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THE GRAND DISAPPEARING ACT IN THE STOCK MARKET

by BENJAMIN MARTINEZ

UPHEAVAL IN THE BIR

by DANIEL E. LLANTO

KEEPING UP WITH THE PHILANDERER

by ESTRELLA D. ALFON



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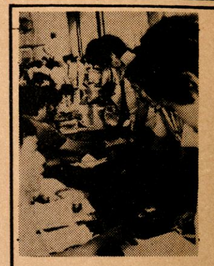
ON THE COVER: **Julie Ann Fortich** may be having a few career hassles, but not being a pushover, she vows to make it to the top. So, weep, you contra-partidos.



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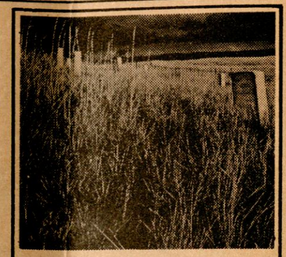

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IN FOCUS

The Old Love

EVERY SO often, **FOCUS** gets pretty good pieces from contributors who'd been hooked on writing at one time but have been so engrossed in their businesses or the government service lately they've had no time for anything else. Then the spirit moves them and they go back to their old romance. When one of that type does, he turns out to be a revelation in his own literary light. In this issue, this kind of renewal – or recycling? – takes place. And, just like the old saying, it happens in a batch, or in a pair at least since there are two such contributions. One is from Cesar T. Mella, Jr., who was on the staff of the late Presidential Assistant Guillermo de Vega a few years back and now works for "Foresight International," a marketing firm currently selling "The Young Marcos," a biography of the President written by Associate Immigration Commissioner and Presidential Assistant Victor Nituda. Mella's *A Priest to the World,* is a moving essay that makes up a personal account of his personal renewal. The other comes from Edmundo Libid, who edited an industrial publication during the sixties but has since joined the trade ministry's corps of commercial attaches with station in Paris, France. Entitled *Poems from Paris* aptly enough, the pieces show the old touch of the practiced writer who once headed the association of industrial editors.

For the cover story, *Evening Post* entertainment editor Ronald K. Constantino turns out an enlightening personality feature on that tempestuous movie siren, Julie Ann Fortich, who was caught up in quite a controversy recently. This profile, *Countdown on Julie Ann Fortich,* provides some insights into the "insecurity" of Agrix Films' latest comer. And talking about things happening in a pair, that piece is matched by an absorbing retread on previous features about that durable songstress, Carmen Pateña. And like the tireless spinner of stories about entertainers, JQ manages to turn up new lights about the old torch singer.

THE GRAND DISAPPEARING ACT IN THE STOCK MARKET

by BENJAMIN MARTINEZ



In happier times, Enrique Santamaria, fourth from left, poses with stockbrokers and SEC bigwigs. Don Enrique's disappearance may well bankrupt some investors.



ANGEL S. LIMJOCO, SEC
He was shocked.

AS MEMBERS of the clubby Manila Stock Exchange imbibed their accustomed spirits at cocktails launching its investment and oil guidebooks last Sept. 25 at the Holiday Inn, the shop talk did not largely revolve around the ongoing gold rush or the latest oil strike in continuing explorations. The lively, if guarded, chatter instead focused on a report surfacing only that evening about how one – in fact, the oldest and most respected – fellow broker had closed shop of a sudden and fled the country, leaving his clients and creditors holding the bag in millions of pesos.

The mystery shocker then evolving was that Don Enrique Santamaria, dean of the country's stockbrokers and securities dealers, had completely vanished with his entire family and spirited away all assets he could carry along, lock, stock certificates, and apparel. The picture being conjured up was that he left behind unpaid obligations coming to astronomical sums in undelivered stock certificates of customers and maturing promissory notes with different banks.

Hurried inquiries addressed by members of the financial press to Securities and Exchange Commission and stock market officials at the cocktail party that time turned up little light on the riddle. Beyond saying that the commission had ordered the E. Santamaria and Co. offices at the Manila Hilton Hotel padlocked, Chairman Angel Limjoco and Associate Commissioner Julio Sulit admitted being completely in the dark about the entire episode. And the Manila Stock Exchange people could only shake their heads in mixed dismay and embarrassment over the whole affair.

As it turned out, the MSE management had been alarmed earlier in the morning of that Tuesday when neither Don Enrique nor his son Miguel could be reached anywhere to answer for obligations on stocks traded by their brokerage firm on the floor of the exchange. With the two completely unaccounted for, SEC president Simplico J. Roxas suspended Don Enrique and E. Santamaria as member and member-firm, respectively. He acted on the strength of a provision in the by-laws of the stock exchange that suspension was to be the swift recourse when it developed that a member or firm has "failed to meet his or its engagement or is insolvent" or is "in such financial condition that he or it cannot be permitted to continue in business with safety to his or its creditors or the Exchange."

But even as it lowered the boom on its oldest member, the MSE had already paid out some half a million pesos in advances to foot the bill run up by E. Santamaria in four days of transactions on the trading floor. The sum of P480,000 had been disbursed for "in-house" transactions of the brokerage firm or its trading on what are called "street" certificates – that is, stock certificates still to be delivered to clients who had placed purchase orders but which had been placed in the name of the broker. And Santamaria had been buying and selling on such certificates, using his customers' money in the process.

The chilling picture thus emerging was that Santamaria had been engaged in that kind of margin trading for longer than earlier thought, possibly defrauding his wide clientele of millions of pesos. So after circularizing the MSE membership that morning of Sept. 25 on Santamaria's suspension, Roxas and Board Chairman Anthony Dee K-Chiong, Jr. set out to pursue their own investigation that same afternoon at the offices of E. Santamaria and Co. on the mezzanine floor of the Manila Hilton.

The two officials managed to get hold of a onetime key official of the brokerage firm, socialite and party-giver Conchita Sunico, who said she had not been posted on Santamaria's movements lately. All she could do was tip them off on the place where the broker had possibly holed up, saying that she had earlier received an overseas phone call from Mrs. Santamaria in Barcelona, Spain. The word about Santamaria's son from other sources was that he had first flown to Hong Kong and probably gone on to Canada from there.

Why Don Enrique, along with his family, had flown coop – without so much as a by-your-leave to his investors and bankers – began coming to light in bizarre developments that followed that initial revelation of his departure. In the aftermath of the disappearing act, reports started filtering into the Securites and Exchange Commission about the broker's failure to deliver stock certificates to clients who had asked him to buy shares in various companies.

As officials of the commission started piecing together the increasing claims against E. Santamaria and Co., it began to appear that many institutional investors had been left in the lurch with millions of pesos possibly lost in undelivered stock certificates. Individual clients like National Grains Administrator Jesus Tanchanco sent in word about not getting the certificates on money they had invested in different corporate stocks.

Overseas investors also claimed having been gypped on foreign currencies they had remitted to the Philippines for investment in blue-chip industrial or commercial stocks and in rising oil shares. There was Kam Yuen, Ltd. of Hong Kong which sent a wire to the Securities and Exchange Commission reporting that E. Santamaria and Co. had welshed on its obligation to deliver certificates of blue-chip Philippine Long Distance Telephone Co. shares to the foreign firm. These developments touched off a fresh inquiry into the amount of inward dollar remittances probably made to the brokerage firm. This created another stir since such remittances from investors were supposed to have been sent to their custodian banks here.

Then rumors on the trading floor of the Manila Stock Exchange about how the well heeled Dominican order had also lost millions in the Santamaria fiasco raised questions over why the supposedly nonprofit religious organizations was playing the stock market to rack up enormous gains. This choice piece of gossip just could not be tracked down even as the religious order fended it off with the answer that it had long broken up into two entities, one being the entirely Filipino part, and the other the Spanish side. So whichever portion was investing for profit could not be determined for certain.

Clients and creditors were left holding the bag to the tune of millions of pesos

Still another phase in the long trail of obligations left behind by Santamaria turned up later in the same week when it was reported that the brokerage had handled the sale of P6 million in commercial papers. These were certificates of indebtedness issued by a corporation in need of cash for operating expenses. It appeared that the brokerage firm had unloaded the commercial papers on a number of banks when an audit by the Securities and Exchange Commission showed the firm had maturing obligations with the Consolidated Bank and Trust, Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, and the Filipinas Manufacturers Bank.

An ironic twist in the sordid mess also saw a number of the brokerage firm's personnel and representatives losing their investments of cash and long employment. Mariano Ho, the firm's correspondent in Cebu, had something like P1.5 million in personal accounts with the company and now could not figure out how he would be able to recoup them. One of Santamaria's account executives – Dolly Makasiar, a daughter-in-law of Supreme Court Justice Felix Makasiar – saw her P100,000 shares of stock probably going down the drain. Then how about the retirement pay of Pedro Tubalinal, who had worked with the company for well-nigh a quarter of a century?

The Santamaria scandal immediately had many observers harking back to a grand swindle pulled off a decade ago by Francisco de Asis, head of a brokerage firm bearing his name on the Makati Stock Exchange. The young broker was trading heavily on margin then with stock certificates of Benguet Consolidated purchased for his clients. Using "street" certificates where he placed his name before their delivery to his customers, he sold short, as prices of the gold mine's stocks rose steadily. Flushed with the thought that a decline was far off, he kept buying as the prices soared with the idea of selling out at the proper time. But the continuous surge suddenly broke and prices started plummeting. He lost heavily in the sudden plunge but not before he had stashed away millions for his personal accounts, mostly overseas. With the fall of gold prices, De Asis also took flight and left his clients with undelivered stock certificates and some P10 million in losses. Only his father, business executive Leocadio de Asis, was left to pay off the broker's obligations when he took off for California.

In the earlier fraud, the broker involved was only a young man in his middle twenties who still had a lifetime ahead of him. In the case of Santamaria puzzle, it was the most venerable man on the exchange – the 76-year-old senior citizen among brokers who had had a great deal to do with building the securities industry. He could not have come such a long way from the boom-and-bust days of the mining industry during the middle thirties to the current feverish oil trading times only to dismantle the reputation he had built in almost a half century, most observers reflected.

As Manila Stock Exchange President Simplicio J. Roxas put it a week after the disclosure of Santamaria's departure, there still has been no prima-facie evidence (meaning, a probability of guilt) pointing to any fraud on the part of Santamaria. For example, he said most of the broker's obligations with the banks had been secured with the proper collateral in stock certificates and other assets. That is, except for real estate which Santamaria could not own since he is a Spanish national.

But dampening Roxas's sanguine outlook was a later disclosure in an audit by the Securities and Exchange Commission that the entire assets of E. Santamaria and Co. would hardly be adequate to pay all of Santamaria's indebtedness and obligations. As the commission figured, the value of the firm's assets would probably add up to only one-tenth of its debts. So if the claims against the firm were settled on a pro-rata arrangement, only 10 percent of every claim would be liquidated.

Still, many observers disposed to look kindly on the absconding broker traced his abnormal behavior to his long illness. For Santamaria had been known to be suffering from an ailment that calls for periodic transfusions. This disease is said

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THE BIR UNDERGOES AN UPHEAVAL

by DANIEL E. LLANTO



THROUGHOUT ITS existence, the Bureau of Internal Revenue has always been one of the most graft-ridden of government offices. Thus it has always fallen short of its task of raising and collecting about 60 percent of the government's total tax intake. Obviously, that much money at its fingertips makes the BIR a perfect breeding ground for crooks and grafters. This species is said to have been helped to germinate by the administration's leniency in treating wrongdoers in the government service. President Marcos seems to believe that anyone can mend his ways given a chance, and has therefore maintained a humane attitude towards government black sheep.

It is rare that the head of a government agency would tell on his office, when it would put the office in a bad light. But Acting Commissioner Efren I. Plana blew the whistle on the rampant graft and corruption in the BIR and in the process exposed himself to reprisal and recrimination. It was viewed by thoughtful people, however, as an act of raw courage and a sincere desire to reform a seriously flawed arm of government.

Since Plana took over stewardship of the premier tax collection agency of the government with the implementation of the massive reorganization plan in 1973, he has waged unremitting war against the crooks that loot the internal revenue bureau. These venal elements have left a bad taste in the mouth of righteous people, which come up at the mere mention of the BIR. But graft in the agency was so deeply rooted that Plana failed to completely accomplish his Quixotic mission. Desperate, he turned to the President, along with top BIR officials, offering their courtesy resignations as some kind of a we-give-up gesture. This, at a time when the public was starting to think that the government had no intention of cleaning up the body politic, and indeed had given up hope of the government ridding itself of the leeches in the service.

When briefed on the unwieldy situation at the BIR, President Marcos it was said set aside the courtesy resignations and instead told the BIR top brass to revamp and purge the bureau. Plana was reported to have been overwhelmed by the job, for it meant nothing less than a thoroughgoing, top-to-bottom overhaul. The magnitude of the task prompted the top officials to suggest that the President meet with the BIR's officialdom and the personnel first.

The President did last September 24 and bawled out 2,500 BIR officials in Malacañang, whom Plana had summoned from all over the country. The act had few precedents in the past. FM figuratively shook his fist at the unbridled under-the-table deals perpetrated by BIR officials and employes. "For the past several years," he told them, "BIR personnel had been under surveillance. I have in my possession evidence indicating the guilt of many officers and men, some of them my closest friends."

One operation pointed out by the President was the rip-off in anomalous collections done through the years by examiners, 70 percent of which went to the pockets of middle rung officials, and 30 percent to examiners in the field. "I want this to stop," the President grimly said. "I want this stopped immediately. God help anyone who does not listen to what I am saying now because I will pursue you no matter where you go. I will see to it that you go to jail. I will not hesitate to eliminate if necessary all of the BIR personnel."

During the dressing down, FM told BIR officials that he is still trying to find out if the lists of irregularities and crooks he has in his possession are "accurate." He added, "But conclusions are inevitable."

The fact that the government has found it increasingly difficult to raise and collect enough taxes was proof enough of wrongdoing in the bureau. The shortcomings of the BIR in that department can only be remedied by nothing less than dedicated and aboveboard performance. "I am aware of the fact," said the President, "that there is great opposition to imposing additional taxes." To build up healthy funds, it should be noted, it is not necessary to bleed taxpayers since millions of pesos in due taxes remain uncollected. Money due the government but lost to shenanigans in the BIR alone reportedly comes close to P4 billion. FM said the reason why additional taxes are being prescribed is that BIR men are not collecting the full amount of taxes due.

In the BIR, harangued the President, the government has a situation where "some people are getting a free ride while others are being made to pay." This should not be so, the Chief Executive said, pointing out the profound implications issuing from the irregularities in the internal revenue service. "The feeling of injustice you cause among people is just cause for revolution," he stressed.

Just when everybody at the gathering in Malacañang that day thought they were going to be sacked there and then, President Marcos again demonstrated his magnanimity by deciding to give all BIR officials and employes a second chance, true to his belief that people have a "capability for completely changing their style of life." The President said he had no intention of disgracing

"Some people are getting a free ride while others pay. The injustice corrupt BIR men cause is just cause for revolution" – PFM

or shaming anyone, friend or foe, but that "it was a choice between the success or failure of the New Society, for which I am offering not only my honor but my life. And certainly it is not too much to ask BIR personnel to mend their ways."

Warned Mr. Marcos, "I will not stand for a second rebuff. There will not be another compromise on the matter of graft and corruption. This is not to say that all the officers and men of the BIR are rotten to the core. No. For those who have been helpful, dedicated, clean and honest, I have nothing but the highest respect. I feel that the greater number of BIR officers and men are engaged in the performance of their duties with rectitude, efficiency and courage." In deferring action on what was already a fact – the reorganization plan for the BIR – the President gave wide leeway to wrongdoers to "mend your ways."

The President pointed to another revenue collection agency, the Bureau of Customs, which has effected valid changes for the better after having been similarly rebuked, which was in line with his policy of telling office heads to give everyone suspected of graft a second chance. Said the President, "We heard there was a syndicate in the Customs. Break it up, I told the officials. This was done, and collections at Customs perceptibly improved."

Many people, however, felt that nothing would happen even after the tongue-lashing. What the President said would likely go in one ear and out the other ear, cynics opined, and the suspected crooks among the BIR personnel would return to their catch-me-if-you-can norm and continue their pillage of the bureau. Indeed, even after the presidential reprimand triggered a mass resignation, it was still popularly held that nothing could change the status quo in that agency. A lesser official, for example, nonchalantly commented that he had filed similar courtesy resignations at least three times in the past and he was still in his post.

In a widely hailed move, one which considerably restored the administration's credibility with the public and bolstered its anti-graft campaign, President Marcos made a turnaround from his early decision, and took back the second chance he had offered. On October 1, he issued a directive to Plana to effect the reorganization of the bureau within 48 hours after receipt of his order.

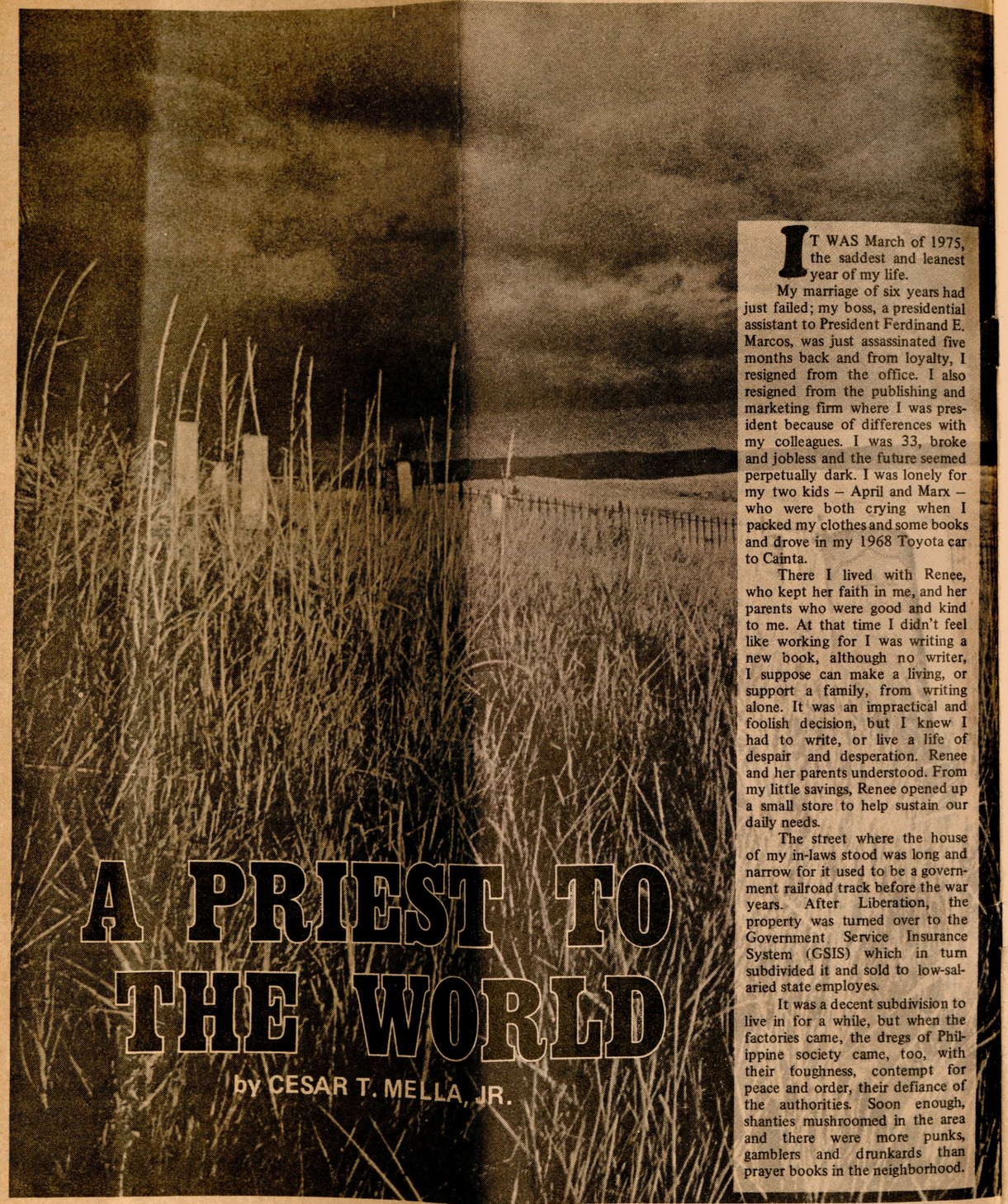
Contrary to popular belief, Plana had not relied completely on Malacañang for the launching of the clean-up. Immediately after the Malacañang episode, he gathered ranking officials at the BIR headquarters and did his own dressing down. Then just as he was proceeding to tighten up his bureau with 2,000 of his policy and decision makers, action officers, regional directors, supervisors, examiners and field collection agents called in for a fateful conference, the presidential order came. One of the systems Plana was ready to change was the investigation procedures, with investigators henceforth assigned through a raffle, and not to only a selected few.

Plana worked very hard the next two days after he got the presidential order, drawing up two lists, one containing the names of those with unblemished records and the other, the undesirables. On these lists would be based the revamp, separating the good revenue men from the bad. It would affect, says Plana, 17 directors of BIR regional offices and 19 regional district officers.

Before the axe fell, more than 500 ranking revenue officials had already tendered their resignations. Included among these are 92 revenue district officers and their assistants, 74 division chiefs and their deputies, 37 regional directors and 280 group supervisors working in various revenue district offices. The revenue directors and assistant directors turned in their courtesy resignations to the President, and service chiefs, revenue district officers, division chiefs and group supervisors submitted theirs to the BIR commissioner.

At presstime, Plana is still reviewing the lists he drew up behind closed doors. Although conceded even by the most virulent critics of the administration as an honest and dedicated official, Plana is expected to go too, at his request, together with other top echelon officials of the BIR. Speculations are that Plana may be returned to the appellate court, with another justice from that court filling his shoes in the BIR. As to the purge he was about to do, the fair and reasonable man in him may prevail when he demonstrates that he will not wield the axe indiscriminately.

After this, service in the government generally may change for the better, with the crooks in the public service forced to watch their step. The President has convinced everyone that he will see to that. F



A PRIEST TO THE WORLD

by CESAR T. MELLA, JR.

IT WAS March of 1975, the saddest and leanest year of my life.

My marriage of six years had just failed; my boss, a presidential assistant to President Ferdinand E. Marcos, was just assassinated five months back and from loyalty, I resigned from the office. I also resigned from the publishing and marketing firm where I was president because of differences with my colleagues. I was 33, broke and jobless and the future seemed perpetually dark. I was lonely for my two kids – April and Marx – who were both crying when I packed my clothes and some books and drove in my 1968 Toyota car to Cainta.

There I lived with Renee, who kept her faith in me, and her parents who were good and kind to me. At that time I didn't feel like working for I was writing a new book, although no writer, I suppose can make a living, or support a family, from writing alone. It was an impractical and foolish decision, but I knew I had to write, or live a life of despair and desperation. Renee and her parents understood. From my little savings, Renee opened up a small store to help sustain our daily needs.

The street where the house of my in-laws stood was long and narrow for it used to be a government railroad track before the war years. After Liberation, the property was turned over to the Government Service Insurance System (GSIS) which in turn subdivided it and sold to low-salaried state employes.

It was a decent subdivision to live in for a while, but when the factories came, the dregs of Philippine society came, too, with their toughness, contempt for peace and order, their defiance of the authorities. Soon enough, shanties mushroomed in the area and there were more punks, gamblers and drunkards than prayer books in the neighborhood. Most of these wretched people were factory workers.

When I came to live with Renee the place was already a slum, a squatters' colony. The dirty street was always flooded during the rainy season for there was no drainage there, and the creek where the rainwater used to flow was dammed by a steel factory, whose Chinese owner was alleged to be influential with the town mayor. The lack of hygiene among its inhabitants disgusted me. At nights, the pervading foul smell from the stinking garbage, urine and feces from the stagnant, murky waters would not let me sleep. But there was nothing I could do. I was down, living on the generosity of my in-laws.

Facing the modest house of my in-laws, just across the muddy street, was a shack rented by the Pangilinans, a migrant couple from Pampanga. The man, tall and shy-looking, was an auto mechanic, while the woman was a plain housekeeper who stood by the window all day and watched the morning dwindle into night. The Pangilinans had four or five kids, I'm not sure. At times, in fits of anger the mother would beat her children like no mother could.

The frightened kids, all haggard and impoverished, would linger at the store and Renee would give them biscuits and candies.

One Sunday morning coming home from the grocery where we bought our store supplies, Mr. Pangilinan approached me from behind and timidly asked if I could please take her girl, who died three days ago, to the Cainta cemetery, some three or four kilometers away. So there was death in the family, I thought, and we didn't even notice it. Nobody in the neighborhood did since no undertaker came, no lighted candles were seen burning in their impoverished hovel.

Before light he was already in the national highway but no jeepney or taxi driver would take his daughter to the cemetery for he was told it was bad luck to do so. He wept as he told his story. It didn't take long for me to decide.

It was small and roughly-made, the coffin. And it looked even smaller as Mr. Pangilinan cradled and deposited it in the car's back compartment. Behind followed his wife, red-eyed and veiled. The couple's children were all at the window, watching.

Renee accompanied me. She smiled as she sat beside me on the front seat. She understood.

When we reached the Cainta cemetery, I saw an old bent man digging a small pit beside another grave with a little marble angel. I walked toward him and asked if it was for the girl. He nodded. I went back to the car. We all watched in silence as we waited for the gravedigger to get done with his job.

Ten, twenty minutes passed. The wind blew: it smelled of sullen earth and fresh grass.

When the gravedigger was through, he called us with a forefinger. The mother started wailing; Renee stood beside her, steadying her. I helped Mr. Pangilinan carry the pitiful coffin, and before we lowered it down the grave, he took off its lid. I watched the face of the dead girl: her lips were black but her pale cheeks were cherubic. She looked happy. The mother knelt beside her little girl; she fingered her hair, face; she kissed her mouth and sobbed piteously on the unmoving breast.

I asked where the priest was and Mr. Pangilinan told me that the priest, a foreigner, refused to come for he could not afford the twenty-five-peso service fee. My anger heaved like a wild beast in a cage. I snapped at the gravedigger; I knew he came from the church. I told him to go and fetch the priest but he said he was sorry. No money, no religious service. I grew hesitant to see the priest since I had only a few pesos left in my pocket, just enough for gasoline for the trip back home. Renee's wallet was also empty. For the first time in my life, I felt helpless, powerless, and it wrenched my heart.

Finally I decided to talk it over with the priest, but as I was about to leave, the mother, still weeping, held my arm and said: "Please, it's useless. Be a priest to my dear child. We have nobody with us."

Suddenly it all came to me; my years as an altar boy, my years in the seminary. But that was 18 years ago! And when I spat in the face of the Spanish priest for treating me like an *Indio*, I walked out of the church; I walked away from God forever. Since then I did not return to the fold of the Catholic hierarchy; I vowed to be a fugitive from it for the rest of my life.

And then something happened: I felt warm all over, a strange fire moved within me. I felt renewed, transformed like a greening tree after winter. I looked at the anguished mother, the downhearted father, the dead girl, the unconcerned gravedigger. I looked at Renee who was looking at me with tears in her eyes. And before I knew it, I clutched a handful of earth and sprinkled it slowly, almost like a benediction, on the coffin and the words that flowed out of my trembling lips were like limpid water.

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

Effortlessly I kept on remembering the Psalm of David and for a while I thought I was a priest, not a layman standing in that melancholy cemetery, under the prickling sun, with a congregation of four, in jeans and a sleeveless red shirt.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever. Amen . . .

Silence, save the moaning of the woman.

"You talked like a priest," Renee broke the silence, with surprise in her big black eyes. "How did you learn all those words in Tagalog?"

I couldn't answer her; my heart was throbbing violently; my legs felt like water for then I knew: somebody must have spoken for me for the words that came to my mind were in English. I was not even aware that I was speaking in Tagalog, only the thought that I must share with the grief of the parents by communicating with them in the native tongue.

Afterwards the mother hugged me; the father spoke his gratitude and when I looked at the gravedigger, I noticed a strange glint in his dumb eyes. He shook his snow-white head.

Then the gravedigger spaded back the loose earth into the hole. Not even a simple wooden cross marked the clay-covered mound.

Dust thou art
And to dust thou shalt return.

Renee held my hand. We walked back to the car, the Pangilinans trailing behind us, the gravedigger watching us.

Soon the church birds were in the grass, singing. I looked at the sun-bright sky: the clouds looked whiter than I thought them to be.

On the way back home, I kept thinking that in sharing with the grief of strangers, I had regained the confidence I had long lost: the faith in myself and in man had returned. It felt good. I was still 33 but no longer felt broke and jobless and lonely – and the future beckoned.

"I was 33, jobless, lonely, and broke, – my boss had just been killed and I had left my wife"

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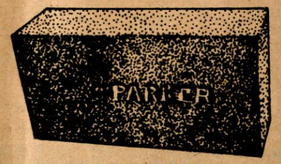

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STOCK

(Continued from page 5)

to be pernicious anemia and suspected to be terminal in the case of Don Enrique. As a matter of fact, he had been in and out of hospitals lately.

Even so, the tragedy of Santamaria was that he had paid no heed to the signs of the times when most brokerage firms had engaged in thoroughgoing changes in their management. To be sure, he had the wisdom of experience dating back to the early stock trading days before the war when the stock market was dominated by British brokers. Santamaria had his days of glory when business tycoon Col. Andres Soriano had him handle the stocks of his growing firms in the late fifties. It was the E. Santamaria and Co. which pushed the sales of Soriano's Atlas Consolidated Mines shares that became the glamour stocks of those boom days. Then Santamaria shifted to oil stocks when Podco of Soriano's conglomerate went into exploration efforts. These endeavors did not exactly lead to an eventual strike and Santamaria's star went on a decline.

The Spanish stockbroker then felt a yen to return to his home country and was known to have spent some years in Spain in the middle sixties. During his absence, his brokerage firm was run for a time by British businessman Anthony Macleod and later by Jose Santamaria, who is no relative.

When Don Enrique came back before the end of that decade, the stock brokerage business had changed considerably. Most of his contemporaries had been passing on the management of firms to their sons. Fred Hagedorn, Jr., had bequeathed his firm to his son Fred III; Anselmo Trinidad Sr. to Anselmo, Jr.; Luis Lichauco to Luis, Jr.,; Pedro Uy Tioco to his son, and Robert Coyiuto to Robert Jr. Also, Jose Marino Olondriz had taken over after his father, Marino Jose, died. But Don Enqirue refused to step down and pass on the management to his son, Miguel. The result was that when his company went bust, he went down with it, or he just took off. (F)

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3rd Year	Oct. 25 & 26	2nd Year	Oct. 26, 27 & 29
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Mayor Adelina Rodriguez examines the blueprint for the Frisco meat and fish market now under construction.

A WORKING DAY WITH MAYOR RODRIGUEZ

by PURA L. KINTANAR

PRESIDENT MANUEL Quezon had a vision about a city: aesthetically, it was to be the showplace of the nation, a place that thousands of people would come to visit as the center of culture and government of the country; socially, it was to be an orderly concentration of human life complete with high aspirations, worthy endeavors, and concrete achievements; economically, it was to be a productive and self-contained community.

Now, forty years after the founding of Quezon City, a woman is striving to make that vision come true, even as she copes with the hard business of running an ever-growing and complex city.

Turn page ☛

RODRIGUEZ

(Continued from page 11)

Cool, collected and always well groomed, Mayor Adelina S. Rodriguez certainly doesn't look like someone wrestling with a Hydra whose hideous heads poke out from every corner of the 15,360-hectare metropolis she is administering. Some wear and tear could at least be expected and forgiven as a logical result of wrestling with the mind-boggling and muscle straining problems confronting her, such as the ugly slums marring the city, the crime wave upsetting subdivision dwellers, and the many other untoward things happening in a bustling city. Gray hair at least would afflict anybody else who has to perennially scrounge around for funds so that more schoolhouses could be built, more streets repaired and constructed, more pocket parks and playgrounds installed, but the lady mayor remains trim and unruffled.

Among her most pressing problems is lack of funding, especially for infrastructure projects. Says Mayor Rodriguez, "I feel frustrated sometimes, especially in carrying out development plans since you cannot hurry things up because of lack of funds."

Because of limited resources a system of priorities is observed. High on the list is the construction of roads, schools and health centers, in that order, because the city government would like to stimulate more socioeconomic growth through an improved road network; would like to improve educational services which are hampered by lack of adequate buildings and instructional facilities, especially in the public schools. At the same time, the construction of health centers would boost the city's inadequate health services. Quezon City today has only 27 hospitals and 33 health centers to serve more than 1.5 million people. To augment its

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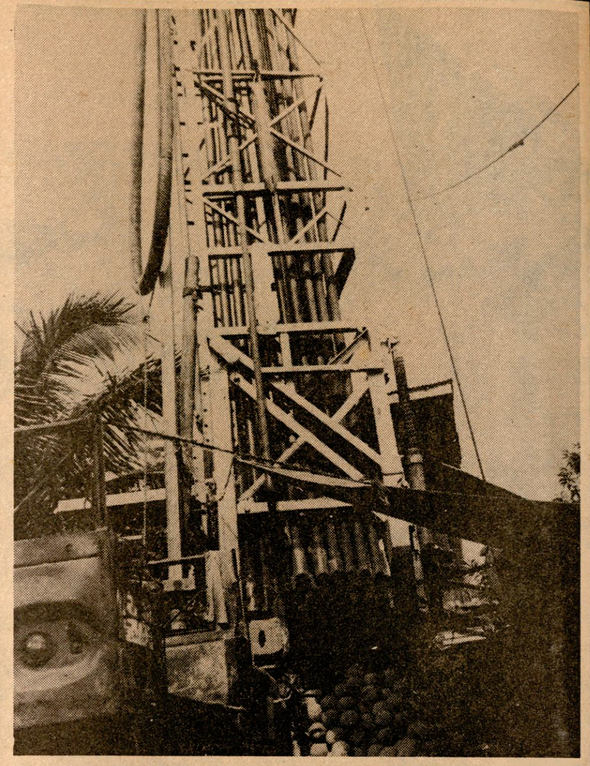
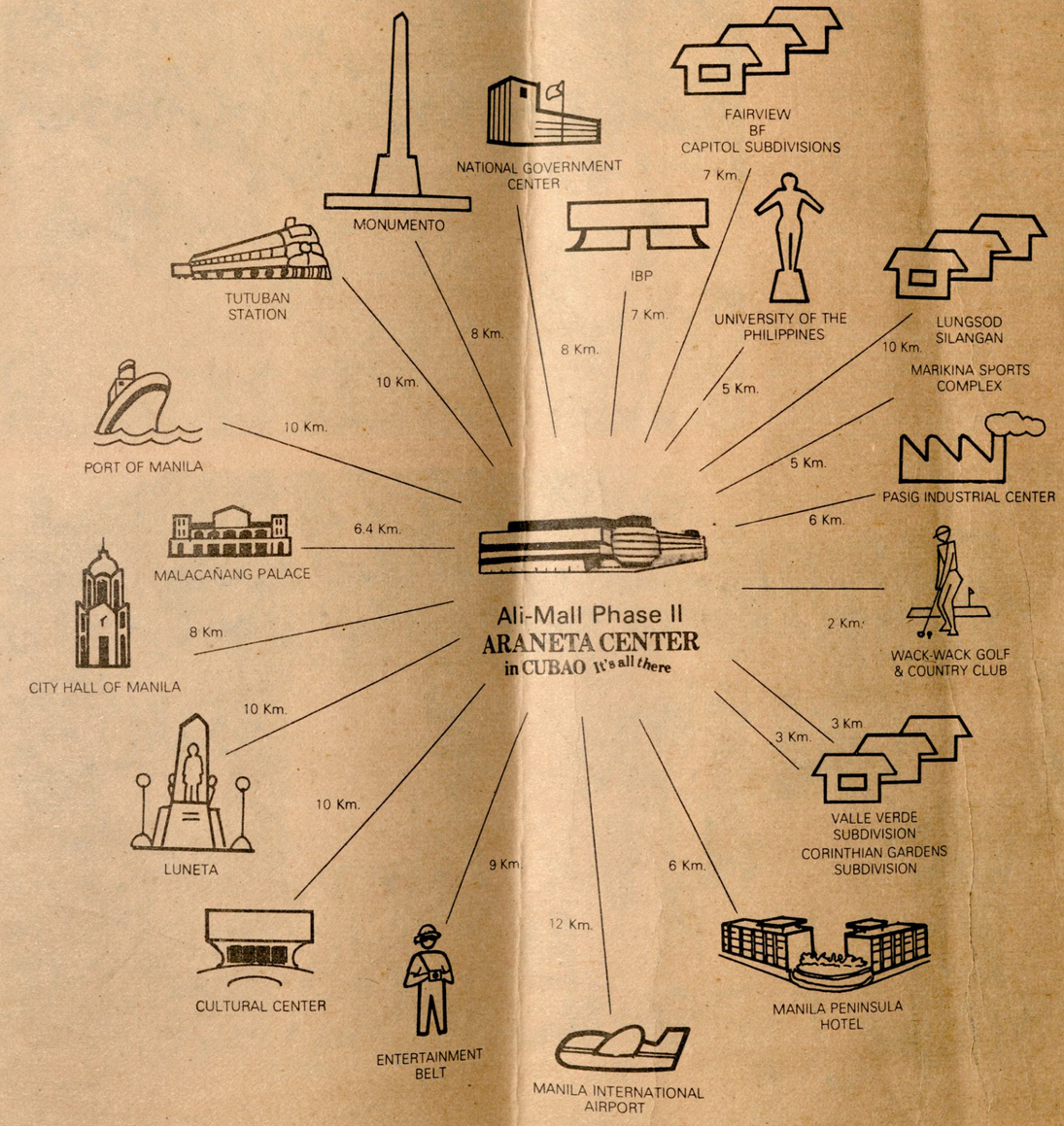


Improvement and construction of water systems are being stepped up by the Quezon City government to provide its residents with an important basic need, and to make Quezon City a really benign place to live in, right. Mayor Rodriguez poses with nursing and midwifery students rendering services at one of Quezon City's 33 health centers, below.



Right In The Center Of Metro Manila



RODRIGUEZ

(Continued from page 12)

financial resources Quezon City is intensifying its tax collection drive, hoping to increase its revenues by 19 percent over that of 1979's P194 million to about P230.6 million in 1980.

Another worry plaguing the Quezon City administration is the recent rise in the crime index, particularly petty thievery and crimes against property. As a strong measure against this, the city's police force has been augmented with 100 barangay police aides, who had beeen screened and trained by the Integrated National Police. At the same time, the city government has appealed to homeowners associations in the barangays and the subdivisions to provide their own security measures with emphasis on activating the ronda system. Furthermore, the residents have been asked to put in better safeguards in their homes in order not to invite depredation.

Like other urban centers throughout the country, Quezon City is suffering from a housing shortage, especially affecting families in the low income bracket. Squatter colonies proliferate, not to mention blighted and congested residential areas, subverting the city's dream of creating a truly benign environment for its residents. This problem is exacerbated by high housing rentals and inadequate public utility services such as the water supply system.

Thus, the city is at present stepping up a redevelopment program which would improve its physical features by 1980. The program basically consists of sites and services upgrading, to reclaim slum and blighted areas, instead of resorting to that standard response to the squatter problem — relocation. The new concept seeks not to uproot squatter families, but to upgrade

Turn to page 16



The 2,000 students of the Roxas High School will have more room to move in with the completion of six new classrooms now being built by the Quezon City government, right. Core houses and quadruplexes being inspected by Quezon City officials, below, will house 300 families living in shanties and dilapidated wooden structures.



A SALUTE TO:

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UNDER PRESIDENT FERDINAND E. MARCOS

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From an initial capital of P200,000 the GSIS today has assets amounting to P7.8 billion.

Total net income as of December 31, 1979 reached P33,493,884.89 after payment of insurance claims and benefits amounting to P661,479,572.61.

Services have been streamlined to the extent that salary and policy loans are now granted on-the-spot thru the computerized on-line system. Today, GSIS is servicing about 45 government ministries, corporations and offices under on-line at both the Manila Main Office and the Quezon City Branch Office. GSIS Baguio has also started to service members under on-line, with GSIS Bacolod, Cebu, Dagupan and Pampanga to follow shortly. Eventually, by 1980, all GSIS offices and branches nationwide will offer computerized services to more than a million members.

Presidential Decree No. 1146, signed into law by President Marcos on May 31, 1977, expanded existing benefits and provided new ones for the government workers.

BENEFITS

1. Retirement Pay
   a) Old age pension
2. Disability pay
3. Survivorship monthly pension or cash payment
4. Funeral expenses (up to P1,000)
5. Sickness Income
6. Life Insurance
   a) Compulsory Life
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7. Medical care

In addition to these benefits, GSIS members may also avail themselves of any of the following privileges being extended by the system:

1) Salary loan
2) Policy loan
3) Housing loan
4) Educational loans
5) Travel assistance program thru the Joint PAL-GSIS, "Fly PAL Pay Later Plan."

The more than one million members of GSIS salute the New Society and give their thanks to President Marcos and the First Lady, Metro Manila Governor Imelda R. Marcos.

RODRIGUEZ

(Continued from page 14)

physical aspects of life through better sanitation, widespread beautification, and improvement of dwellings. Services which take care of 11 basic needs are also undertaken, including installing modern water and power systems, making possible easier mobility, upgrading health, recreation, and educational facilities.

Unfazed by these and other problems, Mayor Rodriguez goes through the daily grind with unflappable cool and aplomb – "Problems are actually the tests which strengthen you and give you strength," she states. And tests she has plenty of during a 12-hour day which begins at six o'clock when callers begin trickling into her residence at Mandaluyong to ask for jobs, money, medical assistance, as well as to invite her to preside at ribbon cutting and other social and civic affairs.

"They have a mistaken belief that it is easier to see me here than at the office which by the way is always open to anybody who wants to see me. There is no cordon sanitaire out there."

At 9 a.m. she is at her desk at city hall where mornings are devoted mostly to more callers and to meetings with private and civic groups as well as with liaison men from other government agencies.

On a busy morning recently she had to shuttle between the Quezon City Barangay Ladies Auxiliary Brigade meeting in her office and the Quezon City Nutrition Council sitting in conference in the next room.

"In undertaking any project," says Mayor Rodriguez, "the government must first show what it can do, and success would automatically bring in support from other sectors of the community."

That morning, the Quezon City ladies auxiliary group was meeting with representatives of the Asian Institute of Culture, a nonprofit organization pledged to help struggling cottage industries

Turn to page 33



The construction of health centers is a priority project of the Q.C. government, above. Below, Mayor Rodriguez and Roxas barangay captain Braulio Arriola inspect progress of the community library, a joint project of the people and government.



Trends

A folio of fads, frills, and foibles



Educational and more conventional toys made in the Philippines can compete in originality of design and quality with those made abroad. The local toy market is increasingly catching the attention of buyers from the United States and Europe. More on pages 20-21.

Trends

carmen the carnival

by JOSE A. QUIRINO



LUISA'S ON Rizal Avenue should be awarded a trophy by showbiz for having served as training ground for many of the country's top singers. Drop a gold-record name and you can be sure that belter started out at Luisa's & Son. That "soda fountain" used to have more class; and amid the marble-and-gold decor downstairs, the Chinese pagoda motif upstairs, were heard the apprentice voices that have since moved up in and all over the world.

Way back in the later 1950s, a 17-year-old college girl (commerce, at the UE) started singing at Luisa's and became such a favorite of the beer patrons there that in 1958 she won the title of Miss Luisa & Son. A year later she was at the Millionaire's Club on Dewey Boulevard, at the Airman's Club in Clark Field, and still at the UE, gamely trying to combine her commerce studies with her singing career. Commerce lost out when she got an offer to sing at the Kadena Officers' Club in Okinawa. The Kadena was then *the* Mecca for Philippine singers: so how could she possibly turn down that offer? She dropped out of college and went to Okinawa.

Two eventful years had gone by before she reappeared in Manila – and by then she was big time, big business, and a big big name: Carmen Pateña. The girl who began her career amid the uproar of a beer house had become the chanteuse who commanded a rapt quiet and attention when she appeared on the floor of elite clubs. Nobody danced when la Pateña was performing.

During the 1960s she set out to conquer the rest of the Orient. She was no longer the girl with the band, the vocalist, the performer in between the dance music. Now she was the floor-show itself: a one-woman act. Some would say: a one-woman circus, a whole carnival all by herself – rowdy, raucous, rollicking, and radiant. Her act is a romp, a revel, a one-woman riot.

And how Asia loved her!

She sang at the President Hotel in Taipei, at the Cliff Hilton in Guam, at the Tropicana in Singapore. During her various engagements in Hong Kong, she was the top attraction at the Showboat, the Latin Quarter the Highball, and the Palace. In Japan she starred at such posh watering places as the Mikado, the Copacabana, the New Latin Quarter, the Club Lee, the Kyoto Belam, and the Osaka Arrow. In Bangkok she queened it in the spotlight of the Cafe de Paris, Rama Hilton, the Sani Chateau, the Dusithani Hotel, and the Siam Inter-Continental. And the American military put out the SRO sign whenever Carmen the Carnival was onstage at their officers' clubs.

Since her Asian tours she has crossed the Pacific to wow audiences in the big cities of Canada and the United States. She sang in New York in November of 1974, at the inauguration of the Philippine House; and she was back in New York in July of this year, for the First Filipino Film Festival, where she headed the Philippine troupe that performed at Carnegie Hall.

President and Mrs. Marcos have such a high regard for la Pateña's classy brass that she's usually at Malacañang whenever there are special guests to be entertained. Carmen has sung at the Palace for King Hussein of Jordan, Dame Margot Fonteyn, Prime Minister Kukrit Pramoj of Thailand, Renata Tebaldi, Henry Kissinger, Madame Sadat of Egypt, and the heads of state of Sri Lanka and New Guinea. When President Ford and his wife came over for a state visit, Carmen even danced with the American president!

Showbiz critics trot out their superlatives when it's Carmen's performance they're reviewing.

Raves Catherine Ong of Singapore:

"With or without the microphone, her voice engulfed the room and kept all of us tight in our seats, mesmerized. To top it all, Miss Pateña, hailed as the new favorite of the Philippines, sang in Japanese, Spanish, Chinese, French, and the three main Philippine languages."

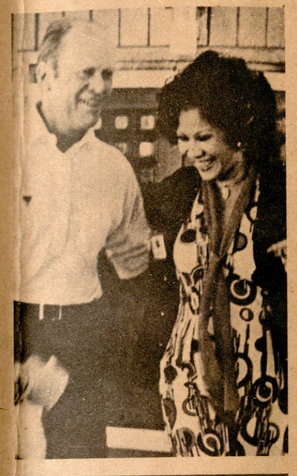
Says another critic, Goh Keng Lee:

"She's got a resonant voice capable of switching along the scale from raunchy pop to honest emotion. Her style alternates between the sexy coarseness of Bassey's *Big Spender* and the tearful delivery of *If You Go Away*. Listen to her spot-on phrasing of *What I Did For Love*. It's a song that has been mauled by every aspiring dramatic singer, but few could carry it off like her. Her voice wanders on through different levels of feeling and brings a new light on the song. She flexes her astonishing vocal chords, the strong edge of her voice rising and wailing as she plunges into a medley of Shirley Bassey hits. The timeless vocal phrasing is as good as ever, the vocal acrobatics still lilting! "

And still another night-life aficionado, Paul Jansen, opines that "on the Asian entertainment circuit" our Carmen is without peer:

"It is not difficult to understand why when she performs, she is a picture of elegance in titillatingly low-cut gowns. Carmen instantly draws the attention of the diners and drinkers when she steps into the spotlight. And she has little problem keeping attention riveted on her. Her voice is lusty, her songs so filled with emotion that tears often spring to her eyes. Her appeal is tremendous! "

Carmen Pateña, the total performer, with former U.S. President Gerald Ford.





As you can see, Asia has been flipping over our Carmen during all these years that she has been our traveling national treasure, our ambassadress of song and good will. What makes audiences flip so hard over her?

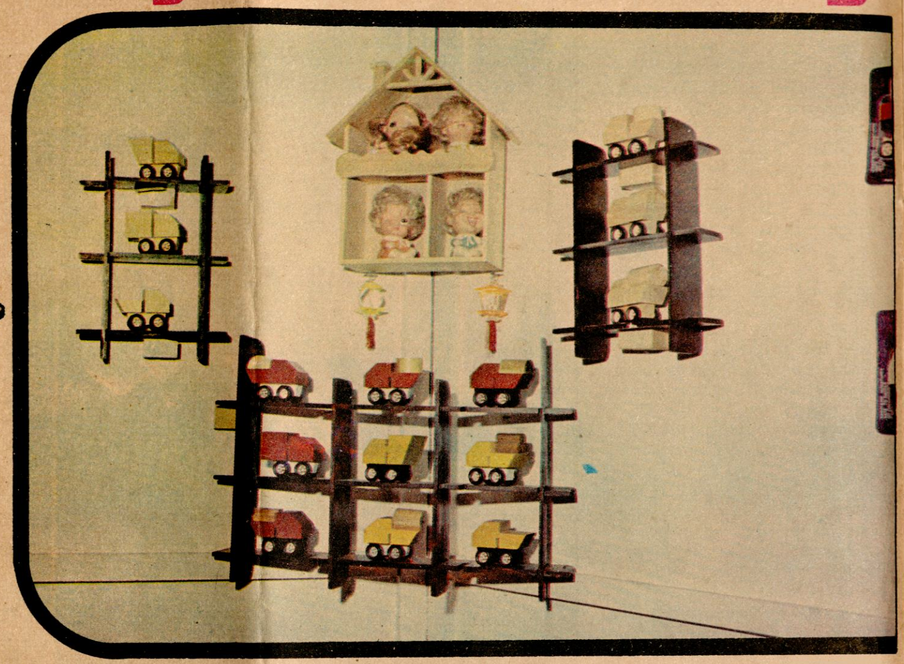
Well, for one thing, as we have said, she is a whole carnival all by herself: fun and frolic and guts and gusto. Then there's her amazingly wide repertoire, in a dozen languages, that ensures variety to her one-woman show, a variety that ranges from la-di-da to low-down, from classic standard to the latest disco beat. And then there's her charisma, her ability to establish rapport with any audience, and the wit with which, between songs, she gets her listeners laughing with her. A generous performer, she entertains all requests; and when there's a pile of such requests, she warns the audience: "Anyone who wants to go to the loo had better do it now 'cause this is going to take some time! " But who would go to the loo while Carmen is there to be enjoyed?

The girl from Galas, Quezon City, has been singing since she was 15 and, of course, there has been a continuing development in her style. From pop singer she advanced to jazz, when hot jazz was the favored music at the American bases; and the Carmen Pateña of the military-base tours was famed for her razzmatazz. Lots of GIs could have sworn she was born either in Dixie or Harlem. She's still a terrific jazz singer but she has broadened her scope, adding Latin hits and Gallic melodies to her repertoire as well as the new Philippine music, both the *yugyugan* howlers and the mod folk songs. But even the *kundiman* gets a new beat when sung by Carmen. The girl is growing up all the time, learning more and more about her craft. One can only hope that, however mellowed by time, she will never lose her carnival hoopla.

Next time you get a chance to savor her, keep your eyes on her eyes. Those remarkable orbs have a body language all their own, now rolling naughtily, now sentimentally misting up, now lighting up with rapture. Even her eyes sing. F

Trends

filipino toys are blooming



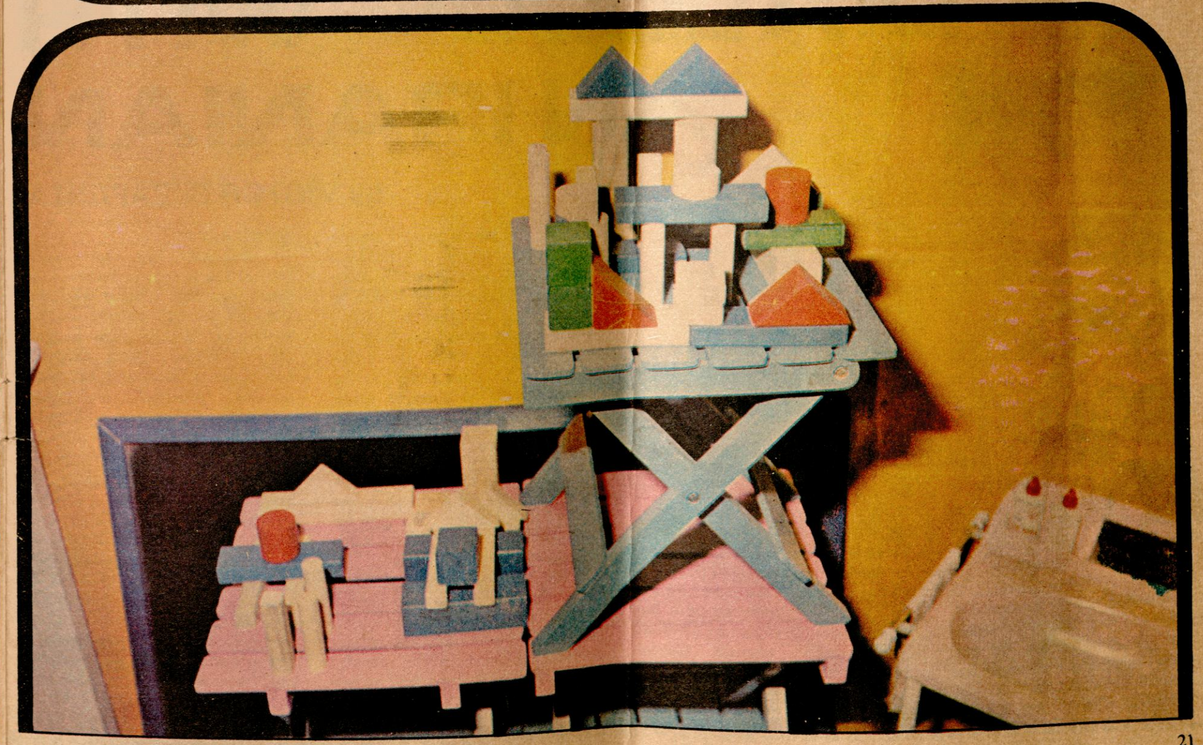


WHAT FILIPINO boy has not at least spent an afternoon absorbed in putting together a kite, using bamboo strips and *papel de japon*, or if not a kite, a slingshot, meticulously selecting just the right forking bough of a guava tree to use as handle?

But time and tide has moved the creation of a toy from the purlieus of children to small cottage industries in homes and medium-scale factories in the Metro Manila area. Today the country's toy manufacturers are exploring avenues for expanding production and raising the quality of their products to meet export standards so that they could enter the world market, especially the lucrative markets in the European countries and the United States.

Ever the good and fine craftsman, the Filipino is a national toy designer and manufacturer, with many of those in the trade already venturing into innovative toy-making, to make toys that can compare and compete with foreign-scale toys in originality of design and quality. Novel toys designed both for education and fun are made of indigenous Philippine wood. Even the more conventional dollhouses and miniature furniture and train sets are now being made out of wood. Design modules and building blocks, also of wood, are geared to draw out a child's creative potentials while he has fun handling them. These toys could solve the problem of what to give the youngsters for Christmas cheer. F







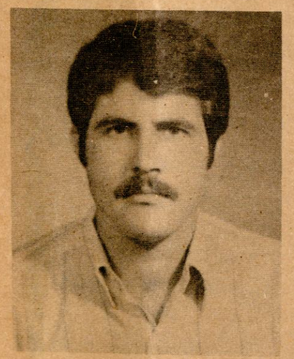




The photos on this spread show anti-Shah demonstrations in Tehran: is Ayatollah Khomeini doing more good for the Iranians than the deposed Shah?

DIALOGUE WITH AN IRANIAN

by VICTOR D. ZAPANTA



Ahmad Rahimi

WE HAD expected a brusque and fire-spitting fellow, but Ahmad Rahimi, 27, a freshman mechanical engineering student at the University of San Agustin, Iloilo City, turned out to be friendly, gentle and shy. We were somewhat disappointed for we had looked forward to an explosion of verbal fireworks from him in connection with the current situation in Iran.

Rahimi is just one of the many shaggy Iranian students in Iloilo City, some 60 of them being at the USA (not the United States of America). He first set foot on Philippine soil late in October last year – October 28 to be precise – and has not gone home for a vacation since then. He does not contemplate doing so unless his widowed mother asks him to. His schooling is financed by his older brother, Muhammad, who is a farmer. He, too, is a farmer. How come he decided to take up mechanical engineering? "I once worked in an atomic plant," he explained.

The disarmingly amiable Iranian student resides at 58 Nori St., Sumetry Avenue, Shiraz. Shiraz is a city some 1,000 kilometers from Tehran, capital of Iran.

He has taken a fancy to the Philippines, saying it abounds with green vegetation in contrast to his homeland which is mostly arid and that the Filipinos are more progressive than his people because they are more educated. According to him, the illiteracy rate in Iran is quite high, even though one-third of the population is Westernized. For that reason it is difficult to institute reforms in Iran, he added. In reply to the query on how he learned English, he said that he only learned it here through association with Filipino friends.

As we opened our dialogue with Rahimi, who incidentally leads an austere life, we asked him not to feel offended by certain questions relating to the prevailing turmoil and instability in his homeland, and he smilingly shook his head to indicate that he did not mind at all.

We told him that people around the world, including Filipinos, painfully wonder why, despite its avowed concern for the well-being of the Irani people, the Khomeini regime executes homosexuals, adulterers and adulteresses, prostitutes and pimps even though they had nothing to do with politics or the defunct rule of the Shah, and he pointed out that their religion or the Qu'ran (Koran) forbids violence, yes, but it allows it if and when an offender persists in his errant ways. Our argument that the biological nature of a gay is such that he just can't help being what he is was irrelevant to him. In the eyes of the Qu'ran, he said, a man and a woman are the same and therefore should receive the same treatment. However harsh the punishment may be therefore, it applies to both sexes. No wonder women are not exempt from the firing squad.

It appeared from his halting elucidations that Iran, like other Islamic states in the Middle East, is being exploited by the industrialized West, particularly the United States. According to him, the deposed Shah was strenuously endeavoring to modernize Iran, not for the good of the Iranians themselves, but rather for the benefit of Americans. In other words, he was only a tool of the U.S.

When pressed for further information on the situation in Iran, he stressed that his people now enjoy freedom under the Khomeini rule, which was denied them by the Shah through the Savak, the dreaded secret police. For instance, there are more than 20 Islamic sects in Iran, foremost of which are the Shi'ite and Sunni (our Muslims in Mindanao are Sunnis), and where only one of them used to assert itself in the Shah's time, all of them are active at present. He added that through the guise of land reform the erstwhile government ostensibly expropriated land from the rich for distribution to the depressed masses, but that it was actually taken over by the Shah's relatives and/or his favorites. What's more, the oil wealth of the country did not filter down to the masses, so that they still wallowed in abject poverty.

Our dialogue with Rahimi was attended by his volatile host, Rene P. Divinagracia who runs the Pension House on Quezon St., Iloilo City, and Divinagracia hollered all the way refuting the arguments of Rahimi in behalf of Khomeini. Divinagracia's assertion that a state that has no bonafide government is worse than one that has a disagreeable government did not even move Rahimi to bat an eye. "Suppose Turkey or Russia invaded your homeland, Ahmad?" Divinagracia said, puffing. "What would you do?" "We would rather not fight," Rahimi answered placidly, flashing an ingratiating smile. "You wouldn't fight back!" Divinagracia shrieked, horrified. "Ye gods! Why the dickens would you not resist the invader to protect your country?" "We would be no match for a better-armed enemy, Mr. Rene," was the answer. The Iranians simply wouldn't fight, that's all – this was Rahimi's last word. We thought with alarm that Divinagracia, who was deferentially addressed as Mr. Rene by Rahimi, was going to lose his sanity.

Speaking of freedom again, Rahimi reiterated that all Islamic sects in his homeland are presently active. A move is underway to expropriate land anew for distribution to the poor, and the moving force behind it is one of those sects, which is Communist. "Is your religion not against Communism?" Divinagracia asked. "Yes, yes, yes, but it appreciates, and even enjoins, giving," he replied. "Is it not more blessed to give than to receive?"

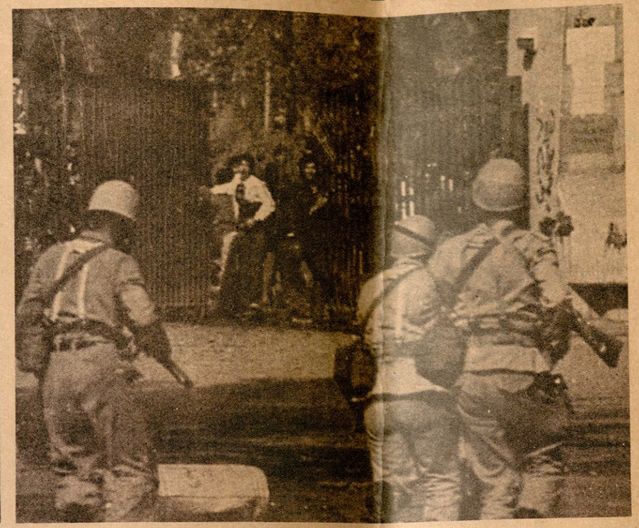
Apropos this issue, the different segments of the population have divergent sympathies, that is, one tilts toward Russia, another toward China, and so on.

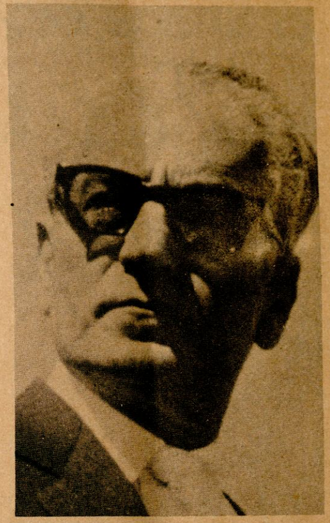
Finally, we in turn spoke to the imperturbable and soft-spoken Iranian student from Shiraz, singling out the so-called evolutionary process, pointing out that it appears that Ayatollah Khomeini is irrationally reversing it. "Far from it," he reasoned with aplomb. "We're only striving to mend our devious ways. In fact, we're moving forward rather than backward. Look, we're not diverting more money to public education. Remember, our revolution under Khomeini is not yet finished. Eventually, we shall have a president, prime minister (not the kind of Bazarghan) and a parliament. Our present government is authoritarian, yes, yes, yes, but it is only temporary."

The Savak, Rahimi said, is still to be reckoned with. Numerous families contributed two or three relatives each to it. Should its vanished following return home and reorganize itself, it could pose a threat to the present rulers.

As in every question anywhere, not all the Iranian students in Iloilo City are pro-Khomeini. The pro-Shah ones are conveniently silent for obvious reasons. All of them fraternize just the same as loyal compatriots. F









cover story

COUNTDOWN ON JULIE ANN FORTICH

by RONALD K. CONSTANTINO



"INSECURE" IS how Julie Ann Fortich describes herself these days. Which is surprising, coming from an ordinarily confident and happy-go-lucky girl like her. She has no reason to feel low. Her career is running smoothly. Julie Ann has been shooting two movies for Agrix Films: *Paano Ito Dalawa ang Mahal Ko?* and *Apat na Maria*. She just finished *Tonyong Bayawak* with Ramon Revilla. She has three films in the can: *Palawan, Sampaguitang Walang Bango*, and *Mahal Kong Taksil*, the last one her launching pad to stardom.

What's wrong then?

"I still don't know if the public will accept me. My first starring role, *Mahal Kong Taksil*, hasn't been shown yet. I guess I'll remain this way – insecure – until I know for sure the outcome of this film. These days I'm tense, uneasy and bothered. But I must tell you I can accept failure. I'm used to it. But of course I'm hoping that *Mahal Kong Taksil* will make it," says Julie Ann.

But at least she's assured of several films (finished and in the making) even if *Mahal Kong Taksil* flops. She can pin her hopes on any of these movies in case *Mahal Kong Taksil* doesn't propel her to stardom.

"Yes, I guess that's my advantage over other build-up stars. And for that I'm grateful to Mr. Blando (Ronnie Blando, Agrix Films' big boss). But still *Mahal Kong Taksil* is my most important film as the story centers on me. Its success, or failure, will, I guess, shape my movie career," assesses Julie Ann.

Directed by Emmanuel Borlaza, *Mahal Kong Taksil* also stars Charo Santos, Ace Vergel, Celia Rodriguez, and Pangguy Francisco.







"I'm no saint, in fact I've been around, but my life isn't a total mess," says this model-turned-actress who is being groomed for stardom in Mahal Kong Taksil, *some scenes of which are shown above.*

Agrix Films launched Julie Ann Fortich several months ago in style, with pomp and circumstance. Members of the press were treated to a whole-day cruise (from Manila to Limbones island) aboard a luxury boat. A fashion show, musical numbers, pep talks preceded her formal presentation, interspersed with the showing of slides capturing her various moods, phases of her young life (Julie Ann turns 21 on December 6). Press kits (glossy and in color) detailing her promise and talents were given away.

"Then, I was optimistic about my future in the movies. I had self-confidence. But something went wrong. I had a misunderstanding with my home studio (Agrix Films)," Julie Ann recalls.

Such as . . .

"Well, I thought all along I was strong enough to face all the intrigues and vicious talk in show business. My unhappy childhood in Cebu, my experiences in Manila as a working girl and model made me strong. But I was wrong. They affected me and almost made me give up my movie career.

"It seems some people are determined to destroy me even before I'm made. They questioned my background. I was accused of misbehaving on the sets, flirting with my leading men, getting drunk and drugged," Julie Ann sighs.

"I'm no saint, in fact I've been around, but my life isn't a total mess," she adds.

Julie Ann's problems were compounded when she starred opposite Ramon Revilla, Blando's rival for the presidency of the Philippine Motion Pictures Producers Association (PMPPA). Agrix Films naturally resented its build-up star's action. There were talks that Blando was dropping her like a hot potato.

"But thank God, *naayos na ang lahat* (everything has been ironed out). Agrix Films is again going full blast in promoting me. I understand *Mahal Kong Taksil* is finally showing this month," says Julie Ann.

"But I want very much *Mahal Kong Taksil* to make good in the box-office. *Sana tanggapin ako ng publiko* (I wish the public would accept me). Wish me luck because I need it badly," says Julie Ann, obviously bedevilled again by insecurity. "I want to show my detractors that no matter what they say I can still make something out of my life." F



KEEPING UP WITH THE PHILANDERER

by ESTRELLA D. ALFON



Concert pianist Evelyn Belgica Ribaya (opposite page) has put together a collection of Filipino songs for children with the help of her equally talented daughter, Elaine, left.

IT IS a boost to one's own morale to think that Adrian Cristobal, the handsome chairman of the SSS board and the president, moreover of the Writers' Union of the Philippines, now owns the PECO, the Philippine Education Company, that is, to all of us, the first name that comes to mind when you say bookstore. As Joe Guevara said in his column, there was a time, it seems, when Adrian could not even buy the books for sale there, although that time, long ago, was when books often cost just over a peso, particularly paperbacks, and a P20 book was already an expensive item. I did not quite know Adrian then. I only remember him as a man with a very soft mouth, and a very lean romantic look. He has since then allowed himself a few extra pounds on that manly frame, but the soft mouth and the nice eyes are still the same. And as all of us now do, sometimes he allows a daughter, usually Celina, to tag along to the functions he attends, where he, recognized as one of the President's? or First Lady's? favorite speechwriters, often gets suggestions as to what people wish one or the two of his "principals" would say. To which Adrian listens with that curl of the lip and the sardonic gleam in the eye that often silences the proponent.

* * * * * *

It is often a part of the life of many men we know, whether high up or not in the social and government scale, or a little below the upper classes, that there is a Wife No. 1, a No. 2, and so on. These wives often have their own circles of friends, sometimes overlapping, or sometimes rigidly apart from each other. With the number of deaths that have occurred recently, a pattern has evolved that amuses all those who observe these things. As the body lies in state, the wife relegated to the background but who remains the legal spouse, often keeps vigil during the reasonable hours of early morning on through to early evening. The illicit, but more often than not better placed "partner," keeps vigil, and holds court for friends who visit the departed in the late hours of the night and on to early morning. So the wife of a man who is widely known to live in the house of the No. 2, knowing that upon his death, she will regain all her rights as wife, no longer to be denied or superseded by the deceased, and that she will be the spouse mentioned in the obituary columns and she and her children the ones to hold the fort, has alerted her children, and all relatives, to be ready to do duty around the clock when he finally gives up the ghost, which might be soon. This way, the other woman with whom the man lives, cannot claim her place beside him, not any more. A fine situation this. Many a man, feeling the end to be near, has gone home to the woman he had abandoned, seeking the peace that he must have if he is to enter any afterlife besides hell. Still, there are two obituaries in the papers. One placed by the legitimate wife and the legitimate children. And the other by the other woman and her illegitimate children.

* * * * *

Which reminds me. If you feel you might need hospitalization soon, think of buying sickness insurance. The kind that gives you a weekly allowance in cash while you are in your sickbed. Hospital rooms are among the most expensive necessities that have gone up in cost. Although hospitals no longer give you the glass, pitcher, soap dish, wash basin, towels, tissue paper, and other little things that you think should be a part of hospital supplies when you enter sick, all these are still entered into your bill and it is the wise one who prepares for the time, sometimes inevitable, when sickness in the family makes you unable to put off this most unpleasant experience. Some very reputable insurance companies are selling this kind of insurance. Call them up but make sure the conditions are explained to you. Make sure that the amount you have signed up for is paid to you as soon as you enter the hospital. I goofed. I bought one, forgot all about it, then had the misfortune to have the policy lapse at the very time I entered the hospital. It lapsed because the agent who had sold it to me considered his business with me ended as soon as he had made the sale. He never reminded me that the time to renew had come around, and in fact he has completely disappeared by that time. I only discovered the policy had lapsed when I remembered to ask a secretary to look for it and find out whether we could take advantage of what I had paid for. No. The lapse entitled me to nothing.

So when you buy one of these policies, make sure you remember you have one. And make sure that it is the kind that pays you cash as soon as you are in a hospital bed, not when you already are out of the hospital, because by the time that comes, you'll probably be so mad, you could drop dead. Hospital rooms cost as much now as hotel (5 Stars) rooms do.



* * * * *

Evelyn Belgica Ribaya has been spending her time very creatively. She has been practicing her piano playing. She has staged a zarzuela for the benefit of the blind. She wrote the story and music for a zarzuela which she also staged, and on the whole, produced, for the sake of those more unfortunate than she. That should be soul satisfaction enough. But now, out of dedication to her young, talented and only child Elaine, she has put together a collection of Filipino songs for children, sung all over the islands, which she also annotated, translated into English from the vernacular, and they are now in book form, awaiting the kind eyes of her wedding sponsor Cultural Center Director Lucrecia Kasilag, whose judgment she trusts completely, so she may look them over for improvement and for corrections if necessary. Once perfected, she hopes to present them to the First Lady for a foreword and a blessing so she can have it printed and distributed.

With the illustrations that she has engaged an artist to do, with some "side-effects" done by daughter Elaine, she hopes to be able to eventually have the tourism department and the education ministry find it worthy for distribution to children here and abroad.

Evelyn is a fine concert pianist, and the arrangements she has labored over makes every song in the collection just right for singing to children, or for children to sing, themselves. I am very proud of Evelyn, and so is her husband, whom Evelyn thinks is about the best gift God has given her. He is patient with her genius, proud of her creativity, and very helpful financially with her rather expensive projects.

* * * * * *

Every last Wednesday of the month, if you care to join in some Literary fun, go to U.P. Diliman, and meet with writers on campus who belong to the U.P. Writers Club members present, past, and hopefully, future. Other writers from other schools or out of school who wish to join the group, among whom they might already have friends, are also welcome. It is the nearest thing to a writers circle that we have these days. The meetings are held under the auspices of the U.P. Creative Writing Center and so of course you'll find the stalwarts of the English department of U.P. among those in the gathering. A sometimes light, sometimes heavy, *merienda* comes with the gathering, and the only drawback is that Diliman is so far away and if not so difficult to get to, very difficult to get away from, for the gathering often starts at five in the afternoon and doesn't break up till eight. And transportation routes are confusing to someone not really from the U.P. and living as far away as Makati, Guadalupe, or even Balintawak or Tondo. The latest afternoon we were there, we had representatives from the Carlos Palanca Literary Awards secretariat to speak informally on how the contest will be run next year, and what would be added to the contests (essay, the latest, in addition to short story, poetry and plays, one-and three-act). There was some discussion over whether or not La Tondeña should limit entries to Tagalog or Pilipino language pieces which I hope never happens. The winners of the last (September) Palanca competition were there too to tell us how they won. How can one ever tell how one wins, though?

As one of the young boys said, he felt he just "accidentally" won. Since it was the second time he had accidentally *(nakadisgrasya)* won, it was apt to call him accident-prone. The other young boy also felt that he did not know how he could have prevailed over such writers as he knew had entered the contest and so he felt it was extremely great to win. His inspiration had been money. This boy, who won first prize in the play division, was, as he said of himself, chronically broke.

There is fun in these gatherings. For a while, there was the tendency to defeat the very purpose of the gathering, which was to hold free discourse among the young and the old, one learning from the other, in the interest of trying to encourage and improve the craft of writing. The young tended to sit away from the old. This time, Amelia Bonifacio Lapeña and Franz Arcellana tried to make it one big circle, but even then, there was still this demarcation. One wishes one could tell the young – don't be so standoffish, *tatanda din kayo, ah,* someday you will also grow old.

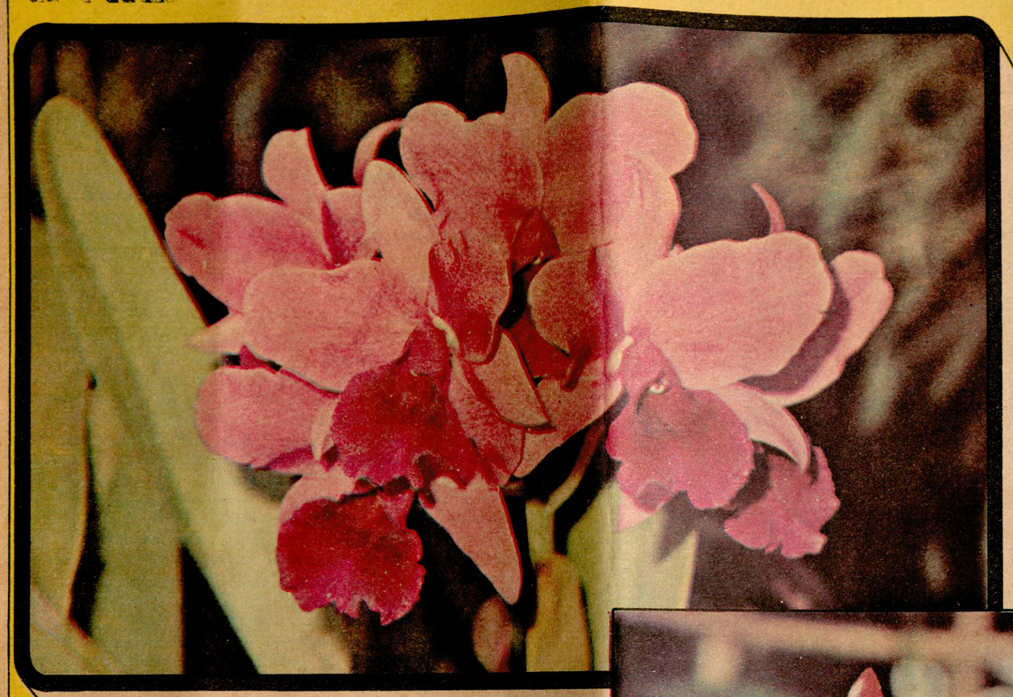
Last Wednesday, Cirilo Bautista was there, who might be conferred the honor of being Poet Laureate of Philippine Letters by some empowered body, for he wins all the major poetry contests that there are. Bert Florentino, Fernando Samonte, Silver Espinosa, Emerenciana Arcellana and her pretty daughters, Isagani Cruz, Andres Cristobal Cruz and his Pat, Ricaredo Demetillo, and many others whose names escape me were also there. But it was the liveliest discussion group so far, with the merits and the weaknesses of the Palanca judgments discussed, each one present projecting his own bright idea of how to improve the institution which has been enlarging the breadth of the contests and the prizes they give to the winners. As usual, Rico Licsi Espino who has been winning major prizes not only in the Palanca tilt but also outside of it (the Zobel Prize for Literature in Spanish) left early. His doctors advise a bedtime not later than eight o'clock in the evening for him.

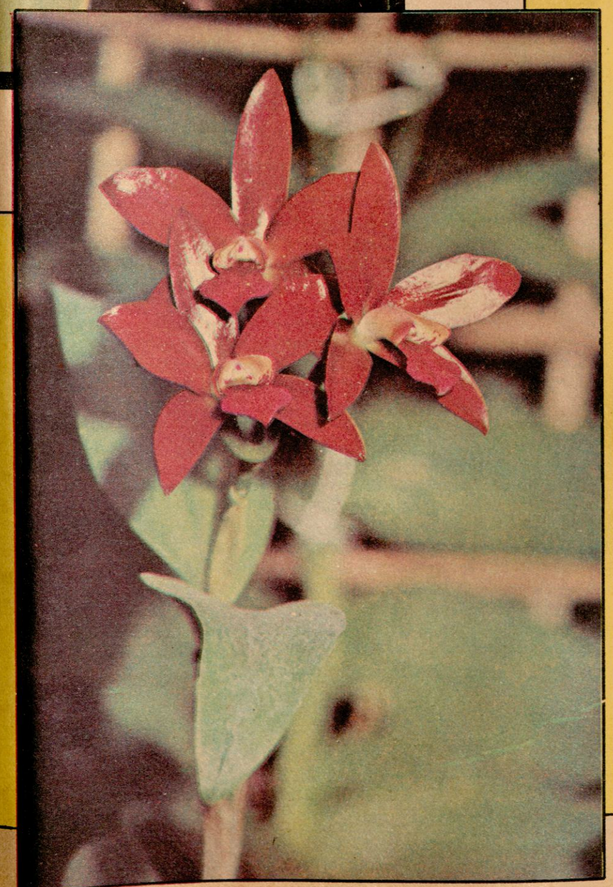
* * * * * *

Start making your Christmas decorations now. The shops at the Quad are already displaying outrageously priced handwork animals, out of colorful cloth and a little batting for quilting their outlines. You could make these yourself. They will be a treasure to keep for you could make the making of them a family session, with the older and younger children doing their best to help you. Preserve the adornments as keepsakes after the tree is put away.

* * * * * * *

Make a survey of your friends. How many are macho – but not so. Alas, isn't it sad? So few men left and the few that are, if they are not too fat are too soft around the waist and the wrist.





EXOTIC FORM AND COLOR FOR ORCHID LOVERS





MAKING AN ordinary orchid bloom is an achievement for the beginner and a real crown for the professional grower who cultivates hybrids and species more intriguing, more exotic, and more sought after. Although the "black orchid" is mostly a product of the imagination, hybridizers have striven to outdo each other in producing just such color including a dark purplish brown variety approaching black. There are now about 35,000 hybrids from which orchid lovers can choose from. The rare (and very expensive) orchids which are of course more beautiful represent the attainment of certain standards of beauty, form, and color. These special orchids were recently singled out in the mid-year show held by the Philippine Orchid Society at Fort Santiago. Best Orchid in the Show was Vanda Adrienne owned by Agapito and Virginia Braga. A system for assessing the better orchids has been developed, so as to grant recognition to superior forms of orchid species and hybrids, to encourage new trends in hybridization and to reward horticultural skill in orchid growing. Photos on this spread show the hybrids and native orchids which copped golds and other major awards during the show.



poetry



IS DIGNITY NICE?

We live our life in simple dignity
But the crowd shall ask: is dignity nice?
Pure and artless, bereft of dazzling guiles
Too trusting we accept on its face
A fellow's smile, its warmth adequate
To melt the daggers of ice behind.

Cleansed of doubt our mind is free in flight
Our spirit soars with exceeding grace
To drink the sun flowing limpid and bright
As it sails the conscience of clear sky.

Even so, my Sister Moon, we are naked
Our faith so open, so vulnerable:
Against the ancient skills of the crowd
We run the risk of a terrible fate
When wings are crushed by their cunning's
weight.

And we fall, and we cry, and we become wise
In full dignity we confront our fate
To tell the crowd: dignity is indeed nice.

SEPTEMBER FEAR

Distance is pain most acutely felt
When fear of you forgetting me
— assails the night!
Deep in the throes of silent yearning
Of dark doubts defeating our faith while . . .
My Sweet Maiden: do you share my fright?
Do you suffer, too, the weight and might
Of absence crushing the will to remember
As leaves are swept in September wind . . .
But, Sweetheart Mine, my Soul Mate, never
The pain most acutely felt shall dominate
In mutual trust we shall be strong:
Defiant seekers of our fate.

FULFILLMENT 1979

We may not ask why, nor who, nor when
This is our life seeking, creating,
— completing!
The past dictating shall break its will
No more shall cry the soul in heroic silence!
Enslaved by grief and virtue's role
In society the smug shall rule
But in our hearts the smile is full.

— by Edmundo Libid.

PILLOWS

i am making
my baby
some pillows

soft little ones
with ruffles
and laces
of pink
of white
— just pastel shades
pastel loves

some pillows, yes,
soft fluffy ones
she can
kiss, or
grab, or
crumple,
toss over, or
hold
in laughter
in the pain
only babies may know

pillows
to hear
her baby talk
when i go
to wash,
or iron,
or cook:
in-between buffers
of loving
of caring

pillows
to roll over
with
in play —
to fall back
on
in sudden jolts
sudden turns

chums of innocence
she will live by
till
a pillow
gets to be
a shoulder
a heart
or only
her own two feet
and courage.

SYNTHESIS

wish, again i were
reading marx
rooting for thoreau
not
washing diapers,
pounding garlic;

wish, again i were
heart-free
foot-loose

not
evading rain
cramming hours
with joys
picked-up, scattered;

wish, again i were
some seeker
some roamer

not
some bedbug
nailed to the floor
of eternity;
soothing midnight cries
and
kissing early morning colds
away.

yet
need these charge against each other?
one positive
one negative
ions
harmonious only
in their inconsistency;

neither bowing
neither surrendering
to the other.

yet again,
black and white
they melt into each other
caving in paths
of feeling
of thinking
long proven inutile.

THE FIRST LESSON

head high
with only your tummy as leverage
you scan your universe
and laugh
in ripples
— silver drops of silver sound.

now
at last
you can survey the world
on your own terms;
you can lay your claim on it
or repudiate it
in a way you couldn't have done before
what once was upside down is now right side up
surprisingly.

tiny cosmic judge
functioning on a new equilibrium
you revel in your new perspectives
(normal perspectives?)
(rational perspectives?)
(not really for me to say.)

but, oh,
your baby pride
as you glow in your achievement!

would that your happiness endured!

— by Mercy N. Flores



Edmundo B. Libid

THIS WEEK'S POETS: Edmundo Libid is the current Consul General of the Philippine Consulate in France. His three poems were written at his post in Paris. Mercy N. Flores is a former journalism student at the University of the Philippines. Her works were inspired by the "traumatic yet gratifying" experiences of a new role she had just assumed, that of motherhood. Our poets, both, are first timers in **FOCUS** pages.

food

EGG FU YUNG

Ingredients:

6	eggs	
1/2	cup	canned crab meat or shrimp
2	oz.	Chinese ham or barbecued pork (shredded)
3		dry black mushrooms (soaked and shredded)
1	cup	bean sprouts or shredded bamboo shoots
1/3	cup	green onion shredded (or leeks)
1	tbsp.	soy sauce (light color)
2	tsps.	salt
1/2	cup	soup stock
8	tbsps.	oil

Procedure:

1. Beat eggs until they look like foamy shampoo, add 1 tsp. salt and soup stock (or cold water), mix again.

2. Heat 6 tbsps. oil in frying pan, stir fry crab (or shrimp) ham (or pork), mushroom, bean sprouts (or bamboo shoots) and green onion. Add soy sauce and salt, stir, fry about 1/2 minute over high heat.

3. Splash 2 tbsps. oil down side of pan and add egg mixture. Fry on both sides until golden brown, remove, and serve.

Note:

A sauce may be added. Prepare this from 1 cup chicken stock, 1 tsp. salt and bring to a boil, thicken with 1 tbsp. cornstarch paste (1 tbsp. cold water mixed with 1 tbsp. cornstarch).



Make your dinner time an occasion to look forward to with this appetizing dish below. Above, these colorful eggs are good enough to eat too.



PORK WITH CHESTNUTS

Ingredients:

1	lb.	lean pork
1	lb.	dried skinned chestnuts
4	tbsps.	(5T) soya sauce
3	tbsps.	(3 3/4 T) sherry
1	tsp.	brown sugar
1	lb.	spinach

Procedure:

Cut the meat into small cubes. Put into a large pan with 1 pint (2 1/2 cups) water, bring to a boil, remove the scum, cover with a tight-fitting lid and simmer for 1 hour.

Put the chestnuts into another large pan, cover with cold water, bring to a boil, cover and simmer for 1 hour. Drain the nuts, add to the pork with the soya sauce, sherry and brown sugar. Cook for 20 minutes.

Wash and drain the spinach. Put into a frying pan with 2 tbsps. (2 1/2 T) of the pork liquid. Cook quickly, stirring all the time for about 5 minutes. Put the spinach into a deep dish and pour the pork and liquid over the spinach.

Serve immediately. F

The Escopa Redevelopment Project seeks the minimum relocation of squatter families but emphasizes the upgrading and improvement of existing structures and the building of new residences, barangay halls, markets.



RODRIGUEZ

(Continued from page 16)

export their products. A memorandum of agreement was being negotiated between the two groups so 200 low-income Quezon City housewives can market their crochet and macrame products in the United States and Japan.

The macrame project was first piloted by the Q.C. government, using Barangay Roxas residents, as part of its manpower development program which provides skills to the unskilled and employment to the unemployed, especially out-of-school youth. Participants in the program are now planning to set aside some of their earnings, which come up to P50 a week each, for a cooperative marketing organization which will be set up at the Roxas barangay hall.

Meanwhile, the Nutrition Council, which was discussing a feeding program for the city's 2,000 malnourished childred, got this practical query from the Mayor: "What happens when we stop feeding them? They'll go back to being malnourished if their parents cannot afford to give them nutritious food." She then suggested a tie-up with the city's manpower development program, so the parents could earn extra money from cottage industries with which to buy more food.

To top off a busy morning Mayor Rodriguez rode out to inspect the progress of construction work on the Frisco meat and fish market which had recently burned down. "I had a hard time convincing the stallholders to transfer temporarily to make way for the construction, because they were actually afraid they would lose their stake on stalls in the new market, but fortunately they took my word on trust that they would not be overlooked. They had that old basic fear of change, but as soon as what we were trying to do was explained to them, they approved the project."

From Frisco, the mayor proceeded to look into the progress of several projects at Barangay Roxas which has become a very successful center for the implementation of the local governments' priority projects. The very active concern for community development exhibited by religious and civic organizations, and by individual citizens, has contributed to a highly successful partnership between the barangay and the local government, making the barangay a showcase of development projects.

Ongoing projects are the P200,000 face-lifting job to rehabilitate the Roxas public market and the six additional classrooms to expand the cramped Roxas high school annex whose original 2,000 population has been increasing by 10 to 20 percent a year. At the same time, a new community library is under construction which would be big enough to house about 10,000 books.

The low- and-middle income families of the barangay are served by a new health center, the only one in Metro Manila which has a day care nursery to look after the babies of working mothers. The nursery, which is housed now in one room of the health center will be transferred to an annex to be built soon.

After lunch at city hall, Mayor Rodriguez started the after-

Turn page



The Quezon City Executive Club which acts as a consultative body or "cabinet" to Mayor Rodriguez discusses the 1980 budget which will mainly go towards fulfilling the 11 basic needs of city residents.

RODRIGUEZ

(Continued from page 33)

noon grind with a Quezon City Executive Club meeting composed of city hall chiefs of offices, which act as a consultative body or "cabinet" for the Q.C. chief executive.

The mayor relies on their experience, technical know-how and judgment, especially when dealing with delicate issues affecting the city. Experts in their respective fields, such as engineering, medicine, finance, law, peace and order, these executives help in the solution of problems in city operations and administration.

During the meeting, the city hall officials were briefed on the 1980 calendar budget which would be spent mainly on planned urban programs emphasizing the 11 basic needs of man. The P240-million budget will be spent on water, to serve 72,378 families in depressed areas, power, markets, nutrition, mass housing, including the *Pag-I.B.I.G.* and BLISS

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Mayor Rodriguez poses with vendors occupying temporary stalls near the Frisco market which is under construction and scheduled for completion in 122 days. Left photo shows nursing students who assist in dispensing medical services to people living near the market area.

RODRIGUEZ

(Continued from page 34)

projects, social welfare services, health and medical services, education and culture, clothing and cottage industries, as well as for attainment of ecological balance.

After meeting with the barangay officials of *Krus Na Ligas* and the city planning officer on a problem of some squatter families who were not included in the barangay redevelopment program, Mayor Rodriguez took time off to attend to a pet project of hers, the Escopa Redevelopment project. The housing and slum improvement program benefits 1,246 families living in four barangays distributed over a six-hectare area and which has a population density of 207 families per hectare, way above the acceptable density of 100 to 120 families per hectare. Implemented in coordination with the National Housing Administration and the United Nations Environmental Program, the project "seeks to improve the quality of life through an integrated development plan which would emphasize environmental factors as direct vehicles of human transformation."

A total of P9 million has already been spent on the project, P7 million of which went to land acquisition while P2 million has gone to the physical development of the area, such as the construction of gutters and sidewalks as well as the installation of water facilities. Calling the project an "experiment," Mayor Rodriguez says it involves other experiments such as the use of solar dryers for food processing industries undertaken by the community, and the installation of a biogas system, using garbage to generate gas for lighting up the streets.

The UNEP chose Escopa above other programs in the country because it fulfilled specifications for a demonstration area on the integrated approach to improving slums and other marginal settlements.

"Escopa always gives me a glad feeling that something is being done at last," said the Mayor on the way to another project — the construction and cementing of a road which would connect Xavierville to the Katipunan Road.

Interrupting her rounds, Mayor Rodriguez joined a group of government officials and heads of different civic and private organizations going through the stately paces of the rigodon (dancing is one of her favorite forms of relaxation), actually a rehearsal for a cultural program as part of the celebration of the 40th anniversary of Quezon City.

Then off she was again, on her last official commitment that day, a meeting with prominent Quezon City businessmen and educators, as well as government officials, at the ATT House to plan the formation of a trust foundation which would oversee a youth development program patterned after that of the Rizal Youth Development Foundation of Rizal province which incidentally was initiated by Gov. Isidro Rodriguez, her husband. Asked how it feels to be married to another public servant, she said naughtily, "At least we have something in common to talk about. Actually, I get advice and ideas from him which I pick up if these are relevant to the needs of Quezon City."

Always concerned about out-of school youths in the city, since the young always arouse her maternal instincts (she is the mother of ten children), Mayor Rodriguez feels the youth should be involved in the social and economic development of the city while undergoing development themselves. The planned foundation will train the youths to undertake productive activities in such areas as cottage industries to enable them to gain employment or to set up their own businesses.

It was not a bad day for someone who never dreamed of going into public office:

"All I prepared for was to be a good housewife and mother, beginning with the course I took, BSE, major in home economics. All I was interested in was learning how to cook and how to take care of babies. Now, after 10 children, I guess I'm more qualified to teach."

She looked thoughtful for a moment, then added:

"You know, in my job now, I feel more fulfilled in the sense that I can do something for others. And being needed by other people, being able to help others, is a distinct satisfaction."

This, by the way, is one of Mayor Rodriguez's beauty secrets. "In helping others you get out of your own problems in the process, eliminating those wrinkles which you will definitely get by wallowing in your own troubles, in brooding over them." (F)

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ARANETA CENTER

ONLY TWENTY years ago, Cubao, Quezon City, was nothing more than cogon land punctuated by radio and assorted communications antenna towers. Today, Cubao is one of the fastest growing commercial hubs in the Metro Manila area.

Development of Cubao began in 1957 with the laying out and construction of roads to provide direct access to the site, followed by the construction of two-story buildings along Aurora Boulevard, which were to house the first concessionaires to do business in the city's main shopping center. Thus, the now sprawling Araneta Center was born.

On November 11, 1958, only a year after development work on the future Araneta Center began, the cornerstone was laid for what was to become Cubao's most famous landmark – Araneta Coliseum. The Big Dome was to become the catalyst for the center's rapid development, serving as a magnet for investors.

The construction of other edifices that now make up some of the Center's major facilities followed in rapid succession. These included the New Frontier Supermarket, the first in the area and at that time the largest in Metro Manila; the 3,000-seat New Frontier theater which until today is the largest in Asia; the Nation Cinerama and Quezon theaters quickly sprouted up in the wake of these major projects.

Not long after the conversion of the Coliseum into a multi-use facility, it was given official recognition as an important sports and entertainment venue, indeed was chosen the site of the Ali-Frazier "Thrilla in Manila." So successful was the Center's participation in that sporting event that only a few months after it was held, a new shopping complex named Ali Mall was opened as its latest showplace.

The Araneta complex has also become a movie and entertainment center with its 12 cinemas.

The construction in 1969 of the Farmers Plaza building – a gigantic, 500,000-square foot, enclosed and fully air conditioned shopping emporium signalled a new phase in the growth of Araneta Center. Farmers Plaza has 375,000 square feet of retail stores each offering a complete line of merchandise and 125,000 square feet of office space. In addition, the Farmers Market annex houses 120,000 square feet of fresh food stores, making the Center the only major shopping complex with its own food market.

Another landmark is Fiesta Carnival, an enclosed permanent amusement center with 188,000 square feet of floor area containing a roller coaster, a merry-go-round, a skating rink and even a mini-train circuit. It boasts of a fairy tale castle and an arena that seats 2,500.

With 109 boutiques, salons and jewelry stores, 12 department stores, 92 eating and drinking places, 951 food stores, 36 garden and horticultural shops, 49 service establishments including 21 banks and the area's post office, 109 executive business offices and suites, 229 general merchandise stores, Araneta Center has become the largest, most comprehensive commercial center in the Philippines.

And it is still growing.

Ali Mall Phase II introduces the latest concept in shopping centers, with a four-level facility featuring an adjoining car park building which is integrated at all four levels to the shopping area. You can park on the floor where you will shop.

Shoemart Center, on its part, will be the flag store of the Metro Manila-wide chain which already has large establishments in other key shopping centers. Costing approximately U.S. $13.2 million, the building has a floor area of 800,000 square feet, making it the largest building in the Philippines.

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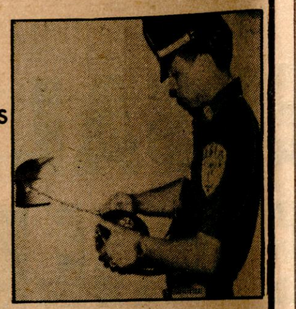

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ESCOPA REDEVELOPMENT PROJECT

by MYLAH DE LEON

SOMETHING EXCITING is happening at Barangay Escopa, a squatter area in Project 4, Quezon City with a population of 7,396 people crammed into a 6.3-hectare lot.

Like all slum pockets in the Metro Manila area, Escopa has sufferred from unemployment, congestion, lack of water and power facilities, dirt, as well as that perennial squatter's anxiety uncertainty of land tenure.

But not anymore.

The combined efforts of the Quezon City Planning and Development Office, the National Housing Authority, and the United Nations Environmental Programme are slowly eradicating the various ills of its suffering population and stilled anxieties with the purchase of the area from the Ministry of Social Services and Development which had owned it.

The Quezon City government took possession of the property last March after payment of P7 million taken from a P12-million NHA loan allocated for the rehabilitation and redevelopment of Escopa.

After settling the basic issue of land tenure, the cooperating agencies zeroed in on the barangay by getting the active participation of residents in the rehabilitation process, consisting of site and environmental upgrading, provision of opportunities for socio-economic advancement through income-generating projects and job placement, and the establishment of a credit cooperative to help residents with loans for the renovation and construction of dwellings.

Physical rehabilitation at Escopa actually has two aspects: improvement of existing edifices and facilities in the old community and the construction of new dwellings and experimental facilities at a Planned Unit Development (PUD) site dubbed New Escopa which is being developed to accommodate families who are displaced from the development of old Escopa.

For rehabilitation work in the old community entails the reblocking of houses with the consequent uprooting of several dwellings to make way for circular foot paths and drainage systems. This will serve to decongest and clear the area, easing mobility and providing easier access to the barangay's interior.

On the other hand, corehouses and quadruplexes are steadily rising at New Escopa, built by the residents themselves who were first taught construction techniques under the aided self-help concept.

The housing units are built through material loans of P5,400 each, which covers the cost of critical elements like the sanitary core and roofing. The families are expected to provide whatever else is needed to complete their houses.

To take care of housing loans for renovation and improvement of houses (P4,000 for each dwelling) and for the construction of new houses, residents of the barangay have set up a credit union which started with 360

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Land titles to the 6.3-hectare Escopa squatter area, bought by the Quezon City government for P7 million from the Ministry of Social Services and Development, are being distributed to barangay residents. Photo shows Mayor Rodriguez awarding a title to one of the first eight beneficiaries of the project.

ESCOPA

(Continued from page 40)

members and an original equity amounting to P38,000 plus initial seed capital provided by the UNEP/NHA amounting to P100,000. Participants pay a 6 percent rate of interest payable in 10 years.

Development of Escopa proper or the old community will benefit 894 families in upgraded houses with an accompanying improvement in sites and services including the construction of barangay halls, and *talipapa*. At New Escopa, 352 families will be accommodated in medium-rise buildings, row houses, quadruplexes with service constructions consisting of a health center, commercial center, multipurpose center and play areas.

To assure the integrated development of the whole area, specialized committees have been set up to take care of project components, foremost of which is the Housing and Environmental Systems (HES).

HES takes care of site planning and development including the construction of additional footpaths and walkways and installation of drainage systems; landscaping, housing design and water and energy conservation.

Although there is enough water to go around in the barangay, from public faucets, only a small number of houses have piped-in fittings, and residents have to line up for their water needs. As part of the effort to solve the problem, a water conservation scheme utilizing rainwater has been incorporated in the design of corehouses built in New Escopa. At the same time, rainwater cisterns are being dug in the area to serve as reservoirs during the dry season since Escopa literally runs dry during these months, and even new seedlings and trees planted there during the initial days of the project died and had to be replaced.

Another important component being incorporated into Escopa development is the use of alternative energy resources, beginning with the installation of solar water heaters for domestic use. At the same time, Escopa residents are trained in the design fabrication and operation of these low-cost heaters and in the design of solar dryers.

In a tie-up with the committees in charge of nutrition, enterprise development, and employment generation, there is an experiment in the use of solar dryers for commercial food processing being taught housewives as a source of additional income.

Solar drying technology is considered practical for communities like Escopa because of the following advantages: production of higher quality products, elimination of noxious elements such as dust, dirt and insect infestation, reduction in drying time and the danger of incomplete drying because of sudden rainfall and high humidity.

The Solid Wastes Management System Component at the redevelopment site makes use of experimental biogas decomposting toilets (Chivus Multum design) which produces nutrient rich fertilizer, 10 of which will be constructed at the site. At present, a mobile decomposting toilet which serves 20 to 25 persons daily is going around the barangay to serve those who are still using the "wrap and throw" method. With a capacity of 2,000 kilos of human waste, the wooden and steel toilet on wheels has two rooms, one for male and the other for female users. Hygienic, odorless, and self-contained, it is specifically designed for areas where water is not available while serving as a source of fertilizer for green revolution projects.

At the same time, a mobile biogas digester which processes garbage and other organic household wastes has been installed at the project site with a capacity of 1,000 kilos of wet refuse. It serves as a sanitary disposal system for all wet organic wastes which serve as a source of cooking gas (the equipment is provided with a hose that can be connected directly to a stove), liquid nitrogen, and sludge which serves as a good soil conditioner.

Besides this, solid wastes management committees have been organized at the barangay to oversee garbage recycling operations involving eco-aides and sale of recyclable materials such as tin, paper, and bottles to dealers. Four redemption centers have been set up at the barangay by the residents, and the project has not only increased incomes for the barangay as well as the eco-aides, it has also contributed in making the place more sanitary, since even the children are picking up waste to be recycled. At present the redemption centers are making gross sales from P700 to P1,000 a month, with profits fed back to operations or used in other income-generating projects.

Another important component of the project is the skills and entrepreneurial training given to household heads and housewives at Escopa where half the population is unemployed. Entrepreneurship graduates are beginning to engage in such small businesses as food processing, handicraft, cosmetology, dressmaking and plumbing although still hampered by a lack of adequate capital, while skills training in employable skills such as typing, industrial sewing and electricity is in progress. About 300 individuals with the greatest need for development through training have been identified.

Geared to generate new enterprises or expand existing ones, entrepreneurial training seeks to provide participants with basic management tools to enable them to run their own small businesses effectively and efficiently as well as to assist them in actualizing business projects. Thirty-one participants who engaged in the training are now in the grocery, canteen, balloon-making, automotive shop, and sandwich-making businesses.

Since half of the children in Escopa are suffering from first or second degree malnutrition, plans for the project include the training of mothers in food production and nutrimix feeding. Families actively participating in the food production program are already harvesting vegetables and other crops which they consume or sell at the *talipapa* or to the neighbors as an added source of income.

At the same time, the mothers are taught in nutri-classes to experiment with rich nutritious blends such as coconut and rice which are highly acceptable as supplements. A nutribooth has been set up at the barangay and mothers are flocking to it to ask general information on foods, nutrition and health, and to inquire about free foods or food commodities given out.

Perhaps a measure of Escopa's success can be seen in the movement of some needy families into the area attracted there by the benefits which the old residents are enjoying. So much so that the project implementors had to set up a policy of containment in the area where illegal entrants are disqualified and new structures demolished. A far cry from the almost automatic movement to go back to Manila from relocation projects set up in the past. F



The restored Chrysler limousine of the late President Quezon is inspected by (from left) his grandniece Maria Aurora Avanceña, Assistant to the Metro Manila Gov. Ismael Mathay, Quezon City Mayor Adelina S. Rodriguez, Quezon City Chamber of Commerce President Rolly Asis and Enrique Avanceña.



Minister of Trade Luis Villafuerte second from left instructs the members of the European Trade Mission to launch a more aggressive export promotion in the continent and to work for a Filipino Film Festival to boost Philippine film exports. Pepito Vera Perez, second to right is project manager of the Proposed film festival, also in photo is Mylah de Leon, PRO & Protocol Director of the European trade mission and vice chairman; Honorio David, Arman Dua and ex. Coun. Jun Genito-Chairman. QCCI President Roli Asis heads the delegation.

GREETINGS FROM:

Mr. Antonio Tecson

PRESIDENT

RESTAURANT ASSOCIATION OF QUEZON CITY

DRAMA (Tenth Installment)

THE TERRORIST DIALOGUES

by WILFRIDO D. NOLLEDO



Trouble-shooter No. 2, *exasperated; to "A."* Why don't you notify Watergate? Maybe they have some left-over plumbers . . .

Trouble-shooter No. 1, *motioning to fans.* What's this, Subasta from Subic?

Aide, *apologetic.*
We'll have them in running condition in no time, sir.

Trouble-shooter No. 1, *rolling down sleeves.* Send us the electrician next time; we'll hang 'im up instead.

Aide, *subserviently.*
Sorry sir; somebody told me you knew how to install this—

Trouble-shooter No. 1, *overlapping.* I majored in Communications, not in koryente!

(Exeunt **Aide** *and* **Workers** *with the useless appliances.)*

Trouble-shooter No. 2, *puttering about CT.* Meanwhile, back on the Riviera . . .

Trouble-shooter No. 1, *cleaning up.* That aircon's just another con-job.

Expert, *from swing doors.*
You guys confirm that report from Task Force Tequila?

Trouble-shooter No. 2, *immediate attention.* Yes-sir; they'll be sending us that Hospitality Girl who stayed the night with Trauma — soon's they delouse her.

Expert, *wryly.*
Let's just hope they don't make a movie star out of her.

Trouble-shooter No. 2, *wide grin.* I hear some movie scribes are already interviewing her, sir.

Expert, *rueful shake of the head.*
What else? *(Shudders.)* 'One Night with a Terrorist . . .'

Trouble-shooter No. 1, *perking up.* In bomba translation . . . 'Isang Gabi, Isang Terrorista.'

Mayor, *chipping in.*
They'll probably contract Trauma for the male lead.

Expert, *mock-horror.*
And us as technical advisers.

Trouble-shooter No. 2, *salaaming.* O blessed is the Box-office!

Mayor, *to T-S-2; jovially.*
By the way, any message for me?

Trouble-shooter No. 2, *reverting to form.* Your box of cigars just arrived — sir.

Expert, *mock-dismay; to "M."*
I thought you quit.

Mayor, *with some discomfort.*
So I'm a masochist. *(To T-S-2.)* Anything else?

Trouble-shooter No. 2, *affected boredom.* Some vouchers for you to sign . . .

Mayor, *somewhat crossly.*
That can wait.

Expert, *as he leaves.*
If our man calls again, you know where to find me.

Trouble-shooter No. 2, *the snappy aide-de-camp.* Yes-sir!

Mayor, *right behind "E."*
I'll be downstairs.

Trouble-shooter No. 2, *subtle putdown.* You'll be downstairs, sir.

(Alone again, T–S's repair to CT; strike bureaucratic poses which have nothing at all to do with work.)

Trouble-shooter No. 1, *munching on sandwich.* Did you get to church on time yesterday?

Trouble-shooter No. 2, *very ho-hum.* Last Mass.

Trouble-shooter No. 1, *chewing on pickle.* Anything spectacular?

Trouble-shooter No. 2, *couldn't-care-less mug.* Tresdos, llamado.

Trouble-shooter No. 1, *reading between the line.* Should spend your bread on other things, you know.

Trouble-shooter No. 2, *long face.* Sure; like racetracks and things.

Trouble-shooter No. 1, *folding wrapper.* What's new with Zelda? Did he really sack her?

Trouble-shooter No. 2, *familiar leer.* How do you spell that, boy?

Trouble-shooter No. 1, *casting about for dessert.* Okay, so you caught the Lenny Bruce Show in Vegas . . .

Trouble-shooter No. 2
We can rejoice; Dolly's back in town.

Trouble-shooter No. 1, *sipping from paper cup.* Back on the force?

Trouble-shooter No. 2, *Gary Cooper.* Yup.

Trouble-shooter No. 1, *grudging admiration.* Like glue that gal.

Trouble-shooter No. 1, *crumpling paper cup.* Aye that's the rub.

(Liaison-A *sashays through swing doors. Uncharacteristically, she's in a dress — her Scarlett O'Hara ensemble: something aggressive, even outre, Early Balmain line.)*

Trouble-shooter No. 2, *mockbow.* Hiya, Cassandra . . . how was the crossing?

Liaison-A, *taking a seat at CT.* A bit bumpy at Tutuban.

Trouble-shooter No. 1
Zelda The Greek.

Liaison-A
I took Latin, too; but everybody digs French these days. *(Takes out compact from bag.)* Anyway, I'm supposed to relieve you two.

Trouble-shooter No. 2, *by instinct.* Relieve us, how?

Liaison-A, *heavenward look.*
O my God . . .

Trouble-shooter No. 1, *tugging at* **T-S-2.** Come on . . . . let the fraulein work for her Cross of Iron.

Liaison-A, *breezily.*
Go ahead, joyrider. Get your vodka-tonic in the Mayor's mine cellar.

Trouble-shooter No. 2, *allowing himself to be dragged away.* There's a name for people like you . . .

Liaison-A, *pixie hauteur. Charmed,* I'm sure.

(Exeunt T-Men, chortling and badmouthing L-A all the way to foyer. L-A rises, saunters to litho, Wall Map, window, then back to CT.)

Liaison-A, *eyeing Red T.*
Just one more time, Trauma mon amour . . . .

LIGHTS FADE on L-A at S-L.

Evening of the Third Day.

(LIGHTS-ON at MD, S-L. **Expert, Liaison-A** *and* **Trouble-shooter No. 1** *are grouped around CT.* **Trouble-shooter No. 2** *enters, cockily ushering that* **Hospitality Girl** *previously seen at "T's" happening. She seems a bit spaced-out; more out of touch than terrified.)*

Trouble-shooter No. 2, *grandstanding to "E."* We got lucky; girl here positively dated our Lover Boy.

Expert, *pulling up chair.*
Sit down, Miss.

Hospitality Girl, *sitting submissively.* Thank you.

Trouble-shooter No. 1, *sizing her up.* What d'you think, Z?

Liaison-A, *biased competition.*
Hardly his type.

Expert, *knowingly.*
Is that a profile or a prejudice?

Hospitality Girl, *looking uneasily around.* I didn't do anything wrong . . .

Trouble-shooter No. 2, *daggerlook at L-A.* We just want to ask you some questions, Miss . . .

Trouble-shooter No. 1
That man who picked — took you out two nights ago . . .?

Expert
At the beer garden . . .

Hospitality Girl, *to L-A; a plea.* I — I don't remember. I was with the barkada. We were drinking . . . and . . . I was, you know . . .?

Trouble-shooter No. 1, *brotherly disapproval.* You on drugs too, Inday?

Trouble-shooter No. 2
You mean he forced you . . .

Hospitality Girl, *growing confusion.* I told you; I was with this group. I'm not a regular H-G, you see. I take courses in the morning. . .

Turn page ☛

Liaison-A, *not sold at all.*
Don't you get enough courses at night?

Expert, *pulling rank.*
Down, girl, down.

Trouble-shooter No. 1, *very professional.* Can you tell us something about this man?

Hospitality Girl, *in a haze.*
I don't remember. He may have been in the club when we were there; or he could've met us outside . . .

Trouble-shooter No. 2
Name? Can you describe what he looks like?

Hospitality Girl, *shaking head.* Oh no, no. He was wearing a rayband . . .

Expert, *suspiciously.*
At night?

Hospitality Girl, *appealing.*
Yes!

Trouble-shooter No. 1, *pressing.* Anyway, he took you to his place. Can you—?

Hospitality Girl, *overlapping; some irritation.* I told you, no!

Expert, *law-and-order approach.*
We'd like to remind you that this man is dangerous and is capable of blowing up half the city. Anybody who tries to protect him—

Hospitality Girl, *sorrowing overlap.* I'm not protecting anybody . . .!

Trouble-shooter No. 1
What did he do?

Liaison-A, *letting it out.*
Did he make love to you?

Hospitality Girl, *as if stabbed.*
Do I have to answer tha—!

Expert, *overlapping.*
It's important that you do . . please.

Hospitality Girl
No . . . no, he didn't. But he was a good dancer . . .

Liaison-A, *in disbelief.*
He took you home — to dance?

Hospitality Girl
Well, we got there . . . and we — danced.

Trouble-shooter No. 1
Now this place where he took you . . . can you tell us . . .?

Hospitality Girl, *a sick groan.*
I told you . . . I was not thinking straight. It was someplace, I don't know where . . .

Trouble-shooter No. 2, *fraternal hand on H-G's hair.*
If we help you, maybe you can lead us back to it . . .

Hospitality Girl, *flash of sassiness.* Sir, even if you tied one of those James Bond trackers on my — body, I still wouldn't be able to help you.

Liaison-A
You must've really been — occupied.

Expert, *restrainingly.*
Watch it, L-A . . .

Trouble-shooter No. 1, *the cool bloodhound.* Perhaps if you were to think about it, it'd come back to you little by little . . .

Trouble-shooter No. 2, *rubbing H-G's nape.* You'd be doing our country a great service . . .

Expert, *falling in.*
I hope you realize that . . .

Hospitality Girl, *half-swayed.*
Just what did he do?

Trouble-shooter No. 1, *embellishing on outrage.*
Don't you ever read the newspapers?

Trouble-shooter No. 2
Or watch TV?

Hospitality Girl, *embarrassed.*
I don't know; I mean, I go — to the movies.

Liaison-A, *snickering.*
Ihalik mo ako sa Jaws.

Hospitality Girl, *trying to figure things out.* We just danced. He was a very good dancer . . .

Expert, *patiently.*
Give it some time; think . . .

Trouble-shooter No. 1, *teamwork.* That's not asking too much.

Liaison-A, *prodding.*
What happened afterwards? After you danced, I mean . . .

Trouble-shooter No. 2, *picking up lead.* Yes, afterwards . . .

Hospitality Girl, *hands to cheeks.* Nothing; I went home. I mean, he sent me home . . .

Expert, *cagily.*
From where?

Hospitality Girl, *flaring up.*
I don't know!

Liaison-A, *no let-up.*
So he never really — touched you, did he?

Hospitality Girl, *with great weariness.* No . . .

Liaison-A
Didn't you want him to?

Expert
Didn't he want to?

Trouble-shooter No. 2, *innuendo for L-A.* Anything wrong with him?

Trouble-shooter No. 1, *stretching it.* Skin disease or something . . .?

Trouble-shooter No. 2, *enjoying L-A's discomfiture.* More serious than that?

Hospitality Girl, *out of her shell.* He's pogi! And I don't think there's anything wrong with him!

Expert, *to get her goat.*
Ah, yet you—

Hospitality Girl, *overlapping; to L-A.* I did but heDIDN'T! He may have wanted to, but he didn't . . .

Liaison-A, *somewhat assuaged.* But he was a good dancer . . .

Hospitality Girl, *wistfully.*
A very good dancer . . . the best. *(With felicity.)* We get all kinds at the club . . . pawers, clingers, gorillas all of them. But he, he was different . . . even a girl like me knows that at once. He led me, and so I followed . . .

Trouble-shooter No. 2, *unfeelingly.* And you could have followed all night . . .

Hospitality Girl, *The Flame of Istanbul.* YES! All the way to purgatorio!

Expert, *the mediator.*
Easy now. . .

Liaison-A, *to H-G; more sympathetically.* Do you expect to see him again? Want to see him again?

Trouble-shooter No. 1
When will you see him again?

Trouble-shooter No. 2, *abetting.* Where will you see him again?

Hospitality Girl, *hands on head; screeching.* I don't know! *(Stands; slumps down again.)* Please . . . I'm not well. I want to go home!

Trouble-shooter No. 2, *massaging H-G's shoulder.* Just a few more questions. . . .

(Aide and **2 Men** *trudge in with that ceiling fan in tow.)*

Expert, *really hitting the ceiling.*
NOT NOW!

*(***T-S-2,** *with "later-on" gestures, steers intruders out to anteroom again.)*

Expert
Some people . . .!

Trouble-shooter No. 2, *reentering; to H-G.* Maybe if we do it right, you'll remember where he took you . . .

Liaison-A, *renewing attack.*
Don't you want to see him again?

Expert
You're the only one who can identify him . . .

(To be concluded)

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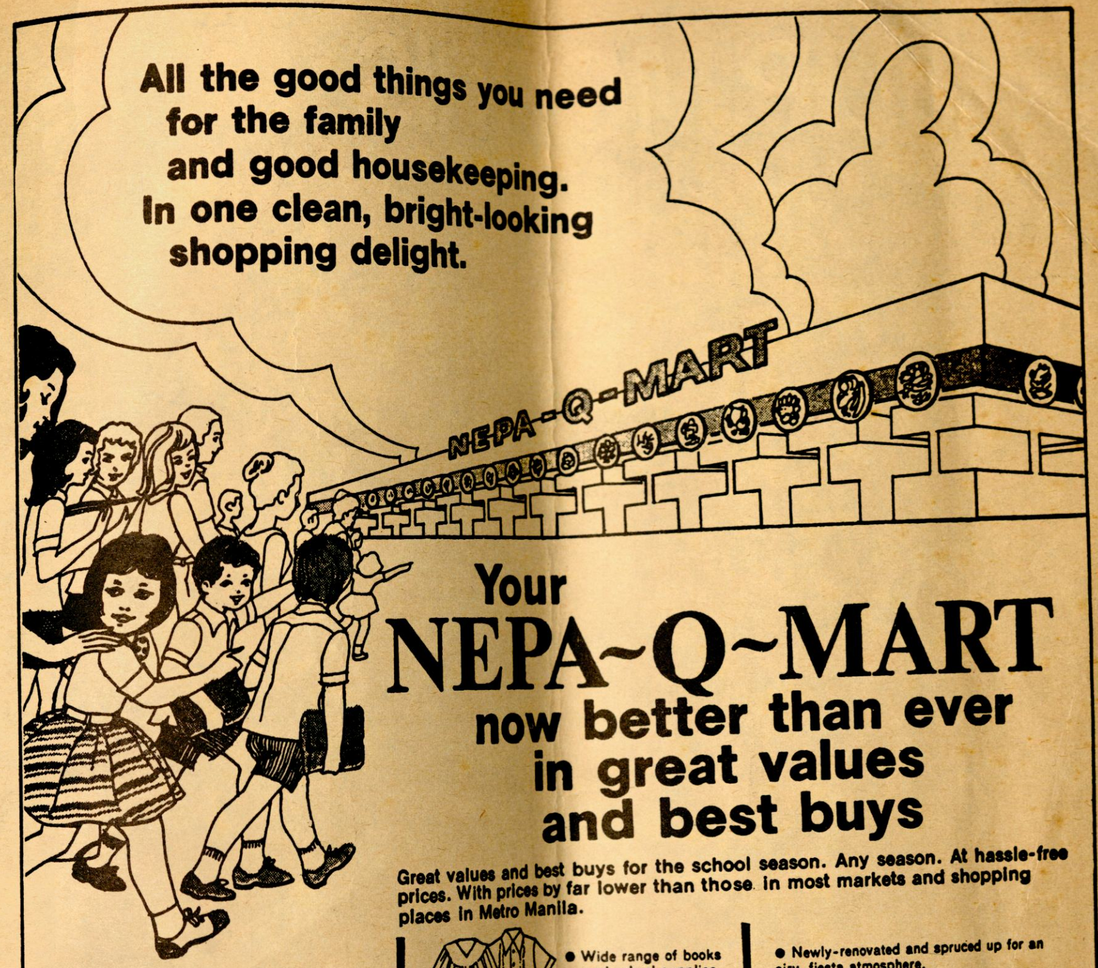

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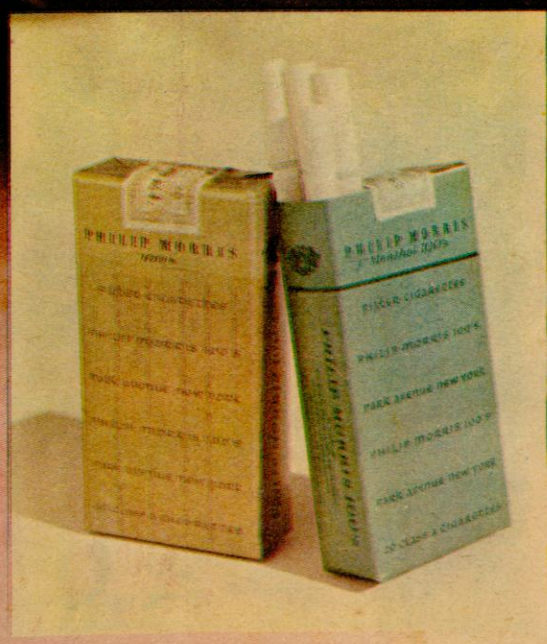

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