

# celadon comm & pub dept Chinoy

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Volume  
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born 1922  
Jaime Bulatao

born 1948  
Benilda Santos

born 1953  
Adolfo Dacanay

LA INDEPENDENCIA

Diario de la tarde

born 1964  
Glenn Ang

born 1966  
Queenie Lee-Chua

born 1972  
Rodelio Manacsa

"Have patience with everything that is unresolved in your heart and try to love the questions themselves. Don't search for the answers, which could not be given to you now, because you would not be able to live them. And the point is, to live everything. Live the questions now." -- Rainer Maria Rilke  
"Letters to a Young Poet"

The greatest journey begins with a single step. -- ancient Chinese proverb

born 1976  
Marilyn Uy

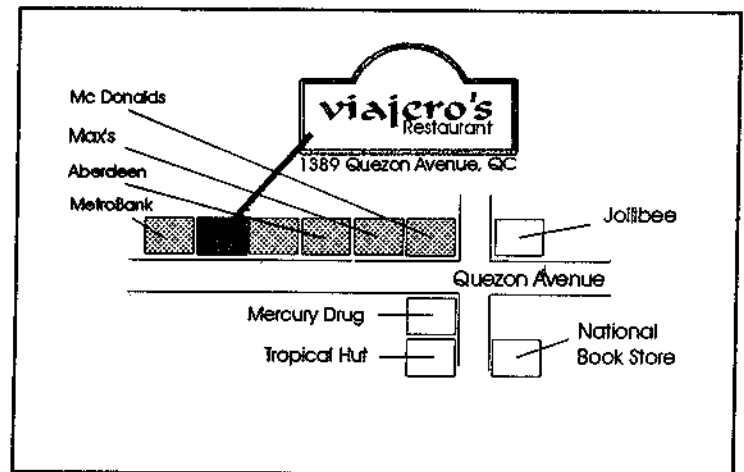
born 19  
Oscar T

THE LIFE  
THAT WAS

ALSO: Dean Ruiz's millennium address --  
Aling lahi ang pinakaBOLERO? -- p  
The last 50 years of Ateneo culture -- p



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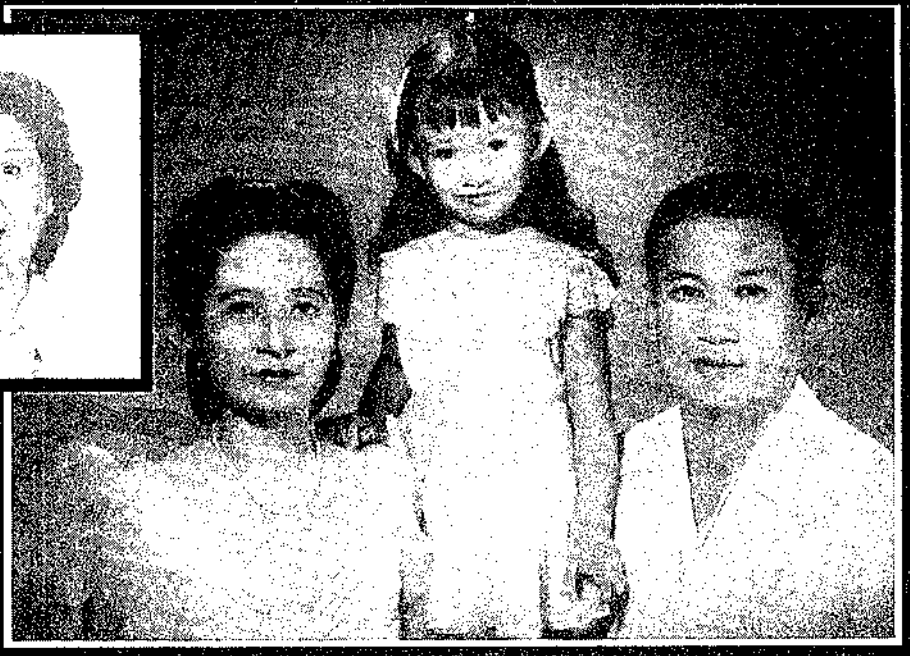
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## SPECIAL MESSAGE

THE YEAR 2000 WILL BE A PIVOTAL year for the School of Arts and Sciences. By April 200, we will have transitioned from one school with 26 departments/programs under one dean to four schools—Humanities, Social Sciences, Natural Science and Engineering, and Management, each with its own dean and the unit headed by a vice-president.

A major decision is that all schools will retain a common core curriculum, so through all these changes, the fundamentals remain the same. This is because the values of Ateneo are unchanging. Ateneo education calls you to *excellence* and *service* now as ever. ☺

*Mari-Jo P. Ruiz*  
**Mari-Jo P. Ruiz, Ph.D.**  
 Dean



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## Editor's Letter

### Our past guides our future

Only thirty more days to the new Millenium, that event that happens only once in every hundred years. It seems that everybody has sunk their teeth into it and won't let go. All the attention has focused on what will happen in the new millenium. Will it be the end of the world as we know it or will it be the new beginning? Everyone is looking towards the future whether be bleak or bright. Yet, in concentrating too much on the future many seem to have forgotten about the past. Yup, the past is important too, and by this I don't mean that we should be living in the past rather that we should learn from it. The past reminds us of a time when things used to be less stressful and complicated. When was the last time you lay on your bed with the windows open letting the cool breeze drift in and just listening to the sounds of the night?

To me the millenium signifies lots of things. It will be the time when I will experiece a phenomena that happens only once in this lifetime. It will be the time when I will graduate from Ateneo and join the workforce. It will be the time when I turn 22 and my grandma will turn 73. It may be the time when travelling from Manila to Los Angeles will take only two hours. It may be the time when AIDS will be a curable disease and world hunger will be abolished. No matter what may or may not happen, we should never forget the past in trying to live in the future.

On behalf of the staff of Chinoy, I hope you enjoy our Millennium Essay Series and the glimpse of the past's beauty that it presents. ☺



*Juni Gotamco*  
 Photo Editor and  
 Chinoy's only Senior

"It was a big fire and the Ateneo was st

**Born September 22, 1922**

# Jaime Carlos Bulatao, SJ

Ateneo High School '39  
Department of Psychology

My elder brother was a LaSallite. Once, we had an argument about how to paint our room. He wanted to paint the walls green and I wanted to paint them blue. We

compromised: We painted the walls blue.

We almost did not have that childhood argument. Back then, the Ateneo did not teach the grades below Grade 5. I began my primary education in St. Theresa's College, and my parents wanted me to go to La Salle like my brother. I insisted on the Ateneo. After arguing over the practical considerations, my parents finally agreed to take me there and take a look at the school. There we met Fr. John Hurley, the great man then. He so impressed my parents that when we went home after that meeting, they said okay, go to Ateneo. I believed it was the Holy Spirit who brought me there that day, and later in my life, it was also Fr. Hurley who inspired me to become a Jesuit.

## The real Ateneo

I still vividly remember that first day in June 1932. I was nine and my *lolo* rode with me in a yellow bus, a big bus like the ACIL bus only it was yellow. In those times, I had my allowance of five centavos. Bus fare from Paco to Intramuros then was three centavos, but I was given a booklet of bus tickets and did not have to spend for that. What could five centavos buy then? My classmates and I would buy chocolate cake for three centavos a slice. That was our favorite. We also enjoyed Magnolia ice cream. Sixty years ago, we had Magnolia Tidbits, four-inch blocks of ice cream coated with chocolate which were wrapped in tinfoil and sold for three centavos each.

My classmates and I also enjoyed playing by the Intramuros wall. That was our favorite place. We also enjoyed exploring and reexploring the Rizal Museum in the third floor of the school. That room was filled with bottles of preserved specimens. There was a tank with a full-grown alligator, stuffed. There was a jar with a three-legged chicken.

The Grade School then was still quite like the Grade School now. Perhaps one thing they do not have today is Sergeant Henry Jones. Every morning, Sergeant Jones would gather the children outside the school and begin shouting, "Breathing exercises! We'll make your lungs as tough as leather!" He was a sergeant in the US Army, 41, and never wanted to be promoted. He wanted to be a sergeant all his life, but he was made a lieutenant when the Japanese invaded. I know that he went to Bataan, but I never heard about what happened to him after that.

## Up in smoke

One night that year, I was coming from Mass when I met a neighbor who said, "Hey, your school is burning!" At first, I could not believe the news. The next morning, my parents took me to see the fire. It was a big fire and the Ateneo was still burning when we arrived. I watched from a distance, very sad because I had left my schoolbooks in my locker.

I watched as alumni from all over the city arrived and tried to save what they could. Of course, they did not try to save the alligator and the three-legged chicken, and that made me sad. They brought out all the school's basketball trophies. We had them back then, you know, in that time even before there was a UAAP. We were forced to take a long vacation and one month later, we were transplanted—Sergeant Jones and all—to Padre Faura.

I believe that our generation of Ateneans was far more inclined towards science and nature because we grew up in a place like Padre Faura. That was where the observatory was located then, and I believe the Jesuits were able to

track the typhoons then more accurately than we can today. They had no radar then, and plotted the positions simply by listening to radio reports from ships and ports.

The observatory was filled with many delicate instruments and we were not allowed to touch anything. There were special nights, however, when they would let us look through the telescope. Did you know that the Jesuits had a 19-inch refracting telescope? Oh, we would peek through and look at the planets and the stars on those nights. If I remember right, the best time for looking at the stars was when there was a half moon. Our generation still possessed a strong sense of wonder for the night sky.

Being children, we also made our own nature experiments. Does your generation know how to hypnotize a *salagubang*? We would put the *salagubangs* in our palms and shake and clap and blow on it. This made them dizzy and vulnerable to hypnosis.

I remember one time, when my father arrived home, he asked me if I wanted to learn how to hypnotize a chicken. Of course, I said yes. My brother held the chicken's legs while my father placed both index fingers in front of it. Then, he slowly moved his fingers apart, and the chicken's eyes followed. His fingers moved





# burning when my parents and I arrived."

quite far apart and the chicken became dizzy after having its eyes stare in opposite directions.

## Too short!

In high school, I was not able to join the cadets because you had to be at least five feet to join. Each year, Sergeant Jones would get his tape measure, make me stand still and then say, "Too short!" In those days, you were either a cadet or a scout, so I joined the Boy Scouts.

I have always believed that we scouts had more fun. Our favorite place was Madlum Cave, near where Marikina is today. A Jesuit or two would go with us, but can you imagine about forty boys running around in the woods? That was the life then. We would pitch our tents and swap stories by the fire. We would look at the plants and at the river. Half a century later, I can still remember the Boy Scout's Pledge.

Acting and debate were very popular among Ateneans then. I remember that we staged *Cyrano de Bergerac* and I played Christian. Once, classes were also called off for two days because of a debate for our senior year English class. I was on the prosecution, together with Jobo Fernandez and Jesus de la Paz. We put Kaiser Wilhelm II on trial for starting World War I. The mock trial lasted for two days, from eight in the morning to five in the evening each day. In the end, my side won.

Those were the memories of the Thirty-Niners, as we call ourselves. We were a small batch with only sections A, B and C, and there were only 27 of us in A. When the last day came, we pledged to meet again after fifteen years. Little did we know that a war would interfere with our plans.

## Crucible

On December 8, 1941, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. The Philippines was next, and we were taken completely by surprise. I was already a Jesuit then, but many of my old classmates went to Bataan. It was Christmas Day of 1941 when they disbanded the mobilized ROTC formations, but most of the Ateneans refused to go home.

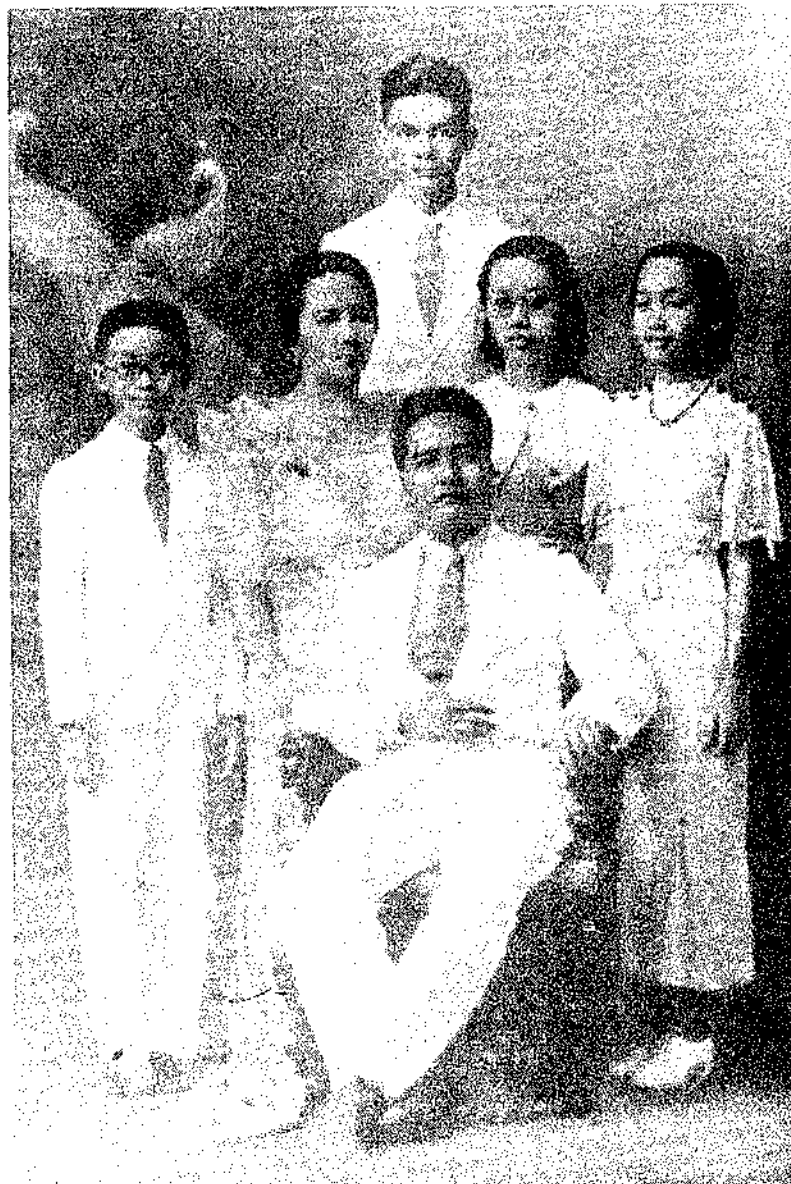
We endured, until, in January 1945, we heard that the Americans had landed in Lingayen. The people of Ermita, hearing heavy machine gun fire on the north side of the Pasig River, flocked to the Ateneo with their foodstuffs, their clothes, and their pots and pans. Our

walls were thick, our grounds were broad against fire and our Religious habits seemed to be the best protection for them against the fury of the vengeful Japs.

Some of the refugees would have rice with them and we pooled all this. Francis Lopez, a fellow scholastic, would add water to make soup out of the rice and try to spread it around. I remember how Mr. Lopez would go around the streets, scavenging for food. One night, the two of us said Confession, and breaking the tense atmosphere, he said, "Now we are ready for anything!" Little did he know what would happen the following day, February 18, 1945. He went to Assumption College to meet the crews of two American tanks that were resting there. A shot rang out and a sniper's bullet hit Mr. Lopez in the spine. The Americans leaped back into their tanks while one dragged him to cover. He died two days later at the field hospital.

The first shells fell within the Ateneo grounds shortly after dinner on February 9. The Union Church across the corner was set on fire and after supper, one of the Jesuits saw the Japs carrying straw under the observatory dome. On Ash Wednesday, February 14, the main building of the Ateneo de Manila was burned to ashes in the midst of horrible shelling.

The day after Mr. Lopez was shot, the guerillas and the American main forces arrived at the Ateneo. By noon, only the Irish Brother Duffy and I remained in the ruins, waiting for a truck that would take away things we had salvaged. That night, there was a huge battle and I was awakened by a piece of shrapnel grazing my knee. We crept into the laundry. A man with a pistol stepped inside as we hid in the darkness. He waited, then stepped out and fired again. The American machine guns roared, there was a fall, groans and then silence.



The next morning, there were fifteen or sixteen dead Japs all over the grounds. We received orders to proceed to our Novitiate at La Ignacia in Pasig, but as we were leaving, Brother Duffy and I said to each other: "We shall return!" I promised myself then that, God willing, the fortress from its ashes would one day rise again.

Men of my generation died for the country. We who were born between two world wars fought for the country in war, however we served our country better in peace than in war. The Ateneo has indeed risen again just like the country has and we remain true to both, even as we enjoy the pleasure of witnessing new generations of Ateneans and Filipinos occupy the places in the scheme of things that we once filled. ©

*written with Candy Bata, Oscar Tan and Ma'am Susan Cellano; last section adapted from The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*

Ipinanganak Hunyo 13, 1948

## Dr. Benilda Santos Santos

Kagawaran ng Filipino

Nang isilang ako noong ika-13 ng Hunyo, taong 1948, nakadadalawang taon pa lamang ng pagdiriwang ng paglaya ng Pilipinas mula sa Amerika. Masiglang nagpapanibagong-

lakas ang bayan pagkaraang masalanta ng digmaan ng Amerika at Hapon. Isa ako sa maraming kabataan noon na nagnais makabangon sa pagkagupiling. At ayon sa matatanda, iisa lamang ang paraang magagamit: ang pag-aaral. Natatandaan ko kung paanong isiniksik sa isip ko ng aking lolo ang pangangailangang mag-aral nang mabuti, at hindi lamang basta pag-aaral kundi pag-aaral na nasa wikang Ingles. Naroon ang pag-unlad, wika niya. Naniwala ako sa lolo ko.

Ang aming henerasyon ang mga mahihilig mag-aral at magbasa. Kami ang kumapit nang mahigpit sa sistema ng edukasyong pampubliko na iniwan ng Amerikano. Palibhasa walang anumang malaking mana na maaasahan sa aming mga magulang, umasa kami sa bisa ng karunungan sa pagpapatalas ng isip na gagamitin naman sa pagpapraktis ng isang tiyak na propesyon. Isa pa, tunay na may kapayakan ang mundong aming nilakhan, at tumiim sa aming isip na mababago lamang namin ang kapayakan ng mundong ito sa pamamagitan ng pag-aaral, sa pamamagitan ng lapis, papel, at aklat.

Kay payak nga ng aking kabataan. Malaking bagay noon ang pagdating ng mga trak ng Purico (mantikang gamit sa pagluluto) na nagpapalabas ng libreng cartoons sa mga bata. Malaking bagay rin ang pagsapit ng piyesta, lalo na ang pagpasyal sa perya sa gabi at pagsali sa palaro ng mga daga na lubhang kaaliwaliw dahil sa mga baklang impersonator na walang tigil ang paggiling ng balakang. Singko lamang noon ang bote ng Sarsaparilla at Cosmos Orange, at diyes naman ang Coca Cola. Isang boteng malamig at isang supot ng popcorn, lunod na kami sa tuwa. Kay simple at kay saya ng buhay.

Pati ang kabuhayan sa panahong ito ng dekada singkuwenta ay magaan. Sa palengke, kapag bumili kami ng isang

buong bangus, daragdagan ito ng tindera ng tatlong kamatis, mga apat na sampalok na mabibintog, at isang tali ng kangkong para tuloy na tuloy ang aming sinigang. Sa pamamasyal naman, siyempre, nariyan ang Luneta, ang Simbahan ng Quiapo at Simbahan ng Sta. Cruz, ang Escolta, ang Panciteria Moderna, at ang sinehang Illusion kung saan takilyera ang aking tiya kaya libre kami sa panonood. Sa kagamitan naman, simple ang tuntunin: gamitin ang lahat ng magagamit pa, kumpunihin ang sira, at itapon sa basurahan iyong wala nang silbi. Wala kaming kamalay-malay noon sa konsumerismo, palibhasa walang gaanong produktong mabibili, at, walang gaanong pambili.

### Nakabibighaning Kanluran

Ang panahon sa mataas na paaralan ay nagkaroon ng ibang ritmo. Pinaghalong boogie at twist at bye-bye at rock and roll. Dala ito nina Elvis Presley at Beatles. Ang dekada sisenta ang panahon ng aming Amerikanisasyon at Westernisasyon, mula sa mga akdang klasikal ng panitikan ng Kanluran na nasusulat at nasasalin sa Ingles, patungo sa mga pelikula ng Hollywood, at hanggang sa song hits.

Narito ang malaking balintuna. Dahil higit na maraming aklat na pampanitikan namin sa Manila Science High School at nagkaroon kami ng mahuhusay na guro sa panitikan, dito lumipat ang aking interes. At dito rin tumindi ang aking paghanga sa mga bagay na galing Amerika: tsokolate, karne norte, tuwalyang hindi madaling maninis, sabon, toothpaste, sapatos, medyas, at baso't pinggan na hindi madaling mabasag. Naunawaan ko kung bakit ang mga pinsan kong matanda sa akin ay nangarap maging sundalo ng Amerika, o kaya, magtrabaho sa Amerika,

PHOTO BY NATS TARCE



manirahan dito, maging green-card holder, at pagkaraan, maging mamamayan ng Tate. Nawala ang pang-akit ng Maynila sa tabi ng The Big Apple.

Sa kabila nito, nanatili sa akin ang pang-akit ng sariling kultura at wika. Ganito ang aking henerasyon: nakaugat sa sariling kultura subalit pansamantalang humiwalay rito upang umunlad at matuto. Parang lahat kami ay katipo ni Crisostomo Ibarra, subalit nang hindi na kailangang lumabas ng bayan upang maging edukado. Parang lahat kami ay may mga alaala at karanasang tulad ng kay Elias na hindi namin matalikuran. Naakit kami ng buhay-teknolohiya ng Amerika datapwa hindi namin maitatwa ang mga simpleng purok na pinagmulan.

### Mga ideya ng panahon

Sa pagtungtong ko sa kolehiyo—sa Assumption College—sa ikalawang hati ng dekada sisenta, higit na lilinaw pa ang tinatawag na history, o ang pakikipagsapalaran ng mga lalaking makapangyarihan na laging may nais patunayan sa hamon ng Panahon. Dumami ang mga Pilipina na tagaaliw ng mga sundalong Kano na nasa kanilang R&R, at nagkaroon ng bagong strain ng venereal disease na kilala sa tawag na Vietnam Rose. May isang kaso na hindi ko malimutan: may batang mga dose



# a walang mabibili, at, walang pambili."

anyos na namatay sa impeksiyon nang maiwan sa kanyang katawan ang bahagi ng *dildo* (o kauri nito) na ginamit sa natatanging *R&R* ng sundalong Amerikano. Samantala, sa mga pamantasan at kolehiyo, nauso ang posturang Woodstock: ang pagpapahaba ng buhok, paghitit ng marijuana o paglulon ng LSD ("*Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds*"), pagmumukhang marungis, pag-uguy-ugoy sa tugtog ng grupong Santana; sa madaling salita, ang pagiging *anti-establishment*. May hinahanap ang marami sa amin na hindi nila matagpuan sa mga lunas na inireseta ng Establisimyento.

Dumating ang Kulay Pula bilang alternatibo. Patay na si JFK subalit buhay si Mao Tse Tung. Ibinigay sa amin ni Mao ang kanyang *Red Book*, at ito ang batayang inspirasyon ng pagkilos na patungo sa radikal na pagbabago. Natatandaan ko pa kung paano ako sumali sa isang *training session* ng KM o Kabataang Makabayan kung saan kami tinuruan ng paggawa ng *molotov cocktail*. Pagkaraan, itinanong ko sa *discussion leader* kung saan ibabato ang pampasabog. Sabi niya nang walang paliwanag, "Basta sinabing 'Baaaatooooooooo', ibato n'yong bote."

Hindi na ako nagbalik sa radikal na solusyon sa problemang pulitikal (at kahit pa personal). Nasa akin pala ang espirito ni Ibarra at hindi ang kay Elias. Ngunit hindi ko na nakalimutan ang mga kasamang KM at pati na ang ilang kaibigang namundok pagkaraan. Hindi mabakbak sa aking alaala ang kanilang masidhing pagnanais na makagawa ng pagbabago.

Kung may nalalabi mang impluwensiya si Mao sa aking buhay ay mula ito sa isang kantang pang-rally na nang-uuyam sa uring burgesiya: "Tamad na burgis/ Na ayaw gumawa/ Sa pawis ng iba'y/ Nagpapasasa." Naging malinaw sa akin na iyon—iyong maging tamad na burgis—ang ayaw kong kauwian ng buhay ko. Kung magpasasa man ako sa buhay, sa pawis at pawis ko lamang, at hindi sa iba.

Sa panahon ding ito, umusbong ang kilusan ng mga mag-aaral at intelektwal na ang bukal ng pagkamulat sa kawalang-katarungan ng diktaduryang Marcos Humantong ako sa mga *moderates*. Natagpuan ko ang aking landas ng paghilingkod sa pagtuturo ng panitikan sa wikang Filipino. Maliit na paraan lamang, bagay na bagay sa hikain (hindi na gumaling ang hika ko). Mayroon akong

naging kamag-aral sa *graduate school* na naging historyador ng bahaging Muslim ng Mindanao at hanggang ngayon, aktibo sa pagtatatag ng kapayapaan sa Katimugan. Marami sa aking kaibigan noon ang guro at manunulat ngayon, o kaya, nagtatrabaho sa NGO, manggagamot sa lalawigan, madre at pari, *social worker*, tagapagtatag ng *rural bank*, at mga manlilikhang-sining na laging nagtatanghal ng pagkabuo ng pagkabansa ng Pilipinas.

Marami sa aking henerasyon ang pumili sa landas ng payapa at nagpapatuloy na pagbabago sa larangan ng pagmumulat ng kamalayan. Hindi madaling gawain, kung tutuusin, at hindi rin ikabibigat ng aming bulsa, subalit masarap isipin na kahit paano, nakaugat kami sa kasaysayan at pananampalataya. Hanggang ngayon, paborito namin ang himig na "Bayan Ko."

## Pagharap sa diktadurya

Bago ko wakasan ang pagmumunimuning ito, nais ko lamang balikan ang isang pangyayari noong taong 1971. Mag-aaral ako noong ng Ateneo Graduate School, at isang araw, nang walang paunang pasabi, inanyayahan kami ni Padre Horacio de la Costa na maghapunan sa Palasyo ng mga Marcos sa Malakanyang. Pagkaraan ng mahahabang seremonya na kinagiliwan

ng mga inutil na maharlika sa Europa noon pang unang panahon, isa-isang nilapitan ni G. Marcos ang mga panauhin upang kamayan. Pagdating niya sa akin, hindi ko naatim na abutin ang kanyang makapangyarihang palad. Ipinahayag ko sa kanya nang personal ang aking pagtanggap. Inilahad niyang muli ang kanyang kamay, at tinanggihan ko ito sa ikalawang pagkakataon sa pamamagitan ng paglalagay ng aking dalawang kamay sa aking likod.

Pagkaraan, iniwan ko ang magarbong hapunan sa gitna ng bulung-bulungan ng mga panauhin. Kinagabihan, pinag-isipan ko ang nangyari, at nakita ko kung gaano kahina ang kapangyarihang ipinangalandakan ni Marcos. Nag-iisa lamang siya, kung tutuusin. Kung itinulak ko siya nang malakas noon, tiyak na matutumba siya. Ipakulong man ako pagkaraan, hindi pa rin maitatatwa ang katotohanang naitumba siya ng isang tao lamang. (Na siyang papel na gagampanan ni Ninoy pagkaraan ng mahigit sa isang dekada.)

At ito na nga ang natatangi sa aking henerasyon: ang pagsisikap na iugnay ang indibidwal na pagkilos sa tradisyon, kasaysayan at kapakanan ng nakararami sa pamamagitan ng lagi at laging pagpapanibago ng isip at kamalayan. Sa madaling salita, sa patuloy na pag-aaral at pag-unawa sa takbo ng buhay. ☉



Unang anak



Unang apo

# "At Bacnotan Elementary, everybody v

Born May 9, 1953

## Adolfo Nebriaga Dacanay, SJ

AB Philosophy '74  
Department of Theology

I went to a public school for Grade 1, Bacnotan Elementary School, the same public school that Fr. Nebres attended. I have a very vivid recollection of the school even though

I only attended it for one year. My mother was a teacher there.

Bacnotan was not an urbanized community. It must have been June 1960 when, on my first day, I went to school in shoes. But in the days that followed, I went to school in slippers. I did not think of myself as being out of place, but everybody was in slippers or *bakya* or even barefoot and everybody was running around that way. It was a very, very provincial environment.

It was not a very big school. It taught Grades 1 to 6 and there must have been three sections per grade. The ceilings were very high—at least they were very high to me then—and the windows were made of *capiz*, translucent shells. The whole idea is that even if you closed the window when it rained, you still had some light. In the classrooms, there were no electric bulbs, nothing electronic. We just went by chalk and charts on manila paper. These were held together by pieces of wood on top and the teacher just turned the big pages for songs and things like that. But, everything was in Ilocano.

Was there physical punishment? Absolutely.

### Home sweet home

Bacnotan was a small town in La Union 14 kilometers from the provincial capital of San Fernando. We had no electricity during the day and at night, there was a generator which supplied electricity to the *poblacion* to power light bulbs. I remember Fr. Nebres saying that whenever somebody attempted to plug an electric iron, the lights in the whole town would go out. The rule for most households was that you had to be home before the Angelus at six, when the church bells would ring. You had to eat soon. There was no light.

You played either in school or, on the way home, there was a plaza. You always

climbed trees and ran around, there was little else you could do. The whole town was your playground. One time, my friends and I went to the small forest beyond the rice fields. There's a kind of vine that is very itchy and I think that some of it fell on me in the forest. I remember the allergy that developed and I was brought home in a sled pulled by a carabao. They brought me to the doctor, the father of Fr. Nebres. I do not know what he did with me, but I remember being injected.

What were our toys then? I had a big, big bag of marbles. There must have been about 200 to 300 marbles in that bag. We also played with rubber bands. You got the rubber bands and you would fight. How? You would blow on them and the rubber band that got on top of another won. If you won, the other rubber band was yours. Sometimes, you tied rubber bands together and if you untied the knot, what gets separated is yours.

I had toys of my own at home. We used to have comic books called *Classics Illustrated: The Ten Commandments, The Rough Riders, Teddy Roosevelt and his men, The Count of Monte Cristo, A Tale of Two Cities* and all these. At the back, there were order slips for toy soldiers you sent to companies in the US. They were metal soldiers and I spent all my savings ordering these. When I stopped playing with them, I must have had over a hundred of these things. The other toy we were not allowed to bring out of the house was called the erector set. I think you call them Lego now. Ours were made of metal and you used screws.

### Mother mentor

My mother was a public school teacher



PHOTO BY OSCAR TAN

so she was very strong on regular study habits. We were pressured to read—anything, *basta* read. That was the only

way to learn a language. Money was always tight and clothes and toys were not a high priority, but we were always allowed to buy books. This was unusual at the time, but my parents subscribed to *National Geographic, Reader's Digest* and *Time* or *Newsweek*. I suppose they set aside money. There were no local distributors. You had to subscribe from the States at that time.

I flipped through them. By the time I was Grade 3, I was trying to read *Reader's Digest* because there were at least pictures. And that was the culture at home. After I learned to read, I always liked to read history. I cannot remember the title, but there was this thick book, *Modern Times and the Living Past*. I even remember the author: Elson. It was world history, although by that, you meant European history. As a boy, I read that. It was a thick volume, and I was only about 9 to 10 years old. I suppose my parents wanted us to be exposed to the world because everything was so provincial where we lived.

However, I learned to play *mahjong* before I learned to read. At home, they'd play regularly because there was nothing else to do. Maybe on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon, my Mom and her sisters or the other teachers would come over. I watched and learned, and then my cousins and I would also play.



as in slippers or *bakya* or even barefoot."



1983



### The slow life

There were no TV sets then and you listened to the radio for the news or waited for the newspapers which arrived at 11:00 in the morning. Every so often, however, some Coca Cola or Pepsi people would come and show a movie. They would have all sorts of commercials and then they would show a cowboy movie. They had a van and at night, they would bring it into the plaza, erect a screen and show the Western. In the afternoon, they would go around town announcing the movie. Oh, everybody would go. I may have been allowed to go once or twice.

Food at home was mainly Ilocano food. We had a helper who made good *longganiza*. I had two older brothers and my elder brother wanted *longganiza* that was *walang taba*. My other brother liked *longganiza* spicy with *taba*. I think I took after my second brother. There was no electricity, but in the kitchen, we did have a fridge that was kerosine powered.

When my aunt came to the province one time, I remembered their car. It was a Ford Fairlane 500. It was like a Batman car and that was about 1964. In our town itself, very few people owned cars; there were jeepneys, and in the town itself and going to the barrios, calesas. The big treat for us then was when we would come to my aunt's house in Little Baguio here in Manila before Christmas. We would go to COD, the big department store in downtown Manila. My parents would give us some money and let us loose. That was the big treat. I don't remember what I bought, I just remember the thrill of going around and trying to look for something that your money could buy. The COD in Cubao is still there, though their Christmas decorations are

not as nice now.

I also remember that there was no such thing as ecumenism then. The Protestants were bad and the Catholics were good, and we were told in school that entering a Protestant church is a sin. I remember confessing because one time when I was in Grade 4, while we were playing hide-and-seek, I went in a Protestant church. I rushed in through one door and rushed out through another. I remember confessing that.

### Dacanay meets world

From '61 up until '66, I went to a Catholic school 14 kilometers away from San Fernando called Christ the King.

I was seven when I first went to school. There was no kindergarten and no prep and I went directly to Grade 1, but, I remember that when I entered, I already knew how to read. My parents taught me, but in Ilocano, of course. I was really traumatized when, in Grade 2 when I went to Christ the King, they were teaching in English. I could not figure out what was going on! It took me about one grading period—you call them quarters now—before I acclimated.

I went to high school in Vigan seminary 80 to 100 kilometers away from my hometown. I entered the Ateneo in 1970. I was a Philo major. My teachers were Ferriols and Reyes. Manny Dy also taught me. I suppose you students don't know Fr. Reilly, Fr. Green and Fr. O'Shaughnessy anymore. It was a (very) small school then. You didn't know everybody's name, but you more or less knew who they were.

Coeds started coming in when I was fourth year, in 1973. It was the first time they accepted female freshmen. The

alumni were very strong against coeducation then. I think they had to put in a certain proportion, one girl for every three or four boys, something like that.

My predominant memory of that time is that it was a highly politicized society, not just the campus but all of Manila. There were student demonstrations. We had an English teacher, Fr. Joseph Landy. He was a very good teacher, but not too sensitive. He was not very acceptable to many of the campus activists. I think there was a time when they rejected his books—he used to teach English 11 and 12—and they even had a book burning ceremony where they hung his effigy from one of the acacia trees in the Quad and burned his books. And every so often, classes would be called off. Groups would meet in front of the classrooms, in the corridors, to make it impossible for teachers to teach. It was a very disorderly world.

I was in third year college when martial law was declared. Before martial law was declared, you can almost say that there was real chaos in society. So, when martial law was declared, many people were actually glad and for some people, it was a reprieve from chaos and disorder, except of course that it was not merely that. That was why people were willing to cooperate in the beginning.

Many would say life is different today, different from what it was then. And yet, people remain the same. Yesterday, we struggled to carve ourselves into the kind of person we were convinced we were called to be. Today, you are doing the same—probably different circumstances, different tools—but with the same "matter" and with the same goal. ©

written with Oscar Tan

# The banning of Japanese robot series wa

**Born August 14, 1964**

## Glenn Garfield Ong Ang

BS Mathematics '86

Department of History, Chinese Studies Program

I cannot strictly consider myself as a "Martial Law Baby," although I was indeed still an infant when Marcos became a president of the Third Philippine Republic. One of the most familiar

animated television series at that time was "Popeye, the Sailor Man". This particular animated television series has a lasting effect on me, precisely because my current preference in my meals for meat over vegetables was strongly influenced by my great disillusionment with the failure of spinach to instantaneously increase my energy levels as it appeared to do for Popeye in the aforementioned animated television series. I also recall that Gerber and Magnolia were the brands of baby food and ice cream, respectively, with which I was most familiar at that time.

My association with Xavier School

began in 1971, when I entered preparatory school. The following year saw the declaration of martial law by Marcos, although I must admit that the event did not have any distinctive relevance in my rather sheltered life in school.

During my period of schooling in Xavier, there were larger developments in the background and one of them was the oil crisis in 1974. This event had the lasting effect of making me very conscious of the need to economize and to avoid, at all costs, undue wastage. 1974 was also personally very significant to me for it was during the Philippine "summer" of this year that I began learning German as a foreign language through a private tutor who also happened to be a family friend, the late German language teacher, Frau Edith Schick.

### Pop culture then

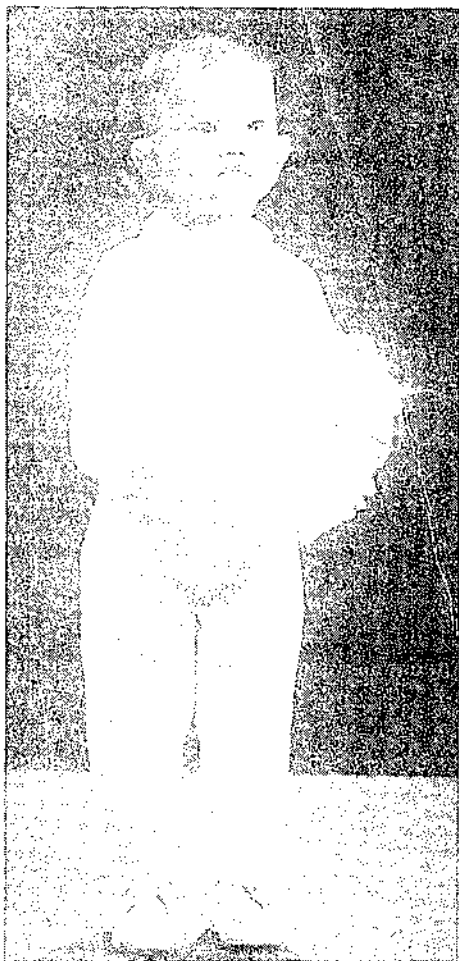
I can still distinctly recall the various war comic magazines that existed during my childhood and adolescent years like "Enemy Ace", "G.I. Combat", "The Losers", "Sgt. Rock", "Sgt. Fury and His Howling Commandos", "Army War Heroes", "Fightin' Army", and "Fightin' Marines". I can also still recall the various war television series which existed at around the same time like "Combat!", "12 O'clock High", "The Rat Patrol", "Garrison's Gorillas", "The Gallant Men", and "Baa Baa Black Sheep/Black Sheep Squadron". It was also a remarkable coincidence that several of the streets located in the vicinity of my first residence( from 1964 to 1997 ) were named after famous First World War battlefields like Argonne, Marne, Mons, Soissons, Somme, and Verdun. Together with various war films, military fiction and non-fiction books, wargames, toys, and models, all these would develop in me a great interest in

Germany and military history which continues to this day.

Another interesting development was the advent of several Japanese animated robot television series to the Philippines. This began with the airing of the Voltes V series shortly after my graduation in 1978 from the elementary level to the secondary level in Xavier School. Following shortly after were Mazinger Z, Mekanda Robot, Daimos, UFO Grendaizer, Danguard Ace, Balatack, and Getta Robot. The banning of these Japanese animated robot television series by the Philippine government in 1980, during my sophomore year of the secondary level in Xavier School, has been considered by some to be one of the first major bases for dissatisfaction and anger with the Marcos government on the part of children and adolescents at that time. With the formal lifting of Martial Law in 1981, it appeared that, for the first time after around a decade, Filipinos might be able to express their dissatisfaction with the government more openly. This event took place during my senior year of the secondary level in Xavier School.

1982 was both an end as well as a beginning for me because I graduated from the secondary level of Xavier School and entered into the tertiary level of Ateneo de Manila University. It was also

PHOTO BY OSCAR TAN





# was a major basis for anger with Marcos.

the end of my exclusively male education as well as the beginning of my exposure to the co-educational system. The following year witnessed the assassination of Sen. Benigno Aquino, Jr. and the gigantic waves of protest against the government that shortly followed. The involvement of college and university students in these protests was extremely significant and its evidence was very clear to me during that period.

As a matter of quite personal significance, 1984 was the year when the German pop/rock music band Nena accomplished an extremely unique feat as its song "99 Luftballons" became the very first international hit for Germany. What made it even more remarkable was the fact that "99 Luftballons" is a German-language song and not one composed by a German artist but using the English language. From that time in 1984 when I first listened to this song until now, I have been a loyal Nena fan and this has considerably helped me in appreciating Germany even more.

## Turning point

Two events marked 1986 as an extremely significant year for me: the People's Power "Revolution" in February and my graduation from Ateneo in May with a bachelor's degree of science in mathematics. Because of the unique events which preceded the final month of schoolyear 1985-1986, no final examinations were formally administered in the College of Arts and Sciences of the Ateneo de Manila University and our graduating batch has been quite naturally identified as the batch of the EDSA "Revolution".

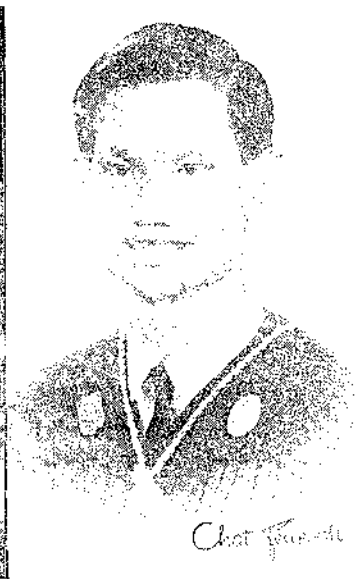
The year 1987 was my first year of

teaching at the Ateneo de Manila University's College of Arts and Sciences with the Mathematics department. Hence, it was during this year that I formally began the switching of my roles from student to teacher. This year would also witness the first major coup attempt against the government of the recently-installed President Corazon C. Aquino. I still remember very clearly how that day began for me. I had just arrived in front of Gate 2 of Ateneo when I learned of the attempted coup from the radio. Fortunately, I was able to return home without any incident shortly after this.

The following year, I began my masteral studies abroad at West Virginia University and one very interesting incident occurred when I asked my professor in 20<sup>th</sup> Century German history, the late Dr. John Maxwell, for his personal assessment of how likely German reunification was. He replied that he did not consider it possible for a long time to come—meaning decades or even possibly centuries. The next year, after the fall of the Berlin wall, I was present in a special discussion forum where another student asked him exactly the same question I had raised more than a year earlier. His response this time was that he did not wish to give a timetable for German reunification. Needless to say, the historical record shows that Germany was formally reunified on October 3, 1990. It was in that same year that I obtained my master of arts degree in history from West Virginia University. The only event in the Philippines which indirectly affected me during my graduate studies at West Virginia was the last serious coup attempt against the Aquino government in December of 1989. For a

while before it finally ended, there was a high degree of uncertainty whether or not the coup attempt would prevent me from spending my Christmas vacation in the Philippines. Fortunately, I was able to push through with my original plan when the coup attempt failed and the airport resumed its normal operations.

Although I resumed my role as a teacher at the Ateneo de Manila University in November 1990 and continue to teach until the present at the aforementioned university, I shall not dwell too much on that. I would like instead to point out two positive directions in which we are heading. The significant success of Ateneo's 1896 and 1898 centennial conferences in 1996 and 1998, respectively, may have contributed to an increase in the awareness of the importance of history to the Philippines. There has also been an increasingly close relationship between the Ateneo de Manila University and Germany ever since 1996, when the then-serving federal chancellor of Germany, Helmut Kohl, received an honorary doctorate from the Ateneo de Manila University. In 1998, the Goethe-Institut Manila and the Ateneo de Manila University's School of Arts and Sciences forged an agreement that was the very first agreement into which the Goethe-Institut Manila has ever entered with a Filipino educational institution. In this agreement, the Goethe-Institut Manila commits itself to provide German language teachers for the School of Arts and Sciences. On these two positively significant notes, I would like to conclude that the future certainly looks quite bright from my standpoint with my special interests in both Germany and history. ●



"I was born early enough to appreciate

Born April 13, 1966

# Dr. Quena Ngo Lee-Chua

BS Mathematics '87

Department of Mathematics, Department of Psychology

One thing I remember most about the mid-1980s is that the traffic then was much lighter than it is now. Before, it would only take you 30 to 40 minutes to

travel from Greenhills to Makati, even during rush hour. Now, this is impossible. Back then, if you woke up at 6:30 AM and left the house at 6:45, you would still make it to your 7:30 class and might even have time to spare. Now, you have to wake up at 5:30 AM, leave the house by 6:15, and barely make it to your 7:30 class. That is how bad it is right now.

The Ateneo was also much cleaner before. It had more trees, and was more homey and cozy. I am not saying that the newer buildings should not have been built, but having more trees around the campus projects a more nurturing environment, one that gave people a chance to sit back and enjoy peace of mind and was conducive to learning.

There were also fewer distractions back then. People had more time to concentrate on their work. And when I say work, it was really the "manual labor" kind of thing. I suppose today's youth would have a hard time imagining how researching on a paper or a project was like back then. We really had to go to the library and pore over countless books to find credible sources. You really had to be patient if you wanted to have something done. But now, you can get all of that with the click of a button. People nowadays can easily gain access to a lot of information via the Internet.

Technology is not all that bad, but I really have to say that the people now, especially the youth, have become laid back. They have come to depend on technology so much that the development of their many skills and abilities has been hampered. From my experience as a teacher, I see that their critical thinking skills are underdeveloped, and few students seem to take any conscious efforts in improving that, even in terms of recreation.

In the past, we had to be more creative in thinking of ways on how to spend our

free time, especially during the weekends. We did not have that many malls back then. Cable TV, cellular phones and pagers were virtually nonexistent. During my ICA grade school and high school days, our family used to go to Luneta, the Observatory and even the Manila Zoo.

There was also more time to read—and I don't mean just the required readings from school. Believe it or not, many people then read for pleasure. But now, when you have nothing to do and feel bored, you can either go to the mall and watch a movie, or turn on the TV and watch some cable.

## Television degeneration

I can still remember the first time we had cable here in the Philippines, and it was in Clark Air Base. Being basketball enthusiasts ourselves, you can imagine the thrill my sister and I felt when we found out we could watch the Boston Celtics, then my favorite team, play in the NBA Finals when it was actually happening. Back then, no one could compare to the Celtics. They were like the best team ever. But now, all the teams are more evenly matched, so there is not much exciting competition anymore, not when compared to before.

The kind of TV shows we had were more wholesome compared to the present crop. Nowadays, "wholesome" takes on a new and different meaning. Many so-called "wholesome" shows nowadays still have sex and violence in them, so you cannot really let the younger ones watch without proper parental guidance. I miss shows like *Charlie's Angels*, *Little House on the Prairie*, *Sesame Street*, *The Muppet Show* and *Remington Steel* on regular television. Those were some of the really nice shows to watch, shows wherein you

did not have to worry about any of the gore they have nowadays.

Despite my TV show preferences, I believe that Filipinos are quite capable of producing creative and ingenious products. One very concrete example I can think of is Magnolia's famous ice cream fruit, the ones that look like real fruits but are really made of ice cream like the common ice cream cakes we have nowadays. I really loved these, and I still do. I even called Magnolia up to ask about them but they said they had already phased them out. Despite the overwhelming influx of P/X goods over the past few years, I still say that Filipino ice cream tastes better than American ice cream.

Christmas was always something to look forward to. COD, a department store

PHOTO BY NATS TARCE





ciate both the past and the present."

in Cubao, would always put up a Christmas panorama every year. People from all around Metro Manila would come to see it regularly. I remember going with my parents to see the Christmas panorama when I was younger. I would look up at the reindeers, lights and clouds of the panorama and really get to feel Christmas. But now, everything has gotten more commercialized and does not quite feel as 'Christmassy' as before. I really miss the innocence of those days, days when life seemed simpler, safer, and slower.

I was fortunate enough to be born when simplicity in life—but also the familiarity with technology—was possible. Mine was the time when the integration of computers into the layman's lifestyle was in its beginnings and changes such as those were taken as a part of life. Unlike the preceding generations, we were unafraid of change, but I also think that I am not as reliant on machines as the later generations. Somehow, people nowadays usually end up forgetting that these machines only serve as tools that make work easier but do not do the actual thing. Machines are still mindless inventions that cannot do anything without man.

### Roots

Being Chinese enriched my life. The consciousness that some people considered us different pushed me to achieve. But thankfully, more often than not, people looked beyond your race. For example, in college, the professors judged you based on your intellect. I also had the same number of Filipino and Chinese friends.

Being Chinese did not seem as much of a barrier. I mean, they did not seem to mind, and neither did I. But was it advantageous? Definitely. It was an enriching experience, getting a taste of what the other culture is like, and at the same time, sharing my culture with others who grew up with a culture different from mine. It was like getting two for the price of one.

One of the things I can say I am proud of is that Celadon was founded by my batch. I can still remember when Wilson Lee-Flores, a writer for the *Inquirer* and a Palanca awardee, proposed an organization for the Filipino-Chinese. We experienced a lot of growing pains in preparing the necessary documents and coming up with the name. I was even invited to be an officer, but I decided



Graduation Ball, March 1983

against it since I had a lot of orgs at that time. But I was there to give them my support whenever they needed it.

We were so excited when a lot of people joined our org. Even our non-Chinese friends joined. In fact, I am really happy with the way it is going now. Celadon has really expanded. We never imagined it would get to this level—its own publication, a large membership. Maybe it is because of the increasing Chinese population here in the Ateneo. Chinese integration into society is growing at a steadily increasing rate.

### Milestone

My batch was in third year college when the EDSA Revolution broke out. I remember that we were so scared about what would happen. It was a scary time back then, yet there seemed to be a carnival-like atmosphere in the streets. Unlike Dr. Henry Totanes, I was unable to face the tanks myself. Though I only followed the events on TV, I believe that experience was very significant in shaping us into the individuals we are today.

We were so proud when we graduated the

following year; many of us went into non-profit industries like teaching and NGO work. One of us even went into a religious order. It was like having a fresh start. We were starting over again, and we were the "pioneers" who would be guiding the others who would come after us.

My generation was born in the right time, it seemed. We were born before the declaration of Martial Law. We grew up in one of the most trying periods of Philippine history, and my generation knows what hard work and sweat mean. Yet, our entry into adulthood coincided with the entry of Philippine society into a brighter, prouder future. Those of my generation are not young enough to forget the past and yet are not old enough to be left behind by the future. Even our identity reflects this balance, because unlike the previous generations of Filipino-Chinese, we were able to feel pride yet not alienation because of our Chinese heritage.

Perhaps the most important characteristic of my generation, however, is that we are the parents of the youth of this new millennium. It falls to us to show them what was beautiful from the past and to guide them as they explore the ever-changing future. Though the years have lent us wisdom, the vigor of youth still surges within our veins, and the greatest gift we can bequeath our children is simply the adolescent feeling that touched us over a decade ago in 1986, the feeling of having realized that the future is bright and that so much good can yet be done in the world. ©

written with Kimberly Pabilona



Launching of the book *Why be afraid of Math?* at ICA last December 3, 1991

QUEENA LEE

# "Apat na buwan pagkatapos ako ipina"

**Ipinanganak Mayo 6, 1972**

## Rodelio "Dax" Cruz Manacsa

AB Political Science '92

Kagawaran ng Agham Pampolitika

"Sino ang Pangulo ng Pilipinas?" "Marcos."

"Sino ang pangatlong Pangulo ng Republika?"

Ang ikalawang tanong ang gumulo sa aking pag-iisip. *Mayroon pa palang ibang pangulo*

*ang Pilipinas.* At noong panahon na iyon, ako ay nasa *2nd year high school* na at labing-limang taong gulang.

Marahail sa pangyayaring iyan maibubuo ang aking pagkabata. Ako ay isang *Martial Law baby*, ipinanganak Mayo 6, 1972. Apat na buwan pagkatapos, idedeklara ni Marcos ang Batas Militar sa Pilipinas.

### Paradiso ni Imee

Ang pinakamalaking isyu ng aking pagkabata ay ang pagtigil ni Marcos sa pagpapalabas ng *Voltes V* sa *Channel 7* tuwing 5:30. Gigil na gigil ako kay Marcos

noon. Naisip ko na lamang na Komunista si Prince Zardoz.

Sabi kasi ni Marcos ang mga Komunista ang kalaban ng Bagong Lipunan.

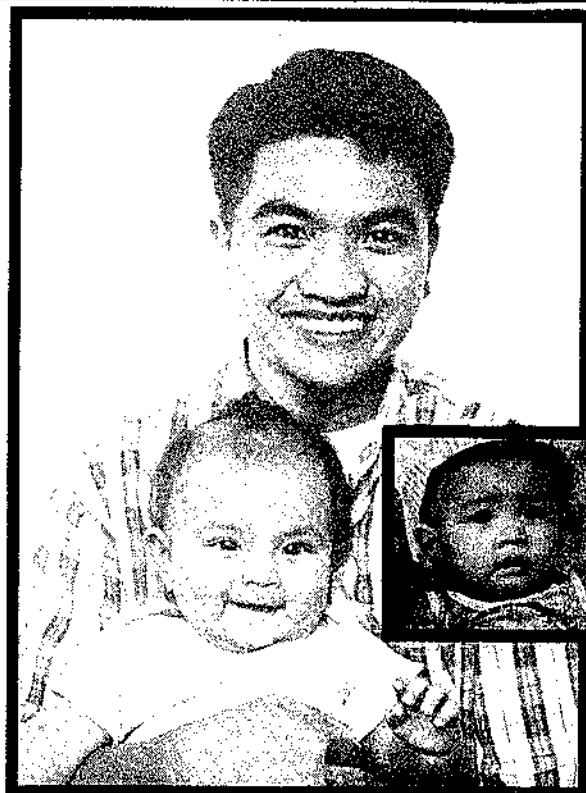
Nahahagip nito ang buong kasaysayan ng aking pagkabata. Alas-siyete ng gabi ay balita ang palabas sa lahat ng mga *channel*. Walang pagkakaiba ang mga balita nila. Iba-iba lamang ang mga *announcer*. Walang pagkakaiba sa mga balita sa diyaryo. Lahat pala sila ay *press release* ng Malacanang. Naaalala ko lamang na ang tanging kontrobersya ng aking panahon sa elementarya ay noong ipinatawag ako ng prinsipal dahil nanliligaw raw ako ng isang kaklase. Dahil nasa *catholic school* ako, bawal daw iyon. Kasalanan. Ngayong matanda na ako, naiinis ako kung bakit ako nakinig.

Subalit noong isang Marso ay nilipol kaming mga elementarya at dinala lahat sa Los Banos, Laguna ng may pahintulot naman ng aming mga magulang. Doon ipinakilala sa aming ang ilang mga anak ng Pangulo at tinuruan ng ilang mga awit at islogan ng Bagong Lipunan. Kabisado ko pa lahat iyon ngayon. Ginagawa ko sa mga klase ko ngayon. Pagkatapos noon, mayroong isang *field trip* sa Malacanang. Parang maganda ang *Martial Law*: puro kainan at kantahan. Walang problema.

Kaya lamang, minsan ay umuwi si Tatay sa bahay na galit na galit dahil iyong umutang sa kanya ay hindi na umuwi. Namundok daw, sabi niya. Tinangay pa ang pera niya para mamundok. E, di sabi ko, e di sundan sa bundok. Natawa sa akin ang tatay ko at hindi ko raw alam ang sinasabi ko. Tinanong ko siya kung alam niya ang kanta ng Bagong Lipunan.

Hindi raw.

Komunista ka, sabi ko.



Tumawa siya.

Nakakainis.

Nang makita ko uli ang kapitbahay namin, nakasabit ang kanyang katawan sa tusok-tusok ng *gate* ng kanilang bahay. Ang usapan noon ay *si-nalvage* daw. Hindi ko na tinanong kay Tatay ang ibig sabihin noon. Sabi niya lang sa akin, "Huwag kang magpapagabi ng uwi."

### Agosto 21, 1983.

Naalala ko na noong araw na iyon ay niregaluhan ako ni Tatay ng isang itim na aso. Tatawagin namin siyang "Dolly" dahil kasinlaki lamang siya ng isang daliri ko noong bata pa siya. Noong pagpunta ko sa may eskinita ng bahay namin ay nakarinig ako ng isang aleng paulit-ulit na sinasabi na, "Pinatay nila si Ninoy, pinatay nila si Ninoy?"

Pagkatapos makita iyon, sasabihin ko kay Tatay na dapat may apelyido si "Dolly."

Anong apelyido, sasabihin ni Tatay?

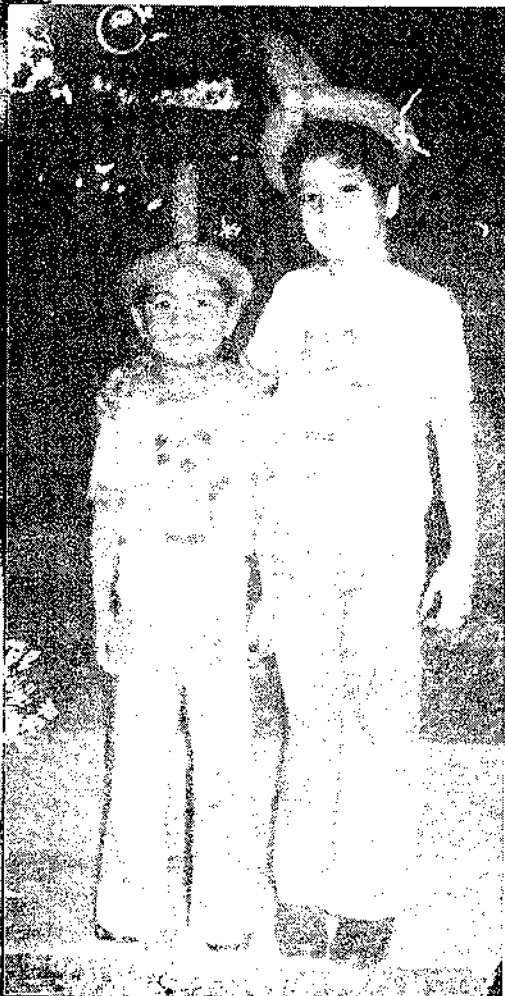
"Ninoy," sasagutin ko.

"Paano mo nakilala iyon?"

"Iyong ale sa may eskinita o, akala mo pinatayan ng tatay, sigaw ng sigaw, 'Pinatay si Ninoy, pinatay si Ninoy?'"

Ninoy, sabi ko. Hindi ba dapat pag namatayan malungkot, bakit itong babaeng ito, sumisigaw? Komunista rin ba siya?

Halong takot, gulo, inis, tanong, bigla at galit ang mararamdaman mo sa aming kalye. At kailangan kong itanong kay Tatay kung sino si Ninoy Aquino. Naisip





# anganak, ideneklara ang Batas Militar."

ko, bakit nila inaaway si Marcos? Masarap naman siyang magpakain.

Naaalala ko na pagkatapos ng taong iyon ay naging napakahirap ng aming buhay. Lalo na ang 1984, ang unang Pasko namin na nagdaang parang isang ordinaryong araw. Marami raw kasing nag-*hoarding*. Sabi ko tuloy, bakit hindi hulihin ang mga taong iyan? Nagtinginan sina Tatay at Nanay.

"Paano mo huhulihin ang Presidente?"

## Pagkamulat

Pagtuntong ko sa *high school*, naging interesado ako sa kasaysayan at iyon ang aking naging paboritong klase. Nakilala ko na sina Ninoy Aquino at ang iba pang pangulo. Alam ko na kung ano ang *hoarding*.

Marami nang katanungang gumugulo sa isip ko noon: Bakit hindi pa ako nagtatrabaho ay may utang na akong dalwang libong piso? At bakit ayaw umandar-andar noong *nuclear plant* sa Bataan? Bakit laging pumupunta sa Amerika si Marcos? Bakit ang daming namumundok sa kalye namin?

Naghahanap ka ng sagot sa balita. Hindi na lamang *Manila Bulletin* ang diyaryo noon. Mayroon nang *Malaya*. At ang napapansin ko, sa balita sa TV, lalo na si Tina Monzon-Palma, pagkatapos ng isang news report, magtitingin-tingin siya sa paligid, para bang sinasabi niyang, "Totoo ba ito?"

Doon ako naakit sa kapangyarihan, ganda at tunggalian ng mga ideya. At para sa isang *high schooler*, interesado ka hindi sa mga libro sa *library*, kung hindi sa mga librong wala rito. Wala ang mga libro nina Marx at Lenin. Puro *xerox copy* lang ang kopya ng *Communist Manifesto* ni Marx. Para bang agimat ang tingin ko sa kopya kong iyon. Parang bibliya, dahil parang gusto ng lahat e ang hirap namang intindihin.

Inaamin kong akakaakit ang ilang ideya ni Marx, at pakiramdam ko, pagkabasa noon ay nagkaroon ako nga isang promulang magagamit upang tingnan ang mga pangyayari sa lipunan. Tatlong prinsipyo ni Marx ang dumikit sa aking pansin ayon sa pagkakaintindi ko noon:

[1] Ang buong gobyerno ay pag-aari ng mga kapitalista at may-lupa. Ang gobyerno ay tagapagpatupad ng mga batas na gawa ng mga taong ito. *Kaya makatwirang hindi sumunod sa batas.*

[2] Mareresolba ang lahat ng problema ng ating bansa kung



walang pribadong pag-aari ng mga tao at pantay-pantay ang lahat. Ang ugat ng kahirapan ay pribadong pag-aari. Hindi makukuha sa pakiusap ang mga may-lupa at kapitalista kaya't kailangang itaguyod ng isang rebolusyon.

[3] Magwawagi ang rebolusyon dahil ito ang tadhana ng kasaysayan. Ito ang lakas ng konsepto ng "dialectic," na hindi magagapi ang rebolusyon dahil iyon ang galaw ng kasaysayan. At kapag nagwagi ang rebolusyon, saan mo gustong kasapi?

Matalim ang kapit ng Marxismo dahil ipinalagay nitong kaya niyang ipaliwanag ang lahat. Bakit naghihirap ang Pilipinas? Piyudalismo. Bakit maraming utang ang Pilipinas? Imperyalismo. Bakit ikinasal si Irene kay Gregg Araneta? Kapitalismo!

## Pebrero 25, 1986.

Ang aking pagkabata ay panahon ng tunggalian ng mga ideyang nangangailangan ng pagpanig dahil napakabigat ng pinalalabanan: ang direksiyong patutunguhan ng ating bansa. Sabi nga ni Aron: "There is no greater force in human history than an idea whose time has

come." Kaya ang dekada otsenta ay parang pelikula ng *Star Wars*: Mayroong puti. Mayroong itim. Kung sino ang ano ay depende sa tumitingin. Gayunpaman, malinaw kung sino ang kalaban.

Hindi ko na pinag-isipan kung pupunta sa EDSA o hindi. Cory naman si Tatay. Kasama ko naman ang barkada ko. Alam ko naman ang ipinaglalaban ko. Hindi mapapalitan ang muli kong pagpasok ng Malacanang na wala ang diktadurya. Sa isip ko, "Doon o, nandoon ako kumain noong *grade school*."

Ngayong dekada nubenta, patuloy kong itinatanong ang para sa aki'y siyang pinakapuso ng lahat: "Anong ideya ang namamayani? Anong mga ideya ang naglalaban? Sino ang kalaban?"

Sa panahon ng globalisasyon, tila nabura na ang linaw ng mga tanong. Napalitan ng imahen at *sound bytes*. Ayaw nang makinig ng mga tao kung ang mensahe ay hindi naka-*Powerpoint* o kaya'y magulo, parang MTV. Parang kung sinisikap mong malinaw na mag-isip, hindi ka *in*. Sa "pagkamatay" ng Marxismo bilang isang sistema ng pagsusuri at *social utopia*, at ang pangingibabaw ng liberalismo tila hindi na tanong ang larangan ng ideyolohiya. Kung nagagalit ka dahil parang walang "unifying vision" ang administrasyong Estrada, "old-fashioned-jurassic-park-totalist-ideologue" ka.

Para bang aangal-aangal ka pa, taga-dekada sitenta, e ibinalik na nila sa TV si Voltes V.●



# "Many of my friends started migrating due

**Born August 13, 1976**

## Marilyn Ang Uy

BS Management Honors '98  
Department of Management

I was a child not so long ago, and I felt that things were simpler back then. Most of the time, I enjoyed playing with my twin sister, Marinette.

We had four paper dolls (I can vividly recall their

names—Sarah, Becky, Cathy and Carey!), a couple of jigsaw puzzles and several coloring books. My twin and I pretended to be master chefs with the *lutu-lutuan* set given by our aunt as a Christmas present. Cheezels and Chickadees then also had one DC superheroes playing card in each pack. We kept on buying Royal's junk food to do it, but we were proud to complete our deck.

We also played board games with our *ahia* (elder brother in Fookien). I can never forget the afternoons we spent playing *Monopoly*, *Cluedo*, *MAD*, *Six Million Dollar Man* and *Royal Rummy*. We also enjoyed playing *Game and Watch* back then—remember *Helmet*, *Octopus*, *Parachute* and *Popeye*? The highest scorer would usually be the "master" for that particular day.

We were definitely *Sesame Street* kids—we would sing the nursery songs, memorize the poems and rhymes and even mimic the characters. *Electric Company* was also one of our favorites. It's also an educational program like *Sesame Street*, but most people thought *Sesame Street* had more interesting characters. Maybe that's the reason why it did not become so popular. Cartoons? Of course, we enjoyed watching cartoons!

Who could forget *The Smurfs*, *Carebears*, *My Little Pony and Friends*, *Alvin and the Chipmunks*, *Garfield and Friends* and *Popeye*?

*Ahia* was also a wide reader so we were able to get our hands on a lot of reading materials. I remember reading so many *Hardy Boys* and *Nancy Drew* mystery stories, still in the hardbound form. We also got to borrow and exchange *Choose your own adventure* books with our friends, as well as a few *Archie* comics. *Sweet Valley Twins* became popular when we were in grade 5, and we also had a share of those books, naturally, considering that the major characters in this series were twins—Elizabeth and Jessica Wakefield! However, unlike them, Marinette and I were very much similar in our various ways and manners of dealing with people.

### High school bliss

In St. Jude Catholic School, my twin and I were considered "performers." I even remember our very first performance as pre-schoolers—we sang *When Teachers' Eyes are Smiling* on stage during the Teachers' Day Celebration. From then on, we were encouraged by our teachers to join various intra- and interschool singing and declamation contests. We did our very best to make the school proud of us by bringing home several medals and plaques of recognition.

We were very active students. We became leaders of several organizations, such as the Scouting Movement, the *Judenites* (our school paper), the Student Council, and the *Judenites* Choral Ensemble. We even joined the Chinese Symphony Orchestra, and there, I learned how to play the *er hu* (Chinese violin) while Marinette played the *yang chin* (Chinese piano) perfectly.

St. Jude provided us with a very good Chinese education. We were immersed



PHOTO BY OSCAR TAN



in that side of our culture: calligraphy contests, composition and painting. The subject I appreciated the most was *li shr* (history) because we learned so many interesting stories. Literature was also unforgettable with its poems' rich descriptions of nature. Once, we even spent one summer vacation learning Chinese dance and we still have our cassette collection of the dance music. *Medyo baduy*, but how many people know this kind of dance steps? Thanks to our parents and Chinese teachers, we grew up able to appreciate Chinese movies on cable and Chinese novels.

Kidnapping. This flooded the newspaper headlines during my high school years. I can never forget Charlene Sy, the student who was kidnapped and killed while the criminals exchanged bullets with the rescuers. Because of the rampant kidnapping incidents, our school activities were cut down. There was a year when we did not have our Sports Fest. Worse, we even had to hold our Junior-Senior promenade in the afternoon for safety reasons. Many of my friends and classmates started migrating to Canada, the US, Australia and



# due to the seemingly endless kindap cases."

Singapore due to the seemingly endless kidnapping cases.

## From Judenite to Blue Eagle

Marinette and I entered the Ateneo in June 1994 as Management students. *Ahia*, an incoming senior then, did influence the decision, but I've never regretted it. Registration back then was really tiring—the queues were long and so many things had to be filled up manually, including the now-abolished class cards. Hungry, we met with some of our friends and had our first Ateneo lunch at *Chinoy's*. That old restaurant used to be the place where people would play *Magic: The Gathering* cards.

My twin and I may have had the same course but we were placed in different blocks. Still, we would try to have lunch together in the college cafeteria. I remember the *Giacomino's* and *Shakey's* stalls, as well as the stalls which sold fishballs, tacos, and mashed potatoes. And who could forget the iced tea stall that sold P8 to P10 worth of thirst-quenching iced tea drinks? The cafeteria back then had not-so-good ventilation, so the term *amoy caf* was commonly used because the various smells of food from the stalls really stuck to one's clothes.

## Two heads are better than one

At home, Marinette and I studied together, after hours of tutoring our cousins. We found out that being in different blocks was advantageous because we got to learn more and we would consult each other and share

different readings and articles. Still, we got our blockmates and teachers confused.

Normally, when people think I am Marinette and start to greet me, "Hi, Nette!", I just let it be—I would simply smile and greet the person back. However, there were times when I just had to reveal my identity, so to speak.

One unforgettable example was the time a stranger approached me asking about a certain assignment in English 13 while I was taking merienda in the cafeteria. I quickly surmised that she must be Marinette's classmate and I told her honestly that I was Marinette's twin sister, but to my surprise, she did not believe me. I had to show all sorts of proof. I began with my books and my assigned readings in English that were totally different from what she had. Finally, I showed her my ID, and that was the only time she actually believed I was telling the truth.

Our teachers also got into the same confusion. How could I forget that particular instance when I bumped into Marinette's teacher in French? At first, I casually smiled and greeted her back. But when she started speaking French to me... *naku!* I knew I had to explain to her that I was Marinette's twin. You could just imagine how surprised she was!

Marinette and I became classmates in only three subjects, and two of those were Finance and Marketing under none other than Mr. Rudy Ang. We said, "*Uy, lokohin natin!*" For the first time in college, I put on a shirt in the same style as Marinette's but with a different color

and we sat beside each other. Rudy was surprised but I think he found it cute. We made it a point not to dress alike again, though. When we were still children, our parents bought us identical sets of clothes, but by the time we entered college, we had already found it quite corny.

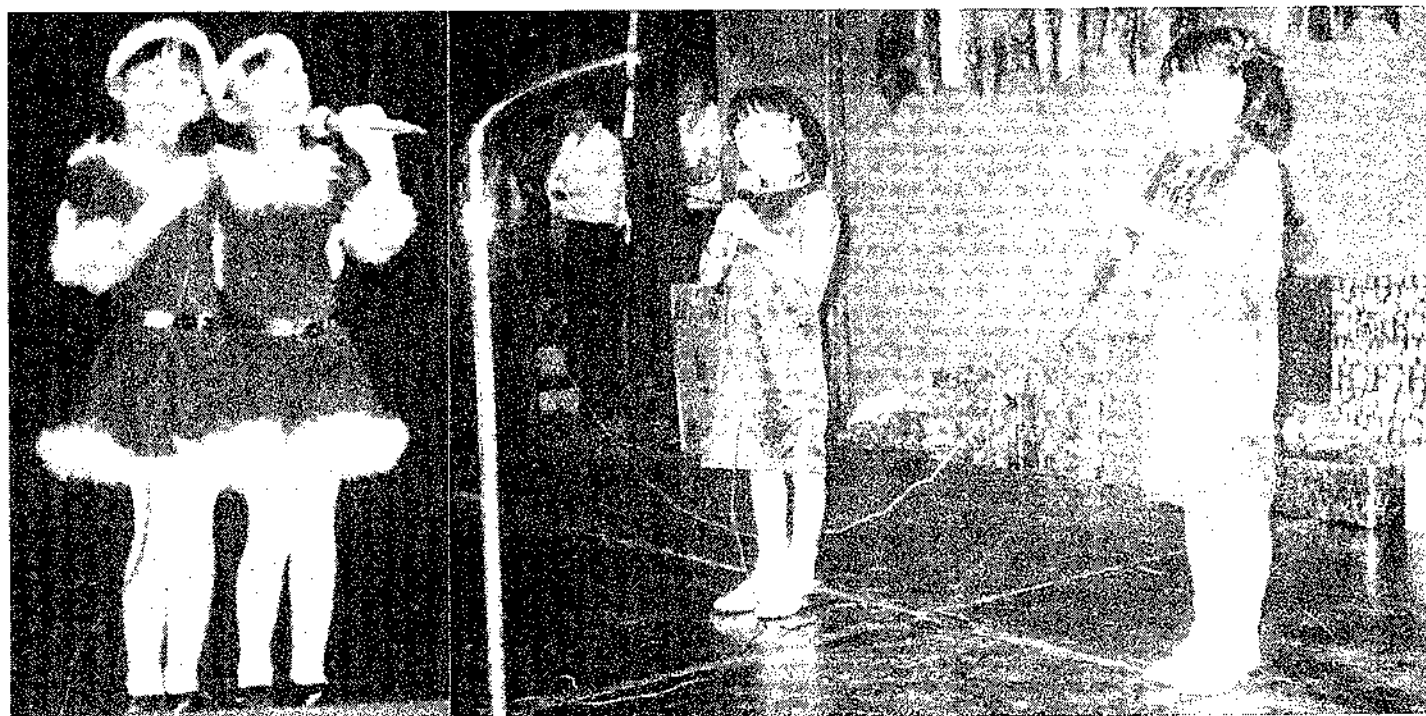
## Insights

My personality, skills and talents prompted me to become an Accounting teacher and a Business Manager in Jesuit Communications. This is how I see myself contributing to the development of the society at present. Questions still bother me every now and then: "*Am I in the right place?*" "*What if I chose the other path?*" "*It's never too late to change, right?*"

I belong to a generation involved in a continuous search for the right place in this vast world of change. Searching itself evokes dynamism and eagerness to explore the unknown. In the process, one discovers his or her identity. Most apt, I believe, is a quote from Thomas Merton's *The Journal of My Escape*:

"If you want to identify me, ask not where I live, or what I like to eat, or how I comb my hair, but ask me what I think I am living for, and ask me what I think is keeping me from living fully for the thing I want to live for. Between these two answers you can determine the identity of any person. The better answer he has, the more of a person he is—I am all the time trying to make out the answer as I go on living."©

written with Jocelyn Chua and Jacelie King





# "Kami ay dakila, kami na umaangkin s

**Ipinanganak Agosto 19, 1979**

## Oscar Franklin Barcelona Tan

nangangarap magtapos ng BS Management Engineering  
at AB Economics Honors sa Marso ng taong 2001

Ayon sa pisika, hindi tiyak na panukat ang oras dahil maaring bumilis o bumagal ang daloy nito. Kung mamamasyal sa mga bituin ang isang *astronaut*, baka matuklasan niya

pagbalik sa ating planeta na higit na matanda na sa kanya ang isang kaibigang kasintanda lamang niya noong bumiyahe siya. Kung naiiba nga talaga ang daloy ng oras, masasabi ko na kabilang ako sa huling henerasyon na lumaki nang nasa tamang oras pa. Ngayon, maaabot ng kahit bata ang buong mundo sa pamamagitan ng salamangka ng text messaging at ng Internet. Sa ganitong lagay, higit na mabilis ang pagtanda ng mga bata.

### Makinilya at lumang *cartoons*

Kabilang ako sa henerasyon na nawili sa *family computer* at naabutan pa ang orihinal na Mario. Ang mga *XT model* ang nakilala naming mga *personal computer* noong mga panahon na malaking bagay na ang 20MB na *hard disk* at 4-color monitor. Kung kabilang ako ngayon sa huling baitang ng mga

Atenistang kumukuha ng lumang *core curriculum*, kabilang ako noon sa huling baitang ng mga Xaverian na naturuan pa ng maalamat na si Curato, ang guro ng Xavier na may 30 taon sigurong nagturo ng *typing* gamit pa ang *typewriter* bago siya napilitang magturo ng Wordstar 4.0. Ito ang teknolohiya ng aking pagkabata, kasama ng mga kotseng *box-type* at teleponong de-ikot.

Uso rin noon ang betamax, at naaalala ko na ipinagpalit ko ang aking "*allowance*" ng paghiram ng mga betamax tape para sa isang laruan ng He-Man bawat linggo. Nawili ako sa betamax dahil noong wala pa ako sa elementarya, tatlo lamang ang *cartoons*: *Flying House*, *Storybook at He-Man and the Masters of the Universe*. Sinumpa ng aking mga guro itong huli bilang walang saysay na palabas, ngunit di nila akalain na iilang taon lamang at magkakaroon ng *Saturday Fun Machine* ang RPN-9. Maipagmamalaki namin ang gintong panahon ng mga *cartoons* ng aming pagkabata, at naging paborito ko ang *Centurions* at *Silver Hawks* ng GMA 7 noong Grade 2 ako at lalo pa ang sumunod na *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* at *Uncanny X-Men* ng ABS-CBN. Ngunit noong konti lamang ang mga *cartoons*, maraming mga libangan ang nauso gaya ng mga tumatalon at dumidikit na mga laruan na kasama sa loob ng mga *Cheezels* at *Chickadees* at nagkakanakawan ng mga ito sa silid-aralan. At, minsan, nilalabas ako ng aking mga yaya para manood ng mga pelikula nina Tito, Vic at Joey.

Ang aking tatay ang aking *role model* noon, ngunit ang aking pinakaminahal na kamag-anak ay ang aking *ama* o lola.

**GUIDON  
1999**



Noon, wala akong binabasa kundi mga *Choose your own adventure*—halos kumpleto ko ang serye mula #1 hanggang #184 na may kulang na sampung aklat lamang—dahil ipinalagay ko na walang

saysay ang mga nobela kung saan hindi ka naman nakikibahagi sa tunggalian. Noong ako ay nasa Grade 2, niregaluhan ako ni *Ama* ng isang aklat ng *Hardy Boys* para sa aking kaarawan. Doon ako nagsimulang magbasa ng mga makakapal na aklat. 88 taong gulang na si *Ama* ngayon, at umaasa nalang ako na maabutan niya pa ang aking pagtapos sa kolehiyo, kasal at unang anak.

### Buhay Xavier

Muntik na akong ilipat mula sa St. Peter's sa Paco papunta sa St. Jude para sa Grade 1 ngunit lumipat ng bahay ang aking nanay mula Paranaque papuntang Cubao upang ipasok ako sa Xavier sa Greenhills. Sabi kasi ng aking nanay, maganda ang Chinese ng iba ngunit mahina ang English, at maganda raw ang English ng Xavier kahit bulok ang Chinese.

Doon ko nakilala ang aking pinakaminahal na Heswita, si Fr. Alberto Ampil, SJ. Marahil ay nawili rin siya sa batang Grade 1 na nangungulit sa kanya, dahil noong huli kaming magkita noong High 4 na ako, binati niya ako sa mikropono bilang "little Oscar" bago magtalumpati sa lahat ng mag-aaral ng high school, ako na nakatayo sa harapan at nakabihis ng gala uniform ng isang

**Cubao  
1986**



# kasalukuyan at umaari sa kinabukasan."

pinuno ng mga kadete. Bukod kay Fr. Ampil, taun-taon kong naging paborito ang aking mga guro sa agham, at tuwing Appreciation Day (pista ni San Robert Bellarmine at kaarawan ni Confucius), namimigay ako ng mga bulaklak sa aking mga guro ngunit palaging natatangi ang pinakamaganda at mamahalin para sa guro ng agham. Nawili ako sa agham dahil noong Grade 1, inilipat ako ng aking guro sa "advanced class." Masaya ito dahil mag-isa ako sa klaseng ito kaya umuupo lamang ako sa labas ng silid at nagsusulat nang mag-isa o nagpapalamig sa silid-aklatan habang tumitingin ng mga film strip at slide na may kasamang hiwalay na cassette tape (wala pang *Discovery Channel* noon).

May mga kakaibang gawain sa mga paaralang Intsik. Noong Grade 1, ipinadala kami ng mga putahe ng aming guro sa Intsik para sa Chinese New Year. Tinuruan kami paano gumamit ng chopsticks at nag-ensayo kami na sinisipit ang Chippy. Kung maisusubo mo ito gamit ng chopsticks, iyon na ang iyong premyo. Iba ang lasa at higit na masarap ang Chippy noon, ngunit nahalata ko na tinangay ng mga guro ang aming dalang kikiam at iba pa, at sila ang nakalamang.

Noong Grade 1 ako, palaging nangunguna sa aking survey sa mga kaklase na ang kinamumuhang asignatura ay ang Mandarin, ngunit pinagtitiyagaan namin ang

pagmememorya ng mga salita nang walang naiinitindihan dahil sa Mooncake game. Isang araw sa bawat taon, wala kaming klase sa Mandarin para maglalaro ng dice at manalo ng hopia. Nag-iingay ang buong baitang noon sa pagkawili at nalungkot kami nang itigil ang dice noong nasa high school na kami at namigay na lamang ang mga guro ng mooncake.

Marami pang ibang mga palaro ang mga guro ng Intsik noon lalo na sa pagkanta na may karampatang premyo ang pinakamahasay. Kung may mga guro sa Intsik na kinaiinisan at minumura sa Tagalog nang harap-harapan dahil di-makaunawa nito, may ilan din na lubhang iginagalang ng mga mag-aaral. Hindi lamang mababait at laging nakangiti ang pangalawang pangkat na ito, ngunit mayroon din silang mga nakatagong mga lapis na may disenyon ng Intsik para ipamigay. Ito ang pinakamakulay na lapis na mabibili noon kaya't inaasam ng bawat mag-aaral.

Sa tulong ng mga gurong naging parang nanay gaya nina Mrs. Josephine Chiu at Mrs. Kimty Uy, minahal ko rin ang kulturang Intsik. Tuwing may pinag-aaralang kanta, halimbawa, sinikap kong itanong ang mga ibig sabihin ng liriko, at natuwa ako sa sining ng mga ito. Naaalala ko pa rin ang mangilan-ngilang mga awit-pambata, ang Ama Namin at ang Xavier School Song sa Mandarin. Sumali rin ako sa unang Chinese Camp ng Xavier, kung saan tumira kami sa paaralan nang ilang araw pagkatapos ng Pasko at nagsaya sa *wushu*, Chinese painting at calligraphy at iba pa. Kahit ang mga oras na ginugol sa pagyari ng mga Chinese lantern at mga kung anu-anong proyekto ay masasama na ngayon sa mga masasayang ala-ala.

## Lipunang bagong silang

Parang napakasaya ng aking paglaki. Naalala ko pa ang mga *snap elections* noon. Nakasakay kami sa kotse at tinuturo ko ang alinman sa mga nakapaskil na pangalan ng kandidato na naiiba at nakakatawag-pansin at sinasabi na iyon ang magwawagi. Napanood ko ang EDSA Revolution sa telebisyon at nagtaka kung bakit napakaraming tao ang nasa kalye at kung bakit may mga tangke silang pinapaligiran. Hindi ko

ito pinansin at nilaro ko na lang ang aking *Transformers* hanggang sinabi ng aking mga magulang na pupunta rin sila sa EDSA. Narinig ko rin na wala na sa bansa si Marcos at naging masaya ako dahil maraming mga mukhang masaya sa telebisyon.

Ganito rin ang aking naramdaman noong mag *coup d'etat*. Masayang-masaya ako dahil walang pasok at nag-aabang kami ng aking yaya ng mga tora-tora at F-4 mula sa hardin ng bahay. Tila hindi ko pinapansin ang mga balita ng barilan dahil palaging nakangiti ang mga rebeldeng pinapakita sa telebisyon, mula sa mga naglalakad sa Makati hanggang kay Gringo mismo. Ito ang kasaysayan ng Pilipinas mula sa pananaw ng isang batang anim na taong gulang lamang noong EDSA.

Kung hindi ipinanganak ang aking henerasyon sa panahon ng mga computer, hindi rin kami ipinanganak sa panahon ng Martial Law at sa panahon ng mga digmaang pandaigdig. Lumaki kami nang marangya, maligaya at malaya, at hindi pa kami kailanman nakatikim ng tunay na paghihirap.

Lumaki kami kasabay ng mga *Buy Filipino* na anunsyo ni Danny Javier at isang muling pagkilala ng mundong napanood ang EDSA sa pagkadakila ng Pilipino. Lumaki rin kami nang hindi kinikilala ang sarili bilang naiiba dahil sa aming dugong Intsik at sabay-sabay naming pinanood ang *Sesame Street* na naging *Sesame* na naging *Batibot* na sinamahan ng *Pin Pin*. Lumaki kami sa kapayapaan, sa katiwasayan at sa isang lipunang muling natuklasan ang kanyang karangalan; namuno ako sa pagkanta ng *We Are The World* ng aking baitang noong magtapos ako ng kinder at nakikanta ako sa tinutugtog na *Bayan Ko* noong Grade 2 ako.

Lumaki kami na ang tanging imahe ng mundo ang siyang puno ng mga magaganda sa buhay. Ngunit, ito na rin ang aming lakas at hindi ang aming kahinaan dahil ihuhugis namin ang mundo batay sa ganitong imahe, at isusulong namin ang bansa nang walang hapdi ng dating pagdudusa. Kami ang mga magtatapos nang 2000, 2001, 2002 at 2003 at hindi pa namin ipinagdiriwang ang bagong milenyo dahil kami ay nagsisimula pa lamang. Kami ay dakila, kami na tumatanaw sa kahapon, umaangkin sa kasalukuyan at umaari sa kinabukasan. Ito ang aking henerasyon. ©

sa pagpapatnugot ni Bb. Christine Bellen

Las Pinas 1980



Manila Zoo 1981



# ALICE LOOKS FOR PINEAPPLES

**MR. MIGUEL DE JESUS** stumbles into his cubicle. *Must e-mail Chinoy*, he thinks as he turns on his computer. Mysteriously, the Ateneo server crashes at that moment.

**How do you see the Ateneo in the new millennium?**

"Ateneo will have a commanding presence in the Internet world," opines Team Chinoy's Darwin Yu, somehow able to e-mail despite the server crash. Mr. Yu says this will remove the need for new facilities and bring down tuition fees as a single professor will be able to teach thousands. Masses and even confessions will be held online and student service awards will be given to those able to attract the most surfers to socially-oriented sites. Finally, he adds, "Tuition fees will not increase since companies will be willing to pay a lucrative fee to post their ads on the Ateneo website."

Team Pinoy's Tony Lambino e-mails second, working from home. "It will be the penultimate center of love, hope, and charity. It will be the haven of good will and will hold the promise of prosperity for all. It will be instrumental in bringing about world, nay, universal peace." Sizing up Yu's reply, he adds, "It will also resume selling sweet corn."

**Team Tisoy is missing.**

Team Pinoy counters, "Convert the Jesuit Residence into a two-story parking building." Free parking will be given for Jesuits.

Team Chinoy thinks courses centered around texting will shorten class hours. "The length of all essay questions will be limited to one text screen," Mr. Yu types. No abbreviations will be allowed and, "To minimize cheating, any answer that shares more than three words with an answer from another student will be disallowed."

Team Pinoy rebuts, "The incoming freshmen will have the choice of taking-up A.B. Text Management or B.S. Textology."

Kilometers away, someone texts, "Sir, we've got Lambino's account."

"I'll take the 5th on that one," says Mr. Lambino.

Team Chinoy, though, knows the system. "There's probably a bigger chance for a gay male faculty to impersonate a woman, get a doctorate, get the ASPAC

"With Ateneo's online education programs, physical location will be irrelevant since Ateneo education can be accessed anywhere, anytime in the world," states Team Chinoy. "We will redirect all website addresses so that no matter what you type, you'll find yourself staring at the Ateneo home page."

Unfazed, Mr. Lambino replies, "Yes. In Festival Mall. Beside Starbucks."

Mr. Yu projects, "It will, of course, be the student organization which can find a way to unlock Ateneo's grip in the Internet world. Imagine, no more access to ESPN, CNN, Yahoo, or XXX sites! What will students write about in their Philosophy papers?"

Mr. Lambino, though, thinks, "Definitely *Chinoy's* Marvin and Jolina Forever Friends Lang Ba Talaga Sila Fans Club—Ateneo Chapter." At this point, his computer mysteriously explodes.

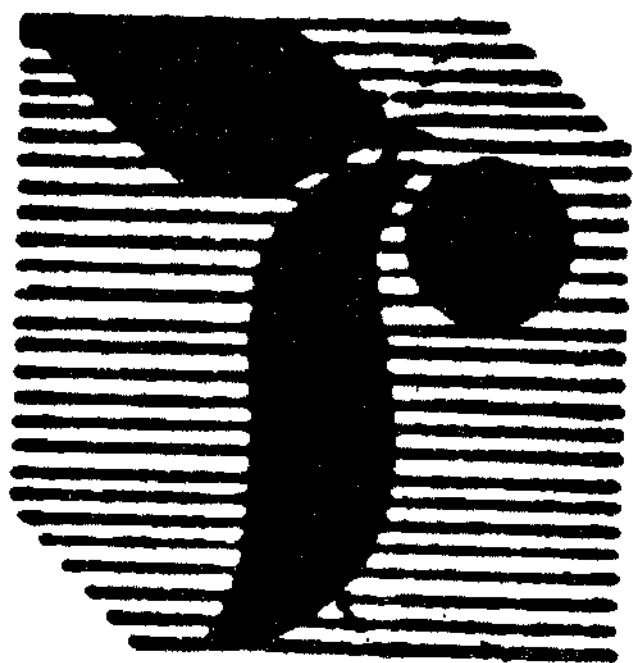
In SocSci, another low voice whispers, "Mel, hold the following diplomas: Oscar Tan, Charlene Tan..."

**EPILOGUE:** Team Chinoy is declared the winner.🏆



## Miquel "Nostradamus" de Jesus

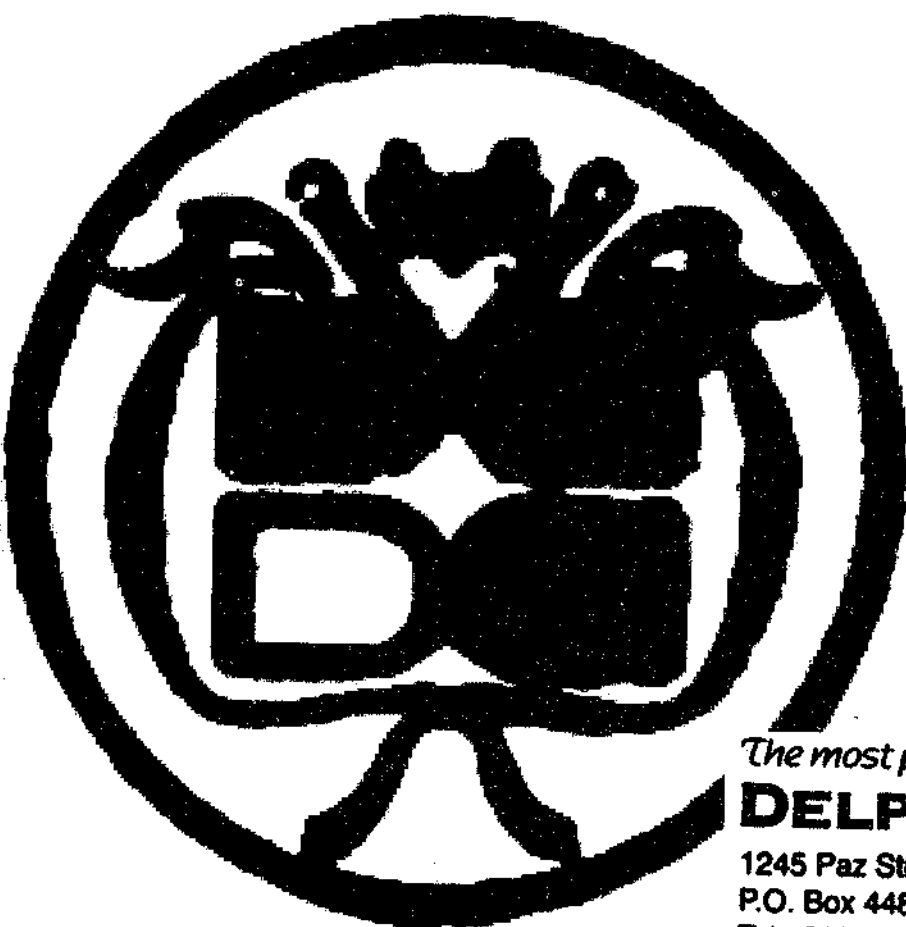




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FROM AEGIS 1962, 1972

## A culture of constant flux

BY MIGGY ESCANO, CANDICE QUE AND JOY TAJAH PHOTO BY NATS TARCE CREATIVE DESIGN BY OSCAR TAN

**T**HE YEARS HAVE BEEN KIND to the Ateneo campus. New structures like the Science Educational Complex and the Social Sciences building now dot the landscape, along with greenery and wide stretches of open space. Likewise, the very face of the Atenean has changed, and gone are the days of hippie clothes, John Lennon lookalikes, and anti-Marcos shirts.

The many changes highlight the rich nature of the Ateneo's culture. The personality associated with this university is a paradox—an ever-changing constant. It is a smorgasbord time has seasoned with familiar and esoteric elements alike, yet embraced without fail by Ateneans of all generations.

### Before benches and coeducation

Back in the 1960s, the world of the Atenean was more compact, according to Mr. Harry Pasimio's (Eco '65) recollections. The campus was smaller, composed only of Gonzaga, Berchmans, Xavier and Kostka Halls, and Edsa Walk was narrower by half. The student population was likewise smaller.

The lack of benches then made *tambayans* nonexistent, and students spent breaks in the first floor of Kostka

Hall, where the organization rooms were located. (Most of the time, these rooms were filled to capacity.) Alternatives were the Gonzaga cafeteria, the Loyola Gym and the various student hangouts along Katipunan Avenue. One may not believe that the ground floor of the Loyola Gym used to house a bowling alley, and that the Pink House in front of Ateneo provided billiards tables for students who wanted to kill time.

Characterized by its music, the sixties was a relatively sober period. The generation then had already moved on from the ululations of Elvis to the crooning of The Beatles, Chuck Berry and The Beach Boys. Mr. Pasimio recalls that nonconformist notions confined themselves to the dress code. Back then, the college required its students to wear ties, and this directive implied at proper "conservative" clothing like polo shirts and slacks. However, Mr. Pasimio shares that some students would wear polo shirts with large printed designs on their backs. This was teenage rebellion for them.

The Ateneo of the 60s was, of course, the pre-coeducation Ateneo, and the presence of students of the opposite sex in the campus created a "festive" atmosphere for the all-male student population. When students from Maryknoll (now Miriam) College and

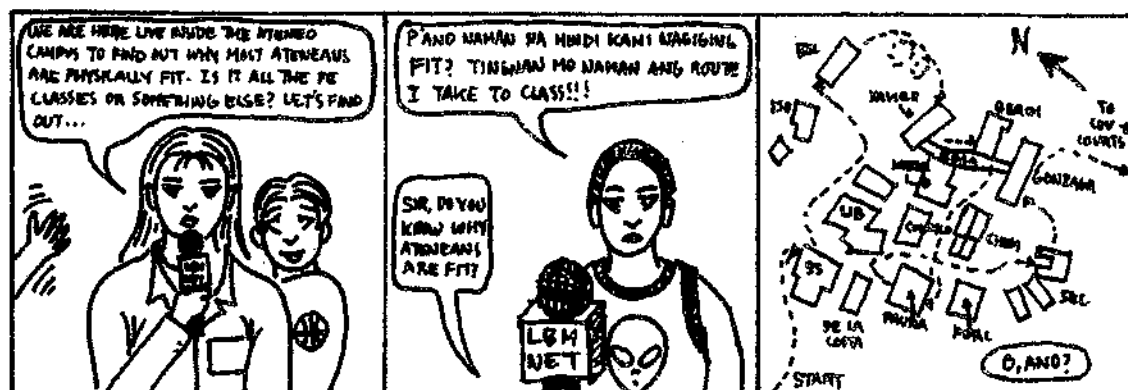
Assumption College visited the Ateneo library, Ateneans would follow them in great numbers, shadowing them as inconspicuously as possible. Mr. Pasimio shares that if a female student was sighted inside the campus, "The news would spread like wildfire." He adds: "If the female visitor was really popular or pretty, a lot of Ateneans would try to catch a glimpse of her."

### Of martial law and *tambayans*

The seventies and eighties brought radical changes to Ateneo life, changes that were pervasive and far-reaching. The first of these was the participation of students in rallies. Students were only given two choices: either you joined these rallies or you did not. However, to those who did attend, non-attendance implied one's being apathetic or cowardly. Also, in the early seventies, the inclusion of females into the Ateneo student population ended the excursions of male groups to the Ateneo library.

The growing student population necessitated the construction of new buildings. Benches were placed along the halls of the Ateneo College, and these became the first *tambayans*. Students who hung around in Xavier Hall transferred to the benches outside the cafeteria. This area was not called the "Coño bench" then, but rather, it was the abode of the "siga crowd" known as the "Bench Boys." Also during this time, the Kostka extension became the ASSOC *tambayan*.

New courses were created to fill the needs of the growing Ateneo population. More management and business-related courses were offered, and in response, the enrollment of Chinese-



BY MARK SENG

Filipino students increased. Ma'am Grace de los Santos, secretary and unofficial mother of the Management Engineering Department, states that when she entered the Ateneo 21 years ago, the ratio of Chinese-Filipino students to Filipino students in business-related courses was almost one-to-one. She opines that Chinese-Filipino students now comprise the majority.

The late seventies and early eighties also attracted new restaurants to Katipunan. Establishments eating out of the Ateneo now included Sweet Haven, Pampanguena Kitchenette, Picadeli, Lolo's and Santing's, a place that exchanged beer for "isang order ng gatas." (Back then, beer and any other form of alcohol were absent from Katipunan.)

Danton Remoto (IS '83) reminisces about the trips to Ali Mall he and his friends made, during the early eighties. Back then, the nearest cinemas from the Ateneo were those in Cubao, and that was where they watched movies both local and foreign on the big screen.

On a lighter note, it was also during the seventies that the Rizal Library gained a reputation as a haven for students in need of sleep. The old Reserve Section, the present-day Art Gallery, provided the perfect cool atmosphere for both studying and sleeping.

## Of MTV and malls

In the eighties, cellular phones and pagers were a rarity among students and fashion meant denim jeans and plain shirts. As a result of the EDSA revolution, rebellious sentiments mellowed down from the hullabaloo that characterized the earlier half of that decade. The nineties, however, injected a new passion into the Ateneo student population:

commercialism. Brand names such as Giordano, Lacoste and Polo appeared on campus and Jordan fans picked up the latest lines of Nike sports shoes. Then, pagers from Easycall and Pocketbell arrived in great numbers, only to be overshadowed later on by their handier and their more useful cousins, the cellular phones.

Shopping malls shot up all over Metro Manila. From Cubao and SM City, Ateneans transferred to trendier locations such as Robinson's Galleria and Megamall. Mr. Remoto observes that the student of today belongs to the mall.

He adds that people have become more oriented towards their friends. Noticing this, business establishments catering to the *barkada* have surrounded the Ateneo. Computer Espresso was among the first to fan the flames of the popular recreation known as network gaming. Glenn Gayos (II Bio) admits that he spends most of his time (and money) outmaneuvering friends and strangers alike in digital games of real-time tactics such as *Starcraft*, *Red Alert* and *Command and Conquer*.

With the addition of new elements, the Ateneo culture undergoes one metamorphosis after another. The millenium draws to a close, but the changes know no end. Whether recreation means shadowing *kolehiyals* around the campus or duking it out in digital slugfests like *Quake* and *Unreal*, however, and whether one wears a polo shirt and slacks or the Giordano shirt and jeans, there remains the kernel which makes the Ateneo truly the Ateneo. Underneath the shifting face of this proud campus, there remains the timeless essence of its culture, that which binds Ateneans of all generations together. ☺



## Constant amidst flux

LOCATED AT THE GROUND FLOOR OF the Rizal Library Annex, the nondescript doors of the University Archives fail to hint at the true value contained within. It was founded in 1958 by Fr. Rector Leo A. Collum, SJ and incorporated into the Rizal Library upon the latter's completion in 1967. Formerly located in Bellarmine Hall, it moved to its present location in May 1989.

Inside, one finds important mementos such as Jose Rizal's statuette of the Scared Heart and the conveyance of University status to the Ateneo. Ably manned by University Archivist Rudolfo Allayban and staffers Lina Trinidad and Lilibeth Robles, the Archives has also supported *Chinoy* since its first issue. Alongside decades' worth of Ateneo history, Ate Lina and Ate Beth have placed their collection of the previous seven *Chinoy* issues and the two issues of *Eagle's Eye*.

Perusing the archives recalls the Atenean spirit—memories of trials and tribulations, of glory and humanity. The decades of tradition await one in that quiet corner of the campus. ☺





# Cracking the case

**T**HE CHINESE VALUE education, and this remains one of the most powerful and long-term influences in their lives today. The seemingly separate world of the Chinese school system has played a key role in the preservation of culture and traditions of generations of migrants who have never even been to their ancestral homes. It is intriguing how this system has survived until today, and, despite its evolution, remains a steadfast pillar that holds up a minority's identity. What could not be intriguing,

after all, about schools with at least three *lingua franca* (Mandarin, English and Filipino)?

### Past meets present

The present Chinese school system is very different from that of twenty years ago. One noticeable difference is the number of years one stayed in a Chinese high school. Elena\* (Chiang Kai Shek Academy '66) recalls: "Back then, we had six years of high school. Actually, that's six years of Chinese—three years junior high, three years senior high—and four years of English schooling." A person had to go to Chinese and English high school simultaneously, taking one set of classes in the morning and the other in the afternoon, and some experienced having to take Chinese high school studies until their second year of college. Elena adds, "What my parents did was they enrolled me and my siblings late for English schooling so we can finish both at the same year." Later on, however, the required years for Chinese high school education were reduced to four years.

Another obvious difference is the workload required. In the traditional system, Chinese subjects were almost identical to their English counterparts. "Basically, Chinese subjects back then were as heavy as our English load, even more advanced," Elena starts. "We had Chinese history, world history, geography (of China), chemistry, biology, math, literature, composition and GMRC (good manners and right conduct)—all done in Chinese. Beth\* (CKSA, 24th batch) also adds, "We even had Chinese vocation subjects...dressmaking, cooking, arts and crafts, even Chinese drawing." She further recalls, "So when we went to school, we had to carry tons and tons of

books. Sometimes, we even had to bring two bags."

Today, the number of Chinese classes in Chinese high schools has decreased considerably, with a school like Xavier in Greenhills having the lightest load at one Chinese class per day. The more common subjects being taught today include *hua gi* or *kok bun* (literature), *tsong hap* (civics and culture), *xie zi* (writing), *tsok bun* (composition) and *shuo hua* (conversation). *Tsong kaw* (religion) is also taught in some schools. Kim\* (St. Stephen's '98) shares, "In Chinese bible class or *tsong kaw*, we were required to have Chinese bibles."

Elena opines: "For me, the decline is caused by several factors—the Chinese educational system was revised. If I remember right, this happened because there was a time in the past that some groups were pushing the DECS to abolish Chinese schools, saying that the Chinese should be penalized for 'going in the mainstream of Filipino culture.'" She continues, "Of course, the Chinese didn't allow that, and I think the agreement was they would revise the Chinese curriculum. They compromised."

### Doubled difficulties

Chinese math is perhaps the subject the Chinese system is best known for. As Beth attests, "Chinese math was considered very advanced and even went as high as Chinese calculus." Some Chinese schools, albeit very few, still teach Chinese math. "In first year, we learned basic math (the farthest we got was algebra)," Kim shares. "In second year, *tai so* (algebra); in third year, geometry... *Ito ang pinakamahirap*:

## China annex

SEPARATE CHINESE EDUCATION IN THE Philippines is almost a century old. The present system was pioneered by the Anglo-Chinese School, founded in 1899 at the Empire of China Embassy compound in Manila. Until 1912, it was the only school in the country that offered formal education specifically for the Chinese. Surprisingly, its maximum enrolment never exceeded 100 students.

Such Chinese schools were a product of the times. Then strong patriotic sentiment influenced the system, first with a mildly chauvinistic cultural nationalism, and later with a strong and candid political nationalism.

The curriculum was largely traditional. In its first years, the Anglo-Chinese School emphasized rote learning of the four great Confucian classics: the Analects, the Doctrine of the Mean, the Great Learning and Mencius. Teachers and even textbooks were imported directly from China. Today's Chinese-Filipinos may be unable to relate, but at the turn of the century, Chinese schools were educating their students for life not in the Philippines, but in Chinese society. ☉

proving in Chinese. *Noawa nga sa amin* Chinese teacher *namin*. And lastly, we learned trigonometry."

Kim realized that learning math in Chinese can be more effective when she took an English math exam. She recounts, "In one geometry test, I could not remember the name of a theorem. I could only remember the Chinese term: *tuay ting chiao kong yee*. Later, after the test, I asked my classmate about the name...vertical angle theorem *lang pala*."

Still, some parents think that the quality of Chinese school education is not what it used to be. "The educational system during my time was patterned after the Taiwanese educational system," Elena voices. "Even our books were imported from Taiwan, unlike now. Today's Chinese schoolbooks are revised and published here." She adds, "The load was significantly heavier but we learned more because as it turns out, we learned everything twice (once in English and once in Chinese)."

Beth echoes, "So you can see how hectic or busy our schedule was. Usually, if you could not cope with the system, you became a poor student and could drop out. But if you can cope, you became disciplined."

## Memories

No matter what the system, no school life goes without students finding themselves in interesting situations. Ben\* (Tarlac Chinese Shin Min School '61), for one, recounts the strict discipline in school. He recalls, "I failed in several exams during elementary. If your grade is 10, they (teachers) would beat your hands (with a stick) 65 times, and I got this kind of punishment." Ben explains that the number of times one would get hit with the stick was determined by subtracting your failing score from the passing mark.

Nevertheless, Ben quickly developed a technique. "In Chinese, they just teach you to memorize both the question and the answer," he describes. "So, if you were good in memory work, patient and diligent in memorizing, you would easily pass the subject." He continues, "When I

did that, I became the valedictorian. Because of the fear of being beaten again, I studied very hard."

Kim, on the other hand, shares an unfortunate experience. "At one time, conducts in both Chinese and English were merged," she recalls. "This played a role in the honor. In third year, I hated my teacher in *kok bun* so *naging madaldal ako*." She goes on, "*Pagkuha ng grades*, my grades were very high but my conduct was only a B. So, instead of getting silver, I was demoted to the bronze medal. Because of Chinese, *na-pull down English conduct ko*."

Beth also experienced a similar conflict. "It was first year high school and I was just new then," she begins. "So, the first sem, I was elected class president. During the second sem, I refused to remain the president because there were just too many duties and responsibilities. The class adviser got mad because I didn't want to follow him, so he lowered my class conduct and developed a bad impression of me."

Not all school experiences are sob stories, however. Iris Co (III MIS, CKSA '97) fondly remembers, "*Pagka-Friday, may mga show parati sa auditorium*. Either *pinapanood kami ng Chinese movies ni Jet Li, kung fu na funny o comedy* (with subtitles and in Mandarin)." She adds, "*Kung hindi, may magpeperform. May pan zhang* (class president) *na pipili ng ilang tao para gumawa ng skit o activity*."

Kim also recalls a teacher who made an impact in their lives. "In general, in high school, we give nicknames to teachers," she reminisces. "One teacher was called 'beeper' since he had a beeper—*dati, high-tech na 'yan*. He was the only cool teacher I had in second year, *mabait talaga, magaling sa math. Tinutulungan pa niya kami*." She ends, "He even taught us Chinese Word Star. Feel *namin, sobrang yuppie siya!*"



## Weighing the scales

What has the Chinese system contributed to the lives of its students? A lot, and this is not limited to traditional Chinese values. Many, for example, cite the value of discipline in these systems. As Iris shares, "*Sa Sakya, mas naging disciplined ako* because it's run by monks. Example, *kung sa recess, sa first bell, lahat tatayo nang sabay-sabay*, then after how many seconds, the second bell will ring and all will go down. *Parang praying time or moment of silence*." Beth echoes that this brand of discipline coupled with the desire to learn made her college life much easier.

Iris also attributes her love for math to this system. "*Pero, ang disadvantage noon, math na lang ako ng math*," she adds, however. "Mandarin, *hindi ko masyadong nakuha, baka kasi hindi ako nakikinig ng Chinese songs o nanonood ng Chinese movies*." Elena discusses this further. "One of the best benefits which today's students don't have is that we (students during my time) came out knowing Chinese—understanding, reading and writing," she states. "Students during our time came out fluent both in Fookien and Mandarin. We can read Chinese newspapers and watch Chinese movies. I think we learned more."

Despite the good intentions of Chinese schools, many alumni feel that a lot of improvements can still be made. Beth,

for one, opines, "Now, it's a case of too many too soon. The fundamentals and basics are not too good. The system is too in a hurry."

Cindy Lim (GCHS '97), on the other hand, cites a different aspect. "During our time, *puro memorization. Generation nila*

BY MARK SENG

CHINESE FINALS.....

從前有一個...



OK! TAPOS NA AKO SA SENTENCE COMPLETION! NOW, TO CHECK MY ANSWERS!



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15  
16 17 18 19 20 WORDS!  
TAMA NA TO!



(my parents), they can speak Mandarin fluently, know how to use the dictionary and can even read the newspaper. But now, *kabaligtaran*." She adds, "*Sayang kasi, ginawa nilang memorize style; grades are based purely on memorization. Example, *kung* may test, memorize. The exception is *tsok bun*; this depends on the teacher and the dictionary.*"

Kim puts it more bluntly: "We didn't learn anything practical, things that we could actually use everyday. We were taught the story of Confucius almost every year and the book we used was even the same for seven years."

The traditional system also had its weaknesses, however, and teachers were often criticized. Beth shares, "The relation between teachers and students was not the same as now; [it was] somewhat strained. Teachers then were mostly not approachable." She adds, "Some teachers felt they knew it all (although some had the right to say that)." Ben, on the other hand, notes, "They (teachers) make you

less confident in yourself because of their punishments. You are afraid to do things, afraid you might be disciplined."

## Evolution

The Chinese educational system has lost much of its rigidity and has made many changes to accommodate the changing times. Some, like Cindy, though, look for some aspects of the old system. "Chinese *ka nga pero nakakahiya na hindi ka marunong ng* Chinese, cannot even speak straight Chinese in a sentence," she states.

Others stress the importance of preserving one's roots. As Beth puts it, "Most of the Chinese-Filipino youth are ignoring their Chinese roots. They cannot understand how important the Chinese language is." She adds sadly, "The ironic thing is that foreigners are learning Chinese. They seem to see the value of learning Chinese more than real Chinese."

Despite the defects alumni point to in the Chinese programs, however, one cannot deny the caliber of students that the present incarnations of the Chinese schools produce. Management department chair Rudy Ang was quoted in the June 1999 *Chinoy*, "Sa seven incoming MgtH seniors *ko*, there's only one Filipina. Last year, two [of the three] *summa cum laudes* were Chinese." Teachers like Mr. Ang cite to the discipline of alumni of the more

traditional schools, a trait which may be cultural but is certainly reinforced by the school system.

To reinforce the Chinese culture was exactly the reason why the Chinese schools were put up, and until today, they remain an important source of culture and traditions for impressionable young children. Sociologists of the 70s pointed to the system as one of the barriers that isolated the Chinese-Filipinos from society and tried to keep culture homogenous.

Such observations belong in the 70s, however. In the 90s, this system no longer serves to alienate, but to allow its young wards to grow up as loyal Filipinos while being aware of the richness of their origins. Of course, it falls to the present generation to realize the significance of the gem handed down to them. ©

\*names have been changed to protect privacy



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## Editor's NOTEBOOK

BY OSCAR TAN

EVERYONE IN CELADON NOW knows who Jocelyn Chua (II MCT) is. This *Chinoy* webteam member is usually online every night before studying, and put her hobbies to good use by setting up the Celadon e-groups system. When the staff worked on two issues simultaneously last December, though, Jo tried her hand at writing with her friend and idol, Ms. Marilyn Uy (MgtH '98) of the Management Department. This aside from the bulk of the scanning for this issue. Aside from working on *Chinoy*, Jo is also the Photo Editor of the *SangMag*. ©

Marilyn Uy and Jocelyn Chua







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