

Chinoy

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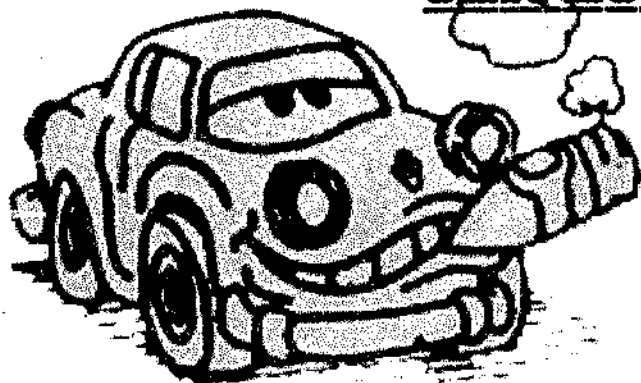
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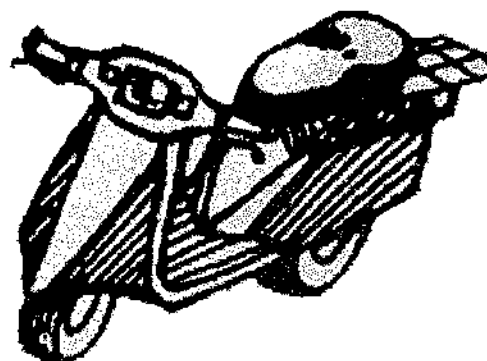
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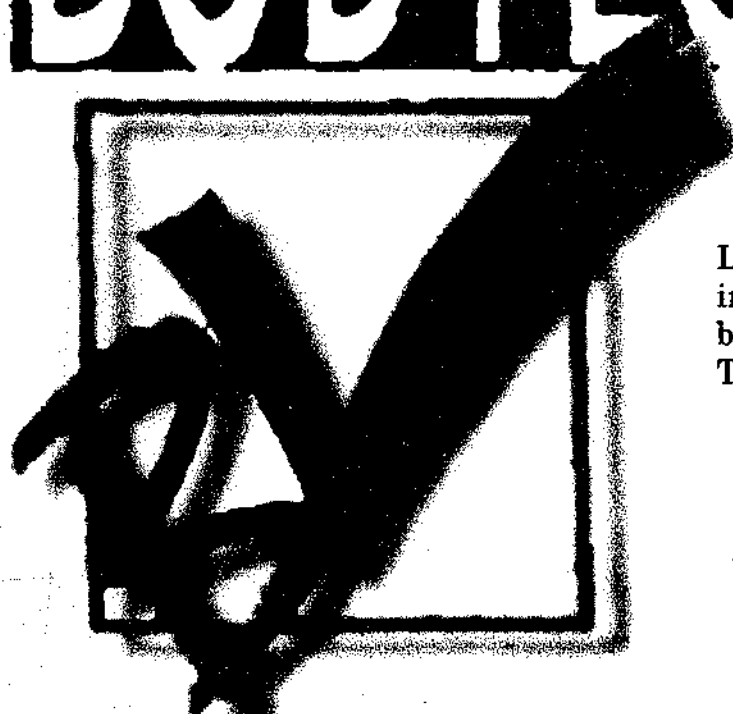


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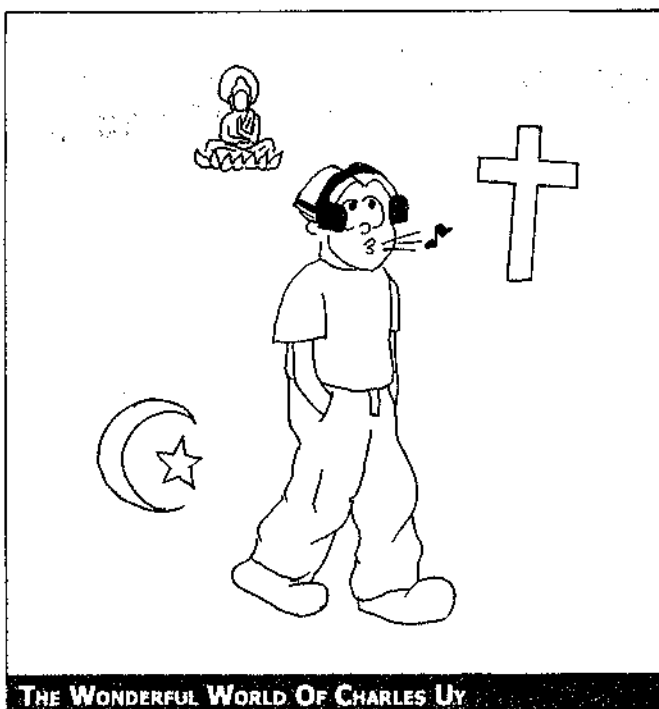
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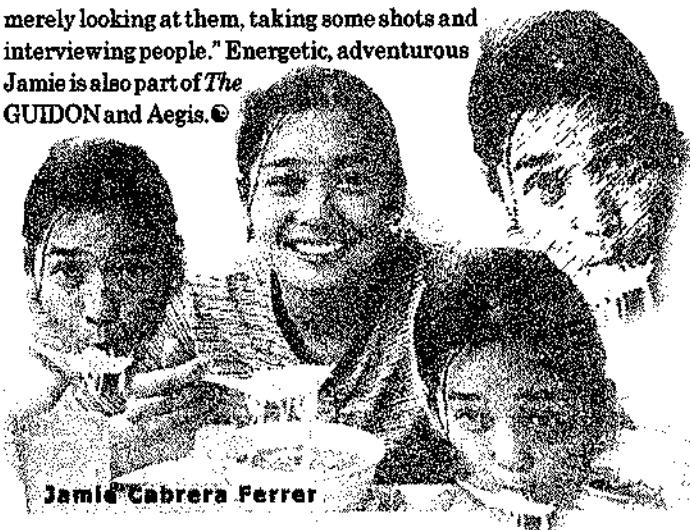


THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF CHARLES UY

"IN THE TEMPLE, I HAD TO be careful since I'm not at all Chinese," shares Jamie. "I didn't really know how they'd react. Seeing it on TV, though, is very different from seeing it right before your very eyes." During her Binondo excursion, on the other hand, the conspicuous head turner was mistaken for an industrial spy. "It was my first time there," she continues. "I learned a lot about how people are by just merely looking at them, taking some shots and interviewing people." Energetic, adventurous Jamie is also part of *The GUIDON* and *Aegis*. ©

Editor's NOTEBOOKS

BY OSCAR TAN



Jamie Cabrera Ferrer

celadon Chinoy STAFF

Mission: To serve as the venue of artistic expression and official organ of the Ateneo Celadon, and to define the identity of the Chinese-Filipino subculture within the beauty of the Filipino culture

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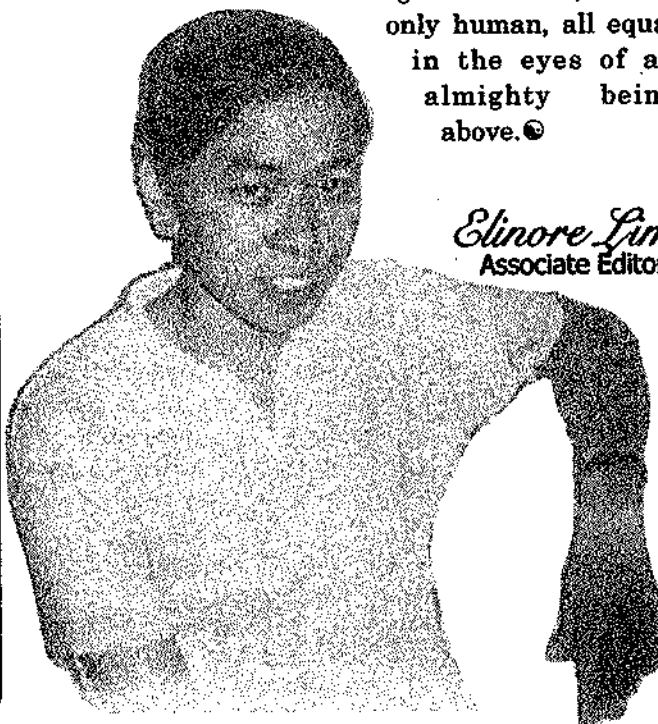
Editor's Letter

CERTAINLY, WE DO NOT FIRST ASK THE question "What's your religion?" while making new friends. During Orsem, I remember losing no time in chatting with those around me. They inquired and talked about almost anything—anything except religion. The religion question came up only during the Mass, when some people did not seem to know what to do, such as make the Sign of the Cross, among other things.

People did not make a big fuss over it. They did not even seem to care. This seeming apathy towards different religions, however, should not simply be taken as a sign of acceptance and respect. It could mean a lot of other things, such as intolerance, or even distrust. To really know a person is to understand his beliefs and values, things which hold the key to a person's nature. As Froude would put it, "The secret of man's nature lies in his religion, in what he really believes about this world and his own place in it." Most non-Catholics would take a friend's non-questioning of their beliefs as a sign of acceptance, and also a sign of true friendship. Maybe so. But in truth, this kind of seemingly deep friendship is just like the relationship between mere acquaintances, shallow and weak.

The role of Theology in the Ateneo is to deepen relationships—the relationships between God and men, and the relationships between men. Here, non-Catholics are offered a glimpse into the uniqueness of their Catholic neighbors. But, are our Catholic neighbors also willing to share in our uniqueness, as we share in theirs? The key here is not conversion or condemnation. Our key concern is an understanding of our—Catholics and non-Catholics—uniqueness as human beings,

a respect for our peculiarities and strengths. After all, we are only human, all equal in the eyes of an almighty being above. ©



Elinore Lim
Associate Editor

COUNTING THE FACES OF GOD

Protestants, Buddhists, Atheists, Muslims: These are the people who make up the religious minority of the Ateneo. One can only imagine the major adjustments they have had to make in order to fit into a Jesuit university that requires 15 units of Theology. For some of them, it was almost like stepping onto an alien world.

First Contact

The Sign of the Cross many Ateneans take for granted is enough to make some of these students feel uneasy. For a while, Sheryl Cu (II MIS), a Protestant, began asking herself, "Is there really something wrong about doing the Sign of the Cross?" She asked this since her high school teachers had taught her that doing this was wrong. Most non-Catholics eventually get used to this practice, however. Lesley Ang (III MIS), also a Protestant, recounts the first time she led her class in prayer: "I said out loud, 'In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit'... *Baka kasi maguluhan sila.*"

The Sign of the Cross is often just the first of many new Catholic practices the non-Catholic encounters. Even simple prayers can be disturbing. "*Natetense pa rin ako kung ngaprapray. Minsan nga kung turn ko na, pinapasa ko na lang sa katabi ko,*" shares Clara* (II MIS). Most Protestants pray their own prayers, minus the formula invocation and the Sign of the Cross, and this sometimes

pray the Catholic way but felt this was hypocritical since she was not a Catholic.

Atheists have a harder time adapting. One of them, Mike*, remarks, "I felt like the black sheep of the class.... They were all Catholics and knew how to pray." Once asked to pray in class, Mike declined and told the teachers he did not know how. Chris*, a Protestant turned Atheist,

specifically learned the shortest prayer he could find for class, the *Glory Be*.

Catholicism, for non-Catholics, is noticeably incorporated into the Ateneo routine. Sheila Huang (II LM) voices out: "*Nakakaasar minsan 'yung Angelus. Kung nagmamadali, nafaforce kang mag-stop.*" She and other Catholics, however, have learned to respect this Catholic practice. Going to Mass, however, is

something most non-Catholics would not do in the Ateneo. For some, the rituals in the Catholic Mass appear strange. Clara shares one experience: "*Naweirdohan ako, especially noong nag-Ama Namin sa Orsem Mass. Lahat ng tao nag-join hands. Inisip ko, 'Ano iyan?'*" Some non-Catholics even find the blessing of the bread and wine strange. These, however, are just the tip of the iceberg.

"Theology classes address very basic human questions, — questions that any human can relate to"

—Dr. Christina Astorga

elicits surprised reactions from classmates or teachers. Though there has never been any discrimination, some non-Catholics choose to memorize Catholic prayers for the sake of leading prayers in class. Jennifer*, a Buddhist, learned to pray the *Hail Mary* from her cousin. She explained, "It was more for convenience as it was a shorter prayer." Another Buddhist, Anna*, also learned to



by Elinore Lim and Candy Bata
Photos and graphics by Oscar Tan

Coping With Theology

Surprisingly, many non-Catholics do not find Theology to be a hard course. Most treat it as something to be memorized and studied just like any other academic subject. More so, many of them have already become familiar with Catholicism through relatives or friends. Of course, some had difficulty relating to Catholic doctrines and teachings that contradicted their beliefs. For Minette Co (IIME Math), this problem was no surprise. "*Okay lang! Expected na rin kasi na magkaiba ang teachings ng dalawang religion. Ang kailangan na lang, discernment.*"

It is often the Atheists and Buddhists who encounter difficulty. For Anna, it was her first time to read the Bible. Though she knew some concepts about God, the Theology lessons were very new to her. Nevertheless, she reacts positively, "[Studying Theology,] maoopen 'yung world mo.... malalaman mo kung paano makitungo sa ibang tao." Chris, on the other hand, found Theology really difficult. "*Closed 'yung pag-iisip ko sa Theology.... napakabiased,*" he confides.

Some non-Catholics have a hard time expressing their own beliefs during class discussions. Richard Chua (III Ps) often experienced minor conflicts with his classmates during group works. "Toften found myself alone in my beliefs." Other found



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doing the exegesis to be the hardest part. Mike could not connect the exegesis to his own experiences in life. Fortunately, his groupmates were there to save their Atheist friend from failing the subject.

Some non-Catholics, though, see Theology in a different light, sometimes in a more profound manner. Lesley looks at Theology as a challenge. She was made to think critically as the subject questioned her beliefs. Maria* shares a similar experience, "Napaisip ako. The different concepts about God confused me more than strengthened my beliefs. *Hindi na nga ako masyadong active sa church ko ngayon.*" Anna judged some Catholic concepts to be better than their Buddhist equivalents. Though she is still closer to Buddhism, she has chosen not to belong to any definite religion since coming to the Ateneo. "Medyo confused akong ngayon," she shares. "Kung isa lang 'yung God, bakit ang dami nilang (mga tao) nakitang God?"

Beware of smorgasborgs

With Theology primarily a Catholic subject, why not just hold special religion classes for non-Catholics? Dr. Christina Astorga, chair of the Theology department, sees no need for these. "First, we don't have the personnel," she points out. "Second, it is their (non-Catholic students) choice to come to a Catholic university, so they should already know what to expect. Third, Theology classes address very basic human questions, such as the questions of justice and questions about God—questions that any human can relate to." Dr. Astorga quotes from her department's Statement of Position to further stress her points: "Unless the study of other religions is premised on a serious and thorough academic grounding, one may either commit error due to misjudgment or fall into reductionism.... To attempt to integrate the study of other religions.... would foster a relativistic and smorgasborg approach which contradicts the basic goal of college Theology."

In fairness, most non-Catholics are not forced to agree with the lessons. "If they disagree with some of the teachings, that's not taken against them," Dr. Astorga states. "They can express their opinions as long as

they understand what they are disagreeing with. All we ask for is a critical understanding of the content." What does she advise, then, to non-Catholics who have yet to take their first Theology class? "Just study," she recommends. "Just think of it as going to a Muslim school and studying Islam."

Aftershocks

Despite constant exposure to Catholicism, conversion rarely crosses the minds of the majority of Protestants. Some Protestants like Maria have chosen not to adhere to any specific religion, though they still believe in God. Anna says that she will convert only if she gets a chance to attend a retreat for non-believers. Only a few non-Catholics have actually thought of converting. Mike, for one, has seriously thought of converting to Catholicism. "I was inspired, especially after writing my God Question Essay for Theology class," he shares. "It made me find God."

Carl*, however, had an altogether different experience. He had a Theology teacher, who, in his words, "could not accept people as they are." After the teacher found out that he was not Catholic, the teacher allegedly tried to convert him to Catholicism. At one point, Carl claims, the teacher hinted that he would get a low grade if he did not convert. Carl did not and he did get a low grade. When asked if he felt he deserved the grade, he replied, "Of course not! I even have my test paper grades to back me up." Nevertheless, he did not complain to his teacher. For Carl, he would "more of adapt to Christianity than convert to Christianity."

When Chinoy asked the Theology teacher in question about this incident, he expressed surprise. "I do talk to them (non-Catholic students), yes, but I never proselytize them," he responds. According to him, these students only convert by their own free will and by the grace of God. Regarding the low grade, the teacher only has this to say: "He probably didn't show a sufficient understanding of the course, or he resisted understanding Theology.... I think the student probably

misunderstood my efforts..."

Catholicism... okay lang

After all their exposure to Catholic practices, are non-Catholic Ateneans fully adjusted to Catholicism? Or is adjust even the right word? Many students insist that they are already fully adjusted. Some, however, are not so sure. Minette states, "I can never be fully adjusted to or fully comfortable with Catholicism... manageable

"Expected na rin kasi na magkaiba ang teachings ng dalawang religion. Ang kailangan na lang, discernment."

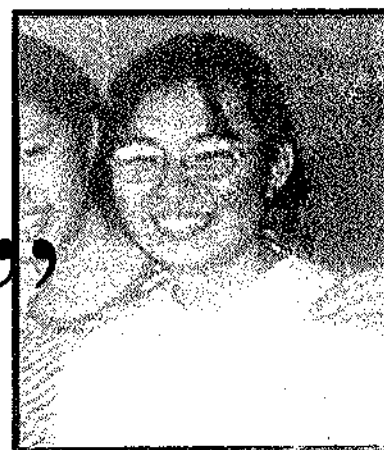
—Minette Co

is more like it." Chris is more blunt, "I can never adjust to religion, but with academics, okay na."

Fortunately, the Ateneo seems to provide an accepting environment for people of different cultural and religious backgrounds. For most non-Catholics, for example, differences in religion are not hindrances in developing strong friendships. "Kung ako, flexible naman ako," shares Sheila. "I just focus on the similar aspects of our religion." Love may be more sensitive and some would rather find a partner with the same beliefs to reduce problems during marriage. For some though, religion is still not an issue. "I prefer another Buddhist, but it's okay if he's not a Buddhist, as long as he does not force me to convert to his religion," Jennifer expresses.

Non-Catholics cannot deny that studying in the Ateneo has broadened their views, regarding Catholicism, and regarding life in general. They, in turn, have enriched their second home. Some have even realized that "there's nothing really wrong with Catholicism."◎

* names have been changed to protect the privacy of the interviewees



COUNTING THE FACES OF GOD

The following scene greets the first-time visitor to the Tutuban area in Divisoria: jeepney drivers with absolutely no regard—or perhaps knowledge—of traffic rules, pedicab drivers who do not mind scratching your car, vendors whose concept of the sidewalk extends to half of the road, and garbage, flies and muck. And, an Oriental-looking structure that tries to blend into the scene.

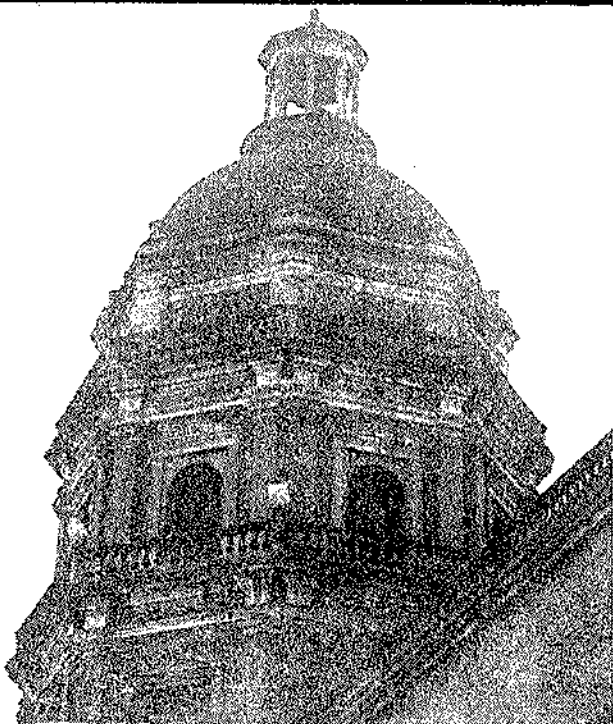
One wonders what in the world a Buddhist temple is doing amidst the seeming chaos referred to as “onli in da pilipins.” The same sight may greet one taking a leisurely stroll in more pleasant surroundings. One may pass a fancy house or two in a Quezon City residential area and do a double-take upon seeing a red gate past which lies a compound with dragon figures and a very large incense boat.

The Filipino culture has embraced Buddhism. *Halad*, offering fruits, candies and foods to the saints, is a practice taken for granted. So is hanging a *pakwa*, a red octagonal disk with the circular mirror at the center, over one's doorway to bring good fortune. It is no wonder, then, that a Buddhist temple fits right into the Divisoria hubbub.

Into Another world

The sticky fragrance of *hiu* (incense or joss sticks) heralds the presence of a temple.

SCENE STEALER This structure tries to blend with its surroundings, but ends up towering over neighboring buildings.

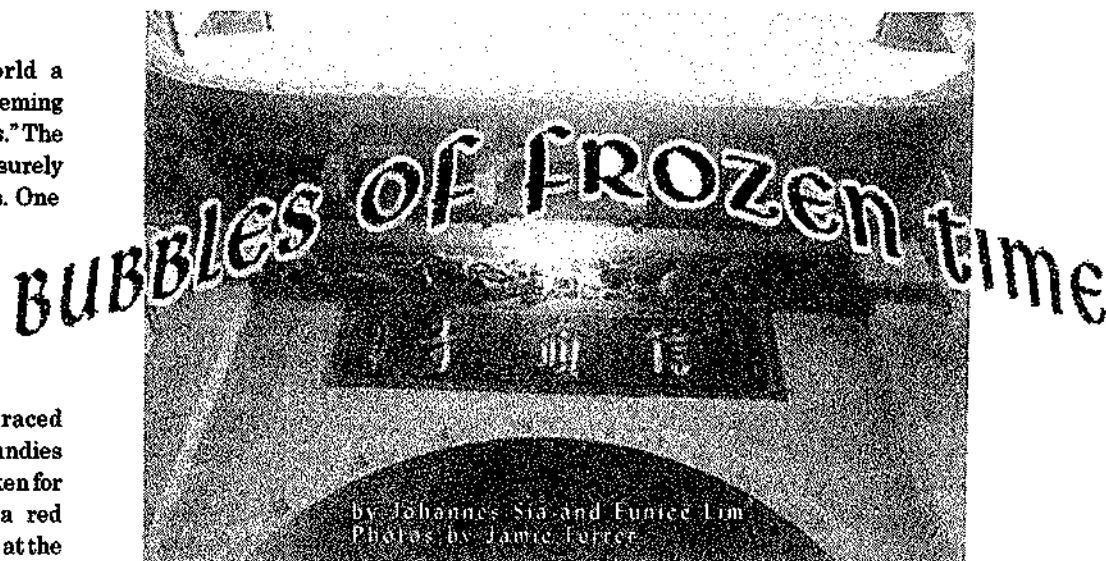


One can also watch for pillars of smoke that emanate from one during feast days. These are due to the burning of paper “money” by worshippers. *Kim* has gold lining and is the astral paper currency for saints while *bun* has silver lining and is for dead relatives. “*Buti pa ang patay, may steady income,*” quips a temple regular while throwing “gold” crowns made of packed sawdust into a furnace.

Once one reaches the main doorway of a temple, one can't help but marvel at the craftsmanship of the lions found on either side. Aside from making the place look more

into each other. Rounding out the interior are paintings on the pillars, well-molded figures of gods, bronze gongs and cymbals, and the ever-present incense urn.

In almost every corner and along the sides of the interior are the altars for the minor gods. These are usually a bit low; some temples have the minor altars at knee-level. The main altar is usually found at the center of the temple. There, one finds rows of kneeling cushions, rows of the gongs monks use during prayers, and mounds of burnt incense that overflowed from the bathtub-size incense urn. In the middle of all this



Chinese, they, as one caretaker puts it with a smile, “scare bad people away.” Okay. A little known fact, though, is that the lions are always a couple. Whether in a temple in the Philippines or in the Forbidden City in Beijing, the male lion can be identified by the globe under his paw while the female has a lion cub under hers.

The main doors of temples themselves are usually red to signify good luck. And, they always come in pairs. On them can be found pictures of two fierce-looking Chinese generals; one on each door. The pair are actual historical figures from China's 5,000 year old history. Because of their great military exploits, the Chinese of long ago elevated them to the status of gods. Like the lions, these fierce-looking, colorful sentinels are also there to scare away evil spirits.

Once inside the temple, it is easy to find oneself drawn into a different world. The pillars and the beams are quite extraordinary because aside from the intricate carvings (usually of phoenixes, peacocks and dragons), they are connected without the aid of nails, just like the famous *Tian Tan* or Temple of Heaven in Beijing. They were all constructed with such precision that they basically fit

stands the larger than life statue of Buddha—Prince Siddharta, not the guy with the big belly—that is usually plated with real gold and encased in glass.

Going to a Buddhist temple is like visiting an old museum. If one disregards for a moment modern amenities such as sinks and electric fans, one can imagine that he was thrown back in time.

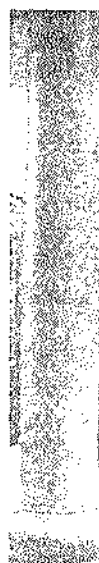
Why certain things are done

Prayers for the dead Prayers are generally led by the monks. Buddhist prayers usually come in the form of chants accompanied by the beating of bronze gongs and cymbals. Now, if one's Chinese is rather basic, one should not think for one second that one will be able to keep up with the monks and the more experienced worshippers. Usually, though, prayers led by monks are said in remembrance of the gods and the dead. How can one tell? In some temples, monks pray daily facing tablets with names of the dead inscribed on them. Evan Chua (III MEco, SecGen) remembers something like this from her childhood: “[On the Chinese equivalent of All Saints' Day,] *magbibigay ng little amount of money tapos sila* [monks *na kalbo*]

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COUNTING THE FACES OF GOD

na bahala mag-celebrate." The bill for these services, however, can run to P100,000 per tablet in some temples.

Incense By the doorway of every temple is a huge stack of joss sticks, usually red or yellow. In more organized temples, these are already bundled in sets for individual use. Beside the joss sticks is an oil lamp that burns continuously during worship hours and is used for lighting the sticks.

Unknown to many, lighting a joss stick is not as simple as lighting a cigarette. For example, in worshipping Buddha and other major gods, one must light three sticks because offering three is considered the highest honor. For minor gods, one can light one or two. Another rule is that one cannot light a broken joss stick. For some, offering a broken stick is considered a great insult. Also, it is considered a bad omen if one's joss stick falls down after it has been stuck into

the ash inside the incense urn. Finally, it is a tradition that the incense urn cannot be cleaned no matter how dirty it has become. According to a worshipper, "Cleaning the incense urn without the permission of the gods would bring bad luck."

Communing with the gods In the Buddhist faith, it is usual for worshippers to ask the gods questions. A person may ask whether it is a good time to move to another address or whether a particular woman is fit for marriage—practically anything. Some even ask if a certain woman is fertile or not or whether their spouses are being unfaithful! The more common questions, though, relate to business and luck.

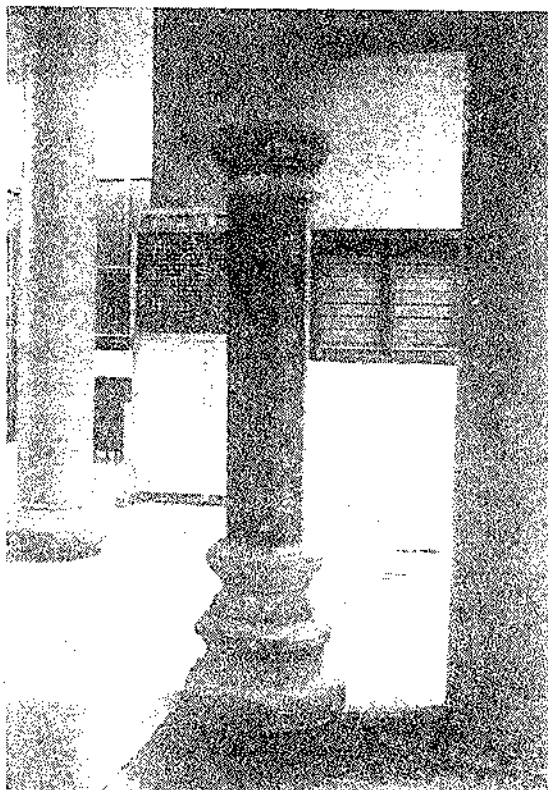
There are three ways of talking to the gods. The first practice involves

tossing a bundle of sticks after praying to the gods. After stating one's question, one takes a cylinder of wooden sticks and tosses them like a salad, making sure that no sticks fall out of the cylinder. One then takes the stick that juts out the farthest and reads the inscription. Whatever is written on the stick is one's answer from the gods.

Another way involves a pair of half-circle-shaped pieces of wood. First, one puts the two together and waves them in a circular motion over and around the incense urn. One asks the god one's question while doing so and then throws the pieces to the ground with both hands. If both shells land with the flat sides exposed, that means "yes". If they land with the curved sides exposed, that means "no". But if one shell lands with the flat side exposed and the other lands with the curved



INCENSE URN The ash of all the incense burned previously provides a base in which one can stick his lighted incense stick.



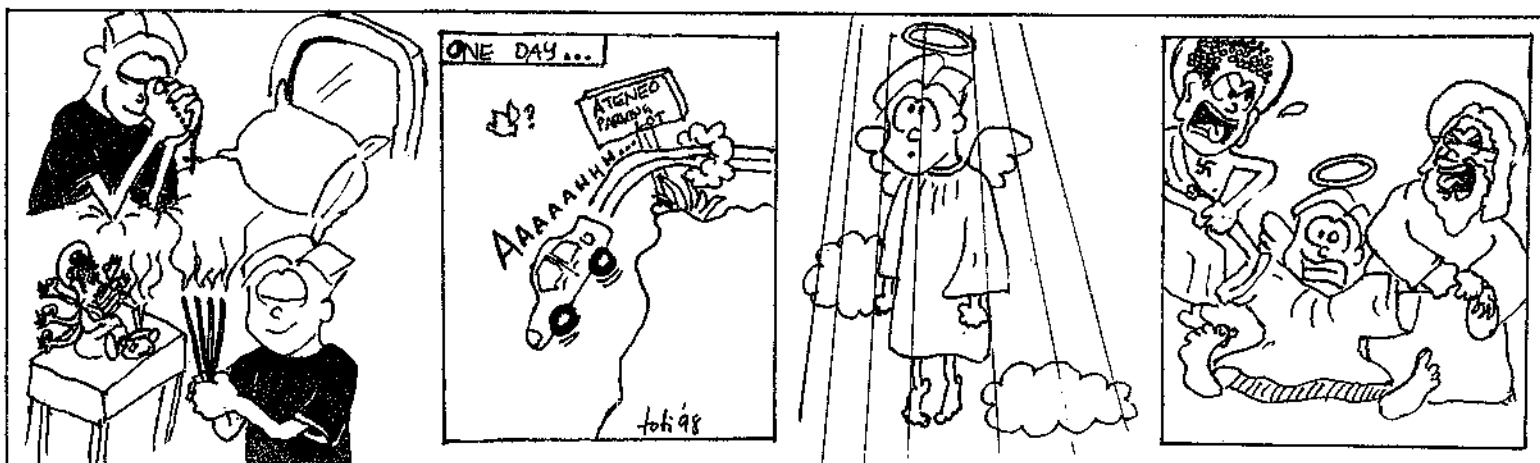
GIANT SIGN This pillar is an imposing sight. Too bad the average teen-ager cannot read the inscription.

side exposed, that means the god is laughing at you. It seems that even ancient gods have a sense of humor.

The third method is not available in all temples. It involves talking directly to the gods by means of a person who acts as their vessel. Imagine this: One moment, the monk is praying and in the next, he is possessed by the god he invoked. It can be a creepy sight to watch for some. Some mediums, however, are even supposedly able to predict typhoons and earthquakes.

Buddhism and Generation X

"My Mom used to go to Baclaran every Wednesday and then would go to the Taoist

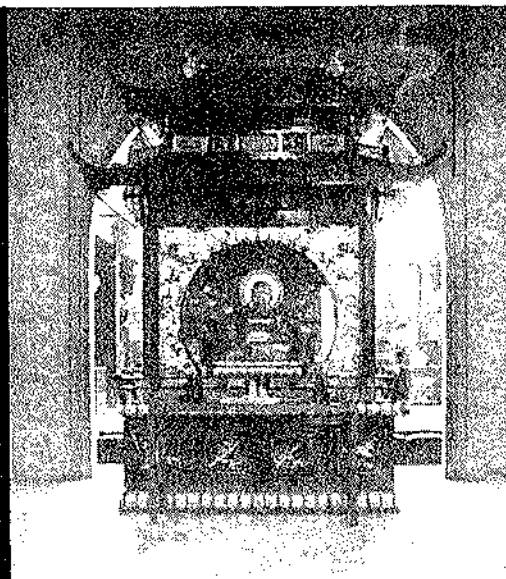


COUNTING THE FACES OF GOD



(left) Nearby stores cater to the needs of templegoers and parallel their counterparts found near large Christian churches.

(right) The figure of a god stares back at worshippers from his perch.



or Buddhist temples also," recalled Father Johnny Go, S.J. in the September 1998 issue of *Chinoy*. Why do teen-agers today go to Buddhist temples despite their being Catholics? Many go with their families while a few do believe that the practice contributes a certain goodness to their lives.

Mr. Glenn Garfield Ang of the History Department shares his personal theory: "It is not so much that the temples are Buddhist that's why the honoring has to be done there, but [people are] actually honoring ancestors who happened to be Buddhists." Mr. Ang opines that templegoing today has less to do with conversion to Buddhism; if the ancestors belonged to another religion, then chances are the honoring would be done elsewhere.

"Actually, that's the thing about ethnic Chinese culture," Mr. Ang continues. "It does not really deal with religions as devout religions, but as ways of life or philosophies.

It's something like, if it could blend, if it does not contradict my sense of reasoning then I can make it blend more like that. I guess that's when it can clash with the inherent blind faith idea that, you know, 'I'm the one God and thou shall not have any other God's before me' which kind of seems to be defied by playing on both religions."

Mr. Ang notes that what is beautiful about the meeting of Ateneans and Buddhism is "the sense of harmony and wholesomeness that Buddhism as a philosophy supports or cultivates." He feels that this is very much compatible with the Atenean thrust of the well-rounded individual.

Author Johannes Sia notes that because of his good number of Buddhist relatives, going to temples is nothing new to him. He professes curiosity about the different gods and practices—and the free food monks give to worshippers. "For religious people who

abstain from meat and spices, their cooking is quite good!" he notes emphatically. More seriously, though, he encourages his peers to go ahead and go with their families to temples if they find that this enriches their lives.

Religion and tradition have intertwined in the Buddhist temple, and many of our generation are unsure of where they are in between the weavings of the two. The temples and the traditions they encapsulate, however, cannot simply be dismissed as anachronisms in our modern age. One can still appreciate a four year-old cousin eyeing joss sticks with curiosity.

Mr. Glenn Ang ends his thoughts with a quote from Kublai Khan: "Since we do not know which is the true faith, the best way is to try not to go out of our way to antagonize any single one of them." This, perhaps, best captures the eclectic approach of some to faith. ●

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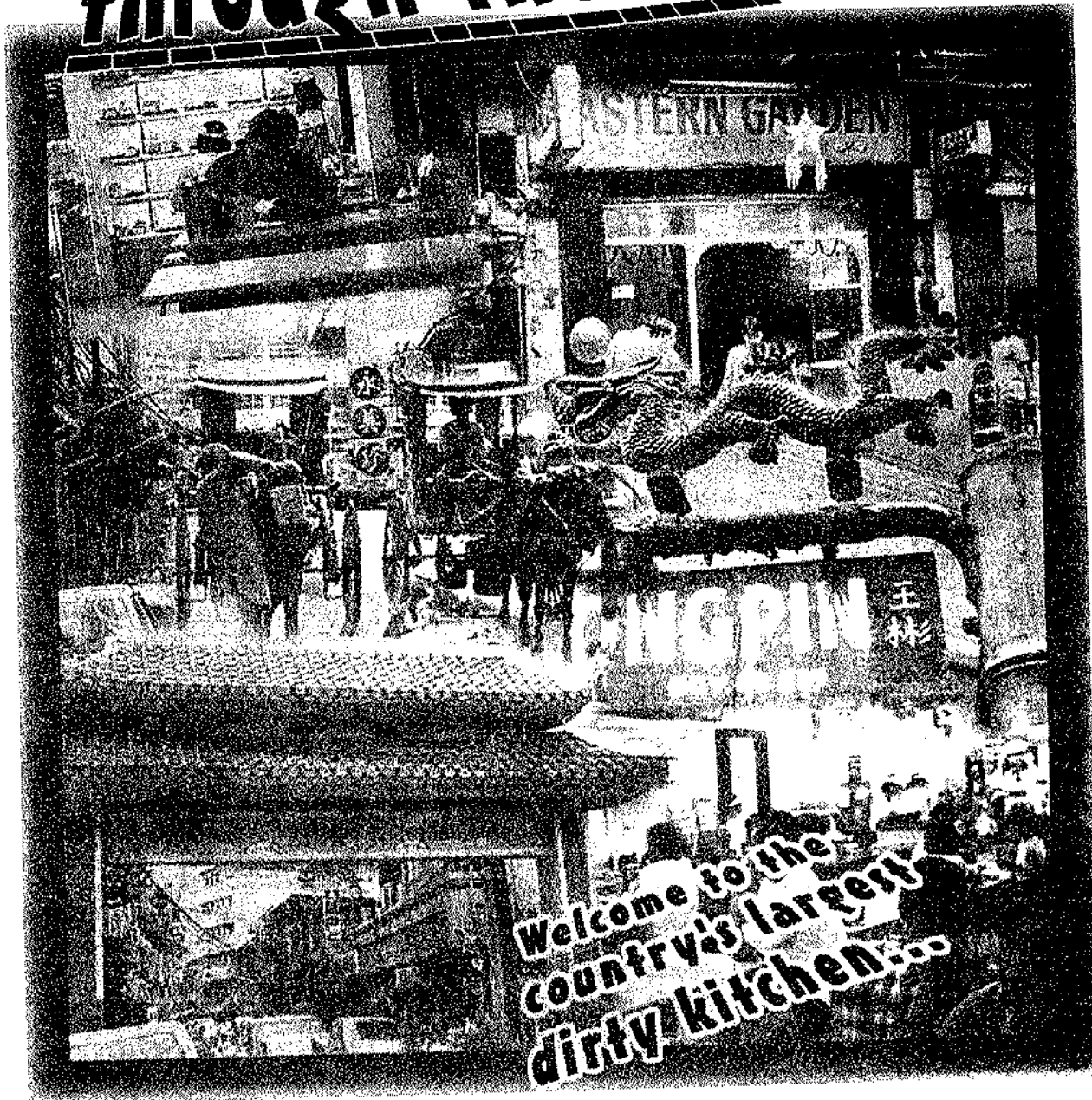


TR

BINONDO

through the lens

PHOTOS BY JAMIE FERRER
 STORY BY JAMIE FERRER, KIMBERLY
 PABILONA, TINA KHOE AND OSCAR TAN
 GRAPHICS BY OSCAR TAN



Upon hearing the word Binondo, many things come to mind: crowded streets, *kalesas*, temples, figurines, clothes, medicinal herbs, lanterns, and of course, food. Binondo, among other things, is a tangle of eateries of all sizes and kinds. If one does not mind cramped, noisy eating areas and the complete lack of ambience, one will easily find that Binondo is the place to find new meaning in the description "delicious and cheap."

has world re-...
 ymian as source p-21" also...



Noodles and dimsum

One should not expect a well-dressed lady to meet one at the entrance of the average Binondo *pansiteria* and ask "Smoking or non-smoking?" Instead, one should be alert and ready to race to the first available table one sees.

The smell of dimsum greets one at the entrance as the steamers are usually placed outside the restaurants. Upon entering, one cannot fail to notice the cooking area. In some places, this is practically beside the tables for the customers. In others, it is further inside, but still visible. This makes for a different eating atmosphere; there are no glass windows between the diner and the kitchen unlike in finer restaurants.

These places often look dirty and can be crowded with people laughing, smoking and chatting. Everyone will be drinking tea as well since it is free. Upon noticing all this, one should not expect to be handed a menu.

To decide on one's order, one can refer to crude signs with names of dishes and prices attached to the walls. Of course, one can simply just take a look at the different kinds of noodles in the bowls lined beside the cook, waiting to be prepared.

Specialties include different kinds of *mami*, *lomi*, *chami* (fried noodles) and *pancit* *canton*. A favorite is *maki mi*, beef and noodles served in a mixture of starch and water instead of soup. *Maki* is the same dish without the noodles. Many side dishes are also available, ranging from *ma chang* (a triangular rice cake with beans and meat inside) and *cho mah* (sweet and sour) to oyster cake (an omelette-like dish of oysters and vegetables best eaten with ketchup).

If one enters a dimsum house, he will be faced with a dimsum cart piled with containers of dimsum ready to be placed on his table at the point of a finger. This is a system seen even in the finer restaurants.

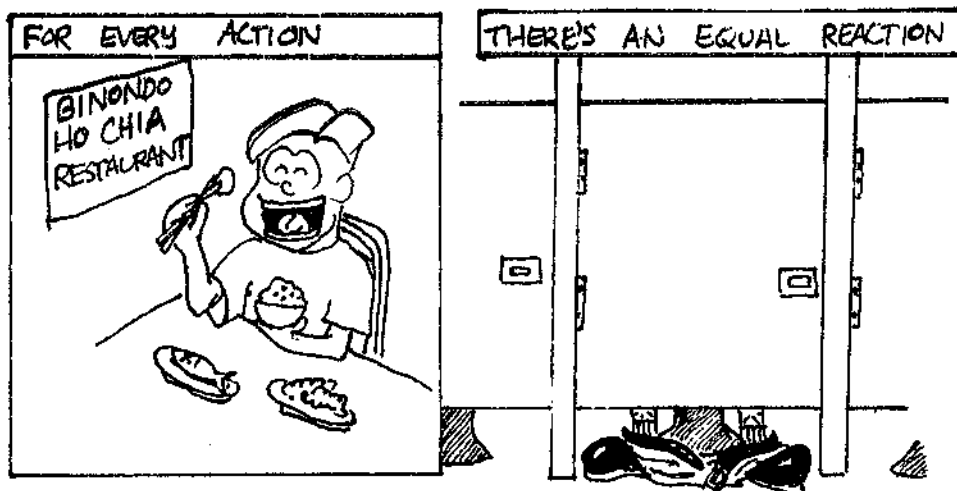
One can sample beef tripe and *adidas* (chicken feet) cooked in spicy oil and radish cakes. More familiar dishes include siopao, shark's fin siomai, spare ribs, beef balls and sliced century eggs.

Noteworthy names include Manosa, Delicious restaurant, Ma Mon Luk and Ling Nam. One customer remarks, "Sa mga *pansiteria*, masarap sobra ang food... for less than P200, *busog ka na, ang sarap-sarap pa!*" Mark Pabilona, a DLSU sophomore, points to Mazuki. "Sabi ni Mommy special daw ang sabaw doon. Masustansya daw kaya pinapainom sa amin." Mark notes that the discriminating Chinese tongue will be able to sense a difference in *mami* in Binondo and outside of it. "Mas masarap ang sabaw ng noodles sa Ling Nam ng Binondo kaysa sa ibang branch," he opines.

Bakeries

A clarification: the definition of "bakery" in Binondo is much looser than one is familiar with. One can enter and be greeted with a mixture of scents from all the kinds of pastries one's *ama* probably grew up with. Products are displayed in the many trays and stands in the shop. An old Chinese person usually stands watch at the cash register and swaps stories loudly with regulars.

The most familiar product these bakeries carry is hopia, monggo paste wrapped in a thin wrapper. Binondo is the place to find hopia of all kinds: ube, pineapple and peanut, to name a few. One may also discover monggo dice. Other snacks range from bread and almond cakes to Chinese-style ensaymada, pastries with red puffed rice on them and gelatin. Mark adds, "Pag season ng atang



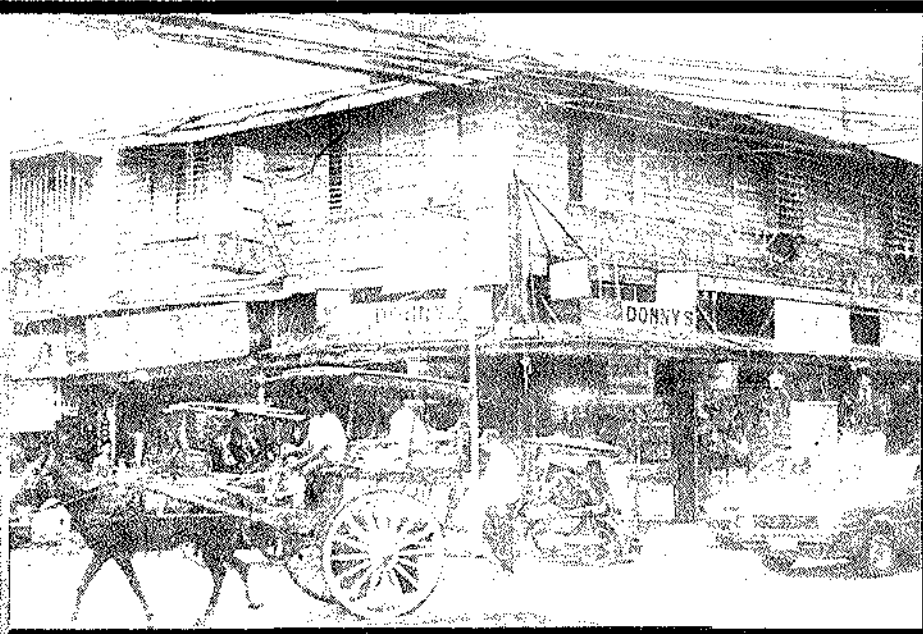
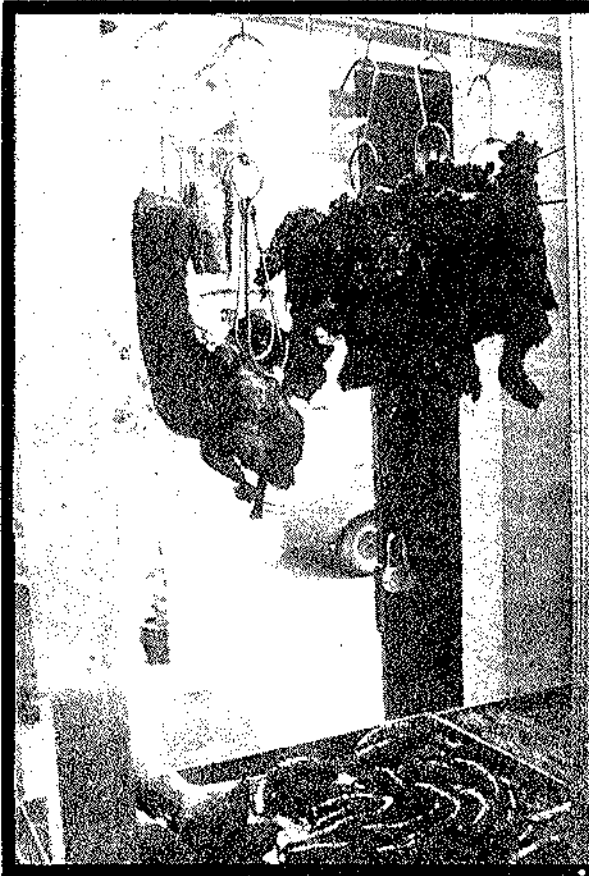
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One should not try too hard to categorize the eateries; many places serve a little of everything, anyway. Each shop has its own story to tell, and some have been around long enough for one's grandparents

policeman stationed in Binondo for the last six years. "*Kahit na nakaka-high-blood at nakakataba ang mga pagkain dito, punong-puno pa rin ang mga kainan.*"

Is an authentic Chinese meal worth choosing from dozens of restaurants, waiting in line, and weaving through side streets? The throngs who frequent Binondo apparently think so.

"*Kahit anong oras, buhay na buhay dito sa Binondo,*" states Lydia Migos, a waitress in the Eng Lay Food Café, proudly. "*Mahilig kasing kumain ang mga Pilipino at Intsik.*" That must be the secret: the hungry stomach speaks a universal language. ©

(sacrifices), *may binebentang mga asado, mga pusit, mga suckling pig. Para sa alay.*" Big names include Salazar Bakery, Eng Bee Tin, Diao Eng Chay and Po Chua Tin.

Carinderias and by-the-estero eateries

One may try something new aside from the finer establishments such as President's Restaurant and Mandarin Villa and enter a Binondo *turo-turo*. It may be a familiar drill for some. Just walk in and over to the glass counter. Pick up a tray and start pointing at the food behind the glass.

Other small restaurants offer a more familiar—though a more informal—dining experience. Some of these have aquariums by the window. Others have suckling pigs, roast ducks and sausages hanging to entice diners. And yes, a number do have menus handy.

A more adventurous diner may wish to try the whole column of Chinese restaurants found along the Pasig River, near the bridge. For those worried about any stench from the river, the smell of cooking food overpowers it. Instead of ready dishes, these places offer choices of fresh seafoods, vegetables and meats. One can specify how one wants these cooked as one buys his meal. It is similar to the setup of the old Fisherman's Village and Seafood Market, though on a much, much smaller scale.

to have frequented them. On weekdays, students from nearby campuses fill the cheaper fast-food like eateries. On Sundays, one can see families leaving temples or churches and lining up for lunch. "*Pinakamasarap ang pagkain dito sa Binondo kaya dinadayo ito ng mga tao para lang kumain,*" explains Mr. Randy Majorkie, a



TEAM TISOY

Bambam Aquino



TEAM PINOY

Mark Arreza



TEAM CHINOY

Christine "CO" Ong



PATIGASAN NG

BY OSCAR TAN

Sabi nila, barat daw ang mga Intsik. Funny thing about stereotypes: We take them for granted without seriously wondering if they are really true...

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF A providential multiracial gathering in the Sanggu Room one idle Monday lunch hour, *Chinoy* decided to test once and for all whether one's *barat* level is in one's genes.

Three pairs were formed along racial lines and were each handed a hundred peso bill. They were told to eat lunch on that in the Ateneo for a week. They were allowed to go out to Katipunan, but not all the way to UP. To spice up the competition, the college doctor gave daily penalties to reflect the nutritional value of their menus. What followed was the most inane exercise in racism ever...

MONDAY

TEAM PINOY takes an early lead by sharing a plate of eight cheesesticks (P10) at the Caf. TEAM TISOY, however, sets the tone of the competition. VJ picks up a stick of fishballs (P5)—dripping with sauce and vinegar—and runs to the ISO and orders two cups of rice (P8) and free soup. "Don't forget our extenders," says Bam, who meets him there with toyomansi and chili garlic sauce borrowed from the Caf siomai stand. Four kinds of sauce combine to form a rather filling fishball stew.

The favored TEAM CHINOY seems to be testing the waters with two sticks of banana que (P20).

Pinoys: P90.00 Tisoys: P87.00 Chinoys: P80.00

TUESDAY

TEAM CHINOY loses its composure and discreetly calls in Korean ME teacher Mr. Ho Sung Lee (ME '98). Mr. Lee pulls out a graphical calculator and a ream of pad paper. Minutes later, KC, runs to the caf and returns with... siomai (P24) and rice (P4). Huh?!?!?

The other teams eye the Chinoys' advisor warily and make simple selections. Mark pulls out his baon: four packs of Sky Flakes (P10). The Tisoys share a plate of rice (P4) and monggo guisado (P6).

Pinoys: P80.00 Tisoys: P77.00 Chinoys: P52.00

WEDNESDAY

The Chinoys fight an uphill battle as a piqued Mr. Lee hands them the last two small ensaymadas from



OPTIMIZE THIS! In the true spirit of ME, TEAM TISOY tries to trim direct labor costs by cooking their own fishballs.

Baker's Village (P5). The Tisoys protest, saying the lunch has to be filling. They are left speechless, however, when Mr. Lee points out that they are dealing with two of Celadon's slimmest members. The Tisoys are overheard murmuring that Mr. Lee is an Operations Research teacher and that they are a pair of graduating ME majors.

The Pinoys, unknown to the Chinoys, also visit Baker's Village and gorge on monay and a butter slice each (P13). The Tisoys regroup in a nearby sari-sari store and scan the shelves. Bam holds up a can of his "old reliable," Rambo sardines (P7.80), in triumph. VJ purchases four pan de sals (P4) and the Tisoys soon wipe the can clean.

Pinoys: P67.00 Tisoys: P65.20 Chinoys: P47.00

THURSDAY

The Pinoys abuse the Katipunan rule as they try to widen their slim lead. Mark drives to Katipunan—to

Julie's dorm! and a very, room, waitin' (P8). "Lots of Mark.

The Tiso same meal. though (P7). as he pulls o the noodles. Tisoys, decl She does no Spanish bre something a holding two

Pinoys: P59.00

FRIDAY

TEAM CH mourning is girls sheepie from the vend (P14). Team the same lin kitchen and the large bot condiments calculations salad leaves room!

Home tu five simulta to a halt as C Bam's right-up. Bam wra whispering. stand up and Pinoys break out in shock.

Unfortu proves to be toast with th soup as Blue (P2). "Pare, exclaims Ba tallied. Dr. J declares tha carbohydrat complete me

The Chir claim that th lull everyon allegedly rev domination the son of a

G TIYAN 1999

Julie's dorm! He returns with two thermoses of hot water and a very, very large bowl. Julie sits in the *Sanggu* room, waiting with two cups of Maggi Me and My Mug (P8). "Lots of water, *para sulit ang seasonings*," whispers Mark.

The Tisoys walk in surprised, carrying the exact same meal. They did better sari-sari store scouting, though (P7). Bam reveals a different strategy, however, as he pulls out a tomato (P3) and begins chopping it into the noodles. Doctor Jo Yotoko, unfortunately for the Tisoys, declares both meals even in terms of nutrition. She does not react as KC walks in with four pieces of Spanish bread (P6) from a nearby bakery, but cries something about typhoid and Hepa A when CO follows holding two sticks of isaw (P3). Oops.

Pinoys: P59.00 Tisoys: P55.20 Chinoys: P38.00

FRIDAY

TEAM CHINOY clearly has no chance and a day of mourning is declared upstairs in the Celadon Room. The girls sheepishly hold up their *huling hirit*, a balut each from the vendor beside the Aurora-Katipunan intersection (P14). Team Pinoy, though, seems to be thinking along the same lines. Julie sneaks two eggs (P6) into the Caf kitchen and hard boils them. Mark waits outside with the large bottle of salt from Food for Thought and all the condiments he can muster. Bam performs some quick calculations and discovers in horror that the Pinoys' egg salad leaves the Tisoys with only P2.20 of breathing room!

Home turf advantage, however, comes into play. The five simultaneous meetings in the *Sanggu* room screech to a halt as Central Board Executive Vice-President and Bam's right-hand man Blue Aldridge (IV Comm) stands up. Bam wraps his arms over Blue's shoulder and begins whispering. The Pinoys wait breathlessly. The Tisoys stand up and run to... The Caf Upstairs! The relieved Pinoys break out in laughter as various CB members cry out in shock.

Unfortunately for the Pinoys, The Caf Upstairs proves to be their undoing. VJ and Bam make a toast with their bowls of free chicken and vegetable soup as Blue enters with four slices of tasty bread (P2). "*Pare, di pala tayo bagay maging Tisoy*," exclaims Bam to his partner as the final scores are tallied. Dr. Jo adds insult to the Pinoy's injury and declares that the two-peso meal contains proteins, carbohydrates, fats and vegetables—the only complete meal in the game!

The Chinoys hang their heads in shame and claim that their performance was merely a ruse to lull everyone into a false sense of security. CO allegedly reveals her secret plan for the economic domination of the Ateneo after she gets married to the son of a rich tycoon. ©

DOCTOR'S REBUTTAL

TEAM CHINOY Penalty: -11

Banana que: 3 Siomai & rice: 1
Ensaymada: 3 Isaw & Spanish bread: 2
Balut: 2 **Final: P24.00 - 11**

TEAM PINOY Penalty: -12

Cheesesticks: 2 Sky Flakes: 3
Monay: 3 Maggi: 2
Eggs: 2 **Final: P53.00 - 12**

TEAM TISOY Penalty: -5

Fishball stew & Soup: 1 Monggo & rice: 1
Pan de sal & sardines: 1 Maggi: 2
Tasty & soup: 0 **Final: P53.20 - 5**

"Yung mga Filipino," opined Dr. Jo Yotoko of the University Health Service, "*mahilig yata sa pan de sal. Yung mga Chinese, pag kumain ng noodles, may konting chicken, complete meal na. Alam mo kasi, you should have more vegetables and fruits, kaso mahal. Yung mga tisoy, complete sila. You need the protein kasi. May gulay din sila.*"

Dr. Jo looked for the presence of carbohydrates, fats and proteins, and usually gave two penalty points to meals such as cheesesticks and Maggi that contained these but not much else. Some meals had no protein, for example, Sky Flakes and banana que.

The sizes of the meals were actually realistic. According to Dr. Jo, "Two packs of Sky Flakes equals a cup of rice. One of those small ensaymadas equals two pan de sals." Her more violent reactions were directed at isaw and fishballs. Regarding the latter, she warned, "*Paulit-ulit ang mantika na pinamprito. It's carcinogenic.*"

Dr. Jo wishes everyone had fun reading this, but would also like to remind the growing boys and girls of the Ateneo to include fruits and veggies in their daily meals. ©

TEAM TISOY

VJ Genato



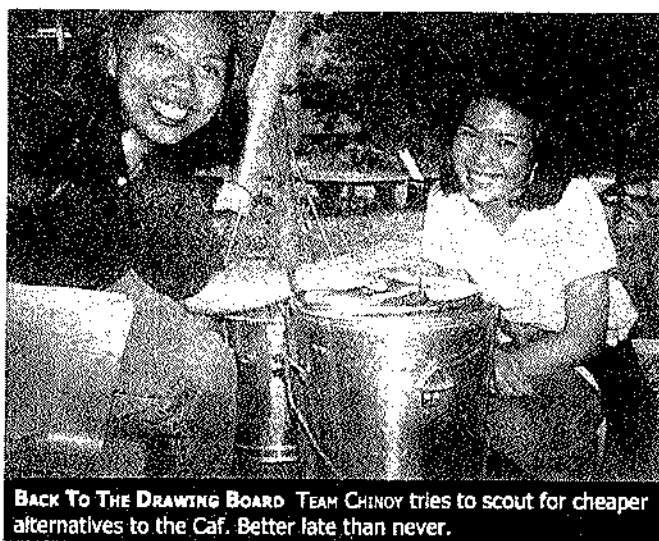
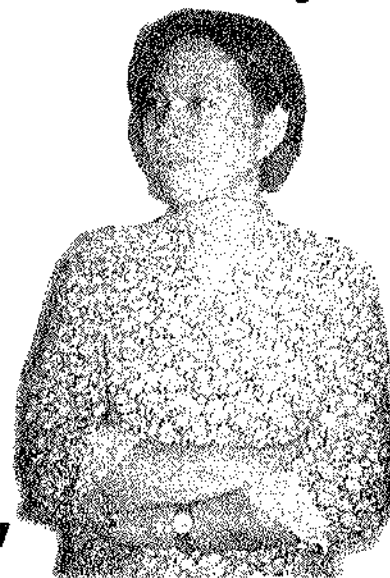
TEAM PINOY

Julie Hudtohan

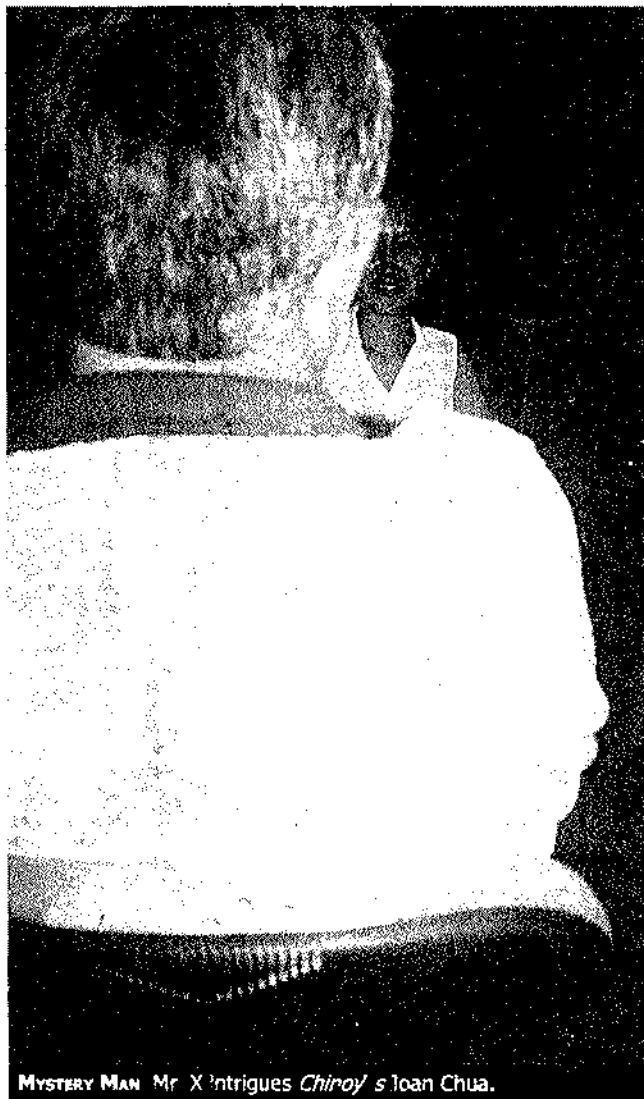


TEAM CHINOY

Karen "KC" Cheng



BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD TEAM CHINOY tries to scout for cheaper alternatives to the Caf. Better late than never.



MYSTERY MAN Mr. X intrigues *Chinoy's* Joan Chua.

BY JOAN CHUA
GRAPHICS AND PHOTOS
BY CHARLES UY AND
OSCAR TAN

The VIEW from the

A successful entrepreneur shares the lessons he learned the hard way from building a restaurant chain from the first store up.

Gutsy Beginnings

Mr. X graduated from the UP Diliman. "In UP, there's a whole different spectrum of students from all over," he states. Of the three choices open to graduates—take further studies, seek employment, or set up business—Mr. X opted to pursue entrepreneurship. "It was my game," he recalls. "There are a lot of opportunities in business, but first you have to have capital." He adds, "It's you against the world."

Mr. X's flagship company manages a variety of businesses, a restaurant chain being one of the most visible. He begins, "Everybody tries to find a nice product that fills a niche, either a market or a product niche." He started by looking around and checking what was available. His choice to venture into the food business was based mostly on gut feel. "You have to feel good [about what you're doing]," he explains.

He began all by himself. It was his first time to venture into food, but he had other prospering businesses back then. It took him 6 to 9 months conceptualize, but he moved quickly after that. Five months later, he opened his first store in Makati in 1993. "There was no looking back," he says.

As with any venture, challenges presented themselves along the way. For a newcomer, establishing a reputation can be quite hard with so many competitors in the market. But Mr. X notes: "The more players, the healthier the business, because it attracts a bigger share of the market." A second challenge was uniqueness, "the challenge of starting from scratch and not copying what others have already done."

Courting the tongue

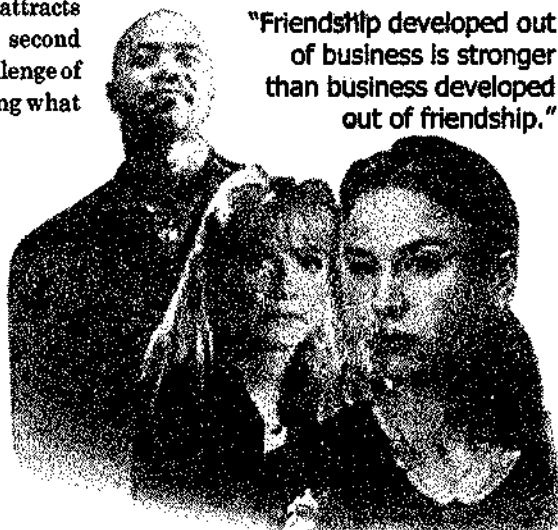
This may be hard to believe, but his chain's first recipes were actually developed by Mr. X himself—right down to the trademark sauce. Now, however, he has a product development team that takes care of the formulation of new dishes. Mr. X's approach to sampling a recipe under development is quite unusual: "I

try a certain product until it reaches a certain flavor, then I walk away from it for months and come back after to taste it all over again." Though he has opened over 20 branches and a second, completely different restaurant, Mr. X still remains close to his food. For one, his fish and chips are named after his two sons. He laughs and explains that it was both something different and part of an attempt to capture a London aura for the dish.

Since he was once his own cookbook, it followed that Mr. X was once his own cook. "Cooking is an intriguing aspect [of the business]," he reminisces about his own days behind the grill. "It takes a certain degree of passion. It is not just a physical process of going through the motions of flipping the meat." This sense of craftsmanship is what he tries to transmit to his still growing family of grillmen. It can be quite poetic to picture a cook as a sculptor who works with a chisel of flame and stone of meat, but one delights in a meal served with passion and a smile.

At the very least, this is an art easily appreciated by any grumbling stomach. "You basically have a product—a meat at room temperature which undergoes two stages of cooking," Mr. X describes vaguely (and adds jokingly that even the temperature at which his ribs are cooked is a trade secret). "The first stage is called the grill fire where the meat is cooked up to a certain degree or temperature. The second is the plain broil, which seals all the juices inside the meat."

"Friendship developed out of business is stronger than business developed out of friendship."



Simple. This is the first word that struck me as we were being ushered into the conference room by our interviewee, "Mr. X". Garbed in only a polo shirt and slacks, he exudes an aura of ease in his executive headquarters not found accompanying the conventional coat and tie.

Though his name and face are probably all too familiar in local business circles, Mr. X is content to merely divulge his thoughts, beliefs and experiences without revealing his identity. "Cha bo lang chay ah," (So nobody will know) he says, and proceeds to share six years' worth of experience in the restaurant industry and the many lessons he learned in decades of business.

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A younger cousin of the ribs and fish and chips is Mr. X's line of burgers. He describes these with the same passion: "The eating experience we want to give you is to have you take a big bite into the burger and taste a 100% pure beef patty with all the juices oozing onto your lips." As with his other products, Mr. X is proud of the quality he maintains in his burger patties. "We don't use any extenders," he states beaming.

The food business was not exempt from the fallout of the economic decline felt over

concerns, the marketing concerns, the financial concerns... All are challenging because the market is constantly changing. You have to know as much as you can." Everything else aside, however, business boils down to people.

This can have its downsides. "The attitude of the people can sometimes be frustrating, along with the policies you sometimes wish you didn't have to deal with," Mr. X recounts. "But I guess it's part of the territory," he concedes.

Dealing with a myriad of personalities is something many Ateneans dream of doing after graduation, and Mr. X is hardly implying that it is not rewarding. "We [businessmen] must make every effort to maintain good will because it is good will in the past that will come back in your favor," he says. He elaborates, saying that when things—or you—go wrong, sometimes it is only good will built up in the past that keeps a business

relation. He adds from experience, "Friendship developed out of business is stronger than business developed out of friendship."

Is this personal sense of importance of friendship a very Chinese way of looking at things? Mr. X doesn't think it's unique to Chinese, but does admit that one's Chinese upbringing affects every aspect of how one does business. He believes that the fundamental strengths of Chinese entrepreneurs are patience and perseverance. Does his supposed distant relation to one of the ruling dynasties of China influence his life as well? "Dynasty?" he jokes. "I'm 'The Nasty.'"

Getting the right people is important in any organization, and the growth of the chain necessitated the formation of their Service Training Academy. Would-be managers, including people from the franchises, undergo a four-week training program there. In the first week, food orientation, applicants familiarize themselves with the restaurant's menu and prices. The second week is spent on on-the-job training and exposure. It is back to the classroom in the third week and tests and graduation in the fourth.

The academy has had many a success story from the ranks of the chain's employees. Some started



"Cooking is an intriguing aspect. It takes a certain degree of passion. It is not just a physical process of going through the motions of flipping the meat."

out as dining crew members and eventually became dining supervisors, production personnel, and store managers. One area business manager, an administrator between the store and headquarters levels, rose through the ranks in this way.

"We have to remember the brutality of surviving in the business world," Mr. X warns. "There are no room for errors, no second takes." Mistakes eventually lead to loss—whether financial or in terms of missed opportunities. A personal sense of excellence is called for: "When you've made a commitment to yourself to pursue a certain goal, you must live up to it. People will judge your reliability based on your performance." This kind of uncompromising attitude has sustained him for six years and earned him chain its niche. "I never compromise quality, service or ethics," he emphasizes proudly.

Despite his bold take on the business world and its ups and downs, though, Mr. X is still clearly a simple man deep down. When asked what the most rewarding thing a restaurateur can experience is, he immediately answers something other than money, fame or a sense of having created something. "When you see people lining up at your stores to taste your product and keep coming back," he ends, "that's the most rewarding experience I've ever had." ©

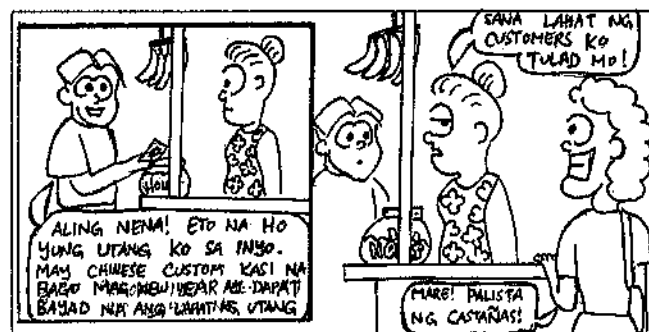


"I never compromise quality, service or ethics,"

the past year. The response of the burgers is representative of the restaurant's game plan: smaller servings, and thus lower prices. "We haven't changed," Mr. X reiterates. "The quality of service is still there. The product is also the same. We only lessened the servings—a smaller bun, less meat but still 100% pure beef—to make it more affordable." The restaurant chain now offers a wide selection of budget meals that cover a wide range of price brackets. Mr. X sums up the situation: "Although people are not eating out less—they still need to eat at least three times a day—they are more price-sensitive now." He cautions, however, that while pricing has become all the more important, one can never sacrifice quality.

People make business happen

"What I like about my work is its diversity," Mr. X relates about the view from the top. "The operational concerns, the legal



More Than Just A Place To Eat...

by Oscar Tan

富臨 Gloria Maris Dinsu

If music is the sister art of mathematics, then cooking is the brother art of music. The ancient Chinese paralleled music and food. There are only five tones and only five tastes, they said, but these are enough to create infinite combinations of beauty. An inseparable part of the magic of both, however, has always been the places they are found in.

Secret of the soup stock

One name has always stood out in the fine Chinese restaurant scene: Gloria Maris Shark's Fin Restaurant. One cannot miss the large building beside Virra Mall when turning into the Greenhills commercial area from Ortigas. As the name implies, their specialty is of course Shark's Fin Soup. The main ingredient is shredded shark's fin. "You can have it with crab meat, shredded chicken, lobster meat..." Angie Tan, Assistant General Manager, notes the combinations. "However, the secret is in the soup stock used." It is the stock that gives each restaurant's shark's fin soup recipe a distinctive taste.

Describing the rest of the menu makes the uninitiated curious and the familiar mouth water. Peking duck is a given, but how many people have tasted Black Chicken with Ginseng Soup? How many have sampled a crab prepared cold; not crabstick sashimi but with shell and all? Eating at Gloria Maris is a good reason to ask one's parents about the ingredients of Chinese dishes, ranging from fine, hairlike fungus and sea cucumbers to the specific varieties of greens and fish. Even familiar foods are given a different touch. The cooks somehow prepare taro as a soft and delicious complement to

spareribs and congee with very fine rice grains.

Getting the ingredients for all these dishes is an adventure in itself. Many are easily sourced from the provinces. Others are more exotic. Special kinds of clams, for example, need to be ordered from Canada. Ostrich meat comes from Australia, though it is sourced from Hong Kong.

What it takes

"Every so often, a new Chinese restaurant comes out with a new kind of food," explains Angie about the challenge in running a Chinese restaurant. "You have to keep your own food consistent." Even maintaining quality is not enough. A restaurant has to continually introduce new dishes to keep customers curious. Every two months, the chef and the general manager of Gloria Maris fly to Hong Kong to scout for new dishes. "Kung ano ang makitang uso doon, susubukan natin," states Angie.

A restaurant is more than its food, it is the totality of the dining experience it offers. "You must keep your place clean and well-maintained," Angie ticks off from her mental list. "You must keep your staff alert to the customer's needs. Meals must be served with a smile." The people play an important role, and the staff must not think of themselves as waiters, but as hosts.

"You can gain more customers if you are approachable," she explains, "so a restaurant is usually very personalized." That last statement describes Gloria Maris. Regular customers are greeted when they enter and

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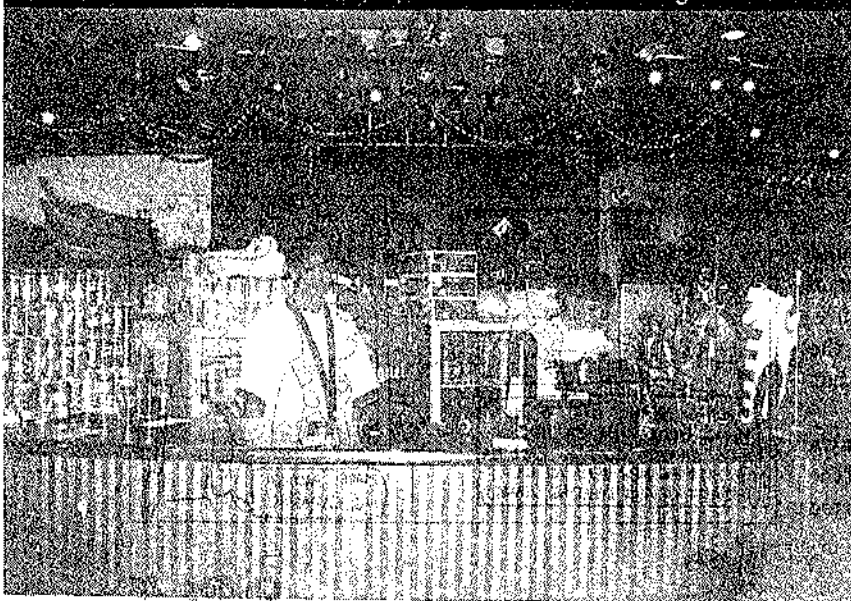
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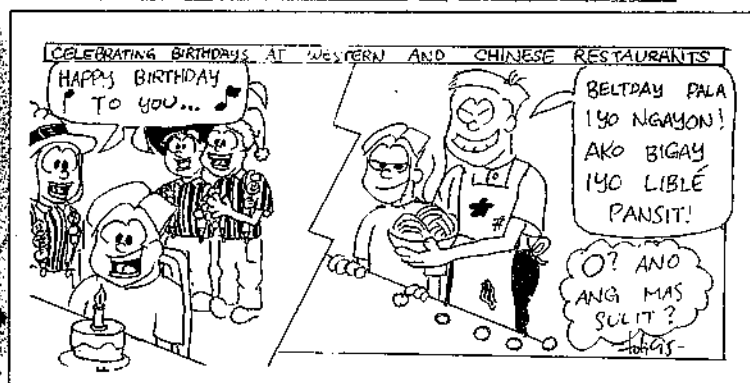
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SETTING UP A member of the staff prepares the bar for another night's work



Dimsum & Noodles



orders are recommended and taken with an atmosphere of familiarity. Once, for example, the staff accommodated an order for a special bowl of fish congee made for a regular's mother-in-law who was sick and on a soft diet. "At walang holiday dito sa amin," adds Angie. Their normal hours are from 11:00 AM to 2:30 PM and 6:00 to 10:00 PM, but they were open on Christmas and New Year's Day and the nights before these.

Birds of the same feather?

Gloria Maris has a staff of 140 plus 40 casuals, but all 20 managers and cooks are Chinese. "It is easier to communicate if both of you speak the same language," says Angie. She estimates that 80% of their customers are Chinese and it is comfortable for many of them to be able to order and inquire about new dishes in Fookien. One need not be Chinese to appreciate the food and set up a restaurant, however. She notes that Triple-V opened its 8-Treasures, for example.

From her long experience in restaurant management, Angie notes that there are distinct differences in managing different kinds of restaurants. "Filipino-style restaurants serve specific menu items," she begins. These restaurants do not serve new dishes, sticking to a traditional Filipino selection. "American-style restaurants serve separate dishes to each diner," she continues. "Sa Chinese-style restaurant, ang challenge, pabago-bago. You can take a certain kind of fish and cook it in 20 different ways, lahat masarap. Ngayon, ang uso, ganyan, tapos may darating na bago galing Hong Kong."

A market gaining popularity is the Chinese-style noodle house, and Gloria Maris has expanded in this generation. "It is the fad," explains Angie, "at mas mahirap i-expand ang fine dining." The restaurants and the noodle houses share some dishes, but the two target slightly different people. People, for example, do not hold their meetings and noodle houses, and Angie laughs, "People with bodyguards don't usually

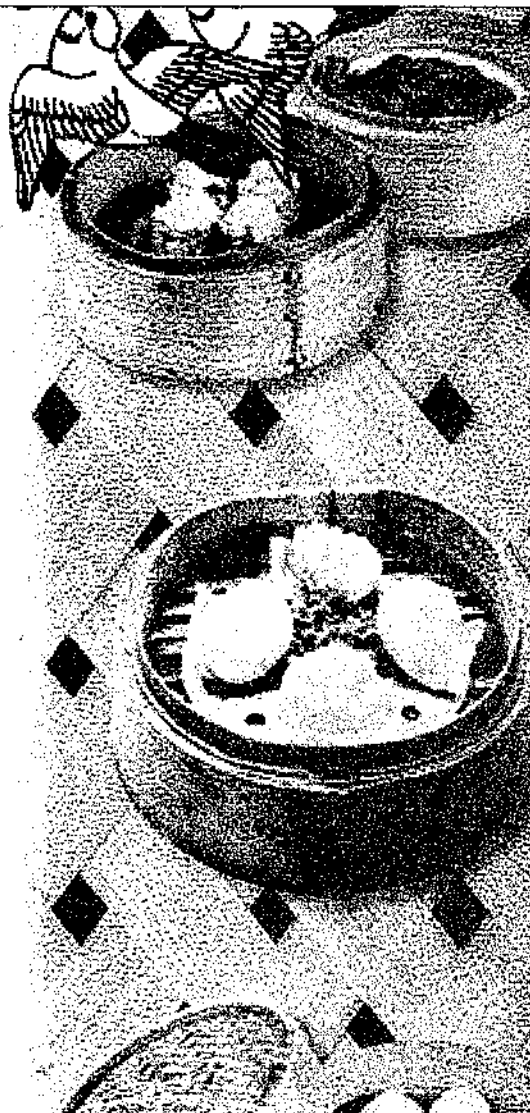
dine in a crowded noodle house." Not much was required, but they had to hire and train new waiters. A commissary also had to be set up to produce the increased volume of dimsum required. "We're doing fine," Angie smiles. "We just opened another branch in Banaue and two more are on the way."

Unforgettable faces and moments

"You learn to interact with people," answers Angie when asked what the most rewarding aspect of being a restaurateur is. "You meet a lot of people, people from all walks of life, from the president to people in CD classes." She enjoys being able to meet people such as executives, foreigners and other "big shots." "You cannot go directly to the president..." she whispers, "but I can."

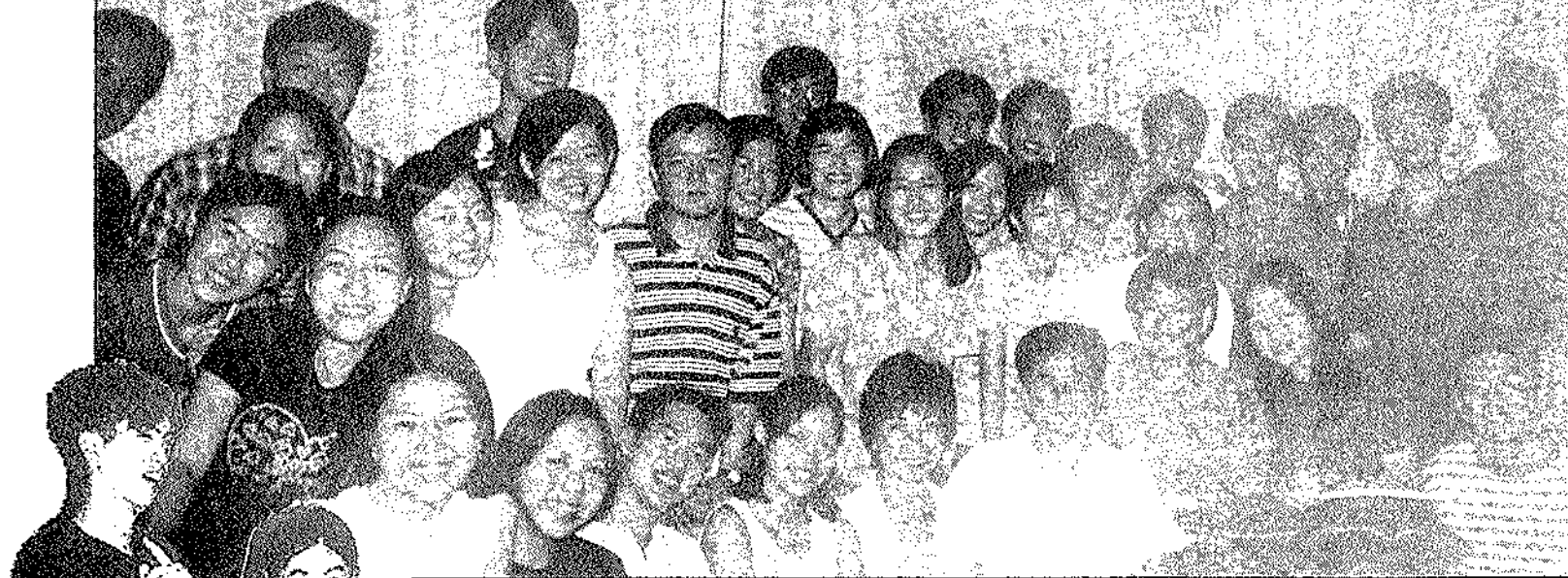
She picks out one function out of the countless ones her people handled in the past: "A couple spent their 50th anniversary here. Instead of going to church, they made an altar here and got a priest. They had the ceremony up there in the second floor. Maganda 'yung decorations and everything. Our place really looked like a church!"

One must have food to be able to eat, but one must have company to have a meal. A restaurant, more than just another place to eat, is a kind of crossroads where people of all kinds drop out of their daily routines and have good food and conversation. The large white building in Greenhills has borne witness to many once-in-a-lifetime moments: baptisms, graduations, weddings, family reunions and countless other lunches and dinners. This sharing in the lives of its patrons makes each bite of its food all the more special. ©



Attraction No child can resist staring at the aquarium while waiting for the food.





ADOPTED CHILDREN Celadon members pose with Mr. and Mrs. Victor and Carmen Co and family after singing Christmas carols to them. (left) A mismatched couple victimized by Joy Tomas's Funny Bone.



Happy New Year, Celadon family

1998 Christmas Party held with fun, games and singing, but no bridge

BY OSCAR TAN

CELADON HELD ITS LAST GIMMICK FOR 1998 last December 21 at Cheryl Co's (I AB Psy) house.

Emcee Joy Tomas (II IS, Fin) started off at about 9:00 PM with Funny Bone. She gathered several couples—with Jonas Khaw (II ME, Promo) almost dragged kicking and screaming—and began giving instructions such as "Girl's chin to guy's chest." Faye Eloise Reyes (I MIS, Chinoy) stole the show when she cried, "*Hindi ko abot [ang tangkad ni Mike Sy (I PsCE)]!!!*" Sherbert de la Cruz (II MIS) had to be told that the game was over after Mike and Faye won.

Joy then asked eight of Celadon's most macho guys to form a circle with bottles tucked between their legs.

Nine girls had to grab the neck of a bottle, just like musical chairs. "Okay ito," pointed the guys to a 1-liter glass Coke bottle. "*Malaki... Mahaba... Matigas!*" Joan Lim (II MgtH, SGCore) won, thanks to her successful grab for James Julian Lim's (IV MIS, EVPCore) bottle.

Checo then joined Jonas in leading a thanksgiving caroling for her parents. Absences marred Faye's Kris Kringle, but some members gave gifts en masse. Jo-An Darlene Chua (II MEEcoH, Fin) distributed really cute chocolate-filled glasses wrapped in yellow cellophane while Tina Khoe (I MgtH, Chinoy) gave out fruitcakes.

Also present were Charles Ng, the president of the UP Chinese Students Association and Celadon alumni Geoffrey Chua (ME '98) and Winston Co (ME '98). "*Wala kasing driver si CO [Christine Ong (IV MCT, President)],*" explained Charles. ©

Ez Why wins Celadon Nine-Ball Open

BY OSCAR TAN

JOYTOMAS (II IS, Fin) GATHERED THE Celadon room *tambay* community for a mini-sportsfest last October 30, report card distribution, at the college covered courts.

The guys started with basketball and table tennis. Everyone then switched to volleyball. During one exchange, however, the ball landed way out of bounds—into the next court and a *Tanghalang Ateneo* rehearsal for *Kahapon, Ngayon at Bukas*. Dr. Ricky Abad had a few words with the players, and that was the end of volleyball.

A four-car convoy later proceeded to Greenlanes. The Celadon Pro 9-Ball game boiled down to Brian Sy (II ME, VP-Promo)

and Lloyd Imperial (III MIS, Ops). A slip by Lloyd gave Brian "Ez Why" a perfect shot at the 9-ball. He haughtily asked, "Want to concede now?" before proceeding to scratch. It was Lloyd's turn to laugh out loud and he lined the balls for a shot into a corner pocket. He sunk both balls, losing the game.

Faye Eloise Reyes (I MIS, Chinoy) came back from a 0-2 deficit to beat Oscar Tan (II MEEcoH, Chinoy) 3-2 in the Amateur's 8-Ball game. "jdcdjcdc," she chortled repeatedly throughout the latter half of the match.

The billiards pros claimed they were too tired to do anything more and called it a night at about 8:30 PM. They met Pol Alcazar (IV ME, AVP-Ops) on their way out and suddenly found the energy for bowling. ©

MOMMY FOR A DAY Dotty Nubia (IV ME, VP-Proj) shares some Christmas tenderness during Celadon's Socio-Civic activity at the Chosen Children Village.



SURPRISE GUEST "Pa Diyos," she told the



Rave immediately saw break

Blue Rock hurdles financial challenges

BY ELINORE LIM AND CANDY BATA
PHOTOS AND GRAPHICS BY OSCAR TAN

MANY ATENEANS LET loose all the stress built up over finals week at *Rave*, this year's *Blue Rock*, last October 17, 1998 at Blue Lizard. Sponsored by 89.9 Magic, Jag Clothing, Mega and Body Shop, the annual bash was well-attended.

A Wild Night And A Babe

Release, a band popular with the Ateneo crowd and formerly known as *Rivers*, opened at about 8:00 PM. Gorgeous models then stole the spotlight in the much-awaited fashion show, strutting their stuff on the catwalk with signature JAG designs complemented by Body Shop make-up. The MEGA staff were so impressed with their modeling skills that they asked for their contact numbers afterwards. *Passage's* performance afterwards capped the night's enjoyment. Everyone was soon on their feet and dancing to the beat, partying as students relieved of first semester final exams should.

Many walk-ins joined in the predominantly Ateneo crowd late into the night, adding to that night's partying mood. MEGA also announced *Rave's* babe and hunk of the night: Jane Kingsu (IV MIS), coincidentally the project head, and Gary Quiec (IV ME, EVP). Each received a P1,000 gift certificate from MEGA. Asked about her new babe status, Jane replied, quite embarrassed, "Nagulat ako! Hindi ko nga akalain na may naka-notice pa sa akin sa gabing iyon." She was too busy backstage to join the party, but nevertheless insists that

Celadon's Hunk:

Gary Quiec

Celadon's Babe:

Jane Kingsu

she still had fun. "Pagod na pagod ako! But as long as nakikita kong nag-eeenjoy ang mga tao, masaya na ako," she shares.

The Backstory

The concept for *Rave* came from the warehouse-type rave parties that gained popularity earlier in the year. After last year's *In Groove*, *Rave* seemed a fresh idea for this year. The venue, Blue Lizard, was relatively unknown, but this was actually a welcome change for party-goers. "It was very hippie.. a very hip place", as party-goer Sheryl Cu (II MIS, AVP-Fin) put it. Computers and billiards tables rounded out the ambiance.

The planning for this year's *Blue Rock* started during the summer vacation. Celadon initially invited MTV to host the concert, but this did not push through. The organizers then tied up with 89.9 Magic, and this arrangement helped with the

promotions and entertainment. The next step was planning the bands and the fashion show. The models were selected through a series of auditions held in the Ateneo by CELADON and Jag half a month before the event.

Show Me The Money

Though economic conditions forced the downsizing of this year's *Blue Rock*, *Rave's* success is something to be proud of. "This year, the members were more active and given more exposure. There were even substitutes for the officers or project heads whenever they could not attend the meetings," points out Lloyd Imperial (III MIS, Ops). Christine Ong (IV MCT, President) describes the gains as "sufficient to fund the upcoming projects of Celadon such as the social outreach."

One Ateneo freshman presented a very different headache for Finance: He paid for his ticket with a check. Katrina Lim (IV LM, Fin) jokingly commented, "The check is still with us. I just hope it doesn't bounce." If everyone had thought of doing the same that night, perhaps Jane and Katrina would have been doing a different kind of raving! ©

Blue Rockology

Blue Rock began as Celadon's *Himagsikan*, a Ateneo battle of Ateneo bands and was first held in the Rizal Study Foyer. For its second run, it was moved to the college covered courts and both professional and amateur bands were invited to join. *Himagsikan* was then renamed *Blue Rock* and has since moved on to bigger and better venues, which have included Limits Disco and Blue Lizard. *Blue Rock* has developed into both a major fund raiser and a signature project of the Ateneo CELADON.

LATEX CHICKEN

Oscar B. Tan

It takes so little to make someone happy

DIVINA DE LA CRUZ WALKED INTO the Celadon room last December 16 with a prescription for ulcer medicine amounting to over a thousand pesos. When she walked out, she did so with tears of joy.

My friend Neva Talladen, editor-in-chief of *Heights*, had tried to help her the other day, but her father ran out of medicine samples. Aling Divina then walked into the Celadon room. We listened to her story, and I called for a stop in bridge to take a collection. My boss and the nearest person, Gary Quiec,

immediately handed me a hundred peso bill. In less than two minutes, I handed P490 to a very surprised old lady. Together with the *Heighsters'* collection, that did it for her.

What struck me was the readiness of the Celadon *tambay* community to give to a complete stranger just like that. Call it our upbringing or call it our nature, I'm just proud of my orgmates. These are the people I'm proud to invite home and introduce to my parents. These are the people I call my friends, and it is little moments like this that remind me how blessed I am to have them. ©

Lucky Moon brings Celadon luck

1998 Mooncake nominated to the COA Awards

BY VALENTINA KHOE
PHOTOS BY MR. HO SUNG LEE

THE CLINKING OF DICE THROWN against bowls filled the Rizal Study Foyer during *Lucky Moon, Lucky Me Mooncake Festival* last September 30, 1998. Even at past five o'clock, excited yakkity-yaks could still be heard from the players.

Lucky's Legend

The Mooncake or Harvest Moon Festival is still one of the most widely celebrated festivals of Chinese all over the world. It is a time when family and friends gather and celebrate by playing a game with dice. Everyone usually ends up winning something, and it is rare to see someone leave a Celadon Mooncake game without a huge bag.

Mr. Gad Lim, English teacher and guest speaker invited by Jo-An Darlene Chua (II MEEcoH, Fin), shared three stories about the origin of the festival. One tale was set in the Yuan Dynasty (AD1280-1386), when China was ruled by the Mongols. Leaders of the preceding Sung dynasty were unhappy and set out to coordinate a secret rebellion. They distributed special cakes to the people when the Moon Festival drew near. Inside these cakes were messages outlining the attack. The rebels successfully overthrew the Mongol government on the night of the Moon Festival and proceeded to establish the Ming dynasty. Today, mooncakes are eaten to commemorate this event.



FINALE The *Lucky Moon* core group takes a bow.

Another story romanticizes Chang Er, who was believed to have taken a pill and became a fairy. She flew to the moon to escape from her husband. It is thought that Chang Er can be seen on the moon when it is at its brightest in mid-autumn, which falls on the fifth day of the eighth month of the lunar calendar. The date on the Western calendar changes each year.

Lucky President

According to project heads Jerilee Cu (IV MEEco) and Carl Ong (IV MCT), this activity serves as a medium to introduce non-Chinese friends to a Chinese tradition. Prepared as early as July, they considered *Lucky Moon, Lucky Me* a success. And why not? They watched the eighty-seven people who attended, a mixture of walk-ins, department staff members and Celadon members, among others, leave at about 7:00 PM with smiles on their faces—and the black garbage bags that were used to haul away their many prizes.

Were there complications? None really, except for the distribution of the people to their tables. "We have to make it as even as possible *kung hindi may mag-cocomplain*," explains Carl. They finally ended up with 11 to 12 people per table.

One complication that was more of a quirk was that last year's champion, our very own president Christine Ong (IV MCT), also

won this year's game. She threw five fours on one throw, netting this year's P1,000 first prize. When asked whether this was merely a coincidence, Je laughed, "*Siyempre may nagsasabi na luto raw* but I think it's just luck! *Swerte lang talaga si CO!*" Other runner-ups were Ma'am Joy from the Office of Student Affairs and Ma'am Grace de los Santos from the ME Department who each received P500.

Lucky Gimmicks

A week-long simulation was held at the Kostka Extension wherein people got to have a free trial of the game. "They were surprised *na libre*," comments Je. "*Meron pa raw prize!*" She was referring to the free Piattos.

The tickets were another gimmick. The intentionally large tickets were sold at P50 to encourage more people to join. "*Mura na siya... look at the prizes we brought home*," says a Celadon member, pointing to the wide array of prizes such as mugs, big bags of choco and fruit rolls, coke, bags, chocolates, and of course, mooncakes.

"The woman behind the Mooncake was Jo-An [Darlene Chua, Finance Manager]," praises Carl. "If it weren't for the sponsors, we would have had a hard time."

"Sobrang worth it," exclaims Cathy Ongking (III AB Psy, Ops). "*Kahit ang lakas ng pressure sa amin ni Caths Lim (IV Mgt, Ops)*." The two Cathys share a long diatribe on the logistics for the project. They end laughing, perhaps at themselves. Despite venue changes and everything else they had to put up with, the Ops Managers feel fulfilled.

The verdict? "Everyone went home happy" and "People had fun," remark Je and Carl. 'Nuff said. ©



BY ELINORI
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CELADON CHORALE Celadon and MISA members make their rounds, spreading Christmas cheer.

BY ELINORE LIM
PHOTOS AND GRAPHICS BY OSCAR TAN

FOR FOUR LONG, EXCITING NIGHTS from December 18 to 23, families were treated to renditions of well-loved holiday tunes by the Celadon-MISA chorale. Each song was greeted with heartfelt applause, a sign of greater things to come for Celadon's first major caroling venture.

It all began last summer...

"It's not necessarily something new, but something different for Celadon," explains Brian Sy (II ME, VP-Promo), who made the proposal as early as last summer. Two groups were formed: a core group that taught the songs to the carolers and a finance team tasked with finding sponsors.

Recruitment and rehearsals started during the semestral break and continued until the start of the Christmas vacation. At the eleventh hour, the Celadon carolers decided to team up with the Management Information Systems Association group. Brian, who became co-project head, shares, "The team-up was kind of abrupt, but both groups were cooperative, so it became no problem." Besides, the Celadon group for some reason had a disproportionate number of girls, and the MISA group had more guys. The only problem, if any, came when it was time to share the profits earned, but this was quickly resolved.

Christmas antics

In some houses, the antics of kids disrupted the minstrels in the middle of their songs. The carolers, barely able to contain

their laughter, somehow managed.

Even the convoys in between gigs proved hilarious at times. On their way to the house of Oscar Tan (II MEEcoH, Chinoy), the lead car driven by Jonas Khaw (II ME, Promo) got the entire group lost and—literally!—going in circles. "Nahakapagtaka... Jonas lives just several blocks away from my place," says Oscar. "To his credit, though, he got here five minutes early."

The first night, however, ended on a disappointing note. Of the three families they were supposed to visit, two were not home and had left money instead. Fortunately, the fulfillment of the following nights more than made up for this. In fact, near the close of the Celadon Christmas party last December 21, the carolers received a last-minute request from the parents of Tina Khoe (I MgtH) for the next day.

Senti feelings

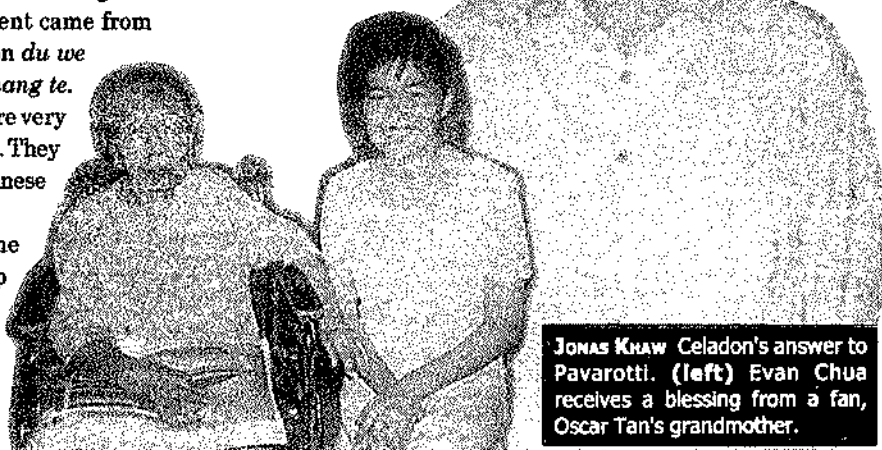
Evan Chua (III MEco, SecGen) shares, "It was great to see the families appreciating our singing. *Magaganahan kang humanta.*" An interesting comment came from Oscar's ama: "Celadon du we ya sui, ya kwai, lan nang te. (The Celadon girls were very pretty and very proper. They were as well-raised Chinese girls should be.)"

Others stress the camaraderie and group effort. Brian marveled at "how everybody came together and did something. During the

practices, *magulo*. But when it was time to be serious, *ang galing sobra.*" Sheryl Cu (II MIS, AVP-Fin), the other co-project head, however, was struck by an altogether different matter: "You'll never expect to get P5,000 from an impromptu caroling session!"

The participants consider the maiden run an unqualified success. She, however, tempers this elation, "Yes it was a success, but there are still a lot of problems to be worked out. We need to rely on our own resources. But, we took the opportunity to merge with MISA and it came out great."

The gains from this project will fund the aftermath of Celadon's Socio-Civic project. The carolers wish to thank the families who invited them into their homes and guarantee that this will not be Celadon's last caroling run. ☺



JONAS KHAW Celadon's answer to Pavarotti. (left) Evan Chua receives a blessing from a fan, Oscar Tan's grandmother.



Same Blood, Different Time

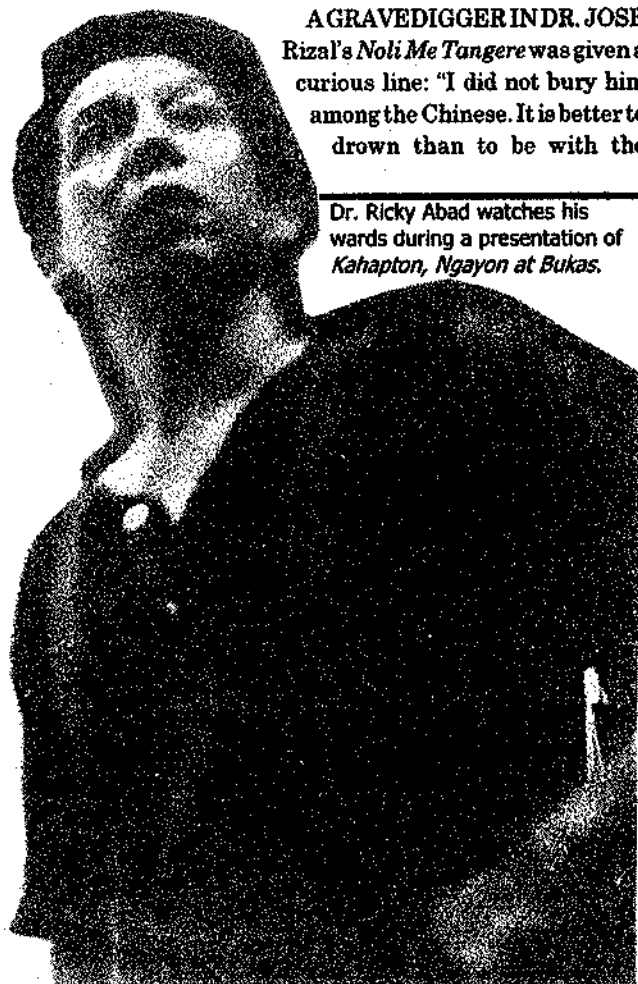
Dr. Ricky Abad and company share their insights on the treatment of the Chinese in the powerful play *Kahapon, Ngayon at Bukas*.

BY EUNICE LIM

PHOTOS COURTESY OF STEPHEN UY AND TA

AGRAVEDIGGER IN DR. JOSE Rizal's *Noli Me Tangere* was given a curious line: "I did not bury him among the Chinese. It is better to drown than to be with the

Dr. Ricky Abad watches his wards during a presentation of *Kahapon, Ngayon at Bukas*.



Chinese. (Locsin translation)" Years later, Aurelio Tolentino wrote his provocative piece *Kahapon, Ngayon at Bukas*. His first act featured a Chinese villain, *Haring Bata*, who bought the souls of Filipinos with his gold.

Symbolism of History

The play cast the Chinese with the Spanish and the American colonizers. Dr. Ricky Abad, director and moderator of *Tanghalang Ateneo*, told audiences before each performance that he hoped there were no Americans in the audience because the American flag was stepped on in one scene. What he did not voice out was that he was also weighing the possible reactions of the sizable Chinese student population.

"First of all, it was not my choice but the playwright's," Dr. Abad clarifies. "Second, the first act of the play is not actually a historical account but just a symbolism of Chinese capitalism or mercantilism predominant in the Philippines during those times." Dr. Abad felt that the common denominator the playwright was emphasizing among his three sets of villains was greed. While the Chinese never colonized the Philippines, Chinese traders did hold considerable economic influence in the time period approximated by the first act.

20 *Chinoy*

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A friend of Oscar Tan and Joan Chua

Acting Singkit

"Challenged" was Dr. Abad's one-word description of the production. The first act was enchanting, right down to the sinuous movements of the Chinese henchmen and the distinctly Oriental soundtrack.

Yanny Yuzon is not Chinese and wondered why he was chosen to play one. "*Palagi akong nangangapa*," he shares. "I didn't know what I was doing, especially when they asked me to do those Chinese 'sounds.'" Yanny was afraid that he might be basing his acting on stereotypes.

Yanny's friend Wesley Panutan, though, had an easier time. "As a Chinese, *hindi ako nahirapan. Kontrabida nga*, but that's art." Wesley looked at the script as a job that had to be done. "We have to stay true to what Aurelio Tolentino wrote. Those are his feelings, even though they might have offended some people."

Kahapon, Ngayon at Bukas encapsulated the thoughts and emotions of an artist of a century past. This is how he—and a part of Philippine society then—looked at himself and at history. We are blessed with the opportunity to review why such emotions were embedded into our history. The emotions of our present society, though, are very much different. Congratulations to *Tanghalang Ateneo* for another display of creativity. ☺

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