

# USC DANCE TROUPE ABROAD

Variations on Thoughts Beyond Forgetting

There was much excitement at the lobby when the USC Dance Troupe bade goodbye to friends and fans. Dressed in their native barongs amid camera flashes we finally rode towards the pier. MV Henry caught us by surprise – a relatively small and rehabilitated FS at that and loaded with pigs bound for Manila's slaughterhouse. One or the other beauty must have captivated the captain for before arriving Manila there was a delicious lechon for the dancers.

After checking the costumes and props at the Manila William Lines warehouse they proceeded to the YMCA where it was previously arranged that the dancers were to be housed. But the manager whom our Cebu YMCA contacted was in Hong Kong. Since a tenper-day minus board was high on such a depleted budget it was decided that the ladies go to Mrs. Suzara's mother-in-law's house and Mrs. Sandiego's longtime friend Marcial Sanson. The boys slept at Catholic Trade School.

MS President was scheduled to arrive Monday morning, September 7th. She was, however, delayed for one day to ensure the safety of the passengers, the captain decided. In the meantime the day was used for intensive rehearsals.

The next day the liner arrived at 9:00 a.m. They were worried about the transportation to the pier. A generous friend, however, offered us the use of his family Toyota limousine. The dancers had to tidy up and dress again in their native barongs since they had to appear before newsmen and news photographers.

Meanwhile the Asian Beauties arrived, Miss Asia 1970 and Miss Hawaii baring their midriffs. The PR man, with the idea of selling MS President to our local tourists, had them posed countless times on the pier with the liner as background, on the gangplank, on deck, inside the lounge, and beside the swimming pool. When they arrived in Yokohama the dancers saw them spreading their wares in color in a Free Press cover. A

booster to MS President and a subscription increase to the FP.

Against our expectations the liner left Manila punctually at 7:00 p.m. The passengers were few, some 150, mostly past 40 – a motley gathering of hacenderos, lawyers, doctors, and "missed" ladies. Our dancers were the youngest among them, listed not as passengers but as crew members. Hence, it was our role (as with previous groups) to go

the appearance of the Asian Beauties. Their fashion show of formal and informal gowns designed by couturier Tony Abeto catered to every woman's vanity. Tony is a personality common among tala-tala's sporting loud-colored shirts and hipster belt completed by dangling love-beads or a flamboyant scarf. He divided his program into formal and informal.

It took us five days to reach Kobe from Manila, a voyage with the least



*The USC Dance Troupe with Miss Hawaii  
(Center)*

up to the lounge after suppertime either to live up to a staid evening or teach native dances. Crew members, yes, but they had first class accommodations sleeping in air-conditioned 2-3-4 bed cabins and eating excellent food in aircooled saloons.

The captain decided which night the dancers were to present our native repertoire. The first night was free. The second night's program was a presentation of regional dances, a dozen of them, which started at 9:00 p.m. and lasted for an hour. Our program usually ended with a pair or two of versatile dancers performing a much applauded Tinkling and capped by an easily hummed song extolling Cebu's virtues.

The second night scintillated with

consumption of Bonamine tablets. They had already misgivings about seeing EXPO; they arrived on September 13th, the day it officially closed. How could we finish an 815-acre area and see more than 70 nations represented there? Actually they had only five hours to use. Anyway, they were there.

On ports of call our dancers presented a special repertoire to members of the diplomatic corps, the press, and specially invited guests. The reception we received from such an elite group was warmer and more spontaneous than that from the passengers.

After a two-day stay at Kobe the liner embarked for Yokohama. They

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### WILL THERE BE . . . .

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staged has only one definite goal – that of resuscitating themselves from the mire of oppression and exploitation, which is unfortunately the very same goal of the present revolutionaries. Like the stream of thesis and anti-thesis in Hegel's dialectic, those struggles are yet to produce a synthesis. And, to think that the historical movement of time cannot be stopped and that synthesis of the dialectic will inevitably result, will a climax to the long and perilous strifes eventually come?

#### The Real Enemy of the Filipino People

The gnawing pains of the masses must of course, be healed. The panacea cannot be in the form of fascistic acts of repression of their legitimate desires for change nor will it be the flimsy promises for change and reforms. The government cannot ask from the people the virtue of a forgiving christian when its shortcomings are over seven times seven. It must act by way of defeating through extermination, the evils plaguing the establishment, of the enemies within them and of disconnecting the strings and ropes that tied it and the people to dipterous monster of neo-colonialism.

The real enemy of the people is certainly not the establishment but it is neo-colonial set-ups plaguing it. What are these neo-colonial set-ups that must be destroyed by the Filipino people? They are the clandestine imperialistic acts of the United States and the feudalistic system they preserved and encouraged. The American bases which are in the Philippines soil not to protect the Filipinos from the "invaders" from Shangrila but to protect vested economic interests and provide magnets to divert a nuclear attack on mainland USA, must be abolished. The feudal system which the Americans perpetuated by means of "Parity rights Agreement" and "Sugar Exportation Quota" must likewise be abolished, or else the government will further debilitate the people's trust and confidence on this so-called "christian society" and "democratic government."

The real enemy of the Filipino people is not the corrupt politicians and poverty, but the factors which had brought about these shortcomings and perversions. The Philippine government must shear-off from its skin the fleece of American

imperialistic influences and abrogate all neo-colonial treaties it has with the United States – the intangible tyrant, before it must endeavor to progressively change the Filipino society. It must not be indifferent to the students' clamor for a true national democracy, for if it will, it would allow itself to be relegated into the dustbin of history by the raging avalanche of change.

#### EPILOGUE: Will History Repeat Itself?

As pointed out earlier the social conditions and the actuations of the government that brought about the revolution in 1896 or any revolution for that matter are seemingly reprehensible in the present day Philippines. Likewise, the aims of the old revolution heroes are coincidental with those of the student revolutionaries, and as such it is apparent that the present clamor for change are but the continuation of the unfinished struggle of old. The unfading cry of Pugad-Lawin on August 26, 1896 which sought the redress of the smoldering grievances of the people still reverberates clearly into the senses of disenchanted masses ever-reminding and challenging them to assume the unfinished task of revolutionary reforms. The march of time can never be stopped – it is inevitable that the synthesis will have to come, and when it comes – who, among the people, will pass the judgment? The volcano is apparently starting to shake and brewing its smoldering lava to signal the culmination of the Great Struggle of the Filipino people. Will History repeat itself? Will the final day of reckoning come?

#### USC DANCE TROUPE . . .

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visited Tokyo, just a 30-minute bus ride from Yokohama. It was at this port where our Cebuano hospitality paid off. A group of students and teachers unexpectedly met us there. More than two months ago this same group belonging to a Don Bosco school visited Cebu and were entertained by our dancers at the Boys High gym. They brought us to Tokyo as well as to their high school in a country-side. After presenting few selected dances they were treated to their own unique way of eating, *sukiyaki*.

From Yokohama off to Keelung, Formosa's northern post. Coming along with us for a visit and renewal of visas

were the Tornadoes, a pop group popularly received in Tokyo's nightclubs. Using the most expensive gadgets and instruments they supplied us with the most recent and groovy hits. In between the Lady Birds Combo of San Nicolas Parish, who accompanied our dances, they took turns in presenting the pops.

They were still in doubt whether the management of Philippine President Lines at Taipei had finalized arrangement for a presentation at Fu-Jen University whose College of Natural Sciences and Languages is handled by our SVD Fathers. They had barely finished with our visa check-up when a call was received that Father Arens, a one-time Director of USC Boys High and some student leaders, were already on the way to fetch us. They lunched at their college canteen, an ideal and modern cafeteria our HE people would dream of our new Complex. The SVD-run College was a sprawling campus some 15-minute ride from the city of Taipei and boasting of modern buildings as well as a recently finished 3000-seat gym with stage. Father Arens told us that our program would start at 7:30 p.m.

Brother Gil Aranas, a Bol-anong SVD, assured us to an audience at least the dormitories. He doubted whether students from other College knew about the evening's affair since it was only announced that very morning arrived. We hardly believed that at certain time some 2000 (not 200 as published in the Bulletin and Dailies) of them showed up including the University President, Cardinal Yu-Pin and three rows of faculty members.

It was a performance the dancers won't forget. Three professional stage spotlights were rented and focused in variegated colors on the dancers on the wide enthusiastic applause. And towards the end of the performance, with the versatility, poise, and projection our dancers can be proud of, the Dance of the Glasses (brilliantly interpreted by Cris Barrera and Lorette Manlupig) and the Thinking brought the house down. Such a long standing ovation amid lights and sound was an inexpressible emotion the dancers will always remember, a brief fleeting hour of shining glory that's truly their very own, a moment that makes the trip to Hong Kong and back beyond forgetting.

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