon Festival, witness the dragon/ lion dance on Chinese New Year, watch my cousins light fireworks on New Year's Eve – without fail, ours is one of the noisiest house-

tuated by the statement, "My children can understand the language, but when I talk to them in Chinese, they would respond in Filipino." My Fookien isn't perfect, that's for sure. In fact, I tend to pepper my statements with Filipino syllables, words, and expressions, but I'm trying to work at it.

It's not about being able to gloat about being multi-lingual. It's about recognizing the power of communication. It enables us to reach out to more people; it's all about making a connection. I relish that. ●

Armie Lee is a senior majoring in Communications Arts. A responsible officer of Celadon, she is always ready to take on any challenge, even doing marketing for Chinoy.

Next issue's topic is on **Immigrant Culture**
Write a 2-page article on your views and send it to chinoycomm@yahoo.com or submit it at the Celadon Room, Colayco Hall.



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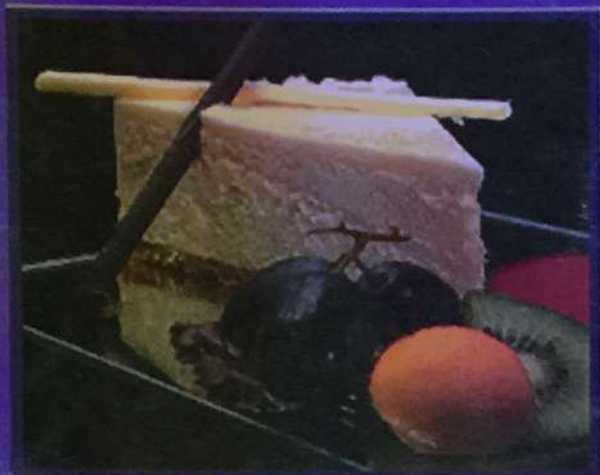
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