

The AUTHOR



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● Hi... [chatter]... nice to know you... [shiver]... Okay... I've got the jitters. Must you wonder? After all, I'm still a new character around here, just as much as you are maybe. I've still got to get that certain "ummm" feeling, then I wouldn't have to feel so scared and uncertain. Honest, I am. After all, (again?) those former mesdames who handled this celebrated leaf of the Carolinian were real and accepted denizens of Shaw's world... But heck! I'm here to fill their boots, and I might as well start the ball rollin'... [and hope Lady Guts doesn't desert me just this once...]

Let's start off in real campus-crat jive...

They say friendship is stronger than fiction, and don't come around asking me why. Just take a look, a good one, at Nena Vallejo and Nora Bondoc when they go out together, so... "all the time". Inseparable isn't the word, either. They just stick together, that's all. And Lita Misa carries that drawing board of hers like a professional and a veteran. Some of these days she'll be designing one of your houses. WAIT... and see...

★ ★ ★ *Compuscryds*

Now, who was it who said that names are the duplication and the mirror of personality? Andrew Young isn't just an ANDREW at all... At least, he's gay (?), companionable and nice. Mike Lirio here agrees with me on that, eh Mike?

[Confidentially], somebody told me that Puring Celdran simply makes him delirious with — guess what! I wouldn't blame him... she's worth all that. And take a gander at her sister, Gloria. Perfectly super, these two. And you should know Lourdes Quiamco, Tita Sanchez, Lorna Delute, Inday Cacafranca and Fe Villaluz. You just can't have a dull moment with these... "dames"... and I mean that too...

Here's a fine example of the happy-go-happy brood of "juvenile delinquents" we have around... Robert Bondoc, Bobby Solon, Cipring Rama, Romy Salgado and Joel Briones. Barely out of high school... now they can afford to laugh like real college men...

To Jo Manubag goes the distinction of being demure... cool, at the same time being the prexy of Secretarialand, and a good one too. You know, the Sec's seems to have all the good lookin' numbers. Right? Look! BUDDY ♀... (you've seen him before) is winking... Jo is poetry in petticoat, he sez. This guy... he's positively...

"Bubbling with the splendid fires of youth"... (brother, what conglomerated hypo-dromes we use...). But, that's how some eloquent señor titled Andy Misa says about our perfumed (usually) species of gender feminina. I'm not sure whether Nazar Suzara, Vivo Songfo, and Nick Vasquez agree with Andy. But one thing is certain. These gentlemen of the crew-cut, tight jean, and loud shirt crowd wouldn't object. How's that boys, huh?

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• opus in f •

by rmgrupo

● yesterday was a hollow. was a gnawing iota of nothingness. a nameless glomeration of darkness and time. it was a hunger. the hunger that set the heart to singing. and the hungering the needing was for beauty to breathing. to pulsing — alive.

—now there is tenderness here.

● and the heart. out of the once before. today. is born. to a glorious shower. of almost intolerable promise. for FLORA is beauty's search satisfied and satisfaction is rebirth. so to existence once more. to the man again.

NO MORE RETURNING TO THE PAST?
OF THE MUTED MEMORIES... NOW
CRY NO MORE TEARS...
NOR SLEEP DREAMLESS SLUMBERS?
yet:

this today will be tomorrow's yesterday.
it flees — so. even now. and this it:
have no hands to hold the waning. to stay
time's ebbing tides. and soon. leaving.
shall be the dying of another present.

● and i would weep again. as i have
always wept. as the dying colors weep
at the sun's resting. and the present
shall have died into another hollow.
another darkness that waits. silent. like
i: for the coming of another dawn.