

THE STAFF

The staff is a closely-knit group this year. The relations among its members are more personal than they were a few years back when Essel A.J.R. was still Sixto, Frank A. Robles still Francisco, and so forth.

The staffers often converge in the almost austere-looking room they call their office, discuss new brainstorm, criticize each other's work, insult each other deliberately (sample dialogue: "Frankie, you're memorizing a lot of useless things". "That's right, Junne: I memorize your poems") and wind up greater buddies for all that. Sometimes, they go out together, eat at a downtown restaurant (the rule: when the editor eats, everybody eats; when the editor pays, everybody pays), and then take a promenade as they trade barbs and insults and discuss sundry subjects, ranging all the way from the poetry of Homer to the lipstick shades their latest girls use. Etc.

This unity, we hope, will be for the good of the "C". The staffers will work with more willingness and more life, happy in each other's company while they serve their audience.

There were some interesting incidents to remember the first issue by. FLF, our irrepressible "funnyboner," created a riot with his "joey returns." The offended parties seethed with indignation (some of them wrote angry letters of protest to the Fr. Rector; others tore their copies of the "C"), while the general reading audience roared with laughter. In the words of J. C., FLF's cry for recognition had at last been heard. Of course, no malice was intended in the piece. It was written in the spirit of clean fun; it was written as a spoof. We are glad that the riot is all over now, and we can have a sigh of peace.

Our good Father John wrote us about the first issue. He had some kind words for it, and we were flattered. Among other things, he said that the sectioning and the general lay-out were a success and that the cover was a real eye-catcher. Credit goes to Artist Manligas. He has come a long, long way since he drew his "boy scout" cover for Editor Sitoy (Christmas Issue, 1957).

Other features of the magazine also got their share of paeans and philippics. For one, the editor got edited. A letter praised his editorial in superlatives in the first paragraph but slyly concluded with: "For truly, *desserts* are given only after dinner." What he meant, of course, was that the use of the word "dessert" in the editorial was wrong. Indeed it was, for instead of "*desserts* will be given where they are due," as was printed, "*deserts* will be given where they are due" should have appeared. That was we assure our readers, a typographical error. While we are not great grammarians, yet we do not usually commit fundamental errors in grammar. Incidentally, we would like to take this occasion to draw your attention to the fact that typographical errors are unavoidable. May you look upon them with tolerance.

All things said and done, the first issue gave us something to remember. The staff is grateful to Fr. Baumgartner and Miss Fernandez for their help and inspiration.

THE FIRST ISSUE

The regular number of pages for this mag is forty, pictorials and covers included in the count. We had forty-eight pages in the first issue. This one, therefore, had to be pegged down to its present size.

Our choice of theme for this issue is by way of paying tribute to the Teachers' College. Fr. Buchick and Mr. Alfredo Ordoña did us proud by helping us gather materials about certain aspects of Catholic Education which you will find in the "In Tribute" section. Our deepest gratitude is theirs.

The cover, which is ARM's interpretation of the theme, shows his present obsession with symbolism and semi-abstractness. Here's a prayer that it may appeal to you.

The Stuff:

Two stories about the internal conflicts of two lonely men are presented in this issue by J. C. and Frank. Beyond a community of loneliness of the heroes, however, no similarity is discernible in the stories. "Comma" ends with a serene note of triumph when the hero finds his true self again; "Period" concludes with a horrible shriek of terror and pain when Miguel kills himself "in the moonlit and deserted streets of Misericordia."

Memorabilia, vignettes on sundry matters, introduces what its author calls prose-poetry. There might be differences of opinion as to whether Memorabilia should be classified as poetry. We do not take side with Memorabilia as a whole. We only want to point out the fact that in "Heartburning" there cannot be any denial of the poetic intensity of the situation (a lover suffers the pain of being jilted while the world around nonchalantly rejoices, pausing not even for a second to offer the slightest sympathy) and the fine restraint with which the writer handles it. Al Amores' poems, which, in this issue, are replete with the imagery that is alternately his weakness and his strength, show the author at some of his finest.

D. M. Maglalang writes on Joaquin's "Guardia de Honor." Here, he no longer burns with the fire and the vitriol that he directed at Villa. Rather, he is like a meek worshipper who bows at the feet of his god, burning rare incense in adoration.

FLF comes up with another spoof — this time on politicians. We hope he does not tread on sensitive toes. We are peaceful men. We do not want to get into trouble with people over imagined wrongs.

Dr. Maceda, our newly returned ethnologist, points up certain aspects of a study that has long been neglected in the Philippines. Would that he awaken interest in it.

by
Manuel S. Go

