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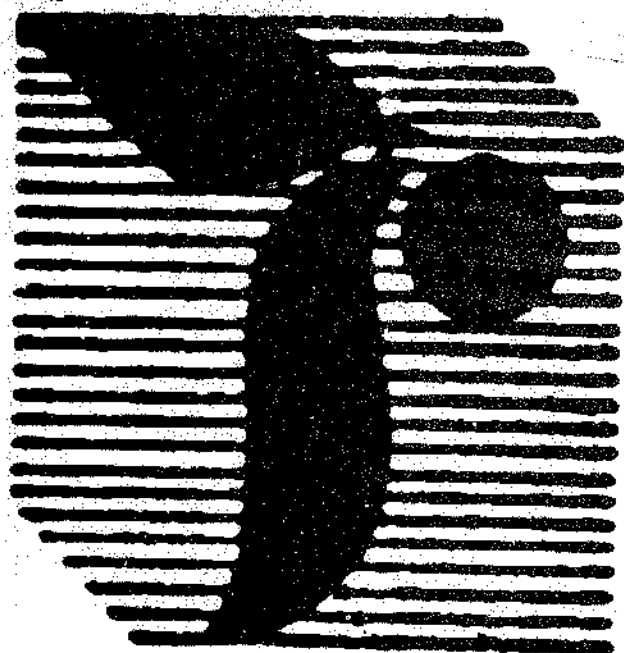
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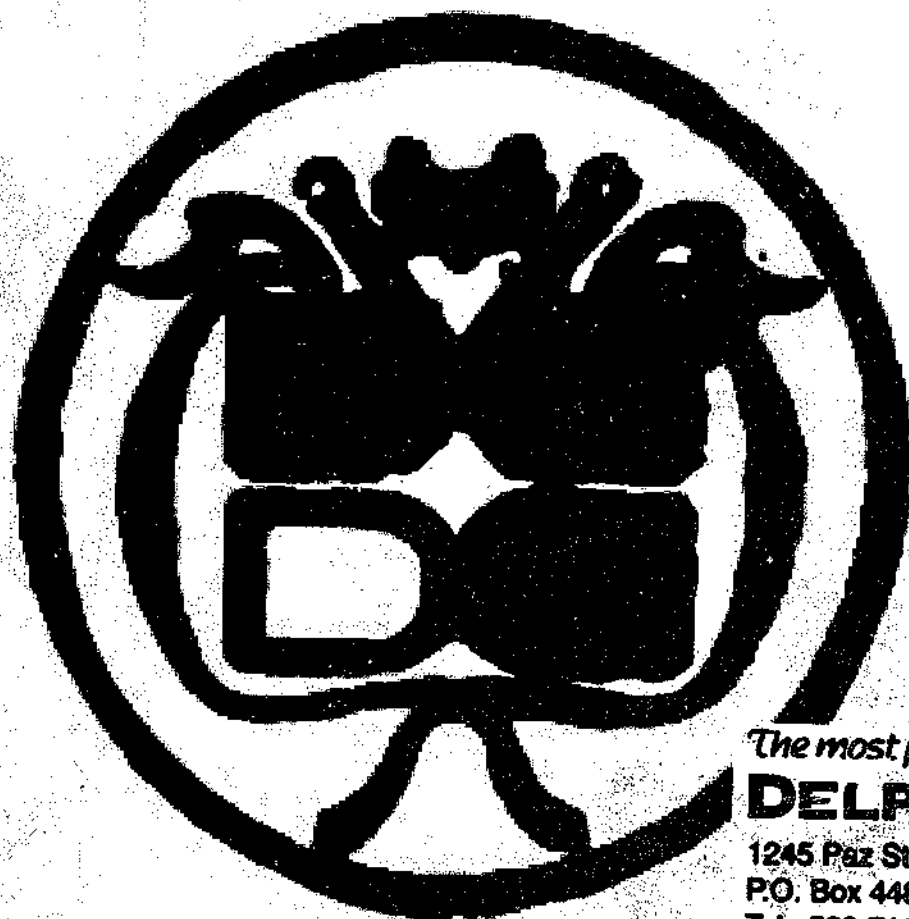
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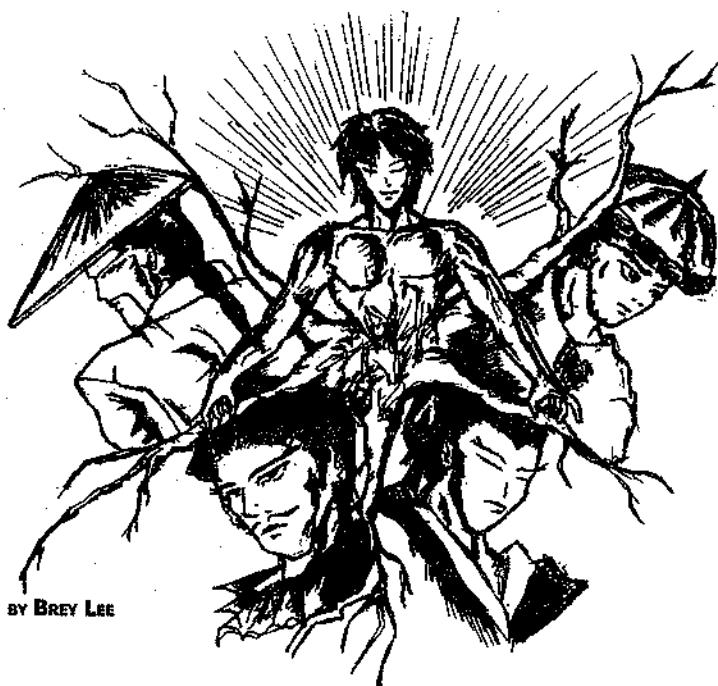
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BY BREY LEE

# Editor's Letter

## A potpourri of cultures

In the lingo of dog breeders, I am what you would call a mongrel. A mutt, for lack of a better term. My nationality may be Filipino but my blood is a veritable mix of different races. I am both an Asian and a Caucasian at the same time. I am *tisoy*—that much is obvious. It is a word that delves into blood as much as it concerns appearance. My Spanish lineage is responsible for that ubiquitous “N” in my surname. A hint of Chinese makes my eyes sharpen away from my nose ever so slightly. (And it's not just because of my eyebags.) Perhaps, this mix of Spanish and Chinese blood gave me overly fair skin, almost white in the sunlight. Or could it have been the Portuguese blood long dormant in my veins? Oh wait, I almost forgot that my grandmother is part Japanese.

Frankly, I am not sure what ethnic race I really belong to. The ESCAÑO family tree alone encompasses various bloodlines, stretches across many ethnic groups in the Philippines, and originates from the other side of the globe. Add my mother's side to the mix, and the matter of my ethnicity merely becomes more befuddled, almost as to seem ersatz.

Some purists may consider ethnicity to hold considerable weight. I, however, have decided to treat the subject lightly—no, not really lightly, but rather, with a dash of perspicacity.

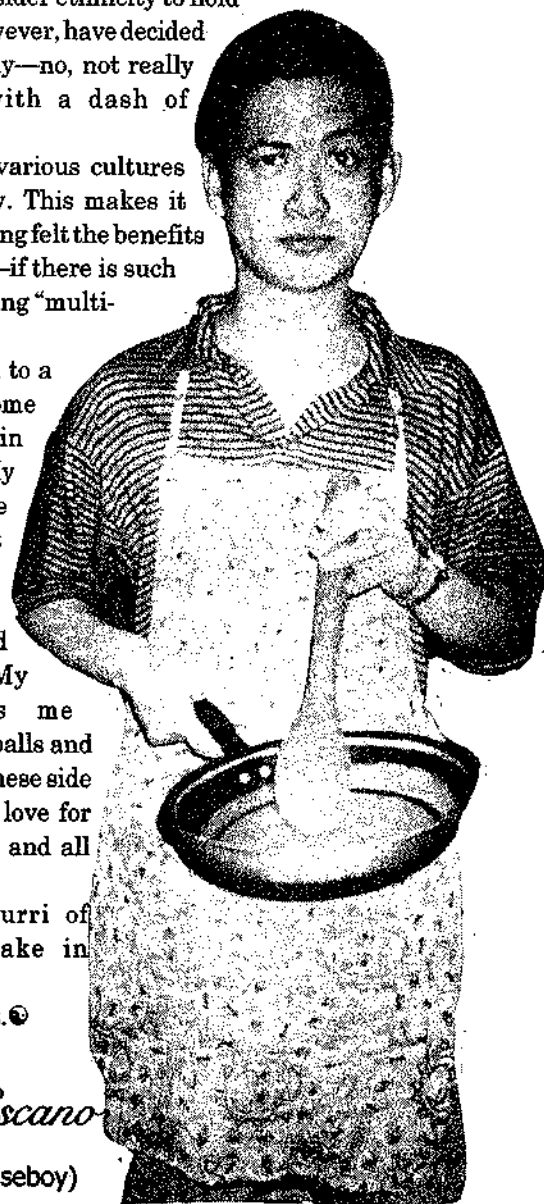
With ethnic variety, various cultures are brought into the fray. This makes it more interesting. I have long felt the benefits of being “multi-cultural”—if there is such a term. In fact, I enjoy being “multi-cultural.”

My life can be likened to a stew. Its ingredients come from different cultures in just the right amounts. My Spanish heritage and the Visayan language that comes with it have seasoned my world with wonderful words and provincial elements. My Chinese blood helps me appreciate *feng shui*, fishballs and siopao. Perhaps, the Japanese side of me has influenced my love for anime, chrysanthemums, and all things samurai.

I inhale this potpourri of cultures, careful to take in everything.

The stew smells sweet. ☺

*Cesar Miguel Escano*  
Features Editor  
(poet, journalist and houseboy)



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Celadon Room, Colayco Hall  
Ateneo de Manila University

*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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## The dreams of five thousand years

BY OSCAR TAN AND  
PATRICIA NGOCHUA  
CREATIVE DESIGN BY  
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Literature is far  
more vibrant  
than the image  
of old books  
gathering dust.

### The eternal flame

BY PATRICIA NGOCHUA AND OSCAR TAN

The joys and sorrows felt by a man today are the same that went through the hearts of men at the dawn of time and will remain the same for yet unborn generations. No emotion, however, is more powerful and timeless than love. If in the West, a face was able to launch a thousand ships, in China, legendary beauties caused the fall of dynasties. "The four great tales of China," out of all the works produced by a culture five millennia old, are stories of love, a testament to the power of this emotion which burns in every man's breast.

#### The Cowherd and the Weaving Maid

A hapless Cowherd fell in love with the Weaving Maid, the granddaughter of the Queen Mother of the Western Heaven. He took his water buffalo to a lake where faeries were bathing and stole one of their dresses. He was then met by the Weaving Maid and took her as his wife. She lived on Earth for seven years and bore two children. The Queen Mother noticed her absence and descended to Earth to force her to return home. The Cowherd and his buffalo pursued them into the heavens.

The Queen Mother drew a line with her jade hairpin, and a broad river opened between the lovers. Suddenly, however, a flock of magpies appeared and formed a bridge for the couple. The Queen Mother decreed that they were to meet only on the seventh day of the seventh month of each year. The lovers became the stars Altair and Vega, and on this day, magpies leave the Earth and form a bridge for them across the Milky Way. It is said that if you listen carefully after nightfall, you can hear the whispers of the lovers up there on their celestial bridge.

The average Atenean raises his eyebrows after reading the required Filipino 14 epic of *Aliguyon*. At first, he sees nothing but a childish fantasy set in a context completely alien to him. Only when he consciously stops looking through the biased lenses of his culture does he come to appreciate the images of tribal heroes throwing spears at each other from atop mountain peaks, of warriors battling for years heedless of their devastation of fields of grain, and of seeking a bride from an enemy family from a faraway land. Underneath the swagger and machismo of the epic shine honor, courage and a hero's resolve—concepts universally and timelessly human despite being wrapped in the symbolism and language of a nameless bard from another time and another place.

#### Thoughts as old as man

With five thousand proud years of tradition to draw from, Chinese literature is as rich as it is intriguing. Every society has its hero archetype and, like *Aliguyon*, ancient China's reflects its nation's psyche. Filipinos immortalize the martial prowess of their great heroes from Lapu-lapu to Gregorio del Pilar. Americans look up to their great statesmen and emphasize their contributions to democracy. The ancient culture of China, however, identified its hero as the sage.

This makes perfect sense when one notes that, for example, this was a culture where poetry was regarded as neither lofty nor imaginative but as an everyday activity of all educated Chinese. Literature here was interwoven

with history and Confucian ethics, and among its greatest figures were kings celebrated for their wisdom and virtue, legendary characters with the stature of the biblical King Solomon. One of the most famous and colorful of these geniuses is Zhuge Liang of the Shu kingdom of China's Three Kingdoms period.

Like some other sages from literature, Zhuge Liang was originally a recluse until the ruler of Shu recruited him after three persistent visits to his thatched hut. He was so famous as a strategist that, once, an army from the rival kingdom of Wei stopped in front of an almost undefended castle he was in. Zhuge Liang had ordered some soldiers to open the gates while he himself sat atop a tower, playing a zither. The enemy general listened, thinking a sad song would be a sign that Zhuge Liang's situation was truly hopeless. He heard a strong and calm tune, however, and fearing a trap, he ordered a retreat from his defenseless foe.

Zhuge Liang was the hero of the climatic Battle of the Red Cliff of his period. Here, Shu was allied with the third kingdom, Wu, against Wei and Zhuge Liang was tasked to obtain 100,000 arrows for the allied army. He assembled a fleet of twenty boats and ordered his men to line the sides with straw figures wrapped in black cloth. On the third day, they set out for the Wei camp and were

"... These accursed beasts are dragging a human leg—whose could it be if not my mother's?" Fire erupted from his bosom and his red-yellow whiskers stood erect... Li'kuei pointed his knife toward the bottom of the beast's tail and thrust desperately with all his strength...

#### Tale of the Marshes

art by brey lee



art by uylses ang



met by a hail of arrows. When the straw men bristled with stolen arrows, Zhuge Liang ordered his crews to shout thanks to the Wei army and then turn back.

Zhou Yu, the allied commander who had hoped to embarrass Zhuge Liang with an impossible task, never figured out that

Zhugue Liang had merely observed the weather and predicted that in three days, a heavy fog would descend near the Wei camp, limit visibility to a few feet and allow his ruse to succeed. The Battle of the Red Cliff ended after Zhuge Liang correctly predicted when the wind would change direction, enabling a Shu general to execute a ruse with fire. The Wei navy burned and only 28 out of 200,000 Wei soldiers returned home, equalizing the balance of power.

## Powerhouse casts

The Chinese historical novel, instead of focusing on a single main character, presented an era as a rapidly changing series of intricately woven plots and Zhuge Liang was only one of the many protagonists in the *San Kuo Zi* (Romance of the Three Kingdoms). In fact, his elder brother Zhuge Jin became an official of Wu and his younger brother Zhuge Jun served in Wei. The three were referred to as the dragon, tiger and dog, respectively.

The novel placed the most colorful heroes in Shu. Its ruler was Liu Bei, who stood eight feet tall and had long hands and ears and a fair complexion. His two most loyal generals were Zhang Fei, a stern, dark man who wielded a spear with a blade like a snake and Guan Yu, a nine-foot tall, red

... Huang Gai waved his sword to motion the first row of the ships to be set on fire. Twenty ships dashed towards Cao's fleet like flying arrows. Cao's ships were chained together. When one caught fire, others could not flee. Fire tongues rose high; the sky was lit up. In no time, the naval camp of Cao Cao was turned into a raging inferno...

## Romance of the Three Kingdoms

faced man with slanting eyes who fought with a crescent-shaped halberd.

The pair were synonymous with courage, and once, Zhang Fei stood on a bridge and single-handedly sent pursuing Wei troops into a rout with a mighty roar. On another occasion, Guan Yu was described as eating, drinking and playing chess while a surgeon worked on his poisoned arm, scraping away poison from his bones as blood flowed from the limb. The uninspiring though kindhearted and faithful Liu Bei was a scion of the fallen Han dynasty and therefore the legitimate claimant among the three rival kings. The trio began their struggle by swearing brotherhood under a peach tree, and this scene has remained the classic image of loyalty unto death in Chinese imagination.

Liu Bei and his brothers were popularly imagined as the heroes of the epic, and their opponent was the wily Cao Cao, the prime minister of the Han Dynasty who had intrigued his way into de facto power. Once, the story had Cao Cao asking a servant to hide a knife on his body. Later, he proclaimed that he had the power to sense assassins, and had the unsuspecting man killed to further his scheme. On another occasion, he thought his host was about to murder him and ordered his family killed, not knowing that they were merely preparing a knife to

kill the pig they were going to serve him. The historical figure was distorted and Cao Cao has gone down in popular imagination as evil incarnate, somewhat of a Chinese Machiavelli. However, he was also portrayed as an able strategist who was able to attract the talent of many worthy men, and was even a talented poet.

*Romance of the Three Kingdoms* has one of the richest and most powerful plots in Chinese popular literature, but ends in an anticlimax. Cao Cao and Liu Bei eventually died and Cao Cao's adviser, Sima Yi, finally triumphed against Zhuge Liang. He then wrested power from the Cao family and his family lost the throne of China to the barbarian Jin dynasty shortly afterwards. What makes the collection of schemes so compelling, however, is that despite the embellishments popular fiction has lent it over the decades, it is actually 70% history and Cao Cao, Liu Bei and Zhuge Liang once walked the earth.

## Heroes of lords, of peasants

*Romance of the Three Kingdoms* was set in the 200s and was first printed in the Yuan dynasty in the 1300s. It inspired plays and other works in its time, and video games in the present—even its own set in the card game *Magic: the Gathering*, a set specifically designed for sale in Asia. The second major Chinese novel, *Shui-hu Chuan* (Tale of the Marshes), was also woven from fibers of history, but, unlike *Romance*, captured the imagination not with a powerful plot but with the social realism with which it depicted a slice of twelfth-century China.

The plot of this novel is loose indeed, as it details the exploits of 108 bandit heroes of the marshes near Mount Liang, near modern-day Shantung. The bandits were

## Chang E ascends to the Moon

There used to be ten suns in ancient times, and this caused severe droughts and dry spells on Earth. The King of Heaven took pity on the people and sent the god Hou Yi to help them. He took his bow and shot down nine of the suns, and accepted the people's invitation to live on Earth. He met the beauty Chang E and they fell in love. The King of Heaven, however, ordered him to return at once.

He refused, and knowing that he would be condemned to mortality, journeyed to the Kunlun Mountains and fetched an elixir of life from the Western Queen Mother. When he returned, however, his jealous student Feng Meng killed him. In despair, Chang E drank the elixir and floated up to the Moon, where she has lived ever since with a white rabbit that grinds medical powder with a mortar and pestle, and Wu Gang, the tree-harvester. (This story is just one of many related to China's Mid-Autumn Festival.)



# THE MAJESTY OF THE MIND

## The Butterfly Lovers

Zhu Yingtai was the only daughter of the wealthy Zhu Gongyan, and was an extraordinarily smart and beautiful girl. She went to study at the Hangzhou academy disguised as a man, where she met a handsome young man of humble origins named Liang Shanbo. The two became sworn brothers and spent most of their time together.

One day, Yingtai received a message asking her to return home because her father was ill. Shanbo accompanied her out of Hangzhou and failed to notice the hints that the infatuated Yingtai dropped along the way. She tried her last trick at the Long Pavilion, where she invited him to visit her on the pretext of visiting her younger sister.

When she returned home, she discovered that her father had merely tricked her into coming back because he had missed her. He had arranged for her to marry Ma Liucan, the son of the prefect of Shangyu county, and fell into depression. When Shanbo came to visit, she told him the news, and the grieving boy returned to his native Huqiao where he died shortly afterwards.

Yingtai persuaded her father to pass by Huqiao during the wedding procession, and she walked to Shanbo's grave in the mourning clothes she had hidden under her wedding dress. She asked Heaven to open the grave for her. A large fissure appeared and she jumped inside. The fissure closed instantly and two beautiful butterflies appeared from the graves.



art by brey lee

actually fugitives who fled from persecution and injustice, and preyed on the rich and tyrannical while helping the poor. These Chinese Robin Hoods had colorful aliases—Lin Chong, "The Leopard Headed"; "Lu Zhi

Shen, "The Tattooed Monk"; Li Kuei, "The Black Whirlwind"; and their leader, Song Jiang, "The Welcome Rain"—and performed colorful and often humorous deeds.

Lu Zhi Shen, a minor official who fled after killing a local bully, once intervened when a bandit chief forced a village girl to marry him. He sat in the bridal chamber and began punching the unsuspecting bandit when he entered. His victim's henchmen ran into the room and, instead of seeing a honeymoon, saw a fat, naked monk sitting on their leader and beating him. Other scenes are far more savage, however, and include murders and the burning of entire villages. The drama of the oppressed against their antagonists is interrupted by interludes of Wu Song "The Tiger Slayer" and Li Kuei killing tigers with their bare hands, the latter when one beast devoured his old mother at Mount Liang while he went to fetch her water.

## Truthful fiction

*Tale of the Marshes* is a tale of rebels in troubled times, but the novel still contains an underlying yearning for order. Their leader, Song Jiang, eventually receives amnesty and leads the band in fighting other bandits for the emperor. However, despite his services, he meets death at the hands of slanderous court ministers. The loose tale seems bound only by a theme of brotherhood and justice, but its style is vivid and vigorous, perfected from oral folk tales artfully told in the colloquial. Placed in its context, though, the tapestry of adventures is a people's seeming call for deliverance from social disintegration and decadent Mongol rulers—a call even to bandit heroes.

History played such a key role in Chinese literature. Even historical accounts were brilliant and striking, and none more than the greatest, *Records of the Historian* by Sima Qian, Grand Historian of the Han Dynasty two millennia ago. Writing about the Warring States period, he detailed the story of Meng Chang, whose father ordered him killed for he believed the boy was born on a day that predicted his bringing great harm to his parents once he reached the lintel of the house's door. He was hidden by his mother and, a few years later, returned



to his father and told him to raise the height of the door. Meng Chang eventually became the Prime Minister of the state of Qi.

Even Sima Qian himself had a colorful history. It was his father's dying wish that the 500 years after the death of Confucius be recorded. Five years into the endeavor, he offended the emperor, but accepted castration to escape the death sentence and fulfill his father's dream. Given such pride for history, it is fitting that history is the lifeblood of China's literature and philosophy. In the hands of the artists and storytellers, history came alive for lord and peasant alike.

## The children's hero

A Chinese-Filipino teen-ager, who probably has difficulty reading Chinese, may not have grown up with the romantic stories of *Romance* and *Tale of the Marshes*. However, he could not have missed his Chinese teacher's cartoons and picture books of *Journey to the West*, China's greatest supernatural novel. Written in the 16th century, it is set in a rich and humorous universe populated by groups such as the Taoist Jade Emperor in heaven, the shadows and ghosts of the underworld, and Buddha and his saints in the Holy Mountains of the West. It was from this world that later novelists wove their supernatural stories.

The main character of *Journey* is Sun

...Lao-tzu's servants, who had been watching the fire under the crucible, all came out, as did the other celestial guards and attendants, to drag Monkey back, but he tripped up every one of them like an epileptic white-browed tiger or a mad one-horned dragon. When Lao-tzu himself rushed forward to grab him, Monkey gave him such a push that he fell head over heels... striking out indiscriminately here and there, he caused again a great uproar in the celestial palace. The Nine Planets were so frightened that they locked themselves in and the Four Heavenly Kings fled without a trace...

## Journey to the West

Wukong, the Monkey King, who was born from a magic rock and could pull hairs from his body and transform them into thousands of little monkeys. He wrought havoc all the way to the Jade Emperor's celestial palace, defeating immortal princes and celestial generals and meeting his match only in Buddha. He tried to flaunt his power by jumping across the universe, but Buddha showed him that he had only crossed his palm. Buddha imprisoned the defeated monkey under a mountain, where he stayed for 500 years.

The journey is that of Tang Sanzang's, a monk ordered by Tang dynasty emperor Taizhong to retrieve sacred Buddhist writings from the West, which was India for the Chinese. He released Sun Wukong to be his protector and, with the help of the Taoist and Buddhist gods, mastered the long and dangerous journey. The monk even reached the Western heaven and became a saint, but not without many adventures more hilarious than dangerous.

Later critics tried to interpret the novel as the socio-political struggle of the Monkey King against the fatuous Jade Emperor, but the novel simply pokes fun at human nature. Heaven is portrayed in the novel as a vast bureaucracy, and Sun Wukong even presents a letter of introduction from the Tang emperor in his visit to the underworld. Even when Tang Sanzang finally reached the West, Buddha's disciples told him, "Having come here from China, you have no doubt brought a few gifts for us."

Looked at from a more profound perspective, Sun Wukong simply represents the freedom and power man aspires to have. Readers vicariously experience the wildness as Sun Wukong, in the defense of persecuted Buddhists, challenges Taoist immortals to head-cutting, belly-ripping and bathing in boiling oil. They feel the invincibility as Sun Wukong survives being burned alive in Lao Tzu's Triagram of the Eight Triagrams, leaps out and runs amuck in heaven.

The story, with its religious undertones,

implies that this power leads to salvation only when used for the right cause. This is shown when Buddha imprisons the delinquent monkey, but Tang Sanzang was actually an inattentive disciple of Buddha punished by being born in China. The monk also takes three disciples during his journey, three immortals banished to the mortal realm who reform after meeting Tang Sanzang.

### Intellectual lifeblood

In the realm of literature, life seems more vivid and more fantastic than it really is, so much so that one almost forgets all fiction is merely a derivative of life. In this recreation, this mimic called literature, snippets of life are made timeless and indestructible. These frozen scenes are passed on to a people's heirs long after the original actors have faded away into time. These captured moments give generations a common human experience, much like movies and television do today, and time only adds to the wealth of this experience as interpretation after reinterpretation of a work imbue it with more and more meaning.

Chinese literature is as old and as rich as the Chinese people, and more than a mere common experience, it is what binds this people. Translations of *Romance of the Three Kingdoms* and *Journey to the West* give Chinese in Asia, in America and in Europe a taste of their common culture, and grandfathers, fathers and sons realize that they have read about the same Liu Bei, the same Zhuge Liang and the same Sun Wukong.

History, philosophy and ethics, strange as it is, are intertwined with powerful accounts of great battles, tales of bandits killing tigers bare-handed, and the timeless appeal of a monkey too mischievous for his own good. ©

art by brey lee



### Meng Jiangnu

When Qin Shihuang of the Qin dynasty, the despotic first emperor of China, decreed the construction of the Great Wall, countless peasants were pressed into labor and never returned home. Fan Xiliang, a young scholar, ran away from home to escape this fate, and found himself in the Meng family's garden in a distant village near Badaling.

The Mengs and the Jiangs were close neighbors and both couples had no children until, one day, a melon grew in their gardens. It grew bigger and bigger, and when it was cut open, a little girl was found inside. They named her Meng Jiangnu (Girl of the Mengs and the Jiangs).

It was Meng Jiangnu who found the young man, and the couples decided to let the two marry. However, as they were about to retire to the bridal chamber, men sent by the local magistrate abducted young Fan. Meng Jiangnu journeyed to the construction site of the Great Wall and learned that her husband was dead. Her tears were heard even in Heaven and the King of Heaven caused a part of the Wall to crumble, exposing her husband's corpse, which had been used to fill the foot of the Wall.

She was taken to Qin Shihuang, who became enamored of her beauty and decided to take her as a concubine. She agreed, but forced the emperor to prepare a funeral for her husband. On the day of the funeral, however, Meng Jiangnu let out another wail and jumped into the ocean, where she transformed into a beautiful silver fish and joined Fan in Heaven. ©

# Thoughts behind an empire

BY JACELIE KING, CAROLYN ANG

AND GOODWEALTH CHU

PHOTOS BY JUNI GOTAMCO

ART BY MARK SENG

CREATIVE DESIGN BY

CHARLENE TAN AND OSCAR TAN

**Today's generation still unknowingly bears the knowledge of ancient sages**



(wisdom) and *li* (propriety). Four basic virtues."

## Beginning a career

When asked how he came to teach Philosophy, Dr. Dy smiles, "By accident." He began his stay in the Ateneo with Management, then shifted to History. "In my third year, I was not happy with my grades and with everything," he narrates. "I was contemplating transferring to UP until I saw an announcement that a new course would be offered the following year." He graduated in Philosophy with departmental honors and was invited to teach.

Fr. Roque Ferriols taught Chinese philosophy when Dr. Dy was on leave, and both professors have their favorite points and can talk about their subject as though enjoying a hearty meal. Dr. Dy shares some choice proverbs, wisdom crystallized into one-liners by time. "To be full is to be empty, to be empty is to be full." That's from the *Tao Te Ching* (Book of Changes), he cites. He also shares an anecdote about Confucius:

"One time, he was asked, 'Master, don't you have a theme running through all your teachings?' and his answer was, 'What do you think of me? Sabog? I have one theme running through all my teachings.' That one thing was conscientiousness, again highlighting the emphasis on being moral and upright for Dr. Dy.

Fr. Ferriols, a name never far away when the Ateneo and Philosophy are mentioned, confides that his favorite Chinese philosopher is the Taoist Zhuang Zi. "He tries to say things to lead us to an aspect of life so profound that it cannot be said and realize that it cannot be said," he describes. "I think it (the *Tao*) is a sense or an awareness that all of reality is wonderful. But it's even more wonderful than we think it is. In the midst of all the wonderfulness, there is an all-prevailing profundity, [a] wonder which is greater than we are aware of."

A mother and her young boy once lived beside a cemetery in ancient China. Everyday, while his mother went to work, the child and other boys played by mimicking the mourners and undertakers they saw. The mother decided to move to another neighborhood. They ended up near a marketplace, and again, the boy acted out the hawking and haggling he observed. The mother again decided to move, taking more care this time. They moved beside a school. The mother became pleased when her son began mimicking the scholars and their pupils.

The above is a classic Chinese story of motherhood, and ends with the boy, Mencius, eventually studying under a grandson of Confucius and becoming one of China's greatest philosophers. The thinking of the East is rather different from the philosophy Ateneans are familiar with, but it certainly has its own brand of sense.

## Endless combinations

Western thinkers were more rigid and structured. Chinese culture, however, posits that there are only five tones of music yet endless melodies, and only five basic tastes yet infinite recipes. "Mythical Chinese

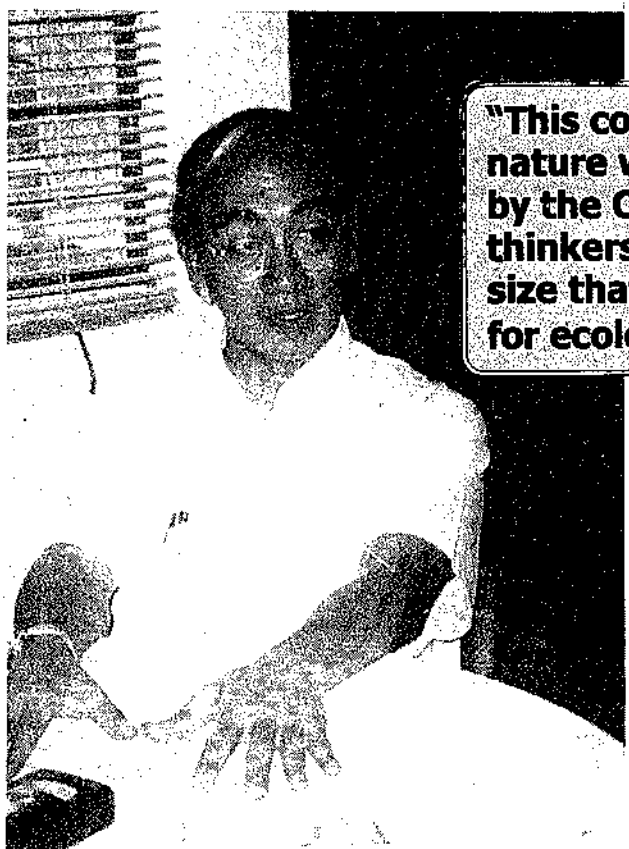
philosophy is about finding harmony with the other," opines Dr. Manny Dy (Philo '67, MA Philo '73, PhD Philo '78), his department's Chinese philosophy teacher. "The other can be human others, nature or even the absolute or God."

The basic schools of Chinese philosophy are Confucianism and Taoism, and Dr. Dy laughs, "They are different and they are the same." He explains that Confucianism concentrates on society and finding harmony in relationships in politics, in government and in the family while Taoism concentrates on finding harmony in nature. He continues, "They are the same in that they tackle the same problem: How to live my life, how to be at one, how to find harmony." Taoism also says that opposites are the complementary two sides of a coin, and these two philosophies shaped Chinese culture: Confucianism in times of stability and Taoism in times of uncertainty. "Confucianism and Taoism are actually complementary," he ends. "One stresses the going out to others in society. The other stresses inner tranquility, which as you know, you will also find in nature."

Toby Purisima (III Philo), a student of Dr. Dy, says a person can look at a rock from many different angles though it remains the same old rock. Chinese philosophy looks at

**"This concern about the unity of nature was discovered long ago by the Chinese. Now, the Western thinkers are beginning to emphasize that because of the concern for ecology." —Dr. Manny Dy**

the different sides of things, and in the same way, a person cannot merely look at Chinese philosophy from one perspective. One thing Dr. Dy stresses, however, is that "it's very, very practical." He explains that morality is intertwined with the philosophy, and this created a mechanism for molding generations in the traditional virtues. "I'm sure in your [Chinese high] school," he goes on, "you must have seen those *jen* (benevolence or love), *i* (righteousness), *chi*







# THE MAJESTY OF THE MIND

beyond China's borders to intermingle with Western ideas. "I always find it very ironic that Western philosophers are discovering many things that the Chinese have long discovered," he states. "This concern about the unity of nature, well, it was discovered long ago by the Chinese. But now, the Western thinkers are beginning to emphasize that because of the concern for ecology."

Zhuang Zi makes some humorous but insightful comments on man imposing his standards onto nature. He says that a man cannot judge the duck's legs as too short or the crane's as too long, for if he changed their lengths, the birds would suffer. Another time, he rebuked a man who said a tree with a gnarled trunk and twisted branches was so useless that no carpenter bothered to fell it. Zhuang Zi said that this was what actually made the tree useful since the man could take naps under its shade, comfortable knowing he could return to it as no one wanted to fell it.

Nothing in life is more natural than death, and Zhuang Zi, on his deathbed, told his disciples not to bother with an elaborate funeral. "I shall have heaven and earth as my coffin and sun and moon as my ceremonial jade," he told them. "Is there a better funeral ceremony?" With similar acceptance, when asked to write something auspicious for a rich family, the Japanese Zen master Sengai Gibon wrote, "Father dies, son dies, grandson dies." He rebuked the enraged father, saying that there was great grief when a father outlived his son. The natural order of things, therefore, was best.

A more humorous story, though, involves another Japanese master, Ikkyu Sojun, as a boy. After breaking his master's antique teacup, he asked him why people die and was answered that it was only natural. The boy smiled, presented the pieces and said, "Master, it was time for your teacup to die."

## Actions over words

Dr. Dy emphasizes that, just like the Ateneo mission, "Confucian philosophy is very much other-oriented." In the unitive spirit of Chinese philosophy, however, he adds, "You can't just be going out to serve others; you also have to go

within yourself and that is the stress of Taoism." He sums up, "So, it's a balance of getting hold of yourself and involving yourself with others." These, for him, are the direct applications of Chinese philosophy on one's life. He adds, "I am very sure that, to a certain extent, that we have retained so much of our Chinese philosophy roots. We are not conscious of it, but if you watch the practices, it's interesting."

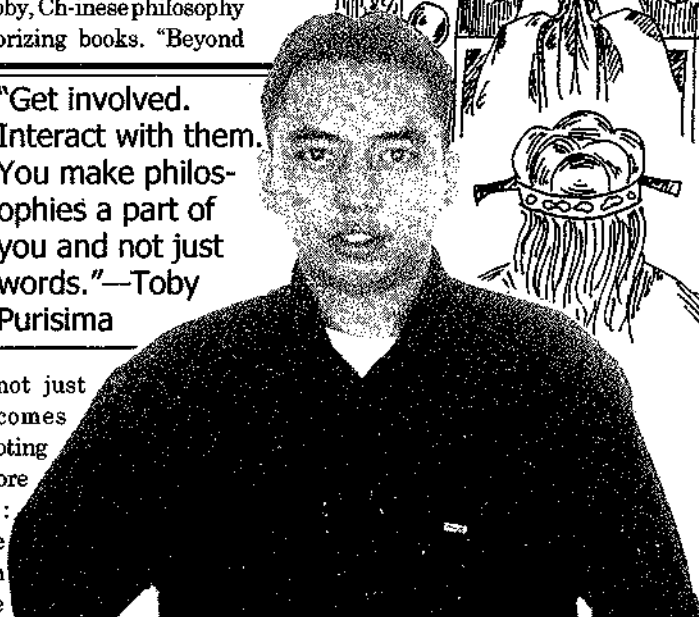
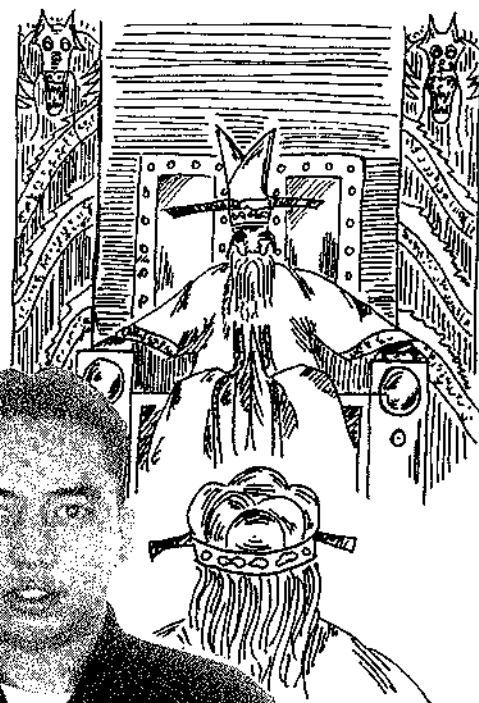
His students find relevance in internalizing. For Toby, Chinese philosophy is not about memorizing books. "Beyond these philosophies should be your application and understanding of them," as he puts it. "Get involved. Interact with them. You make philosophies a part of you and not just words. It becomes dynamic." Jason, quoting Confucius, puts it more succinctly: "Knowledge is the beginning of action and action is the completion of knowledge."

Dr. Dy illustrates his students' points with a story of the first Zen master who arrived in China from India, Bodhiharma. In 532 AD, before he returned to India, he summoned his disciples to test them. One by one, they tried to explain the essence of Zen. Bodhiharma was left unsatisfied until one monk, Huike, said nothing and bowed to his master silently. Zen Buddhism you see, holds that life is meant to be lived fully in the present, and attempting to reduce it into theories cannot add to its splendor.

Life is not mundane and philosophy is not profound; the two must intertwine.

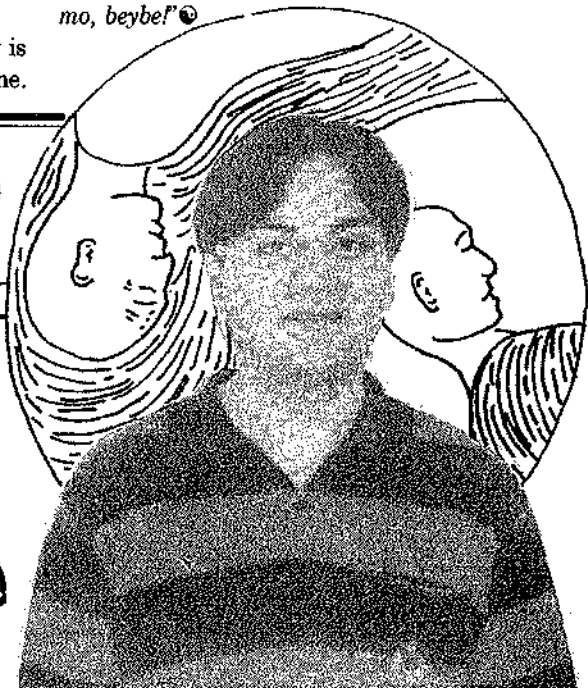
"Knowledge is the beginning of action and action is the completion of knowledge."—Jason Pacheco, quoting Confucius

"Get involved. Interact with them. You make philosophies a part of you and not just words."—Toby Purisima



"Confucius did not say, 'Okay, I'm going to invent Chinese philosophy,'" Dr. Dy explains. "He was simply reflecting on the present Chinese lives and out of that reflection was born a Chinese philosophy."

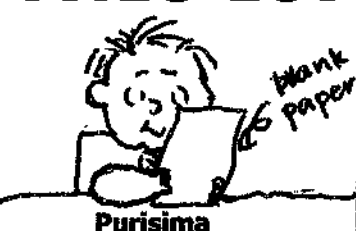
After all reflection and internalization, though, Fr. Ferriols shares his favorite quote from Zhuang Zi: "When everything that can be said has been said, the most important thing cannot be said." One can almost imagine the long-dead Taoist adding Fr. Ferriols's implied signature line, "Lundagin mo, beybe!"



Philo Final Exam:  
DEFINE COURAGE



THIS IS!



Purisima





## One can now hear Sunday mass in Mandarin in the most unlikely place: SM Megamall

Men like Mateo Ricci and Marco Polo, being foreigners in strange lands, were gifted with a unique perspective that lent them great wisdom. To many, the shopping mall symbolizes the zenith of consumerism, and one is surprised to find the seemingly foreign solace of a chapel in the fifth floor of one of the city's largest malls, and doubly so when one hears the dark-skinned Bicolano priest officiate Sunday mass in Mandarin. Like Mateo Ricci and Marco Polo, this man certainly has a unique story to tell.

### A wife's initiative

Fr. Leopoldo Jaucian, SVD, presides over this unusual gathering in Megamall's young Chapel of the Eucharistic Lord. Entering the tranquil, well-furnished room, one almost forgets that he is in a shopping mall. Fr. Paul smiles as he narrates how they had to obtain permission from church authorities to put up the fifth floor chapel. Their chapel director even had to attend a lengthy series of seminars before the Franciscans, who are in charge of the parish Megamall is in, gave their approval.

It was all downhill from there. Masses are now held regularly in the chapel and in nearby halls in the fifth floor. If one visits Megamall on an early Sunday morning, before it opens, one will find a huge crowd gathered shoulder-to-shoulder at the ground floor for the morning mass, and even the salesladies stand solemnly at the entrances to the department store.

A recent idea was to add a Mandarin mass to the existing program of Sunday masses. Beginning September of last year, the 11 AM mass has been celebrated in Mandarin. Fr. Paul did not celebrate the first Chinese mass, though; that distinction went to Fr. Peter Santien. Behind all these, Fr. Paul gratefully praises, is Mrs. Sy, the wife of Henry Sy.

Fr. Paul recounts: "Mrs. Sy presented the idea in order to reach out to the Filipino-Chinese Catholics." He notes that, actually, only the readings and the songs are in Mandarin. The rest is a mixture of Mandarin, English and Tagalog, and Fr. Jaucian is comfortable delivering homilies in a mixture of the three. Older Chinese, though, especially the present generation's *amas* and *angkonks*, can readily identify with the unique beauty of hearing mass songs in Chinese. Still, Fr. Paul

emphasizes that all are invited to the Mandarin masses: the Chinese, the non-Chinese and the merely curious.

Does celebrating mass inside a mall rob it of some of its solemnity? Sister Anastacia from Taiwan shakes her head, and replies in Mandarin, "It is very convenient. People can hear mass then go shopping." Fr. Paul echoes with a smile that it is the duty of the church to bring Christ to wherever the people are.

### Awed by Chinese culture

"First you have to love it, then the interest

will follow." Fr. Leopoldo considers this advice, given to him by a senior missionary in China, to be the turning point of his life. During his novitiate, he became interested in learning the Chinese language. He met some Taiwanese priests who were recruiting missionaries to be sent to China. He recounts: "And I was, I can say, awed by the Chinese history and civilization. I wanted to be part of that first mission of the SVD. So I opted, in 1981, to go to Taiwan after my novitiate."

He had some difficulty learning Mandarin, especially because the phonetics and language base were so different, but he eventually became fluent enough to converse in Mandarin. He was even confident enough to take up his theology studies in Mandarin. Perhaps a little too confident, actually, and he shares the aftermath of one exam in Taiwan. His paper returned to him with a note from his teacher, "*Ni da de hen hao, ke shir na bu shir wo de wen ti.* (You answered very well, but that was not my question.)"

After a brief return to the Philippines to be ordained, he returned to Taiwan. He spent a total of ten years there, from 1981 to 1992, as a high school chaplain, an assistant pastor, and as a priest, among other jobs. Fate, however, eventually took him back to the Philippines for a different mission.

### Chinese-Filipino apostolate

Fr. Jaucian has been so involved with the Chinese community that he



BY EMELDA TAN AND CRISTINA CHENG PHOTOS BY OSCAR TAN  
CREATIVE DESIGN BY KINGSWELL DY GUANI



Fr. Paul Jaucian (left) and his Taiwanese partners bring Christ to the new frontier.



**The Alay sa Diyos Community Pilgrimage to the Holy Land and Greece (April 19 to May 1, 1999)**

salutes its chaplain,

**Fr. Leopoldo "Paul" Jaucian, SVD**

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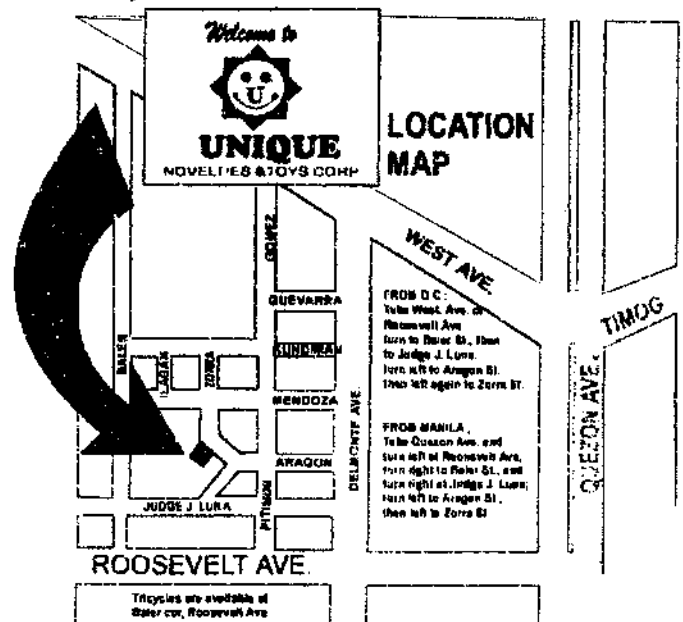
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admits, "Well, to tell you the truth, I can express myself more in Mandarin now than in Ilocano, Tagalog, or English." He is a visible figure in both Xavier-ICA and St. Jude Catholic School religious functions, and has been the school chaplain of the latter since 1995.

"When I came back from Taiwan, I got to know that there is the Filipino-Chinese marriage encounter community, originally the Xavier-ICA parents' community," he begins. "They were looking for a Filipino priest who knows Chinese. And they found me at Christ the King Seminary." This was how the *Alay sa Diyos* community based in Xavier School in Greenhills came to take Fr. Paul as their spiritual director.

He celebrates the community's monthly First Friday masses at the Xavier Lecture Hall and participates in the group's many retreats. As he puts it, "The couples have their [marriage] encounter, the children have their SADE and we also have the family encounter every last weekend of May."

Given this background, one cannot resist asking him to compare the three prestigious Chinese high schools. "Perceive *ko lang ha*," he laughs. "*Hindi ko alam kung* if it's real or not." From the impressions he hears, it seems that people brand the Xaverians and ICAns as the "class" and "sosy" types while the Judenites are perceived as studious, some times too studious.

Seriously, though, he adds, "I can see that St. Jude is still very Chinese. Chinese in terms of behavior, the discipline they stress in studies." The Chinese studies there even include the history and geography of China while Xavier and ICA focus more on conversational Mandarin.

Based on what students say about him, on the other hand, Fr. Paul seems to be a lovable campus fixture. "*Inii-start niya lagi 'yung Saturday mass namin with a greeting na magandang good morning*," reminisces Charlene Tan (II ME), ranking *Chinoy* Judenite. "Office *niya, maraming laruan na pambata. Para pag-breaktime, 'yung mga Grade 1 at Grade 2 students, naglalaro doon*." However, she does not refute the comparison with the Xaverians and ICAns. "*Mas pinalaki na takot sa teacher ang mga Judenites*," she reveals.

## Assimilation

Fr. Paul reflects, "I now slowly realize that God called me to be a missionary priest to serve the Filipino-Chinese, whether St. Jude, ICA-Xavier, or here at Megamall." Indeed, Fr. Paul is considered by some Chinese friends to be more Chinese than they are. He has assimilated practices such as bowing three times in front of the coffin and offering incense at funerals. Thanks to his background in Taiwan, he did not find it difficult to enter the Chinese community. "I always joke with this community that before I joined them I was so thin," he jokes, "but I became so big because of the culture of the Chinese—the food culture. At every activity we always have the *kainan*." But, he laughs, "I accept it because even Buddha was big!"

"I believe that faith is more inherited," Fr. Paul expresses. "I find that once a Chinese becomes a Catholic, he is so committed to his faith. Not only, I mean, in expressing it but also being generous to help in the Church activities." He notices, though, that among the Filipino-Chinese, there is a practice of being *segurista* in the sense that they go to Catholic churches and Buddhist or Taoist temples, especially when apprehensive about business. Far from condemning this, however, he cites the pragmatic nature of the Chinese.

He stresses that the youth are critical to the church's mission and hopes that they be the bridge between their parents and the Catholic Church. He also extends this mission to others out of reach of the church's traditional



Fr. Paul says mass in a chapsuey of languages to accommodate the diverse crowd at SM Megamall

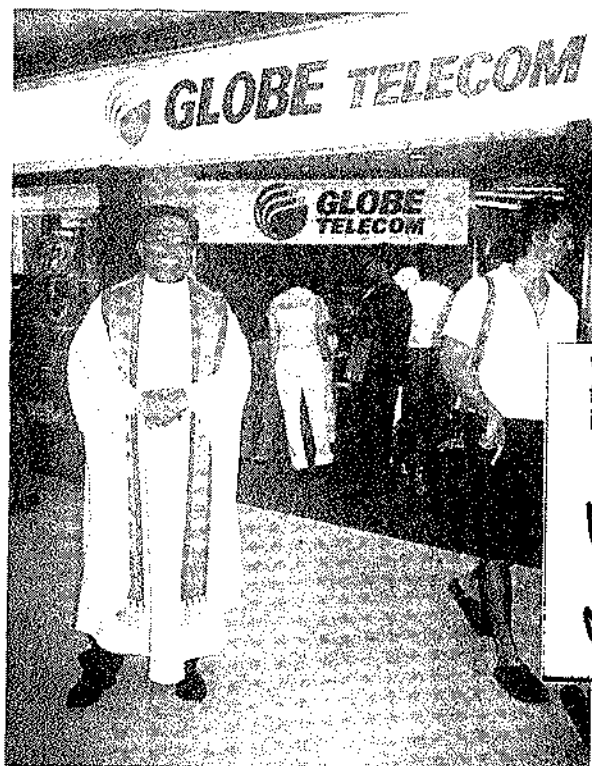
missionary work. "They have a mission to also go back to their roots in China or Taiwan and share their faith," he encourages.

## Coming full circle

One cannot immerse oneself in another culture without reflecting upon one's own, and Fr. Paul finds some similarities with the Chinese culture and his own upbringing. "The Jaucians are from Bicol, but I was born in Ilocos," he explains. He finds parallels with the Chinese culture in the Ilocano virtues of hard work, thriftiness and even in the Ilocano warmth. "The Chinese are so warm that once you are able to befriend one, the friendship lasts," he states.

Strangely enough, though, he once became curious about his Chinese-sounding surname and did some research back in Bicol. To his surprise, he discovered that the

(continued on page 20)



We will have our first Theology quiz in Mandarin.



Ang hirap! Pero nag-aral ako! Di ako papatalo dito sa Taiwan!



The Church keeps up with the times

# PAKAPALAN NG MI

**Aspiring actors from AJMA, the LitSoc and the Sanggunian star in Chinoy's "Ateneo version" of the Sprite commercials...**

BY KIMBER  
PHOTOS BY  
VIDEO DOC

The gladiators survey their opponents with steely gazes. The blood curdles within them, their eyes blaze with the intense glare of fire. The audience awaits the annihilation to begin...

Biancs: (sings a  
inside... out... sh

Actually, in the time-honored Filipino tradition of *hakot*, the audience is split between Teams Chinoy and Pinoy. Emcee Irene Barcebal (IV Philo) calls for silence and explains the rules. The contestants squirm, each hoping to high heavens to avoid the dubious distinction, "Pinaka-makapal sa Ateneo."

## ● ● Round 1 ● ●

**Barcie:** You are on your way to the SS Building to retrieve a bag a friend left behind. You see a group of unattended bags in the foyer. Moving closer, you realize that your friend's bag could be any one of them. To check for ownership, you decide to open one. Suddenly, "huli ka!" Turning around, you see members of the Sanggunian Watch Against Theft and

Ateneo security guards surrounding you. *Ano ang gagawin mo?*

● ● ● ● ●

**Harvey:** "May mga bag-bag doon, 'di ba? Kukuha ako ng isang bag tapos, sasabihin ko, particularly the SWAT team, 'Excuse me, excuse me lang. Kasi mayroong modeling session ng mga bag, eh. Tapos imo-model ko 'yung bag.'" (He then acts out ramping on a catwalk.)

● ● ● ● ●

**Marco:** Uy! Huli ka!

**Pat:** Ay, sorry. I'm desperate. I'm looking for a pad. Okay lang?

**Marco:** Yuck!

● ● ● ● ●

**Mark:** Ay! 'Sus ginoo, ano ang ginagawa mo?

**Biancs:** Tut-tut, tut-tut. *Hindi mo ba naririnig 'yun?* Tut-tut, tut-tut. Kasi 'yung cellphone. *Hindi ako maka-aral. Hinahanap ko lang para mapatay 'yung cellphone.* Tut-tut, tut-tut.

## ● ● Round 2 ● ●

**Barcie:** You are running to your next class when, as you race through the door of the classroom, you suddenly collide with someone. Together, the two of you roll on the ground. When you finally stop, you stand up and offer your hand to the person. You are greeted by the blushing face of the most attractive girl in your class. The eyes of your entire block are fixed on the two of you. *Ano ang gagawin mo?*

● ● ● ● ●

**Team Tisoy:** Boy and Girl lock eyes for a seeming eternity. Unable to resist, Boy reaches for Girl and pulls her into a



People figured out that these two were actually cousins when they started playing jack en poy while waiting.

passionate kiss. (Immediately afterwards, Pat pretends to spit after pretending to French kiss her cousin.)

● ● ● ● ●

**Team Pinoy:** Boy and Girl stand motionless, staring at each other. As if by magic, they hear the music and...

**Mark:** All right!

off. Suddenly, you out of your chair down the steps. spinning, you fin bewildered

equa cl: g

**Pat Muniosquren (IV LitEng)**

**Marco Lobregat (I MEco)**

**Bianca Africa (IV MCT)**





**VIDEO DOCUMENTATION BY ROGET CALLUENG**

● ● ● ● ●

☯ ☯ ☯ ☯ ☯







Harvey: O, sige. 'Lika na.

**Sharlene Kho Choc (IV DS)**





Apples with barkada in Colayco

## Diamonds with a different facet

BY CANDY BATA, TEENA CAM, PAULA CELCIOUS AND ELINORE LIM  
PHOTOS BY JUNI GOTAMCO CREATIVE DESIGN BY ALLAN CHIU

### Not everyone who grew up Chinese was born Chinese

**A**teneo Mandarin teachers probably single out students from Chinese high schools in their classes. Imagine a teacher faced with a student who tells her, "Ma'am, Ateneo High School, Ma'am." Noting his dark skin and complete lack of an accent, she nods and moves on. Imagine Eric "Jugs" Jugueta (IV Mgt) jumping for joy deep inside and smiling at the prospect of a semester reliving grade-school level material from his alma mater, Xavier School—one of the most prestigious all-male Chinese high schools in the country.

#### Why study there?

Twenty years ago, the idea of non-Chinese studying in Chinese schools was preposterous. Today, however, a growing number penetrate these exclusive enclaves and brave the new language, teachers, practices and a predominantly Chinese student population. Apples Jalandoni (III Comm) justifies, "Siyempre sasabihin ko, 'it's a good school.'" She adds, seriously this time, "Naisip ng Dad ko, kung sa Hua Ming (St. John's Institute in Bacolod City), mallelessen 'yung bad elements... Nasasayangan rin kasi siya [dahil] nag-stop sa generation nila [ang matuto ng Chinese]." She adds, "Dad wanted us to get a glimpse of what my lola's culture was, to experience a third culture we're not used to." Apples is 25 percent Chinese, but attests

that she is more Filipino than Chinese.

"My dad has a high respect for the Chinese culture," echoes Biggy Bigornia (III Euro) from Sacred Heart School for girls in Cebu City. She notes that her father wanted her to receive the good training and breeding he believed Chinese schools inculcated in their students. Joseph Arevalo (III MAC), another Xaverian, cites the desire to have

an edge in business as another reason. His father graduated from St. Stephen's High School, another Chinese school, and this may have influenced their decision.

Jugs, though, quips, "Maybe because we (family) had a lot of Chinese friends. Time ko mag-enroll, time na maraming Chinese friends." Even now, after thirteen years in Xavier and almost four more in the Ateneo, he has no better explanation for why he was enrolled in the former in the first place.

#### Something they grew up with

The seemingly scary adjustment process, it turns out, was hardly scary. Joseph shares that he enjoyed good relationships with his Chinese classmates. Jugs seconds, "No difficulty. [Though] I think I had to gain their (Chinese classmates) trust and respect."

Apples refutes the conservative Chinese stereotype. She observes, "Some of my Chinese classmates were even more westernized than us, especially the rich ones (who get to travel a lot)." She continues, "It's so sad sometimes. One time, I asked a rich classmate about going to China and she replied, 'I don't like going there. I like going to the States.'"

However, some did feel out of place at times in such an environment. Jugs reminisces: "In grade school, I had dark skin and maliit ako noon, kaya niloko ako. (But) I'm friendly. I took it all in stride." He adds, in jest, "Ang hirap sa akin, hindi ko lang alam, singkit ako." Joseph experienced a subtler form of discrimination. He reflects:



(from left to right) Biggy Bigornia, Marelle Sala, Joseph Arevalo, Apples Jalandoni and Tess Cam

"There were times when I felt they were talking about me when they conversed in Fookien. I had that strong feeling because I was the only Filipino in that room with them."

### Teachers mean and kind

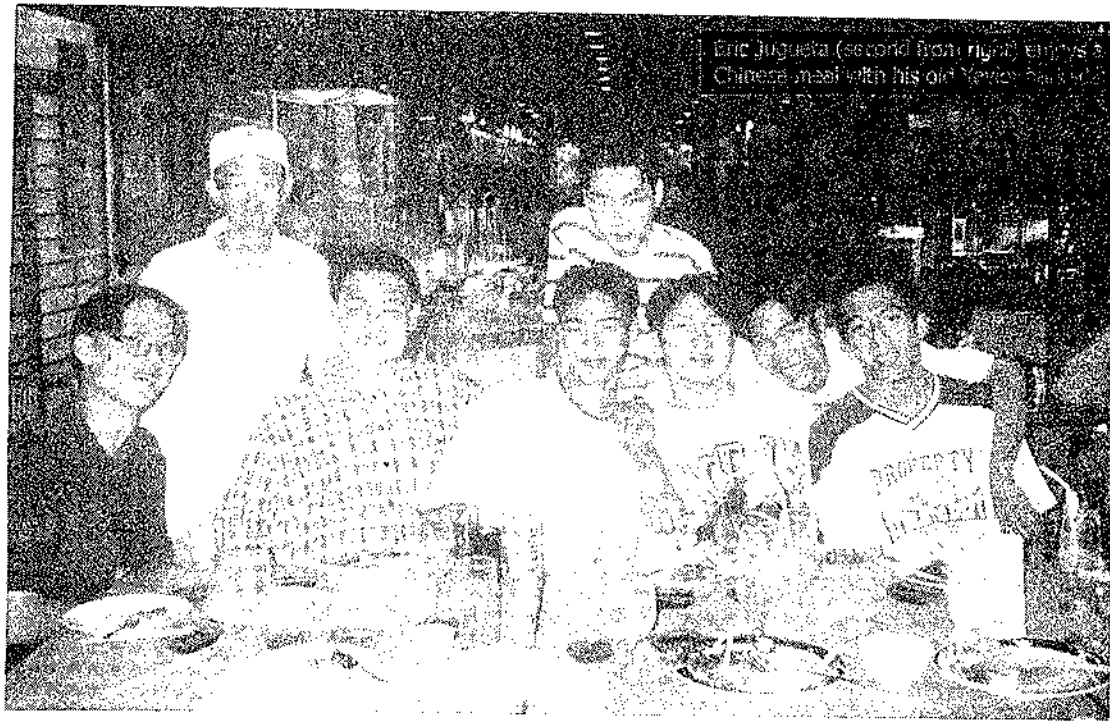
Perhaps, the worst kind of discrimination came from those in authority. Biggy recalls one difficult Chinese teacher. Although she got relatively good grades in her Chinese subject, the teacher continuously mocked her, branding her *bobo* in class. She recounts: "Whenever I got a grade of 90 in a test, the teacher would conclude that I supposedly used magic to pull off a grade like that."

Apples shares her own experience: "Kapag naglalaban [ang] Chinese and non-Chinese for valedictorian, most probably, Chinese *ang mananalo*. Although in fairness, our chosen valedictorians were really intelligent." She adds, "The discrimination was more on academics, but in extracurricular matters, fair *lahat*. The school had to accept that Filipinos can handle projects."

This discrimination was somewhat beneficial to her. She had to be more convincing in certain avenues and her excellence and hard work really showed in projects. According to Apples, learning to cope with discrimination has made her a stronger person. Other more motherly Chinese teachers, though, are more considerate towards non-Chinese students. Joseph remembers, "Masaya ang mga Chinese teachers kapag nag-excel ang Pinoy." Who else, after all, would give a non-Chinese student his three-character Chinese name?

### Many happy endings

Many non-Chinese will agree that the main advantage of a Chinese education is learning the Chinese language. Ayee Pono (III IS) attests: "[It] gives me an edge over other people." This is especially evident in business. Apples narrates: "[My younger sister and I] act as intermediaries to the businessmen. Ang guests, kinakantahan namin ng Chinese songs or speak in Chinese...to break the ice, make it easier for my Mom in business."



Eric Jugusta (second from right) enjoys a Chinese meal with his old Yenching friends.

This can end up more funny than profitable. "Very recently, I went to the States," Jugs declares. "In a Chinese restaurant there, I talked to the owner in Mandarin... *nagkaintindihan naman kami kahit paano*."

Joseph, on the other hand, is happy when he manages to impress people with his knowledge of Chinese. "Na-iimpress angaking mga kamag-anak kung nagbabasa ako ng Chinese books." However, he reveals, half-jokingly, "*Hindi nila alam na hindi ko alam ang meaning, binabasa ko lang ang zhu yin* (phonetic characters; traditional equivalent of *ping yin* pronunciation guides in English)."

More seriously, though, Jugs shares an advantage closer to the heart: "Number one, Chinese friends. For me, *pagna-earn mo na yung trust ng Chinese*, they will really trust you."

### Sacrifices

Learning a completely new culture may not have been painful, but it was certainly difficult. Apples points out her difficulty with the Chinese subjects: "*Mahirap!* I really, I think, in all my (Chinese) subjects, had a hard time." She goes on, "*Never ako bumabagsak, pero hindi ako makaka-first honor*." But Apples has no regrets. "I don't blame Chinese," she maintains. It was one heck of an experience to learn characters and everything."

Another complication was that, while Mandarin is the Chinese language of the classroom, most Chinese-

Filipinos speak Fookien. "*Minsan, kung nag-uusap sa Fookien, hindi ko maintindihan*," Jugs laments. This can get even more confusing when the teacher, forgetting that not every student grew up in a Chinese home, speaks in Fookien to explain the Mandarin lesson.

### The best years of my life

Still, after being exposed to Chinese culture for fifteen or so years, many will agree that a part of them has become Chinese. Joseph attests to this, but with a twist: "I feel Chinese whenever I'm with my Chinese friends."

"*Naging materialistic ako. Kasi well-off sila, may tendency na mag-compare ng status*," he relates. "*Nagcocommute ako dati tapos sila nakasakay sa expensive cars*. In a way, *naging materialistic ako dahil dito*." He has, however, also developed tastes of a different kind. "I appreciate Chinese beauty," he confesses. "I like their skin."

Joseph the music lover, though, professes his fondness for Chinese music: "I became appreciative of Chinese music. I like the songs of Jackie Cheung." Music transcends language, and it gave Joseph some of his most colorful, most humorous high school memories.

He recounts: "I joined a Chinese inter-school singing contest. I was the representative for my section. *Na-late ako sa contest. Pagdating ko doon, sinabi sa akin na turn ko na. 'Yon, kumanta na ako.'*" He remembers it vividly: "*Hingal na hingal nga ako. Yung kinanta ko may title na Kuo-Jia* (home country). *Kahit hindi ako nanalo—kulang na lang ng one point—masaya pa*

It was one heck of an experience to learn Chinese characters and everything.

—Apples Jalandoni



# STRENGTH IN DIVERSITY



Jugs and the Xavier Senior Scouts

*rin ako.* He adds with feeling, "*Gusto ko 'yung kanta. Feel ko 'yung pagkationalistic.*"

He did not win that contest, but music did earn him his mark in his high school graduation. He recalls composing the catchy melody of his batch's graduation song, "The best years of my life", while classmate Oscar Tan (III ME) wrote the lyrics. The duo took a bow in front of the assembled parents and teachers as the graduating batch sang their song. The song was in English, by the way.

## The most precious gifts

Beneath the language and customs, though, the deepest influence a school can have is on a person's values. Marelle Sala (III Comm) points to her conservative leanings. "If I had studied in another school," she opines, "I wouldn't have become a very conservative person." She recalls being very sheltered in her school because of the many strict rules imposed.

Apples confides that she has learned to appreciate the value of discipline, respect for elders and being hardworking. Most importantly, she has come to respect her past teachers. "Chinese teachers had to

be strict," she reflects. "[It was] harder for them to teach Chinese, especially to us Filipinos. *Makikita mo na sobra 'yung effort. Mas naiintindihan ko na sila ngayon.*"

She further adds: "I cannot say I'd be a worse person if I studied in another school," she starts. "*Nagrebelde kami... pero na-mold na kami.* If we achieved anything [in school], we got things the hard, painful way. I always remind myself that I don't get things easily, I get things the hard way. We realized that Hua Ming was one of the factors that made us what we are."

A parent's most precious gift to a child is a good education and Biggy praises the study habits she picked up from Sacred Heart School for girls. "Because of this system, I find myself more relaxed with the Ateneo requirements," she believes.

Jugs is also grateful for his (and his family's) decision: "*Kung sa ibang Chinese school, siguradong nasipana ako [sa Ateneo]. Okay 'yung education sa Xavier.*" For him, Xavier was a wellspring of good traits such as discipline, originality and uniqueness. He relates: "I learned to bend the rules but not to break them."

Ayee insists that her school instilled in her a love for family, since the school was family-oriented. She would want her children to learn Chinese, but not to grow up solely within the Filipino-Chinese culture. Given a chance, many like her want their future

kids to learn about the Chinese culture, if not necessarily in a Chinese school.

## From barrier to bond

Sociologists two to three decades ago said that the Chinese school was one of the barriers that stood between the Chinese-Filipino community and Filipino society. Though the Chinese school was an institution designed to keep the Chinese culture alive in the younger generations, it inadvertently alienated them from their non-Chinese peers. As the memories of their ancestral homelands faded, more and more young Chinese-Filipinos belittled the Chinese school system as irrelevant to their lives. Those Chinese-Filipinos of a generation ago had to make sacrifices by studying with both an English and a Chinese curriculum.

It is heartwarming, then, that a generation later, students like Apples, Biggy, Joseph and Jugs can extol the beauty shown to them by a system that some of their Chinese counterparts wanted to break away from. The classroom is a place where one is judged by his ideas and opinions, a place where young men can be equal apart from their lineage or socioeconomic status. It was in the classroom that students of various cultural backgrounds were forced to meet, and it was the classroom that freed this generation from racial tensions of the past.

Apples's comment best describes everyone's sentiments: "I think now, all of us see ourselves as Filipinos. I think they (the Chinese) are already part of the Filipino community." ●



Joseph and the MAC Block

*"Na-iimpress ang aking mga kamag-anak kung nagbabasa ako ng Chinese books. Hindi nila alam na hindi ko alam ang meaning.*

—Joseph Arevalo

## Opportunity for Biology and Chemistry majors:

You can have a free all-expenses paid two-week vacation in inner Cordillera this coming semestral break. All you need to do is teach native *tapuy* (Igorot rice wine) makers the science of alcoholic fermentation. You will be assisted by your vacation guide, who is a chemist and certified wine and beer maker. Please contact Mr. Pio Andrade at 749-6992.

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# Friends from afar

BY OSCAR TAN WITH VALENTINA KHIOE PHOTOS AND CREATIVE DESIGN BY OSCAR TAN

**W**hen a group of students from the Hong Kong Institute of Education decided to visit, the Office of Student Activities decided to tap a student organization to help conduct the tour. Celadon, said Ms. Elsa Manansala, acting OSA Director, was their obvious choice. Little did anyone expect the goodwill that a simple visit generated.

## Recreating ORSEM

Several Celadon executive officers were briefed by Ate Elsa. The group of about 30 was to tour the Ateneo college and grade school units, and was also going to meet with an under-secretary of education. Celadon was told to show them Philippine college education in the way they thought best, though it was suggested that religion be a part of the tour since it was less significant to people in Hong Kong than to Filipinos.

An excited Dr. Manny Tejido of the Theology Department, who was coordinating the visit, portrayed the visitors as nice "young people just like you" who were very curious about the Philippines. After some emergency sessions and scheduling of tour guide shifts, Celadon prepared an ORSEM-like plan to satisfy the anticipated curiosity, complete with an "Org Tour" designed to allow the visitors to meet various Ateneo student groups.

The visitors were welcomed by Ate Elsa at Xavier Hall. She then turned them over to Celadon representatives who divided them into two groups: one for the Org Tours and another for the Campus Tours. The Org Tours took the visitors through Colayco Hall and to the Galian and Council of Publications areas in Gonzaga Hall. When the visitors saw the *tambayans*, one Celadon tour guide reported, "*Ang laki-laki raw. Kasi, in Hong Kong, tables lang ang allotted sa kanila.*"

The campus tours allowed the Hong Kongers to mill around and visit the various Ateneo buildings. The visit coincided with recruitment week, and some delegates wandered into SOAland in the Quad. Many friendly SOA members humored the tourists, who walked away with org brochures. "We shared what we do and I'm happy because I think we made a good impression," recalled Terence Ang (IV MIS).

"Noong una, medyo awkward pa, pero

noong lunch time na, buddy-buddy na ang lahat!" shared Evangeline Chua (IV Meco, President). All apprehensions melted away and Celadon members and Hong Kongers spent the day just walking around and talking, some in English and some in Mandarin. The latter was fortunate, as OSA may not have anticipated that Fookien and Mandarin are spoken in the Philippines while Cantonese is used in Hong Kong.

## "Young people just like you"

Dr. Tejido warned that the visitors were shy, but one member refuted, "*Hindi pala shy; mas conservative pa tayo!*" One girl asked to pose with a male Finance Manager in the middle of the SEC field as several from both sides teased, "Put your hands over her!" He agreed, recalls Evan. "*Diyahe naman kung hindi, diba?*" she explained. "For picture purposes lang naman."

Conversations were varied. One girl with Zeyivette Chua (III ME, Fin Mgr), for example, shared the problem of large numbers of mainland Chinese flocking to their already overcrowded island. Others asked about religion and compared school systems. One stood out, though. "*Wala silang Alcolgel doon,*" Eleanor Coo (III ME, Fin Mgr) narrates. "*Tinatanong pa nila kung ano iyon. Sinabi ko na di kailangan ng tubig tapos tuwang-tuwa sila. Bumili pa sila ng Alcolgel sa vendo. Tig-uisa sila.*"

I was with Evan and Jed Bugayong (IV MEco, Fin Mgr), and we were surprised when our wards wanted to take pictures in the empty fields beside SEC. The four girls, Grace Chan, Stella Sin, Pauline Fu and Mei Ling Ng, were overwhelmed by the sight of so much grass and open space. Imagine their reaction when we continued along the path to Eagle's Park, a subtle tribute to the people of Ateneo's Physical Plant Office. The girls held an impromptu pictorial around the Lambingan Bridge and Meron Pond.

## Reflections

"Ang saya pala," commented Jonas



Khaw (III ME, AVP-Fin), who had to leave for class shortly after helping clean up the SS Faculty Lounge, where Celadon had served pork chop and *inhaw* from Manang's for lunch. "I'd like to thank everyone for pitching in on such short notice. I think we made a good impression for Celadon and for the Ateneo." The job was formally accepted from OSA on Wednesday, June 23, an emergency meeting was called on Friday, June 25, and the visit took place on Monday, June 28. He noted, "Aside from the language differences, it turned out that they were not so different from us."

"*Lahat naman tulong-tulong so okay naman,*" concluded Eyan, who considered the last-minute nature of the event as an additional challenge. "It's an eye-opener for us to look at them." Recalling how Dr. Tejido explained that such an exposure trip was part of the Hong Kongers' curriculum, she adds, "*Hindi lang dapat tayo puro aral.* We should also be more exposed to other cultures." She suggests similar trips abroad for Ateneans, "*kasi kaya naman natin.*"

Before the visitors left, they exchanged calling cards, e-mail addresses and ICQ numbers with their new Filipino friends. A number, like Zeyivette, kept in touch. "*Nag-uusap kami tungkol sa life in Hong Kong and life in the Philippines,*" she reveals. "*Si Kitty, may summer job siya ngayon.*" Jed, on the other hand, e-mailed his new friends. To his surprise, Grace mailed copies of photos she took to him, Evan, myself and some others. He resolved to immediately return the favor.

## Returning the favor

I left with my parents for a short trip to Hong Kong a month later on August 27, and Jed and I were talking about personally delivering our photos of the visit. The problem was that we only had their addresses and e-mail addresses, and they were not checking their e-mail because it was their summer break. Still, remembering the strange reaction to an empty field in the Ateneo, I found myself very curious about Hong Kong teenage life. I rode with a Cathay stewardess on the airport express subway, and she was kind enough to tell me that while three of the addresses were quite far from the airport, Grace's was right outside a subway terminal.

Stepping out of that terminal the following day, I realized that the farther one gets from the airport, the fewer the people who speak English. I was able to conclude, however, that in Hong Kong, an "estate" is the equivalent of a subdivision and a "house" is a tall apartment building with about 16 rooms per floor. I found Grace's estate easily,

but realized that an estate is composed of at least a dozen houses that all looked alike.

I soon made my third discovery: Pronunciation in Cantonese is as similar to those of Mandarin and Fookien as Tagalog is to expressive Ilonggo or as Chinese dialects are to Nippongo's monotone. I was unable to even pronounce "Yat Yuet *lao* (house)", and had to rely on a printout of the address. Three blocks and a dozen people later, a family playing with their dog pointed me to a distant house. Reaching it, I went up to the correct floor and correct room, but I guessed from the occupant's reaction that I was in the wrong building.

## A Hong Kong abode

A taxi driver pointed to the adjacent building, and an elevator ride later, I met Grace's mother at her door. I showed the printout and a picture of Grace, and said "Philippines" (which sounds the same translated to any Chinese dialect), and she let me in. We soon established that I spoke no Cantonese, she spoke no English but that we were both fluent in Mandarin. One of the first things she did was to express disbelief at how a tourist could find a person in a Hong Kong housing area, and without knowing the language.

Grace was out swimming in a public pool but her brothers and then her father soon joined her mother and younger sister. Talking to them lent many insights. The room, one of countless in the identical buildings, housed a family of five, but was just as large as my bedroom. Grace's eldest brother explained that housing was so expensive and most people rented a room in one of the government-subsidized estates. He himself was married with an infant son and had moved out to the faraway New Territories. "Real-estate agent is a popular job here," he remarked. All this explained why the Hong Kongers were so awed by the parking lots which Ateneans consider too cramped and insufficient.

A surprised Grace arrived at about 7:00 PM with her friend, Wendy, though she had already notified her friends via cell phone while on the subway. Another realization: Where mobile phone time is one HK\$/minute and given the lack of a Chinese alphabet, there is no need for text messaging. Grace's mother insisted that I stay for a home-cooked meal with the family—duck, *asado*,

bamboo shoots and a soup that strangely resembled *tinolang manok*— and she kept asking if we had that kind of food in the Philippines. We did, of course, but carrying on an entire dinner conversation in Mandarin made that delicious meal taste unique. The scarcity of space was still pronounced, though. The family dinner table was collapsible and a plastic sheet was placed on top of it. Bones and trash were simply scattered on top of the table because after the meal, the sheet was folded up and served as a trash bag.

(left) Posing in the rain; Oscar Tan, Jed Bugayong and Joan Lim pose with their new friends; Eleanor Coe and group in SOAland; Mei Ling Ng, Pauline Fu, Stella Sin, Grace Chan force Evan Chua to do the "Miss Hong Kong" with them (below) At the foyer of Ripley's Hong Kong; The girls get very excited over an exhibit of the traditional Chinese wedding in the history of Hong Kong Tour at Victoria Peak



# A blonde in the crowd



BY MIGGY  
ESCANO

You've got to admire her courage.

Mirja Rebbling has come all the way from Germany to stay here in the Philippines for six months. She is not enrolled in any formal student-exchange program between universities. Instead, she decided to come here on her own volition, exchanging the cool northern climate of her home country for the tempestuous tropical weather on the other side of the globe. She brings with her a pair of blue eyes, rivulets of straw-gold hair and a sharp, though musical, accent. All these attributes draw attention to her amidst people with light mulatto skin, dark hair and soft tongues.

When asked whether she is comfortable in her stay, Mirja admits that she has yet to grow accustomed to all the elements this country offers. "The school atmosphere is similar to that of Germany, but everything else is different," she professes. "The people. The climate."

The transition for her has not been easy. Since she arrived in June, the weather extremes have caused her difficulty. However, she has learned to

adjust to her surroundings quite well. German food, for example, may be saltier than the local fare, but her taste buds have learned to adapt to the tang of Filipino cooking.

Mirja observes that the lifestyle here is faster than that of Germany—and more stressful. She points out that in the classes she attends here in the Ateneo, students contend with a sheer amount of quizzes. "In Germany, we have three or four exams a year, and that's it," she shares. Despite this, strangely enough, Mirja prefers the school atmosphere here than that of Germany. "I don't have to answer any quizzes or tests here," she laughs.

Her stay in the Philippines will last until December. Until then, she plans to partake of as much of the country as possible (Palawan cast its spell over her just recently). She doesn't mind all the attention people are giving her. In fact, she adores all the fuss. "The people here are warm to foreigners. Many people go and talk to me. They ask something. Everybody here is friendly." ☺

## Observations

Thanks to Hong Kong's efficient transportation system that Grace, Wendy, Pauline and Grace's cousin, who live in different ends of the island, visited me at my hotel the following morning. They suggested we go to Victoria Peak, and planned a route that involved trams, taxis and everything in between. Passing Times Square, they remarked that I should feel right at home. I turned to see that Filipinas filled the square and the overpasses above the streets.

Summer there was just like an average day here, but my friends seemed so hot that they frequently wiped their faces with tissue paper. They had handheld fans (and even

gave me one), the kind I played with when I was in Grade 2, and I can imagine why Elen's group took a fancy to Alcegel.

Another thing that made me curious was their insistence that I speak in Mandarin. Having first talked to them in English, I had become accustomed to speaking with them in that language. I later asked Dr. Tejido about it, and he opined that they were interested in their heritage. They may be much closer to mainland China than the Philippines, but they were born under the British flag. I think I was better off with Mandarin, though, because when they tried to teach me Cantonese, their laughter emphasized how one wrong tone

can completely change one's meaning.

We went around the Peak and tried out the mini-theme park and Ripley's Hong Kong. On the way back, Stella caught up with us at a department store near my hotel, boyfriend in tow. They gave me my last taste of Hong Kong: Neoprint. One of the upper floors of the store contained a large room filled with machines that produced stickers of all shapes, sizes and combinations, and even some that produced laminated cards. Given the state of our foreign exchange, though, these, like everything else, cost twice what they might have in the Philippines.

## More reflections

For many of us, Hong Kong is Asia's shopping paradise, but I realized that the Fragrant Harbor and the Pearl of the Orient share a common experience in being gateways to the West. We were under the Americans and they were under England, and both societies were transformed by this. I also learned once again to appreciate the existence of Mandarin, the Chinese *lingua franca*. I have an uncle in the mainland whose children work in Hong Kong, and I felt I learned something about them, too. Finally, I learned to treasure Eagle's Park and my reasonably-sized home.

The simplest joy, though, after looking at the handheld fan and the Neoprints in my drawer, is that of having friends on another end of the Earth. In a world where physical boundaries are quickly being made obsolete by developments such as e-mail, it is a wonderful idea to grow up with, indeed. ☺



# Major, Chinoy food sales held early

BY CAROLINE CHUA PHOTOS BY OSCAR TAN

Celadon's annual food sale was held from July 5 to 9, one of the first held this school year. Due to a policy change by the administration, the fund raiser was held at Quad 2 instead of the traditional Kostka extension.

Sales were good throughout the week, though the change in venue brought new setbacks. The tent put up against intense heat and occasional drizzles broke midway through the week. On the last day of the food sale, heavy rains forced the team to take shelter below the library. "Mas malakas panga ng benta doon dahil daanan," smiled Jonas Khaw (III ME, AVP-Fin), who preferred the Kostka Extension. Aside from this, the team shared that they frequently ran out of change.

All in all, the food sale was considered an accomplishment. "Despite relatively small profits," judged Project Head Mark Ang (III ME, Fin Mgr), "I think it should be considered a success considering we were able to provide good food at reasonable prices."

## Chinoy's first sale

Three weeks later, from July 26 to 31, Celadon sponsored another sale in the same place when Chinoy entered the Third Year Council's Pista competition. The 3YC activity featured delicacies from different parts of the country, and Celadon sold Chinese food to represent Chinatown in Manila.

The team that set up the booth expressed confusion over procedures for voting for the winning stall. Celadon did not win, but Elinore Lim (III MEco, AVP-Comm) reported that the venture was quite profitable given the small setup expenses.

Siomai, sold at P25 for four, was popular



BOSSES TURN WAITERS Finance's Jonas Khaw (left) and Chinoy's Kimberly Pabilona man their departments' July sales.

among Ateneans. Another favorite was the black gulaman made special by Eli's 'personal touch'. Other items included peanut and almond cakes, haw flakes, mini siopao, almond jelly and chrysanthemum tea.

Unlike in the major food sale, there was no caterer and Chinoy members did everything from buying and preparing the food down to selling them. "The night before the event, *natataranta na kami dahil wala pa rin kaming stove na available*," recalled Project Head Caroline Chua (III MgtH, Docu Ed). "*Naglalaro kami ni Ca*," added Oscar Tan (III ME, VP-Comm). "*Kung sino ang huling umuwi, siya ang maglilinis ng mga*

steamer at cooler. *Nalugi yata ako.*"

## Startup funds

The major food sale raised needed initial funds for coming projects. The Pista sale's proceeds were used to help defray Chinoy's printing expenses, as the magazine is completely supported by its members.

"Thanks to everyone who helped and who supported the food sale," ended Jonas. "I hope you support all our future projects." Oscar commended his members for immediately volunteering. "Most of our members are new but we had no problems filling out the shifts," he praised. ©

# Chinoy freshmen release Eagle's Eye

STORY AND PHOTO BY NATS TARCE

Chinoy freshmen are behind the *Eagle's Eye*, the newsletter put up to complement the *Sanggunian Watch Against Theft* campaign.

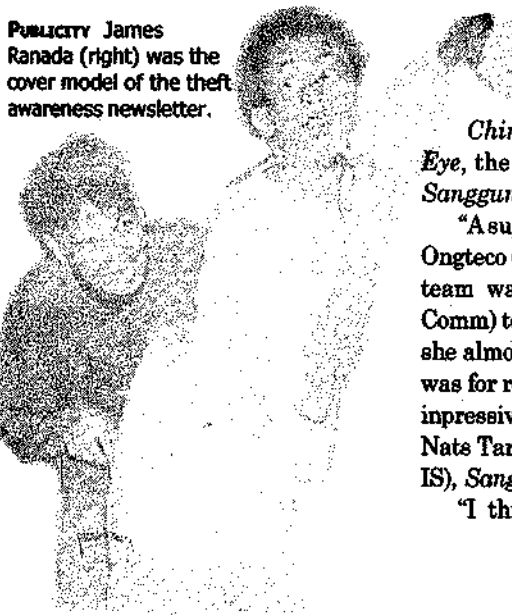
"A super joy ride experience!" exclaimed Anne Ongteco (I MCT), editor of the maiden issue. Her team was asked by Oscar Tan (III ME, VP-Comm) to plan for a hypothetical newsletter, and she almost fainted when he later told her that it was for real. The first issue was sent to press an impressive five days after Anne and assistant Nats Tarce (I MCT) met with James Ranada (IV IS), *Sanggunian* Internal Vice President.

"I think we were able to raise awareness

regarding theft on campus," praised an impressed Erik Riola (IV ME), *Sanggunian* President. However, Erik opined that the catchy image may have been too effective, with some students thinking the reports were spoofs. "Those were real, well-documented cases [of theft]," emphasized Erik. "*Sabi nila tabloid look!*" protested Nats, who was handed a July 10 issue of *People's Tonight* by Kris Ablan (IV LM) from the Fourth Year Council.

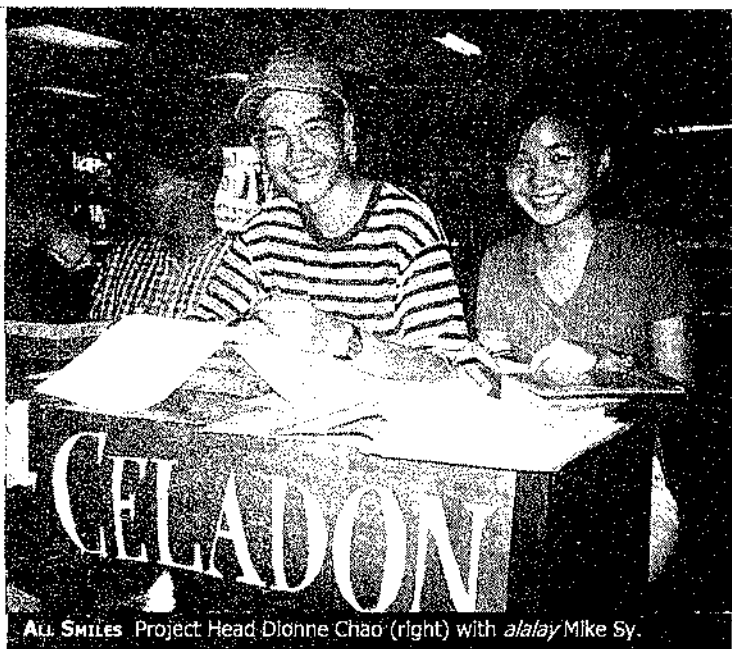
"This is actually a training exercise for the new members, but I'm glad they come out fulfilled by the service to the community," commented Oscar. Other freshmen under Analine Chua (I BS Psy) are finishing the more serious second issue. ©

PUBLICITY James Ranada (right) was the cover model of the theft awareness newsletter.





## HR reports smooth recruitment



All smiles Project Head Dionne Chao (right) with alalay Mike Sy.

BY CAROLINE CHUA PHOTO BY OSCAR TAN

There was some confusion during Recruitment Week last June 28 to July 2 when College Guidance reserved the Rizal Study Foyer, the traditional venue for the COA orgs.

The plan was to recruit in the Quad, with Colayco Hall as a fallback in case of rain. Due to the rains, the org desks eventually moved to the RSF. The various Celadon managers conducted recruitment smoothly, though, and individual interviews were held in the Celadon Room until the following week.

Human Resources's debut activity was effectively and efficiently organized with just a few problems. First, some of the old members apparently forgot to renew their membership. "Napansin

namin na konti pa lang sa mga old members ang nag-apply kaya n'ung Wednesday, pi-nage at ti-next namin sila to sign up," explained Dionne Chao (II MEco, HR Mgr).

Second, due to Celadon's seeming popularity, more and more copies of the application form had to be made to meet the demand. Finally, some managers forgot to mark which people already paid the application fee, something discovered when the money counted exceeded the amount recorded.

Meanwhile in the interviews, members, especially the new ones, were busy making *sipsip*. According to Joan Lim (III Mgt, VP-HR), one of the interviewees even stated that his reason for joining the org was to become its next president! ☺

## Lecture on hi-tech opens talks series

BY CAROLINE CHUA

Hi-Tech Legalities, a talk about legal issues abounding technology was conducted at SEC Lecture Hall 2 last July 30. Giving the talk was Atty. Ivan Uy, a lawyer and Ateneo alumnus.

Credit goes out to promo head Charles Uy (II MCT, Cult) for extra creativity. An e-mail brigade was launched and an attachment from no less than Joyce Jimenez was used to invite Celadon members, definitely a first in the org's history.

Attendance, however, is not the sole measure of success. As project head Tina Khoe puts it, "The success of a talk is not merely based on the number of audience in attendance, but the number of things that we learned through it." The talk covered a wide range of controversial issues, including pornography on the Net, human cloning, and e-commerce. It also generated a number of interesting questions from the audience. ☺

## Piny Month launched

BY EMELDA TAN

Apparently, Brian Sy (III ME, VP-Cult) and Kenneth Ong (IV MEco, AVP-Cult) got tired of the "Chinese org" stereotype.

Doing something new, Celadon organized this year's *Linggo ng Wika* with the help of the Filipino Department. Brian laughs that the Filipino Department was so excited about the idea that they ended up with a *Buwan ng Wika* on their hands.

### Diverse activities

The long string of seven events opened with a flag-raising ceremony last August 2, 1999 at 8:20 a.m. The month kicked off with a movie exhibition of three experimental films by Khvan Cross which were shown on August 12 and 13. "*Panayam ni G. Danton Remoto: Ang Papel ng Panitikang Gay sa Pagbubukas at Pagpapaulad ng Pambansang Panitikan*" was held at the Rizal Mini-Theater on August 25. The series concluded on August 30 with a seminar on Alejandro Abadilla, father of modern Filipino poetry, entitled, "*Pagbabalik Tanaw kay Alejandro Abadilla Bilang Ama ng Pagbabagong Landas sa Panulaan*", also held at the RMT.

One of the more creative events was the "poetry jamming" held last August 20 at the RMT. It was a different kind of poetry reading, spiced with creative renditions using dashes of singing and dancing and a lot of music. The setup of the theater was very communal and participants sat on the

banig surrounded by throw pillows. Everyone was welcomed and everyone from Ms. Benilda Santos to amateur freshmen had the chance to share their works.


No formal script was followed and everything was planned and rehearsed only once. This spontaneous approach was very successful. "It's good," rated *Heights* Filipino Editor Jing Panganiban (IV MEco). "*Maganda. King maituturo ang wika in the same way na lively and appealing ang poetry jamming, then definitely, poetry will be alive in the Ateneo.*"

### Art in many forms

Other events ran through the month. An exhibit in memory of Alejandro Abadilla was displayed in the second floor of the Rizal Library Annex from August 13 to 31. A writing contest entitled "*Ako at Ang Sining, Isang Panimulang Pagmumuni-muni*" also featured essays inspired by select works at the Art Gallery. Strangely, Oscar Tan (III ME, VP-Comm) won, and he smiled, "I was quite surprised. It was my birthday and I only wanted to try writing an essay in Filipino." A statement from Oscar, who was taking his Stat 109 midterms, was read at the culminating activity. It honored Filipino teacher Christine Bellen, who has followed his writing since he founded *Chinoy* as a freshman. Before the contest, he had never written in Filipino outside the classroom.

Overall, the event was judged a refreshing new showcase of many facets of the Filipino culture and artistry. ☺

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P100

## A freshman shares his first taste of Celadon

# GA starts year with lots of laughs

BY GOODWEALTH CHU PHOTOS AND CREATIVE DESIGN BY OSCAR TAN

The Celadon General Assembly held last July 11 at the SS AVR was one of the better events I've attended here in Ateneo. While waiting, we were treated to the video of the last *Chinoy* spoof gameshow, and I saw my department chair put up a good fight against Management's Rudy Ang.

The GA started at around 8:30 AM. The different department VP's described their functions and future projects. (I was told that this was the first year of Celadon's new departmental structure.) Finance even prepared a cool video which was like a cross between *The Matrix* and *Jerry Maguire*. Jonas Khaw (III ME, AVP-Fin) commended blockmate Nino Mendoza (III ME, Fin Mgr) for his emphatic display while dressed in only a pair of shorts.

(continued from page 11)

original Jaucians were immigrants from the mainland who landed in Iloilo and settled in Bicol. This led him to believe that his service to the Filipino-Chinese community is simply a return to his roots.

Sometimes, though, cultural differences bring out the preacher in him. "During encounters, I always talk about the concept of the woman, especially the concept of peace," he shares. "The character itself, *an* (peace), is a woman under a roof." He interprets this to mean that in traditional Chinese thinking, a peaceful home is one where the women stay at home. He emphasizes that this may be inculcated in the culture but not the Christian attitude.

Learning the ways of a different world is like adding a second skin to one's body or seeing the world through a second pair of eyes. To be welcomed into a community as Fr. Paul has experienced with the Chinese-Filipinos is like gaining a second, much enlarged family. The small solace on the fifth floor of Megamall where he celebrates mass some Sundays with this family is there for everyone who suddenly feels the need for a reprieve from the busy mall atmosphere. That small place seems to complete the large mall, just as his community has brought Fr. Paul full circle with his roots. ☺

(continued on page 23)



(left) A happy crowd at the first GA. (right) Gaye Tomas (II MIS, Ext) receives her prize for the *Angpao o Bayong* from Francis Tan (II PoS, HR).



### Modified *pera o bayong*

Groups dynamics followed, starting with an inspired *angpao* or *bayong* game, with the *bayong* replaced by a plastic bag stuffed with lots of crumpled newspapers. I enjoyed watching contestants try to answer the out-of-this-world questions such as the scientific name of a crocodile.

The next GD was the grand search for Miss Celadon '99. We were divided into four groups and told to "beautify" our representatives with tissue and crepe paper and tape. Strangely, all groups sent boys to model. They received giveaways for their efforts, and Miss Celadon went home with a sash of Mug Noodles.



(left to right) Joan Lim unsuccessfully tries to whisper something to Brian Sy, one of the gorgeous contestants for Miss Celadon '99; President Evan Chua gives the opening remarks

### Dangerous VPs

We were then divided into our departments and in the Comm assembly, our editor, Oscar Tan (III ME, VP-Comm), played a joke on the freshmen. We were supposed to plan a hypothetical theft awareness flyer for the *Sanggunian Watch Against Theft* campaign. Later, we learned that it was not a joke and we had to start working to beat the deadline.

The Human Resources Department deserves much credit for a successful first GA. Joan Lim (III Mgt, VP-HR) expressed her satisfaction: "The preparation was really stressful. We really prepared for it." She added, "To see all those happy faces, that's enough to make me happy." ☺

# Same Blood Different Continent

BY KIMBERLY PABILONA AND CANDICE QUE  
ART BY BREY LEE  
CREATIVE DESIGN BY OSCAR TAN

**"Eric" and "Paul" are seminarians from neighboring Asian countries and are studying in this country**

The Italian Jesuit Mateo Ricci made headway in China in the 16<sup>th</sup> century by honoring the venerable Chinese culture and integrating it with Christianity. He, for example, accepted honoring the dead with joss sticks as a form of respect for one's elders, a value both Christian and Chinese.

Missionaries who followed, however, categorized the practice with idolatry. Forced to choose between Christianity and their culture, Chinese converts understandably chose the latter. Eric and Paul recall that the Chinese then considered their brothers who clung to the faith as part of a foreign religion. "[They were] not Chinese anymore because they lost their culture," the pair say.

## Harmony in Asia

Times have changed, though. Eric and Paul both come from Catholic families, but keep an open mind towards the traditional Asian religions. Eric's grandmother, for instance, is a devout Buddhist. She always emphasizes the need to pay one's respect for one's ancestors. "So for me," Eric shares, "because of my Catholic [background], there is more of a respect for my ancestors. I have nothing against holding sticks."

On one hand, we have Christianity focusing on God, redemption and eternal

life whereas on the other, the more pragmatic Chinese culture and philosophy focusing more on a person's life and his social morality. Paul opines that the two are very much compatible. "Christianity tells us we must love our neighbors, love each other," he gives an example. "In Confucianism, the basis of the Chinese culture, we are told to respect each other, pay our loyalty and respect to our parents, and our ancestors. And this is also some kind of love."

Coming from a multiracial community with diverse religions and practices, Eric and Paul believe that each religion reflects a certain culture. They recall experiences of joining friends from other faiths in celebrating their holidays. "Malaysians are Muslims mostly, so on occasions like *Hariraya Quasau* and *Hariraya Magi*, I get invited to their homes," Eric narrates. "In Hinduism, there is the *Babali*, which is a very important date. [It is] when the light conquers the darkness." He adds, "I get invited into their homes [in] the same way that I invite them to mine whenever the Chinese New Year comes along."

The openness is mutual. "On Christmas,"

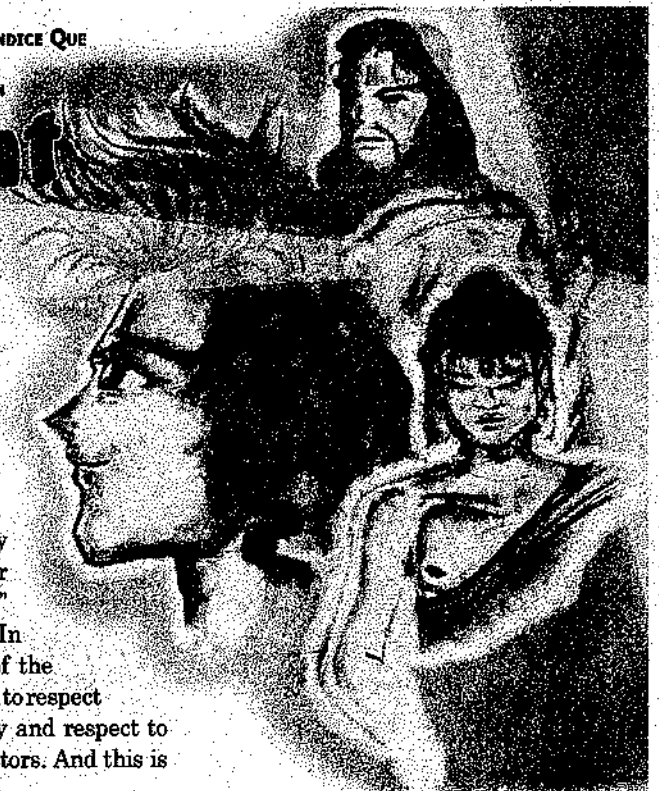
Eric continues, "you'll be surprised that some Buddhists come into the Church just to experience the Christmas spirit, the Christian celebration of the church." He ends, "On Buddha's birthday (*Visat* day), we go and visit them in the temples and try to find out, even though I'm a Christian."

## Christianity and the Orient

Theoretically, Chinese culture and Christianity are both of Asian origin. However, the Christianity we know now is not the same as the original some 2,000 years ago. It was repackaged by the West and returned to Asia enriched there in the same way that Chinese culture and Buddhism have enriched each other, and removing the former's influence on the latter would make it quite empty. Eric and Paul believe that Christianity and Oriental culture can be similarly reacquainted.

*Chinoy* #2 detailed a scene from *Greater Love*: "It was a Christian service, but it was a blend of the Christian spirit and the Cambodian culture, right down to the urn Richie's blood was placed in and the handwoven decoration that marked the site of the grenade blast." Asian culture exhibits a wonderful capacity for assimilating new influences without weakening its identity. The result is one of unique beauty.

"The movement of culture is not static, it is dynamic," Paul states. "[Being Chinese and Christian.] I find it a responsibility to find unity, that in every religion I experience something good. Yes, we acknowledge the differences, but we also need to realize that there are points that we agree on." ©



Anne, Analine and Nats

## Editor's NOTEBOOK

BY OSCAR TAN

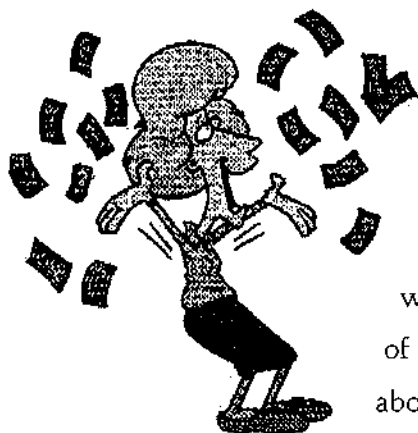
Hierarchy and seniority are nonexistent in *Chinoy*, they unfortunately learned. Barely two weeks in *Chinoy*, Anne Ongteco was given her first assignment: Take charge of a bulletin for the *Sanggunian*. Why? She raised her hand to ask a question during the first Celadon GA. And so began the all-expense paid crash course in editorship called *Eagle's Eye*, something she and assistant Nats Tarce, who made the mistake of sitting beside Anne, swore never to go through again. Analine Chua, who drew the *Eagle's Eye* logo, was told to head the second issue in a similar manner. The trio, though, admittedly had fun and Analine is currently learning to panic like an editor: "Tapos na ba ang layout? Unwi na ako!!" Anne, a *Chinoy* writer, and Nats, a *Chinoy* photographer, are also members of *The GUIDON* Layout Staff. ©



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