

celadon **Chinoy**

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Same Blood, Different Continent

BY ANNE CHING, CONTRIBUTOR

I arrived in Manila a couple of weeks ago to find traffic chaos, heavily polluted air, and mosquitoes feasting on my arms and legs. To my dismay, I developed stomach trouble and am now coughing up a storm. I almost wish I could hop on the next plane back to Vancouver.

However, the presence of my close friends and relatives here made me think twice about going back. Holidays in rainy and gloomy Vancouver pale in comparison to our joyous family reunions here in Manila. It was great to be with family members here for the holidays: going to dinner and taking out-of-town trips.

Everyone keeps on asking me if I would rather live here or live in Canada. I opt for Canada. Well, what can I say except that it is one big step towards independence? Most of my friends in Vancouver do not have their parents there with them, so they have had to learn to do all the basic housekeeping chores such as cooking, cleaning, and taking care of household expenses while studying hard at the same time. A lot of us hold part time jobs. Life can get pretty busy, but it's pretty fun too. Since our parents have no excuse to forbid us to go out—kidnapping is not a fad over there—a lot of us have full-blown social lives. (Do I see mouths drooling in envy?)

You must be wondering where we go on gimmicks. Well, during summer, there are all sorts of things to do: picnics, mountain biking, rollerblading, hiking, or even camping. During winter, there's not much to do except for the occasional skiing trip. Most of the time, we just go out for dinner and then hang out in a friend's house to



play pool, board games, video games, or sing on karaoke.

However, there are also a lot of drawbacks to living in Canada. First of all, if any of you are planning to continue your education over there, you'd better think twice first. No one there knows of the Ateneo de Manila University—even if it is the best and most prestigious university in the

Philippines. If you plan to transfer to a Canadian university part way through your studies, be prepared for the verdict that they won't credit the courses you took in Ateneo (or La Salle or UST or wherever, for that matter). This means you have to start university right from freshman year again. The University of the Philippines, however, is more recognized.

My boyfriend Chris, who is helping me with this article, decided to finish his Economics degree back in the Ateneo in order to avoid repeating his first three years of university. However, this has had further drawbacks in that

being a graduate from a Philippine instead of from a North American university has hindered his chances of success in obtaining a high-paying job immediately.

Second, there is cultural disparity between races. Racial discrimination is not bad at all in Vancouver, since it is basically a multi-cultural society: people are, or try to be, very open-minded. However, there are many little things people can't see eye to eye on. For instance, how can you explain the Chinese concept of *xiao shun* (Mandarin for obedience and respect to parents) to Caucasians, when there is no such term in English? How can they understand that you are still obeying the commands and wishes of your parents even when you are already in your mid-twenties (or even when you are already married with children)?

I also find that there are major differences in what we want in life. The typical Filipino-Chinese strives to be filthy rich. The typical Caucasian couldn't care less if they owe money as long as they are happy. So there you go... the basic goals these two cultures strive for is a lot more different than you ever expected. In such a society where we are the minority, we can't help but feel a bit alienated. ■

Anne Ching, 24, is Filipino-Chinese and has been living in Canada for the last five years. She studied here in the Philippines until college.

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Everyone keeps on asking me if I would rather live here or in Canada. I opt for Canada. Well, what can I say, except that it is one big step towards independence?
.....

Chinese ~~Can't~~ Write

An Interview With Clinton Palanca

BY ERNAN MUNOZ (III MECO)

"There are those who say that every fictionist actually has one story to tell, and that his career is spent either telling this story in fragments, or telling the same story over and over again.... I think I am a little of both." These words are Clinton Palanca's, from the introduction of his book *Landscapes*.

I first met him in an English class. He was wearing a plain blue Polo shirt and jeans. He looked like a student. I encountered him earlier in his Palanca award-winning story *The Apartment* (he is unrelated to the person the award is named after), a piece that still astonishes me. He is not only a story teller but a weaver of words, and sometimes much more.

Clinton Palanca is a Chinese in the Philippine landscape. He is a Chinese-Filipino. Perhaps this duality has made him a richer person: he can draw from one or the other, able to experience both.

Chinoy: Did you come from a pure Chinese family?

Palanca: Yes.

Chinoy: What was it like, being Chinese in the Philippines?

Palanca: A lot of the time. I didn't really notice anything because I came from a very integrated Chinese family.

Chinoy: Do you consider your family bound by tradition, such as attitudes on intermarriage?

Palanca: It depends on what you mean by tradition. What you just mentioned is not really a tradition; I mean, it's an act of closed-mindedness on the part of a certain generation of the Chinese immigrants here. The earliest generation intermingled and intermarried with the Filipinos. That's why you have the Spanish-Chinese mestizos like the Cojuangcos.

Chinoy: Do you consider your parents open-minded about culture?

Palanca: Yes.

Chinoy: Has your Chinese heritage influenced your writing?

Palanca: No. I don't think that part directly influenced me. But our Chinese family was a very scholarly family. They all liked reading, but it was all classical Chinese texts. So I'm the first generation to specialize in English.

Chinoy: Do you find it disadvantageous that there are few Chinese-Filipino writers in literary circles?

Palanca: A lot of the time, you don't think about it very much. But then, when you think about it, you're happy that you have another culture to draw from. Your set of experiences is richer. So, you're happy for that and proud that you are Chinese-Filipino and you're making it.

Chinoy: Could you say that you are more Chinese than Filipino, or do you lean towards your Filipino side?

Palanca: I'm leaning to the Filipino [side] but I think it's both.

Chinoy: In your work, do you encounter prejudice against Chinese?

Palanca: Ah, yeah, with the older generation.



They don't really believe that the Chinese can write. I'm sure you've heard that I had a run-in with Eric Torres of the Ateneo Art Gallery when I was in his class. I was a sophomore then, and he told the class, "I am happy that there are no Chinese here because the Chinese can't write; the Chinese are terrible writers."

He said that very openly and it's a stereotype that he must have gotten from his own experience as a teacher. The older generation probably believes that, still believes that. ■

Insights

COMPILED BY OSCAR TAN (I MECO)

"I do not think that Chinese-Filipino students are particularly different from other students. But they are more noticeable in the sense that physically, they resemble each other with their chunky-eyed Oriental looks, have similar sounding surnames and are bonded by a strong sense of family. I do not even think they should be labeled as 'Chinese-Filipino' because they are like any ordinary person in this country." — Amee

Enriquez, Editor-in-Chief '98, The Guidon

"One of my favorite anecdotes is about the Fil-Chinese concern for business, something above all else.

The patriarch of a large clan was at his deathbed. He first called his wife, "Loving husband, here I am." He then called his children, "Honorable father, we rushed here as soon as you called us." He then called his children's spouses, "Upright father-in-law, we are beside you." Then he called his grandchildren, "Noble grandfather, we wait

at your feet." Then he called his great-grandchildren, "Venerable great-grandfather, we are humbled by your presence."

"Are you all here?" bellowed the patriarch. "Yes, we are all here," chorused everybody else. "Are you all really here?" reiterated the patriarch. "Yes, yes, yes, benevolent Sir," cried everyone.

"Who's minding the store?" — Mr. Darwin Yu, Chair, Management Engineering Department

continued on page 5

M A F S

BY MARY MARJORIE CO (III MAC)

My friends and I were talking about marriage the other day. We had all attended countless weddings and were fantasizing about our own altar dates. I posed an intriguing question: "What if that date doesn't come withing the next ten years?" When I mentioned matchmaking, my friends gave me nervous stares.

An ama's tale

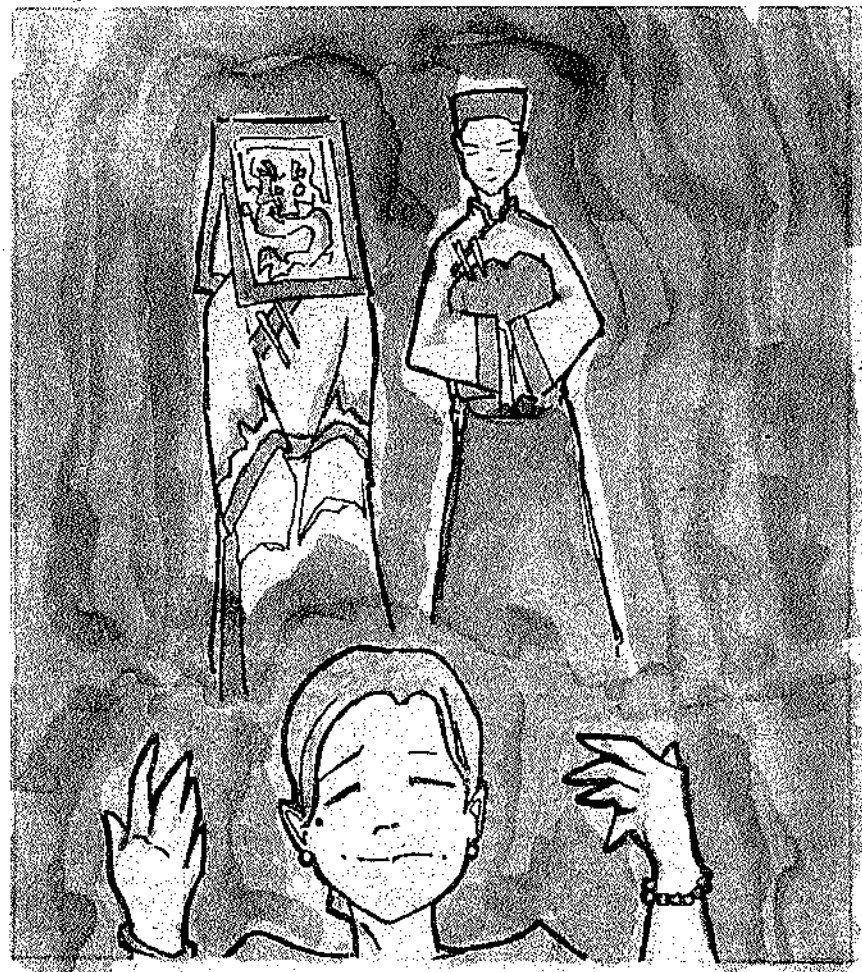
Matchmaking, with its elaborate rituals and ancient beliefs, is perhaps one of the most enduring customs of the Chinese people. More than binding two people, an arranged marriage binds two whole families. From a sociological viewpoint, the two young people are woven into a security blanket whose threads are their large extended family. The match is made based on economic and social considerations, a foundation from which, hopefully, love will sprout.

A scene in *The Joy Luck Club* presented a bride and groom introducing themselves to each other on their wedding night. The bride was frightened beyond any girl's worst nightmares. My grandmother can relate; she likewise never met my grandfather before her own wedding over six decades ago in rural China. Their union had been agreed upon even before they spoke their first words.

She still remembers that day. She found herself riding in a small sedan chair, lavishly decorated with splashes of red and gold, and borne on the shoulders of four men. Her feelings were as uncomfortable as the bumpy ride. She was only sixteen, and there she was, being carried into a new, unknown world.

She laughs recalling that when she stepped down, the villagers gasped at her large feet. (Chinese prized small, dainty feet and considered them marks of nobility. Fortunately, my great-grandmother apparently did not practice foot-binding.) The ceremony was over in less than an hour. Then, the red veil covering her face was removed, and she saw my grandfather for the first time.

Relief was the first thing she felt. He was neither an obnoxious child barely past puberty, nor was he old and wrinkled enough to be her grandfather. He looked nothing like China's most wanted criminal, and unlike in her nightmares, he was neither missing one ear nor did he have an extra toe. In front of her actually stood a handsome



18-year old man.

She remembers him looking as nervous as she was, but pleased with her willowy frame and delicate features. They sailed to the Philippines soon afterwards to begin a life of love and fidelity that was to last for over fifty years. In India arranged marriage complements the Hindu belief of reincarnation: fate destines a couple to marry each other again and again throughout their many lives. I believe that fate, in its real sense, brought my grandparents together.

Matchmaking today

"I don't think so," responded my friend to the suggestion of matchmaking as an alternative to spinsterhood. It is the answer anyone would expect from a liberated girl of the 90s. However, matchmaking still exists in today's Filipino-Chinese community, though minus the ancient trappings and colorful rituals.

The modern approach is far more casual. For one thing, you are not given the tall order of marrying your blind date on your first meeting. There are no more "professional" matchmakers hired to find a potential spouse. "Go-between" is the more apt term, and these people are friends and relatives tapped by the parents of a still unattached son or daughter of marrying age.

A date is set and the matchmaker, couple, and both sets of parents casually meet. There are no rituals, customs, or dress codes except for the belief that only drinks and no food are allowed during the introductions. The pair are rarely allowed to talk in private during this first conversation; after all, the meeting is not intended to be the last.

It is usually the guy who expresses his interest to pursue a relationship. Even as he courts the girl, though, the go-between constantly updates himself on their progress, and often cannot help but seem more excited than the new couple. If, however, the boy

shows no interest, the matchmaker—and quite often, the boy's parents—steps in to convince him to reconsider. Standard lines include: "You are not getting any younger". "She is kind and would make a good wife", and a more direct, "Can you imagine growing old alone?"

What if the girl expresses no interest in the guy? She can turn him down, but not without being persuaded by the matchmaker and her parents to do otherwise. She may be told to forget that he looks like a dirty slipper and instead consider that he comes from a good family and could provide well for her.

An outdated idea

When the couple finally gets married, the cupid gets their *angpao*s and are invited to all the private engagement and pre-wedding rituals. It all seems like such a nice arrangement. Potential matches most often come from families of excellent repute. You get the full support of your parents and future in-laws even before the courtship begins. However, young people like my friends and myself seem to have an aversion to the very idea.

I believe that matchmaking is only for two kinds of single people: First, those who are way past 29; second, those guys who have no idea how to court a girl, or girls who have

never been courted before. My friends summed up my feelings emphatically: "Can you think of any reason why your parents have to step in and do something about your pathetic love-life?"

Ernest Van Den Haag wrote about the United States: "A hundred years ago, there was every reason to marry young—though middle class people seldom did. The unmarried state had heavy disadvantages for both sexes. Custom did not permit girls to be educated, to work, or to have social, let alone sexual freedom.... And, though less

restricted than girls shackled to their families, single men often led a grim and uncomfortable life. A wife was nearly indispensable, if only to darn socks, sew, cook, clean, take care of her man."

Today, however, the stigma attached to staying unattached is disappearing. You have prophets of singlehood like Kitty Go, who says that her dog is luckier than a man because her dog does not need permission to enter her bed. And, in this age of the career woman, there is no economic pressure to get married.

Today's youth culture of freedom allows us to do something our *amahs* had no time to do: fall in love. This, perhaps, will sweep my nightmares of matchmaking under the rug of Generation X. ■

Insights from page 3

"For me, nothing sets my Chinese-Filipino students apart from the rest. Like all students, there are lazy ones, smart ones, funny ones, problematic ones... I cannot even tell them apart physically or by their names because of the multi-ethnic nature of our society.

I cannot think of any anecdotes because my students are undifferentiated in terms of ancestry. However, I can tell you a thing or two about ME blocks..." — Mrs. Lianne M. Habana, History Department

"Isang kakatwang bagay para sa mga personal kong kahalala ang higit ko raw na pagpapahalaga sa wikang Filipino at kulturang Pilipino. Bilang bahagi ng Chinese-Filipino community, hindi nila maintindihan ang pagkuha ko ng kurso sa kolehiyo na BA Philippine Studies at ang pagkakasadlak ko sa Kagawaran ng Filipino dito sa Ateneo bilang guro ng wika at panitikan. Pagbubuwag ito sa mga kaisipang laging ikinahawing sa mga tulad ko gaya ng nagosyo, matematika, at kahirapan sa paggamit ng wikang Filipino.

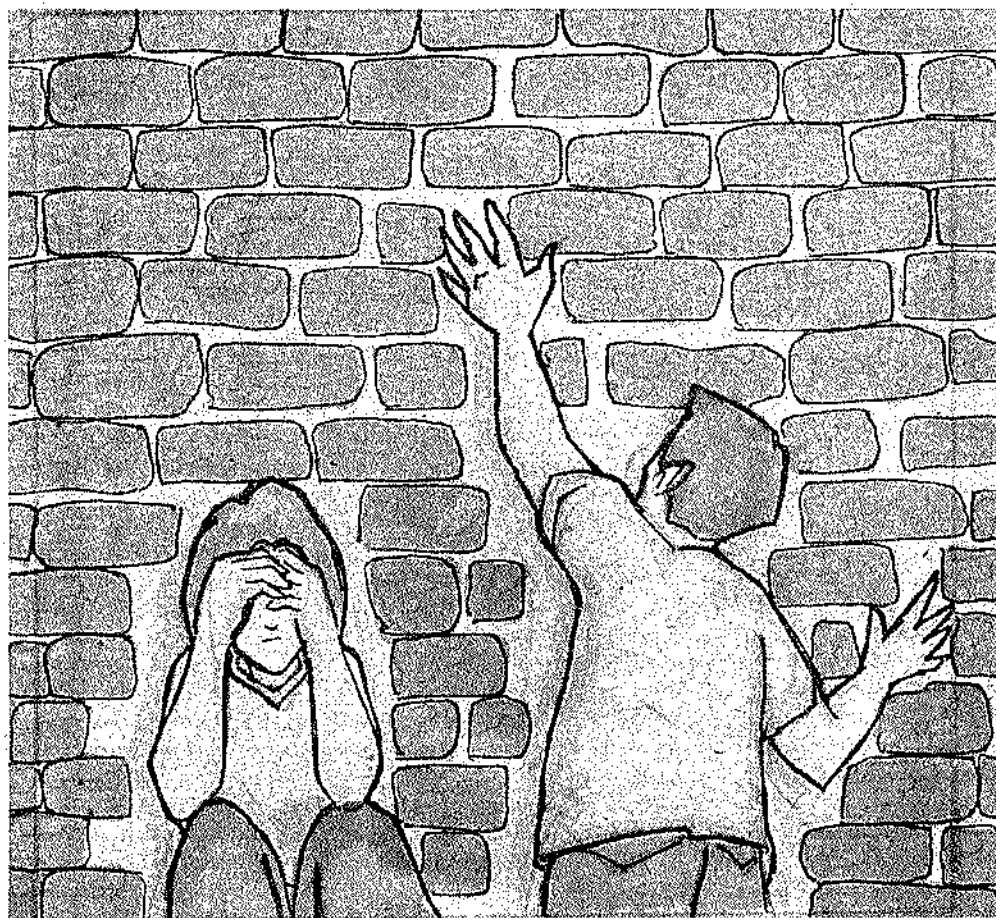
Napatunayan ko rin ito sa mga mag-aaral na Pil-Chinese dito sa Ateneo. Hindi usapin ang kahirapan sa paggamit ng wikang Filipino. Gayon din ang mga nakagisnang haugaliang Intsik upang masabing iba kami sa karamihan. Bagkus, ang pagsasanib ng dalawang kultura ay higit na nakapagpapayaman sa maing pagkatao bilang bahagi ng lipunang Pilipino." — Ms. Christine Sia Bellen, Assistant Instructor, Filipino Department



The WALLS TIME Raised

ARTWORK BY BRIAN SY (I ME)

BY LORENA GARCIA (I MIS) AND PAMELA ANG (II MAC)



Ask a Chinese-Filipino teen-ager whether he or she would like to have a non-Chinese beloved, and you will probably get a negative answer. As an MIS sophomore puts it, "*Hindi papayag ang parents [ko]; I would not want him to be shamed.*"

In a society where Chinese-Filipino have assimilated quite neatly, this courtship restriction is one of the remaining major cultural differences that stubbornly sets them apart from everyone else. As a pure-blooded Filipino ME freshman gripes about his batchmates, "*Puro Chinese... di magpapaligaw.*" The preference for a partner who is also Chinese is a given for many, but a growing number of the next

Chinese-Filipino generation question this attitude, unable to see why it exists. The bricks that compose this invisible wall are not easy to see, for they are intertwined with the story of the Chinese ascent in the Philippines.

Identity

"The Chinese culture has existed for 5,000 years," states Mr. Boboy Alianan of

the Chinese Studies Department. "The Chinese are very proud of their achievements and their identity." This pride is sometimes expressed as arrogance. Mr. Boboy notes that historically, Chinese have tended to look down on foreigners; even the Westerners who carved spheres of influence out of China in the last century were dismissed as "Western devils".

The Chinese who emigrated to the

Philippines in the 15th century carried this attitude with them. "Filipino" translated to Fookien is "*hui li pin lang*", literally "person from the Philippines". Mr. Boboy exclaims, "But nobody calls them that! Chinese-Filipinos would call the locals *hwa na*." The term actually means "people from the mountains" or "people who are not educated"; in short, barbarians. "It's kind of funny," comments Mr. Boboy, "because they were squatting on land that was not theirs." Though generally no longer used as a derogatory label, the fact that *hwa na* is still how Chinese-Filipinos unconsciously refer to pure-blooded Filipinos shows how ingrained the attitude is in them.

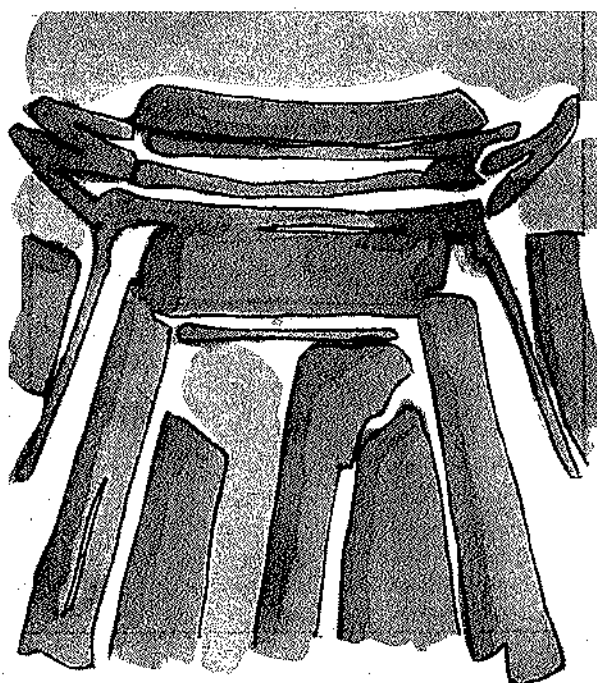
The courtship bias stems from this attitude and the sacred view Chinese hold family in. The Chinese family is traditionally paternal. This means that a son who marries brings his wife into the family. This also means that a daughter who marries is considered to leave her family for her husband's. "So, *isipin mo 'yung impact*," says Mr. Boboy. The parents of a Chinese girl marrying a non-Chinese would, perhaps unconsciously, think that their daughter is marrying a barbarian. "*Mahirap tanggapin iyon*," continues Mr. Boboy. "It's like royalty marrying a commoner; a bit of an exaggeration, but that's how it is."

Chinese are so inherently clannish that "in the Chinese mainland, the idea that a Chinese can marry someone from another

original Chinatown in Binondo, to better monitor them.

The effects of this are seen when one observes Chinese-Filipino families from the provinces who do not have exclusively Chinese worlds; they are very Filipino and are not as race-conscious. Chinatown still exists today, as do the many Chinese schools in the country. One's race-consciousness is still reinforced by these structures. Mr. Boboy quips that if there were Chinese colleges, some families would make it a point to send their children to these. He adds, however, not to quote him as saying the effects are all bad as there were also a lot of accompanying benefits; for example, the preservation of culture and consciousness of being Chinese.

What happened to some families of the original Parian was that they moved out and settled in places such as Makati, Quezon City, and San Juan. The second and third generations, most born here and assimilated



into Philippine culture, held less rigid attitudes. When some began having romantic relationships with non-Chinese, the parents who had lived their lives in the Chinese world of the Parian were alarmed and saw it as a breakdown of their homogeneity.

Money

"Generally,

Chinese are rich," opines Mr. Boboy. "In the *Far Eastern Review*, I think, two years ago, they showed that 1% of the Philippine population is Chinese. This 1% controls 40% of the economy." Historical accounts bore this opinion out. John Bowring reported, "*Sa mga kabayanan sa paligid ng Maynila, halos lahat*

ng pueblo ay may mga bahay na mas malaki at mas maganda kaysa sa iba, at karamihan ng naninirahan sa mga bahay na ito'y may lahing Tsino."¹¹ Given this, one can see the apprehensions of parents regarding their daughters' marriages: "Can he feed you? Can he give you all the luxuries we have provided?" Mr. Boboy adds, "*Kung lalake naman: 'Baka pera lang ang hinahabol sa iyo.'*"

Economics adds another layer to the complex invisible wall. Mr. Boboy thinks that it helps if the other family is of the socioeconomic level, "That's one point for them. I think many Chinese families will respect the other family because they're well-to-do and have stature in society. A person who was brought up rich will not feel inferior. If it's an issue of money, he will have no problems. It's one thorn out."

Backgrounds

However, Mr. Boboy continues that money is actually the most superficial aspect, just "icing on the cake" and "something they [families] can always point at". The most relevant factor to our modern context is the cultural gap.

"The culture gap is too wide and it would be difficult to adjust," says a freshman Psychology major. "It would be much easier if you were coming from the same background, at least that's what my Mom says."

Mr. Boboy explains that a non-Chinese entering the world of a Chinese-Filipino family should prepare for a very, very difficult process of acceptance. No matter how his new Chinese-Filipino in-laws view him, he will, for example, have to attend

"Filipino" translated to Fookien is "*hui li pin lang*". Mr. Boboy exclaims, "But nobody calls them that! Filipino-Chinese would call the locals *hwa na*." The term actually means "people from the mountains"

sector of society. As historian Edgar Wickberg put it, "[*Ang mga Kastila'y nangangamba ngayon sa rebolusyon ng mga pinangungunahan ng mga mestiso ng Tsino*]."¹² Indeed, some revolts were funded by Chinese-Filipino traders. The Spanish, fearful, restricted them to the Parian, the

gatherings where people talking unconsciously change from English to Filipino to Fookien. He will naturally feel left out in one-third of the conversations. He will also have to adjust to the culture itself and its accompanying traditions, ignorance of which is easily misinterpreted as disrespect.

"The Filipino who is probably Western-educated and liberal in his thoughts will find himself in a straitjacket," concludes Mr. Boboy. While not discouraging such partnerships, he states that the difficulty of coping with the cultural gap has caused many separations. Parents say, "I told you so." He emphasizes that it is not the fault of the couple, but of their environment; their cultural backgrounds are something a couple cannot separate from their marriage.

Mr. Boboy adds that keeping an open mind is still the best solution to making such matches work. "If you're going to get married to a Filipino," he explains, "and you're of Chinese descent and your parents are opposed to it, then you should work very hard so that they will change their minds. Or—and I've known some families who have done this—be ready to be written off your parents' wills."

However, there is another side to culture. Mr. Boboy thinks, "If you ask any of these Filipino-Chinese—even the ones who will denounce their children if they marry Filipinos—If given the chance, would you go back to China to Taiwan and live there for good?, many of them will tell you no." Though they may not accept it, he explains, the reality is that even conservative Filipino-Chinese families have

already assimilated themselves into Philippine life. He presents himself as an example: "I lived in China for a year; I could not identify myself with the Chinese [living there]."

The other side

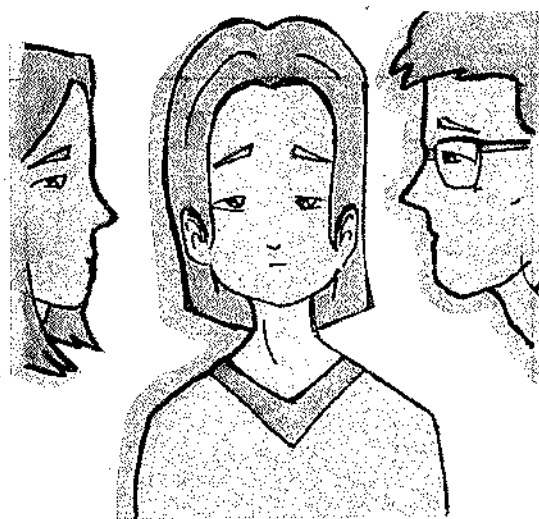
"Type of fellow Chinese," say many Chinese-Filipino teen-agers; some even distinguish between mestizos and "GIs" ("genuine Intsik"). Filipinos, on the other hand, are more open, though many may think, "Imagine the racism you have to go through pursuing a relationship with someone Chinese!" DM, an MTS freshman, voices his strong opinions. "Mga Pilipino rin naman sila [Chinese-Filipino]. Kung gusto nilang puro Chinese, they might as well go back to China. Personally, I would love to have a Chinese boyfriend, as long as he's THAT special someone and doesn't adhere to the outdated customs and traditions of some Chinese."

Mr. Boboy's personal opinion is that Filipinos by nature are not overly conscious of cultural differences; they are very accepting and easy to get along with. "The first day the Spaniards came, they celebrated Mass," he laughs. "You can see how accommodating the locals were." He thinks it was because life was not hard; the land was rich and the seas bountiful. A typhoon could come, but two days later, the sky would be clear again. "In Manila [today], anywhere you go, people are just smiling. *parang walang problema sa buhay*," he ends.

Sophomore James Imbong exclaims, "Kung mahal mo 'yung tao, siyempre, kahit mabagalay mo 'yung magulang." There have been many who have successfully bridged the gap. "I remember when I was courting my wife (who is very Chinese), her parents would just sit there, not saying anything," confides TC.

The next generations

The cultural bias is still unconsciously passed on to the next Chinese-Filipino generations, though to a lesser degree. This diminishes with each generation, but Mr.



Boboy estimates that it will not disappear in less than, say, 200 years. In other words, this kind of bias will still be a reality for our present generation.

Mr. Boboy does caution that sometimes, the key issue is not culture, but teenage independence. "It's a stage when they try to establish independence from their parents. Even if they're not going to get married—even if he's only 16 or 15—they [parents] will oppose this relationship [with a non-Chinese]. And, the more they oppose, the child asserts more. *Iyon yung*. I think, major problem with young people."

A freshman says, "It's fine with me if he's a Filipino, as long as he meets all the requirements: I love him and he feels the same for me." She adds, however, "Of course, I think it would be better if he is Chinese." This is not an uncommon mindset. The present and next generations are more fortunate as they can approach this sensitive issue with more insight. They can learn from the experiences of their parents and, hopefully, adopt a more balanced perspective. Whether one views the courtship bias as discrimination or simply as a preference for someone from similar roots—or both—in the end, it is a matter of personal choice.

Whatever individual view one takes, however, perhaps it is time to collectively acknowledge that the invisible wall is an archaism in a changing world that has, time and again, shown us that strength lies in diversity. If the passage of time erected the wall, then perhaps the passage of time will bring it down as well. ■

¹Dr. Ellen Palanca, quoted in *The Chinese in Our Midst*, Sonni Viudez, *The Guidon*, 29 August 1996

²*Ang mga Mestisong Tsino at ang Pagkabuo ng Kabansakang Pilipino*, Dr. Antonio Tan (translated by Joaquin Sy), Kaisa Para Sa Kaunlaran, Inc., March 1994



THE RABBIT OR HARE

Feb 11, 1975 - Jan 30, 1976

Wise, cautious, graceful, talented, ambitious, virtuous and blessed with a silver tongue, Rabbits are well liked, trusted and looked up to. Good negotiators and diplomats, these natural peace-lovers will fight only when peaceful solutions have been tried and failed. Sophisticated both physically and intellectually, Rabbits will always stand out from the crowd, either as extremely stylish dressers or as individualistic fashion pros who can make a statement of their own.

Most compatible with: sheep, dog and pig

Least compatible with: rats and roosters

Celebrities born in the Year of the Rabbit: Demi Moore, Cary Grant, John Mellencamp, Fidel Castro, Phil Collins, Bob Hope, Lily Tomlin, John Cleese, Bob Geldof, and Kurt Russell.

兔

THE SNAKE

Feb 18, 1977 - Feb 6, 1978

The Snake is a sign of wisdom. Blessed with caution and mystery, the Snake's bewitching, charismatic presence cannot be ignored. They have a gift of making money, though they have trouble spending it. Vanity is one of their weaknesses: they are very good-looking and they know it. Although it appears that they have forgotten, the Snakes never forgive a wrong against them. Their scheming nature compels them to wait patiently until their adversary's guard drops, then strike with one lethal blow.

Most compatible with the: ox and roosters

Least compatible with the: tigers and pigs

Celebrities born in the Year of the Snake: Barbara Walters, John F. Kennedy, Kim Basinger, Frank Sinatra, Martin Luther King Jr., Grace Kelly, Marcia Clark, Kathie Lee Gifford, Jesse Jackson, Audrey Hepburn, Muhammad Ali, Greta Garbo and Brooke Shields.

蛇

龍

THE DRAGON

Jan 31, 1976 - Feb 17, 1977

The Dragon is a sign of nobility, luck, longevity and good fortune. Dragons are exotic, trustworthy, brave, confident, accomodating, easily adaptable and born leaders. They possess a dual personality, able to be both good and evil. Seemingly amiable and agreeable, Dragon people can be as ferocious and dangerous as the mythical boasts. When they sense peril, they will destroy any barrier that might be in their way. Whatever hardships fate has in store for these people, Dragons will always land on their feet.

Most compatible with: rats, snakes, monkeys and roosters

Celebrities born in the Year of the Dragon: Al Pacino, Christopher Reeve, Roseanne, Kevin Costner, Ringo Starr, Martin Sheen, Jackie Gleason, Tom Jones, Kirk Douglas and John Lennon.

馬

THE HORSE

Feb 7, 1978 - Jan 27, 1979

Strong, energetic, confident and resourceful, the Horse is a sign of refinement and fervor. These people have loads of physical resources, preferring to be always on the go. People born in the Year of the Horse have a pleasant, affable and easy-going disposition which wins for them popularity among friends and exudes goodness to society. Despite of their carefree attitude, they can be thoroughly loyal to family and friends in times of need. On the other hand, horses have a short fuse that can blow anytime, which may lead to tactlessness.

Most compatible with the: tigers, dogs and sheep

Least compatible with the: rats

Celebrities born in the Year of the Horse: Janet Jackson, Nelson Mandela, Cindy Crawford, Ross Perot, John Travolta, Boris Yeltsin, Ann Lunders, Dennis Quaid, Clint Eastwood, Billy Graham, Paul McCartney, Jimi Hendrix and Barbara Streisand.

Fate's Mascois

BY EUNICE LIM (I AB Psy)

Legend had it that the jade emperor of China invited all the animals to a race that began at sunrise and ended at sunset. The first twelve animals to cross the finish line among the multitude of animals were immortalized as the Chinese zodiac, and each brings a different influence to the year it reigns over. The Year of the Tiger is a time of dramatic and often dangerous change: calamity for some, but success and adventure for others. For the romantic it is the year for reckless passion. This page details the animals that watched over the births of most of the Ateneans currently enrolled:

THE SHEEP

Jan 28, 1979 - Feb 15, 1980

Gentle, artistic, sensitive, prudent, careful and passionate wise, the Sheep folk are the least likely to make waves domestically, socially, and politically. Quite contented with the status quo, they are not ones to question authority. They respect order and observe rules and regulations laid down by society. Considering the Sheep's meek personality, it is not surprising to find the Year of the Sheep a time of peace.

Most compatible with the: rabbits, pigs and horses

Least compatible with the: ox and dogs

Celebrities born in the Year of the Sheep: Jilla Roberts, Mel Gibson, Lynn Redgrave, George Harrison, Whoopi Goldberg, Lauren Hutton, Connie Sellecca, Neve Gingrich, Donna Mills, Leonard Nimoy, Ray Liotta, Mick Jagger and Robert De Niro.

羊

sources:

www.China-time.com/culture/

r.rainfall.com/horoscopes/chinese.htm

www.sunflower.singnet.com.sg/~cecil/compare.htm

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This essay was taken from CELADON's FOCUS contest

I Am Proud To Be Chinese

The modern Chinese-Filipino teen-ager has Chinese eyes and the face to match, but hardly anything else to mark him as Chinese. Though he has a plain red shirt somewhere in the recesses of his closet, his clothes are the same as anyone else's. Though he knows where to find good Chinese food, he can be found at Manang's during his lunch breaks. No, the average Chinese-Filipino teen-ager cannot read a Chinese newspaper, does not practice *tai chi*, and, despite the belief that he is inherently gifted in math, does not have a report card that stands out from everyone else's.

I am one of these modern Chinese-Filipino teen-agers, a representative of a generation who have been comfortably assimilated into Filipino society, yet at the same time, a generation who are still very much conscious of their roots. I am proud to be Chinese.

No matter what I do or where I go, my heritage will always remain a part of me. It is another chapter to tell and retell in the storybook that is my life; another facet on the diamond that is me without which I would not feel whole. I have enjoyed many a memorable "What was high school like?" and "Kamusta yung probinsya niyo?" type conversation, because more than speaking of a place, I was able to share a picture of a unique and distinct culture. My anecdotes have made many a classmate smile; after all, not everyone in my block had Chinese

singing exams, grumpy Taiwanese teachers and *Lao Fu Tzu* cartoons in grade school. The most memorable smile came from the foster lola I lived with during my immersion when I was a high school Senior. She smiled as I ironed out some of her misconceptions—no, Chinese are not forbidden to eat meat ("You must have been thinking of Hindus and Moslems") and no, I am probably not related to your acquaintance ("There are 250 other boys with the surname Tan in my school")—and proceeded to recall my favorite anecdotes.

Chinese traditions have always been the center of those anecdotes, and no doubt always will be. The modern Chinese-Filipino teen-ager often gripes about certain antiquated practices, but if you look closely, he enthusiastically takes part in quite a lot of these. My grade school classmates often groaned before Chinese class, but never when it was the day of the Mooncake festival or Chinese New Year. No child can resist laughing when he realizes he has two birthdays in a year, and especially not when the *ang pao* is one of his favorite Chinese traditions. Many of these fragments of our culture have successfully blended with the mainstream, though sometimes the result is quite funny. For example, the Chinese *ninong* is expected to make his rounds during

Christmas while the regular Filipino *ninong* is expected to wait for his *inaanak* to come to him. Interestingly, my little sister has never received a Christmas gift from one of her *ninongs* since she was a child.

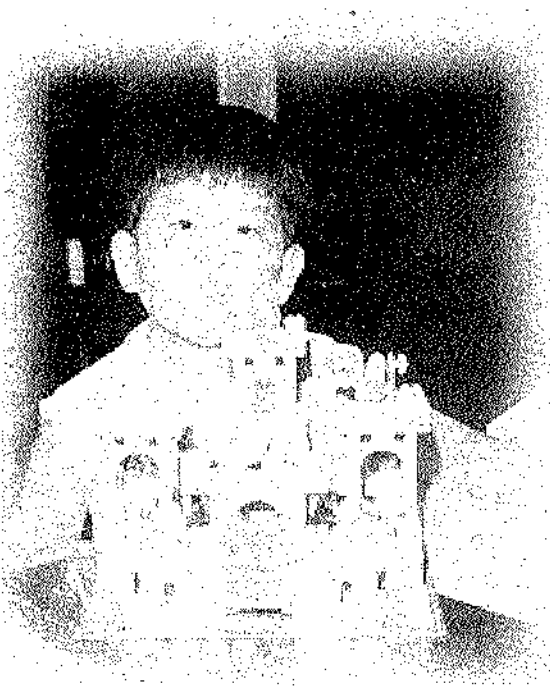
The most pervasive fragments, however, are those that are edible. These have fit in quite well since we Filipinos are heartier eaters than Europeans. Mr. Joshue Sazon, my English teacher claims that those with "culinary intelligence" are very discriminating when it comes to Chinese food, and both he and my father broke into sarcastic laughter as they discussed Triple V's 8 Treasures "imitation" Chinese buffet. Knowledge of Chinese food does come in handy. My Dad's friend saved a lot of money when he lived in London by asking for and cooking salmon heads, which the fishmongers threw away. My Calculus teacher's secretary laughed when I gave her a mooncake last sem. My own stomach has benefitted from my parents' sixth sense for picking out fish varieties. The downside,

of course, of eating Chinese is that I reflexively grimace whenever I see the first plate of *tihoy* in the house come February (quite unlike Mr. Devi Feria, who jokingly tries to extort *tihoy* from every Chinese-looking ME major come February).

The most striking display of our heritage, however, is the solemn traditional Chinese funeral. This occurred to me when a non-Chinese classmate and I visited another classmate during his *ama*'s wake. My non-Chinese friend beamed as he took in our explanations of why donations were listed on the walls and why musicians with Chinese folk instruments were playing. He carefully observed the disciplined rituals carried out by the visitors from family associations and watched the family members from toddlers to widowers, all dressed in white, line up proudly. I still have the cloth band I was given during the funeral of one of my aunts. It was covered by a white cloth that I threw away after her body was lowered into the ground and I symbolically kept only the red cloth underneath. Forty days after the burial, my extended family again gathered in a temple, and aside from incense, chants and ritual paper money, I remember the solemn goodbyes painted on the men among my aunt's ten children as they walked to the back of the temple and set fire to a paper

Not everyone in my block had Chinese singing exams, grumpy Taiwanese teachers and *Lao Fu Tzu* cartoons in grade school.

Today's Chinese-Filipino generation faces less walls.



10 Chinoy

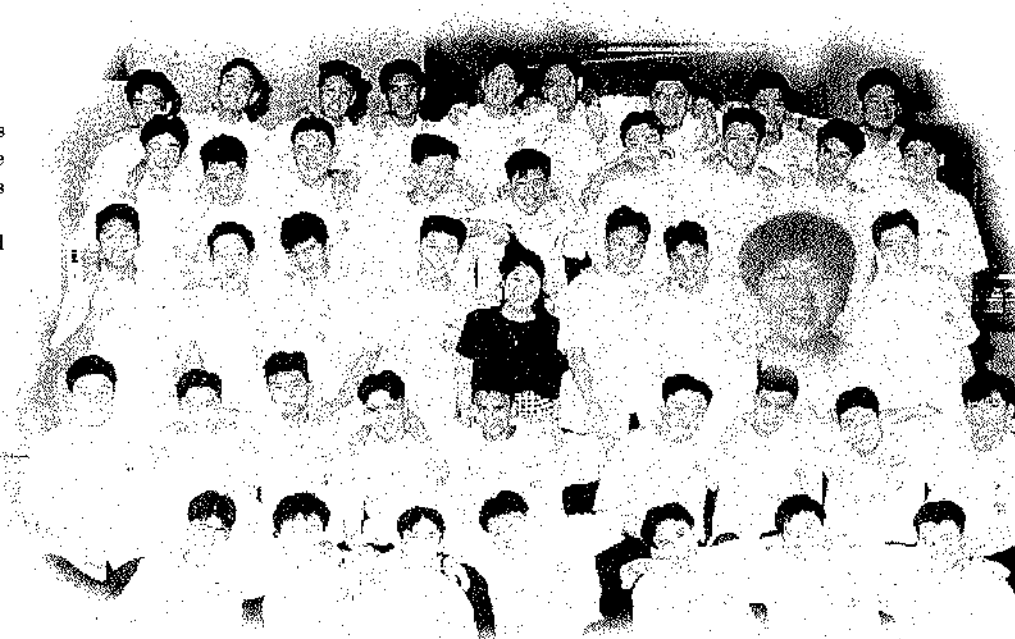
"Perhaps it



house surrounded by their mother's belongings. None of us could break the silence until the last item—my aunt's portrait—was reduced to ash.

My loose grasp over Mandarin and Fookien is something that will always stay in my ears, if not my tongue. I say my ears because my Calculus seatmate, Jo-an Chua, scolds and laughs at me when I try to speak in Fookien with a Chinese friend's mother and receive a "Just speak to me in English!" for my efforts. Despite this, my *ama* proudly tells my uncles that I speak the language. I am glad because she is 85 years old and just suffered a stroke and it just doesn't feel proper to sit at her bedside and tell her about my new school and its bevy of attractive girls in any other language. A simple language has made my bond with my grandmother feel more intimate, just as it has enhanced feelings of kinship with friends and cousins. When you speak a language, you feel a special sense of belonging with all who speak it, and I felt very special when my Grade 1 teacher lectured that over a billion people speak Chinese languages in every corner of the world. It is always comforting to see on another's face and lips the familiar mannerisms and expressions unique to your language. I smile when I hear the peculiar accent and embellishments of Ilonggo, but I reserve a special, mischievous smile whenever someone in the *tambayan* is jokingly labeled *ya gong* or *he gaw*.

Being Chinese, however, is deeper inside you than mere acts or words. Chinese pragmatism, for example, has been stereotyped as both being business-minded and being *kuripot*, but I believe two of my friends are the most apt definitions. One, Ronald Choy, a Taiwanese national and PsCE major, fantasizes about his scams involving the reproduction of Fonkards.



Xavier Section D '97... After leaving a Chinese school, you find that classmates have longer surnames.

The other, a former classmate now in La Salle, can find anything he wants in Tondo—and find it cheap—from cellular phones to car parts. Perhaps it is the way they outline their plans in slick Fookien that makes them sound worse than the stereotyped used car salesmen from cartoons.

Underneath these humorous images, though, lies the Chinese spirit: a combination of family ties, values and attitudes worthy of being kept no matter how much times change. There is something more to being brought up as Chinese than having chinky eyes and using Fookien expressions. My best friend, Mark Pabifona, now in La Salle, finds that he gets along best with the three other Chinese members of his block. This is in no way discrimination, just a sense

of comfort felt because you are with people brought up the same way you were and instilled with the same principles. They say Chinese are naturally clannish, and I have always enjoyed having over a hundred cousins. My cousins and I have realized the value of family not only after helping each other out, but after endless nitpicking over which uncle is really *ako* and which is *ape*.

When a Chinese-Filipino walks into a store with a Chinese manager, it is a given that the latter will give him good service, even dropping whatever he is doing for a friendly chat. Even complete Chinese strangers trading Magic: the Gathering cards in Virra Mall acknowledge each other differently when they begin quoting prices to each other in Fookien. People with the same backgrounds naturally come together, but I am proud to say that the cohesion of Filipino Chinese is something else. It was

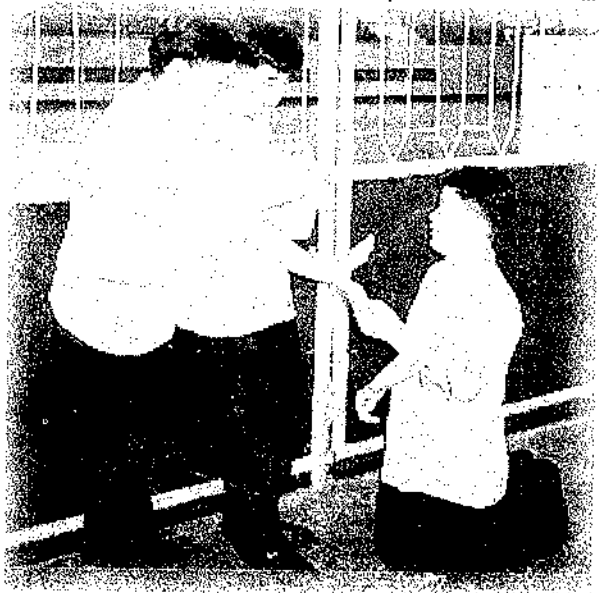
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My Calculus seatmate
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efforts.
.....

seen when a fire official said Chinese volunteer fire brigades are indispensable, and it was seen when ten thousand closed ranks on the day of Gordon Tan's burial. It is more than an inclination; it is something etched into our psyches. It is how our grandfathers survived after they took

their first steps off the boats they arrived here in.

Of course, this closeness is sometimes perceived in or carried out the wrong way. I have experienced the so-called bias of Chinese parents firsthand. Once, I called up a friend and her Dad answered. My "Nariyan basi..." was met with a curt reply to call back later. When I called again, I recognized her Dad's voice and switched to my best Fookien. The gruffness on the other end disappeared, my friend was told to hurry to the phone, and I was admonished

"Perhaps it is the way they outline their plans in slick Fookien..."





for not speaking in Chinese the first time.

Life isn't complete without prejudices, and this one can be poked fun at just like any other. Anon-Chinese blockmate of mine, for example, has a girlfriend from a liberal Chinese family, and even my History teacher, Mrs. Lianne Habana, is giving him tips on how to look more Chinese for his visit to the girl's parents.

Despite the negative comments raised by "The Great Bias", many of my Chinese-Filipino friends are actually consciously inclined towards relationships with other Chinese-Filipino. A guy beside me in ROTC complained violently about this, crying discrimination, because he claimed that the pretty girls in ME were all Chinese (debatable, but hey, at least one of those said girls justifies the claim), but the reasons aren't really about racial purity. It's just comfortable to imagine spending the rest of your life with someone who was raised with the same values you grew up with, the same values you would want your

example. He is not a prude, but he envisions his ideal girl as having a substantial sense of modesty. That is how he was raised; he would not even think of being caught in a public display of affection with a certain ICAn, despite their closeness. I have never seen any

.....
I switched to my best
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on the other end
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.....

harm in having such clear cut definitions of what is proper, and wouldn't mind marrying someone with those conceptions.

I asked Mrs. Habana, Amee, my Guidon Editor-in-Chief, and the ladies at Food For Thought what they thought set Chinese apart from other Ateneans. They all said that the differences were all physical.

The modern Chinese-Filipino teenager is lucky. He can fully enjoy the best of two very rich worlds. The wealth of a five thousand year-old culture surges within his veins. At the same time, his heart is here in the Philippines, and he has become a part of its history.

The fusion of the two can be seen in his effortless and unconscious shifts from Filipino to accentless Fookien and back.

The modern Chinese-Filipino teenager is gladly accepted by society as just another Filipino teenager, though one with another dimension in his life. He is proud of a few more words in his vocabulary, an extra red shirt in his closet, and, one who is expected to give away *tikoy* every February. By
OSCAR TAN (I MEEcoH)■

Festival Food

by SUNSHINE WONG (I MAC)

Hand-in-hand with the arrival of Chinese festivals comes a variety of staple foods without which the festivals just would not be the same. More than being colorful and mouth-watering, however, these foods have their own special meanings.

Tikoy Although cooked in steamers year-round in the Philippines, *tikoy* is associated with the Chinese New Year. Familiar to Chinese and Filipino tongues alike, it is very sweet and very, very sticky. Because this expresses a wish that the whole family will be affectionate and close-knit, *tikoy* is usually eaten at the beginning of the new year with the whole family.

Small mandarin oranges Only about an inch in diameter, small mandarins are hung in front doors and offered at altars also during the Chinese New Year. The small fruit is popular because its Chinese name, *ju*, sounds like the Chinese word for luck, *ju*. Thus, it is believed that having *ju* in one's house also invites *ju* in for the year.

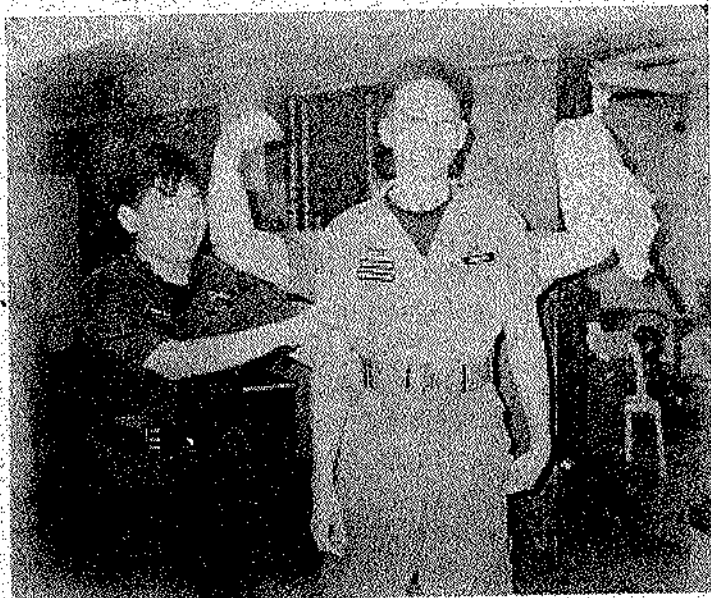
Fish A staple on the first family dinner of the year, fish, *u*, has a similar pronunciation to the Chinese word for abundance. It is served to symbolize prosperity in the coming year. And, since fish is one of the few foods one can serve with head and tail intact, it reminds the members of the family to finish what they begin.

Peanut balls These balls are made of glutinous rice flour with a sweet peanut filling inside and are boiled in water. They are usually eaten on the fifteenth day of the first month of the lunar year. Being smooth and round, they symbolize the family's union and harmony in the coming year, and are served in big batches.

Misua and hard boiled eggs Misua is served on someone's birthday, the long noodles thought to symbolize longevity. Usually, a hard boiled egg is served with the noodles because this symbolizes birth and a new beginning.

Mooncake These innocent looking cakes commemorate an important event in Chinese history. A band of revolutionaries led by Zhu Yuan Zhang, who went on to found the Ming dynasty, staged a rebellion to overthrow the despotic foreign Yuan (Mongol) dynasty. To avoid detection, messages announcing the uprising on the mid-autumn festival were sent inside mooncakes. On the fifteenth of the eighth month of the lunar calendar, the Mongols were successfully overthrown. The tasty cakes are still eaten today, and are also associated with the mooncake dice game. ■

"The modern Chinese teen-ager is gladly accepted by society as just another Filipino teen-ager, though one with another dimension in his life."





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