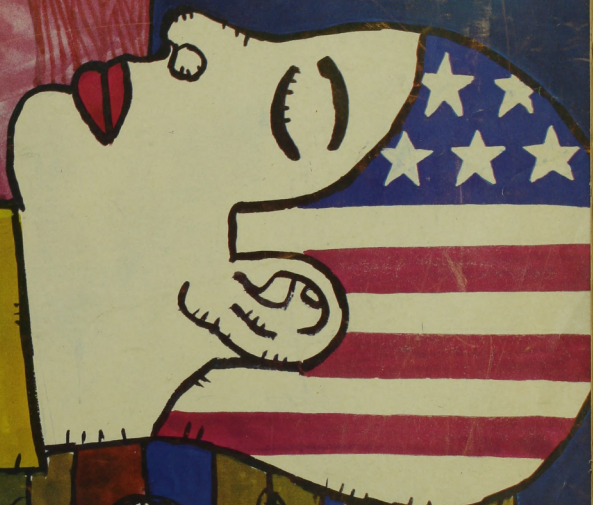


January - February 1971

LIBRARY
NOV 15 1974

Jan-F
1971

carolinian



1971



TENDING THE FIRE

That the development of a nation is entirely dependent upon the capabilities of its people has remained an undisputed fact. The progress or decadence of a nation depends on the determination of its people to move forward or tarry in abysmal hopelessness. A nation of undisciplined, unmarshalled and obstinate people cannot look forward to the rewards bestowed only upon a nation that strives. It does not have the right to expect anything more than it deserves — tribulation and poverty.

There are basically two classes of people involved in a political structure — those who are in power and those who cause them to be in power. Those in power may be

technically described as "those in whose hands the reins of government are (entrusted) for the time being," or simply those who govern. And those who entrust them such powers may be delineated as those who periodically exercise the right of suffrage or those who are governed (by their elected representatives). The latter are said to be the real and ultimate repository of sovereign powers.

The survival or extinction of a nation hinges upon the direction charted by its people. It is true that those given the power to govern have the responsibility of leading the nation on the road to national dignity and prosperity. Upon their shoulders lies the task of delivering the nation from neo-colonial bondage and varied fetters born of the past. The men who run the government undeniably make the nation what it is. A government managed by corrupt men engenders disastrous repercussions upon the entire nation. The whole nation inevitably becomes miserable.

However, the people have a far greater responsibility. They cause the government to be what it is. They are the ones who choose the men to administer the affairs of government. An electorate that is undisciplined, obstinate or indifferent cannot expect to have a government responsive to its needs. And the people who care not about their government cannot hope to make a good nation out of a virtually chaotic lot.

The people have the primary duty to exercise vigilance over their government. This is especially important in cases where the men in the government tend to behave in a manner contrary to the common weal. The people must strike back at the slightest renegeing of government functions. Since elections are not held every day, they must gather their resources to enable them to act as effective fiscalizers. They must, therefore, organize themselves with the view of preventing the transformation of their government into a veritable spring of corruption and abuses.

In conclusion, the people create the government and cause it to be what it is. The moment they refuse to heed their enormous responsibilities, the whole nation shall have experienced the first symptom of political blindness. And let no man curse the darkness he has brought about by his failure to tend the fire.

— S. L. M.

THE CAROLINIAN STAFF

STEPHEN L. MONSANTO
Editor

Ruben Lunaigas, Jr. • Emma Porio
Associates

Angela G. Kho • Anaceta Godinez • Roberto Canton
Literary Pilgrimo News

Ramon Jalpa • Hope Maano • Fernin Chio
Sports Features Articles

Ramon Claret Leo Repollo
Marian Doney Godfrey Teves
Antonio Guean Maria Casey
Section Writers

Nicholas Aquino Jose Martines
Jude Isonal Francis Vega
Contributing Writers

Felix Cotajar • Rafael Montayre
Artists

Agapito H. Palma
Technical Advisor

ISIS E. SCHIFFELD, S.V.D.
Manager

CONTENTS

ARTICLES



Revolution - For Whom? p. 8, *I Am Looking For A Woman* p. 10, *The Sad State Of The Nation* p. 6, *Quo Vadis, Filipinos?* p. 12, *The Filipino People in Search of a National Language* p. 15, *Measuring Accounting* p. 18, *On American Investment* p. 22, *Creative Imagination* p. 32, *This Thing Called Education* p. 4, *What We Can, You Can't* p. 50.

LITERARY



Filipino Zarzuela p. 16, *To The People Of The Third World* p. 17, *Romance in Legal Terms* p. 21, *Fits of Madness* p. 44, *The Examination* p. 34, *Untitled Poem*, p. 42, *The Color Black* p. 14.

PICTORIAL



USC Choristers p. 29, *Oh, Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' so sad* p. 23, *USC Kasadya '70* p. 25.

REGULAR FEATURES

Sports p. 43, *Pilipino* p. 36, *ROTC* p. 39, *From the Moderator* p. 51.

COVER DESIGN
Cesar Velez

PHOTO CREDITS
Jose Perez, Jr.
Camilo Alcoseba

THIS THING CA

"Education must not be seen as an acquisition of information but as the making of man so that he may function most effectively and usefully within his own society. Therefore, education cannot be divorced from the society of a definite country at a definite time." Renato Constantino, in Filipinos in the Philippines.

Thousands of graduates find themselves jobless and incompetent to handle matters for which they have not been trained. Thousands of diploma holders find themselves as salesmen, bell-boys, peanut-vendors or meat-cutters. There are simply no vacancies for them. Moreover, they have not been educated for such dirty jobs as selling peanuts or meat-cutting. Unbelievable though it may sound, it is a fact that out of 5 graduates, only one lands the right job. The rest end up as janitors or salesmen.

Executives ready for the industries and technological complexes not found in the country emerge out; engineers have to go to Hawaii so that they can practise their engineering profession; economists assist the capitalist bankers in the exploitation of the Filipino proletariat; pharmacists end up selling drugs manufactured by foreign capitalists; and priests preach sermons which are not understood because they are out of context with Philippine realities.

And this is what we proudly call education !

Ends of Education

Let us not be misled by degrees. Education is not merely the acquisition of these. It does not simply consist in memorizing Spanish vocabulary "because there will be exams tomorrow", or historical dates, or the names of Rizal's sweethearts. It is more than all these. Learning without integration into the pattern of our formation as Filipinos is useless. It is just equivalent to knowledge that is not put to use; it rots and decays.

A true system of education must ask the function of each individual subject taken up and the experiments performed. This is imperative since education must *make man* so that he can function most effectively and usefully in his own society. It must ask whether the training offered in college will be useful for man in Philippine society. In short, college education is useless if it merely opens this or that curriculum, without probing into its significance in the light of the present social conditions.

A Brief Criticism

This is precisely the fault of our educational system: It has left out the most basic and important aspect to be considered — the needs of the Filipino people. It is unmindful of the fact that what we need today is not so much technological advancement or scientific experiments to conduct researches in bacterial diseases. They might be necessary, but they are not priorities. We don't need so much electrical engineers to fix rocket ships and electronic gadgets for lunar explorations. Nor, do we need physicists to experiment with atomic fissions. We cannot even construct good roads and bridges, how much more laboratories for these. We do not need economic experts to formulate macro-economic theories. Much less are psychologists needed to wage war against insanity.

We are a people, sick with a certain cancerous tumor, whose fatal fibers have extended from the highest government official down to the least rural folk. This has even taken roots in our educational system. Subjects are being offered to prepare the individual on how to survive at the expense of the majority. It pits the individual against society. A public official pockets as much money as he can without taking into consideration the public welfare. This is justified in school by saying "that's the way it goes in Philippine society, you cannot fight it." Even the principles in Philosophy classes are seldom put into use in our corrupt and degenerate system. The only cure to this is the total restructure of the organs, together with the cooperation of all sectors of society. Such is the prevalence of the disease. The employment of a perverse educational system, such as ours, will only aggravate the situation. It will, indeed, make matters worse.

Take Economics — capitalist economics. It gives emphasis on the acquisition of wealth and its use for one's human satisfaction and it encourages "free competition". Considered from the moral point of view, liberal capital foments greed and avarice and dissuades the capitalist from the intended use of capital. But its effects on Philippine society are even deeper and more cruel. For it is principally because of such an economic system that the few have accumulated for themselves vast capital resources, depriving the majority of the right to use material goods necessary for human survival, degrading people to sub-human conditions and in effect, paralyzing their capacities to live fully human lives. And all these because of "free competition."

Or take Law. The course is supposed to acquaint the youth with the laws and eventually to make a lawyer out of him. Laws if properly implemented, preserve the order of society. They

LED EDUCATION

Pedro Canonigo
AB - 4

become sacred guidelines which people respect and follow. But what if the laws are not implemented and its worst transgressors are the lawmakers themselves? What if these are used to exploit the tenant and to grab his land, his only source of income? What if our courts of justice are no longer respected by the powers that-be, or the judges themselves are in the payroll of our "noble" lawmakers? Is it then still worth studying to become a lawyer? For the worker, law or no law, it is still pretty much the same.

These are just some brief considerations, issues that militate vehemently against the present system of education. Our educators seem to prescribe requirements which do not at all fit our needs, so that one is moved to ask whether they are sincere in this educational business or not. Indications are that things are merely taken for granted; values, relevant in the medieval times, are still considered relevant for us. Western institutions are indiscriminately transplanted and imposed upon our youth.

Colonial Patterns

The fetters of colonialism have long disappeared, but there is still the more brutal and oppressive burden of imperialism. Foreigners — Americans and Japanese — control the nation's economy and they see to it that they derive our sustenance from economy and they see to it that we derive our sustenance from them, making this nation a semi-colony. They rule again, not so much anymore by military force, but by the force of an economic blackmail. It has practically become obligatory for us to buy finished goods from America and Japan, because without them, we would be unable to survive. Moreover, without them there would be no market for our raw materials.

This control has extended even to the educational frameworks. History shows the principal reason why our educational system had been trapped into subservience was the policy of the Americans to suppress the dissenting voice of the Filipino "insurrectors". Thus, the "benevolent assimilation" policy of Pres. McKinley was instituted. Propaganda was waged to induce the people to believe that the colonizers were very much better than their former rules — the Spaniards. The insurrectors were silenced. Democracy, which did not at all fit into the contemporary Philippine society, was introduced. Commonwealth emerged as an effort of the colonizers to establish a Filipino government with one department left out for the neo-colonizers — the department of Instruction, which included the departments of Health and Education.

It was then very evident that the new rulers wanted to

re-shape our thinking and our attitudes according to their grand schemes. The insurrectors had to be taught to respect the American flag, learn American songs, history and tradition. In the process, they have to unlearn their revolutionary sentiments and forget the idea of independence. They also have to be taught how to speak and behave like the Americans. Thus today, we are very much like little brown Americans in thought, in word and in deed. And so whatever is American is considered superior and much, much better. And whenever one preaches about Filipino values and questions, he is considered a subversive and trouble-maker.

The University and the Nationalist Struggle

The university can no longer refuse involvement. It cannot simply shrug off the questions that disturb our society, questions that may cause civil disruptions. It must try to provide answers to these. The walls which used to protect the university in medieval times from external disturbances must be destroyed. The notion of setting itself apart from its social environment is a serious evasion from its task and responsibility towards the youth.

The task precisely requires a profound understanding of the present social conditions. Without such an understanding, there can be no proper adjustment of the courses offered and their respective curriculum. Unfortunately for us students, much of what is taught today is still medieval and antiquated, unfit to train us towards the goals we are aspiring for. Much of what is spoon-fed stinks with irrelevance and causes us to become social misfits.

Indeed, the university — the administrators, educators and faculty — must reckon with the needs of the times and adjust the system accordingly. Courses, whose training the nation badly needs, must be offered. Those who will teach nationalism and its related topics must be well-equipped and screened, otherwise they will be talking of nonsense and will breed more nonsense from the ranks of the studentry. These are some imperatives which the administrators must think about seriously.

There is only one test of a real university for the Filipino youth: That is when such a university will have already bred true Filipinos — young men and women ready to struggle for the economic, political and cultural liberation of the people

THE SAD STATE OF THE NATION

by Ramon Jalipa

THE PRESIDENT'S State-of-the-Nation Address would have been more credible if its writer had made as its prologue, the tale about a young soldier. Not only could it have avoided boredom and entertained its audience — the honorable "representatives" of the people — but it could have also awakened them, since it was exploding with things about the present conditions of the nation. For as we know, the soldier who was made to wear a bear's skin by a stranger who promised him wealth and freedom in exchange for his sacrifices and services, has its parallel in the history of the Filipino people. The tale should serve to open the eyes and minds of the members of Congress and the people who still cling to the old myth of US benevolence and Philippine independence.

The Filipino people, which the Preamble of the Constitution describes as "imploing the aid of Divine Providence in order to establish a government . . . under a regime of justice, liberty and democracy", like the bearskin soldier, were coerced and promised independence and democracy by America at the time when they were about to establish the first republic in Asia in 1898. Like the bearskin soldier, they were held captive, and made to dispense their wealth to other people. And through education geared toward indoctrination and subservience, they achieved a different identity that peoples of Asia (who were amazed at their outlandish culture and language) regarded them as "little brown americans". But, as if subservience was not enough, the US imperialists completed their subjugation of the Filipinos by way of coercion and blackmail in the approval of the onerous and unequal treaties with them. Greatly devastated by American bombs and penniless after the war, the Philippine government had no recourse but accept American dictation so as to get their war damage payments needed for rehabilitation. Thus, with the sham independence and foreign-controlled economy, the US imperialists with the co-

operation of the puppet ruling classes, were able to perpetrate mass exploitation and oppression of the Filipino masses, who were subsequently kept in perpetual poverty and bondage.

The Neo-colonial System

Today, as it was in the past, the Filipinos are living in a neo-colonial and semi-feudal society — a system which was plotted by the US imperialists in collusion with the puppet ruling classes to have a free reign of bloodsucking of the broad mass of the people. The bountiful resources which were supposed to be the Divine endowment of the entire people, were exclusively and indiscriminately amassed by the US imperialists and the oligarchic few to satisfy their reptilian greed for wealth and power at the expense of suffering millions. With the masses economic condition kept below subsistence level and with virtually no chance to rise above that, the US imperialists were able to establish in this country a bourgeois type of democracy or oligarchy.

Groaning with the achilles heel of poverty as a result of the concentration of wealth in the few, the masses were given not even a chinaman's chance to seek justice and participation in the government because these consequently became the prerogatives of the ruling classes of the "bourgeoisie". Also with poverty as their eternal bedfellow, the masses were compelled to step into the shoes of John Does and commit crimes of murder, theft, robbery, etc.

On the other hand, the ruling classes which consists of the comprador-bourgeoisie, the big landlords, and the bureaucrats in public and private sectors, never stopped bloodsucking because justice and government were theirs to control and manipulate against the potentially strong but poor people. With the educational and religious institutions at their service, they deceitfully peddle the ridiculous ideas of christianity and democracy. The masses, they contend, must remain poor because not all people are

equal and also because it is the will of God. Using the christian ideals, they want the masses to be contented because as one beatitude says, "Blessed are the poor for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven". They also pretend to be devoted christians, although wealth was actually their God. The masses are being hoodwinked into believing that their much-publicized philanthropy and charity are signs of their "concern" for the poor man's lot. The church does the same and praise the bourgeoisie for their benevolent acts as manifestations of "christian love and charity. This is understandable because the church derives its "milk" from the bourgeoisie! "Its chosen few" are those who are able to meet the "rigors" and sky-high fees of the commercialized seminaries or "islands of privilege". And, in a desperate attempt to preserve their hegemony, the bourgeoisie use all available means at their disposal, including coercion, chicanery and fascism, to keep the masses "peaceful" while being exploited.

But the bourgeoisie is a historically doomed class. The basic division that now characterizes the neo-colonial structure shall become more felt, when the masses break the fetters and claim the "blood-debts" of the bourgeoisie. By then the bourgeoisie shall have reached its Waterloo as the onrushing masses emerge triumphant and inexorably send the oppressors to the guillotine.

In the meantime, however, the masses on account of their disunity would be exploited. But this can not continue for long.

US Economic Imperialism

What exactly are the reasons for the perpetuation of the neo-colonial system? How does it figure in the overall struggle between the ruling classes and the masses?

The primordial interest of the US imperialists in the maintenance of neo-colonialism is to preserve the country as a constant source of raw materials, an open market for US finished products, and as

outlet of surplus American capital. They don't have genuine interest in making the country industrialized for such would drastically affect their vested interests and deprive them of a rich market. It must only be considered the neo-colonial system of the Philippines is a part of the worldwide scheme of US imperialism to control the world resources in its philistine and maniacal dream to set up the Pax Americana. Ever hungry for power and wealth, US imperialism is more than ever determined to continue its subjugation of small developing states for it is from them that it derives its wealth and power. The Philippines which is a captive of this evil scheme has been made economically dependent on the United States. US monopoly-capitalists have a "stranglehold" in the Philippine economy as they practically dominate the vital industries of the country. The petroleum industry, for instance, is being dominated by four US firms and so with the tire and rubber, drug, soap and cosmetics and so on. Upon these big controlling industries the survival of all other smaller industries depends.

According to the estimates of the Economic Monitor, the US firms holding \$600 million investments in the Philippines made outward remittances amounting to \$2.2 billion in 1962 to 1969 or at an average of \$316 million a year. On top of this, dollar payments for miscellaneous invisibles totalled \$2.1 billion or an average of \$304 million a year. Also in the period from 1960 to 1968 foreign investors (principally American) borrowed \$13.5 million from local credits (thus destroying the old myth that Philippines has no capital resources). For the same period also the Central Bank statistics would show that US investors, who only brought in \$160 million in new capital investment, had repatriated at least \$482 million in capital withdrawal and profit remittances. Although this repatriation of profit is not new to the business world, it is shocking that in the Philippines the rate is 25% higher than other US overseas investment in general.

As a result of US monopoly-capitalists plunder, the Philippines was kept in perpetual debt that as of 1968 alone its foreign debts totalled \$737 million, excluding the external debts of the private sectors which amounted to \$200 million. With a bankrupt economy, the puppet reactionary regime of Marcos had no other recourse except to accept the dictation of the IMF, another US imperialist-

dominated organ, to devalue the peso and bring sufferings to millions who consequently find it hard to meet the rising costs of living. All these imperialists blood-thirsty acts on the entire Filipino people could not have been made possible were it not for the conspiracy of the ruling elite and the US imperialists. It has been the latter's policy to subjugate nations by maintaining and nourishing an arsenal of "Quislings" so that their plunder would be more systematized and effective.

Praxis of Puppetry

Thus, the American imperialists who are not contented with their control of the economy also intensify their domination of the politics and social life of the Filipinos. They dictate economic and social programs of the government through their local running dogs so that the Philippines would remain unindustrialized and feudal. Because with feudalism they could be assured continuous supply of sugar, copra, lumber and other raw materials. During the puppet regime of Mag-saysay in 1950 US imperialism on account of the President's canine servitude, had a direct hand in the formulation of governmental policies and programs. It drafted the minimum wage bill, rural bank bill, industrial peace act, and the bogus land reform bill of Magaysay. No less than Harry Brenn of the US Operation Mission single-handedly established the PACD and started to implement US concept of "community development" as a counter-insurgency gimmick. The US imperialists organs of the CIA and the JUSMAG, have directly intervened and directed the suppression campaigns against the national liberation forces.

Important in the maintenance of the neo-colonial regime in the Philippines is the US imperialists' notorious organ, the CIA, which has a network of espionage and propaganda personnel in the persons of visiting professors, Peace Corps volunteers, newspaper correspondents, research consultants, foreign aid advisers and diplomatic officers. It has also recruited many native "Quislings" and "Judases" who are strategically placed in police establishments, college and university administration, economic planning bodies, intelligence agencies, labor unions progressive student organizations, churches and religious organizations, and of course, the Presidential cabinet. Through their native hirelings and front organizations

the US imperialists have intensified their espionage, propaganda and sabotage activities against the national democratic movement. The CIA also, together with the US AID, has trained and armed the police fascist riot squads, the AFP in counter-insurgency and at the same time organized and directed the operations of the special forces, BSDU, monks and Home Defense Forces against the Huks and New People's Army.

The Phoney Independence

Not contented with their mass activities and economic domination, US imperialism through its aggressor troops and the onerous and unequal treaties, flaunt Philippine laws, mock Philippine courts, and transgress Philippine sovereignty. Its military personnel have been committing crimes of murder, rape, and contempt against the Filipinos but were never arraigned because they were mysteriously shipped or flown out of the country by their commanders with the due approval of the puppet government who contend that under the US-RP Military Bases Agreement the US soldiers are outside jurisdiction of Philippine Courts. These scandalous crimes and transgression of sovereignty are best exemplified by the notorious Holman case wherein the US military commander Holman and aggressor soldier Williams defied the orders of Philippine court after committing the crimes of rape and contempt against the people. The Philippine government which is headed by US imperialist running dogs such as Marcos, Romulo and Collantes had practically absolved the criminals by their refusal to recognize the verdict of Judge Gaddi in Pampanga. Thus, the local feglemen of US imperialism served to expose the puppetry of the Philippine government.

The Basic Problems of the Nation in the Context of Neo-Colonialism

As a consequence of the imposition of the unequal and onerous treaties with the United States the Filipino masses were kept in perpetual poverty and bondage. For among others US imperialism through these onerous trade agreements, have encouraged and preserved feudal structure of the Philippine society. The local feudal lords were encouraged by the US imperialists to produce more and more sugar and other agricultural products. With the Sugar Quota Agreement that

(continued on page 11)

RE VOLU TION— FOR WHOM

?

by Heracleo E. Repollo

One of the hottest and ever present subjects in the country today is the revolution which is hanging over our dear Philippines like the sinister sword of Damocles. Everyone is talking of it everywhere and almost everytime — in jeepneys, in coffee shops, in homes, in the sidewalks and even in moviehouses — especially when the movie shown is like *The Adventurers* and *Cromwell*.

Militant students, professional as well as campus writers, intellectuals, nationalists, both fake and genuine, politicians, priests, individuals and many seem to have a grand time speculating and heatedly expounding their most penetrating views and beliefs about it. Judging from the tone of their arguments, and despite the presence of seemingly conflicting opinions on this explosive issue, it can be discerned that they all feel the hot stifling air of the gathering storm — the revolution.

Rips for a revolution.

The Philippines today is a virtual powder keg which could explode at the slightest jarring. Contrary to what Benigno Aquino — the youthful Senator and landowner from Tarlac — said in an article of his published a few months ago in a foreign magazine, a revolution is imminent in the country. There are perceptible indications of it breaking loose, sooner or later, if the Marcos administration does not change, to quote a song, its "evil ways."

It appears that the present Administration

has no intention at all of mending its ways. Nay it seems eager for a revolution, some "dictatorial reasons." Instead of improving its blackened image, it has added provokingly greater burdens and sufferings on the people, by imposing more and more taxes on them; and, maliciously taunting the people with more and more anomalies like its dubious credit cards.

The Marcos Administration, which has barricaded its citadel, the Malacañang Palace, installed machine-guns around it and maintains three helicopters in its yard, is obviously prepared for a revolution. It has no reason to be afraid. It has a loyal and "Ilocanized" armed forces behind it which could easily crush it. And what's more, if a revolution or imminence thereof exists will have a reason to impose martial law on the country. The next event after that need not be mentioned.

Indeed, a revolution is looming in our

country. There are several signs of it. The menacing aggressiveness of the youth, the mounting unrest in Central Luzon, the "silent rumblings" of the masses, the discontent in the armed forces due to its "Ilocanization", the ominous stance posed by revolutionists, the widespread anarchy as shown by the continued deterioration of the peace and order condition in the country point to its possibility.

Furthermore, the fascistic activities of the Marcos Administration, e.g. the employment of the dreaded Monkees to combat dissidence in the HUK-infested areas and liquidate those who pose a threat to it, the witch-hunting of student leaders of allegedly subversive organizations and other similar acts, to suppress any sign of rebellion, lend more credibility to the impending upheaval in our country. Indeed, as the old saying goes, if there is smoke, there is fire.

A revolution can explode in the country, if not this year, next year or in the not too remote future. Any of the above-mentioned threats can trigger it. Under the present conditions of the country, there are several grounds and opportunities for detonating it. These grounds fall under two categories, namely, discontent and poverty.

To mention a few causes of both, they are the nepotism in and duplicities of the Marcos Administration: taxes, the abominable disparity between the handful of rich and the millions of impoverished masses, the unchecked atrocities and injustices of the gun-toting and

despotic oligarchs, graft and corruption and general inefficiency in the government and others. All these factors can ignite the revolution.

Amid all these, very important questions arise. First, who will start and lead the revolution? Second, for whom will it be?

Who will start the revolution ?

The plight and state of the masses

Undeniably, the masses are suffering. They hardly have anything to eat, they are wallowing miserably in poverty, they have no decent clothes to protect their gaunt and starving bodies from the beating sun and the lashing rain, they have no strong houses to shelter them from the elements. One has only to go to the towns and barrios in the provinces or visit the countless slums in the cities or take a stroll downtown to be aware of these appalling conditions. Everywhere there is hunger, there is poverty, there is neglect, there is a crying social injustice for the masses.

But, tragically, there is also ignorance, there is impotence, there is incompetence, there is indifference among the masses to make them forcefully seek redress for their grievances.

In these times of oppression and duplicity, a revolution appears to be the only solution that can alleviate the sad plight of the masses. From the looks of things, it seems that the masses should be the ones to ignite the revolution since they are the principal and unpitied victims of their cruel society. Moreover, they have the numerical power to do it. Will they start the revolution? They should. But, unfortunately, they won't and they can't.

This irony has several explanations. The masses, despite their tremendous and formidable number, are in truth as impotent and helpless as a child. V.I. Lenin described them as "slumbering, apathetic, hidebound, inert and dormant." Robert Michels, in his book *Political Parties*, referred to them as "incompetent". Most philosophers condemn their sheer ignorance.

The masses do not really know what's good for them. Or, if they do, they do not know how to achieve it. The reason behind this is not difficult to see.

The masses are a conglomeration of individuals who have different interests, temperaments, beliefs, ideals, and ways of viewing things around them. Each of them has too much to care and worry about forging a revolution. Their main problem is survival not for tomorrow but for the present. Why should they take trouble organizing themselves and mobilizing revolutionary forces when they can hardly manage to feed themselves? No, the needs of the stomach are more important than anything else. How can one fight with an empty belly?

Another reason for the incompetence of

the masses is their lack of education. They do not have the necessary intelligence to indulge in such a complex matter as organizing and gearing for a revolution.

In the Philippines, a revolution started by the masses is further hindered by the fact that the country is fragmented into several islands. This fragmentation has resulted in something more unpleasant — regionalism. A Cebuano does not exactly like an Ilocano or a Pampangaño or a Tagalog to bother about his plight much less ask him to unite with him in a revolution. The same attitude is true with the others.

The disunity of the Filipinos for more than three centuries under the tyranny of the Spaniards is a proof of the fact that unity is something very hard for the Filipino masses to accomplish. This is largely due to regionalism. And, of course, partly, it is also due to the lack of communication and contact among the Filipinos during those days.

Some may say that the situation today is very much different from the situation during the Spanish Era. We have now a much improved means of communication to link the islands together. But I don't think they have really linked the masses. Witness our elections — the national ones. The masses' regionalistic tendency appears very distinctly and strongly. They vote tribally. A tribe would vote for a candidate belonging to it, even if he is known as a soundrel rather than vote for a better one who belongs to another tribe.



Regionalism is very strong — to the extent of being fanatical — among the Filipinos. This trait perhaps is the greatest obstacle of the masses to unite and start a revolution. Regionalism made the Filipinos slaves of the Spaniards for three centuries. It will also bar them from starting a revolution — by themselves.

The leaders

The revolution obviously cannot start from the masses. Someone or a group has to unite and rouse them up. Lenin spoke of "professional revolutionists" to undertake such important and delicate task. Who will these men be? The politicians? The priests? The students? Dante and his New People's Army? The leftist and radical intellectuals?

Certainly, the politicians will not lead the revolution. They are too busy throwing mud at each other and filling important government offices with their lackeys, not to mention raiding the government coffers and imagining bills that could make them richer than Croesus. Besides, most of them are cowards. Why do you think an army of bodyguards surround them always? What's more, they are one of the main targets of revolutionists. Their sins stink to the high heavens. They have corrupted the Filipino people and the Philippine government. They would never want a revolution and risk their skin and their stolen millions. They could not lead the revolution.

Priests can neither lead the revolution. Their hands were not made to handle a gun and kill, but to solicit contributions for the welfare of the Church and give here and there, their precious blessings; their mouths were not made to utter revolutionary cries, which oftentimes are profane, but to preach the ways of Christ and the ways of heaven and abominate pornography and other immoralities which pose a grave menace to the "redemption" of the flock. Besides, the status quo is good enough for the church. Or, if not, the God Almighty will do something to put things in order. Violence is not the way of Christ, the Lamb. Prayers will do.

As things look today, the possibility that the masses themselves or the politicians or the priests can start and lead the revolution is nil. The most likely to do it are the revolutionists. In the student ranks, Dante and the NPA and intellectuals. The last three are most anxious to destroy the existing system. They hanker for a revolution just as much as the oligarchs hanker to preserve the present inequitous set-up.

But a serious problem arises, what kind of revolution do they want? For whom will they wage it? For the suffering masses? Or for Mao Tse Tung — a squint-eyed imperialist who is just as wily as his greedy American counterparts —, who as every clear-sighted Filipino knows, is

(continued on page 40)

I AM LOOKING FOR A WOMAN



by Celso Tolo
BS Gen. 7

She may be in this hall today, but I doubt it. You see, I am rather particular, and I will not be satisfied with just any woman. She has to be extra special. Extra special not in the sense that she has to be tall, rich, and beautiful, or that she has to be a witty conversationalist and a smooth dancer, you can easily have that kind of a woman. What I am looking for is a Filipina. Yes, I am looking for a Filipina, but I do not see her in this hall today. All I see are brown Americans.

She cannot be that girl over there, with the fish net stockings and the mini-skirt. How can she be when she is busy trying to act and look like Ann Margaret. And do you think she is this lady here with the over-painted face, her eyebrows making wild detours on her forehead? Impossible! This girl is Sophia Loren — or so, she thinks.

I contend that a Filipino name and a Filipino citizenship do not make a Filipino. I contend that a Filipino skin and a Filipino face are not enough to make one Filipino. Being a Filipino is more than just a matter of name, citizenship and face. It means having a Filipino mind and a Filipino heart. It means pride in our people. It means treasuring the ideals and traditions which our forefathers held dear. It means faith in the future of the Philippines, a truly independent Philippines that does not hang on to the coat tails of Uncle Sam.

By these standards, can we recall ourselves Filipinos? Everywhere I go — the classes I attend, the buses I ride in, the restaurants I eat at, I see people sporting Filipino names, but who are anything but Filipinos. I see them feeding coins into the jukebox because that's what the Beatles tell them to. I see them swooning ecstatically as the monkeys tell them, "you are my soul and my heart's inspiration."

They can tell you anything about Hollywood. They can name to you the former husbands of Elizabeth Taylor and the wives of Frank Sinatra, but they cannot tell you a single provision of the Philippine Constitution. They can recite to you in details, the courtship of George Hamilton to Miss Lynda Johnson, but they do not know who the mother of Jose Rizal was. They can enumerate to you outstanding combo groups of England and American today, but they think that Lapu-lapu is a fish or a yacht.

Let us face it. We are rapidly developing into a nation of brown Americans. We believe in the American dream. We long for the American way of life and we are turning our backs on the Filipino vision; we are rejecting our Filipino heritage.

I have nothing against America. I believe it is a great and wonderful country. We can benefit enormously from things American. We can use American hustle, American ingenuity, American efficiency. We can profit a lot from American know-how and American production methods. We have a lot to learn from America and we are learning fast.

Unfortunately, we seem to be learning the wrong things the undesirable things. We have absorbed American love for luxury and creature comforts. We have adopted American materialism and have been contaminated by the American preoccupation with the pursuit of the American dollar.

I repeat, I have nothing against America. And I do not advocate, like so many super-patriots, the complete severance of our ties with America. But I do advocate a saner selectiveness and a more discriminating choice of the things which we wish to borrow from America. I am all for borrowing the American spirit of independence, but not if it means breaking up the traditional family life. I am all for the soul, the Jerk, the Bugaloo, and the other dance crazes, but not if it means forgetting how beautiful the Kundiman is. I am all for achieving the American high standard of living, but not if it means surrendering our spirituality, our simplicity, and our decency.

Is it so hard for us to believe that we can remain Filipinos, and go forward, ever forward to our destiny as a nation. Are our minds so narrow? Is our intelligence so limited that we can not realize these truths? Have we become so westernized that we find the Filipino way alien to our mode of living?

The Filipino way is our legacy. It is founded on determination that made it possible for our brothers in the mountains to build the breath-taking rice terraces. It is found in our courage, the courage which sustained us in Mactan, in Tirad Pass, and in Bataan. It is found in our simplicity and modesty, in the beauty of the Angelus twilight, in the sincerity of our devotion to our God and to our country.

These qualities are still in us. We can still dig them out if we would only forget our obsession with brown Americanism.

I am looking for a Filipina and I will never find her, unless we all realize the sacredness of heritage and see the richness and the beauty, the glory and wonder, the promise and the fulfillment of the Filipino vision.

I am looking for a Filipina. Will my search be long and in vain?

TORCHES and TRUNCHEONS

on freedom, paradoxes, pantvuit craze
and all that

© by marius canoy com. 4

Freedom is a condition to maturity. The problem is, maturity most often, is made a condition to freedom.

The pantvuit epidemic is plaguing the campus among our ladies — so much so that teachers, I'm told, are even caught up with this epidemic — even while having their classes. After all, it's women's liberation!

Signs of the times: instant telegram, instant washing power, instant love affairs, etc. No wonder, when presenting their demands, activists are quick to say: instant action!

There is no truth to the rumor that student tremors will rock USC again!!!

If one has to be a true activist, he has to give up something. That something may be eating at plush refreshment parlors, living in luxurious homes or subdivisions or simply doing things that are "classy".

It's a paradoxical world. Students come to library to talk — to their classes to daydream, to moviehouses to sleep. And even to go to school if only to hunt — oh, well — hunt! If not, demonstrate!

Somebody is writing, in this issue, something about Freddy and Dowdy. But it's not like anything you think!

Active students are making demands because demands make them more active.

Many students can't afford to remain uninvolved because their future is at stake. Others, however, remain uninvolved because they can't afford to put at stake their future.

The RP-Russian diplomatic ties are making a whale of a ballyhoo about communist subversion. What should be known is that communism is already here and that it has been existing long before the talks of RP-Russian ties — which goes without saying that it's not trading with Russia or any communist country for that matter that turns this country into a fertile ground for communist subversion — rather the prevailing conditions existing in the country.

The Corpus raid on the PMA army triggered off several government sectors to check on the loyalty of our security men like the army. The trouble is, in the words of one columnist, "loyalty to whom?"

What is oil? It is one that burns easily.

Our school has just decided to raise its tuition fees by some 13%. That's what I call, with apologies to Mr. Marcos, "democratic revolution that reaches to the roots of our institutions".

With the peso still a-sinking and prices of cars a-zooming higher, higher and higher, hopes for car enthusiasts to buy new cars are becoming bleaker, bleaker and bleaker. Solution: Start the Ban-the-Car movement, here!

Only-unlike his western counterpart who does it out of environmental pollution, when the Filipino does so, he does it out of financial exhaustion. Well, what strange bedfellows the two make! Anyway, that's one aspect of the adage: East meets West.

THE SAD STATE (continued from page 7)

imposes high quota on sugar exports, the feudal landlords were given initiative to plant more sugar and even to grab the lands of poor and helpless peasants.

The Philippine government officials who come from the ruling elite enjoy the support of the US imperialists during elections. US Imperialism has engendered corruption as it bribed Philippine officials into toeing its hardline policies. Rising prices and devaluation of currency were also manipulated by the US imperialists because of their control over the economy and financing institutions. All the varied afflictions of the Philippines can all be traced to neo-colonialism — that was brought about by the three evils of imperialism, feudalism and fascism. The many ills and problems in the country which result from neo-colonialism are so numerous and deplorable that their enumeration would bring more dejection and frustrations.

The distressing state of Philippine society cannot be solved by mere palliatives. What is needed is change of the system — a change which will bring a promising life to the exploited and oppressed masses. The masses cannot accept palliative measures nor hallow changes because their sufferings had been long and loathsome. Thus some of them especially the students, have resorted to dissent and rebellion. Revolution, it seems, is their only home to achieve this.

The Bourgeoisie's Trojan Horse

Alarmed by the mounting disenchantment and militancy of the masses, the ruling classes and the US imperialists are beginning to realize that there are some aspects in socio-economic and political structures which can no longer cope with the conditions. Afraid of the revolutionary actions of the masses which might put an end to their luxurious life, the bourgeoisie or the ruling class have conceded to some "reforms" if only to prevent a strong popular challenge to their authority. For, as Frederick Douglas, a pioneer in the negro-american liberation struggle, wrote, "The limits of tyrants are prescribed by the endurance of those whom they oppress". Having realized that their limits are fast approaching and the masses are closing in, they have devised an expensive gimmick called Constitutional Convention

(continued on page 19)

For the Filipino people, the year 1970 was undoubtedly not a very lucky year. The year began with the bloody riots in front of Congress and Malacañang which left five dead and scores of students wounded, and with the government's de facto devaluation of the peso which is greatly responsible for making the prices of prime commodities nowadays almost beyond the reach of the common-tao. It was also during that year when natural disasters such as typhoons and earthquakes constantly plagued the archipelago. In his article "1970 A Stormy Year," Sunday Times Magazine editor, Rodolfo Tupas, describes 1970 as "a year of trauma and turbulence, anxiety and anger, man-made and natural disasters".

Now, 1971 has come. For the astrologers, the year 1971 may herald the coming of the so-called Age of Aquarius but for the exploited Filipino masses it is another year of suffering, another year of trauma and turbulence. For the radicals and impatient citizens, it may not only be another year of forceful demonstrations but may also be a year of national catastrophe — a year which may mark the beginning of the dreaded violent social upheaval.

Indeed, more than two decades have elapsed since we became a free and independent nation but the Filipinos' long cherished dream of a progressive and prosperous Philippines is still very far from reality. On the contrary, our country is on the verge of collapse. Political, social, and economic maladies beset the Filipino nation today. The Philippine economy is sagging, the prices of prime commodities sky-rocketing, and the rising rate of criminality very alarming. Graft and corruption, social injustice, and maldistribution of wealth intensify the suffering of the hapless Filipino masses. While the profligate landlords indulge in grandiose schemes to accumulate more wealth by making a mockery of the Land Reform Code, the exploited tenants wallow in poverty and deprivation. Moreover, majority of our government officials and national leaders are rendering only lip service to the people and thinking only for their self-aggrandizement and personal glorification instead of working for the betterment and well-being of the Filipino nation. Needless to say, they failed miserably to orient their policies to the best interests of the populace. L. Siguan Reyna, in his speech delivered before the Management Association of the Philippines, says, "Our leaders do not have

either the sincerity or the vision to ask and demand of our people a sense of mission and commitment to help build this nation. They do not have the integrity or the moral depth so essential for the exercise of effective leadership, and because they do not have this integrity or the moral depth, they fail to draw out from our people the faith that we are capable of living above the level of moral squalor."

Sad to say, in our country there exists what Constitutional Convention delegate-elect Fr. Pacifico A. Ortiz called the "crisis of confidence in the government." Fr. Ortiz, reading the position paper before the Philippine Priest Inc. national convention here in Cebu City, states, "Having lost confidence in the government as an instrument of justice and economic development, the people cease to look upon it as our own government, our own concern." This crisis of confidence in the government was recently manifested by army Lt. Victor N. Corpus who led ten men believed to be Huks in raiding the armory of the Philippine Military Academy in Baguio City last December 29 and took forty-two high-powered weapons. Lt. Corpus is reportedly joining the New People's Army of Commander Dante, the army which he described as "the real people's army."

Like Corpus, many citizens are disenchanting with the government. The broad masses of the Filipino people fully

know that the government has failed miserably to ameliorate their plight and alleviate their sufferings. As a matter of fact, many of them are clamoring for a violent revolution.

However, as a renowned poet once wrote, "hope springs eternal in the human breast." Indeed, the Filipino people should not lose patience and hope. Time may be running out on this nation but the possibility that this young republic can still rise from the quagmire it has sunk to is not dim.

The sordid condition of the Filipino masses is not hopeless. If our government officials are really for a prosperous and progressive Philippines, then they should restore the people's faith and confidence in the government by starting to roll up their sleeves and buckle down to work for the benefit and welfare of the populace. If the landlords are really for justice, equality, and peace, then they should respect the dignity of man and give their tenants what rightfully belongs to them. If the people are solidly for a bloodless and peaceful revolution, then they should discard their complacent and lethargic attitudes and carry on faithfully their tasks of nation building.

The fate of this nation or any country for that matter lies on the hands of its people. If the Filipino people are to spare the Philippines from chaos and anarchy, then they should act before it is too late. And the best time to act is NOW !

QUO VADIS, FILIPINOS?

*The only real revolution
is the enlightenment of the mind
and the improvement of character
— Will & Ariel Durant*

ROBERTO C. CANTON
Com. 3

UNTITLED POEM

by Felisa Uy

Withered the lovely roses today;
But remain happy memories
indelible footprints in the sands of times.
I know not what to say;
A "Thank you" repeated a thousand and one times
airs feebly faintly sickly
feasted fat bliss towering candid appreciation
flourishing inside a floating soul.

Elephant Stew

Take one medium sized elephant (preferably dead)
dice into bite sized bits.
This should take you about six weeks.
Also have on hand two large rabbits.

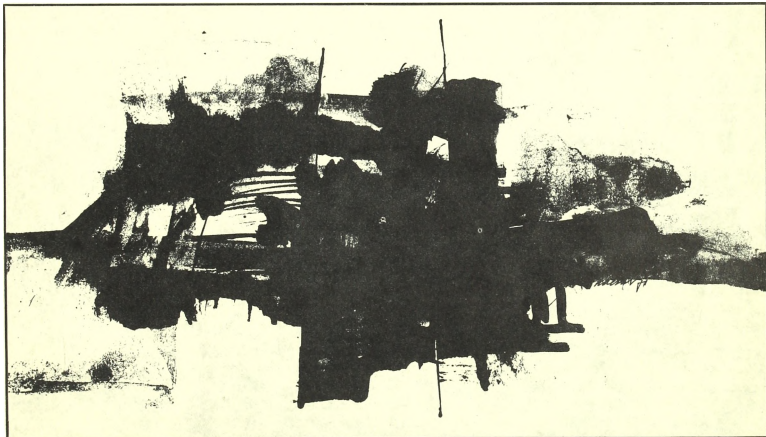
After dicing the elephant put bits into a
large stew pot.

Put pot on stove and set heat at 350 deg. F
Cooking takes about three weeks.

Salt and pepper to taste and serve.

Serves about 3,800 people, if however you have
more guests than expected, throw in the two
rabbits. Do not use the rabbits unless as a
last resort because most people do not like
hare in their stew.

by C. E. Fair



The color black

The color black is not the absence of light,
Not the triumph of Pluto's miserable underworld gloom,
But the stiffening presence of red — bright and thick
Like catsup and tomato sauce in strands of late evening
Spaghetti — with meatballs.

Black is the red after the chaotic conflagration of the
Escaping exploding sun disappears in the hulltops; but, while
The peeping sanguine crescent Lothario gaspingly laps upward
The heaving satin scarlet sky and at the same time creeps
Stealthily through the slit of a screened window flanked by
Purplish curtains.

Black is more than these: a red-hot glowing ember and a
Great tongue of devouring fire out-burning each other
In a midnight orgy; and, a moaning Ruby shapelier than Venus
With Aphrodite arms tossing and clutching the perspiring
Delirious space.

Black is the touch of the soft petals of a velvet flaming
Rose cupped in trembling feverish hands. It is the intoxi-
Cating sensations, rampaging like a torrent, a crushing
Cataract screaming and beating on a diamond hard obelisk
Covered with black wiry moss at the base buried firmly
Between siamese boulders, that flooded a heart bouncing
In ecstatic abandon and seized the sweating spirit when pressed
To the quivering burning lips.

Black is the fiery blood that burned a spine as it oozed
Like a molten lava slithering on a wriggling volcano, from
A cavernous stem severed with delicious sounds and
Shrieking fury.

The color black is red — bright, thick and oozing in flames.

— Heracleo E. Repollo

One cannot dismiss any argument for the development of our national language as nothing but over-emotionalism, supernaturalism or chauvinism. Yet a great sector of our society adheres to the generally accepted principle that no nation can be strong and progressive without first uniting themselves, which can be best facilitated and realized if the people can communicate and understand each other through a common language.

In a country, like the Philippines where the people are divided not only geographically but also linguistically, there is a necessity for adopting a medium of communication which can be easily understood, assimilated and used by all Filipinos.

To recall, the first Constitutional Convention delegates approved a proposal to adopt Filipino as our national language. But until now nothing substantial can be attributed out of the Constitutional provision. It has become more effective in paper than in actual practice.

Different schools of thought were advanced by educators, professionals and hypernationalists with a view of settling the problem. Some were scholarly, others controversial and still others, simply impractical suggestions as solutions to the language problem.

Deep consideration was focused on the suggestion of adopting either Filipino (Tagalog) or English as our national language. In this regard, supporters of Visayan Hiligaynon, and those earmarked as minor dialects cast a roadblock to the easy solution of the controversy.

The flame of controversy was further ignited when the Institute of National Language, a research group subsidized by the government, passed a controversial proposal adopting Tagalog as our national language. The proponent of the plan contended that Tagalog has a better chance to unite the Filipino people linguistically, because it is related to several dialects in the Philippines unlike English and other foreign languages which are structurally alien to the native tongue. A certain nationalistic organization known as "Kilusang Filipino" has even proposed that our constitution should be written in Filipino, and that this should be as the official language in the coming constitutional convention.

Serious doubts were aired against the proposals by the delegates themselves. Statistics shows that about one-third (1/3) of the 320 delegates cannot fluently

THE FILIPINO PEOPLE IN SEARCH OF A NATIONAL LANGUAGE

by Nick Aquino College of Law

speak Tagalog, much less understand it. One could imagine the confusion that will ensue if Tagalog will be used as the only medium of speech in the "Con-Con".

Nevertheless, the supporters of the plan to adopt Tagalog as our national language got a big boost when no less than Pres. Marcos agreed to the idea of developing Tagalog as our official language in his inaugural speech during the observance of the National Language Week.

On the other hand, individuals and groups who are antagonistic to the plan, reason out that Filipino or any other Philippine dialect for that matter is not adequate for use as a medium of instruction in this modern age. It lacks the necessary words to express contemporary ideas and concepts. They argue that instead of using Tagalog as the official language, we should use English. They assert that English is a universal language. They further argue that half of the vocabulary of the so-called "advanced languages" consist of scientific terms (with no fewer than 700,000 scholarly journals published regularly).

With this prevailing situation, I humbly think that Tagalog as of the moment, cannot cope with the rapid growth in the intellectual pursuit and also in the industrial and technological endeavor. Citing a concrete example, how can we teach science and mathematics in Filipino when it does not have the terminologies necessary to express scientific and mathematical concepts? How can we use Filipino to teach Law when it does not have the legal terms to express legal concepts and ideas?

As former Education Secretary Alejandro Roces said "what are taught in schools are actually Tagalog, Filipino was coined only as a semantical trick to lessen the opposition of non-Tagalogs."

Viewed from the actual situation one cannot deny the fact that most Filipinos speak and write far better in English than in Filipino. Books in various fields of studies and research are usually written in English. Private establishments, various governmental offices, and educational institutions communicate and operate harmoniously in their daily business using English.

Although there has been a Presidential directive given directing in effect the use of Filipino in all official communications, even in the Department of Foreign Affairs, still many underestimate its effectivity. In Manila, traffic signs and names of government offices are written in Filipino, to the disadvantage and discomfort of tourists and foreigners.

Psycho-nationalists are nearly dying, convincing their countrymen to adopt Filipino as our national language citing its past heritage and legacy as their defense, gallantly proclaiming that this language has long been cherished by our national heroes.

The revolutionary period of the 19th century now belong to the past. Times have changed. Then we must not step back to our small world and retard our intellect and capabilities with a language understood only by a few million, Filipinos unknown outside of our country. We must not disregard English, a universal language, the language of diplomacy and understanding. In this age of Internationalism, banning English is building a barrier between the Philippines from the rest of the world.

As what Mr. Emilio Severino (President of Madyaas Pro-Hiligaynon Society) asserted, the Tagalog-based language indicated in Executive Order No. 134 is yet in the process of evolution and develop-

(continued on page 41)

Republika: Do you take upon yourself to turn over Sangley?

E Pluribus Unum: Aye, I do.

Republika: Aren't you going to get them in place?

* * * * *

Declare men in the streets:

Yankees, go home!

Caviteños beg: Please don't Yankees,

or we are done for.

* * * * *

Dying to run,

Corpus and company

lurk in the shadows yet

with Kuya Dante

after an unguarded moment.

"Red alert" and loyalty check

... also for the Chief?

* * * * *

In blatant breach of tradition,

as a matter of volition,

men sport false fronts.

When elders, with marked anxiety,

send them for a cut,

they go all right submissively

to barber shops

... for a manicure

For a job in hot pursuit,

what we know matters not

whom we know does a lot.

A number of individuals bank on:

"Communication is easy, stylish,

effective if done in English."

A gallant, bent to do a wonder

conveyed an opening as a worshipper.

On the object's front,

no prints

but question marks.

"Are you horsing around?

Why in Cebuano?"

* * * * *

Overheard was an elderly being

Without batting an eyelash alleging:

"You are lucky, pard,

you have caught a gift house stamp;

mine's a credit card."

* * * * *

"A woman who bosses

is behind all bosses."

In the palace, only five-year stay,

she's with no other abnormality.

"It's a downright joke," vows the Sultan,

"Who has not abandoned the hope for another term)

but the aspirant made no comment yet

on the most coveted target.

For you,

that is power woman has over man;

there is always room for the fittest,

a fair sexed sultan.

* * * * *

Where discourses re control

are given,

only trooping to the hall

are the pregnant.

* * * * *

A gush of near chagrin

a capital idea - to okey the note floating!

It was a sany pick

or was it a rish chivalric?

the daily green accounting

makes disturbing reading.

* * * * *

Floating value,

which way:

Sinking low

Soaring high?

* * * * *

"Down with high prices,"

Yell tabloids and broadcast.

Yet men in the street relish merrymaking,

firecrackers burst in staccato,

bamboo canons' blend in the refrain.

Young once encompass

galleries, bingo, mahjong tables.

Flared swains and miniskirted lasses,

strong-scented, decorated,

parade in glad rags.

FILIPINO ZARZUELAS

- Francis Vega

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE THIRD WORLD

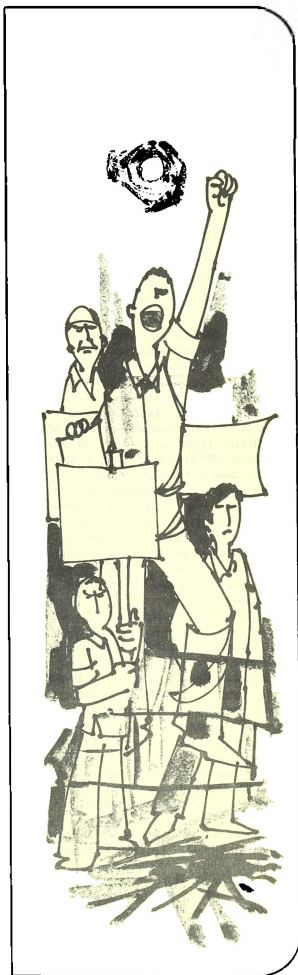
To those of you who suffered and cared to suffer:
With us, stand . . . stern and defiant . . . clothed or naked
You, who shielded our cause with truth and action
Be with us, from filthy slums to muddy fields,
from campuses to parliament halls –
planted with placards and slogans,
manifestos and hymns . . . whose fruits had burned
effigies of avaristic men – moribund,
with each bursting “Molotov”

Be among us, behind bars or beyond woods –
sharing poverty with hunger
outlawing law with life or with death
without a reason but justice.

You – who felt alien tentacles bleeding your farms,
sucking your factories, wrecking your homes, –
kneeling . . . at your unowned lands,
Arise ! from your inferior world of somnambulism
With your clenched fists –
Touch reincarnated grievances from their biers of silence!
With your gnashing teeth –
Recall the warmth of luxurious hatred aflame in your chest!
How the elite scythes of oppression skirmished
at your patient necks!
How their hammers of abuse sledged
your innocent heads!

Scrape their bourgeois skins ! Strip their colonial masks !
Break through their monumental murals that impeded our existence !
Nations in “status quo” ! Races in equilibrium !
Watch the sign of peace in pendulumic decay !
(Now, that fear has lost its dominion over our ganglions
and instead grows – vengeance, waiting for the oriental wind –
to winnow embers of injustice and faggots of prejudice
into a dynamic infernal fury;)
Downtrodden Masses !
Rejoice, for the struggle is at dawn !
Soon – we will reap laurels from their strangled dusts.

RJBAL KRENS



MEASURING ACCOUNTING BEYOND USC

by Antonio T. Guzon PRO, USC-JPIA

FILIPINOS are said to be known for their oratorical excellence that some, in a show of sheer braggadocio, commit a form of wastefulness, that of the "expenditures of words beyond the income of ideas." Evidence of these characteristics arose in the 8th National Convention of the Junior Philippine Institute of Accountants (JPIA). Nevertheless, in spite of the time lost brought about by the selfish display of parliamentary prowess by a number of delegates over trivial matters, much credit could be accorded the said convention. Comparatively speaking, it did accomplish "a lot" more than those previous to it. It was a milestone, a turning point in the history of the organization.

For the third time, Baguio City was chosen as convention site by the National Board, the executive body of the different JPIA chapters throughout the Philippines. With the seemingly imperialistic theme of "Expanding the Boundaries of Accounting Measurement," the November 21-25 annual convention was hosted by the Baguio Colleges Foundation (BCF). More or less than 270 delegates registered, representing a total of 42 chapter-schools from Northern and Central Luzon, Greater Manila, Bicol, Eastern and Western Visayas, and Mindanao regions. The USC delegation was composed of Mr. Dickson Yu (head delegate), Mr. Danilo Alcosoba, Mr. Marius Canoy, and this writer.

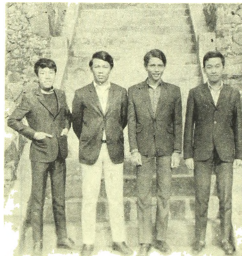
As usual, fetching the delegates from Manila to Baguio was the main activity on the first day. The second day started with a field mass officiated by Bishop William Brasseur, followed by a formal opening program at the BCF. Highlighting the opening ceremony was the keynote

address of Atty. Carlos J. Valdez, delegate-elect from the fourth district of Manila. In keeping with the theme of the convention, the CPA-lawyer stressed the need for the nationalization of the accounting

"A study of accounting principles and procedures is necessary for those who expect to attain a responsible place in business."

—Simons & Karrenbrook

profession and the public practice of accounting as a national career. Pointing out some malpractices of foreign companies, like denying the professional services of Filipino accounting firms who don't have the imprimatur of foreign accounting firms, he pledged to fight for it in the 1971 Constitutional Convention. One part of the program was the presentation of delegates.



L-R: Antonio Guzon, Danilo Alcosoba, Marius Canoy, and Dickson Yu.

Discussions on accounting and related subjects by guest speakers and the assignment of workshop groups occupied the third and fourth day, November 23, 24. Among the discussants were Mr. Jose Arcellana, Mr. Mario Alinesa, and Mr. Lauro Abraham.

Mr. Arcellana, one of the founders of the Public Relations Society of the Philippines (PRSP) opened up with a lecture on "Public Relations in Industry". He touched on one of the essential requisites in public relations — communications — which he defined as "the art of conveying from one mind to another clear, acceptable, compelling ideas that would cause reactions". His five P.R. procedures were: internal research, integration of policy, preparation of message, communications, and external research.

Director of the Export Department of the Board of Investment (BOI) Mario E. Alinesa extemporized on "The Role of the BOI in Our Economy". His role is to direct investments in priority areas, i.e., where the most benefit can be derived from the employment of available resources. Without accounting incongruous in his topic, Mr. Alinesa also talked of its significance, in the BOI decision-making, like the use of financial statements, cash flow projections, as test of profitability which together with economic projections and statistical data helped set priority areas for investments.

"People want the government to spend but are reluctant to contribute." "People try to escape taxes." These lamentable words came from Mr. Lauro Abraham, Assistant to the Commissioner of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, as he threshed out one of the great problems of the BIR in his subject, "Taxation". How will it be solved? Imparting tax consciousness (knowledge of the necessity of taxation) in the minds of the paying public was his answer.

A common element among the JPIA conventions were the workshop sessions. From among a total delegation of 270, 16 groups were formed, each with 13-15 members (including a chairman and a secretary), except for the first group which consisted of all the head delegates. Group 1 was to be responsible for the drafting of the JPIA Constitution and By-laws while the rest were to formulate resolutions to be taken up in a plenary session scheduled on the last day of the meet.

On this last day were held the plenary session, the elections and the award-

ing of certificates of appreciation and of attendance. Out of twenty resolutions wrought out by the workshop groups only three were deliberated upon and approved. The most important and much-awaited of these, was the adoption of JPIA's own constitution and by-laws. Before its passage, the only basis of the JPIA for its course of action were the guidelines set by its creator, the Philippine Institute of Certified Public Accountants (PICPA), in 1968, which provides that all candidates for elected positions of the NEB must come from schools in the Greater Manila Area, for the simple reason of expediency.

Vehement objection was raised on the JPIA's brave action for independence by the PICPA, through its Committee on Student Participation chairman, Mr. Rodolfo Toledano. He contended that the PICPA can not be an advisory body; it will insist to be a supervisory body.

Another resolution which would obviously follow after the approval of the first one was for the holding of an election. The head delegates had already agreed during the workshop session on the site of the next convention: Cebu City. According to the newly promulgated constitution, the place of the principal office of the NEB shall be rotated among its eight different regional districts, namely, Northern Luzon, Central Luzon, Greater Manila, Bicol Region, Eastern Visayas, Western Visayas, Northern Mindanao, and Southern Mindanao. Since the 9th National JPIA Convention will be convened in Cebu City, it follows that the principal office of the NEB should also be in Cebu City. With only one qualified person running for the presidency, no election was held for the top post. Mr. Victor Go, incumbent president of the Cebu Federation of Junior Philippine Institute of Accountants (CF-JPIA), automatically took the helm. The Vice-Presidency for Internal Affairs went to the Colegio de San Jose Recoletos. No third year student was with the USC delegation; hence, none of us could run for any position. However, USC was promised the berth of Vice-Presidency for External Affairs which could mean one thing: the next convention might be held in USC.

Not to be seen in the past conventions, the recent one was able to release several publications: the Balance Sheet, its official daily publication, a newsletter, and a directory of all its chapter officers.

Though ephemeral, the November

1970 JPIA convention served its theme well. It did not expand beyond its boundaries for five days only; its conquest will linger for a couple of years, as shown by the lasting bond of friendship of the far-flung chapters engendered by the cordial atmosphere of the convention. The meticulous arguments, the film-showing the handshakes, the souvenir-signatures, will not be put to oblivion. Without it, the demarcation line of accounting will only be in USC. Because of it, accounting has been stretched beyond USC.

THE SAD STATE
(continued from page 11)

The Constitutional Convention is nothing but a counter-revolutionary maneuver of the ruling class in order to hold back the ever-growing strength of the national democratic forces. It is but a bourgeoisie's trojan horse aimed at serving the ruling class objectives — suppression of the revolutionary movement and perpetuation of their domination. The US imperialists who are masters of the ruling class are using the convention so that they can insert certain privileges in the Constitution as replacement of the Parity Rights. For this purpose the US imperialists have released an army of fat-bellied lackeys to run for delegates.

Indeed, it is obvious that the Convention is a weapon of the exploiting classes. Results of the election have proven that not a single delegate comes from the masses. Majority of them, landlords, capitalists, lawyers, priests, nuns are members of the ruling elite and therefore tools of the US imperialist. The Convention being largely composed of "Quislings", clowns and Judases — who are willing to stake the future of the country and who kowtow to US policies, cannot be expected to bring about meaningful reforms. It is but another political circus, a trojan horse, made to defeat the revolutionary sentiments of the masses.

The National Democratic People's
Constitution

But the people need a new Constitution, one that fully recognizes and meets the concrete problems of our society. This kind of Constitution is embodied in the program for national democracy. This program is democratic for it involves the active participation of

the masses, an awakened, politicalized and involved people. The national democratic program puts an end to reactionary belief that condemns the "ignorant" masses to perpetual oppression and submission.

The national democratic Constitution permeates all aspects of social life: politics, economics, culture and education, etc. In politics, effective power will no longer be the prerogative of the "chosen few". Political power will be exercised by the people at all levels because politics is too important a part to be left to a few.

Economically, the national democratic Constitution will work for the equalization of all economic opportunities and powers. This entails the provision of democratic and just distribution of national wealth. This will smash foreign and local monopolies of business and economic interests. Essential economic sectors will not be left to private hands, so that the people will own big banking, industry and commerce. And in order to end the problem of unemployment, massive national industrialization will be undertaken.

In agriculture, land reform will be given top priority to initiate radical changes. Feudalism will be put to an end: vast landholdings will be expropriated and parcelled out to the tillers. Hand in hand with this, the formation of cooperatives will be stressed in order to pave the way for the higher productivity in agriculture. Existing mechanized farms will not be destroyed but will serve as models for scientific farming.

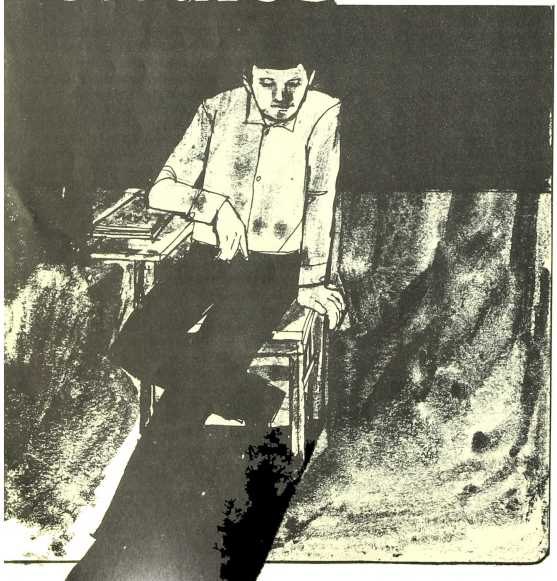
Culture and education will no longer be the privilege of the moneyed few. Our culture will be replaced by another that will serve the Filipino masses. Education will be decommercialized. At the first stage of national democratic state, private education will not be abolished but only given strict supervision from the people's government. At a later stage, education will be nationalized to complete democratization.

The New People's Constitution, finally, will insure an independent Filipino society. All imperialistic holds in our country will be terminated and no comeback will be allowed. Economic, military, and political treaties with other countries will be based on real equality and real mutuality of interests. No foreign attempt to subvert the people's genuine sovereignty and independence will be permitted.

(continued on page 41)



ROMANCE IN LEGAL TERMS



BOTH Freddy and Dovvy were first year law students. Freddy was the type of guy who'd stay in one of the seats at the back and keep quiet. Seldom did he ever raise his hand to recite or ask questions. Anyway, there were too many who were eager to have the floor. So, while the rest of the class (of 63 students) were asking or answering questions, he found it better to concentrate on his book writing notes on the pages thereof.

When one class was over, Freddy would leave the room together with his classmates. But while his classmates were busy during the five-minute interval bickering about certain provisions of law, he would isolate himself in some corner where he could smoke a cigarette and indulge in deep thoughts. Oftentimes, he could hear their loud arguments. "How little they understand what they talk about", he would say to himself.

Among the "noisy" students was a pretty, long-haired lass called Dovvy. Contrary to what many might have thought, she was very outspoken. She was the type of girl who would draw attention and admiration as she stood up to argue with the professors. Her questions usually

by Stephen L. Monsanto

served as the pump-primer, so to say. After her questions, the professor would know there was going to be a continuous bombardment of questions coming from the rest of the class. This could take the whole one-hour period. Dovvy therefore, was in every respect, the antithesis of what Freddy appeared to be.

At one time, Dovvy embarrassed the professor in their "Contracts" class. One classmate asked: "Sir, does a contract come into existence upon the meeting of the minds?" To which the professor answered in the affirmative quoting the provision of Art. 1305 of the Civil Code. "The contract is perfected by the meeting of the offer and acceptance upon the thing and the cause. That's Art. 1319. Your assignment was twenty articles. Don't you ever study your lessons?" the professor snarled. Dovvy was quick to pursue: "Sir, suppose X offers to sell his house on February 1, 1969 to Y for P10,000 and sends his offer in writing to the latter. Y receives the offer on February 8, 1969 and writes his acceptance and mails it on the following day to X. Is there a contract already?"

"Certainly!" the professor said emphatically. "So in case X sells his house on February 8, 1969 to Z, Y can sue X for breach of contract?" "Why, certainly!" came the emphatic answer.

"Even if X has not yet received Y's letter of acceptance?"

The professor realizing his "emphatic" error would immediately say, "of course, there are exceptions to the general rule," in an effort to camouflage his own inadequacy. But Freddy was always there, quiet, having known all the while the result of such argumentation. He'd been using three books on Civil Law and most probably about the same number of books on each of his other subjects.

Dovvy was an intelligent girl. There was no doubt about that. But one fact which seemed to have puzzled her classmates and Dovvy herself, was, that quiet gentleman's topping the exams all the time. Dovvy never felt satisfied with the honor of being just the second best in their class. She'd been hoping for a debate or battle with that "smart guy" on any question of law in class. She had made a number of indirect provocations.

At one time, she groused to their professor about her getting only 97 9/10 - 3 3/10 below Fred's score. Hoping that the "smart guy" would speak up and argue with her on the particular point where she failed to get the maximum score, Dovvy advanced her arguments. However, their professor was quick to point out some legal deficiency or insufficiency in her answer.

Dovvy's "frustrations" mounted as from day to day, she never got herself into any argument in class with Freddy, who as usual, maintained his reticence. She concocted some scheme whereby she might be able to talk to him outside the classroom. In one corner where Freddy used to stay, she began by saying, "Mr. Mantos, I'd like to know your opinion about the article we just discussed in class. I'm not so convinced about the professor's explanation."

"Sure, why not Miss Balkos."

"My name's Dovvy. That's double v-v-y."

"Mine's Freddy. That's double d-d-y."

And they both laughed. He had known how she felt. He told her how amused he'd been thinking about it all. She asked him why he'd been so quiet - uncritical - and yet getting, well, almost all the time, perfect in the exams.

"Quiet, yes, but not UNcritical," came the answer (which in Dovvy was to hatch a scruple so deep her attitude towards the "smart guy" changed radically . . . and romantically !).

* * * * *

It was Monday and the whole class, including Dovvy, was surprised to hear the first long speech of Freddy Mantos in class. The professor himself, who had been wondering why such a brilliant boy rarely participated in class discussions before, was forced to remark: "Well, Mr.

Mantos, you've been silent for a long time. I'm sure you have something to share with us."

It was in Criminal Law. The lecture dwelt on the acts of lasciviousness. "Article 336 provides that "any person who shall commit any act of lasciviousness upon other persons of either sex, under any of the circumstances mentioned in the preceding article, shall be punished by *prison correccional*." This article covers all acts of lasciviousness (*abusos deshonestos*) which do not amount to rape, but are committed under any of the circumstances in rape, namely, force or intimidation; where the offended party is deprived of reason or is unconscious; and when the girl is below 12 years of age," the professor began. Dovvy had prepared for this discussion and she was more than eager to start arguing. "Sir, is the act of stealthily embracing, kissing and taking undue liberties upon the woman's private parts, lascivious within the contemplation of Art. 336?"

"It depends," the professor answered.

"With your indulgence, I'd like to elaborate, sir."

"By all means."

"Taking advantage of the fact that a woman, 19 years of age, was alone in her house with no other companion but a maid who was then in the kitchen, a male visitor, about 11:00 in the morning, stealthily embraced and kissed her and touched her private parts. When the woman recovered from the shock, she tried to defend herself as best as she could. The man, however, released her only when she cried out and the maid rushed to the sala."

"In that case, an act of lasciviousness was committed," the professor remarked.

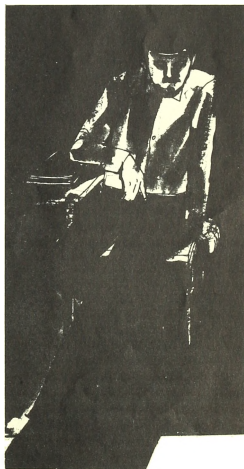
"I beg to disagree, sir." The voice came from the back of the room. Everyone turned to that direction, including Dovvy, her face more serious than she'd ever been in class. Freddy had prepared for it also. He had the hunch Dovvy would do what she just did.

"I don't think the man committed an act of lasciviousness, sir. It must be noted, sir, that for an act to be lascivious it must be motivated by lust or lewd designs. Now, let us examine the circumstances of the case presented by the charming lady. According to her, the man stealthily embraced her, or rather the woman, and took unwarranted liberties with her person without even giving her the opportunity to defend herself. The charming lady is trying to tell us that the man had lewd intention upon her, or rather upon the woman, that he had the intention of abusing her. However, the charming lady also pointed out that it happened at about 11 o'clock in the morning, a time when all members of the family are expected to be home for lunch, and that she, or rather that woman, had other companion, the maid, who was then in the kitchen. Considering these circumstances,

it is extremely difficult to believe that the man could have desired more than the ordinary outburst of one in love. It may therefore be concluded that those alleged acts of lasciviousness are in truth, nothing but a lover's embrace and kisses. Finally, I'd like to point out that in US vs. Gomez, where the girl did not want the man as her accepted lover, but she was not unwilling to receive attention from him, the court ruled that whatever the defendant's conduct may have been in this case, it has not been shown beyond reasonable doubt that it was criminal. At most, the evidence tended to prove that the defendant embraced the girl and kissed her. This alone is not sufficient to maintain a finding of the commission of "abusos deshonestos."

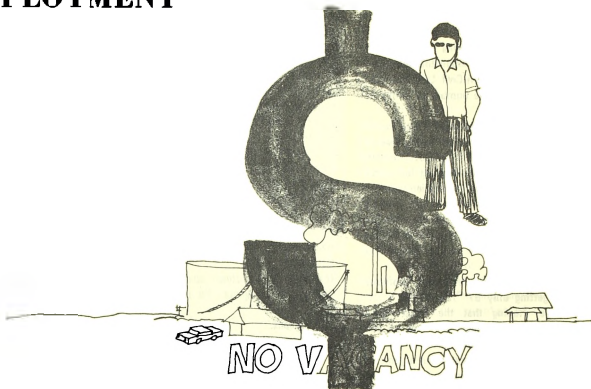
"Actually," the professor said, "it is difficult to lay down rules especially establishing which conduct constitutes lewd or lascivious act. It will have to be determined from the circumstances of each case."

Before Freddy took his seat, he looked at Dovvy for a while. It was better she didn't speak anymore, unless she'd like everyone to know about their "special relation." Their classmates, unsuspecting, began asking questions on rape, seduction, abduction, etc. Dovvy became just as quiet as Freddy was at the back of the room.



ON AMERICAN INVESTMENT AND UNEMPLOYMENT

by Danny Galuna, Law 2



One of the most persistent myths that Filipinos have been made to accept is the desirability or necessity of foreign investment to our economic development. The National Economic Council, at one time, even commented that refusing licenses to American firms would discourage the in-flow of foreign capital. And sometimes President Marcos himself believes that our economic problem can be solved by expanding foreign participation on our economy. The basis of this American-created myth appears to be: That direct private foreign investment is needed to solve unemployment. The contrary however, is true.

Foreign enterprises are engaged in fields which Filipinos have already entered or are capable of engaging in. Given the proper incentives by the government, our own nationals can handle without any help from foreign nationals, wholesale and retail trade banks, insurance companies, mining and manufacturing industries, etc. However, Filipino capitalists already or about to start in business find themselves losing in competition with American nationals, who have equal rights with Filipinos, have better finances and organization, and in addition are given full support by their government. The result is the discouragement of Filipinos from engaging in business. In a situation like this, the presence of foreign capital does not add to total national production since what is produced by Americans could have been produced by the Filipinos. American participation merely displaced that of the Filipino.

The effects of such displacement then are:

1. Loss of profits which could have been earned by Filipinos, and
2. The reduction of total wages received by Filipino labor due to the reduction in total employment.

Based on Central Bank data, Americans make three times the profit of Filipinos for one person employed. These larger profits arise from the capacity of American nationals to handle a larger volume of business with the same number of workers. In other words, Filipinos on the average employ three times more workers than Americans, for the same amount of profits. Moreover Filipino firms pay more in total wages than American firms because he employs more.

American firms therefore instead of creating employment actually are reducing it. If Filipinos had not been displaced by Americans, the total number of workers now employed by Filipinos would have increased considerably.

In an advanced capitalist economy, unemployment may also be caused by a lag of consumption spending behind production. This may be due to the payments to the factors of production being saved without spending for consumption or for investment, and in turn reducing the total purchasing power available. In the Philippine economy, this lag is intensified where owners of enterprises are not Filipinos. This time the temporary lag between receipt of profits and its conversion to purchasing power, prevalent in the U.S., becomes a permanent lag since profits of foreign firms are not spent here but remitted abroad. While statistics on disbursements for purposes of profit remittances show only an average of \$10 million for 1964 and 1965, there are unidentifiable disbursements of foreign exchange capable of hiding profit remittances of no less than \$200 million annually. In 1964 it was estimated to be \$500 million, \$659 million in 1965 and over \$700 million in 1966.

From these observations, we can conclude therefore that the presence of American foreign investment here does not at all solve our problem of unemployment.



DECEMBER 26, 1970 USCCH CULTURAL CENTER SEVEN THIRTY EVENING UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS DRAMATICS

OH
DAD
POOR
DAD
MAMA'S HUNGRY
AND
IN THE CLOSET AND
FEEL SO SAD....



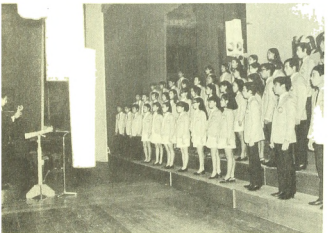
THE CAST –

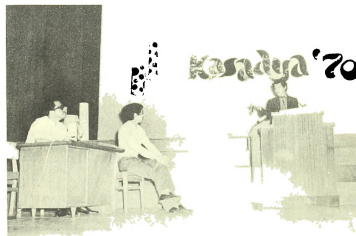
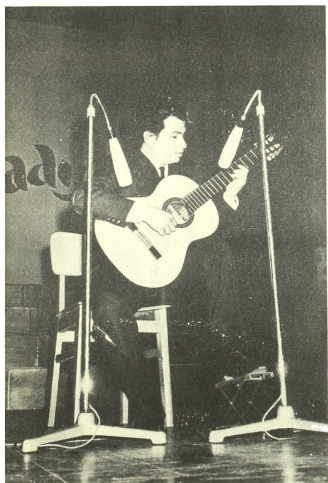
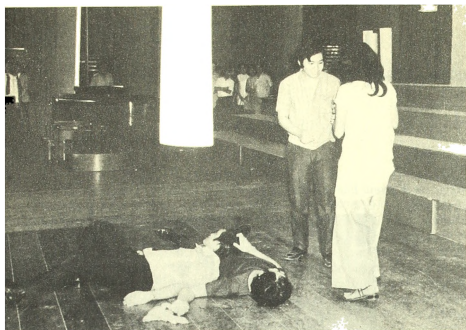
Madame Rosepatti	Fides Manuel	Bellboys	Amadeo Seno
Jonathan	Leo Palicte III		Rommel Ramas
Rosalie	Ophelia Llanos		Efran Ouanu
Commodore	Jose Albert Borja	Waiters	Maximo Lago
Head Bellboy	Andy Tantoco		Victor Cabrera
Dad	Tony Flores		Gus Palao
			and in cameo roles
			Marlinda Angbetic and Imelda Goyanko





Kasadya

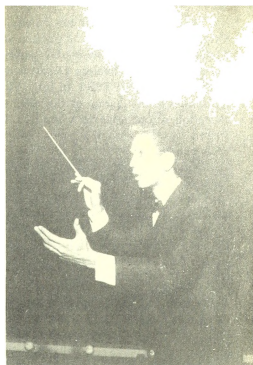






USC CHORISTERS IN PROFILE

by Ramon Clarete



At this point in history when student activism and unrest is all aglow in schools, the UNIVERSITY OF SAN CARLOS CHORISTERS 1970-1971 is developing another form of student activism, musical activity, striking fire from the most beautiful instrument of all — the human voice. Their approach to choral singing represents no mystery.

The USC CHORISTERS '70-'71, is a group of graduate and undergraduate students from different colleges in the university who have the ability to combine studies with the active love of music. None of the 70 members are professional singers and musicians, but the majority simply have "a good voice and an ear for music." Membership in this organization is free and voluntary without enjoying scholarships or privileges. Every year new members take the place of those who graduate, thus they carry on the task of promoting cultural enrichment of students by providing opportunities for hidden talents to flourish. As CHORISTERS, they discover the enchantment of music, such that music becomes for them a lifetime inspiration.

The USC CHORISTERS as a group, is in its sixth year. It owes its basic shape and strength as a singing group to Mr. Stanley Munro, a young American instructor in English at the University of San Carlos with the guidance of Rev. John Berry, SVD, Dean of Liberal Arts, as adviser. Its first success on record was the Christmas Choral Concert performed under Mr. Munro's direction in December 1965.



When Mr. Munro left for Canada, the Rev. Ulrich Schlecht, SVD, took his place on the podium and guided the USC CHORISTERS from one successful performance to another. Due to his work in the Theology Department, he gave up his direction of the USC CHORISTERS. In July 1967 Mr. Ricardo G. Narciso, Jr. took up the baton of the USC CHORISTERS, with the exception of one semester when Rev. Theodore Murnane, SVD, arrived to work with the group. The USC CHORISTERS have been performing under the assiduous efforts, patient direction, and animating guidance of their conductor, Mr. Narciso, for four years now.

Mr. Narciso of Sta. Rita, Pampanga, is a graduate of the University of Santo Tomas Conservatory of Music with a major in conducting and minor in composition. Since his graduation, he has conducted glee clubs, bands and orchestras in Manila, Baguio, and Mindanao. He also composes, and arranges. At the University of San Carlos, he conducts not only the USC CHORISTERS, but the USC BAND as well.

Mr. Narciso has sparked Cebu City's interest in the founding of choral groups as exemplified by the quality and quantity of performances of the USC CHORISTERS and other choirs under his direction. A much sought-after conductor now in Cebu City, he has been asked to conduct the USC Girls High School Glee Club, Sacred Heart Seminary Choir, Philnabank Choral Society of Cebu, Cebu Medical Association, and the Knights of Columbus.

The first major program of the USC CHORISTERS under Mr. Narciso was a *Musical Soiree*. It had a repertoire of highly entertaining songs, with works of such classical composers as Wagner, Beethoven, and Tchaikovsky; it included popular Broadway songs from *Bye-bye Birdie*, *My Fair Lady*, and *Carousel*, as well as such famous Filipino melodies as *Hatting-gabi*, and *Tampuhan*.

The *Grand Choral Concert*, presented at the USC Cultural Center on December 14 and 15, 1968, was what really capped the USC CHORISTERS' performances up to now. Featured in the concert was Dr. Antonio J. Molina, Dean of Filipino Composers, as guest conductor. Appeared with him were: The Manila Concert Orchestra Ensemble; Dra. Mini Trotsdal, soprano coloratura as soloist; and Mrs. Loring Victorino as guest accompanist. The Philnabank Choral Society of Cebu participated during the intermission. The concert was in several sections expressing various moods; songs of Broadway musicals, light classics, old favorites, Christmas melodies, folksongs, and local compositions were rendered. Special features were the two masterpieces of Molina, *Kundiman-Kundangan*, and *Kay Gardang Langit*; the latter of which was conducted by Dr. Molina himself without a single rehearsal. Overwhelmed by enthusiasm at the successful performance. Dr. Molina solemnly handed his own baton to Mr. Narciso. No more would Dr. Molina conduct in public, and to show this symbolically, he gave his baton to the younger generation of conductors in the person of Mr. Narciso, stating that, "this baton is worth \$2 million, because of the numerous concerts I conducted with it," a noble gesture indeed, symbolic of his desire to pass on to the young his conducting career with all its successes.

The secret of enthusiasm and life of the USC CHORISTERS 1968-1969 laid in the group's high morale animated by candid encouragements from their adviser, Rev. Margarito Alingasa,

SVD, then Dean of Liberal Arts. They were proud and glad to note that their new adviser, in spite of his pressing works, still made himself available for them at all times.

The USC CHORISTERS was always able to give an annual Christmas presentation except last year, due to circumstances beyond their control. However, the members with their *esprit de corps* presented an Easter performance with barely two months preparation. In *An Evening of Choral Musicale* at the USC Cultural Center, on March 28 and 29, 1970; the repertoire opened with semi-religious songs like *Cherubim Song*, *Oh Loving Father*, and *Let There be Song*. They sang popular selections such as: *People*, *Hello Dolly*, *Happy Talk*, and *Oliver*. The closing numbers were three Filipino pieces: *Pandanguhan*, *Visayan Airs*, and *Himig Pilipino*. The USC BAND furnished the intermission.

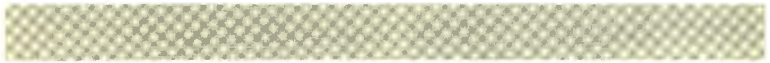
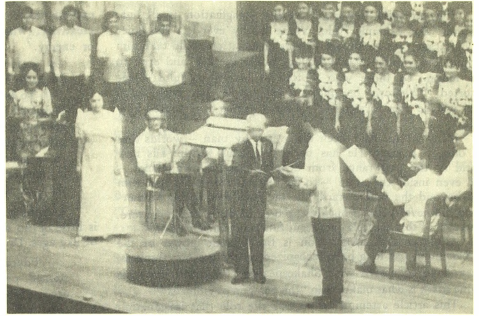
This year the USC CHORISTERS sang again in their 6th Annual *Choral Musicale* on December 12 and 13, 1970 at the USC Cultural Center. Their presentation was distinctive for the line up of its repertoire. Its broad spectrum of songs showed an exciting range of musical experience for both Filipino and foreign audiences. They started with Broadway hits, into their newest venture - Pop Music, then Philippine songs, Christmas mood where there is love, joy and peace. The theme of this year's presentation is *P E A C E*, for the USC CHORISTERS '70-'71 believes that music is perhaps the most indispensable of all arts for our welfare, happiness and peace. If everybody played or sang, no matter how much or well, the world would be a better place to live in.

The USC CHORISTERS have made a name through a variety of performances appearing on TV, as well as civic and cultural presentations. Among them were: *Choral Concert* where different Universities and Colleges participated at the Colegio de la Inmaculada Concepcion; the *Inaugural Grand Choral-Organ Concert* at the Basilica of Santo Niño, featuring Mrs. Edith A. Dizon, organist and other assisting choirs: Chorus of San Agustin University, and Schola Cantorum of San Carlos Seminary; and a *Cultural Concert* at CIC Auditorium featuring: Eddie Dakay, pianist, Lolita Kapungan - soprano, and Loring Victorino - accompanist.

Gradually and quietly they have been gaining esteem not only on the university campus but everywhere they happen to participate. An ensemble of the USC CHORISTERS performed in the closing program of the Second Annual Regional Industrial Safety Convention - Cebu Chapter, at the San Miguel Corporation Penthouse on October 21, 1970, and the latest, at an invitational solemn wedding ceremony in Ormoc City.

This is the satisfaction and gratitude of the USC CHORISTERS that the University of San Carlos always stood behind these musical activities with full-hearted support. It considers the group as a tool for inculcating in the studentry an appreciation of the fine arts, and a vehicle for augmenting their aesthetic values, the widening of which begets a sense of gratification and fulfillment.

The officers of the USC CHORISTERS '70-'71 are: Ramon Clarete, president; Edgar Guevarra, vice-president; Natividad Lumapas, secretary; Wilifreda Talaid, treasurer; Enrique Lim, auditor; and Prisperta Lumapas, public relations officer. Accompanist is Ramon Clarete.



CREATIVE IMAGINATION AND ITS ROLE IN THE LEARNING PROCESS

Praxedes P. Bulabog
Department of English

The potential power of creative imagination is all but, limitless. For example, Jules Verne hardly ever left the quiet of his home; yet he found that his imagination could take him around the world, 20,000 leagues under the sea, and even to the moon. To those who scoffed at his ideas, Jules Verne retorted: "Whatever one man is capable of conceiving, other men will be able to achieve."¹ Recent events have proved him right.

Many worlds have been discovered by man - worlds that lie outside himself. He has been successful within. His new world of the past range from deep within his own planet - and even inside the atom - to far beyond the visible spectrum and beyond the visible stars. But the great discovering human mind has never yet thoroughly explored its own puzzling nature. And part of this nature's important function is imagination.²

The fact that imagination is the pristine power of the human mind has long been recognized by the greatest thinkers. They have concurred with Shakespeare's conclusion that this divine spark is what makes man "the paragon of animals."³

This article attempts to portray the role that imagination plays in the learning process. It is limited to the importance of creative imagination and how it influences the learning process.

The Importance of Imagination

What is imagination? Webster defines the term as "the act or faculty of forming mental images of objects; the faculty of forming ideas or ideals."⁴ Creative imagination is "the mental capacity to visualize, to foresee and to generate ideas."⁵ Learning signifies knowledge acquired formally and systematically.

Civilization is the product of creative thinking. As to what ideas have meant in the forward march of mankind. John Masfield wrote:

Man's body is faulty, his mind untrustworthy; but his imagination has made him remarkable. In some centuries, his imagination has made life on this planet an intense practice of all the livelier energies.⁶

Were it not for slow, painful and constantly discouraged creative effort, man would be no more than a species of primate living on seeds, fruits, roots and uncooked flesh.

No one will ever know to whom we should erect monuments for such indispensable discoveries as the use of fire and the invention of the wheel, both of which come from the Stone Age. It was imagination that enabled man to extend his thumb by inventing the vise, to strengthen his fist and his arm by inventing the hammer. Step by step, man's imagination lured, led and pushed him to the astonishing height of power he now so apprehensively occupies.

The Educational Factor in Creativity

Osborn contends that creativity is not a product of edu-

cation; rather that education is enhanced or helped along by creativity. What creativity needs, he says, is mental effort or energy.⁷

Dr. L. L. Thurstone wrote:

To be extremely intelligent is not the same as to be gifted in creative work. Students with high intelligence are not necessarily the ones who produce the most original ideas. The Quiz Kids are often referred to as geniuses. They would undoubtedly score high in memory functions, but it is doubtful whether they are also fluent in producing ideas.⁸

According to scientific tests for creative aptitude, there is little or no difference between college or non-college people of like ages. Dr. William H. Easton, a man of many degrees, says:

Education is not a vital factor. Many highly trained persons are sterile creatively, while others accomplish outstanding results in spite of an almost total lack of formal instruction.⁹

History records that many great ideas have come from those devoid of specialized training in the problem involved. The telegraph was worked out by Morse, a professional painter of portrait. The steamboat was thought up by Fulton, likewise an artist. A school teacher, Eli Whitney, devised the cotton gin.

The Creativity Factor in Education

Every child is endowed with some creative potential. The human mind is obviously designed to create, to build, to transform, and even at times, to destroy. It is the prime duty of education to bring out and to cultivate the creative tendencies of pupils if they are to develop into mentally healthy, creative, productive and useful members of society.

The recent advances in space conquest and in electronics show the positive values of human creativity at work. The children of this generation therefore need to be encouraged, developed and trained to exercise their creative imagination in order to achieve in the future what need to be discovered and improved in the present.

Human beings differ from each other not so much with respect to the kind of abilities and traits which they possess, as regards the degree to which they possess them.¹⁰ This difference likewise holds true for creativity potential.

How Imagination Works in Learning

Imagination reinforces the comprehension of abstract and intangible aspects of learning.

When a geography teacher explains that Russia, the biggest country in the world, occupies one-fifth of the earth's surface, his students might supplement his visual map with symbolic imagery. They may envision in the mind's eye an enormous Russian bear mightily lordling it over the British lion, the Ame-

rican eagle, and so on. Thus with the aid of creative imagination, the impact and reality of the lesson is clearly brought home to the learner's mind.

Nowhere in the field of learning does imagination thrive best than in literature. Lacking illustrative drawings of pictures, the reading of, say, the balcony scene of *Romeo and Juliet* can only come alive in listener's mind through creative imagination.

The beauty of some Biblical passages lies not in their historical background nor in their spiritual implications, but in the exquisitely beautiful imagery that their words convey to the reader's mind. Picture the beautiful images which the following passages evoke:

Happy the man who follows not the counsel of the wicked, nor walks in the way of sinners, nor sits in the company of the insolent, but delights in the law of the Lord and meditates on the law day and night. He is like a tree planted near running water, that yields its fruit in due season, and whose leaves never fade.¹¹

I love you, O Lord, my strength,
O Lord, my rock, my fortress, my deliverer
My God, . . . my shield, the horn of my
salvation, my stronghold.¹²

My lover speaks; he says to me,
Arise, my beloved, my beautiful one,
and come.

For see, the winter is past,
the rains are over and gone
The flowers appear on the earth, . . .
And the song of the dove is heard
in our land.¹³

Or picture this classic symbolism of perfect charity from the greatest convert in the history of religious faith:

Brethren: If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels but have no charity, I am a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And if I should have . . . all knowledge and know all mysteries; and if I should have all faith so that I could remove mountains and have no charity, I am nothing. And if I should deliver my body to be burned and have no charity, it profits me nothing.¹⁴

The preceding are just a few examples of the practical uses of creative imagination in learning. The instances can be endless. It must be noted, however, that the learners' creativity can only be aroused by the teacher whose capacity for creative imagination is vast.

Conclusions

The world of experience of any normal man is composed of a tremendous array of discriminably different objects, events, people, impressions. No two people we see have an identical appearance and even objects that we judge to be the same over a period of time — change appearance from moment to moment with alternations in light or in the position of the viewer. All of these differences we are capable of seeing, for human beings have an exquisite capacity for making distinctions, as well as imagination.¹⁵

This article can be summed up in the following conclusions:
1. That the potential power of creative imagination of man

is limitless. This is seen in the seemingly fantastic images of Jules Verne, all of which have been realized.

2. That the importance of creative imagination can not be over-emphasized. This we can see in the massive achievements of man in the fields of science, art, agriculture, and so on, that have resulted from his creative imagination.

3. That creative imagination is not the result of education, but conversely, education or learning is enhanced by creative imagination.

4. That creative imagination can have varied practical uses in the learning process.

How can creative imagination be aroused in the learners? The answer is evident. Teachers should give students' creativity full play by delegating to them some aspect of the subject matter that is not discussed in the textbook. In other words, students should be given the opportunity to exhaust all the possibilities of the lesson by making them discuss hypothetical counter-solutions or conclusions.

To illustrate: In a theology class discussion of the Annunciation, everyone knows Mary's answer to the Angel's message. But what would have happened if Mary had doubted or refused? (This hypothetical question could be used to stress Our Lady's exemplary humility and obedience.)

Or in American history: What might have resulted if the Southern Confederacy and not the Union had won in the American Civil War of the 1860's? How would such an outcome have affected current events? What would have been the American Negro's place in current times?

Or what are the chances of the Philippines' becoming the fifty-first state of the U.S., as recently predicted?

Students must be assigned projects which would demand the use of their creativity and ingenuity.

These illustrations might be deemed too unreal or impractical, but one cannot deny the fact that their value in arousing imagination and in whetting the students' reasoning would be far from insignificant.

¹Alex F. Osborn (cited), *Applied Imagination* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1960), p. 1.

²Joseph Banks Rhine, *New World of the Mind* (New York: William Sloane Associates, 1953), p. ix.

³Osborn (cited), *op. cit.*, p. 2.

⁴*Webster's College Dictionary* (New York: The American Library, 1961), p. 204.

⁵*Ibid.*

⁶Osborn, *loc. cit.*

⁷*Ibid.*, p. 22.

⁸*Ibid.*

⁹*Ibid.*

¹⁰Jerome S. Bruner et al, *A Study of Thinking* (New York: John Wiley & Sons, Inc., 1965), p. vii.

¹¹Psalms, 1:1-3.

¹²Ps. 17:10-12

¹³Cantiles, I: 10-12.

¹⁴Epistle, Cor. XIII, 1-3.

¹⁵David Wechsler, *Range of Human Capacities* (Baltimore, Maryland: The Williams & Wilkins Company, 1952), p. 11.

THE EXAMINATION



by Jose Martinez
BS Physics 4

There was something wrong with Ramon. Extremely intelligent and introspective, he had cut himself off from humanity and locked himself in his microscopic world of books and study. Now I felt that something tragic would befall on him. It was more intuition than anything else.

I was quite exhausted the eve of the examination. I had gone out with an acquaintance who showed me around the city and treated me to a movie I had never been to Manila before, so I felt

that there was much for me to see. I enjoyed the movie and the tour immensely.

Ramon was invited, but he refused in favor of studying for the examinations the following day. He had been doing just that since he arrived in Manila, two weeks back.

"Hi, Mon," I said as I entered the sala of our boarding house, after I had parted with my acquaintance.

"Hi," he said back, "did you enjoy your sight-seeing?"

"Of course, I did. Wait till I tell you all about the park and the mare and the . . ."

"Later, later," he said pointing to the book he had in hand. "I've got other things to do," he added and he left for his room.

"Other things" meant books, of course. Ramon had never parted with them. He explained to me once that books were to him what comics were to me. On the other hand, I had no qualms about the examinations. After all I had attended the review classes and besides I was contented with passing remarks.

I felt an impulse to go to him and tell him what I felt about his attitude to books. It seemed to be the right moment to do just that.

"Mon," I said, entering his room. "I've got to talk to you about something very important."

"Can't you put it off?" he said. "No, it's very important." My voice sounded emphatic.

"Well," he put down his book as he said so.

"There is a lot you must learn about life," I started. "It's not only books that matter. People are more important. You must learn how to mix with and talk to people. There is a time and place for everything."

"You might be right," he retorted. "But right now studies are more important."

"Yes, they are," I countered, "but you're overdoing it. The way I look at it, you're not prepared at all to meet life outside. I mean no offense, but all that study will be useless outside the classroom. You need people to go up and improve. You'll be discouraged quickly if you depend on your grades alone or your books."

"Probably," he answered, "you need advice yourself. You haven't been very successful in school yourself," he said, referring to my mediocre but passing grades in school.

"Only a miracle will set you right," I answered a little bit slighted by his remark. "You'll probably go crazy the

(continued on page 48)

Hardwork and Subtlety

I saw hardwork in the ants
crawling, snakelike building
sandy mounds
readily stamped out of
existence
by human feet.

I saw subtlety in the termites
undermining the Establishment
"In unity there is strength"
daily the termites destroy but
we know it not.

Downfall of the Establishment
is their reward.

I saw hardwork in the
conscientious student
inspirational beads of perspiration
falling from intellectual minds.

I saw subtlety in the
happy-go-lucky
stealthily cheating.
"Honorable dismissal" is his
diploma

I saw hardwork in the
peasant
sunburned, overbaked
filipino
grinding his problems away
on the grindstone
of poverty.

I saw subtlety in the President
sowing discontent through
fields of promise.

Revolution is what
he will reap.

m. p. diasoy



february poem for a. i.

I remember how I feared the moment
and now it is here.

Perhaps, no words may fit these moldened thoughts
lost in a world of smoky joints where belly dancers sad -
ly quiver. But something like in - between lines
flow as the eloquent waters in winding riverbeds
headstrong on a sunny day
and mutely art at night.

How Fr. M said one night after classes
poets don't plan. I re-
member I said I would
not write again.
But it is here now
: you are fully flesh and so real.

So real.

I must finish these lines
and meet my thousand deaths for once.

- angela g. kho
msphysics



PANGULONG TUDLING:

Ang Pilipino at ang Kanyang Wika

Isang banyagang Hesweta nagsabi noon na ang isa sa mga walang kapintasang wika sa buong daigdig ay ang ating sariling wikang Pilipino. Ito'y mayaman sa mga salita sapagka't ito'y isang wikang binubuo ng iba't-ibang wika sa buong mundo gaya ng Pranses, Latin, Ingles, Amerikano, Aleman, Hapon, Intsik, Espanyol, Arabe at Griyego. Halos lahat ng mayoriyang lengwahe sa buong daigdig ay bumubuo sa wikang Pilipino. Kaya, ito'y isa sa mga maganda at kumpletong lengwahe sa buong daigdig. Ngunit ito ba'y binibigyan natin ng halaga? Ito ba'y pinagmamalaki't minamahal natin? Hindi maipagkait ang katotohanan na sa kabila ng kagandahang angkin ng wikang Pilipino, ito'y bale wala sa atin. Sa halip, binibigyan nating halaga at ipinagmamalaki ang tayoy nakapunta na sa buong daigdig at nakapagsasalita ng iba't-ibang lengwahe. Ngunit kung tatanungin ninyo kung alam ba ang ating sariling wika, kikibit-balikat lamang at dadagdagan pang "Pangit kasi ang Pilipino, at hindi magandang pakinngan," o kaya'y "Very easy kasi ang Pilipino at very boring."

Mga ilang buwan lamang ang nakaraan, sinisigaw ng ating Pangulo, mga estudyante, at mga opisyaless sa pamahalaan ang NASYONALISMO. Binibigyan din na ngayoy panahon upang ipakita natin sa buong daigdig na tayoy nagmamahal sa ating inang bayan, ang Pilipinas. Ngunit ang lahat ng mga ito'y salitang-bibig lamang. Ano ang ating nakikita araw-araw? Bumibili tayoy mga produktong yari sa ibang bansa; ipinagmamalaki nating makapagsasalita ng Pranses, Espanyol, atbp (ngunit hindi naman marunong mag-Tagalog, ang wikang pinagbatayan ng Wikang Pilipino), at sa halip na humanap ng paraan sa ikapag-uunlad ng ating wika, isinasatabi natin at plit: kalimutan, kung minsan, kinasusuklampan pa. Anong uri ng mga Pilipino ang nasa Pilipinas? Ito ba ang ating NASYONALISMO?

Ang mga guro at mga estudyante sa mga paaralan ang siya nal lamang tanging pag-asa ng ating bayan, lalo na'ng nauua. Ngunit anumang sikap ang gawin ng mga paaralan kung hindi makipagtulungan ang mga guro't mag-aaral, ay wala ring bisa Kaya, sinisikap ng ating mga namamahala sa mga paaralan na mapapaunlad ang Wikang Pilipino, gaya ng napag-uusapang mung-kahi na ito'y gagawing isa sa mga mahalagang paksa sa anumang kursong kunin, pagtatag ng mga kapisanan ng mga guro o estudyanteng nagdadalubhasa sa Pilipino, pagbigay ng mga panayam, at iba pa.

Dito sa ating sariling paaralan, marahil hindi pa alam ng iba, ay marami na tayong nagawa upang mapapaunlad ang ating

sariling wika, tulad halimbawa ng pagkatatag ng KAGUPIL, Kapisanan ng mga Guro sa Pilipino na pinangunguluhan ni Gng. Julieta Gonzales, ang pinuno ng ating BSE. Ito'y sinundan ng pagkatayog ng organisasyon ng mga "majors" at "minors" ng Pilipino, ang SILAHIS ng WIKA. Ito'y nabuhay mula sa pagkamatay ng Pilipino Klab sa pamamagitan ng tagapayo at namamat-nubay nito ngayon na walang iba kundi ang maliksi't matalino nating guro sa Pilipino, si Bb. Remedios Ramos. Ito'y pinangunguluhan ni Eleanor Cabucos. Ang kapisanang ito'y isa sa mga aktibong organisasyon ng ating pamantasan. Ang unang nagawa nito'y ang pagbigay ng Paligsahan ng Pagbigkas (Declamation Contest in Pilipino) na nilahukan ng iba't-ibang paaralang pribado't pambayan. Ito'y isang tagumpay bagama't unang proyekto pa lamang. Sa kasalukuyan, may malaki't mahirap na proyekto ang isinasagawa ng kapisanang ito. Una, sila'y nagsasaln ng mga kuwentong pampaaralan mula sa Ingles isinasa-Pilipino, upang magamit sa pagtuturo ng mga guro sa mababang paaralan. Sa palagay ko, matatapos ang pagasalng ito bago magsara ang pasukang ito. Ang ikalawang ginagawa nila'y ang pagtatag ng kanilang sariling pahayagan, ang "Isip at Damdamin". Ang namamatnugot nito'y nagkaroon ng pagpupulong kamakailan lang hinggil sa paksa para sa unang labas nito na napag-usapang malabas sa buwan ng Pebrero. Ang pahayagang ito'y pinamamantnugutan ng inyong lingkod at ang ikalawang patnugot ay si Angelita Ignacio.

Naniniwala akong malaki ang maitutulong ng KAGUPIL at SILAHIS ng WIKA sa ikapag-uunlad ng ating sariling wika. Kayong mga mambabasa, may magagawa ba kayo?

Aniceta Godinez
BSE 3

PUSONG SUGATAN

ni Teofila M. Seratubias
BSE 3

*Sa mga sandaling ako'y nag-isa
Mga alaala mo'y nagugunita;
Pawang pagdurusa aking nadarama;
Sa pagmumuni ko'y inasam-esam ka.*

*Sa ilang saglit lang
ikaw ay nawala;
Sa katitig ko
tumulo ang luha;
Dulot ng pag-ibig
na walang pag-asa;
Kay saklap ng buhay
kapag nag-isa!*

*Sana'y malaman mong puso ko'y sugatan,
At sa hapdi nito'y nawalan ng malay;
Anong kapalaran ang naghihintay?
Nanaisin ko nang kuman na ng BUHAY!*

Pagtuwid Ng Arko

ni Aniceta Godinez
BSE 3

Lumalagak na ang treng sinasakan niya patungo sa siyudad ng Baguio. Abalang-abala ang mga sakay sa pagkaway sa mga mahal nila sa buhay na naghatid sa kanila. Lahat ng mga tao'y nagsisipagtawanan, ang iba'y nagsisipag-iyakan marahil dahil matagalan pa ang kanilang muling pagkikita ng mga mahal nila sa buhay; ang iba'y abalang-abala sa kanilang mga pakikipag-kuwentuhan. Sa isang salita'y lahat ng mga pasahero sa tren ay libang sa iba't-ibang gawain maliban sa isang pasaherong nakaupo sa isang sulok ng tren, si Amor na nakatulala sa kanyang upuan Ang titig niya'y napakalayo't naka-Biyernes Santo ang mukha. Nag-iisa lamang siya at wala man lamang naghatid sa kanyang pag-alis.

Tiningnan ni Amor ang kanyang relo — mag-ika-apat na na hapon. Lumington siya sa bintana sa gawing kanan at nakita niyang wala na sila sa estasyon ng tren. Hindi niya namalayan ang kanilang pag-alis ni ang ingay na nagawa ng ibang mga pasahero kanina. Huminga siya ng malalim, inayos ang nagusot niyang damit at tumingin sa labas sa dakong malayo. Bukas ng umaga'y dadating ang treng ito, nasabi niya sa sarili niya at bukas din ng umaga'y magagawa niya ang matagal na niyang balak gawin. Narinig na niya ang isang lumang kasabihan: "Gaano man katigas ng bakal ay lambot din pagdating ng panahon." Hindi siya naniniwala dito sapagka't hanggang ngayon ay sariwa pa ang sugat na nagawa ng kanyang ama sa kanya. Hanggang ngayo'y naramdaman pa niya ang mga tinik na nalasap niya mula sa latiko ng kasakiman ng kanyang ama.

Tapos na siya noon sa mataas na paaralan at siya'y nasa ika-labinsiyam na taong gulang na. Alam niyang tutol ang kanyang itay sa kanyang hangarin ngunit' sinikap pa rin niyang maintindihan siya nito. Kaya, isang gabi, nang makatulong na ang lahat ng kanyang siyam na bunsong kapatid, nilapitan niya ang kanyang ama.

"Itay, may sasabihin sana ako sa inyo; sana'y huwag kayong mabigla," ang pambungad niyang salita.

"Ano ba 'yan? Tungkol ko ba iyan sa iyong pag-aaral sa susunod na taon?" may kapanabikang tumanong ang matanda.

"A, e... hindi po. Ang ibig kong sabihin'y hindi tungkol sa aking pag-aaral ang pag-uusapan natin," maamong sagot ni Amor.

"E, kung gayong hindi tungkol sa iyong pag-aaral ang pag-uusapan na, tin, tungkol ba sa ano?" may pagkamanhang nagtanong ang matanda.

"Itay," marahang sagot ni Amor. "Gusto ko po sanang pagpa-alam sa inyong ako'y nais mag-alagad sa Diyos at papasok na sa susunod na buwan — sa Abril!"

"Ano!" sigaw ng ama niya. "Nahihibang ka na ba?" Hindi mo ba alam na noon pa ma'y tutol na ako sa hangarin mong 'yan? Ano't ngayo'y sabihin mong mag-paalam ka upang pumasok? Hoy, babae, mula ngayon huwag mo nang banggitin pa sa akin ang paksiang iyang kahit kailan, naintindihan mo? Hala pasok sa loob!"

Natatandaan pa ni Amor ang huling salita ng kanyang ama. Ito'y isang punyal na sinaksak sa kanyang dibdib. Kung ilang beses niya kinausap ito tungkol sa kanyang hangarin ngunit tulad ng gaging hindi maaaring gawing araw, kailanma'y hindi na nag-ibayo ang pasya ng kanyang ama. Kaya, napilitan siyang yumuko na lamang, pumasok sa loob at doon niya binuhos ang nag-uumpap na sama ng loob niya. Ni hindi siya nakaimik kahit isang salita sapagka't mahal niya ang kanyang ama at ayaw niyang magkaroon ng alitan ang magandang pagtitinginan nilang mag-ama.

Iyon ang naging simula ng gamundong kalbaryong sinabalik ni Amor. Naging mahigpit ang ama niya. Hindi na siya makalabas ng bahay na walang kasama; pati sa pagsimba araw-araw ay binawal na sa kanya; maging sa paglaba ng mga damit sa ilog ay may kasama siyang dalawang kapatid. Lahat ng mga gawain niya'y pinakikialaman ng kanyang ama. Sa isang salita, ang kanyang kalayaan, tinig, katuwiran at karapatan ay kinilit ng kanyang ama mula sa kanya. Ang ina niya'y hindi makaimik sapagka't ang buhay nito'y unti-unting kinuha ng mga kuko ni Kamatayan.

Natatandaan pa rin niya ang huling salita ng kanyang ina bago ito binawitan sa hiram niyang buhay.

"Amor, labag sa kalooban ko ang pangyayaring ito, ngunit' hindi ko maiwan sa ama mo ang tungkuling isasabalikat mo. Ikaw na ang bahala sa mga kapatid mo. Ang ama mo'y huwag mong..."

Tinitigan niya ang tanging mahal niya sa buhay. Minsan pa'y nadagdagan ang gabundok niyang pinapasang krus. Biglang naglaho ang paningin ni Amor at umagos ang dalawang patak ng luha sa nangunot na mga pisngi niya. Naramdaman niya ang biglang paghulog ng langit sa kanyang katawan ngunit ito'y hindi nahulog sa lupa sapagka't nagawa niyang tanggapin.

Tiningnan uli ni Amor ang relo niya. Maghahating-gabi na pala'y hindi pa siya naantok. Lumington siya sa mga kasama niya sa tren. Silang lahat ay himbing na himbing na. Ang iba'y parang may mga panaginip na sa kanilang mga mukha. Ibig niyang matulog upang kahit sandali'y malunutan niya ang mga masasaklap na mga pangyayari sa buhay niya na naging sugat ng kanyang damdamin upang kailanma'y hindi na gagaling.

Ang sumunod na pangyayari'y ang pagkakasakit ng kanyang ama — "Broncho-Pneumonia" at malubha sapagka't may komplikasyon sa kaliwang baga. Dinala niya sa ospital upang malapatan ng gamot. Ngunit' nang sabihin ng doktor na kailangan ang isang operasyon sapagka't ayun sa "X-Ray" ay kailangan alisin ang bagag ito ay biglang nangunot ang noo ni Amor. Minsan pa'y dumating na naman ang isang usap sa kanyang buhay. Saan siya kukuha ng pera? Totoong may naipon ang nanay niya, ngunit' gasino lang 'yon kapag naoperahan na ang tatay niya? Ang mga gamot pa? Papaano ang pag-aral ng mga kapatid niya? Ang kanilang pagkain araw-araw?

Ang mga sumunod na pahina sa aklat ng buhay ni Amor ay hindi na niya nasilayan. Ang alam niya'y nandoon na siya't katabi ang isang taong matagal nang ibig sumipsip ng kanyang nektar ng kagandahan upang lasapin ang katamis't kadalisayang angkin ni Amor. Labag sa kanyang kalooban ang ginawa niya nguni't ito'y sinadya niya upang sakakin ang puso ng kanyang ama nang sa ganon ang dugong sagos mula sa sugat ay maka-paglalambot sa matigas na damdamin ng kanyang ama. Ang ginawa sa matandang may asawa sa kanya'y kinasusuklaman din niya. Kaya, kahit na ito'y nakapagtuloy sa paggalag ng ama niya at sa kanilang kabuhyang magkakapatid sa pamamagitan ng kayamanan nito'y kinamumuhian pa rin niya ito — at ang mga kabaro ni Adan.

Unti-unting humalik sa pisngi ni Amor ang mga luhang nagmula sa mga puyat na mata niya, dumami, maya-maya'y naging isang agos ng Niagara at naging dagat sa buto't-balat niyang mukha. Hindi siya humikbi; pinabayaan niyang mabasa ang bibig at damit niya. Nakatitig pa rin siya sa malayo. Hindi nagtagal, malinaw na naman sa alala-ala ang sumunod na kabanata ng buhay niya.

"Walang-hiya ka! Kaya pala bahagya ka nang dumalaw sa akin sa ospital ay dahil naglandi ka na. Hala layat! Wala kang kuwentang anak! Isa kang mumurahing babae!" ang sigaw ng kanyang ama kasabay ang isang halabig sa kanyang katawan ng isang latigo ng kabayo.

Hindi siya umimik, ni isang sagot sa sumbat ng kanyang ama'y walang lumabas sa nanginginig niyang labi't katawan. Umagos lamang ang digmaang kulay mula sa mga sugat ng kanyang buong katawan — sa mukha, bukod sa mga sampal na tinanggap niya — at sa buong bahagi ng katawan niya'y bumalot ang matirir at mapupulang sugat.

"Opo, itay," munting salita ni Amor. "Aalis po ako nguni't ako'y babalit sapagka't hindi matanggap ng aking kaloobang iwanan ko kayo at ng aking mga kapatid. Totoo'y naging masama ako nguni't ito'y ginawo ko nang dahil sa inyo at ng aking mga kapatid. Kinamumuhian ko kayo, Itay!"

Mabilis pa sa hanging sinugod ni Amor ang hagdanan at biglang nawala sa kadiliman ng gabi.

Dumami ang mga luhang nagpatuloy ng pag-agos sa pisngi ni Amor. Hanggang ngayon hinding-hindi pa rin mawala sa kanyang kalooban ang pagkaskakulan niya sa kanya nguni't batid ng Panginoong Diyos ang labis na pagmamahal niya sa kanya. Lamang hindi siya naintindihan ng ama niya sapagka't ayaw niyang maniwala sa kanya ni Amor Balang araw — hindi siya nauubusan ng pag-asa — balang araw . . . Kinasusuklaman niya ang uri ng pag-ibig ng ama niya (kung ang mga ginawa sa kanya'y matatawag na pag-ibig). Ito'y hindi pagmamahal sa anak — nguni't isang kasakiman. Subali't batid ng sarili niya na ang pagkamuhani niya sa kanya'y dahil hindi tama ang ginawa niya sa kanya ni Amor. Gusto niyang bumalik siya sa kanyang pagkasiya nuong hindi pa niya sinabi sa kanya ang hangarin niya sapagka't nais niyang mamahalin uli siya nito bilang ama sapagka't kailanma'y hindi nabawasan ang pagmamahal na inukol ni Amor sa kanya bilang anak. Siya'y uhaw sa tunay na pagmamahal ng isang ama tulad ng guwang na lupang namamanglaw sa mga halik ng luha ng langit.

Ang nadatnan ni Amor ay isang malapalasyong tahanan. Doon binuksan niya ang naging matim ng buhay sa isang alagad ng Diyos. Ang sunod na alam niya'y nasa kandili na siya ng mga monghang buong pusong tumanggap sa kanyang pagkatao. Nguni't hindi iyan nagtagal sapagka't binalingan niya

ang kanyang mga kapatid at ama sa kanilang dampa upang ipagpatuloy ang kanyang tungkulin. Nguni't hindi pa rin siya tinanggap ng kanyang ama. Sa kabila nito, nagpatuloy pa rin siya sa pagpadala ng pera sa kanyang mga kapatid upang hindi mahinto ang pag-aaral nila at upang mabili ng gamot ang kanyang ama. Hindi na siya bumalik sa mga monghang umampon sa kanya sapagka't nais niyang magkaroon ng pera. Kaya bumalik siya sa lalaking dumungis ng karangala't pangalan niya.

Dumaman ang maraming taon hanggang makatapos ng komersyo ang kapatid na sumunod sa kanya. Gumaling na rin ang kanyang ama.

"Ale, bumaba na ho kayo. Nasa Baguio na tayoy," isang bata ang gumising kay Amor sa malalim niyang pag-iisip. Kinuha niya ang munting maletang dala-dala niya. Nasa ibaba na siya ng tren nguni't may mga katanungang umuukilkil sa isipan niya parang punyal sa hinagis sa puso niya't kumikiro't ng pait: Pinatawad na kayo ako ng ama ko? Kung sakaling pinatawad na niya ako, mapapatawad ko kaya siya? Sa kabilang-dako, tanggapin kaya siya kapag itutuloy niya ang hangaring maglingkod sa Diyos? Mga mambabasa, hatulan ninyo si Amor.

Tula Sa Tuluyan:

Sapalarang Isip sa Pasko

Banayad akong naglalakad sa tabi ng dagat . . . nag-iisa. Ang naglalakihang alon nitong sumasalpok sa nag-uumpungang bato ay dagling naaangas tulad ng 'yong pag-ibig!

Pilitin ko mang iyanglit ang matamis nguni't mapait na nakaraan ay di ko magawa sapagka't iyon ay naging bahagi na ng aking buhay.

Bigla kang naglaho, lumimot! Bakit? . . . Ah . . . Sino nga ba ako upang pag-ukulan mo ng pansin? Isang hamak lamang sa iyong paningin. Kung sa iyong paglimot ay naliligayahan ka, sapat na 'yon para sa akin, sapagka't ang puso kong ito ay marunong magparaya, umunawa't magpakasakit. Sa lahat ng mga sandali, ang aking kaluluwa ay nagtutumatagayaw sa iyong pagmamahal, umaasang darating ang panatuhang ikaw ay babalik. Gusto kitang makita, nais kitang yakapin at ipadama ang init ng aking pagmamahal, ngunit patuloy kang lumalayo, sintayog ng bundok na kahit sa paningin man lamang ay di ko kayang maabot. Mapalad ka't may isang nilalang tapat na nagmamahal sa iyo at walang ibang idinadalangin kundi ang iyong kaligtasan at kaligayahan, nguni't ni isang saglit ay di mo inukulan ng pansin.

Ngayon, ang buong paligid ay nagningninging, ang mgaawit ng pasko ay pumainlang sa kalawakan at parang madarama mo ang halakhak ng puso sa buong mundo. Sa lansangan ay maaning mo sa mga mata ng mga batang naglaro ang walang pasidlang kaligayahan. Kay palad nila't hindi nito nararanasan ang hibik ng aking puso. Bakit hindi pa ako naging isa sa kanila ngayon ???

Norma E. Lee
BSE 3

TARGET DATE: 28 March 1971

MISSION: The Tactical Inspection

Almost two years have passed since the last tactical inspection. All this time, the Diehards have been girding for another successful one.

The year round preparation for this event starts with the cadet's orientation in the classrooms. Theoretical lessons are taught by the cadet officers. Then, to enhance their military aptitude, they are trained in some practical exercises such as guard mounting, squad patrolling and weapons.

Aside from practical exercises in the training ground, both cadet officers and cadets are given chances to apply what they learn in actual performances. They are always assigned for security missions on special occasions as in social presentations. Their campus election duty was well-praised by the Student Affairs' Office. Honor Escort and Review, Parades and

congressional district of Cebu. That was one duty for them where much were high at stake but where they were duly compensated in experience and honors.

In order that training of the Diehards will be well-facilitated, instructors are called to attend auxiliary courses. During the semestral vacation, some personnel from our DAST Office were sent to Camp Lapulapu to represent our unit in the Scout Ranger Course. They were Capt Cesar C. Ursal, Lt Jose A. Azagra, Jr., P2Lt Emmanuel Espiritu, TSgt Bonifacio A. Ando, second class cadets Jonathan Nuevo and Jacinto Ruiz; and third class cadets Dionalo Antallan, Henry Sanchez, Manuel Sanchez, Proculo Sarmen, and Mario de la Victoria. Our selected group finished the entire course with flying colors both in theoretical and practical exercises.

The Christmas vacation of the cadet officers was likewise devoted to a general review of the military sciences. The Officers' Refresher Course was conducted in order for the instructors to brush up with their instructional presentation to the cadets.

Guiding the Diehards to success are the efficient people who need not be introduced.

Our commandant, Capt Cesar C. Ursal, has been the captain of our ship for the past three years. He has proven himself as an active administrator. The Third Infantry Brigade Headquarters kept on assigning him to administrative functions such as his being the Intelligence and Operation Officer of the Summer Camp Training Class No. 4. Recently, he was the Executive Officer for Operations at the Leyte Landing Anniversary. At present, simultaneous with his position as the USC-ROTC Commandant, he is also assigned as the Administrative Officer of the Home Defense Affairs Unit (HDAU), 3rd Inf Bde.

Our newly designated assistant commandant Lt Jose A. Azagra Jr 0-99859 PA, has been augmenting much in the commandant's supervisory work. He was the Corps Commander of the ROTC Unit

of his Alma Mater, Colegio de la Purisima Concepcion, Roxas City, in 1966. He topped the Probationary training in 1967. Talking about the ROTC star, he says, "With the nice cooperation of the Administration and the cadets, it will be easier for us to acquire it".

T/Sgt Bonifacio Ando, our fatherly administrative NCO, is still with us. As usual, he commutes between office work and camp functions. He advises the observance of cooperation, unity and teamwork.

Going down the hierarchy, we come to the Corps Commander, Cdt Col Reynaldo B. Berdin. On Cdt Col Berdin lies the task of mastering what Sgt Ando advises - cooperation, unity and teamwork. Optimistic as ever, he confides his desire to get the STAR during his administration. His military record and experience may help us see that his desire



Processions are among their activities which are well-attended.

In line with the military's inclination towards civic action, the Diehards are taught such subjects as CIVAC (Civic Action) and Psychological Operations. They were then put to test in the field exercise in Pinamungajan, Cebu. Then, thirty-two cadet officers and cadets were further tested when they volunteered for election duty during the 1970 national elections of the Constitutional Convention delegates. They were assigned in the first



is not impossible, and his busy body may manifest it more.

Under the leadership of Cdt Col Berdin is the set of cadet officers as follows: Cdt Maj Eric de los Reyes, Cdt Capt Celito Macachor, Cdt Capt Jerome Ynting, Cdt Capt Danilo Kuizon, C Yntig, Cdt Capt Danilo Kuizon, Cdt Capt Edgar Ocañada, Cdt Capt Eleazar Parafada, Cdt Capt Alfred Paul, Cdt Capt Edgar Calderon; second class cadets (Cdt 1st Lts) - Antonio Caro, Jonathan Nuevo,

(continued on page 46)

THE REVOLUTION
(continued from page 9)

looking at the Philippines with hungry covetous eyes?

A revolution for Mao Tse Tung
Praxis of revolution

A lot of revolutions has been made in the name of the masses throughout the world in the past. The minute a revolution is won, the masses lose. Some revolution, for instance, were done to eliminate tyranny and free the masses. After the battles were fought and the tyrants are gibbeted or executed, the masses would find out that they had installed new and worse tyrants. In other revolutions, equality for the masses was made the banner. Again, when the cause was won, the masses would find out that though they gained equality, their liberty was guillotined as what happened in France after Marat and Robespierre sat in power: or it was executed and eliminated as what happened in Russia after the Bolshevik Revolution led by V.I. Lenin, or more accurately when the great megalomaniac Stalin assumed power. In other revolutions still, a revolution only delivered the masses from one conquering invader to another because it ended in a compromise between the people's leaders and the new invaders as what transpired in the Philippines after the ilustrado or Aginaldo led revolution against the scheming Americans crumbled. But the worst kind of revolution is the one allegedly made for the masses but in reality for a foreign power. This, it seems, is the revolution contemplated by some of our revolutionists.

The Left and the Right

Let's take stock of the situation. Who are those agitating for a revolution? Why do they want a revolution? What kind of revolution do they have in mind? Again, for whom will their revolution be? The answers to these questions are vital in determining more or less correctly, whether a revolution will redound to the welfare of the masses, or will mean exactly the reverse. It is not unknown to many that the motives of men who advocate a movement and those who consequently mobilize the forces necessary to gain the ends of the movement affect greatly the nature of the results it will reap. In much the same manner will the success or failure of a revolution be affected.

The Philippines today is markedly divided between two opposite groups fighting for change in the country — the Rightist revolutionists and the Leftist revolutionists. Both believe that only a revolution can cure the ills of the country.

Though not entirely free from the influences of Maoism, the Rightists advocate a

peaceful revolution based on Christian-Socialist platform. They intend to save the system by working within it. They have no intention of destroying the blessed set-up. Obviously, the group believes that things are not as hopeless as they are portrayed by the radical elements of the Left; and that existing problems can be solved by judicious and Christian means. Violence need not be employed to correct them. Reproachful sermons like that of the priests are enough. Thus, we have such Rightist group like the CSM of Manglapus and company crusading indefatigably for noble reforms.

Looking at the state of things, the Rightists group won't go any farther than where it is today. It will not change anything concretely and permanently. In its quixotic reformism, the group will not pose any problem to anyone, except perhaps as an obstacle of the Leftist revolutionists.

It is the Left clique which poses a problem since it has a more dangerous, though perhaps more effective and realistic way of tackling the problem plaguing the country. The leftists believe that only a violent revolution can solve these problems and change the condition of the country. Far better or for worse, we still have to see. It will all depend on what kind of leftists we have. Let's hope we have the right leftists.

Who compose the leftist society? They are the radical students, the radical intellectuals, Dante and his New People's Army which has now in its ranks government military officers like Lt. Corpus and others of similar characteristic. Not included in the group are those who profess to be radicals but who do not believe in the wisdom of a violent revolution. Actually, they belong to the society of Manglapus. The radical leftists referred to here are those who do not share the dreams and delusions of the Rightist group; those who clamor for immediate changes; and those who believe that the entire Philippine society has to be shaken to its very roots through a violent revolution to really and decisively achieve the needed changes.

There is nothing wrong with a revolution if it is done with the intention of improving the lot of one's countrymen. Andres Bonifacio and his fellow katipuneros had this in mind when they fired the shots against the oppressive Spanish government in the Philippines. For that we are proud of Bonifacio and his courageous men. The revolutionists from the Left, the way things look, do not really have the welfare of the Filipino masses in their contemplated revolution. They have someone else' glory in mind Mao Tse Tung's!

One cannot help reaching this tragic conclusion, if we take a hard look at the men in the Left. Listen to the radical students and you will hear nothing but the name of Mao Tse Tung. They know everything about him. Their quota-

tions are all taken from the great works of Mao. When they say something, it is according to Mao. To talk to them you have to be well-versed on the saying of Mao. You cannot be a revolutionary, unless you idolize Mao. To them, Mao is the greatest thing, the key to all revolutionary success. That's their brand of nationalism — Mao first, anything Filipino next.

You will hardly hear them utter a word by Bonifacio, Mabini or Rizal. Read some of the "radical" campus magazines and you will see them swamped with quotations from Mao. Talk to them about our Filipino heroes and they will either brand you as decadent or unenlightened or reactionary. They even look with scorn at the Rizal course. Some of them even say that the course is nothing but another excuse of our schools to make more money.

These attitudes, of course, may not apply to all the members of our leftist students. Furthermore, these attitudes of the students referred to may be passing, a mere eccentricity of adolescent idol-worshipping very common among the bourgeois teen-agers. But aren't these same students also advocating a violent revolution? Supposing the revolution would fall into their hands, what then? Who will profit from it, if not Mao?

It is not at all far-fetched that these students may explode a revolution in the name of Mao Tse Tung. Any hard core Maoist worthy of his title can easily god them to it. And it may be recalled that Mao's attention at present is focused on the youth. Our youth in the Left will certainly interest him. These students' lack of experience, their insidious idol-worshipping for Mao can prove very useful to him and fatal to our country.

In the Left wing, it is not only these students who are disciples of Mao. Many "mature" intellectuals who make so much airs of their nationalism are adherents of the Chinese chairman. And Dante — granting that he is real and not a myth as some claim — is another leftist toting the lines of Mao Tse Tung. Everybody knows that he is a Maoist. (Our nationalistic Left are proud of it!) What does that imply? Only one thing. He is not fully pro-Filipino. He is possessed by another god whose wishes he caters to.

One cannot be a lover of two women at the same time without reaching that crucial moment when he has to choose between the two. The same case applies to Dante. When a revolution breaks loose, whom will Dante take side or whom will he really fight for? The Filipino people or Mao? The way Dante liquidates his brother Filipinos who do not support him in his campaign against the government indicates that when the revolution erupts and Dante happens to be at the front and the government falls — granting that it will — Dante will hand the

Philippines straight to Mao Tse Tung.

Indeed, that our radicals in the Left should idolize Mao when there are Filipino heroes more worthy of emulation and adulation than him casts an evil shadow on the real motives of the Left in advocating a revolution. It appears that their kind of revolution is not for the suffering Filipino people but for Mao Tse Tung.

Our radical intellectuals playing the roles of Lenin and Trotsky, Dante that of Stalin, the hatchet man, the radical students, the red guards, a revolution for Mao Tse Tung, what an interesting leftist revolutionists we have.

Isn't it tragic that our people should have no respite from serving masters? First, they served the Spaniards, then the wily Americans, later the Japanese invaders and after our alleged independence the Americans again — this time with the aid of the Japanese and the Philippine oligarchy. Now the Left would free the people from the clutches of this friendship triumvirate to deliver them — our people — to a new master — Mao Tse Tung.

One need not be a Maoist to be a leftist or a revolutionist. One has only to be entirely Filipino. As things stand, it appears that we have the wrong leftists. A revolution under their leadership will be catastrophic to the Filipino people.

Conclusion

A revolution perhaps, is the only solution to the ills of our country. Unless our people are prepared for it — mentally and morally, i.e. they have the right values and attitudes to things that affect them and their country —, unless we have the right leaders, and not those Maoist nationalists who ought to be beheaded like the hypocritical King Charles I of England, the revolution will destroy us — the Filipino people.

A revolution should improve the lot of the people, it should free them, not enslave them. If this cannot be guaranteed, the revolution should be damned, the deceivers of the people, hang'd.

THE FILIPINO . . .

(continued from page 15)

ment, and the process should consist of the gradual enrichment of Tagalog by the adoption and assimilation of words and phrases coming from other dialects, so that the resultant language will truly be the common national language.

In recapitulation, we must pursue a subtle and national approach to the problem. The solution is not to wholly embrace the English language and leave the Tagalog entirely to the ditch. We can adopt a language that is willingly and spontaneously accepted by the Filipino

people in general; a language which will stamp out bitterness and jealousy among our people and a language which belongs to the different ethnic groups.

We can therefore say that the best remedy is to accelerate the growth and development of the Tagalog and English languages both as written and spoken by Filipinos.

Thus, we can be best guided by the words of President Quezon, who said that many of the country's problems stemmed from the lack of a national language to this Filipinos could never be united in purpose and aspiration and therefore would remain divided and weak. So, we should adopt a national language which would be expressive of our idiosyncracies, customs, and traditions. Unless we have a Filipino National Language, we will never be a nation.

A certain writer used to say that one good purpose of the press is to comfort the afflicted and to afflict the comfortable.

THE SAD . . .

(continued from page 19)

In face of the sad realities of the present society the masses may find hope in this genuine Filipino Constitution. Rights and freedom as they are should never be handed down on a silver platter. They have to be paid with sweat, tears and blood. The present society and government will always allow exploitation and oppression so long as American imperialism, domestic feudalisms and fascism exist. It is for the people to change society for they are the ones who suffer. The rich who benefit from the system can never be expected to change their lot for no divine miracle at this stage of history will transform Pharisees and Levites into Good Samaritans or make Marcoses, Sorianos and Who's Whos renounce their earthly possessions. Only by a concerted revolutionary action will the masses achieve real change, and only through it also will they be able to destroy the evils of imperialism, feudalism and fascism.

Tula:

Kayumangging Dahon ng Pag-ibig

*natatandaan mo ba
noong tayoy' nasa mataas na paaralan
magkalkasa't magkatabi tayoy ng upuan?*

*natatandaan mo ba
noong itinukso kita kay Micha
di ba siya'y tuwang-tuwa
animo'y isang kaluluwang bagong layo?*

*natatandaan mo ba
nang ako'y pinangaralan
ng guro — puso ko'y nasaktan
parang nilamukos na basahan?*

*natatandaan mo ba
noong tayoy' nagkita
may sinabi ako sa iyong tatlong ketaga
bunga ng iyong pagkamangha
meta mo ay lumuwa?*

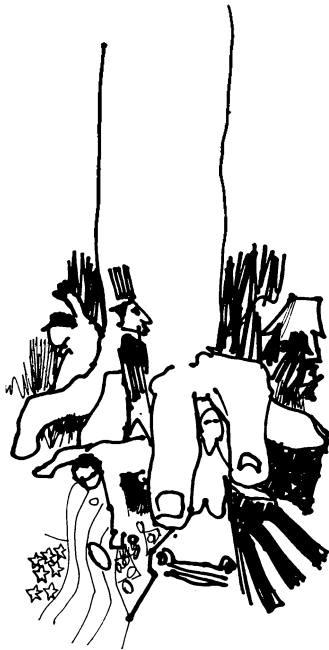
*natatandaan mo ba
nang malaman kang ikaw ay may iimatangin
puso ko'y biglang naging kimi
at pakiwari ko'y napipi?*

*natatandaan mo ba
nang mabigo ka sa kanya
puso mo ay nagdurugo
at atak ay iyong tinungo?*

*di mo ba na tanto
isang nilikhang matagal nang naghintay
puso niya ay sarado sa mga taong sa
kanya'y namimintuho
sapagka't ikaw at ikaw lang ang una't
huling gumising
sa puso ni'yang nangungulimlim?*

*nguni't . . .
kung hanggang ngayon ikaw ay walang
pakiramdam, sabihin mo kung ano at ano at
nang sa ako'y ipagawa mo . . .*

*Odessa Ipil
BS Zoo 3*



untitled

even as you listen to the plucking
of guitars
they become but wailings of children
squeezing the dry earth for milk
which is not there
(and you rush to hush them
for they are to learn many things
yet,
as you scour among droppings and
garbage cans for rotten meat
and bits of stale grain to eat)

and as you pick up a chicken
bone
to suck for dribbles of rancid soup
still hiding within its pores
(because
the belly heats of wide open seas
long ago lost to uncle sam
with the springfield)

even as you remember among
trash papers, how truncheon and
gas
crushed skulls and maimed the
youth
and how evil turns into
uniforms
marching the streets to clear the
way
for the men with the bankrolls and
uncle sam

even as you think of bayonets,
gashing bellies, and bullets
ripping through flesh of unknown
brothers in the fields

as you think of
women dragged through the darkness
receiving one rifle butt after
another
full on the face . . .

the blood spawns at the gutter
around and you grip at the chicken
bone - forgetting for a moment
that it could not turn into an armalite
nor the rotten bananas into dynamite.

tony conception
m.s. physics 1

Sports

by Ramon Jalipa

USC GARNERS 6th WIN IN CAFBA

The USC Faculty team strengthened its title bid in the Cebu Administration-Faculty Basketball Association (CAFBA) Tournament when it blasted, for a sixth win, the CCC Executives, 62-56, in the last phase of the elimination rounds last January 28.

Playing in their home courts, the highly-spirited USC Warriors displayed superior firepower over the visiting Executives by posting an early lead 10-4, two minutes after opening jump. Skipped by cat-quick forward Jigger Villegas and high-jumping center Nick Suarez, who netted 20 and 14 points respectively, the locals managed to pull a 10-point margin over the visiting cagers who were consequently hampered by the tight Warrior defense and backboards domination. Recuperating from the Warriors' blitz, the CCC basketballers sparked by hotshooting Estenzo, retaliated the bombardment by narrowing the lead to 22-16 with still two minutes before half-time. But that was the farthest they could make when Fr. Jayme along with Villegas poked in more and more points in the locals' basket to keep the visitors at bay, 32-18 at lemonite.

Starting it fast in the second half, the Warriors stormed anew the weakening defense of the visitors by puncturing shots in their keyhole to stretch wider the lead, 46-28 three minutes in the third quarter. Gasping from the spasmodic storm, the CCC mentor called in a "time-out" for hasty briefing of set-plays that later gained two drive-ins and two charities for Executives' stalwarts Estenzo and Agas. But as right-guard Del Mar came back to sustain the missing shots and personals of Villegas and Fr. Jayme, Center Nick Suarez shone off from behind the Executives' ballhandler for a quick interception and a nice undergoal shot that kept the Warriors in winning streak,

54-43 in the dying minutes. Then the locals coasted along faster, shattering whatever hopes for a CCC tie and blazed up again for a twinner posting a 62-56 advantage in the final second of the game.

The victory, which was their sixth in a row counting from last year's series somewhat gave better expectations for a confident sweep in the CAFBA championship series this season. The only threat to Warriors supremacy in the league will perhaps, come from the strong V. S. Villamor College team, which surprisingly bested them last semester. But Warriors' coach Serg Cugtas optimistically expressed "a clean sweep in CAFBA this year" to give once again a crowning glory to the beleaguered USC athletic teams.

INTRAMURALS '71

Accounting Five Dethrones Gamma Quintet, 53-42

The Accountants which last year shared the Gammas the Intramural crown ended the latter's four-year dynastic reign in campus cagedom by dethroning them in a 53-42 historic triumph amidst thumping crowd at the USC Quadrangle last January 29.

The Accounting-Gamma hostility which climaxed this year's cage war began with a neck-to-neck fight in the opening shots. Crucial as their game has always been, the Gammas showed enough winning capability when it took an early lead 12-8 in the first two minutes of the first half with skippers Caneco and Deles detonating four points in the Gammas' basket. Leading by as much as six points they manhandled the Accountants by giving them constant courtpresses. The Talamban cagers however, were not able to prevent longer the charging Accountants. With effective court maneuvers, Cruse's Accountants, through forward Somaling and Guard Cabilao, sank more points in their hole to reduce

the difference to 16-13 with only one and a half minutes more to play in the first half. The Accountants and the Gammas alternated shots, the former making a five-point basket over the latter's four points to spell out a one-point Gamma lead, 20-19 at half-time.

The start of the second canto saw Accountants' Go and Gonzaga exploding a longtom and under-the-basket shot to overturn the lead, 20-23, in their favor. An exchange of shots followed as Gamman Du charges to answer the Accountants sudden blitz for a 25-all, fifty seconds in the second half. From then on Juanito Cruse's boys bombarded with dizzying fast-breaks and combinations enabling them to gain an upperhand in the 34th minute: 38-33. But these were not enough, Gamman skipper Du was fouled out for five personals and as a result Gamman score was nailed in four consecutive occasions at 33 first to 34 then to 37 with the Accountants lengthening the gap first at 34-42 and finally to an 11-point margin at 37-49 in the last two minutes. All that the Gammas could do in the outburst was to maintain the gap by unleashing a lay-up shot by Caneco in an answer to Somaling's charities, yielding the pennant to Accountants at the final buzzer. The final score stood at 53-42.

The Gamman's unprecedented defeat in hands of its arch-rival Accountants was unexpected for Carolinian sports enthusiasts, but for those who have been keeping a constant watch of the Intramurals this season the defeat was unsuspected. This is because in its first encounter the Gammas bowed to the lowly-rated ROTC Diehards in a controversial 45-44 match. The Diehards which eked out over the Gammas was in another game, subdued by the Accounting team in 54-47 triumph last January 27. However, to Bobby Santos, the Gamman coach, their unlamented debacle came as a result of loss of three first-fivers: Gil, Asignar, and Odi who are now with the Varsity teams of USC and USP.

Thus, the Gamman supremacy in the Intramurals cagedom ended with arch-rival Accounting team taking home the Father President's trophy which will be given out during the College Day Festivities. Other honors in the row which the Athletics Department are still contemplating to give are the Most Valuable Player, Coach of the Year and Best Disciplined Team of the Year awards. This year's Intramurals finally came to a close with a champion relinquishing a crown held for four successive years and an underdog taking a good runner-up position and an arch-rival bagging the title.

FITS OF MADNESS

by Heracleo E. Repollo

The sun was somewhere at the back of those mountains. I was strolling in one of those unbearably long and ugly avenues that lead you nowhere. I wonder why people are so fond of making them. I met a man who asked me where cheap hotels could be found. In cheap streets, I said. That guy was crazy. He should be locked up. These madmen, they are everywhere. I went on. I passed by a big house which had a tower in front of it with huge bells. It was weird. The house. I could not tell what it was exactly. No, it wasn't just a house. It was Count Dracula's palace, no a church, no a synagogue. What was it? A mausoleum, most probably — one of those mausoleums found in over-populated cemeteries.

So, I've reached the cemetery. It had a very wide door which was flung open. I went in. Everyone was welcomed. Many others came in with me. They had stupid looks on their faces. Inside the mausoleum, I found out it was overflowing. I looked around and saw men and women dressed in all sorts of costumes. The Court of Juliette? Well, it seemed I had come into a rite. Some of the women wore flimsy blouses only. They wore no skirts to cover their anatomies. Others wore sleeveless T-shirts. The rest were ridiculously dressed.

I went down an aisle and sat on a pew nearest a rail. No, it was a fence. Or, perhaps a hedge to prevent dogs from entering the other side. PRIVATE PROPERTY. NO TRESPASSING. DOGS AND PIGS OF ALL KINDS AND SHAPES NOT ALLOWED INSIDE. The warning sign was not around. It was hidden somewhere like a trap. They'd slam it to your face if you cross the

hedge. On the other side of the fence, there was a table with bronze antique wares on it. Something was going to be sacrificed. A trespassing dog!

A heavily-dressed man with a ridiculously long nose stood in front of the table. He was carrying vessel suspended by rusting chains. It was like a lamp. The long-nosed man was swinging it to and fro. Smoke smelling like burned species came out of it as he swung the funny thing. Aladdin's lamp! I remembered suddenly. It was stolen again by the wily magician. No, it wasn't Aladdin's lamp. No genie appeared. What kind of necromancy is this, I asked myself greatly bewildered by the whole affair. Necromancy! Yes, of course, this man is performing necromancy. What's he up to? He is contacting the Devil. He is sending signals to him. I read his signals. He is asking the Devil to make the roof

fall on top of us! I was horrified. What a diabolical idea! I must stop him at all cost. I can't let anyone kill me. I rushed toward the sinister man. Violently, I wrenched the evil instrument from him. He staggered on the floor. Then, I heard a commotion, a thunder of feet. Everyone was rushing towards me. I was not the only one who saw the evil intention of the wicked man. Suddenly, I realized I was in grave danger. Stamped! Stamped! This mob will crush me to death. I sprang to my feet and ran as fast as I could from the perilous spot.

I found myself crossing a street, crossing another and soon I heard no more the shouts at my back. I kept on running to be safe.

A few minutes later, I stopped and looked around. Not a soul for miles. I was safe. I had escaped the mob. I felt relieved. I resumed my normal pace and



went home whistling a tune about pigs roaming in the streets. On the way, I saw a man climbing a porch. Romeo or Palos? He saw me. We stared at each other. I gave him a gracious congee. . . .

There was no one in the boarding house when I arrived. The place was dark as Pluto's kingdom. I went to my room and slumped on the bed. It emitted a pitiful shriek. I was horribly exhausted. I rolled over in the squeaking bed and fell asleep. Soon, I woke up again. I tried to go back to sleep, but I could not. I cursed Mr. Sandman, the lazy ass. He was again sleeping on his job. These morons! I tossed and turned in bed like a fermented wave. I buried my head in the pillow and shut my eyes very tightly. I asked for all sorts of intercession: divine intercession, demonic intercession and human intercession. But, I could not sleep. I rose up and sat on the bed. The lazy stupid moon was inching like a maddening traffic jam to the top of the dark sky. It was midnight. Rousseau was thinking of Holbachian treacherries in his chateau. There, his dumb mistress, was stroking his dog passionately. Elsie was asking Henry Müller for another cold-blooded bout. Eustacia Vye took a nose dive into a swirling ice-cold river. Wildeve and Inspector Javert followed suit. In her room, Calpurnia was having a nightmare of Caesar's ugly face. Nostromo was climbing the Eiffel Tower. Prince Andrey was eavesdropping on Natasha, the flirt. Mathieu Delarue was contemplating on the advantages and disadvantages of suicide over a bridge. Meanwhile, his friend Daniel, to distract his attention from haunting eyes, was greedily gobbling a stiff phallus. Smerdyakov! he was murdering Karamazov. All fell asleep. All died.

I remained sitting in bed, watching the moon draw lines on the floor. Then, I looked at the black canopy. There were no stars. All had been locked up in the storage compartment of one of those devouring rockets. Why had they left the moon? I reached for a cardboard and fanned myself vigorously till my muscles ached. Sweat streamed down on my face. It was terribly warm. Something was sucking up everything. An octopus? The stuffy air cleaved hideously to my skin like a lizard on the back. Who stole the wind? Who placed me in this oven, I asked myself angrily.

Nothing stirred. All was at a standstill. A cat curled like an ugly fetus - lay motionless as a log on top of an overflowing garbage can. Not a leaf stirred. The plants and the trees were desiccated. No movement. No sound. I was in a vacuum. Everything was dead as the Egyptian who died in the Red Sea because

of cramps. I, alone, survived the fatal heat. I threw myself once more on the bed. Suddenly, I heard footsteps approaching my room. I bolted up like a man caught in raid.

Then, a knock. It was a very strange knock. Deathlike. Horror raced to the roots of my hair. Who is it, I asked in a quivering voice. There was a pause, a most horrifying pause. No one answered. The eerie silence seemed eternal. My heart pounded as if I was to be guillotined. Who is it, I asked again. Still, silence. No one answered. I began to feel irritated. Some fool is pulling a trick on me, I said. He picked up the wrong man.

Mad, I rose, murder reverberating on my head. But someone grasped me by the shoulders and riveted me to the side of the bed. The hands were cold as a frozen man's hands in a morgue. A ghoshy chill froze my spine. Immeasurable horror seized my entire being. The chilly fear swept my bones. Suddenly, a frightening voice which seemed to emanate from an ancient graveyard, broke the stillness of the night. Sit still and listen to me, the voice came, I have something important to tell you. I was extremely puzzled. He spoke in a strange language, yet I understood every word he uttered. All of a sudden, I realized it was Russian. It was the Russian language he spoke! Where did I learn Russian? I asked myself in utter confusion. Who are you? What do you want to tell me, I asked him. Did he know my language too? Or, did I speak in Russian? I could not tell. But he answered me. And what he told me struck me with unparalleled disbelief. He was Raskolnikov! I could not believe my ears. Was it a dream? Did I fall asleep finally? I wanted to rise and switch on the light but Raskolnikov was pressing me to the bed with his cold hands. I looked up and met a pair of malignant eyes. I was scared to death. Raskolnikov, as if seeing what was going on inside me, reassured me. He meant no harm. I soon became at ease.

We began to talk like long lost friends. I asked him if he escaped from his Siberian prison, or was pardoned by the czar. He said he did not escape, nor was he pardoned by the czar. He simply slipped out of his prison cell. He was an extra-ordinary man and could do anything. Then he told me that I, too, was like him - an extra-ordinary man. He said that we belonged to the society of Julius Caesar, Alexander the Great, Napoleon Bonaparte, Hannibal, Ivan the Great and a few others. I was not flattered by what he told me. I knew it all along. Nobody need tell me about it. I got irritated. Is this all you have to tell me? You nearly frightened me to death just to tell me

what I know already. Go back to Siberia. You should exclude yourself from the society of extra-ordinary men. I know I am an extra-ordinary man. In fact tonight I am going to start my campaign of world domination. Blood will flow for my advent. Let me help you then, he said sadly. I heard him fumble in his clothes. He took out something and handed it to me. It was his famous axe. In the dark, I examined it. I felt rust and dried blood in it. I looked up to say something. Raskolnikov was gone. Sepulchral silence reigned again. Suddenly, I heard my name called. I was startled. It was him - my first victim - the pain in the ass, the fishbone in the throat, the cancer in the liver, the TB in the lungs, the syphilis in the penis, the bastard who always jeered at me.

When was the last time he had fun of me?

It was during that party. I was peacefully reading de Sade when a boardmate came to my room. He staggered like a child learning to walk. He was drunk and red as an Apache on the warpath. It was his birthday, he told me. There was a celebration in his room. He invited me to join the party. I closed the book and followed Geronimo out. He walked ahead of me. He was making a snake dance. We turned left and faced his room. Inside the room, I heard moans, complaints, curses, stinging, stamping of feet, creek of spring beds, shouts and all the noise Dante heard in his sojourn in hell. The cacophony was enough to break one's eardrum. Geronimo opened the door and we went in.

Smell of alcohol, beer, sardines, canned squid, chicken barbecue, foul feet, unwashed socks and underwears, vomited food and urine greeted us. There was heavy smoke hanging in the room. Indians were sending signals to each other. White man coming! Telegraphs, telephones and post offices could not be trusted. My eyes roamed and pierced the stuffy and irritating mist. I counted thirteen faces. Judas was there. In a corner, a saurian yellow-skinned pygmy was chewing gum savagely. In the spring bed, a pig-faced fellow was squeaking something while someone astride on his protruding belly was reciting the novena as in a church-like manner; old dried up women you see haggling in the sidewalks for a pair of fancy stockings. One was opening a bottle of beer. Another was pressing his stomach. Ulcer, he explained. The doctor had told me to stop drinking. Who do you think are you fooling. You've been drinking softdrinks all the time, another answered contemptuously. An Ichabod Crane with porcupine hair de-

(continued on page 46)

FITS OF . . .
(continued from page 45)

voured a handful of sardines. An idiot delivered a philippic to another idiot. Somebody bawled a song. An undressed fellow accompanied him with an out-of-tune guitar. A gorilla was performing a moon dance.

I grabbed a chair and took a bottle of beer. There were plenty of bottles lying on the floor. Two were broken. Nobody bothered to pick the fragments up or push them aside. Below the bed were more cases of beer. In the middle of the floor, five bottles of rum were lined like a squad. One of them was filled with urine. I tipped my beer in my mouth and drained one fourth of it.

Then the bastard saw me. Look who's here, he exclaimed mockingly - Nimzo-Indian defense - the loose genius! You know, he thinks he is a genius just because he reads a lot of books - he doesn't understand any of them though - he is every book he reads - James Joyce, he thinks he is James Joyce. Last week, he thought he was Henry Miller - then yesterday I heard him saying that he was Joseph Conrad - who are you this time, Joyce. Dostoevsky - hey, why don't you throw those books in the garbage can? If you don't want to, sell them to those who can understand them. That's the only way you can profit from them. Nobody ever becomes rich reading books, you know. Many become loonies, though. Throw them away. Pity your poor eyes. You're stupid like anyone else here. Don't pretend to be something else. Take the advice of a good friend. Give up those books, if you don't want to wind up in a mental asylum like one of those characters in your books.

I could not stand it. The bottle in my hand flew across the room, straight to the bully's face. Dock! one shouted. He docked and the bottle missed him. It crashed on the wall and fell in fragments on the floor. Blag! blag! blag! I went a man's feet down the stairs, beside the room. The door opened. It was the landlord. His eyes glared behind his spectacles. Why, you, animals, what are you doing here? Get out all of you! What do you think of my house - a bar? Get out! Hey you! Who are you! What are you doing here? He is my visitor, sir. What visitor. It's my birthday, sir. I invited them for the celebration. Everyone walked out of the room. My blood was seething. I missed! But now, I will not miss with this axe, I said, my teeth gnashing. Open the door, he said. I rose and went out to open the door for him. My nerves tingled with diabolical excite-

ment as I walked to the door. I held the axe tightly in my hand. It seemed to have become a part of my body. Every convulsion in my veins flowed straight to it. Power and wrath were all concentrated there.

I crossed the dark sala and opened the door for my victim. He came in and passed me as if I was a slave. The fool, he didn't know who it was he insulted. Well, it was his last insult. His entrance was his exit from the world. His back toward me, I raised the axe furiously and with one savage violent force buried it into his back. He squealed like a pig. I pulled the axe. Blood as black and thick as crude oil gushed from his back. He managed to turn around. He looked at me with the indescribable horror of a dying coward. I dealt him the coup de grace. I buried the axe in his thick head splitting it in two. His brain spilled out and scattered like a crushed watermelon on the cemented floor.

In frenzied ecstasy, I watched him perform his last acts, his last twitches, his last contortions, his last convulsions wrought by the horrors of death. He slumped on the floor and made an awful thud. I looked at the body sprawled in its own thick nauseating fowl pool of blood. How stupid this carcass looks, I told myself. I thought of getting rid of the body. There was no thick wall to bury it in as someone else did once. Besides, I had made no preparation. It was all very sudden. It didn't take me long, however, to decide what to do with the body. Divide and conquer. I never knew what it meant before. I began dismembering the body. First, I cut off the head, then the limbs. I ripped open the belly and pulled out the intestines to lighten the weight of the torso. I looked for an empty can and found one in a corner. I stuffed all the entrails in it. I went out and threw the can in a canal nearby. I went back to the house and one by one disposed the head, the legs, the arms, the torso. It was all perfectly accomplished. No one saw me do the whole thing. Back in the house, I cleaned up the mess I made. I scooped up the scattered brain and flushed it in the toilet. Then, I cleaned the floor with a mop. Sure that everything was in order, I went back to my room and slept the sleep of a conqueror.

The next morning, I was awakened by the sun beating on my face. No, it was congratulating and rendering honors to me. Everything is quick to bow down to a conqueror. I rose and took a bath. I made myself fresh as the plant beside my room. I went out to have my breakfast. On the

(continued on page 48)

ROTC . . .
(continued from page 39)

Oscar Berdin, Joel Cabides, Wilfredo Magallano, Manuel Macairan, Jacinto Ruiz, William Timtim, Mamerto Vallinas, Cesar Lampo, Rolando Izarzo, William Cordero, Wevino Acogido; and Basic Officers (Cdt 2nd Lts) - Henry Sanchez, Proculo Sarmen, Vicente Bacalso, Manuel Sanchez, Ruperto Pacaldo, Bernardino Julve, Herlito Redula, Dionalo Antallan, Edgardo Diccican, and Mario de la Victoria.

Inspiring the Diehards in the attainment of the STAR are the Sponsors, under the guidance of their able adviser, Miss Judy Dorotheo.

Miss Evelyn Dacalos, heading the Corps of Sponsors, has these words to say, "To be a Sponsor, a Corp Sponsor, at that is not just for the glamour of it, though it's glamorous to be one. It requires dedication, service, patience and loyalty".

"I enjoy being a Corp Sponsor, more so because I have intelligent ladies with me".

"I hope the USC-ROTC Unit will regain the lost star, of course with the guidance of our ever devoted Captain Ursal and our active and hard working Corp Commander, Reynaldo Berdin, who is heading the unit".

"I believe the Corp of Officers can't accomplish as much without the cooperation of the entire Corp of Cadets".

Under the leadership of Miss Evelyn Dacalos, Corp Sponsor, are the set of Sponsors as follows: Miss Rosario de Leon, Miss Lizeta Lim, Miss Teresita Yu, Miss Lorna Sorunda, Miss Dolly Aguilar, Miss Lorna Fuentes, Miss Socorro Atega, Miss Lagrimas Pacaña, Miss Maria Paz Sulana, Miss Rosario Montecillo, Miss Wilma Socco, Miss Marilu Rodis, Miss Rosalina Dajao, Miss Adeoditha B. Mella, Miss Elizabeth Lim, Miss Luz Torralba, Miss Rebecca Vazquez, Miss Pacita Tiu, Miss Susan Otero, Miss Christine Perez, Miss Mary Anne Piccio, Miss Maria Delora Dalmacio, Miss Ermina O. Escudero, Miss Asuncion Bulleter, Miss Jessica Rosello, and Miss Hilda Redula.

- Fred Homedia/DAST

PARAMNESIA

Seldom did I'm awakened fenced with facts
I'd been building fallacious castles from my shanty dreams
Hadn't been for the nightmare – the slumber last
that spurned my visions into desultory spells,
Then, dawn I could have waited to scan me still
Lest more concrete would shatter my nipa realm.

If instead, myself I'd search, in a column of horoscope
I might find boredom piling like my lessons
And no longer my sign, would be Virgo
But of one reticent star among a zodiac of fictions.

Another harmonic curse my voice would be just
If tuneless tunes, I'd insistingly chant
Nevertheless, a few skeptical lines I'd utter must
in events of slanted introspective –
But, I could not stay long
To be swallowed by magnified disappointments.

I must have traded prayer books with "green bibles"
If then,

Oft I should see, the Omnipotent's eyes glued upon me
for blasphemy I did communion –
However, reasons already I'd wrapped, that –
God never, shelter, mornings with black parasols
evenings with streaking candles
Thus, the light He made hides the shadow He kept
So . . . as long as He is Him while I am me,
With confusion, I will still believe !

Lucilo A. Boyles Jr.
EE 4



a love lost

falling leaves, dying leaves
swayed and carried by the wind
like our long lost love.

melancholy

in my solitude
and in the stillness of night
oh! i think of you.

roberto c. canton

in p. 131 class, 1968

Evening in a room that says, --
"the electric fan, please"
,the tremor of touch after the
current is on. : Come, it's cold

in here now. Infinity does not exist,
bounds of mind in a stronger
faith than anger. Love is better.
Poetry has no use here when
we both gleam towards higher visions,
beauty of thought, logistics: my
childhood utopia.

– for two squatters
by Angela G. Kho
MS Physics

nostalgia*

have you seen – the mist
parade in sequence?
or . . . hear the echo
writting and skulking
beneath the brooding rocks
bewailing
– we left it there
ah ! here comes yesterday's footfall
it was here
and long ago.

Noel Estrera
AB 2

FITS OF . . .
(continued from page 46)

way, I stopped for a while at the scene of my first Great Deed. Then, I walked on and ascended the stairs, whistling a tune exuberantly. I crossed the sala upstairs and proceeded to the dining room. Damnation! Who did I see devouring his breakfast at the table? Him! He was alive! Alive! You're alive, I cried. Everyone at the table turned his head to me. I rushed to him. How could you be alive, I cried. You're dead! I killed you! I was holding him by the throat. He was choking. His eyes were popping out. They had the same horrified look as last night. I felt a multitude of hands grip me and pull me away.

I braced myself and breathed heavily. I stared at him furiously. A myriad of violent sensations raced through my head. Everything was exploding inside me. If I failed last night, I cried, I won't this morning. Savagely, I pushed everyone like a toy. Chairs tumbled down and plates and spoons crashed on the floor. I ran to my room and searched for the axe. I had placed it under the pillow before I went to bed. It was no longer there. Somebody had taken it. My axe! My axe! It's gone! I turned my things upside down. I could not find it. It's gone, I shrieked. I ran to the door. It was closed. I tugged at it but it would not open. I pulled with all my strength. The door didn't budge. Oh, the bastards, the scoundrels, the beasts, they have imprisoned me, I wailed. I tugged once more at the door. Then it opened.

Three burly strangers and a woman met me. Before I could do anything the woman spoke to me. She said they belonged to a committee that had discovered that I was the re-incarnation of the Great Fyodor Mikhailovitch Dostoevsky. She further said that the committee had prepared a luncheon party in my honor. In the party, she said, I would be publicly proclaimed as the re-incarnation of the Great Man. She concluded by saying that a car was waiting outside to take me directly to the party. I was speechless all the time. The surprises had come in torrent. I didn't refuse. I followed them to the car. One of them opened the car's door for me. I went in. Two of the men flanked me. A third man drove. A siren blared and we zoomed away. Suddenly, everything became blurred. I lost consciousness.

When I woke up, I found myself alone in a rectangular crammy and stinking room. The walls of the room were made of cement. My gaze drifted towards

the front of the room. What I saw dumb-founded me. What are those? Bars! Iron bars! They have tricked me. They have shut me up in a prison. I cried in great anguish. I ran to bars and clung to them. I saw a big hall, and oh, monstrosities. Monstrosities! I saw strange frightening creatures in the hall. They were in all sorts of positions. Macabre fear gripped me. They were creatures of hell. Some of them lay prostrate on their backs gazing dumbly at the ceiling. The rest were dancing, crying, laughing, mumbling, cursing, moaning, vomiting, urinating, shrieking. Oh, what horrors are these! Have they brought me to hell? Where those four instruments of Satan? Oh, what are these? Who are they? Where am I? I retreated to the corner of the room. I crouched in fear.

I heard chains. The monsters were creeping to my room. I must get out of this place. Yes, I must. And who can prevent me? Am I not an extra-ordinary man? Ha! ha! ha! These walls can't stop me. Fools and idiots, don't they know who I am? Don't they know that I am not only Dostoevsky but a composite of everything great and extra-ordinary? Don't they know that I am a combination of Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Limahong, Genghis Khan? ! ! !

THE EXAMINATION . . .
(continued from page 34)

way you're studying."

"Dinner time," Mrs. Ramirez said. She was our landlady.

"I'm sorry, Mon, I didn't mean what I said."

"It's all right," he answered.

As usual Ramon did not eat with us. He insisted that books were better dining companions than people. I was quite happy anyway. After dinner, I decided to go to bed and wake up early for the examinations.

As I lay down, I recalled the five long years that Ramon and I had been classmates. Despite that length of time we had not really known each other. Nevertheless, I was proud of him. He was a scholar and was a good candidate for the first place in the board exams the next day.

I must have been dreaming because the next thing I remembered was that Mrs. Ramirez was calling out for me. "You'll be late for the exams." I got out of bed and dressed up rather mechanically.

"Good morning," I said to Mrs.

Ramirez.

"You better eat now," she said, "Ramon has eaten already. He's waiting for you." She came close to me and whispered, "He's been studying all night."

I ate breakfast in silence. I began to feel nervous and cold at the same time. Examination jitters, I suppose. I had been very confident of passing, but on exam day I was sorry that I had not been studying like Ramon. After finishing breakfast, I took my credentials and certificates and called out for Ramon. We walked out of the house to the examination hall together.

"Sunny day," I said, trying to break the ice.

"Ah, ha," he answered dryly.

It was no use. Ramon was not in the mood for conversation, nor had he ever been. Anyway, I was nervous, too, so I decided to keep my mouth shut.

The examination building was full of examinees. We arrived just in time and proceeded to our assigned room. People inside were silent and pensive. I sat close to Ramon and waited for our chief examiner.

"I'm Mr. Tabuñar," said a short stout man, "your chief examiner." He explained the rules of the examinations and oriented us with the mechanics of checking the papers, etc. Half of the time I was not listening. Nerves.

"Good luck," said Mr. Tabuñar as he motioned his assistants to distribute the papers. I remembered that on the average only about thirty percent of the examinees passed this board exam. "Tough luck," I said to myself.

Ramon looked more nervous than I. His eyes looked glassy and tired.

I got my paper and started to answer it. There were difficult parts but I was not at all surprised by the questions. A hush had fallen on the room and there was only the sound of paper and footsteps.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha," cried out a voice in a maniacal tone.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha."

I looked around and realized that it was Ramon.

"Ha, ha, ha." His laughter persisted and his paper fell on the floor. Mr. Tabuñar approached him, together with an assistant.

"What's wrong?" he demanded.

"Ha, ha, ha." I had never seen Ramon smile before. Now he was laughing.

"What's wrong with you?" demanded Mr. Tabuñar a second time even as Ramon continued to laugh and laugh.

I know what was wrong. As I sat there, I knew that I had known it the night before.

* * * * *

RESUME¹ 1970

(And what's in 1971?)

by Fermin Chio

The Benguet-Bahamas deal case, the appointment of another Filipino prince of the Church, the controversy that arose with the selection of Liz Miro as the Miss Republic of the Philippines, these among others took their places in the memories of the people as 1970 dawned. Thus, began another new decade and to astrologists the age of aquarius. The year would have started with a whimper had the presidential election of 1969 not brought a great bang whose echo rang loud as the year began. Still there were the questions of who was telling the truth Osmeña or Haruta. For the latter his involvement in such a big case brought him unwanted publicity.

The year 1970 to the masses will be remembered as the worst year in terms of the prices of commodities. Along with the objections of the former Central Bank governor Miguel Cuaderno the peso was made to float and find its own rate in the world market. As a result, the value of the peso sank even lower than it ever was and the prices of commodities soared. Furthermore, the minimum wage was increased resulting in the laying off of many workers and rendering them jobless and, causing the prices to fly even higher. The common tao then found himself unable to eat three square meals a day. The Price Control Council, as its name suggests, tried to control the rise of prices but succeeded only in keeping it still but not down to the reach of the people. For all the greetings of a happy new year the people discovered the exact opposite year - a year of misery.

On the lighter side, the country had the biggest and perhaps one of the most unusual happenings to happen on the later half of the year. There was the Dovie Beams romantic escapade with some dashing Romeo in the higher echelon of our government, who goes by the nickname "Fred". She was even reported to have played to newsmen a tape recording of "Fred" singing a native song in the dialect. Dovie really had the biggest publicity in all her life - perhaps. But was the modern Shakespearian drama true? Probably yes and probably no. You never can tell.

The chaos that went with the romance barely started to die down when the Pope came here and had barely stepped Philippine soil when a Bolivian surrealist painter tried to stab him. The stabbing attempt created a heyday for newsmen because as they say "a bad news is a good news". The fact that around two million (or according to one paper five million) persons milled along the Pope's route was relegated to the background especially by foreign newspapers. Then there were the conflicting claims by newsmen and persons of different nationality as to who really saved the Pope. The British claimed it was an English clergy who parried the attack while the Koreans claim that it was the burly Korean cardinal who was the hero. Local papers have it that President Marcos chopped the stabbing arm of the Bolivian with his left hand. This claim probably was responsible for the creation of a recipe called

"karate pork chop".

Then we had the election of delegates to the Constitutional Convention this year. Some concerned persons termed such election as critical because whoever were elected would be entrusted with the job of reshaping the country's destiny and the course of history. It is claimed that the convention is the last hope of the people, the failure of which might spell the doom of the nation to pave the way to a revolution. Yet, for all the measures taken we still have complaints of terrorism in Mindanao. Just as you can't stop love neither can you stop political aviaric.

USC itself was not wanting for unusual happenings. The election of Fr. Amante Castillo as President of the University was considered as a milestone in the history of the university and was a great step towards the Filipinization of the university.

The presidency of Fr. Castillo was the story of the campus. That was until Jim Falar won unprecedentedly the presidency of the 14th Student Government. Falar's victory was a newsmaker mainly because he did not have a strong political machinery behind him (having only a few campaigners) and he declared his candidacy rather late. And to top it all he had for his opponents the little giant who is a nationally known student figure, "Toots" Santiago, and the "C" editor Stephen Monsanto. Yet he overcame these odds and proceeded to win by a hairline margin of 88 votes over Monsanto. Perhaps unknown to almost everybody, Falar never thought that he was going to lose right from the very beginning. And he was right.

And to the leadership of these two precedent making persons, Fr. Castillo and Falar, was laid an acid test. There were boycotts and demonstrations. According to the "Student Herald" it was a "turbulent" period. Falar found himself virtually alone against these situations and nearly resigned from his post.

At the beginning of the second semester Falar finally resigned and the vice president Jesse Binamira found himself full of problems foremost of which is money. The administration failed to collect the supposed P.50 SG fee. Yet, the new president showed that he meant business and started with the Christmas celebration with the unique Kasadya '70 which was considerably a bang.

And so set the year 1970. Now we are in the '71. What lies ahead? It is the consensus that this year would be a grim year. It is the year of the boar and is supposed to be a bad year. As the year began many were shocked by the raiding of the Philippine Military Academy army led by Lieutenant Victor Corpus. Some sectors though, would say that Corpus's act was a noble one, and among those who say this is former Sen. Estanislao Fernandez. On the student front, 1971 is admitted to be another year of the students. Last year many died in the wake of demonstrations. We could expect more of these and maybe even more bloody than it was in 1970. Because as some would say, "It's about time . . ."

What We Can, You Can't

(Thoughts On The Women's Lib)

So you female homo sapiens (er, you ladies) want to be free, eh? Liberate yourselves, if I may use your term. Really???

But go ahead. Go on. Free yourselves. And let's see . . .

. . . where would you cling to when a cat-sized rat ogles at you? . . . to whom would you run when the faucet drips, drips, drips at night long? . . . and who would help you cross a muddy street? . . . and who would fix a ruined egg-beater, a worn out electric fuse, a burned-out fluorescent light — fix it all for you? . . . and who would throw out the garbage for you? . . . and who will you bowl out when soup evaporates (you spent too much time on the phone while the soup was boiling — but you never accept the blame, and that, I still can't figure it out) and the cake chars black?

On the other hand . . .

. . . where would we run to for our clothes (heh, heh. Why, to the laundry shop somewhere, anyway) . . . and our meals (oh, we can always eat outside) . . . and the baby () . . . and the kids (they can go to Grenna's) . . .

And while you think it over, here are some few lines I must quote that might, I hope, make you think twice about being free.

"To be a woman is something so strange, so confused, so complicated . . . so contradictory, that only a woman could put with it." *Soren Kierkegaard*

"What does a woman want? Dear God! What does she want?" *Sigmund Freud*

"I expect that Woman will be the last thing civilized by Man." *George Meredith*

"There's no such thing as picking out the best woman; one is worse than another." *Plautus*

"A woman, if she has the misfortune to know anything, should conceal it as well as she can." *Jane Austen*

"Eventually woman will learn there's no such thing as freedom. Their husbands are just as fastened to the decks as they are. Men get onto a treadmill and never get off." *Katherine Ann Porter*

"We must look upon the female character as being a sort of natural deficiency." *Aristotle*.

So there

Briefly remembered . . . a guy had such a fat wife that one day he grimly commented: "I know God made woman to be a helpmate, but with me, I got more meat than mate."

After a year and a half with our paper, I am made to believe that women can't say what they want to say — and when they do, they say too much that you don't understand what they say.

We must encourage the female population of our University to make efforts in saying something worth printing. We have many times been overburdened with a lot of words and papers from male writers — but we find ourselves wanting articles from the ladies.



by Ruben Lumagbas, Jr.

From The Moderator's Desk

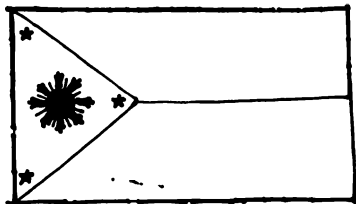
OH PHILIPPINES, MY PHILIPPINES!

(THEN AND NOW)

T H E N Rending the auburn veils
of early dawn
your larkwise musical impact
came upon me;
celestial bubble wherein
I sense to decipher
a limpid primer that enamours me !

You're a secular pattern
of noble, sonorous melody;
a piquant ascension of light,
of silhouetted shadows,
of rubicund flint,
of seas azure,
of palm trees ever verdant
with which you amaze
a tempestuous world that adores you !

Oh Philippines, dear Philippines,
a second motherland of brethren,
— so tiny yet gigantic ! —
as profound as your oceans,
as climatic as your monsoons:
in your surname so illustrious
of obsidian and of rock
a loving, timeless breach
has opened; in your throat
a rustling sign sighs
a hymn of garrulous sparrows,
a hymn of clanging swords !



N O W Oh Philippines, Oh Philippines, my dearest !
You wrangle with yourself in vain illusions;
you tear yourself asunder in confusions
in search of definitions, but the dreares

of searches ! To assert yourself the blearest
of pathways you do tread, and with contusions
a-bleeding; yet you cannot reach conclusions
to all your sundry ills despite sincerest

and utmost efforts ! Do disown ambitions
inordinate and foul — and try to turn
to pristine life of virtue, joy and peace.

Forget all hatred, pride, and sound conditions
will be restored to you; — again shall burn
the love of brotherhood — all woes will cease.



MALACANANG
MADRAS

POWER