

The AUTHOR



Shirley Mansor Evangelista

● 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?

(Continued on page 20)

• 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.

Sanity's Last . . .

(Continued from page 9)

really fight for that or this destination — but a better way and means to reach that inevitable destination.

The destiny of a destined destination. A destination to port unknown — port unknown — unknown port — port — phort — fourth — fourth of July. Colored pains rocketing in my head — ricocheting in my vibrating skull.

Can this be the process by which man, such as I, rational and intelligent — can this be the slow deliberate method by which a healthy, normal brain is slowly transferred into a state of complete derangement? Is this why I can't seem to grope for something to stabilize my thinking process? My feeling process . . .

You are man and because you are all you think that you are — remember that you are just a creation — a machine or something placed on earth by a Power infinitely greater. You are not as complete as you think you are and your power that goes about you. Your eyes have not seen the most beautiful of things nor all the tremendously inspiring colors — your senses haven't experienced all the feeling — your heart not all the power to love.

Love — always love. Love here. Love there, love everywhere. Love above the clouds, love beneath a fallen leaf, love among the winds — love for a cigarette, love for music; love for books, pencils, ink, pens, schools — schools, always schools.

Love — a cane to a blind man — always ahead, always watching. But love is blind, though it has something better than the eyes to guide it. The faith that is born with it could cross a world and never tire — the inspiration that emanates is strength and determination.

Love — so big and surpassing — it has a thousand eyes and a thousand tongues. In everything, in any form of anything, it takes a hand. Nations and empires are not big enough to be its match — even its self leans on it. What the mind cannot defeat, the heart battles and conquers — nothing too great, nothing formidable. For when all that is here, all whose presence you feel and believe, when all comes to an end — when nothing, not even existence exist—love

(Continued on page 22)

CAMPUSCRATS . . .

(Continued from page 14)

(Hey Ed: one of your boys is an "almost convict". You know what? All the time that we were flying along, and I don't mean cruising, we had an unlicensed "pilot". No wonder we had so many near places, crashes, that is. And we got pinched too. I mean, he got pinched. You should tell REX G. not to prowl around in nobody-knows-whose car without a permit.)

Carmen del Prado — there's a girl for you, Joe. Now — don't get me wrong. What I mean is that she's a wonderful friend, refined, cordial and fine. And **Pat Estorco** is just as swell, and just as made of the same fine threads. **Vicky Manguerra** and **Tita Cui** are quite some girls, don't you think? (I'm presuming that you know them, which you should . . . Ed: who doesn't?) . . .

I never knew, but our own Nene "last toy" **Ranudo Jr.** is the grand ol' man of the "martinets". You know what? He's quite a guy, huh? (Does that entitle me to an invitation, Mr. President?) . . .

(Overheard) . . . "women nowadays are getting stranger and more complicated . . ." Oh yeah? Say that to **Tita Mabugat** or **Mila Evangelista** . . . (I know her . . . she's my sister . . .) . . . Boy! I certainly dare you to . . .

Why is it that some "wimmin" . . . (is that right?) in spite of being cool, maybe indifferent and discreet, are so appealing, they scatter a man's composure and rattle whatever peace of mind he has. All **Lida Baring** has to do is . . . smile and — w.o.w. . . the results are supersonic. Can you beat that? And **Nena Cespon** . . . she's just a wisp of a girl, (but with such disturbingly beautiful eyes) . . . she looks at you, like she does at these pronounced eccentrics and what happens . . . boinggg! Follow me? In fact, **Jun** "I thank you" beg your pardon **Uytensu** is all out with me on that. You can ask him. Say, I didn't know **Enrique Yap** writes such nice "balaks" . . . it's really strange, this world we live in.

Bobby Coligado . . . I've been persuading this guy to teach me the tap dance, but he's stingy. He won't give. Not even **Charito Beltran** can goad him into displaying his wares . . . (somebody's getting red in the face, and it isn't me at all . . .)

By the way, **Jim Borja**, who I must say, knows "too much" for his age, is "after" a certain education lass . . . I've done everything to make this **Clemente Rama** dig the whole works . . . I'm simply curious . . . (all women are . . .) and . . . Clem simply isn't cooperative . . . yeah, somebody should declare him an "evader" for lack of cooperation.

Balloon skirts, gypsy earrings and flat shoes make up a wonderful bundle of femininity called **Zenaida Capada**. So is **Gopi Gurbuxani**: neatly attired and looks chic. You know her sister, **Sawatri**, don't you? She might be a bit frolicsome, but she certainly is also worth any man's price . . . How's that J—?

Yep! Pert'n cute and super these girls **Linda Arcilla**, **Jolie Mercado** and **Lupe Campo**. You wouldn't regret meeting them folks! Gee! I really pity **Mario Beltran** and **Tommy Misa** . . . they've been going through these initiations for three days already . . . those masters are having their "ven detta" proceedings, they were last year's neophytes too.

Just can't help associating **Florentino Osorio Suico, Jr.** with that slap-happy frat called the Alpha Kappa Alpha. He looks so "akan" that akan almost imagine the wimminfolk's eagerness to have him re-initiated (is there such a thing?) Junior goes in a big way for such teenage things as ponytails and petticoats and . . . of course . . . teenagers!!!

Everytime **JPR** swishes into the "C" office, he is a-dither with tales and tales. Piece d'réistance of Joe's yarn-spinning is **Taling Espiritu**, that pert but shy education co-ed. Taling's favorite den is the library and we hazard the guess that she has read of l-o-v-e from A to Rrrrte. Tee hee.

Golly! Some speech I have made hey? I could make some more (notwithstanding the hoarseness . . .) . . . but I have no time . . . In fact . . . oops! there goes the gong . . . I gotta go folks . . . cheerio . . . see you next time . . . as Mr. Morelos used to say . . . "gom bye" . . .