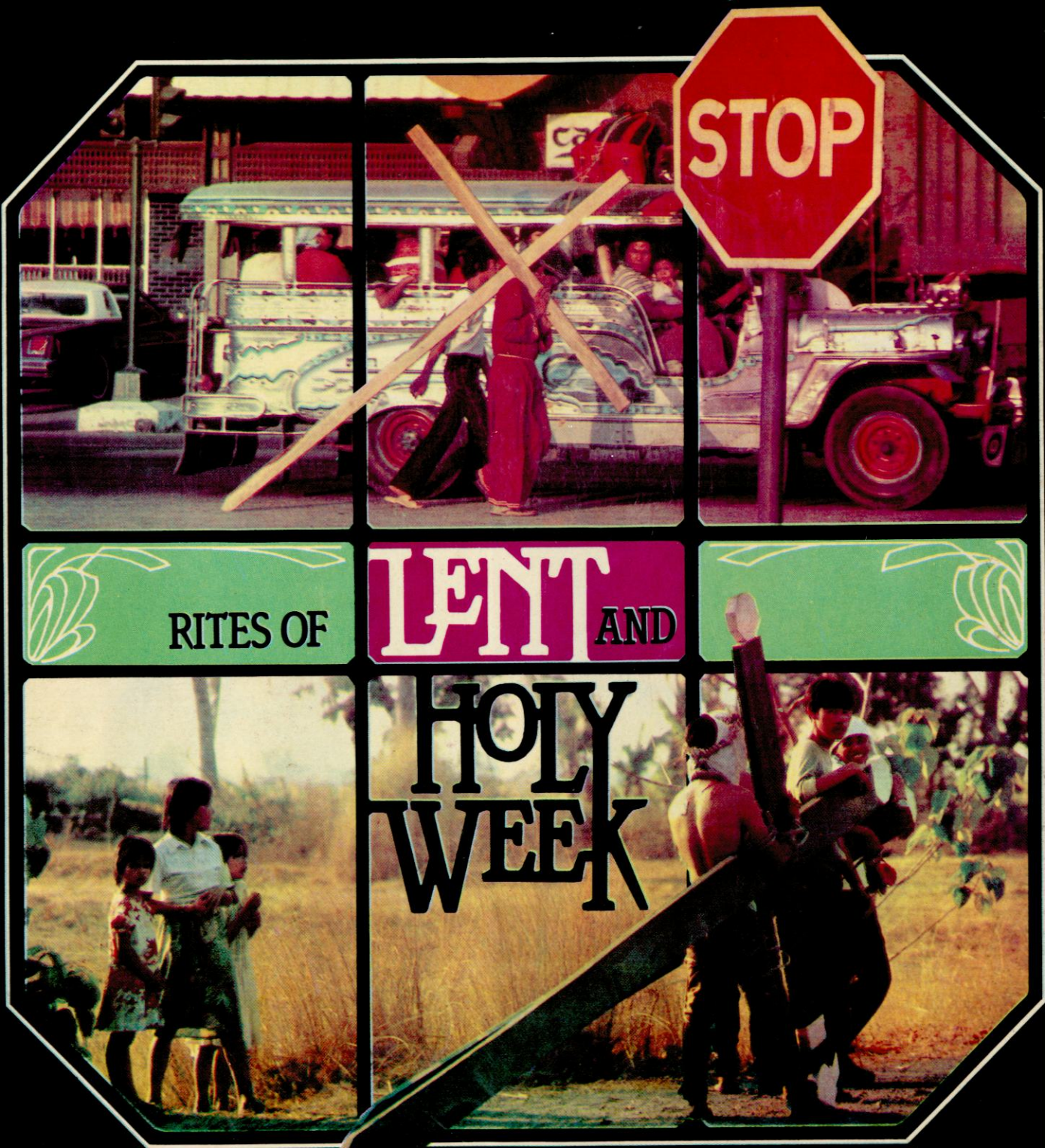
Balikbayan

magazine



RITES OF LENT AND HOLY WEEK

When did you last experience these things?



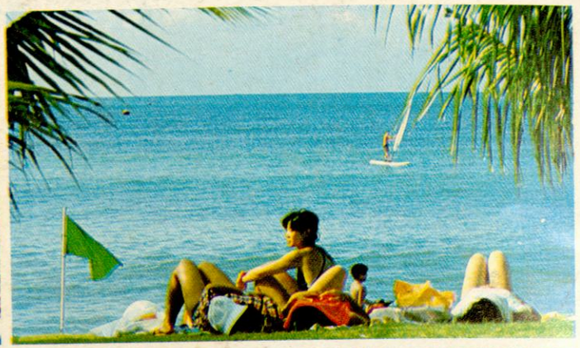






Photo by Alain Evrard





Romp in a calesa. Or feast on quaint Chinese delicatessen at Ongpin street.
Bask in the sun amid lush tropical setting.
Delight in the pastoral loveliness of the open fields.

Listen to the children's peal of genuine laughter.
Partake in the early morning ritual of bibingka and salabat at Christmas time.
And feel the joy of coming home to home.

Come home to the Philippines.

MINISTRY OF TOURISM PHILIPPINES

An invitation from the MINISTRY OF TOURISM.

Balikbayan

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Balikbayan

Publisher/Editor
Rodolfo T. Reyes

Managing Editor
Melinda Quintos de Jesus

Art Director
Lynett Ad-Villariba

Staff
Art I. Dialogo

Editorial Assistant
Girlie S. Alvarez

Art Assistant
Chuchie M. Quevedo

Contributing Writers
MANILA
Lorna Kalaw-Tirol
Doreen Fernandez
Joaquin Henson
Nena Benigno
Mike Jamir
Jake Macasaet
Emily Marcelo
UNITED STATES
Chelo Banal (New York)
Bert Pelayo (New York)
Pedronio Ramos (Chicago)
Nini Yarte Barone (Los Angeles)
Kris Kabasares (San Francisco)

Photographers
Emil V. Davocol
Presciano Yabao, Jr.
Mandy Navasero

Production Manager
Arturo R. Hernandez

Advertising Manager
Ven M. de Jesus

Account Manager
Danny R. Fabregas

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Main US marketing offices located in Room 511, 447 Sutter St., San Francisco, CA 94108.

US marketing and circulation area managers: San Francisco: Darius Muñoz, 6318 Mission St. Daly City CA 94014, Tel. (415)992-1049; Los Angeles: Herm San Luis, 5642 Burlingame Ave., Buena Park CA 90621, Tel.(213)692-7728; San Diego: Gardy Avendano, 2223 El Cajon Blvd., Suite 314, San Diego CA 92104; Houston: Orly Manalo, 6117 Kirby Drive, Houston Texas 77005, Tel. (713)528-0562; Chicago: Pedronio Ramos, 2404 W. Lunt Ave., Chicago IL 60620, Tel. (312)743-3384; New York: Bert Pelayo, 41 Union Square, Suite 325, New York NY 10003, Tel. (212) 255-7062; Washington: Eddie Caparas, Tel. (202)265-9500.

Letter from Home

The punishing heat of summer provides a proper setting for the penitential spirit of Lent and the doleful devotion of the Holy Week.

The drama is played against the stark landscape of midsummer with its dry, barren fields after harvest, the explosion of rituals blending liturgical prayer and folk mysticism.

On sizzling pavement of the city, or dusty roadside of town and barrio, children and curious onlookers trail the slow procession of bloodied flagellants, heads wrapped in crimson headress and crowned with leafy brambles.

It is only one of the numerous ways to recall the agony and the crucifixion of Christ. The *senakulo* and *pasyon*, the *Moriones* and *Tapatan* are performed prayers, representing generations of shared customs and beliefs founded on faith.

Because of these, Holy Week becomes integral to the cyclical patterns of living in the Philippines. Inevitably, we are drawn to them year after year, to reaffirm the roots of our spirituality, to reassert the indigenous resources of our religious traditions.

In few other places in the world can one encounter the fervor of Holy Week's observance. From the foods we eat, the manner of dress, the prescribed liturgical devotions – one derives yet another definition of national identity.

Summer, of course, is not all *Cuaresma* and *Semana Santa.* The Filipino turns easily from piety to gaiety, moves quickly from church to plaza, exuding at either point the same ardor and zest for life.

But that is another month – and another visit with BALIKBAYAN.

In film capitals of the world, people are talking about the

MANILA INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL

"A good selection of film talents and marketing wizards. . ."
JEAN TOUZET
Secretary-General
(1948-1981)
Cannes Film Festival

". . . sustained its momentum to the end. The spectacle and hospitality were on a scale with which no other festival within memory has competed."
DAVID ROBINSON
Film Critic
United Kingdom

"The Manila International Film Festival promises to be in the roster of the top five major festivals in the world."
JACK VALENTI
Motion Picture Producers Association of America

"Excellent organization . . . a splendid festival."
MARIO BREGNI
Produzioni Atlas
Consorziate Italy



". . . excellent supervision and administration. Manila is affirmatively an international market center."
MILOMIR MARINOVIC
Jugoslavija Film

"A totally enriching experience – both on the personal level and as a vehicle for creating an international focus on film in Asia."
KASHIKO KAWAKITA
Japan Film Archive

"Unique in every respect – in terms of organization, showmanship, hospitality and friendliness. . ."
T.M. RAMACHANDRAN
India Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences

"I'm definitely coming back to Manila in 1984!
DAVID FIELD
Australian Film Commission

Manila
International
Film Festival

The place to be
in January '84!

FILM COMPETITION, EXHIBITION,
MARKET AND SYMPOSIA.

Ancient Folk Games



Bagol

by Moonyeen Retizos Singson

Do you know that during the olden times both the ladies and the gents had to create excuses to see each other? And what better idea than to hold parlor games right under the noses of their elders!

Pispis Ining Pikoy involved ten or more players, with the ladies sitting alternately with the gents in a circle, and a *hari* (king) elected to sit inside the circle. A soft ball made of string, yarn, or old socks rolled together is thrown by the king to a player, who has to catch it with his crossed akimbo. The player then has to pass the ball to his immediate neighbor without using his hands, so he either tosses it immediately to his neighbor or he can roll the ball towards his shoulder, and from thence bounce it to his neighbor.

Gents generally preferred using their shoulders, a perfect excuse to sidle up the coy girl next to him. The player who either drops or fails to catch the ball, or hits it out of the circle has to pay the king a forfeit. When enough players have given forfeits, the king metes out punishments to the owners of the forfeited objects. This is when the *makata* (poet) of the group recites verses, the comedian performs humorous antics, and the lady with the golden voice sings native ditties.

Another game during the Spanish period which the romantically inclined loved playing was the *juego de prenda*, with the gents again sitting alternately with the ladies in a circle. They hold on to a large circle of string with a ring in it, and the ring is passed on secretly from closed fist to fist. Naturally, many of the gents grab the chance to "accidentally" touch the consenting ladies' hands, quite a feat already in those days. The "it's" job is to find out with whom the ring is. If the guess is correct, the player caught with the ring has to give a *prenda* (forfeit). Owners may later on retrieve their *prendas* by exhibiting any of their talents, may it be singing, mimicking, or playing a musical instrument. Or they can be asked to perform such silly tasks as kissing one's own image on a mirror, or begging for a lady's hankie, or trying to make a poker-faced player laugh with rib-tickling grimaces and body contortions.

There is another version of the *juego de prenda* wherein a loquacious *hari* (king) sits in between a row of women, who assume the names of flowers such as *kampupot, ilang-ilang, mileguas,* etc., and another row of ▷

A good mixer, the game
Pispis Ining Pikoy
gives the young man
an excuse to sidle up
to the shy girl beside him.



**For men only,
Bunong Paa
is an innovation
of the arm wrestling.**

men who assume the names of fruit trees as *santol, chico, mangga.* The *hari* announces that his favorite bird flew away and he asks a "flower" if she has seen it. The "flower" denies it, and points to a "fruit tree" who in turn points to another "flower." The tempo of the game increases as the players talk faster and faster, pressuring some players to commit mistakes. The *hari* and an *ayudante* (assistant) detect and collect the forfeits.

The dialogue goes somewhat like this:

Hari: Ang aking kulasisi ay lumilipad at dumapo sa sampaguita.

Sampaguita: Wala po dito.

Hari: Saan siya naroon?

Sampaguita: Lumipad po at dumapo sa puno ng santol.

Santol: Wala po siya dito.

Hari: Saan siya naroon?

Santol: Lumipad po at dumapo sa rosal.

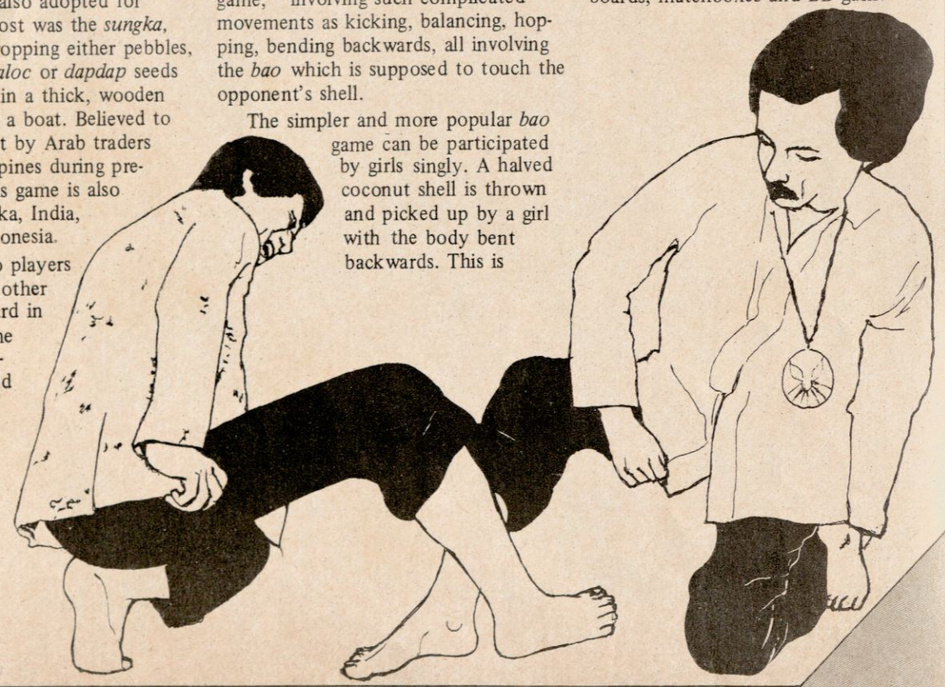
There were so many adult games which the young also adopted for their own. Foremost was the *sungka,* which involved dropping either pebbles, *sigay* shells, *sampaloc* or *dapdap* seeds into holes carved in a thick, wooden board shaped like a boat. Believed to have been brought by Arab traders visiting the Philippines during pre-Spanish times, this game is also played in Sri Lanka, India, Malaysia, and Indonesia.

In *sungka,* two players sit opposite each other with the gameboard in between them. The row of holes nearest to a player and the big Mother hole at his left end belong to him while those on the opposite side belong to his opponent. Each small holes has seven shells, which are scooped out and then distributed singly into the other holes until one's Mother hole has more shells than the other's. There are specific rules on when one can "eat" the other's shells, or when a hole is considered *sunog* (burnt), or when a move is considered *patay* (dead). This is a time-consuming but fascinating game, so perfect to while away the long, sultry summer afternoons when energetic games such as *bao* (coconut shell game) or *bunong-paa* (foot wrestling) are not so appealing.

In coconut regions such as Bicol, Laguna, Quezon and Batangas, there are many kiddie games using coconut shells. There is the extremely difficult *bagol* involving two teams of players, each with a leader, standing on two parallel lines 15 meters apart. There are eight parts to the sequence of the game, involving such complicated movements as kicking, balancing, hopping, bending backwards, all involving the *bao* which is supposed to touch the opponent's shell.

The simpler and more popular *bao* game can be participated by girls singly. A halved coconut shell is thrown and picked up by a girl with the body bent backwards. This is where the nimble have an edge over the stiff-boned, for just by bending both knees and supporting the left leg with the left hand, one is supposed to pick up the shell with the right hand while bending backwards. Then the player carries the shell back to the baseline on her head. By progression, she then carries the shell on her forehands, then on one shoulder, then under an armpit, and later on inserted at the back of the folded lower limb, each time hopping on the way back to the baseline. The last steps involve carrying the shell on the top of one foot, and lastly between the toes. The first to finish all these steps, with all that bending of the body backwards to pick up the shell in between each changing of the shell's position, is the winner.

Ingenuity was the name of the game then, for the children were still unspoiled by such modern inventions as Atari tapes, Barbie doll sets, monopoly boards, matchboxes and BB guns.



**Siklot or Sintak
is a game of dexterity,
similar to the Western
game of jackstones.**

"Yuk . . . what in the world will we do? " groan the urban kids nowadays whenever there is a brownout and they miss out on the latest episode of Anna Lisa, or fail to wail with ear-splitting tunes on the stereo. Little can they visualize how the kids of yore would content themselves with games of dexterity like *siklot* and *sintak,* using seashells, sampaloc seeds or dried corn kernels.

In *sintak,* a player throws a big stone in the air, spreads the rest on the ground, and catches the big one as it comes down. Then while tossing the big stone, the smaller stones are caught first one by one, then by two's, then by three's, etc. Next step is to place the stones in the cupped left hand while tossing the big stone in the air, first singly, then by two's, by three's. This is very similar to the western game of jackstones.

Siklot is somewhat akin to *sintak.* Each player throws all her stones in the air, then catches them with the back of her hand; she retosses them, only to catch them with the cup of her palm. The stones dropped on the ground have to be flicked against each other, using thumb and forefinger. If she fails to hit her target stone in the process of flicking, her opponent gets to play instead. After each successful game, the player puts aside one stone called *baboy* (pig). The one who accumulates the most "pigs" is the winner.

A lot of games were played jointly by the boys and the girls; such as *luksung-tinik* – jumping over the feet and hands of two playmates piled higher and higher as the nimble go over this hurdle withhout any part of her body or dress touching the "spines"; *piko* – the Filipino version of hopscotch, involving hopping on one or two legs through a series of rectangles drawn on the ground; and *tumbang preso* (literally translated as fall the prisoner) wherein an empty milk can is guarded by a "prisoner" while the other players standing six meters away hit the can with a *bato* or *pamato* (usually a flat, polished stone).



CENTRAL BANK PRIMER ON FOREIGN EXCHANGE REGULATIONS

GENERAL INFORMATION

Q — Where should residents or non-residents in the Philippines sell their foreign currencies for pesos?

A — Residents or non-residents in the Philippines shall sell their foreign currencies for pesos only to commercial banks, or to entities authorized to act as Foreign Exchange Dealers, or to Central Bank tellers.

Q — How much pesos will one get in exchange for the foreign currency he/she sells to the bank?

A — The amount one will get in pesos is dependent on what is the exchange rate of the foreign currency to the peso on the date the foreign currency is sold. The exchange rate may fluctuate from day to day.

Q — How is the daily guiding rate of the peso to the dollar determined?

A — It is determined daily in the Foreign Exchange Trading Center of the Banker's Association of the Philippines (where purchases and sales of foreign exchange among banks are conducted), on the basis of the weighted average of the exchange rate for all sales made in the preceding trading day. The exchange rates for other acceptable currencies are also determined at the Foreign Exchange Trading Center.

Q — How does one know if an establishment is a foreign exchange dealer?

A — These establishments are required by the Central Bank of the Philippines to display an outdoor plastic sign in green and white saying "Authorized Foreign Exchange Dealer" as well as a certificate of authority.

Q — What entities are authorized to act as Foreign Exchange Dealers?

A — These entities may either be:

1) Rural Banks
2) Savings & Mortgage Banks
3) Development Banks
4) Savings & Loan Associations
5) Tourist Hotels
6) Restaurants
7) Tourist Shops
8) Travel Agencies
9) Filipino Overseas Contractors

Q — Where should residents buy foreign currencies when they need them for certain purposes?

A — They should buy foreign currencies *ONLY* from authorized commercial banks.

Q — Is there any law or Central Bank regulation that prohibits residents or non-residents to sell or buy foreign currencies from unauthorized persons or entities?

A — Yes. Section 1 of Central Bank Circular No. 534 provides that "No person shall buy, or attempt to buy, foreign exchange except with authorized agent banks nor shall a person sell foreign exchange except to authorized agent banks or to persons and entities authorized, under existing Central Bank regulations, to purchase foreign exchange."

It is clear from this provision that both sellers and buyers, whether residents or non-residents (including tourists, balikbayans and returning Filipino overseas workers) could be prosecuted for violation thereof. All concerned, particularly residents selling foreign currencies in the black-market and unauthorized residents buying foreign currencies, should take note of this to avoid prosecution.

The following are specific examples of persons who are subject to prosecution under the said provision:

1) Residents buying foreign currencies in the black-market;
2) Residents receiving pension or allotment checks or payments in foreign exchange, who sell them to unauthorized persons or entities;
3) Residents receiving commissions or payments in foreign exchange for services rendered to non-residents, who sell them to unauthorized persons or entities; (included here are professionals like doctors, architects, engineers, dentists, lawyers, chemists, accountants, consultants, entertainers, etc., tour operators; crewing and manning agents; recruiting agents; tourist shops; club operators; indentors; service contractors; construction companies; other contractual agents; etc.)
4) Tourists and balikbayans selling their foreign currencies to unauthorized persons and entities.

Q — Is there any penalty imposed for violation of Circular No. 534?

A — Yes. Sec. 7 of said Circular provides that violators shall be punished by a fine of not more than twenty thousand pesos (₱20,000.00) and by imprisonment of not more than five years.

Q — What steps have the Central Bank taken to encourage the public to sell their foreign currencies to the banking system instead of selling them to unauthorized persons or entities?

A — The Central Bank has authorized commercial banks, thrift banks, i.e., savings and mortgage banks, development banks, savings and loan associations and Filipino overseas construction companies to buy foreign currency notes from the public at rates even higher than the foreign exchange guiding rate.

Q — May a balikbayan or returning Filipino overseas worker bring pesos into the Philippines in unlimited amounts?

A — No. Central Bank Circular No. 377 provides that incoming travellers, whether residents or non-residents, can bring in not more than five hundred pesos, Philippine currency, except when specifically authorized by the Central Bank. There is no restriction, however, on the amount of "Bagong Lipunan" gold coins that may be brought in.

Q — What will happen if a balikbayan or returning Filipino overseas worker is found with more than five hundred pesos upon arrival in the Philippines?

A — Any amount in excess of five hundred pesos is subject to seizure and the traveller may be prosecuted for violation of Central Bank Circular No. 377. In view of this regulation, Filipino overseas workers are advised not to sell their foreign currencies for Philippine pesos with money changers abroad, because upon arrival in the Philippines they will be exposing themselves to the risk of losing their money. They should heed this advice for their own good.

Q — May a person bring out of the Philippines unlimited amounts of pesos?

A — No. Central Bank Circular No. 377 provides that outgoing travellers, whether residents or non-residents, may bring with them not more than five hundred pesos, Philippine currency, except when specifically authorized by the Central Bank. Any amount in excess of five hundred pesos is subject to seizure, and the travellers may be prosecuted for violation of Central Bank regulations.

Q — Are there restrictions or limitations on the amount of foreign exchange residents may bring into the Philippines?

A — None. However, pursuant to Central Bank Circular No. 364, they are required to sell for pesos to agent banks all their foreign exchange earnings/acquisitions within three (3) business days from the date they were received in the Philippines.

Q — Is there any law or Central Bank regulation which restricts the bringing of foreign exchange out of the Philippines by residents?

A — Yes. It is provided under Sec. 3 of Circular No. 534 that "unless specifically authorized by the Central Bank or allowed under existing international agreements or Central Bank regulations, no person shall take or transmit or attempt to take or transmit foreign exchange, in any form, out of the Philippines, directly, through other persons, through the mails, or through international carriers."

Q — What will happen if a resident leaving the Philippines is caught with foreign exchange not covered by authority by agent banks or Central Bank?

A — The foreign exchange involved will be subject to seizure proceedings and the resident traveller may be prosecuted for violation of the regulation.

Q — Are there any Central Bank regulations governing the bringing in or taking out of foreign exchange by non-residents (including tourists)?

A — Please see Section on Tourism.

FOR FILIPINO OVERSEAS WORKERS

Q — Does the Central Bank have regulations governing earnings of Filipino overseas workers?

A — Yes. The governing regulation is Central Bank Circular No. 364. Under this Circular, Philippine residents are required to remit into the Philippines all foreign exchange earnings/acquisitions abroad within 15 days from establishment of ownership; and to sell such foreign exchange earnings/acquisitions to the banking system within three (3) business days from receipt thereof.

In the case of Filipino overseas workers, however, they are allowed to remit only portions of their salaries/earnings into the Philippines because they are supposed to have foreign exchange abroad to cover cost of living and other expenses thereat. Under the Labor Code and implementing regulations of the Ministry of Labor and Employment, seamen and construction workers are mandatorily required to remit to the Philippines 70% of their basic salaries while other contract workers are required to remit 50% of their basic salaries. This means that Filipino workers are free to dispose of the 30% or 50% portion of their basic salaries.

Q — Have steps been taken by the Ministry of Labor and Employment or the Central Bank to ensure compliance by Filipino overseas workers with the aforementioned mandatory remittance requirements?

A — Yes. All Filipino overseas workers are required to accomplish an affidavit wherein they undertake to comply with all governmental regulations. They are required to submit a copy of the undertaking to the Ministry of Labor and Employment and to Central Bank personnel at the Manila International Airport upon departure. Overseas Filipino workers are informed that the Central Bank has already implemented its computerization program to monitor the inward remittances of Filipino overseas workers. Through this system, Filipino workers not complying with government regulations concerning remittances will be identified.

Q — What action may be taken on Filipino overseas workers who do not comply with such regulations?

A — Their new contracts may not be approved or existing ones may not be renewed by the Ministry of Labor and Employment. Likewise, their passports may not be renewed or may be cancelled by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs upon recommendation of the Ministry of Labor and Employment or the Central Bank.

Q — How may foreign exchange earnings of overseas Filipino workers be remitted to the Philippines?

A — Foreign exchange earnings may be remitted by workers individually or collectively through an employer/agent under a payroll deduction scheme. Such remittances are usually made to the workers' designated beneficiaries or are credited to the workers' bank accounts in the Philippines. Most Filipino seamen and construction workers remit the 70% portion of their basic salaries thru their Philippine employers/agents under the payroll deduction scheme, while most of the other contract workers remit 50% of their basic salaries individually thru banks.

Q — A principal problem of Filipino overseas workers in sending money home is the length of time it takes the remittances to reach their dependents in the Philippines. What has the Central Bank done about this problem?

A — Pursuant to Letter of Instruction No. 1219 dated March 28, 1982, the Central Bank, the Ministry of Labor and Employment and Ministry of Foreign Affairs, have jointly drawn up the "Guidelines and Mechanism to Facilitate the Remittance of Salaries of Filipino Overseas Workers to Their Dependents or Bank Accounts in the Philippines." Copies of the "guidelines" have been distributed among various agencies concerned for implementation, and for the information and guidance of Filipino overseas workers. Among other things, the "guidelines" spell out in detail the procedures to be observed when remitting thru banks or through the international postal money order system. Under the approved "guidelines", Filipino overseas contractors and Filipino crewing/manning agencies are held responsible for the prompt receipt in the Philippines of the salaries/earnings of Filipino overseas workers.

Q — How true is the information that there are many representatives of local blackmarketeers in the Middle East who are buying the foreign currencies of Filipino workers at job sites? What has the Central Bank done about it?

A — Reports on this have been received by the Central Bank. To counteract the blackmarket activities of such persons, the Central Bank has recently authorized overseas Filipino construction companies to act as Foreign Exchange Dealers of the Central Bank with the principal function of buying the foreign exchange earnings/savings of their workers outside the 70% mandatory remittance requirements. Branches of Philippine banks in the Middle East are authorized by the Central Bank to act as foreign exchange dealers. and main offices or correspondents abroad of offshore banking units (OBUs) in the Philippines have also been authorized to service remittances of overseas workers. These OBUs now maintain peso accounts for the purpose of paying the families of overseas workers in the Philippines the equivalent in pesos of their foreign exchange remittances.



FOR TOURISTS AND OTHER NON-RESIDENTS

Q — Is there any law or Central Bank regulation which restricts or limits the amount of foreign exchange which may be brought into the Philippines by tourists or other non-residents?

A — There is none. However, incoming tourists and other non-residents, including "balikbayans", with more than US$3,000.00 (or its equivalent in other foreign currencies) are required to accomplish a currency declaration form at points of entries. A copy of the accomplished form is kept by the tourist/non-resident concerned for presentation to Customs personnel upon departure.

Q — Is there any regulation which restricts the bringing out of foreign exchange of outgoing tourists/non-residents?

A — Under Sec. 3 of Circular No. 534, tourists/non-residents are allowed to bring out an amount of foreign exchange not exceeding the amount they brought in, as indicated in the declaration form they have accomplished (if they brought in more than US$3,000.00).

Q — Where shall tourists/non-residents sell their foreign currencies for pesos?

A — Tourists shall sell their foreign currencies for pesos to commercial banks, or to entities authorized by the Central Bank to act as Foreign Exchange Dealers or to Central Bank tellers. They should demand the issuance to them of Central Bank official receipts because such receipts are required to be presented when they reconvert their unspent pesos.

Q — What are the foreign currencies acceptable to the Central Bank and Philippine banking community for conversion into pesos?

A — At present, these are:

1) Australian dollar
2) Canadian dollar
3) Hongkong dollar
4) Malaysian dollar
5) Singapore dollar
6) U.S. dollar
7) Belgian franc
8) French franc
9) Swiss franc
10) Bahrain dinar
11) Kuwait dinar
12) Austrian schilling
13) Deutsche mark
14) Japanese yen
15) Netherlands guilder
16) Pound sterling
17) Saudi Arabian rial

Q — May unspent pesos of tourists/non-residents be reconverted into foreign currencies?

A — Yes, subject to the presentation of the covering Central Bank official, receipts, they may reconvert their unspent pesos with the entity which originally converted their foreign currencies into pesos.

Q — Is there a time limit for the reconversion of their unspent pesos?

A — Yes, within 59 days only from date of the receipts.

Q — Are unspent pesos of tourists/non-residents accepted at the Tourist Duty-Free Shops?

A — Yes, provided a Central Bank official receipt is presented.

Q — Is there any Central Bank regulation prohibiting tourists and other non-residents (including balikbayans) from selling foreign currencies to unauthorized persons or entities?

A — Yes. Section 1 of Central Bank Circular No. 534 provides that "No person shall buy, or attempt to buy, foreign exchange except from authorized agent banks nor shall a person sell foreign exchange except to authorized agent banks or to persons or entities authorized, under existing regulations, to purchase foreign exchange." It is clear from this provision that non-residents/-tourists are included within its coverage because of the use of the word "person". Tourists and other non-residents (including balikbayans) should take note of this to avoid the risk of prosecution or attendant unpleasantries.

Q — How will tourists/non-residents know what the daily foreign exchange guiding rates are?

A — A daily bulletin on "Exchange Rate" and "Buying Rates of Banks from Residents and Non-Residents" is issued by the Treasury Department, Central Bank, copies of which are made available to commercial banks, Foreign Exchange Dealers, and to the public.

Q — How much Philippine Peso may tourists or other non-residents bring into or take out of the Philippines?

A — As previously stated, not more than five hundred pesos (₱500.00).

Q — What will happen if incoming or outgoing tourists/non-residents are caught with more than five hundred pesos with them?

A — Any amount in excess of five hundred pesos is subject to seizure proceedings and the traveller may be prosecuted for violation of Central Bank regulations.

Q — Are tourists/non-residents allowed to purchase from banks foreign exchange against their pesos?

A — No. However, as previously stated, they may reconvert their unspent pesos into foreign currencies subject to presentation of Central Bank official receipts. They may exchange their foreign currencies with other foreign currencies and/or remit abroad thru banks foreign exchange against their own foreign currencies up to US$1,000.00. Requests of tourists/non-residents to remit abroad more than US$1,000.00 (or its equivalent in other foreign currencies) are acted upon by the Foreign Exchange Department of the Central Bank on a case-to-case basis.

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CENTRAL BANK OF THE PHILIPPINES



THE PEOPLE OF PAETE:

BEAUTY IN THE MIDST OF HARDSHIP

by Floy Quintos

To Manileños and other self-proclaimed urbanites, the town of Paete in the province of Laguna evokes a haunting *kundiman.* The town recalls the quiet charms of a people, the marvels of their skill and craft. The pastoral scene is enhanced by a lake forever teeming with fish, of the natural sweetness of Paete lanzones and santol. All this against the dramatic backdrop of the Sierra Madre mountain range.

The anecdote has it that the Spanish friars Juan de Plascencia and Diego de Oropesa, who founded Paete in 1580, were so impressed by the skill of the *"buen evanistas"* (good carvers) who lived on the lakeside, that they allowed the Malayan settlement to retain its old name. Fittingly, the town's name is derived from the *Paet,* the tool of the woodcarvers. To benighted Manileños and perhaps even the Paeteños themselves, the legend is enough cause to glorify the 400-year-old town and the ideal, idyllic rural ambience it has nurtured.

During the Spanish period, Paete became known for its production of *santos* for Catholic altars burgeoning all over the islands. During the Japanese period it was the production of *bakya* crafted with the intricacy of folk design. The early 70's saw the boom in the production of spoon-and-fork sets and native figurines for export. In more recent times, the woodcarvers will tell you, the boom has slackened drastically. The cycle comes full circle with the mass-production of Santo Niños and other religious articles in the 80s; *"pahirap na kasi ang buhay,"* says one carver, *"kaya bumalik sa Dios ang mga tao."*

But more than a woodcarving in a Manila shop or a write-up in a tourist brochure, Paete is the community of woodcarvers and fishermen, its maestros and *taka*-makers. The true meaning of Paete is its people and their survival.

The journey begins at Plaza Lawton, on a bus marked Santa Cruz, Laguna, a leisurely two-hour ride away.

From Santa Cruz, you board a jeepney to get to Paete. A young lady smiles and offers, *"Pagdating po n'yo sa Paete, tumuloy muna kayo sa may amin. Dadalhin ko po kayo sa tindahan namin ng* carvings. *Bibigyan ko po kayo ng* discount." You smile weakly when you tell her that you already have a place to stay, but, yes, you will visit her shop.

Your jeep climbs the winding road between the Sierra Madre mountain ranges and the Laguna de Bay. Along the way, the air becomes distinctly chilly.

It is drizzling when you drive into Paete. You notice at once how the town nestles at the foot of the mountain range, and how the mountains stand, protective and green over a Mondrian expanse of TV antennaes.

You are greeted into the town by blocks of wood lined along the streets. These and the shops, which you notice, are no different from the souvenir stalls of Baguio or Ermita.

Life-sized *dalagas,* naked as one will never see them, cavort in shop windows side by side with smiling Santo Niños and overdressed Virgins. There is a mild spattering of Chinese Kuan Yins and Buddhas, Hawaiian Tikis, Thai deer and American Decoy ducks. You smile vaguely at the preponderance of pillow-breasted women, their swollen bellies and forlorn faces crying "I will wait for you." You wonder too, what market could possibly accommodate the barrels and barrels of naked men, their organs engaged in startled surprise. There are acres of carabaos, bulls, lions, Mona Lisas, Sacred Hearts, peacocks, angels, last suppers, rural scenes. The items are of endless variety, and of each variety, there is a seemingly infinite supply.

You leave the shops and walk through the narrow streets of Paete. The breeze smells faintly of wet sawdust. The small cottages stand side by side, a motley arrangement of worn wooden planks and corrugated sheets. Almost all doors are open, and you catch sight of men, young and old, bent over wood. Side by side with their tools, are the chunks of unhewn wood, and the rough unfinished forms of the carabaos, bulls, lions, Mona Lisas, Sacred Hearts, peacocks, angels, last suppers, rural scenes . . . .

* * *

Romy Pakurib, 25, welcomes you into his crowded home shared with his father, his brother and sisters and his own small family. His small work table is wedged between the cramped kitchen and sala. Among the pieces on the table, you spot a San Antonio de Padua, an Immaculada Concepcion and a Santo Niño. These, he tells you, were copied from stampitas and books lent by his clients.

"Those are all orders," he says. "That's how we make money when you are only a small unknown carver. Someone comes, carrying a stampita. They ask you to imitate the image." He points to the San Antonio image, made from soft white *batikuling* wood popular with the carvers because it is less difficult to find and carve. "We're negotiating a price of P250 for this one." The image took one week to finish. If it were *mabilisan* — a rushed work, the price would be much lower.

Romy's father was a fisherman. Ordinarily, he would have joined his father, but he wanted to carve. "I started carving when I was 18. My work then was to finish the wood I copy from books. I never studied under a master. The competition here among the carvers of Paete is really quite intense. You can't just apprentice with a master. Maybe they're afraid that you will grab some of their skill. That's why it's harder for me. I have no name."

You ask Romy if he has ever worked on a piece that he designed himself. He smiles and wipes his calloused hands over his face, "I would like that. But because we are poor, I have to do what I can earn on. I have thought a lot about designs I want to do, but I always have to get back to the usual things. If I have a name, I would like ▷



The people of Paete are also fishermen, working in the nearby waters of Laguna de Bay.

to carve something that shows the life of fishermen in Paete. It is in my mind, my imagination."

Romy's young son sidles up to him. You ask what drew the young father to go into woodcarving. "My grandfather was a good carver. It seems to come naturally to the people of Paete. Children watch their fathers. In a little while, they begin to take hold of the chisel. Like *oido.*"

In Paete's flowery vernacular, young men like Romy are classified as "youth who wish to follow the trail of famed sculptors."

His elder brother, Gregorio lives a few houses away. Gorio, as he is called, is a carver too. The ground floor of his home serves as a kitchen and a workshop for five other young apprentices. "I am not a master," he shyly says, "but I have made a small name for myself."

Right now, the small studio is busy producing what the Paeteños call "Philippine views." From thick slabs of red hardwood, they produce deftly carved reliefs depicting scenes from the everyday lives of the Paeteños. One of Gorio's apprentices skillfully carves the ridges of a coconut trunk. You ask him how he is able to capture such delicate details. "It's in the touch." Fittingly, such attention to detail is described in the vernacular as *labor.*



A Paete woodcarver: his problems include the scarcity of wood and exploitation, among others.

The work begins as a sketch. The idea is drawn on the wood. Then the *banhay* – the process of shaping the sculpture begins. The finer details are handled by Gorio himself. For three weeks work, the large piece will fetch from P300 to P400.

You are taken aback and then venture to ask why such piece should command so low a price. "It's really like that," Gorio smiles. "We do not sell directly to the stores in Manila. There are buyers who give us their orders."

In city parlance, a *manedyer* is a middleman. Most of the works bought by a manedyer end up in posh Manila hotels or in residences abroad. "We do not set the price for our work. The buyer comes with the slabs of wood. We accept it so we can work. It's better than nothing." Gorio points out that all his apprentices are married. "How will they live if they have no work? "

Gorio says that he receives only 10% of the sum. The rest of the money goes to the apprentice.

No, he says, he has never thought of raising his prices. "The buyers check out the work, compare the quality. That's why we can't think of raising our price. Of course, they can be assured of quality, even on rush jobs."

"Ganyan na nga ang sinasabi ko," adds Gorio's father. "Time passes you by when you're carving. You have the skills, but no money." The little bit of folk wisdom prompts Gorio to say, "I don't even have any work that I can keep for my children." The need to feed a family, he says, has hindered fulfillment of his creative urge.

For Ka Vicente Afurong, who owns a small factory, the problems are even more pressing. "With a factory, there are many people who depend on you for their livelihood." Factory owners like him, in turn, depend on periodic orders from buyers.

Ka Enteng supplies a Chinese store in Hawaii with wooden nutcrackers and Tiki salt shakers. In the dim light of his workshop, the unfinished pieces look garish and cheap.

Ka Enteng remembers how the demand for handcarved wooden items rose in the early 70s. At that time most every household was involved in woodcarving. The TV antennaes that form a network over the shanties are ample proof of the sudden prosperity of the town. At that time too, the supply of wood like *kamagong, lauan, lanete, marang* and batikuling was plentiful.

In recent years, it is not the demand that has slackened, he feels, but the supply of wood. With the ban on logging in the Sierra Madre range, the people of Paete have had to depend on illegal means of acquiring their raw material. "That's why we have thought of raising the price on items, because the price of wood has gone up. But the buyers say there are other suppliers with lower prices. So we have to think of the carvers working for us."

It is with a wry acceptance that Ka Enteng says, "the business of carving is not thriving in Paete." In seeming proof, he cites that he has had to let go of some of his workers.

They tell you stories of how difficult it is to procure wood for their work. Often, they claim they have had to resort to giving bribes to the P.C. who guard the mountain range. "With no bribe, you can't have wood. So one must give what they're asking for."

It is from the carvers too, that you hear of German investors who have come to Paete, bringing with them their own technology. The carvers tell you of three duplicator machines the German have brought with them. With the duplicator, the process of mass-producing a carving becomes much easier. All a carver has to do is to produce one item. The duplicator then re-produces as many as 40 rough forms, which the carvers then finish. Only the Paeteños' flair for *labor* is utilized for even the white Lindy wood of Germany is imported to Paete for this production.



"Taka" – the production of papier-maché toys – is the domain of women and children.

"They're wise, these foreigners," says one carver. "They know that labor is cheap here. They bring their design, their wood. They know that carvers are good and they can get us cheap. With the duplicator, the work on a Sto. Niño can be cut down in one afternoon, 48 pieces. All for export."

You talk more, and the problems of the individual carvers take on a unity. There is a scarcity of wood. They cannot raise their prices. They are subject to exploitation and the demands of a market. Maybe sadder still, the creative urge is stifled by the need to feed their families.

Stripped of the glittering veneer and far removed from the glorified Paete of the tourist brochures, you are able to see the little Laguna town for what it really is. A small community of talented craftsmen who must somehow ▷

give in to the demands of a market that chooses convenient mass-production to the challenge of individual craftsmanship. Somehow the idyllic image of a rural town is dimmed by the very real problems of raw materials, of competition with foreign technology, of wages and economics.

Yet the Paete woodcarvers stoically adhere to their belief in their own skill. Says one, "The carving in Betis, Pampanga – that used to be copied from us."

* * *

In a small workshop less cluttered than most, Maestro Isaac Cagandahan quietly works on orders for religious images. At 70, Cagandahan is one of the few remaining maestros in Paete.

He was a student of another Maestro, Jose C. Caancan, who learned his craft from Jose Rizal. Caancan was known as the *ama* – the father of all the Paete maestros.

For Ka Isaac, the desire to carve was first manifested when, as a boy, he whittled on the posts of their house. His father, a carpenter, sent him to study with Maestro Caancan.

As an apprentice, Isaac was first made to carve a human ear, which the Maestro would judge for thickness and size. From an ear, the apprentice would graduate to carving a hand, a foot, a head and then the Santo's whole body. Always the tenets of Caancan's teacher Rizal were followed. The final test would come when the Maestro carved half of an image. *"Tutularan namin iyong gawa niya."*

During the war, Paete was razed to the ground by the Japanese. Ka Isaac remembers that almost all the old houses were profusely decorated with carvings by other master craftsmen. He remembered the detailed *labor* on the hardwood cabinets, the profuse and intricate house posts. That style of ornamentation, he says, has gone with the other maestros.

Right now, Ka Isaac is busy working on a life-sized santo for a church. The old man straddles the unfinished wooden torso and puts the finishing touches on the Santo's beard and aquiline nose. In the corner sits one of Ka Isaac's works. Entitled "Angelus," it depicts a barrio family kneeling in prayer. The Maestro kindly detached one of the figures from its base and holds it up for your inspection.

You notice at once how the kneeling peasant is so different from the Santo. The face is typically broad, the nose



The image of Virgin Mary inside the 337-year-old church in Paete.

flat, the toes are spread out. The piece, you find out won the Art Association of the Philippines prize in 1953.

At 70, the Maestro does not have an apprentice. "Young people lack the patience. They want things done fast. They don't want a lot of detail work. In carving, it's a lifetime of learning." He has refused to consider the mass-production of his works. "I'm not business-minded. I don't mind giving my work all my time."

"Angelus" is the only work that Maestro has kept. All the Santos have been brought to different churches all over the country. "Maybe when I feel the hour coming, I will work on something new."

There are very few old maestros left in Paete. Mariano Madriñan, the sculptor whose "Mater Dolorosa" won the First Prize in the Amsterdam Exposition in 1983, was the only Paeteño who has achieved international recognition. The works of other maestros are in churches all over the country. The truly old masterworks are, not surprisingly, the properties of old Paete families who bring their Santos out during the grand procession on Holy Wednesday. You wonder when a museum will be set up in Paete, a museum that will showcase the works of the Paete *maestros*, the young artists like the Baldemors who have established their names in Manila, and the anonymous craftsmen whose works are Paete's heritage.

* * *

If woodcarving is essentially a man's work, then the *taka* – the production of papier-maché toys – is the domain of women and young children.

Like the planks of drying wood, rows of papier-maché horses, carabaos, churches and dolls are left to dry on the side-walks.

"This is our work, when we finish with our housework," says Lola Francisca. When you come upon her, she is minding the rice she has set to boil in the pot. In the meantime, she is attaching strips of newspaper coated with *gaw-gaw* (starch paste) on a wooden horse. When the coats are dry, they will be cut up, removed from the mould and assembled. A large unpainted horse is bought at P6.00 by other families who specialize in painting the toys. She has no finished *taka* to show you, since most were carted off to a town fiesta some kilometers away. Now she is starting on a new supply. Working with her grandchildren, she says, she can finish ten horses in a week.

You wonder why the toys have not changed their shape. Even the colors remain the same. The imaginative Paeteños could easily conjure up designs for toys – fantastic sari-manoks, or gaily-coloured dolls similar to the toys of Mexico, maybe. Why are the toys always the same, you ask. Lola Francisca answers, "This is what we have grown used to in Paete. Other town fiestas ask for the toys of Paete.

"When I was a child, we were already working on *taka*. It was a way of helping out with expenses." But why not invent new toys to sell? She smiles and continues pasting wet strips on the wooden horse. You wonder if, like the menfolk, the *taka*-makers do not have some hidden ambition to create a true *obra* from old newspapers.

* * *

Renato Dimatatak is a fisherman and father of four. He was once a carver, but the work proved to be too boring for him.

You take off into the bay on Renato's motorized banca. He had had to borrow money from the local usurers (5-6 basis) to get the motor. Now, he tells you, the motor is fully

paid for, and this banca you are riding is moving much faster because of it.

"This work is better," says the swarthy, sunburned man. "When I was carving, I was so restless. Now I am on my own and I can really work as much as I want to."

The banca glides slowly past another boat, loaded with mussels. A young man surfaces from the water with more shells. He is naked. You glide past and the young man hurriedly slips back into the water. "They are shy with city people," Renato laughs.

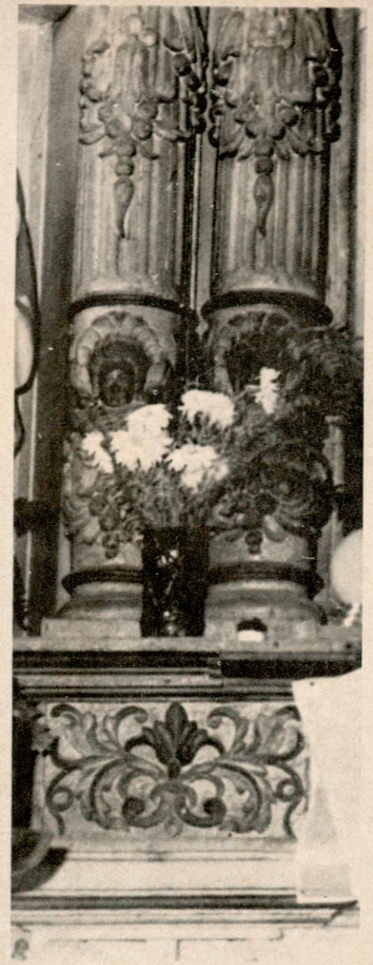
From far off, you see that the lake is dotted with the tall bamboo fences of the fishpens. You learn from Renato that the fishpens are not owned by the Paeteños. "The rich own those fishpens. Poor people like myself, we have nothing to invest." The pens hold a variety of fish. He names them for you, *kanduli, dalag, biya, ayungin* and *pla-pla.*

It is from Renato too, that you learn of the difficulties small fishermen like himself are encountering. "The catch has gotten smaller in the lake, because of the big fishpens. Some of those are against the law, they use currents to catch fish. Even the small fish are destroyed." Many fishermen too, who operate on larger scales, use nets that are capable of hauling in large schools of fish. From such nets, not even the *semilla,* the fingerlings can escape. In the long run, Renato says, "Only the rich can go into that kind of operation."

You pass another banca. "What's the catch? " shouts Renato. The other fisherman shows you his catch of three fish. "I only have three pla-pla. All Afternoon," he says. A little way off, you see three motorized bancas. "There," Renato points out to them and explains with irritation their use of currents. The sound of the motor drives the bancas from the open waters, into the reeds. Renato says that they had probably hidden because they thought you were a coast guard on inspection. Electric fishing is forbidden by law.

What will happen, you ask, if Paete's woodcarving industry fails to sustain the town? Maybe the others will become fishermen too, answers Renato. But what will be there to fish for? he adds. And with the growth of fishpens and the increase in illegal means of fishing, where can they fish? "Competition gets tougher during hard times."

On the way back, you pass a row of



An example of Paeteños' skill and craft.

thin bamboo poles sticking out of the water. Renato says that they are traps for shrimp. Below the water, the poles have baskets attached to them. To show you, he pulls up a basket. Two tiny shrimp, *alamang,* wriggle inside. Next to the great fishpen enclosures, the bamboo poles are harmless but futile devices on the lake.

* **

On Sunday morning, Paete awakens to the pealing of its church bells. You glean from the marker that the church was built in 1646, and was ruined by earthquakes thrice. Today the church is being restored.

You join the crowds entering the church and immediately behold the old glories of Paete woodcraft. You hold your breath in the sight of the five altars, each a profusion of curlicues and saints. On the main altar, Santiago Apostol, Paete's patron saint, sits astride his horse.

There are paintings too, allegorical visions of heaven and hell painted by Paete artist Jose Dans during the 1800s. Gazing at them, you can't help but think of how many *indios* must have gazed with fear at the images of souls in a fiery pit while listening to an equally fiery sermon by the Spanish friars.

You wonder too how these antiques could have escaped the hands of eager collectors. "That's what you think. But we have lost so many of our santos," says one Paeteño. (Sold to the antique collector.) Others say that an entire altar was sold off. "Now we guard what we have in the church."

The belfry has been restored, so you climb the wooden staircase that takes you above the Sunday crowds. The bells, dating from as early as 1793, are covered with graffiti, written perhaps by over-eager Paete visitors. You climb the rickety scaffolding and, unprepared, find yourself suddenly facing a spectacular view of Paete.

It is from the top of the belfry that you are able to see just how beautiful Paete is. The silver mass of corrugated iron roofs is balanced with a magical precision between mountains and the lake. In 1900, a visitor to the town rhapsodized, "Between a shimmering lake and a mountain range lies Paete – so serene, so steeped in excellence, it is like a town encountered only in myth." He was probably standing on this very place.

You suddenly remember the carvers and the fishermen and the women making *taka,* and you are forced to wonder how and why the people of a town so blessed must be plagued by the problems of their livelihood.

MAKATI COMMERCIAL CENTER: The Centerpiece of AYALA'S URBAN DEVELOPMENT



An aerial view of the Makati residential and industrial community, the Makati Commercial Center.

by Victor Almeda

Time was when people had to shop in specific areas for their special needs. For shoes, they traversed down crowded, smelly Carriedo. For clothing materials, buyers braved thief-infested Divisoria. For entertainment, it was either the Araneta Big Dome in Cubao or the movie-house circuit of Quiapo and Avenida Rizal. And for imported goods or classy cuisine, the elite splurged in posh Escolta.

That was twenty years ago, before Manila's population boomed, before disgruntled city-dwellers launched their exodus to suburbia, before Ayala Corporation "relocated" the whole of downtown Manila with the opening of the Makati Commercial Center (MCC).

Today, Ayala's pioneering venture into the commercial center concept has blossomed into a multi-billion peso enterprise for local real estate developers. In fact, quite a number of large land developers copied Ayala's germ idea in the transformation of Cubao, Greenhills, Magallanes, Harrison, Broadway, Alabang and Shaw Boulevard-EDSA crossing areas in Metro Manila; not to mention the commercial districts of other key cities such as Baguio, Legaspi, Davao, Cagayan de Oro, Cebu and Bacolod. By general consensus, however, the Makati Commercial Center remains the most attractive to customers in terms of accessibility, land area, variety of commercial establishments, and continuing improvement.

The trend-setting MCC represents the feather in Ayala's cap, topping other business success stories in insurance, banking, investments, hotels, resorts and real estate. But when it was inaugurated in 1962, not too many believed the MCC would succeed. To be sure, the MCC was initially regarded as too ambitious, having been envisioned by Ayala as the centerpiece of a 25-year development plan that, in turn, saw the progressive rise of new residential and industrial community from a virtual 900-hectare swamp. Ayala persisted, nevertheless, and eventually proved that a commercial-shopping complex was essential in meeting the needs of the new Makati – a total, self-contained community.

Strategically located over 30.3 hectares bounded by Makati's main arteries – Ayala Avenue, Makati Avenue, Pasay Road and EDSA – the MCC grew in stages while keeping space with the town's own rapid growth. Today, the commercial center houses 15 shopping arcades, five movie houses, 16 major restaurants, three supermarkets, seven major department stores, two five-star hotels, three drugstores, a bowling center, five banks, and over 400 retail shops and eateries.

The commercial center serves the residents of eight Ayala subdivisions, employees from over 30,000 large and small offices in the business area, and thousands more from the industrial subdivisions back of Pasong Tamo. This clientele continues to grow as residents from communities outside Makati converge on the MCC daily to shop, eat, see a movie, hear mass, or just to loaf around.

The MCC is made up of four quadrants, linked together by wide promenades leading to the center mall, called "glorietta," a Spanish word for a small plaza. The first quadrant consists of Rizal Theater and Sulo restaurant, completed in the early 60s. Construction of the second quadrant, the Makati Supermarket, followed in 1965. Rustan's and Hotel InterContinental, the major landmarks of the third quadrant, went up in 1968. The Quad Cinema and Shopping Arcade, the most visible portion of the final quadrant, opened in 1971.

Later, the MCC expanded across Makati Avenue and into Paseo de Roxas with the development of Greenbelt Park and Greenbelt Square where the Ayala Museum, an aviary, and still more restaurants and moviehouses are located.

Of the total land area of the MCC, only 63,209 square meters comprise the existing leasable area. More than half of the MCC, some 179,000 square meters of land, is devoted to non-profit activities – parks, driveways, promenades, parking lots, streets and malls, a man-made lagoon, the Ayala Museum, and the aviary.

Despite this incongruous land-use ratio, Ayala soon found itself unable to cope with the onrush of customers and the ensuing traffic. A 1974 survey, for instance, revealed that of the four quadrants, the South sector was developing faster and traffic flow heavier because of clientele drawn in by the Quad, Manila Garden Hotel, the Fast Food Center and the post office branch at the Makati Rotary Arcade. Ayala likewise found out that the services they were supposed to deliver as owners and maintainers of the MCC – sewage, water, electricity, and security – could not readily cope with the fast pace of development.

Confronted with a problematic situation, Ayala decided to throw in P24-million for the construction of the Quad Car Park Building between the Quad and Manila Garden Hotel. Consisting of four floors and with room enough for 1,679 car slots, the structure costs Ayala another P2-million to operate in its first few years. The income generated by the car park today is not even enough to offset the taxes for the 12,200 square meter prime land sits on. Ayala could do nothing, at least in the meantime.

After years of restudy, Ayala came up with the solution: to renovate the whole commercial area over a 20-year period. The plan will eliminate existing problems, such as traffic congestion, the lack of service areas for the loading and unloading of goods, and the expected increase in market and competition. Total cost: P1-billion.

Under the new plan, the total leasable area will be increased to 217,270 square meters. Upon completion, the redeveloped MCC will have the following features: four few quadrants consisting of contiguous six-storey buildings with interconnecting two-storey malls, following a crucible form, and with four glass-roofed promenades leading to the glorietta; two underground parking lots with 2,920 car slots and a five-level car park with 2,365 car slots. Together with the Quad Car park, the total number of car slots will be 7,484. Pedestrian bridges will span Makati Avenue and EDSA, while a sunken garden for cultural activities will be landscaped beside the Rizal Theater.

According to plan, the new MCC will have no more than 12 buildings, with most of the present 30 edifices going down after the expiration of their contracts sometime within the 20-year redevelopment period. Among the present buildings, only the Manila Garden and InterContinental hotels, Shoemart, Rustan's, the Quad complex and the Rizal Theater will remain.

An initial step in the redevelopment of MCC was the construction of the North Mall on land leased to the four establishments which will own and occupy the building: Alemar's, Cinderella's, Goodwill Bookstore, and possibly McDonald's.

Also part of the plan was the opening of the Greenbelt Square to accommodate the establishments which will be displaced with the demolition and construction works in the commercial district proper. Likewise within the year, the Coronado Bowling Lanes and Maranaw Restaurant will be demolished to give way to six-storey department store. The Postal and Ayala Arcades, meanwhile, will be torn down and the area transformed into parking spaces.

"The whole idea is to provide comfort and convenience to our shoppers, by providing them with shopping areas interconnected by covered passageways, and to resolve the problem of vehicular traffic," summed up Ayala vice ▷



One of the seven major department stores in MCC.

president Adolfo Duarte. Aside from the traffic situation, the redevelopment plan is also designed to improve the security problem, garbage disposal, and the proliferation of unlicensed ambulant vendors within the business area.

But over and above environmental and maintenance considerations, it was actually the emerging competition within the industry that prompted Ayala to act on the redevelopment plan immediately. Several commercial centers were sprouting up around the Makati area, and their slice in the market was particularly felt during the past three years of double-digit inflation accompanied by recession. "We have to avoid falling at the tail end of competition," said an Ayala official who asked not to be sourced. Competition was felt particularly during the last two Christmas seasons, this official added, when sales did not perk up as much as the usual, despite millions of pesos spent by Ayala for promotional gimmicks. On the whole, the redevelopment of MCC promises not only more tenants but also a better mix that allows for a wider variety of goods for the buying public, the source added.

Simultaneous to the redevelopment of MCC and the opening of Greenbelt Square is the construction of the New Alabang Commercial Center. Also owned by the Ayala Corporation, the 18-hectare complex will be an integral part of the 670-hectare New Alabang Village which the company is developing into a large suburban community.

Another Ayala-owned and maintained shopping complex is the Magallanes Commercial Center, built in 1969 over an 8.9-hectare lot to entice upper-class families to buy lots in the Magallanes and Dasmariñas Village areas. Like the MCC, the Magallanes Commercial Center has been enjoying modest, if not actually tremendous, profits in the past decade.

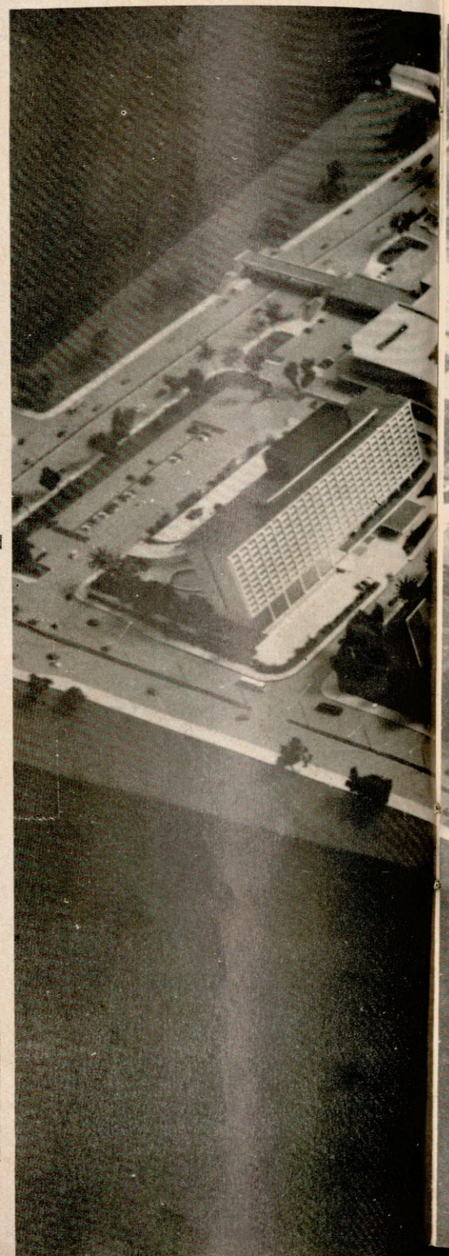
Ayala's success in the commercial center business somehow proves that the international trend of shopping complex operation is viable in the Philippine setting. As a member of the 4,500-strong International Council of Shopping Centers, the MCC aims to advance the development of the shopping center industry. Along with the Council, the MCC collects and evaluates data on new trends and practices of shopping centers the world over for possible adaptation in the country.

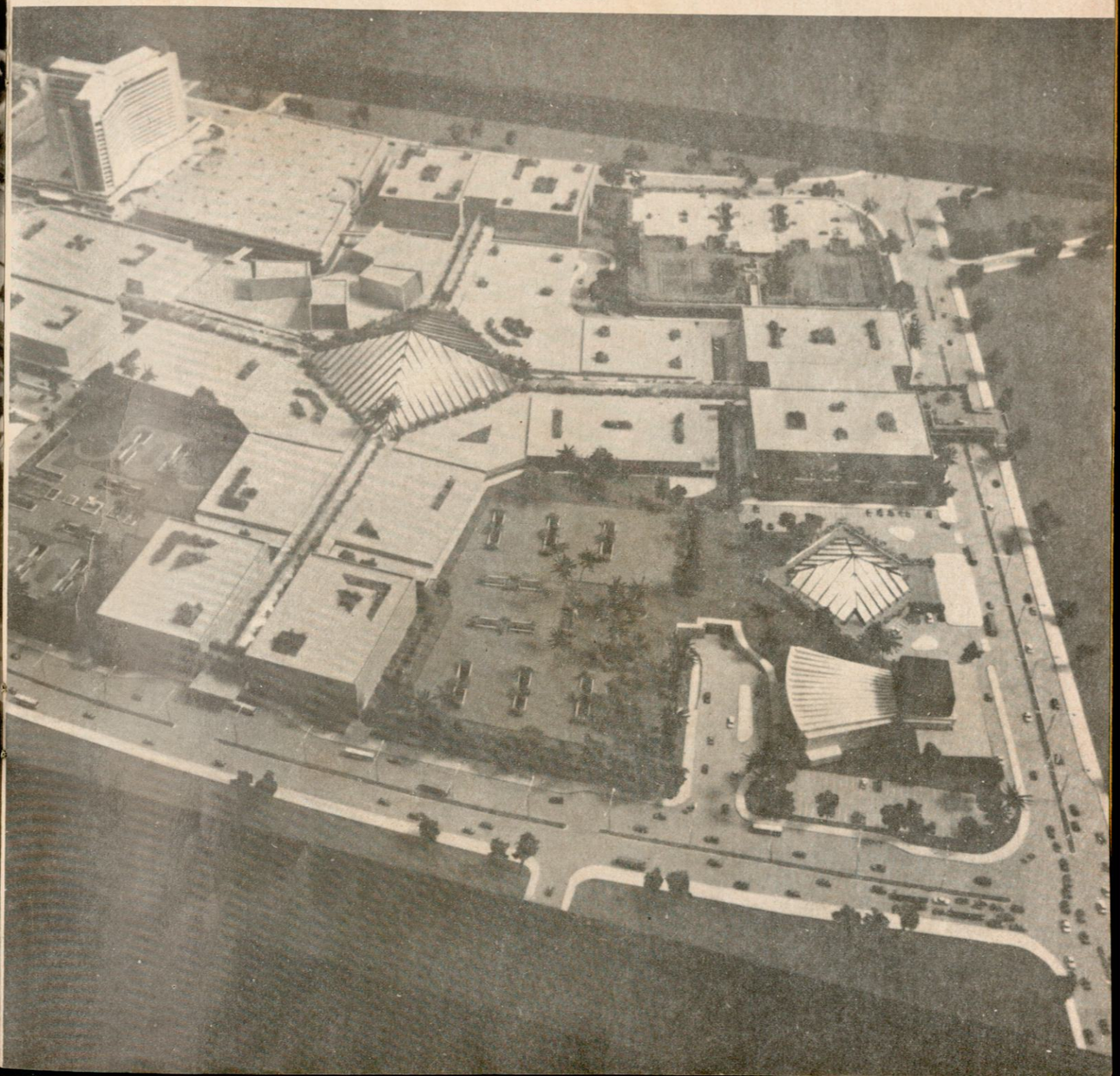
One such adaptation is in the area of rentals. The percentage lease method, proven internationally as the most viable agreement that best protects the interests of all three sectors involved in commercial centers – the developer, the tenant and the consumer – has been popularized by Ayala in the MCC and Magallanes operations.

Under this method, both landowner-developer and store-owner contribute to the success and failure of the enterprise. Rental is based on a percentage of the gross peso volume derived from the tenant's sales and services. In effect, this rent is based on the tenant's ability to pay, the type of business or merchandise engaged in, mark up, location, amount of competition and similar factors. Such arrangement assures the landowner of adequate income to meet fixed expenses as well as reasonable return on investments. It allows the lease rate to adapt to the vagaries of business; rental is low when business is slow and higher when business perks up. In the process, the consumer is given the distinct advantage of lower-than-usual prices or better services. In fact, some neighborhood groceries have taken to buying their supplies from MCC-situated supermarts.



Greenbelt Square, a movie-theater/restaurant complex, is the latest development in Makati.





Balintawak:



Photographed by ALEX BALUYUT

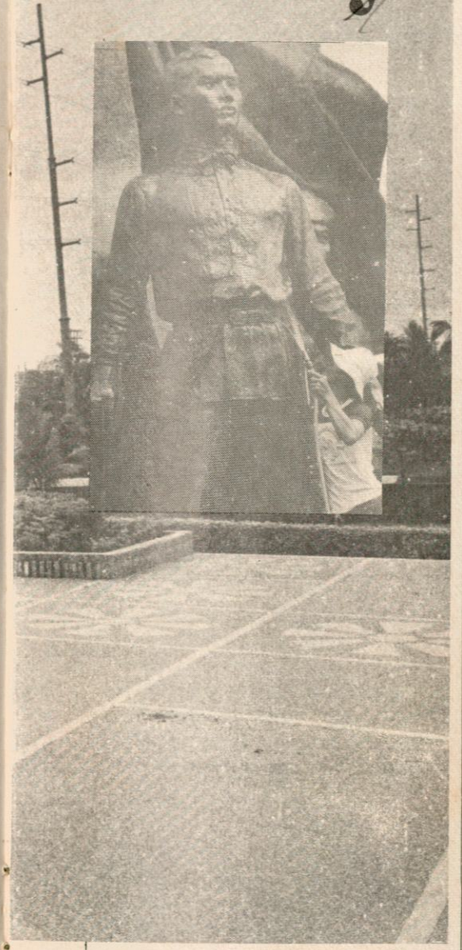
by Eddee R.H. Castro

Places evoke memories. We tend to attach a special meaning to certain places, places etched in the collective memory of a people. And Balintawak could very weli be one such place for many Filipinos.

A story, probably apocryphal, traces the origin of the name Balintawak to the nickname of an elderly woman, Aling Baling, who it was told was born with a snake. Tagalogs have a name for such an event as "tawak." Because of the special circumstance of her birth, Aling Baling was said to have a special curing power over persons bitten by snakes. Balintawak was then characterized by fields grown with cogon grass, and hence, the predominance of snakes. From then on, the place has been known as Balintawak.

The monument in the heart of Balintawak as reminder of the Cry of Pugad Lawin raised in 1896. Inset, the statue of Andres Bonifacio who led the Katipuneros in revolt against Spanish abuses.

Yesterday & Today



It used to be a part of old Caloocan (now it belongs to Quezon City) and according to some old timers of the old Caloocan, Balintawak was a quiet place, shaded with trees. Nana Sion, for instance, a 65-year-old fish vendor, recalls that it used to be a refuge for bandits because of its state of provincial wilderness. "Madilim ang pook na ito noong araw at maraming mga punong-kahoy," she said.

These narrations coincide with the description by National Artist Nick Joaquin in an article: ". . . the place is pure provincial countryside: with giant thick-boughed mango and tamarind and santol trees . . . and one guesses that it must have been deep woods in the old days . . ."

Balintawak today is like a modern Filipina who has learned the art of facial make-up. She presents a different face, a face that is more attuned to the fast pace of modern living, Philippine style.

The cloverleaf structure that leads to the north diversion highway and to the vast metropolitan network was built in Balintawak. The structure recast it as a bustling commercial center. As the gateway to the northern parts of the Philippines, the place is now crossed by thousands of buses plying the routes headed for Bulacan, Nueva Ecija, Pampanga, Pangasinan, the Ilocos regions, up to Aparri, Cagayan. What used to be the two lane highway '54 in the early 50's) is now Epifanio de los Santos Avenue or simply EDSA, a six-lane grid that encircles a good portion of the metropolis from north to south. At all hours of the day the colorful jeepney, the air-conditioned Metro Manila buses, some double-deckered buses, taxis and mini-buses ply this thruway, making it a veritable channel of metropolitan life.

Near the rotonda (the boundary line between Caloocan City and Quezon City) is the second biggest market in Metro Manila (second only to Divisoria). The place is peopled as early as three in the morning up to past midnight. It has become the favorite market place of enterprising housewives who find the fresh fruits and vegetables being sold there cheaper at least by one peso per kilo. They buy a number of kilos and retail them at a higher price to vendors in the smaller markets or 'talipapa' in their neighborhoods.

If you are an early riser, you'll be lucky to buy some rare Pilipino delicacies along the front facade of this market. Such native goods as home-made *kesong puti* wrapped in banana leaves, *sumang kamote-kahoy* with *latik*, or *ginaok* (sweets made from coconut) or home-made *matamis na bao*.

Fresh backyard vegetables like the winged bean or *sigarilyas*, *kamote* tops, *bataо*, and shallots or *sibuyas tagalog* abound. Vendors conduct their business in the rural manner, measuring not by the kilo but by the *tumpok* — the arrangement of vegetables in bunches or clusters. One can even haggle for the price unlike the fixed prices one finds inside the big market where vendors occupy definite stalls. Most of the vegetables are sold by women from the nearby farms of Bulacan and are not easily available in the fresh-produce sections of supermarkets that abound in Metro Manila these days.

By noontime up to late afternoon, the market and the surrounding area become one huge beehive of activity. Sidewalk vendors with their pushcarts sell steaming hot *lugao* eaten with *pritong tokwa* and sprinkled with chopped young garlic leaves and *patis*. This is a favorite merienda of the employees and laborers from two textile mills and a tin metal factory near the market, considering that it costs only P2 per bowl. Young boys and girls eke out a living by selling another favorite food item — the camote or banana cue with the camote or banana deep-fried with brown sugar coating and then skewered onto narrow bamboo sticks a la pork or chicken barbecue.

Wood and cement houses abound in the vicinity with the lower floors given to small businesses, sari-sari stores, tailor shops, T.V. repair shops, small *boticas* and a rattan furniture factory.

Towards the Tandang Sora barrio and along the A. Bonifacio Street are a number of business establishments dealing in construction materials, e.g. lumber and gravel and sand. There are also quite a number of stores selling auto spare parts.

Not far away from the market place is a newly renovated circularly built St. Joseph's Catholic Church and the Andres Bonifacio Elementary School, a public school.

A few old houses remain graced by a *balconahe* (balcony) and exterior stairs leading to the second floor. Windows are potted with flowering plants and fences are made of bamboo. ▷

The Old Hometown

The endless traffic on the road leading to the North Diversion Highway: the gateway to the northern parts of the Philippines.



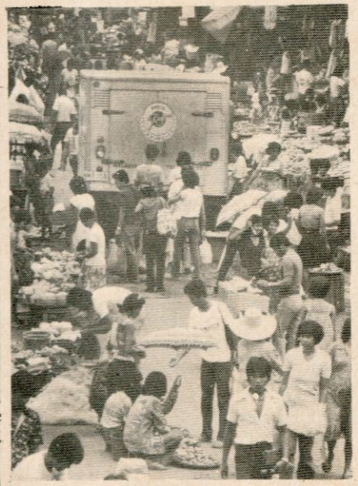
In the inner portions of Barrio Kangkong and Tandang Sora, urban concrete gives way to fruit-bearing trees like mango and santol.

And of course, what is Balintawak without the controversial Bonifacio monument. The monument memorializes in sculpture the patriotic zeal of Andres Bonifacio and the Katipuneros who in 1896 tore their cedulas and in defiance to Spanish abuses shouted: "Mabuhay ang Mga Anak ng Bayan! Mabuhay ang Pilipinas!"

The celebration of the Cry of Balintawak used to be held on the 26th of August. Today, it is celebrated every 23rd of August and is called the "Cry of Pugad Lawin" – Pugad Lawin being the specific site of the event. The monument used to be located on the center of Highway '54 but now due to the construction of the Cloverleaf road complex, it was transferred to a side of Pugad Lawin.

Historian Teodoro Agoncillo traces the movements of the Katipunan in his book **Revolt of the Masses** (published in 1956): the people's assembly in Balintawak in August 19-21; the transfer to the nearby barrio of Kangkong on the afternoon of August 21; the march to the farm of Juan Ramos Aquino in Pugad Lawin on August 22; the third transfer to the farm of Tandang Sora in the vicinity of Pasong Tamo on August 24; the retreat to Balara on the same day, and the march on San Juan on August 30.

It is hawkers' day at the second biggest market in Metro Manila.



The monument of Andres Bonifacio today stands amidst the of hustle and bustle urbanization. The structure is surrounded by a well-tended garden, oblivious to the noise of rush-rush hours on working days. The place is different on Sunday afternoons. Children have a run of the place, old folks while away the time and a couple of lovers take to the benches even as buses and jeepneys make their way around the area.

It assumes a festive atmosphere every August 23. There are the wreath-laying ceremonies by local officials, the high-school boys and girls from nearby schools, the men in blue and orange t-shirts with "Cry of Pugad Lawin" printed on, the musical bands playing old songs. How well is Bonifacio remembered? The question may be answered by the response given by a group of school boys (aged 7-10) when questioned about the man with a bolo. "Kilala po namin siya. Siya po si Andres Bonifacio. Mahirap lang po ngunit matapang! Tingnan ninyo ang haba ng bolo niya. Matapang na bayani po siya sabi ng titser at tatay ko." (We know him. He was poor but he was a brave man. He is a brave hero, according to our teacher and father.)

This is Balintawak, circa '82.



The fruit of the MSI-Caguray Project: "We are happy to see that the value of our lands has multiplied many times over."

LAND BANK'S Businessmen-Farmers IN Mindoro

by Loida H. Berbano

To some seventy farmers and their families in barangay Caguray, town of Magsaysay in Occidental Mindoro, agrarian reform is not a meaningless government phrase. It has been the best thing that has ever happened to this beleguered seacoast community and their blighted land.

Four years ago, Caguray almost became a ghost barangay. Farmers had begun to move out, forced to abandon their farms. Poor harvests yielded as little as ten cavans per hectare, and even with the use of high yielding rice varieties under Masagana 99, farmers could expect no more than thirty cavans.

The reason was that Caguray's farmers were waging a losing war against the China sea, their fields turning fallow from the onslaught of saline seepage.

"We thought it would be the end of all of us," says Norberto Arnejo, 59, father of 10. "We had all gone into debt up to our necks, just to survive," he recalls.

These days, Arnejo is a changed man. He even looks twenty years younger. What he now wants to talk about most is that next year his daughter, Emelita, will finish a commerce degree at Divine Word College in San Jose, Occidental Mindoro, and another daughter, Lourdes, is already in second year AB.

Arnejo no longer works with his plow and carabao. He is a mechanic doing tune-ups on trucks and land cruisers, working for his "own" company along with his two sons: Ramon, a fishpond tender, and Napoleon, a livestock warehouseman.

"Well, it's not exactly our company yet, but eventually it will be," he hastens to explain.

He is referring to the integrated fishpond and livestock project put up by the Land Bank of the Philippines for 67 ▷

Land Bank officials and Caguray residents witness the inauguration of the newly-built fishpond with the seeding of bangus fingerlings.



farmer-beneficiaries in Caguray, all of whom are former tenants of the Guballa estate covered by the agrarian reform program.

The Land Bank of the Philippines (LBP) was created on August 8, 1963 with the enactment of Republic Act No. 3844 (amended by RA No. 6389) "to finance the acquisition by the government of landed estates for division and resale to small landholders as well as the purchase of landholding by agricultural lessees from landowners." It was then confined to financing land acquisitions.

The massive agrarian reform program of President Marcos was launched with two historic presidential decrees: P.D. No. 2 proclaiming the whole country a land reform area; and P.D. No. 27, penned in the President's own handwriting, emancipating the tenants from the bondage to the soil and transferring to them the ownership of the land they tilled.

The Caguray project, dubbed by Land Bank as a Single Business Unit, or SBU was launched in early 1980.

It has since developed into a 150-hectare complex of prawn and milkfish fishponds, pigsheds of about 1,000 heads, and poultry houses of 2,000 layers. And yet until 1980, this was a dismal site of rice farms destroyed by salt. The transformation of this hard-pressed community of small farmers into a boom barangay of agri-business entrepreneurs involved a process based on the total developmental approach in the SBU program, conceived by no less than Land Bank President Basilio Estanislao.

As Estanislao explains the concept behind the SBU:

"Take a hundred drivers individually engaged in the taxi business. Each drives his own car, buys his own gasoline and spare parts, and hires his own mechanic for repairs and maintenance. What if they organize themselves as a single business? They can set up a motor pool and buy their parts and fuel in bulk."

They can do all that, thanks to the advantages of economy of scale, and possibly even expand their operations, particularly if there is a bank ready to finance them.

Something similar took place in Caguray when the Land Bank intervened by organizing the farmers into a Single Business Unit.

Land Bank and the farmers came into an agreement that all the farms would be grouped together for joint operation and management. As rice culture was out of the question because of the salinity of the soil, Land Bank technicians proposed the conversion of the farmlots into mostly fishponds, with piggery and poultry included in the venture. For livestock feeds, some five hectares were sufficiently reconditioned and planted to corn.

Participating farmers retain ownership of their respective farms, which represent their share in the net earnings of the SBU. At this initial stage of development, profits are not yet being distributed during the initial years of business development. But Caguray's farmers receive P1,000 a year per hectare as the imputed income for the land contributed to the project.

Aside from contributing to the project, farmers also provide the labor component of the SBU. The farmers and members of their families were hired for suitable positions in the project, for which they were trained and paid wages in the range of P600 a month.

Land Bank's role is to develop, capitalize and manage the SBU on behalf of the farmers until they can take over on their own. This the Land Bank does, at no business risk at all to the farmers, through a wholly-owned subsidiary specializing in farm management projects, Masaganang Sakahan, Inc. (MSI).

MSI built all the infrastructure and other fixed facilities of the SBU, among them the fishponds, canals, water pumps and pipes, structures, laboratory motor shop, and the power generation house. It also provides all operating capital, such as production inputs and payroll for 82 employees.

"Our Mindoro fishpond incorporates the latest technology in aqua-culture," says Pelayo Gabaldon, MSI president. It is among the first to use a free-flowing water system in a big scale, piping in water from both the China Sea and the Caguray river at just the right mixture of salinity with pumps able to deliver up to 10,000 gallons per minute.

Its bangus is rated as highly as the prized fish of Bonoan in Pangasinan. The prawns in Caguray are a specialty. They are raised on what is known as egg-yolk technology, using a diet adapted from the formulations of top Filipino, Taiwanese and American ichthyologists.

Next to feeding, the most critical aspect in prawn culture is spawning. The SBU is now using, on a commercial scale, the ablation process, a method recently developed in SEAFDEC's laboratories in Iloilo. In this process the queen spawner is blinded in one eye (left or right does not matter) to make it more prolific.

As explained by Rene Obregon, MSI manager in Caguray who was among those who participated in ablation research at SEAFDEC, a blinded spawner is capable of yielding up to a million eggs compared to about 200,000 to 300,000 for those not subjected to ablation.

From the egg state, the prawns are carefully tended in elaborate hatcheries and nurseries to attain a good survival rate through the fry, larva, post-larva and juvenile stages. Only at a stable age, the young prawns are finally let loose in the fishponds.

Although commercial operations are still basically trial runs, the Mindoro SBU registered total sales of more than P250,000 during the first six months this year in prawns, prawn frys, bangus, hogs and eggs.

Eventually, it expects to tap lucrative foreign markets, particularly the Middle East, for its sugpo sales. By that time, profits can begin to be distributed to the SBU's farmer-beneficiaries, even while a portion of operating income is being used to pay back Land Bank's investments in the venture.

Meanwhile, Caguray folks are not really in a hurry to take over the SBU.

"We are happy to wait as we see that the value of our lands has multiplied many times over, and even now the project is helping us a lot," says Leopoldo Santiago, Samahang Nayon president. Like Arnejo, he has two sons employed in the venture: Isaias, a piggery helper, and Abraham, a fishpond maintainer.

"We also realize that managing a business this big is no simple matter," according to Santiago on whose shoulders rests a key role in building up the farmers' Samahang Nayon to a cooperative that can take over the SBU.

He and his fellow farmers, however, will get all the help they will need from Land Bank and MSI, as the development of a business cooperative is an essential part of the SBU. As it is, the farmers and members of their family are already getting on-the-job training in running most of the fishery and livestock operations.

"Our objective," according to Land Bank President Basilio Estanislao, "is to develop business farming to replace subsistence farming. The Mindoro module proves that success of the SBU concept can provide the means for a better life for small farmers through the agrarian reform program. This, Estanislao adds, stems from the basic premise of Land Bank operations. The bank has a legal mandate to perform and needs to maintain continuous capability to fulfill such mandate.

Thus far, Estanislao expands on the Land Bank's capability:

"As of October 31, 1982, our total resources stood at P7.7 billion, of which P2.3 billion is used for agrarian operations, while P5.4 billion is for banking operations. This is the present proportion which is not the result of a conscious allocation. This was the automatic result of our various operations. Assuming that there is no growth in resources, the resources used by our banking operations will gradually be utilized by our agrarian operations. This will be brought about by our continuous land transfer operations and assistance to farmer-beneficiaries.

"What is the result of operations? From January to October 1982, the agrarian operations suffered a loss about P60 million, while the banking operations earned a profit of P215 million. The net result, therefore, is a net composite profit of P155 million."

And what conclusions can be drawn from this?

Basilio answers that with a proportion of P5.4 billion in banking and P2.3 billion in agrarian of the bank's total resources, the losses in the agrarian function can well be subsidized and the bank would still have net profits.

The entire point, the Land Bank president points out, is that while the farmers are being helped to raise their incomes, the bank, in turn, can maintain enough funds for generating the necessary profits to offset the losses in agrarian operations.

"That is the reason why we are giving emphasis on improving the income of farmers. If their income is improved, they will have the ability pay us, and this will result in an improved collection rate for us. This does not, however, mean that we will abandon our banking operations which are very important to us. We can only let go of this operation if our collection rate is around 87 to 89 per cent — which is still impossible in the near future," Estanislao explains.

He adds that contrary to the common dictum that a social function is costly, risky and negative-yielding, the bank's vigorous efforts at fulfilling its social responsibility by helping the farmers upgrade his income will in turn assure the bank's collection rate.

That same process enhances the viability of the bank itself.

Minister of Finance and Land Bank Chairman Cesar Virata, shown left, above, with a mediaman, middle, and Pelayo Gabaldon, MSI president, as they tour the ricefields transformed into fishponds.



Basilio Estanislao, President, Land Bank of the Philippines.





A Collection of



Attrophanuera Semperi
Rare, found in Marinduque

Philippine Butterflies

Sometime last year, an exhibit of butterflies was held at the Manila Garden in Makati. It was the year-end's activity of the Butterfly Culture Program of the Technology Resource Center.

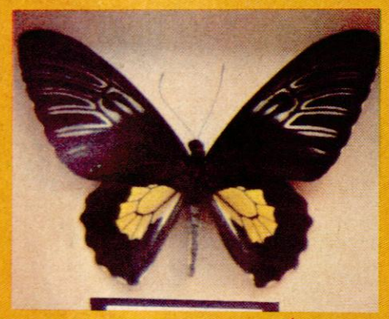
It was envisioned to tap an international market based on various butterfly industries. The program involved the training and employment of Tondo households in the collection, preservation, mounting and

framing of butterflies. It also provided for start-up capital for interested households as well as marketing mechanisms for various products such as butterfly displays.

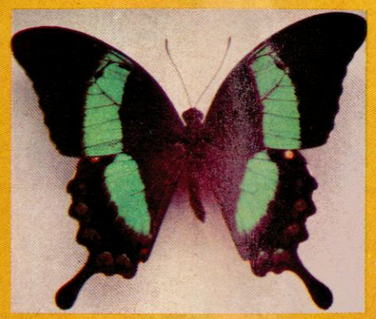
But the exhibit was primarily a showcase of a natural resource, one that should draw naturalists and hobbyists to discover the abundance of butterflies in fields and forests of the country.

Apias Nero
Common





Troides Rhadamanthus
Uncommon, found in Tanay, Marinduque



Papilio Palinurus palinurus
(Swallow Tail)
Uncommon

BACKGROUND

The People's Technology Center or PTC is a project of the People's Livelihood Enterprises, Incorporated which is a subsidiary of the Technology Resource Center. Its primary objective is to generate livelihood or employment opportunities in various Manila areas.

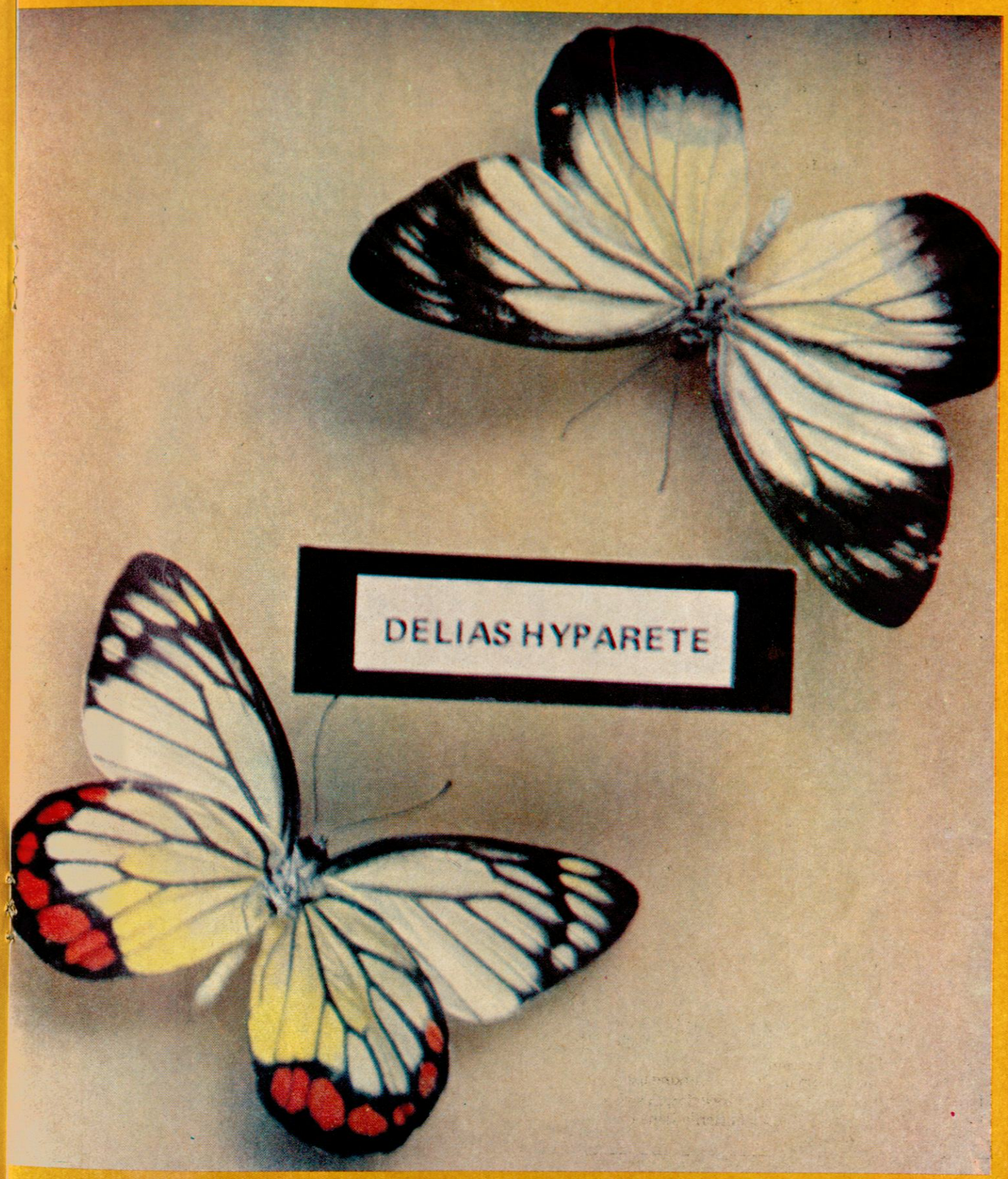
PLEI provides an answer to the livelihood or employment problem in Tondo Foreshore Area by providing:

*training to community residents in various livelihood home crafts;

*commodity and working capital loans to households interested in establishing home-based industries;

*assistance in the final processing, packaging and marketing of products produced by home-based industries, and

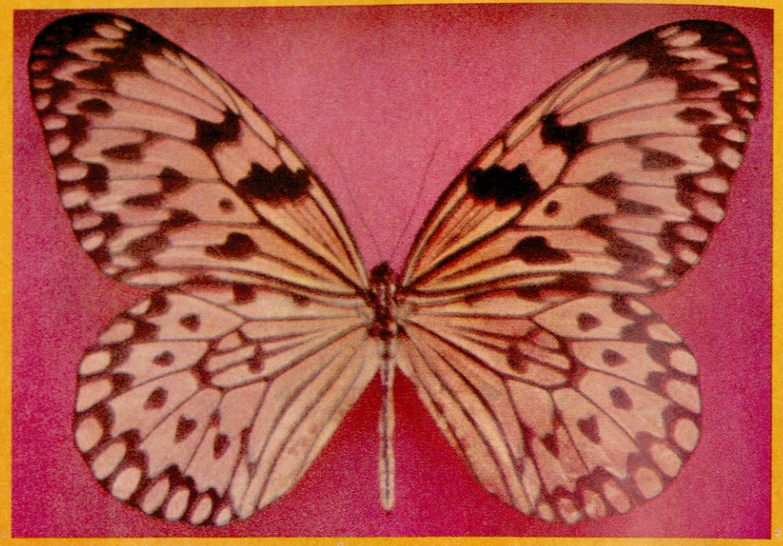
*service for product display, technology demonstration and dissemination in the community.



Philippine butterfly species range from the common and ordinary, to rare marvels such as the varieties of the swallow tail.

Filipinos tend to take such treasures for granted. Butterflies are everywhere, delighting the eye with the rich colors and the incessant movement. One learns to take them simply as part of the "local color" that lifts the spirit from the drudgery of our routines.

Idea Leuconae
Uncommon, found in Samar, Leyte and Tanay



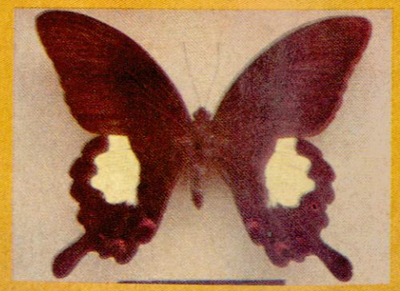


Lamproptera Meges (Longer Swallow Tail, one of the smallest species)
Uncommon



Graphium Codros Melanthus
Rare, found in Mindoro

Papilio Helenus (Swallow Tail)
Rare



MODULES

The People's Livelihood Enterprises, Inc. has five (5) livelihood modules: Butterfly Culture, Box-Making, Garments Production, Paper-Making and Tilapia Cage Culture.

BUTTERFLY CULTURE

The PLEI trains unemployed household members the rudiments of butterfly culture. A one-month skills training program on butterfly collection, preservation, mounting and framing is being conducted by the PLEI for qualified participants. This module also includes insect net-making.

The PLEI provides commodity and working loans for start-up capital to interested households, as well as facilitates the marketing of cased butterfly done by participating households.



SONNY YABAO

Palm Sunday or Domingo de Ramos precedes the Holy Week with a sight not far removed from what transpired on Christ's entry into Jerusalem.

THE RITES OF LENT & HOLY WEEK

by Floy C. Quintos

Easter brings Spring to the Western hemisphere. In the Philippines, Christ's resurrection is celebrated in the summer, in days of heat and dryness.

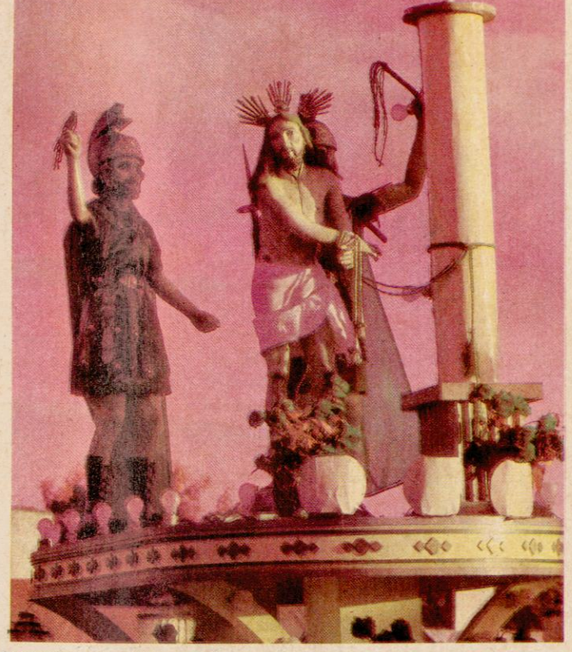
Yet Lent in the islands is a season of contrasts. Against the brown, barren land unfold rituals that are a queer palette of pagan and christian colors.

Lent begins with an ashen cross traced on a sweaty forehead and ends with a joyous reunion of mother with resurrected son. In between there is chanting and self-mortification, dramatization and mummery, abstinence and special foods. Ironically a spiritual time ushers in the long holidays and the vacations months of April and May. ▷



1982
BIEN S. BAUTISTA, Chroma

The Filipino penitent below takes to this bloody method of mortification, believed to be of Spanish import.



RICKY Z. FRANCISCO

Carrozas bearing tableaus of Christ's Passion, such as the scourging at the pillar above, have always been a part of the Lenten rites.

Lent is ushered in by long queues waiting for an ashen cross to be traced on their foreheads. With the cross comes the cryptic admonition, "Remember, man, thou art dust and unto dust thou shalt return." The simple rite and the black smudge it leaves marks the beginning of *Cuaresma.* The start of Lent is marked too, by the purple cloth which is draped on the crucifix and other religious images.

The doleful mood of Lent is felt even more on Fridays marked by abstinence. Old-timers will remember the Fridays of Lent as the Fridays of Bacalao (codfish) and hard bread. But bacalao is now a rare and expensive delicacy.

Until John XXIII revised the rules on abstinence, all Catholics were supposed to abstain from eating meat on all the Fridays of the year. It seems probable that the custom of eating fish was inspired by the Christ's anagram which was formed by the letters of the Greek word for fish. Another probable explanation was that the custom commemorated the miracle of multiplication of bread and fish. The practical explanation was that meat was a sign of indulgence and fish the poor man's food. In these days of inflation however fish has become even more expensive than meat.

But Spain was exempted from the Friday abstinence during the invasion of the Moors. Meals of fish were reserved only for the Fridays of Lent. This privilege they never gave up and eventually passed on to their colonies.

Bacalao was the most popular of Lenten staples. It was purchased in tough, leathery kilos, to be soaked overnight and boiled. A popular recipe, recalls a grandmother, featured the Bacalao in olive oil and tomato sauce. The dish was garnished with sauteed garlic and onions. Other old fish reliables were broiled *dalagang bukid* and *labajita* dipped and fried in egg. For variety, there was *guinisang mongo* with shrimp, *lumpia, pansit,* and a dessert of *guinataang ube.* For those who could afford it there was canned *Bacalao* or salmon served with fried potatoes.

So while the rest of the Catholic world was abstaining from meat on all the Fridays of the year, Filipinos were passing the Fridays of Lent with special dishes.

Palm Sunday (Domingo de Ramos) which precedes the Holy Week has always been for the children and their Palaspas. The Filipino craftsman has turned the simple palm frond into a fine specimen of folk art. In the hands of children, the Palaspas turned many a church into a vast, rippling sea of green. It is a common sight to see a child on his father's shoulders, joyfully waving a Palaspas. It is a sight not far removed from what transpired on Christ's entry into Jerusalem.

A curious folk belief holds that a house where a Palaspas is displayed will not be hit by lightning. To this day, most Filipino altars are adorned by a dried, withered palm frond grown dusty with age. It used to be a common practice to burn the fronds during thunderstorms while praying to Sta. Barbara.

* * *

ON THE EVENING OF PALM SUNDAY, Old Intramuros began its solemn celebration of *Semana Santa* (Holy Week) with the procession of the Recollects Nazarene. The *Nazareno* of the Recollects was the most venerable image of the cross-bearing Christ in the Philippines and the procession included carrozas bearing tableaus of the Passion. For



RICKY Z. FRANCISCO

The eighth station of the cross in procession: Christ meets the women of Jerusalem.



RICKY Z. FRANCISCO

The image of Veronica.



SONNY YABAO

Christ crucified.

such processions, the wealthy families brought out their heirloom *Santos,* be-gowned, be-wigged and be-jewelled. To have a family saint included in such a procession was both an honor and a *panata* (promise) to be kept.

Holy Monday was the start of the great silence that descended upon all homes in Intramuros. Playing the piano was forbidden, lest – as you were constantly reminded – you wanted your hands to atrophie. If you wore red or any other loud color for that matter, you were tempting the devil. Rowdy chatter and gambling were absolutely forbidden – as was any movement. One was admonished to keep still and pray. For children then, Holy Week was absolute drudgery.

Hueves Santo (Maundy Thursday) provided a break from the gloom. This was the day of the Visita Iglesia. Families would visit the twelve different churches of Intramuros, each one festooned with yards of purple cloth. In between, there were visits to the *Caridad* of the wealthy. The "charities" were no more than tables outside the homes and parishes, laden with Lenten foods. Some might feature humble offerings like *caramelo* and cold water. Others offered more festive fair like *pansit* and *alpajol,* a confection of sweet kamote cooked in coconut. As implied by its name, anyone could partake of the *caridad.* Across the Pasig, the rowdy menfolk of Quiapo celebrated Good Thursday with a Parade of their own *Nazareno.* Their festivity was different from the genteel procession of heirlooms in Intramuros. The Quiapo procession has since then been moved to Holy Monday. ▷

The sonorous toning of bells (muffled by hammers wrapped in rags) ended the celebration of Hueves Santo. On this evening, the bells of Intramuros pealed for the last time before they again came alive on *Sabado de Gloria.* In Paete, Laguna, a truly moving and awe-inspiring procession took place on the evening of Maundy Thursday. The Paeteños were always regarded as excellent wood carvers. Their skill as artisans was praised even by the Spanish. The evening of Maundy Thursday was marked by a procession of santos so ingeniously constructed that they actually moved. It was not unusual to behold the Stabat Mater raise her handkerchief to her eyes, or the Kristo hang his head in death. (The santos have been



RICKY Z. FRANCISCO



1982 BIEN S. BAUTISTA, Chroma

Within and beyond city limits, penitents, such as the one above, carry their crosses as a vow made to petition the reform of a wayward son, the recovery of a daughter from disease, the case of a sick mother.

passed down to younger generations and the procession still marks the Maundy Thursday rites in Paete.)

Viernes Santo forbade any vehicles in the street. If you had to leave your house, you walked attired completely in black. The Spanish Guards were said to have roamed the streets with the muzzles of their guns pointed to the earth.

At 1:00, families hied off to church to listen to an agonizingly long sermon on the *Siete Palabras.* If you were sick and couldn't go, you stayed home and read from pamphlets like *Ang Pitong Wica ni Cristo sa Cruz na Dapat Pag-Gunam-Gunamin Nang Cristiano Upang Ding MagCamit Nang Magandang Camatayan.* The pamphlet was written by one Crispulo Trinidad in 1887. It admonished in archaic prose.

"Icao ay tumulad sa Poon mong Diyos na dumadalanging patawaring lubos yaong sa caniya i cusang nagdudulot niyaong camatayan at madlang pag-ayap."

It was believed however, by the old folks, much better for your soul if you attended an actual sermon. Those who remember say that one had to sit through three restless hours to listen to sermons full of references to hell and damnation.

The churches of Malolos in Bulacan went a step further with their Siete Palabras sermon. At exactly 3:00 in the afternoon, a great stone was rolled about in the belfry in imitation of thunder, the church lights would go on and off to effect lightning – and wonder of wonders – the Image of Christ would drop its head in an eerie imitation of death. Then two men dressed as Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea would take the image down, wrap it in a blanket. Christ the crucified was now the *Santo Entierro.*

The dead Christ was venerated too in Intramuros. In fact the *Procesion del Santo Entierro* was the only procession organized and participated in by the Governor General himself. Such a procession recorded in the late 1800s featured 350 soldiers led by civil guards on horseback, three music bands, countless *colegiales,* twenty tableaus of the passion, two choirs chanting the *Miserere* and *Stabat Mater,* and the Governor-General himself. The procession began and ended in the Santo Domingo church. Late at night, in Quiapo, another very different procession was held, this time in honor of the *Virgen de Soledad.* There was no chanting, no gorgeous images or great personages. Only people moving silently under the summer moon. Aptly, the rite bore the name *Procesion del Silencio.* And how fitting that it should precede the glorious re-awakening of *Sabado de Gloria.*

Black Saturday was never black in Intramuros. To the pealing of the bells, children would jump up in the air, babies would be tossed in the belief that it would hasten growth. The city came alive again with the bells – and the disappearance of *Bacalao.*

Early on Easter Sunday, the loveliest of the Lenten rites would be enacted. The *Salubong* featured the virile, risen Christ, swathed in white, holding his banner of triumph and accompanied by his men reunited with his sorrowing mother and her women. Under a giant heart erected in the church Plaza mother and son would meet. The heart opened, a child dressed as an angel would come out, and to the glorious intonation of the *Regina Coeli,* the angel would descend to lift the sorrowing mother's black veil. Underneath the towering images, the men and women danced and sang. The old *hermanas* and *hermanos* would surely be shocked by Nick Joaquin interpretation of the *Salubong* as a Fertility rite. To them it must have been nothing more than a visualization of the eternal promise of resurrection.

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1982 BIEN S. BAUTISTA, Chroma

A penitent never fails to attract the attention of both local and foreign tourists.

AS OPPOSED TO THE LOVELY RITES of *Santa Semana* in old Intramuros, the folk rituals seem eerie and almost pagan.

To re-tell and then, to re-enact the passion were the purposes of the *Pabasa,* the *Senakulo,* the *Penitensiya,* the *Moriones.* All of these folk rituals have roots in the Lenten tradition of Spain and Mexico. Undoubtedly, these were invaluable teaching aids used by the friars to spread the new faith. But through the years, they have been reduced to expressions of folk-mysticism.

Holy Week brings to most lowland towns the Pabasa. On makeshift altars, Christ's passion is recalled in the plaintive chanting of Mariano Pilapil's *Kasaysayan ng Pasion Mahal ni Hesukristong Panginoon Natin,* a work supposedly written in 1814 by a native priest named Mariano Pilapil. It was based largely on an earlier work by Gaspar Aquino de Belen.

Although popular tradition has it that the *Pasyon* was introduced by the Spaniards in the early 18th century, it is also true that the early Filipinos had their own version of the *Pasyon* in the regional epics. Padre Chirino, the historian wrote that the religion of the natives "was preserved in their songs which they know by heart." These "barbarous songs related fabulously the main deeds of their goods, the creation of the world, the origin of the human race . . . . and a thousand other absurdities."

What the Spanish Friars actually did was to replace the "barbarous songs" with their own pasyon. The "absurdities" became a sacred re-telling of the death of Christ.

The *Pabasa* has changed little. The archaic poetry of Pilapil is still chanted in *tagulaylay,* a style of recitation that best approximates a slow, mournful dirge.

To the young urbanite whose knowledge of the Passion is based on *Godspell* and *Jesus Christ Superstar,* the *Pabasa* might be a frightfully boring experience. As one will find out as he listens, the intonation does not change at all. And even the poetry is unintelligible.

"Ay langit, langit na maitim
ibababa ka na namin
ang namatay ay nagbilin
Huag daw siyang lilimutin
sa Diyos natin iaalay,.
Kaluluwa ng Namatay."

In the province of Quezon, the *Pasyon* is the subject of an amusing oral joust called the *Tapatan.* The contestants commit the *Pasyon* to memory and when Holy Week comes around, the Tapatan is held. One pair is stationed in the second floor of a house, their challengers in the garden. The object of the game is for the pair to go up the home by answering the verses put to them by the first pair. One mistake from the second pair and it's back to the garden. The reward is a merienda that waits upstairs. (Sometimes, the merienda has to wait till morning. Pilapil's work is also known as the *Pasyong Genesis* because it begins with the creation and ends with the Virgin's ascension.)

Senakulo, the dramatization of the passion also has its roots in the Pilapil work. The Senakulo is still a vital part of the Lenten rites in Bulacan, Pampanga, Bataan, Rizal, Quezon, Camarines and Laguna. Occasionally, urbanites get a chance to see a *Senakulo* when a local TV station decides to air one on Maundy Thursday.

The *Senakulo* is a stylized presentation. The steps are measured, the dialogue is stilted. The characters have no depth. An effeminate Jesus has his head tilted weakly to one side, as do Mary and all the other *Banal.* When they ▷

speak it is with a slow, prolonged *punto*. Christ's being the slowest and meekest. When they walk onstage, the band accompanies them with a mournful *ponebre*. Herod, Pilate, Caiaphas and the *Hudyos* are loud vulgar characters whose entrances are heralded by pop tunes. The telon that mark the scene changes are flat and one dimensional. Costumes are based on the velvet robes of church Santos and current modes. The comedy which is always presented by the Bad characters, is slapstick. And to top it all, the "direktor" is omnipresent and all too visible, shouting directions and cuing the band with his whistle. There are even episodes never mentioned in the Bible, such as the comic interlude provided by the potter whose land was bought by the Pharisees with the money that Judas returned, or the romantic courtship of Mary Magdalene by Boaverges. What's more a *Senakulo* performance may begin early in the evening and end during the wee hours of the morning.

All in all, the *Senakulo* strikes the city dweller as a mish-mash of traditional and pop-culture. And yet the poetry is of a distinct vintage.

Maria: O bunso kong sinisinta
Paraluman niyaring ina
Iyang mabigat mong dala
ako na ang magdurusa
ng ika'y guminhawa
kaginhawahan kong tunay

Jesus: Ina, ay pagtiisin mo
itong madlang dalita ko
di maitulot sa iyo
Ito'y utos ng Ama ko.

Perhaps the most popular of all Lenten dramatizations is the Moriones of Marinduque. The *bida* is Longinus the one-eyed centurion. who pierces Christ's side with his spear, regains his sight, is converted and then beheaded by his peers when he refuses to denounce his faith.

Unlike the *Senakulo*, the *Moriones* is stated about town. The show begins on Holy Wednesday and ends on Easter Sunday when Longinus is chased about the town by the other centurions. Thrice he is caught and thrice he escapes. On the fourth time, he is beheaded and his body is carried about the town.

To tourists, the rite is indeed attractive. Mummery always is. The pink scowling mask, complete with eyebrows knitted in rage, gritted teeth, and Roman nose is complemented by the centurion costume straight out of a De Mille production. Only the brown legs sticking out of the short skirt gives away the mummers true identity. There is evidence that the Moriones is Hispanic in origin. It might have been brought from Mexico by a Jesuit after 1859. Nobody can argue about the fact that the pageantry is distinctly Filipino.

If the *Moriones* is probably the most popular of all Lenten rites, then the rite of the *Penitente* must be the most feared. Flagellation has long been discouraged by the church because of the religious fanaticism it arouses.

Yet the *Antipo*, the rite of the Penitente has survived in the Philippines. Again, the custom of self-flagellation was a Spanish import.

In the ancient days in Spain, there were two classes of penitents. The *disciplinantes de Luz* or torch-bearing penitents who flagellated themselves so that their blood spattered all over their white robes. To cleanse onself from sin in this way called *"jabonadura"* or, literally, a "soaping." For the jabonadura, the motto was "tis with blood that the letter enters."

In the 16th century, a Franciscan, Fray Pedro de Alfaro was recorded to have stripped himself to the waist, hung a heavy rope about his neck and borne a huge wooden cross. The sacrifice was made in behalf of an excommunicated Spaniard who refused to repent. The wayward man reformed soon after seeing Fray Alfaro. But it was upon the *Indios* that Alfaro's example had most effect.

The *Penitente* wears only red pants and a bandana over his face. Over this bandana is worn a crown of leaves – both which conceal the identity of the penitent. The sacrifice is made on bare feet and under the searing sun of Holy Wednesday and Maundy Thursday. The *Antipo* begins at the church or town cemetery where the *magkakadlit* incises the penitents back with a blade or sliver of glass. The penitent thus begins his journey through the town, beating himself with a lash that he has made himself. To a piece of abaca he attaches several bamboo sticks. When swung, the bamboo sticks tinkle melodiously belying the pain that they inflict on the penitent's back.

The journey takes the penitent to the Fourteen makeshift Stations where the *Pasyon* is chanted at each station, the penitent prostrates himself to pray.

The Filipino has taken to this bloody method of absolution. The extreme is reached when a man will actually have himself nailed to a cross on Good Friday.

The tourist who observes these folk-rites will probably turn away, struck by the novelty and quaintness of these rites. No one can claim that the folk rites are thoroughly Catholic.

But the underlying motivation behind these folk rites is the *Panata*, a vow made to God for the reform of the wayward son, the deliverance of a daughter from disease, the healing of a mother. It is the simple folk's bargain with God. The Penitente who has himself nailed to a cross, the farmer who forsakes his plow to don the costume of Peter, the market vendor who sets up a *Pasyon* station and feeds the readers, the calloused laborer who dons a short skirt and a mask – all are fulfilling their panata with the Kristo whom these same rites have made familiar and real.

* * *

WHAT IS THE FATE OF THE FOLK-RITES? Some, like the *Moriones*, have become tourist attractions. Others like the *Senakulo* and the *Pasyon*, are slowly losing out to more urbane lenten fare. On a lazy Holy Week afternoon, one is more likely to sit through a re-run of Father Patrick Peyton's Rosary Hour or "The Robe" Recently, "Jesus Christ Superstar" influenced a whole crop of Tagalog musicals with gay Herods and afro-ed angels. Downtown, all the moviehouses show movies with "biblical themes" from "Sodom and Gomorah" to "The Last Days of Pompeii".

Holy week also finds Manila emptied of crowds. Good Friday has the streets decongested of traffic for once in the year. Where is everybody? Up in Baguio, where Holy Week is celebrated by Manileños as a period of *pasyalan* at any of the city's parks. But theirs is a *panata* of a very different sort.

Maybe, these too herald the beginning of new rites and rituals for modern Filipinos.

PHILIPPINE EAGLE



Can it be saved from extinction?

by Estella Careon

Conservationists are optimistic the endangered Philippine eagle population can be maintained.

But increasing their number – now estimated at about 300 – is still a big question mark, says Dr. Robert Kennedy, director of the fledgling Philippine eagle conservation program.

Uncertainty about the eagle's population growth is understandable.

For one thing, the Philippine eagle, "one of the rarest of all birds" and "second largest in the world," continues to be hunted senselessly. For another, their traditional habitat in Luzon, Samar, Leyte, and Mindanao, is fast disappearing due to illegal logging and conversion of forest lands into agricultural areas.

A third drawback is the eagle's odd breeding habits: they nest only once every two years and lay only one egg each nesting period.

Thus, despite the program's efforts to preserve the Philippine eagles in the wild and help breed them in captivity, they have remained high on the list of most endangered Philippine fauna species.

The program, begun by the late General Charles Lindbergh in the early 70s, is being continued by the Haribon Society in collaboration with Films and Research for an Endangered Environment, Ltd., the World Wildlife Fund, and the Bureau of Forest Development. (Haribon is an acronym for *haring ibon*, the Pilipino term for king bird.)

The program maintains a captive breeding station in Baracatan in Davao where it keeps seven birds, with two pairs for potential breeding.

The birds in the program's keep were all illegally captured and turned over to the station, explains Dr. Kennedy. As a matter of policy, the program does not pay for bird acquisition since this will encourage more extensive hunting of the already rare eagles.

Of utmost concern to the program is the breeding of Philippine eagle in captivity.

Late in October, the Baracatan Captive Breeding Station was all agog when one of its female birds, Luyag, was observed to have laid an egg after two weeks of increased nesting activity with a male eagle, Jing-Jing.

Unfortunately, the egg was found shattered a day later.

Observers at the station believed the egg was not fertile since no successful copulation was noted, although this may have been missed or conceived at night, says Dr. Kennedy.

At any rate, he adds, "if a second egg is produced, we will remove it and place it in an incubator."

Philippine eagles build nests on epiphytic ferns or orchids growing 90 to 200 feet on trees as high as 120 to 200 feet. Nesting period takes from 105 to 154 days, with the incubating period lasting 60 to 61 days. The male helps in incubating the egg when not gathering food for the female.

Breeding season starts in September, reaching its peak in December. As explained by Dr. Kennedy, the shortening of daytime in December probably stimulates mating. And contrary to common belief, Philippine eagles mate in or near the nest and not on flight.

Compared with other Philippine birds, the eagle has a longer life span. A zoo in Rome had one that survived for 41 years, according to a summary of Philippine eagle biology released by the Haribon Society.

With a wing span of 6.5 to 7 feet and weighing 4 to 8 kilograms, the Philippine Eagle is second only to the Harpy Eagle, said to be the biggest in the world and found only in South America. Both have the same habitat, tall trees in virgin forests.

Conservationists say the old name by which the Philippine eagle is more popularly known – Monkey-eating eagle – is actually a misnomer. For the eagles feed mostly on flying lemurs, palm civets, rufuous hornbills, snakes, and reptiles. Only three per cent of their diet consists of monkeys.

Besides, the grisly description does not sit well in the designation of the Philippine eagle as the national bird.

JUDGING A BOOK BY ITS EDITION

by Nini Yarte Barone

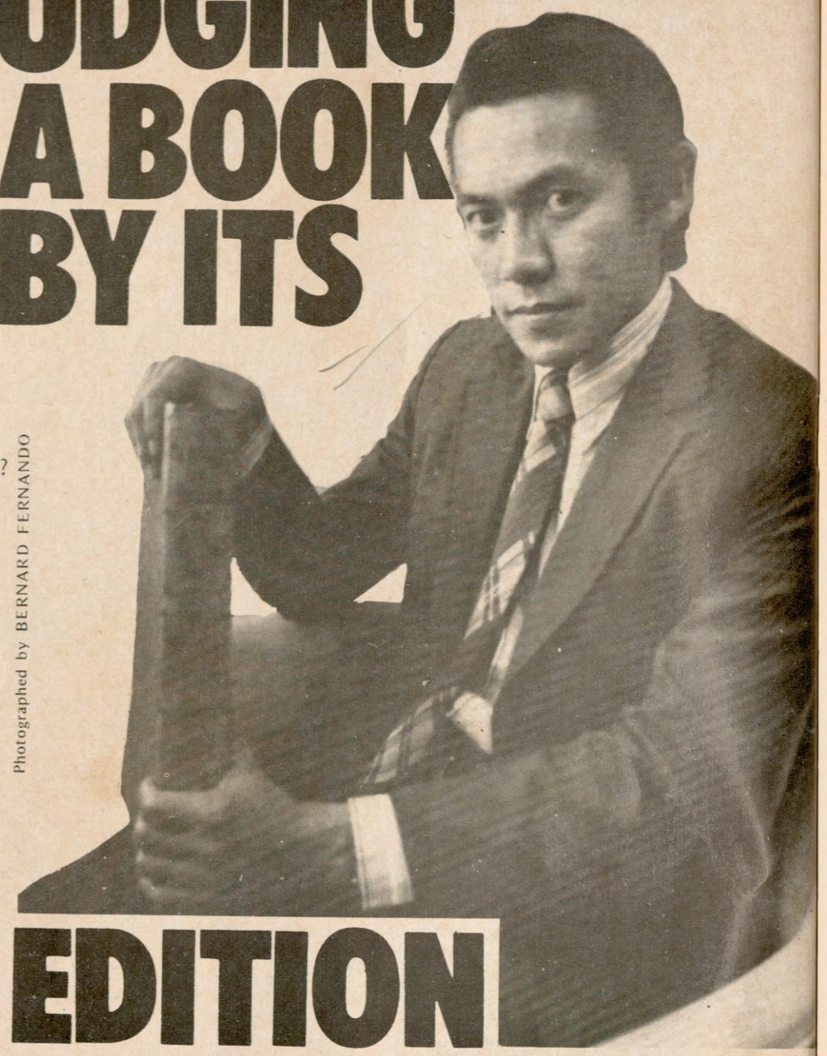
What does one collector say to another? The odder it is, the better?

Indeed, how can one explain the ubiquitousness of miniature pianos in the home of Ingrid S. Santamaria, the manic bottle hunt of Gilda C. Fernando, the fascination of Nicanor Tiongson with old Philippine costumes, the incantation of Lui de Vera over her tankas, and the embarrassment of a bibliophile when asked if he has read all the books he has collected?

It is, in fact, the bibliophile which cuts the oddest figure among this circle of quaint hoarders. Rather than settle for a paperback edition which is available nearly always at the corner bookstore, they prefer to lose their heads scavenging for the best edition of their favorite book which is nearly always scarce. And once found, the cherished book is placed lovingly on the shelf with its overjoyed owner reading no more than one or two of its pages. The difference between the regular bookworm with his well-thumbed paperback and the eccentric booklover/collector is obvious enough.

British art historian Lord Clark, himself a bibliophile, may have conceded that the love of reading is no doubt a more admirable endowment which a paperback can satisfy and that to love a book for its appearance alone is perhaps a piece of foppery but that is not his final word on the subject. He is quick to add that to look for a favorite book in a fine edition is surely a legitimate expression of love and "to see on one's shelves a row of beautifully bounded and printed books is a proper source of pleasure." This elderly gentleman whose caper it was to rummage in antiquarian bookshops at a time when there was at least one in every London county now ruefully says, "Like so many other pleasures, it is now almost unattainable." That old bookshops are now disappearing both saddens him and infuriates him. As a consequence, he is indignant about the manner today of buying books from specialized catalogues, posted from accommodation addresses in the country. "I never bought a book in that way," he grumbles and, thus, has announced

Photographed by BERNARD FERNANDO



"The idea of collecting involves a certain degree of selfishness," says Cid Reyes, painter/art critic/bibliophile, here holding a copy of an extremely rare book, "Chronicas de la Apostolica Provincia de San Gregorio en las Islas Philipinas" (printed in Manila in 1741).

that since the practice arose, "I have ceased to be a book collector."

Closer to home is a small, loose cabalistic band of bibliophiles in the Philippines among whom there is probably none so discriminating as Lord Clark when pursuing an edition after his own heart. Nonetheless, the rarity of editions in their libraries can probably be matched by the rarity of their breed in the country. Meet two of them — Anding Roces, who likes to call himself a veteran correspondent in the battle of the sexes, has long been afflicted by the disease that the art of book collecting can become; and Cid Reyes who caught the virus during his five-year residence in London, coming back with a collection which, he says, is extensive enough

for him to have lost count of the inventory and to continuously require additional shelves.

The fleamarket on Portobello Road, an institution in London, was where Cid would head for every Saturday during his stay in that country. "The road is a long, long strip in West London and it is covered with stalls upon stalls of all sorts of antiques. Just walking and browsing on this enchanted street of antique paradise is pure pleasure in itself. A pleasure derived not so much from the idea of purchasing something as from being in the midst of such luxurious objects, a cornucopia of the most beautiful objects gathered in this strip of road," rhapsodizes this painter and art critic.

The idea came from Bencab, a longtime resident of London, who showed Cid his rare Filipiniana collection. Actually, an inspiration like Bencab's collection was all that he needed to get himself into organized collecting. Partly because he has always been some sort of a book collector since his student days in La Salle where, at one time, he edited the school's literary organ, **The Horizon.** He would, he relates, ransack the newsstands along Rizal Avenue, Carriedo, and Quiapo areas, especially the newsstands near Hollywood theater along Azcarraga. "You'll be surprised to find out that these newsstands can bring out a lot of collector's items. Of course, most of them are in paperbacks. To be honest about it, Bencab should never have shown me his collection. In effect, I became, inadvertently, a competitor. There's something innately selfish about collectors. The idea of collecting involves a certain degree of selfishness," he confesses.

There is a limit to what Cid will confess, but on a good day he can come close to letting on the sources of his acquisition. Collecting Filipiniana, according to him, is not a matter of getting a plane ticket to London, Paris, or Amsterdam, and proceeding to the nearest antiquarian bookshop, and asking, I'd like to have a copy please of the first edition of Jose Rizal's **Noli Me Tangere.** It isn't that at all. These books just surface every now and then and if you're lucky to be there at the right time, you get it. Otherwise, your trip would have been all for naught," he warns.

The right way to do it is to proceed to the nearest library, consult the bibliography at the back of books and from there, he says, you can get a listing of Filipiniana books. "You'll be surprised to know that some of the titles are titles you've never heard of. If you go to a bookstore, you don't ask, 'Do you have this particular title? ' You ask, 'Do you have any books on the Philippines? ' Among the British dealers, it's very deflating sometimes to come across a few who are not familiar with the Philippines. As you very well know, the Philippines had very little to do with the British. We're not India, for instance, or Hongkong. Sometimes they ask, 'Is that part of America? ' " Thus he has found himself patiently explaining to the curious Occidentals the Philippines' place in the world map. But everything becomes worth it when a precious book turns up, leaving Cid with heady excitement. So far, the most precious in his posession is the Gironiere book, **Twenty Years In the Philippines.** "There's the French edition of that book, there's the American . . . what I have is the British edition. It is precious to me because there's a small story to it. I must also add that collectors sometimes value the event or circumstances surrounding the acquisition of a book. For instance, you might have acquired a rare and expensive book via a catalogue but that book would not mean as much to you as a book which you found in a flea market in Portobello Road on a wintry Saturday morning. Well, I chanced upon this bookseller in Portobello, this is one of those itinerant vendors — something like a man with a *kariton* — who sell books. This is the beauty of it: I mean, as with any art collector, you browse through dusty art basements in the faint hope of discovering a missing Rembrandt or a small Watteau painting; the same is true with a booklover. You browse through a mountain of books which this man with a kariton sells hoping to find some rare and delicious edition of a Gironiere and, I did, that wintry, gray morning. . . and the sun shone more brightly than ever!" He adds that some of these books can be quite expensive especially if one acquires them from the expensive shops along St. James'. Luckily, he found that practically every street in London has a cozy little bookshop tucked around somewhere and "these are usually the places where, if you find a beautiful Filipiniana book, you can have it for a song."

If Cid marvels a little too much at these old books, blame it on his artistic eye from which a thing of beauty cannot escape: "Some of these Filipiniana books have covers which are works of art all by themselves. And then, of course, one simply cannot discount that beautiful feeling of intimacy which one can feel from holding a book printed during the 17th century."

Where but in the old centuries can one find, as standard features of books, gold-embossed illustrations on cloth-bound covers! Among Cid's collection, for instance, at least 75 per cent has gold-embossed drawings on the covers. Some samples: **Hongkong To Manila And the Lakes Of Luzon In The Year 1856** by Henry Ellis (published in London, 1859) features two *sabungeros* and their cocks framed in gold and flowery border; **A Visit To The Philippine Islands** by Sir John Bowring (London, 1859) shows a gold-embossed figure of a Tagala wearing a loose camisa, with a *scapularyo* slung over her shoulder and a *bilao* of fruits on her head, against a deep forest green cloth cover; **The Philippine Islands** by John Foreman (New York, 1899), a gold-embossed figure of a buxomy Filipina clad in midriff camisa and checkered *patadyong*, balancing a big *palayok* on her head, against a marine blue hard cover.

Cid further says that there are books which he feels are standard collector's items. These are books by Dean Worcester, Gironiere (this pamphlet-size book with a Price One Shilling — about P.60 — stamped on its cover now fetches as much as P2,000 in the market); others who specialize on ethnological books would have in their library books by Cole, Garvan, Kroeber, Laura Benedict and Kane. Cid adds that even in a small field of Filipiniana collection, "There is subdivision of interests. There are collectors who collect only historical books dealing with the history of the country. There are those who deal in Spanish books and still others who deal only in Spanish-American war books. Aside from the Gironiere book, those by Fedor Jagor, John Bowring, De Morga, Frederick Sawyer, Robert McMicking, Austin Craig, Campbell Dauncey, and other turn of the century writers are considered highly-priced." ▷

Explaining how these books are priced in the market, Cid says: "Obviously, the prices would not be as cheap as when you bought a Harold Robbins paperback. This is a difficult situation in the rare book market in the Philippines. The sources come from abroad. As a matter of fact, the books printed here by the Compania de Jesus Maria and the University of Sto. Tomas printing presses can be acquired in Spain and not here as one would expect. Therefore, what has happened is that it has become a seller's market. For instance, if somebody wants to quote a book, you really have no means of knowing whether it's expensive or just reasonable because you can't go from one bookstore to another to ask what is the going price. A lot depends on the buyer's concept of the book's worth."

A great difficulty in Filipiniana collecting is, indeed, the rarity of materials itself. For example, Cid laments that "whereas santos can be found in practically every house around the country, books are not as easily available because a santo is part of any Christian Filipino home whereas a Filipiniana book of the 17th, 18th, 19th centuries which would be in Spanish, of course, assumes a certain level of literacy. And therefore, you can go to some old house in Bacolod, for instance, and find a beautiful San Roque santo but not find a single Filipiniana book."

It is likely that when one comes across someone who collects old books, one is likely to find that that person is into print and old newspaper collecting as well. "Because," Cid enlightens, "prints, for instance, were used as illustrations for these books and which are very rare these days. So there are times when you get hold of a very old book and you're lucky if the books are intact and the prints not destroyed because what usually happens is that dealers strip the prints from the books. They sell the prints individually and they sell the books separately. That way they make bigger profits."

The oldest in Cid's collection, in fact, is a page from **London Gazette** dated 1696 which makes mention of a Spanish Galleon that departed from Spain to Manila and was given up for lost for several years and has come back. The Gazette called the country Philipinas (with an anglicized ph). "I would think that any Filipiniana collector would have some antique newspaper," Cid relates. "It is an overlooked field of collecting. The nice thing about collecting old newspapers is you feel an immediacy – it's like 200 years from now, one gets hold of a copy of Times Journal or Bulletin Today – there is the feel of immediate intimacy."

Cid concludes that the interest in old Filipiniana books will expand or will be sustained through the years. He points to the book of Gilda C. Fernando (**Turn of the Century**) as a potential catalyst that may encourage a lot of potential rare Filipiniana collectors. As he says, "Her book helps awaken an interest in this fascinating field. Of course, I must mention Bencab for popularizing old Filipino photographs. His paintings are instrumental in this because most of his paintings are based on photographs which can be found in these rare books. Bencab's **Larawan** series is a great booster as far as awakening interest not only in book collecting but also as a rich subject – these colonial images – in Philippine art."

It is characteristic among Filipiniana collectors to swap second copies for a highly-priced print, for instance. And one of those with whom Cid has traded items in his collection is Anding Roces. A lover of books since childhood, Anding admits that much, much more than music and a painting, it is words that move him. He agrees with Somerset Maugham: "Books above everything else should be intended to be read" but disagrees with this English novelist when he once flatly dismissed a finely-produced book as senseless extravagance.

"But I like fancy books," he butts in. Fancy books, by his definition, are those with unusual prints, unusual illustrations, leather binding, and good paper. He has, for instance, an unusual edition of Huxley's **Brave New World.** Published by the Folio Society, the edition wholly represents what contemporary printing is. The cover looks and has the feel of an astronaut suit with prints that read like a computer printout. "Expense has nothing to do with it," adds Anding with a mind to drive home the point that it is the know-how that counts. "Like this edition of Huxley's book . . . the cost is almost the same as when you buy an ordinary copy. What makes it stand out is the expertise that went into it. People in the Folio Society know that each book calls for its own binding, its own presentation, its own print to match its contents. I, for one, do not believe that books should be of uniform size."

Anding has accumulated wealth of approximately a thousand volumes of Filipiniana and the classics. By classics he means the best books written on philosophy and literature, the popular as well as those with underground reputation. A favorite is **The Circus of Dr. Lao** by Charles Finney, a tale of fantasy known only to few. Its message is that the writer/artist has beauty to offer but people do not see it.

A touching footnote to this book is that Anding went out of his way to meet the author and he did. He was a proofreader in a newspaper in Arizona. As Anding relates, "He was a very unassuming person. When I went there to have his book autographed, not even the people working with him knew that he had written a book. When I told them what I went there for, somebody said, 'Did Finney ever write a book? ' . . . yet I believe it's a very good book."

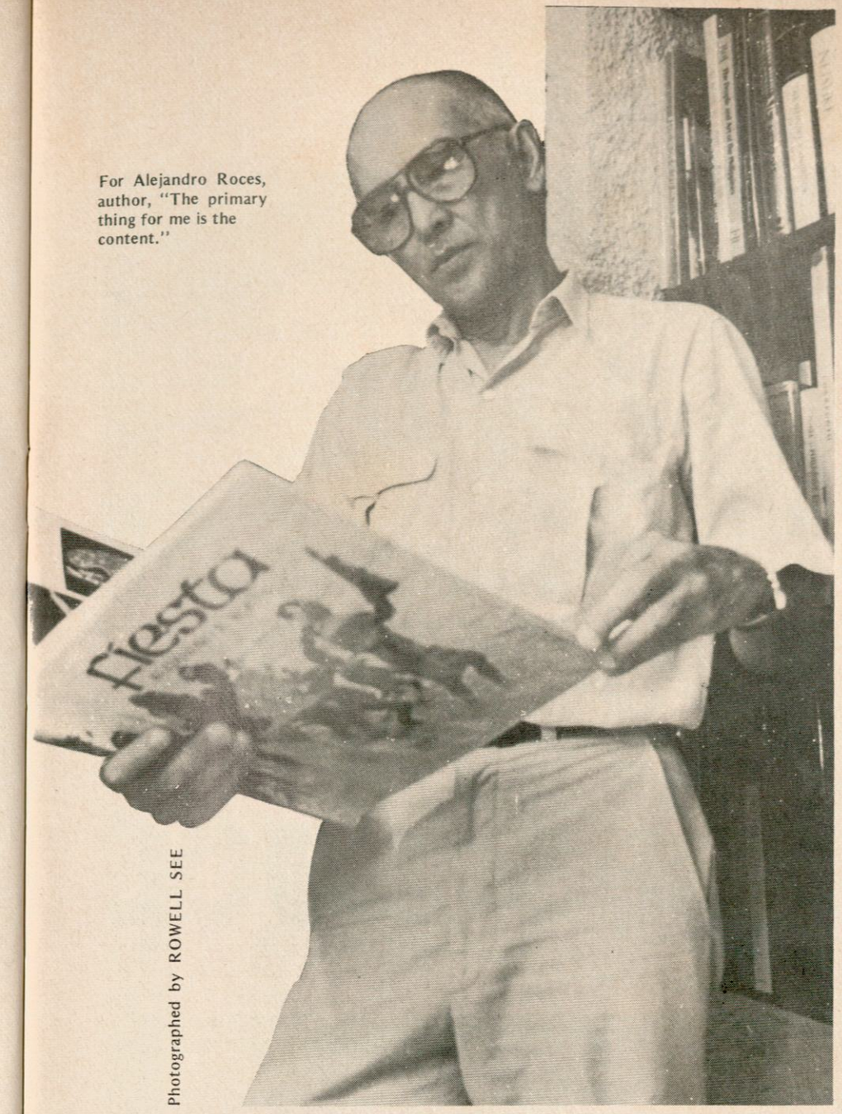
A good book is what a confirmed booklover will always go for, liking it better old and rare – much like the connoisseur of wine. Except for Anding whose Filipiniana collection is not a collection in the sense that it is rare or it is old . . . "but in the sense that it is the most significant written about the Philippines. The primary thing for me is the content. For example, I have the Taiwanese edition of the books by Blair & Robertson. With 55 volumes of these books, you would have the best books written over about us." (Blair and Robertson were the two scholars sent by the American government for the purpose of undertaking the translation of the best books written about us all throughout the hundred years of Spanish colonization. The volumes comprise their compilation. After the war, most of these were destroyed. The surviving copies now fetch a high price in the market for their rarity as well as for their contents.)

So wide and various is the range of Anding's library that running into him is like chancing upon some long, lost parts of history. Never running out of anecdotes to tell, Anding can be referred to as a walking library. He tells about Gironiere, a flamboyant Frenchman who lived in the Philippines for twenty years in the last century. "He exaggerated quite a bit," says Anding, "and he was always dressed a la Robinson Crusoe but he left a lot of influence here. For example, while staying in Jala-Jala in the province of Rizal, he raised pigs. When we established animal husbandry in Los Baños, they crossbred the pigs raised in Jala-Jala with the pigs raised in Los Baños and they called it dark jala – it's a good breed. And if you read his book, **Twenty Years In The Philippines,** it was a best-seller, you will find one of the earliest descriptions of the *turumba* in Pakil.

There were other Frenchmen who came and wrote about the country. One of them was Monsieur La Tundanne who gave his name to a specie of bananas grown here. (So now we know why latundan bananas are called that way.) And there was Monsieur Alfred Marché, an anthropologist. Anding says Marché found many things here which are still exhibited in the museums of Paris to this day. "When Marché was in Palawan," the raconteur starts again, "he described a very big explosion which he heard but could not tell what it was. But when you look at the date, it matched exactly the big explosion in Krakatoa, Indonesia – an explosion so big it reached even the Philippines. He himself was not able to see the connection at the time.

"There was another Frenchman whose book, to the best of my knowledge, has not been translated into English. The author was Joseph Montano and his book is very interesting because it has the picture of a Sultan of Sulu. He was the first Muslim Sultan to be photographed. Montano had a hard time convincing the sultan that he was going to take his picture. It is against Islamic Law to have your picture taken or drawn. So this Sultan argued: 'How can you draw my picture without pencil, pen or brush?' Well, Montano clicked his camera and showed him."

Where best to find these books would be in Europe, principally London. London is where Cid Reyes unearthed volumes upon volumes of valuable chronicles of early Philippine life; the same place where Anding Roces got his stone with a cuneiform writing on it, the oldest among his collection. "London was not destroyed during the war which is why you will find these things there. Besides, you would expect antiquarian books in the old world not in the United States which is only 200 years old," Anding concludes.

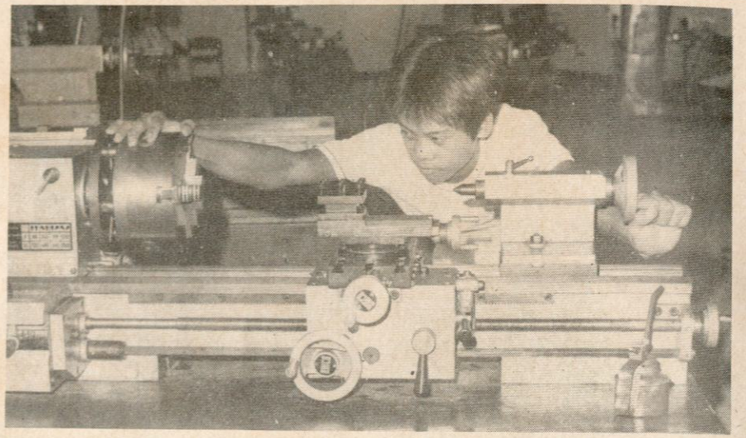


For Alejandro Roces, author, "The primary thing for me is the content."

Photographed by ROWELL SEE

THE NATIONAL MANPOWER & YOUTH COUNCIL

by Victor Almeda



EDUCATION OUTSIDE THE SCHOOL

Adriano Caisip thought he knew all there was to know about farming. After all, he was able to send all four of his children to college with his farm earnings. Yet lately, he had been bothered by pests which attack his crops. He wondered why his neighbor didn't have that problem. Spurred on by his wife, he decided to seek the help of the National Manpower and Youth Council (NMYC) center in the next town in Laguna, just as his neighbor did. He registered under a rice production course and graduated six months later. Only a few years later, Adriano has now doubled his harvest.

Nicanor Ramos already had his own radio-TV repair shop when he decided to take advantage of the Marikina-NMYC's free course on refrigeration and airconditioning. A year later, in 1974, he put up, together with a friend, the RS Electronics and Refrigeration Center. Today, he earns about P25,000 a year..

Adi Delminguez, 39, is a fireman, earning P4,490 a month or six times more than what an ordinary fireman gets. That is because Adi farms, has a poultry business and raises hogs. He got his training in these fields through the NMYC-sponsored course on farm mechanics in his hometown in Pili, Camarines Norte.

Caisip's, Ramos' and Delminguez's are but three success stories of people who sought to improve their stations in life through furthering their education the non-formal way. They are among the 381,931 trainees graduated from the various courses offered nationwide by the NMYC since 1966.

Manpower development as an integrated government program started with the creation of the Manpower Development Council (MDC) by President Marcos on Dec. 8, 1966. It was a tripartite organization composed of representatives from government, industry and labor. On March 19, 1969, Pres. Marcos signed into law Republic Act 5462, the Manpower and Out of School Youths Development Act, creating the NMYC which took over the functions of the MDC. The New Labor Code of the Philippines, promulgated five years later and amended by subsequent presidential decrees, strengthened the NMYC's position as the main government agency for manpower development. On Sept. 5, 1978, Letter of Instruction No. 72 transferred the Council from the Labor Ministry to the Office of the President to establish coordinative linkages with the various entities involved in manpower development.

The Council has two distinct bodies: the Council Proper or the policy-making body composed of cabinet ministers whose agencies are involved in human resource development, and the private sector represented by industry, labor and socio-civic organizations; and the Secretariat which is the implementing arm.

The training programs being offered take on a broad spectrum of activities and aim to ensure the efficient allocation, development and utilization of the nation's manpower, thereby promoting employment and accelerating economic growth. These consist of the following:

- *agricultural skills development program to teach modern agricultural methods
- *industrial skills training program for out-of-school youths and unemployed adults
- *trainor's training program to upgrade teaching skills of instructors with emphasis on the changing industrial situation
- *development of skills for cottage industries
- *managerial and entrepreneurship training to upgrade the management and supervisory skills of foremen and supervisors
- *mobile training program which focuses on countryside development for balanced urban and rural growth and industrial dispersal
- *Batarisan program for Kabataang Barangay members that includes electronics, automotive, mechanics, wood pattern making, food ▷

To promote employment and to accelerate economic growth, the Council's training programs take on a broad spectrum of activities to ensure the efficient utilization of the nation's manpower.

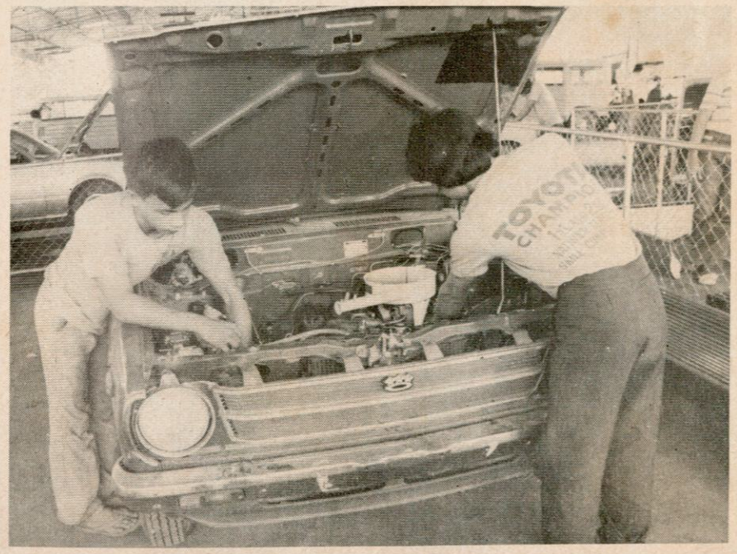
canning, and pottery
- *special programs for specific industries or specific socio-economic groups like:
  - sugar workers training,
  - huk-veterans training program,
  - manpower development program for printing industry,
  - training for rebel returnees in the South and for former draftees

The Manpower Training Program of the NMYC goes beyond skills training courses. The Southern Tagalog regional manpower development office is presently working out a scheme with rural banks and other financing institutions to help training graduates of the region in setting up their own businesses. Aside from the regular fare, courses will also be designed to include lectures on loan acquisition, repayment, savings and capital generation.

Mindanao traditional frontier area is accorded a generous measure of NMYC attention. Aside from the two additional regional manpower training centers (RMTC) to be put up in Cagayan de Oro City and Zamboanga City to supplement the existing RMTCs in Iligan City and Davao City, P72,000 has been appropriated for training projects in the provinces of Agusan del Sur, Agusan del Norte and Surigao del Norte.



Even ethnic minorities like the Dumagats (those at the resettlement area in Quezon province) are beneficiaries. They are now taking a charcoal-making course which is co-sponsored by the PANAMIN and the Ministry of Social Services and Development.



Out-of-school youths and unemployed adults undergo skills training courses, automotive and mechanics, among them.

The Manpower Training Program of the NMYC is ably supported by business and industry, and appropriately so since they are the ultimate beneficiaries of expanded skilled manpower resources. Plants and factories throughout the country have opened up their production lines to double as training grounds. The government has a limited training capability so it is slowly shifting the burden of skills training to the private sector. To encourage more active participation, the government offers incentives in the form of tax rebates to these firms. Article 52 of the New Labor Code, also known as the Tax Incentive Scheme, provides an additional deduction from taxable income equivalent to 50 per cent of labor training expenses incurred, but not to exceed 10 per cent of direct labor wages. Training contracts estimated at US $32.6 million also serve as additional incentives. The government through NMYC will reimburse the participating firm or institution expenses for tuition fees and stipends of its trainees who pass the appropriate test after the training. This will distribute more evenly the cost of training between employers and the government. Still another incentive from the government is technical assistance.

Another component of the government-industry partnership in manpower development is the industry board system. The tripartite group composed of representatives of employers, workers and government promotes manpower development within the industry for which it was established in 1977. At present six industry boards have been organized in the following industry groups: construction (most active with an increase in infrastructure projects and the overseas labor exodus), automotive, apparel and textiles, land transportation, power and electricity, and hotel and restaurant.

Industry boards are the mechanisms by which private industry will be able to actually take over major manpower development functions: research, training and information exchange. Further, these are nonstock and non-profit technical foundations.

Recent graduates of these training programs who have shown the aptitude and the promise were invited to compete in the first National Skills Olympics ▷

jointly sponsored by the NMYC and Delta Motor Corporation in March 1980. It was a test for ability and excellence and a chance for recognition. It aimed to set new standards in technical competence and improve job techniques and skill. From the 42 original participants, the competition attracted 87 skilled workers from all over the country during its third observance this year. Needless to say, it is something the trainees/graduates look forward to.

A recognition given by the Council to former NMYC trainees who have excelled in their jobs was the Laang-bisig Award. This year's lone awardee is Reynaldo Fajilan of Batangas City. He finished a two-month course in pipe welding under a joint training project of NMYC and Engineering Equipment, Inc. (EEI). He landed a job in one of EEI's construction projects in Saudi Arabia right after his graduation. He now gets P2,000 a month basic pay, a far cry from his P350 average monthly earning as gasoline station boy and part-time tricycle driver before he took the training.

Future prospects look bright for NMYC. The Philippine government is now negotiating for a loan from the World Bank to finance a four-year vocational training project starting 1982. The project, which will cost US $40.6 million, will have a target training output of about 76,000 workers consisting of apprentices, adult workers and supervisors. Training courses will initially cover 11 industry subsectors, namely, construction, metals and engineering, automotive, garments, footwear and leathergoods, wood products, hotel and restaurant, coal mining, printing, power and electricity, and land transportation. It will further provide assistance to business and industry in the form of training subsidies. The obvious aim is to support the government's industrial and export thrusts. Aside from training and government assistance to industries, the other components are training facilities, training management, and technical assistance in the form of expert services and overseas fellowships.

The project will also provide for the construction and purchase of equipment of four regional manpower training centers which would increase the national training network to 13 or one RMTC for each region.

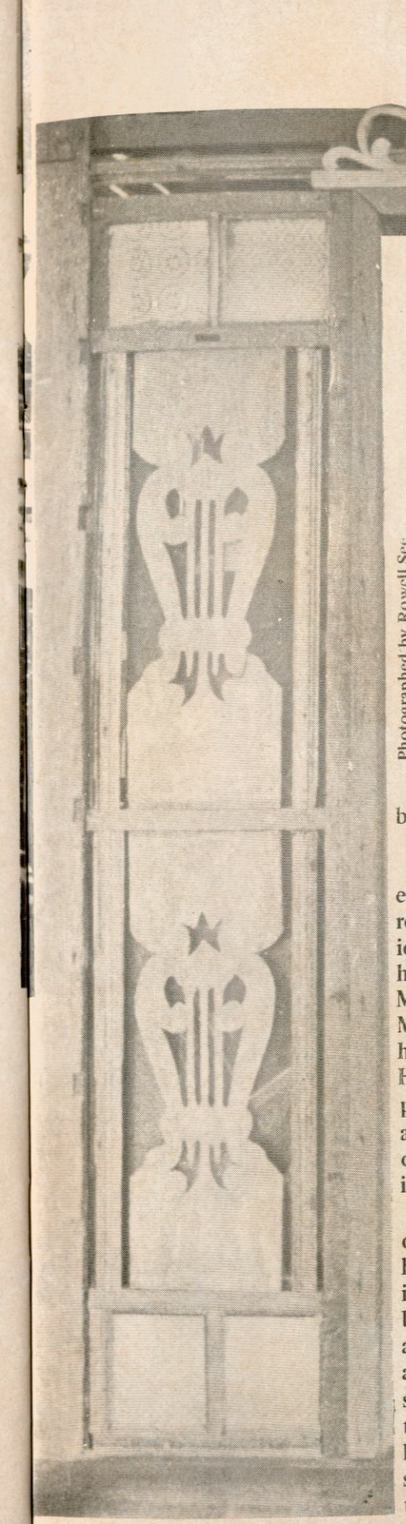
Despite all these incentives for industry support, employers participation in manpower training has been minimal. This may be due to their lack of knowledge on the far-reaching effects of training.

Many of NMYC graduates make it to Saudi Arabia as proof that the Filipino workingman has attained a satisfactory level of technical competence. The free training courses offered by NMYC may have helped to bring this about. But still the scope of its available courses still lags behind the pace set by national plans for industrialization. A massive industrialization campaign as drawn up by Trade and Industry Minister Roberto Ongpin calls for a total overhaul of priorities. The country must first break through its nagging problem: agricultural insufficiency. The Philippines has yet to gain still higher levels of food production to enable the export of food resources. With a strong agricultural base, industrialization can move faster. There has to be, then, an encompassing program for agricultural productivity.

Then again, there are the 11 major industrial projects which will definitely need skilled labor. Importing labor from other countries to man our bid for industrialization would be self-defeating. Manpower training programs should include not only radio-TV repair and welding and dressmaking but a wider range of production. Now more than ever should government, labor and management work in full coordination. If we hope to achieve even just a fraction of our plans, it is now time to gird ourselves with the necessary tools: knowledge, experience and support. Only then can goals in blueprint become a reality.



HERITAGE ART CENTER



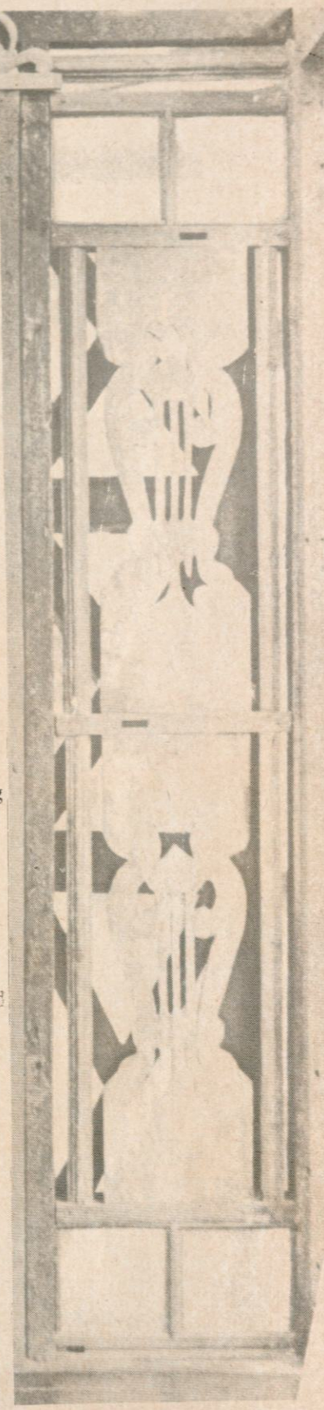
A 'Period' House for the Present

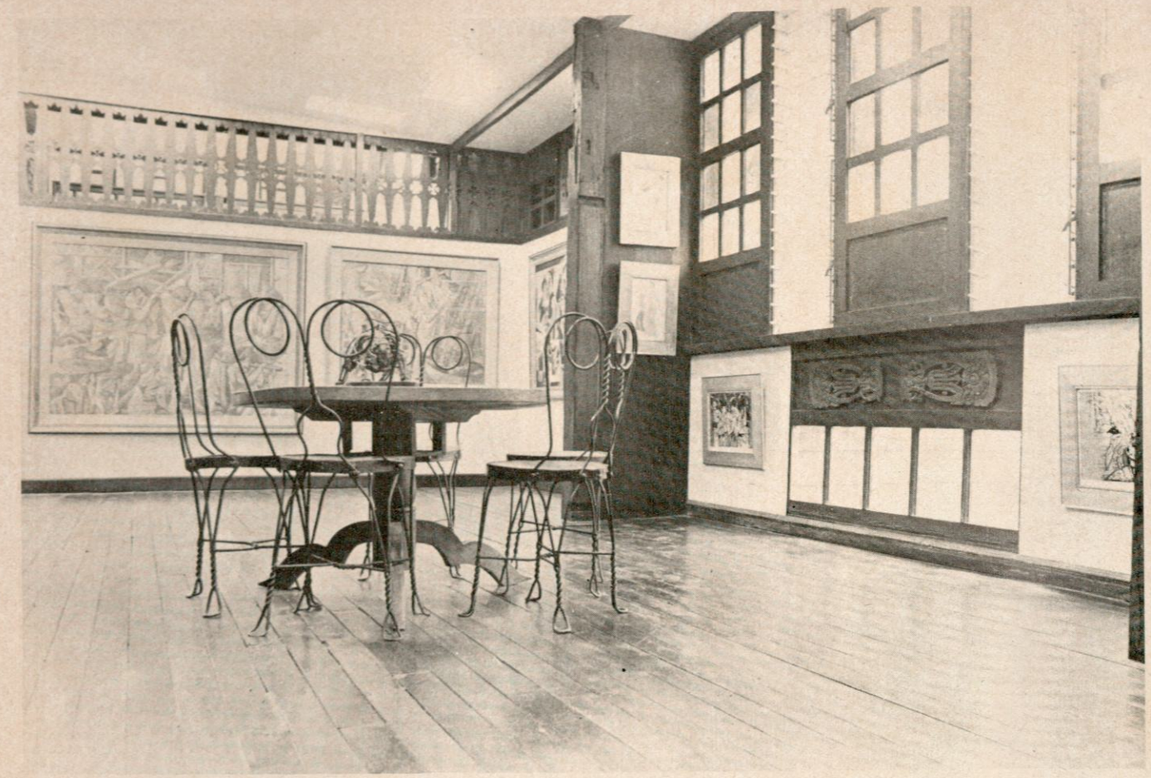
Photographed by Rowell See

by Celso B. Rezaba

From truckloads of assorted antique odds and ends, an old house was transformed into an imposing repository of old world charm and culture. Fashioned out of weather-beaten materials from second-hand lumber stores in Dapitan, Laong-laan, and Maceda streets in Sampaloc, tile roofing from San Miguel Brewery building near Malacañang, and house posts from Binondo, Quiapo, and Vigan, the Heritage Art Center can be called anything but a piece of junk. Interior details and woodwork of period architecture carefully added on to an existing shell of a house have created a unique tribute to Filipino ingenuity and creative talent.

Standing toward the end of St. William Street, off Lantana, the Art Center stands like an ancestral home amid shady trees, and no one would suspect it was only a stone's throw from the hustle and bustle of Cubao. When observed in the half-light of approaching darkness with the narra tree's bare arms hovering over the house, one half expects someone in period costume to walk out, calling for the horse-drawn *caruaje*. Instead one is drawn to a lively ambience, a very contemporary mix of modern shops and studios, and the art gallery which remains the heart of the center.





The second floor of the main gallery blends the old with modern fixtures.

Owned and operated by financial analyst and corporate lawyer Mario Alcantara and his wife, well-known art lover Odette Alcantara, the art center boasts of five shops offering anything from old bells to antique jewelry to the latest coffee-table books on Manansala's nudes. The main gallery and the annex houses a fabulous collection of 6,500 paintings, hung on the walls, stacked in closets and even the bathroom, and other musty little corners of the house.

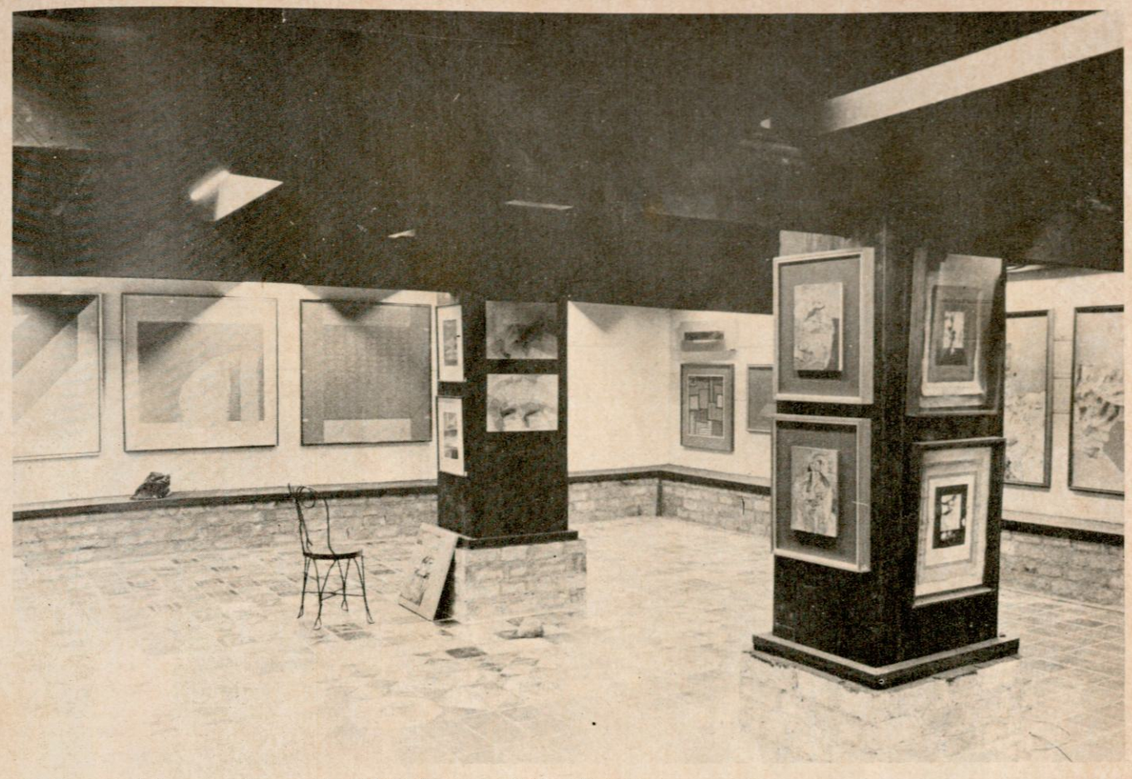
The *Angels and Bells* shop features a wide variety of bells of all types, sizes and shapes, from a giant weighing 1,100 pounds to little tinkerbells, plus a wide choice of icons, woodcarvings, church silver, and unusual angel items. *Angkan Antiques* contains two floors of fine antique jewelry, pottery, furniture, santos, swords and items from Mindanao and Mountain Province. In the *Golden Fleas* shop can be found antique engravings, etchings,

Abueva's "The Galleon," a sculpture in wood, finds a cozy nook amidst rough-hewn adobe walls of the main gallery.



An old portrait in the main gallery recreates the ambience of Old Manila.





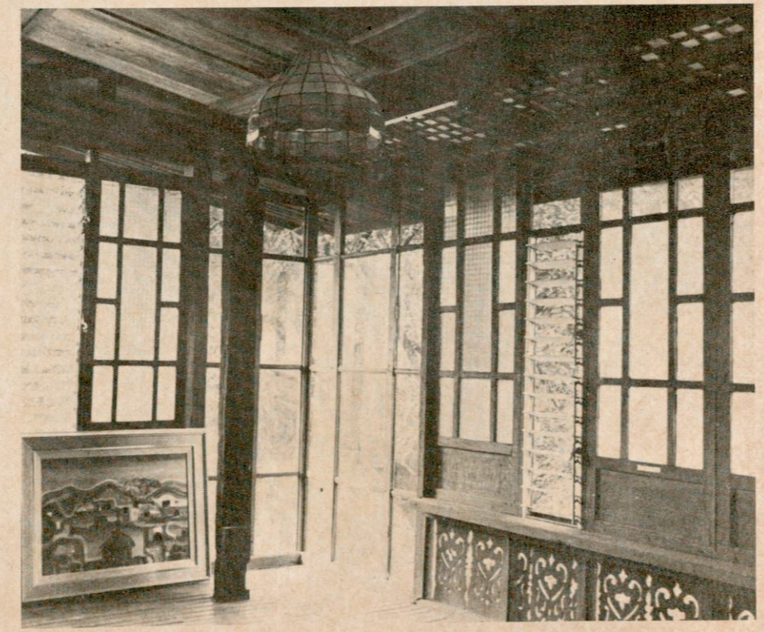
The basement of the main gallery provides additional space for display of art pieces.

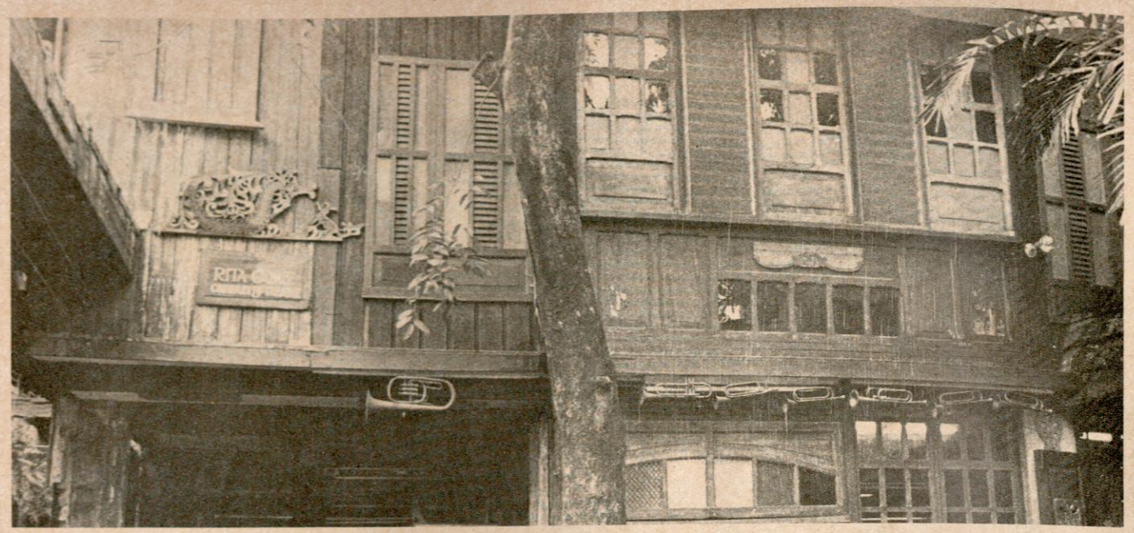
and mezzotints, some of which are 100-250 years old. There are also two floors of *Old Manila Antiques: Nostalgia Frames*. For book lovers, there is the *Bookshop* where one can find precious yellowed books of old as well as contemporary ones by the masters.

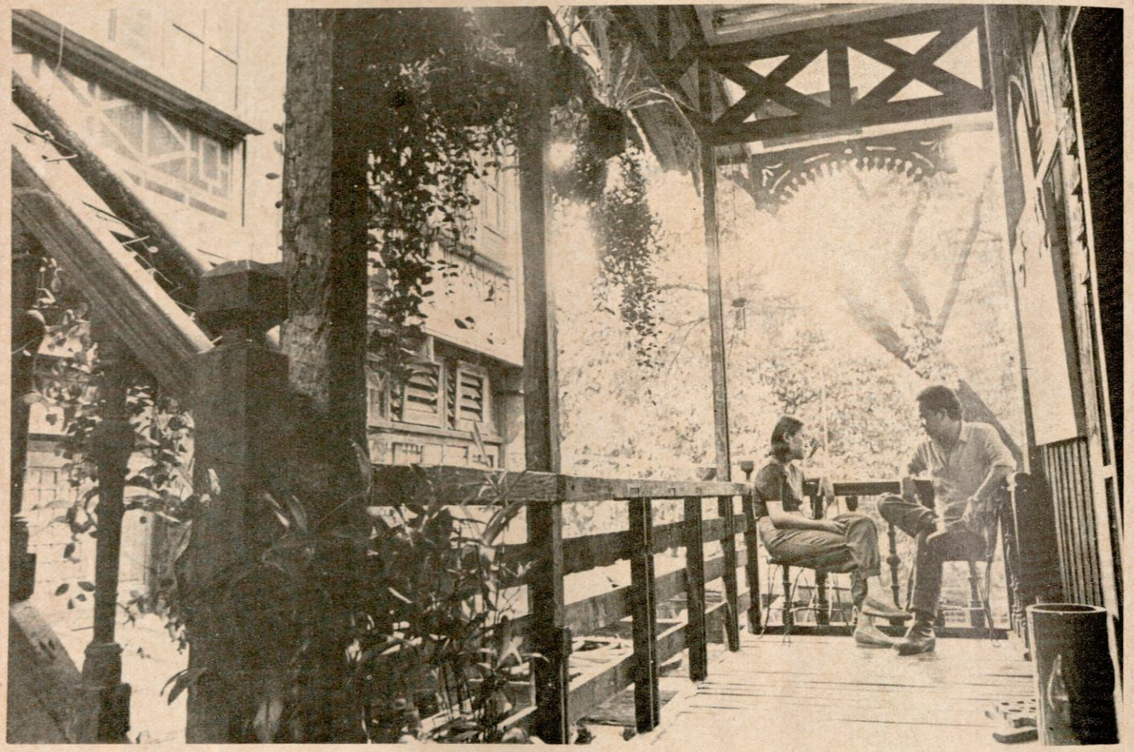
The Manansala Cafe is open to all, for those who want good coffe, a hearty meal and the company of the artists who drop in for a chat. And the most important feature, perhaps unique to the art center, is its community center, a place where artistic groups can congregate and interact. The place has, for a number of times, been converted to a music hall, a venue for symposia and presentations, ballet classes, seminars, writers' workshops. Every so often, theatrical presentations are held in the open courtyard. The center does not charge any rental fee for these.

It was as much dictated by necessity as well as economy for the ▷

The community center beside the "Bookshop" is often the hub of activities: symposia, ballet classes, seminars, writers' workshops.







The courtyard serves as a theater for small drama groups.

A quiet chat in the veranda. Recycled stairway connects main building to annex.

Alcantaras to build the gallery as they did. When the couple opened a gallery in Makati, the yearly escalating rent forced them to move to San Juan where rent was much cheaper. When the old house in Cubao was offered to them, they quickly jumped on the chance to have a place of their own and do away with the problem of rent that has plagued and closed down so many other galleries.

The task of renovating the old house into a functional gallery proved to be a drain on their funds and their energy. They chose to renovate and refurbish the old structure with a seeming collage of finely-aged beams, gas lamps, capiz shell panels, baroque wood carvings, cutwork and *senepa* stained glass windows. After eight months and P250,000, the gallery finally evolved into *the* Heritage Art Center.

When they took off from cosmopolitan Makati to more affordable Cubao, their clientele changed. Now they see a growing profusion of students and art lovers from the middle-income and lower-income groups.

"Art is a unique commodity; it will be pursued. So you don't have to peddle it . . . In an activity as art promotion and art marketing, the place isn't of utmost importance. Art lovers will seek it. It's as natural as the physical law that water seeks its own level," Odette emphasizes. "Young professionals and people from the lower-income group love art as much as the moneyed ones; even more, too," Odette adds with a smile.

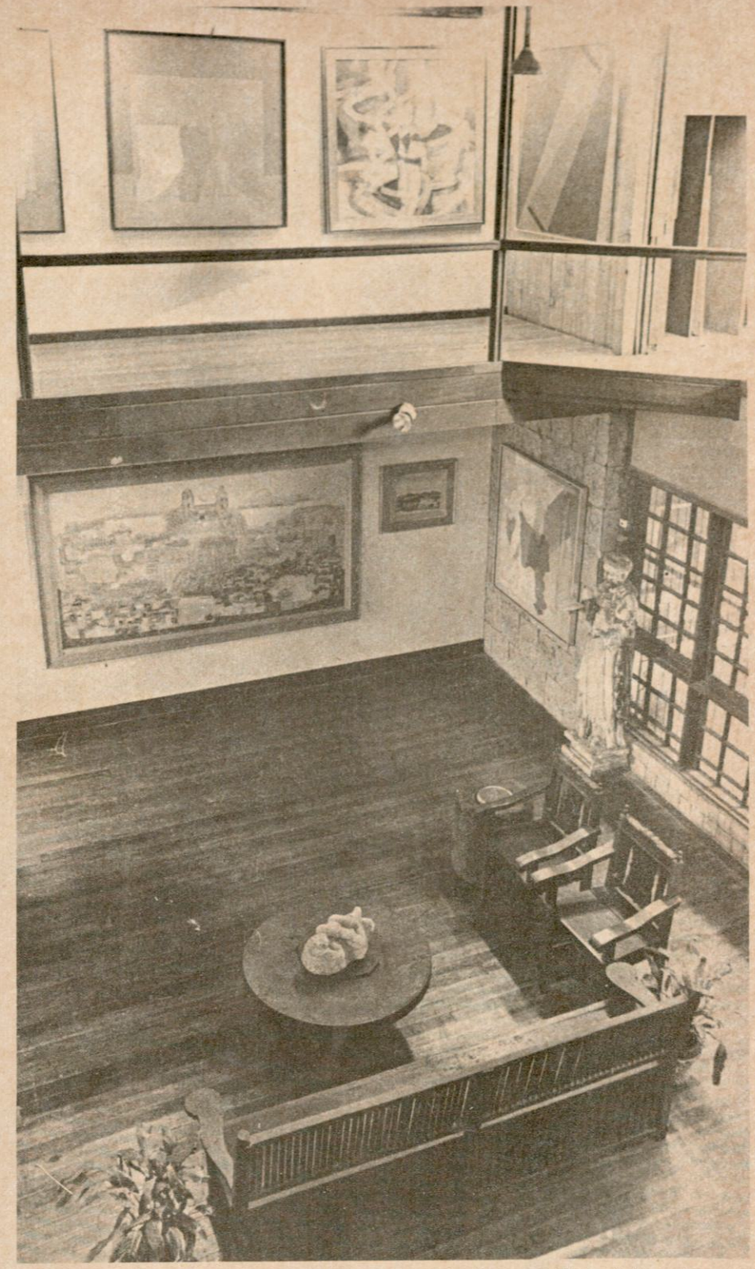
With the influx of the not-so-rich clients came the problem of art acquisition. The Alcantaras thought they had to devise a program where people could acquire art according to their pocketbook. And thus was born the painless or installment plan – a service which Heritage pioneered.

Under the plan, the art lover discusses terms with the gallery. The payment period may span up to 10 installments. "As a general rule, art lovers can be trusted." Odette contends. "It is very difficult for a person who loves art to be dishonest unless his reason for collecting art is purely monetary." Her logic follows, "Art is a commodity of truth. To be an art lover, you have to be a lover of truth. Truthful people don't usually cheat." The assumption has held true except for a few exceptions when some defaulted on their payments.

That art need not be only for the elite seems to be the governing rationale for the business as well as the consuming passion for the Alcantaras when they established the gallery. Such lofty ideals as democratization of art and widening the base of art ownership may only mean so much fluff if it fails as a usable enterprise. The gallery, however, is surviving and taking care of itself. Other galleries who have not yet jumped on the novel idea may take their cue from Heritage's example.

One leaves the gallery looking at the pieces of art and the many paintings with new eyes. The visual feast takes on more meaning and added value when you know that such beauty can now become part of your private life, within reach of even your limited means.

Our earthly treasures can be made of many things that money can buy. But it might as well be art.



Period furniture as well as paintings are showcased in the gallery extension.



PETA: A Theater Alive In The Ruins

A theater for the masses, PETA aims to embody the Filipino sentiments and spirit. Above, a scene from "Si Tatang At Iba Pang Tauhan Ng Aming Dula."

by Noel Litan

For almost four centuries, Fort Santiago was witness to Philippine history in the making.

It was the Fort that first saw the invasion of Spanish conquistadores in 16th century, the Americans in the early 20th century, as well as the Japanese.

In April 1967, however, a different sort of history unfolded within its walls, ravaged by the battles of history. A different breed of invaders besieged the Fort. Cecile Guidote and her friends saw Fort Santiago as a testing ground for an idea. Guidote saw the possibility of a stage in open air, a concept quite different from the conventional theater. Together with Sonny Alvarez and Gene Reyes, Jr., Guidote worked on a proposal and presented the idea to newspaper columnist Teodoro Valencia. Valencia realized the potential of the idea and recommended the plan to the First Lady, Mrs. Imelda R. Marcos. Soon enough, Architect Leandro Locsin began designing the stage in the inner court, adhering faithfully to the concept of multiform theater.

After three months of frantic work, the theater was christened Dulaang Rajah Sulaiman, in honor of the leader of the Mohammedan Malays who first inhabited the area, and its construction heralded the birth of the Philippine Educational Theater Association (PETA).

Visionary Cecile Guidote drew up in one thick volume the blueprint for a national repertory theater. It was a grand vision, though many muttered "grand illusion" under their breath. **Bayaning Huwad (Straw Patriot)** by Virginia Moreno was the inaugural presentation of the new theater in December 1967.

The idea was to foster the growth of Filipino theater which would become an integral part in the cultural life of all Filipinos. Furthermore PETA sought to extend the theater experience for the masses to enjoy. It aimed to embody the sentiments and spirit of the Filipino, and to appeal to the grassroots. At the same time, theater should serve the people's needs by articulating their thoughts, feelings and aspirations.

With Cecile Guidote at the helm, PETA's first few years enjoyed resounding success. Guidote held the rudder and kept PETA on the right direction, and always kept the goal front — to establish a national theater company. Guidote kept herself handy, ready to do anything for the good of the company and for the realization of PETA's goal.

When Guidote moved on, director Lino Brocka took over. "Lino made an organization among the members and in that decision leaders came out among us," says Socy Topacio, PETA's production director.

Brocka does not decide on anything that concerns the whole group without first engaging in a dialogue with the members. In short, PETA from then on was a group effort.

The group has grown into a large organization. There are about 150 members and the group is steadily growing. The CITASA (Central Institute of Theater Arts in Southeast Asia) was also established as the teaching arm of PETA. The company holds summer workshops and trains aspiring artists in different aspects of production.

"The students during the workshop write, score, act, and direct their own play," says one CITASA member.

The Repertory Company, PETA Kalinangan Ensemble on the other hand was formed to develop a well-rounded core of artists committed to producing a repertoire of Filipino plays. Most of its productions through the years witnessed the discovery and growth of new playwrights, actors, actresses, directors, designers and composers who, in a concerted effort, not only fulfill themselves in their art but also take part in the shaping of a truly Filipino consciousness, both of artist and audience, through a dynamic, relevant theater program born and nourished on native ground.

The Metropolitan Teen Theater League (MTTL) is fast becoming the well-spring of future artists of the country. It has a playwrights' committee, and two annual projects: the Metropolitan Playfest and the MTTL convention, all geared towards developing the dramatic sensibilities of high school students. The belief of PETA, which says that the heart of theater is drama in school, is reiterated in the MTTL.

Like the social condition that the company presents to the masses, PETA suffers from the same fate — poverty.

What little money PETA earns is invested in future productions and is thus continuously recycled for funding. The theater seats only 800, more often than not, PETA fortunately ends up breaking even. This is partly due to the commitment of the company to the masses.

A recent production, **Pilipinas, Circa 1907,** was a comparatively bigger production compared to previous ones and the company felt "guilty" about charging the audience P10. PETA isn't used to charging their patrons big amounts. One can even say that PETA's appreciation of the masses' poverty is one factor that keeps it and its goals alive — and up front.

After all, it takes some amount of pride to enable the group to do great things with such meager resources.



Above, "Si Maniko at Ang Higante." Right, a confrontation scene between Fidel Palma (Lino Brocka, right) and Efren Reynoso (Bembol Roco) from Orlando Nadres' "Hanggang Dito Na Lamang at Maraming Salamat."

One can readily notice the minimal resources in PETA's production: props are minimal and stage design is used only to suggest an impression, a feeling, a special dimension. But what effect these things have is clearly enhanced by the sense of history with which Fort Santiago surrounds the audience.

Last year, PETA had three productions. A Tagalog translation of **Galileo Galilei** by Bertolt Brecht, **Hatol ng Guhit na Bilog;** another translation, also from Brecht, **The Caucasian Chalk Circle,** and **Mima, Maskara, Drama,** a theater improvisation.

While other "elitist" theater companies hold their performances at dinnertime at exclusive hotels, PETA brings its plays and themes closer to the grassroots level through their mobile theater. The mobile theater held performances in the streets of Makati last December.

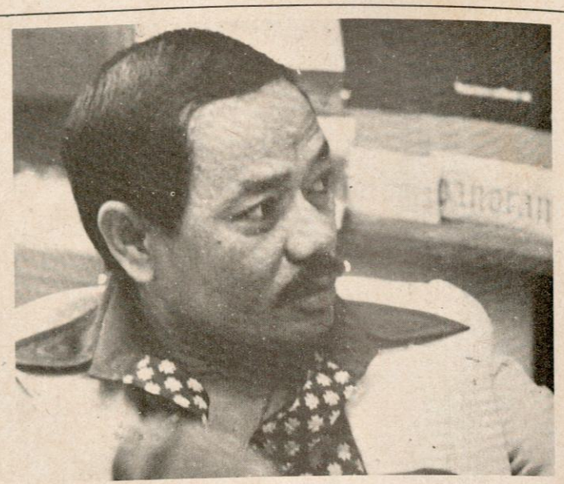


Peti Burgis by Marilou Jacob was presented in March and April, and **America is in the Heart** by Carlos Bulosan is scheduled for 1983.

Faith and belief in its philosophy and principles have continued to bind its members and keep PETA going. It has kept alive one of the more exciting theatrical experiments in the country's cultural history.

THE RETURN OF Ruther Batuigas

AFTER A DECADE of absence from the media, Ruther Batuigas, ace reporter of the police beat, is back at *Tempo*, a daily tabloid published by *Bulletin Today*, as columnist (Bullseye) and chief reporter. He had also missed the punch of the type of reporting he used to do for *Herald* and *Daily Star*, at the time when he hogged the limelight with such crime blockbusters stories as the Lucila Lalu murder case and the Susie Butler kidnapping at Forbes Park. But despite the hiatus, when he concentrated on his own investigation and security office, Batuigas maintained his information network, both in the underground and the established order, one he had built since the 1960s.



These are not casual encounters, he says of his underworld contacts. He had entered their homes and their lives, shared their troubles and bailed them out. He is also acceptable to the military on the other hand and in the same measure.

"All doors are open to me," Batuigas boasts. "I'm one of the few men allowed to attend even the top secret military briefing because they know they can trust me. Actually, in principle, there is no such record that is not open to the press because it is a public record."

He goes by the implicit understanding between media men and the military to withhold stories which will be inimical to someone's security, as in a kidnapping case when the victim is still in the hands of the kidnapper(s). Not all newsmen honor this code, however, and blow the story. But Batuigas says he keeps his seal of silence until the "ripe time" comes. In return, he is given first crack of a story and, should it be necessary, the signal to break it.

"With my return bout, I have opened the eyes of other reporters, even the old-timers," he says. "They need to work harder, otherwise kawawa sila lagi sa akin . . . and you will notice that about 80 per cent of the headlines is mine."

This photo-journalist works 15 to 16 hours a day and has lost four pounds in the process of getting *Tempo* on its feet. He works practically 24 hours as the boys keep him posted around the clock. If he has to, if something breaks at midnight, he will go out and cover it himself.

A sensational story to him is simply "one that other people failed to get or were afraid to get. I get exclusives, so they turn out to be sensational," simply because they are more detailed than those in the other papers. For instance, he points out, who ever wrote about the policeman slapping a newphew of the President? Or the alleged rigging of jai-alai results that led to the closure of the fronton for weeks and the suspension of Spanish pelotari Manuel Pardo, including the revoking of the license of 34 others?

"Many parties had wanted to stop the jai-alai story," Batuigas recounts. "Hindi lang siguro 50 death threats ang natanggap ko since we started it." Even his family was harrassed. "But once I start something I will finish it regardless of the risks. Nobody can stop me. It's either they get me first or . . .

"Besides, I enjoy risky jobs like this. Gusto ko may action. 'Yong palaging medyo may nagagalit sa akin." He has lost count of his brushes with death, but he can tell you, "I have surpassed the life of a cat, if there is such a thing."

There are also those who try the opposite tactic of friendly persuasion. He says he was offered a one-day beneficiary of jai-alai equivalent to about P500,000. "Lalo akong nagalit," he says, especially when he is reminded of the about eight million jai-ali aficionados adversely affected by the alleged rigging of results.

Furthermore, he reveals, a third party made overtures about a big amount and some good time to kill or tone down the story on the Marivic Herrera (rape) case.

Batuigas thought he had mellowed, only to be pleasantly surprised that the same spirit and drive of 10 years ago was still there. It is said other reporters are wary every time they see him around, suspicious that he might be on to another big story . . .

THE MISSION OF Mita Pardo de Tavera

SHE COULD VERY well afford late breakfasts in bed, afternoon shopping sorties, annual vacations abroad, her own clinic in plush Makati. A prominent figure in the field of medicine, she could have opted for a lucrative practice. Her family is strictly upper-class old rich, with European forebears. She has a bank president for a son and a Manila socialite for a daughter.

So what is Dr. Mita Pardo de Tavera doing working among the poorest of the poor in the most depressed areas of the Philippines?

She's on a mission, she says, a mission which actually began 125 years ago when her paternal grandfather, Dr. Trinidad H. Pardo de Tavera, foremost Filipino scholar, scientist, author, researcher and traveler, was born on Escolta one day in April.

The fact that she carries her grandfather's name to this day (although her husband's name is no less illustrious) demonstrates the influence that the man wielded in her life. According to history, Dr. T.H. Pardo de Tavera was "the leading political figure during a critical decade in Philippine history, from 1898 to 1909." He was also a major intellectual figure during the social ferment of his day.

The granddaughter is no less distinguished. A graduate of the University of the Philippines College of Medicine, she took up postgraduate studies in 1954 at Bellevue Hospital in the United States. She was executive secretary of the Philippine Tuberculosis Society until her services were terminated in 1974. She was one of the first Filipinos allowed to visit Soviet Russia in 1966 to observe the health situation in that country.



"I grew up in a family where history was part of our (daily lives)," Dr. Pardo de Tavera remembers. "We got history shoved into us since we were children. But it was nice growing up in that environment where Grandfather would sit with us children and say, 'And be honest, above all.' " This honesty has lately brought her, albeit not too willingly, into the limelight.

As chairperson of AKAP, a private, non-profit organization committed to primary health care and tuberculosis control, she is constantly being asked to comment on the present state of health in the country.

In a paper, "The Humanitarian Role of Physicians," read at a meeting sponsored by the Citizens Alliance for Consumer Protection and the Medical Action Group, the 62-year-old doctor notes: "Medical expertise and complex medical technology have not benefited the majority of the population. Seven out of 10 Filipinos never see a doctor from birth to death. Majority of Filipinos die from preventable, communicable diseases that gather momentum in debilitated malnourished individuals.

"This appalling health situation exists because the medical system prepared doctors not to 'care' for the health of the people but instead to render curative services. Medical practice has become synonymous with curative medicine. CARE is sacrificed for CURE."

Tuberculosis, her choice of specialization, enabled her to work with the poor, a vow she crystallized when she joined the Quezon Institute in 1945. She could have gone into obstetrics or pediatrics. "But I didn't think I was serving the poor," she declares. "If I have to decide what to do, I say, 'Who am I serving? ' If I'm serving the poor, that's for me."

She feels, however, that this single-mindedness of purpose partly caused her dismissal as executive secretary of the Philippine Tuberculosis Society after three decades of uninterrupted service.

Although traumatic, the dismissal did not cause the doctor to veer from her avowed mission. With colleagues Glorioso V. Saturay, Liberty P. Marfil, Lina Jose and Jessica Garilao, she started a four-year research program on primary health care in Carmona, Cavite, the result of which was a model of supervised community participation in the prevention and short-term therapy of tuberculosis among the poor in Asia. It is an ongoing struggle, tuberculosis remains one of the top killer diseases in the country.

Dr. Pardo de Tavera believes that the treatment of tuberculosis, or, for that matter, the total health situation in a country, reflects the prevailing economic and political order. It is part of the system, she insists, not independent of it. "Diseases will disappear if population had proper access to land, employment, adequate housing, water supply, sanitation and education," she once wrote.

Since 1978, AKAP has trained hundreds of village or barrio health workers in basic health skills, especially tuberculosis control, and other aspects of health care, including health education. "We serve people who serve people," the doctor emphasizes. "This is our main function. We don't directly serve the communities, only train the workers who will later serve their communities." And the priority is always the depressed areas in the country.

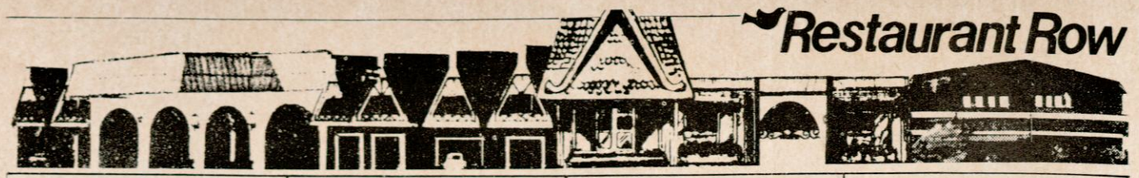
"The practice of medicine, in its pure form, means dealing with people. It's humanitarian work. I guess there's no difference between medicine and missionary work," she adds.

So that she can't help but ask, "Why should (people) misunderstand (our motives) when they should shower us with awards? Why should they persecute Bobby (Dr. Remberto de la Paz, who was involved in AKAP work in Samar during his lifetime) and shower his body with bullets when they should give him an award? "

In a way, Mita Pardo de Tavera is lucky. She was able, for one, to transcend her own class interests to be able to serve her people the best way she knows how. For another, her family has been very supportive. "I've separated my professional life from my married life," she explains. "My children and my husband (now retired), they are important, but they realize that there are some things that are bigger than life. Bigger than self. Bigger than them."

She may feel that she is a voice in the wilderness now, but she also believes that "there will be others who will pick up the torch just as I may have unconsciously picked it up from someone else."

In her very own words: "We are all incidental pieces in history. Somebody else will pick up that torch and say, yes, she was right, let's carry on . . ."



Restaurant Row

Filipino



LEO'S RESTAURANT

(Along Roxas Blvd., infront of the Cultural Center of the Philippines, 594-797, 503-573) The first in ihaw-ihaw (broiled and grilled dishes). They have the regional specialties from all over the Philippines: Maliputo from Pansipit, Ulang from Hagonoy and Macabebe, Kanduli from Cardona, Crabs and Prawns from Bataan and Iloilo, Lobsters and Kuracha from Zamboanga and Bicol, Eel from Mindoro, Pampano from Palawan, Shellfish from Cavite and Malabon. Open 24 hours daily.

BANGUS RESTAURANT

(1006 Pasay Road, Makati, 2277 Pasong Tamo, Makati) The place to sample the national fish — the bangus — cooked in countless ways: Bangus prime cuts (succulent belly of the fish sizzled in sauce), bangus skin deep-fried and served as chicharon, spicy bangus sashimi, bangus steak done a la pobre. Also included are Filipino milk-fish dishes such as sinigang, kinilaw, inihaw. Open daily, except Sunday from 11 to 2 p.m. then 6 to 10 p.m.

TREE OF LIFE

(1701 Baler corner Reposo Streets, Makati, 894-806) A restaurant specializing in coconut dishes. Highly recommended are house specialties Guinataang tagunton, small fresh water shrimps cooked in coconut milk and slightly soured with kamias, guinataang kuhol (escargots), crab relleno sa gata, to name a few. Also included is the vegetarian menu such as vegetarian pancit, lumpia and sweet concoctions like pan de coco, gulaman at pinipig sa gata, guinataang mais.

KAMAYAN

(47 Pasay Road, Makati, 883-604; Restaurant Center of Manila, Padre Faura St. corner A. Mabini, Ermita, 255-A Shaw Boulevard, Mandaluyong, 798-195, 709-233) Guests may literally eat with hands the better to relish seafoods and native delicacies. With private function on rooms for parties, meetings and luncheons. Offers the best in Filipino cuisine. Open from 11:00 a.m. till 2:00 in the morning. With guarded parking space nearby. Open on Sundays.

COUNTRY CHEF

(40 Bohol Avenue, Quezon City, 968-277) Serving a unique selection of "pagkaing Pilipino" such as sizzling tahong, spicy pusit, adobong kangkong and galapong bibingka. Open daily, except Sundays from 11 a.m. to 2:30 p.m., then 5:30 to 10:30 p.m.

BARRIO FIESTA

(Buendia, Makati, 874-728; Aurora Blvd., Cubao, 797-845; Greenhills, EDSA, 770-888; Makati Avenue, 818-7094) Enjoy a feast of Filipino dishes: 'crispy pata', kare-kare in clay pots, inihaw na baboy, sinigang na kanduli, etc. Open daily from 8 a.m. to 12 midnight.

Chinese



YUNG KEE

(Second Flr., Au Bon Vivant Bldg., Makati Commercial Center, Makati, 898-709, 875-961) At Yung Kee, nothing but the best of Hong Kong cuisine. Included in the menu: Famous Hong Kong roasted goose, deep-fried eels, chicken cubes with chili sauce, paper-wrapped chicken, crab baked in ginger and spring onion. Plus the Green Carpet Specialties of the month. Open daily including Sundays from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. then 6 to 10 p.m.

SZECHUAN HOUSE

(Ground Floor, Aloha Hotel, 2150 Roxas Blvd., 599-061, 599-071) The first Szechuan house in the Philippines, serving exotic dishes from the provinces of Szechuan, China, known for its hot and spicy cuisine. Open daily from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. then 6 to 10 p.m.

PEACOCK RESTAURANT

(Ground Floor Century Park Sheraton, Vito Cruz, Malate, 582-228; Greenbelt Cinema Square, Makati) The place to go to for roasted suckling pig in Hoisin Sauce and succulent seafood. Lobster in the earthen pot is a house specialty. Vito Cruz outlet open 24 hours daily.

GOLDEN PEKING

(550 E. de los Santos Avenue, Quezon City, 789-631, 709-606; 253 Escolta, 471-153) Noted for their Peking Duck three-in-one course: crisp duck skin served with paper-thin wrapper and honey-based sauce; minced white meat mixed with shredded mushroom and crushed peanuts served in a bed of fried noodles; duck bones chopped and boiled with bean curd, special vegetables and served as the soup. Open daily from 11 to 2 p.m., 5 to 11 p.m.

Japanese



MIYAKO

(Hotel Aurelio, Padre Faura, Ermita, 509-061, 521-1916); Pasay Road corner Ponce St., Makati, 885-624; 1675 Quezon Avenue near EDSA, Q.C., 950-433, 950-995) One of Manila's most popular eating places for Japanese food, specializing in Tempura and Yakiniku dishes . . . all you can eat! Open daily from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m., 6 to 10 p.m.

FURUSATO

(1712 Roxas Blvd., Pasay, 582-358, 582-371, 580-595, 581-748). Furusato to the Japanese means home or any place close to one's heart. Its very mention renews his spirit. Recognizing the connotation of its name, the Furusato Japanese Restaurant operates by its inspired tradition, and continues to convey and perpetuate that unique Japanese sentiment. Open daily from 11:00 a.m. till 2:30 a.m., then from 6:00 p.m.,up to 10:30 p.m.



Restaurant Row

KIMPURA GARDEN

(Second floor, Makati Fast-foods Building, Makati Commercial Center, Makati, 865-635, 899-701 local 44) Specializes in Tempura and Sukiyaki. Oriental ambience, cozy and quiet. Open everyday including Sundays and holidays from 10:30 in the morning up to 3:00 p.m., then from 5:30 till 11:00 p.m.

Spanish



CASA MARCOS

(0731 Roxas Blvd., Ext. Parañaque, 832-0681) For a little taste of Spain in Manila: paella, gambas, caldereta, almejas. Open daily from 9 a.m. to 12 midnight, from 5 p.m. to 12 midnight on Sundays.

MADRID

(2425 Epifanio de los Santos Avenue, Mandaluyong, 797-561, 798-277) The finest in Spanish cuisine. Serves Lengua Estofada, Paella, callos. Evening entertainment features balladeer and band. Open daily except Sunday from 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m., 6:30 to 11:30 p.m.

TIA MARIA

(7829 Makati Avenue, Makati, 875-932) Dine with the right ambience, visit Mexico via tacos, burritos, enchilladas. Give the Viva Zapata Especial a try, but only for hearty appetites. Also known for the Margarita by the pitcher. Open daily from 11 a.m. to 12 midnight on weekdays, to 2 a.m. on weekends.

EL COMEDOR

(1555 M. Adriatico, Ermita, 502-828) Noted for the cochinillo asado, a 21-day old suckling pig roasted to perfect goodness, and served with liver sauce; roast lamb and omelettes. Open daily from 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m., then 6 to 11 p.m.

International



ARISTOCRAT

(San Andres corner Roxas Blvd., Manila, 509-611, 508-081; Gen. Roxas St. corner EDSA, Cubao, 921-2167, 921-2170; M. Adriatico St. corner Quirino Avenue, 503-823, 585-877; Shoppesville, Greenhills, San Juan, 702-293) Since 1936, the Philippines' most popular restaurant, serving all-time favorites such as Chicken Honey and Chicken Barbecue with Java rice and achara on the side. Open 24 hours daily at the Roxas Blvd. branch, from 8 a.m. to 12 midnight at the other outlets.

NONESUCH RESTAURANT

(324 Buendia Avenue Ext., Makati, 8186289) Latest addition to Makati's list of restaurants to visit. Sample their chicken aioli, deboned chicken marinated in garlic and wine; and their cheese sausage served with boiled potatoes and sauerkraut. They have the daily luncheon buffet and a la carte dishes. To finish off a hearty meal, there are the cakes and pastries. Open daily from 5:30 to 7 p.m. 5 p.m.; Thursdays extended to 11 p.m. with the Sing-along from 5:30 to 7 p.m.

ALFREDO'S STEAK HOUSE

(Tomas Morato Avenue, Quezon City, 976-026, 976-027, 976-028). The Main Dining Room and the West Wing seat 400 guests. Sagamore and Westmore Rooms for private parties of 15 guests each. Sundown Bar and Lounge gives nightly entertainment. Open everyday of the week, from 11:00 a.m. till 1:00 a.m.

THE PLAZA

(Makati Commercial Center, Makati, 878-571, 881-951). Caters for any occasion, from 12 to 15,000 persons. Varied choice of menus: European, American, Chinese and Filipino dishes. Gosta Petterson, master chef, is the source of Plaza's gastronomic wonders. Opens at 10 in the morning till midnight.

PATIO ESPERANZA

(Burgos St. Ext. corner Imelda Avenue, Bel-Air, Makati, 856-651; Tomas Morato Ave., Quezon City, 996-710) Dine amidst the luxury of plants and flowers (which are also for sale). Offers native breakfast fare of whole wheat pan de sal, kesong puti with Spanish chocolate, from 7 a.m. onwards. For lunch and dinner, sample the house's specialties: Prawns Cardinale, prawns stuffed with crab meat and served with white wine sauce; Pollo Veronica, chicken simmered in sherry cream sauce and garnished with seedless grapes; Lengua con Setas; Lapu-lapu con Salsa Verde, among others and the house piece de resistance, Mango Daiquiri. Open from 7 a.m. to 11 p.m., Makati branch; 11 a.m. to 11 p.m., Quezon City branch. Closed on Sundays.

FAST FOOD



McDONALD'S

(Nicanor Reyes St., Sampaloc, Manila; New Frontier Theater Bldg., Cubao, Quezon City) One of America's famous treats are now in town. Hamburgers, fillet-o-fish, hot apple pies, etc., are served by efficient and well-trained staff.

SEA BEAUTY FISH TREATS

(Makati Supermart, Makati Commercial Center, Makati; Unimart, Greenhills, San Juan; Robinson's Commercial Center, Malate) Fish fillets in plain, mint or spicy flavor, served hot with french fries and lemon butter, tartar, sweet and sour, or hot sauce. Also serves fishburgers, lifesavin' onion rings, squiddy treats.

AMERICAN RESTAURANT

(Second floor, American Sports Plaza Bldg., Jupiter corner Makati Ave., Makati, 818-3264). Ready-to-serve lunch boxes for 1 to 1,000 persons.

SMOKEY'S SAUSAGE WORLD

(Quad Park, Makati) The first and only sausage parlor in the country. Hot-dogs ranging from plain, simple hotdog teamed up with any of their especially-prepared sauces to especially-formulated German frankfurters. Visit their Deli-Take-out Counter. Open daily from 9 a.m. to 11 p.m.

The Jeepney in Miniature

Francisco, Sarao, Atendido, Legaspi and Gonzaga are some of the names to contend with in the jeepney manufacturing race in the country — the "jeepney kings" and "kings of the road" as they are commonly called. However, there's Emmanuel N. Aquino (or Manny), master of one jeepney kingdom in his own little way. The 33-year-old man behind the infantile Emmaq Industries builds them jeepneys in miniature (1:7.5 and 1:10 metric scale) to be used as gift, folk-art, souvenir, or as conversation piece to break the ice.

The idea came when Manny, who is an architect-contractor by profession, bumped into a crudely done, haphazardly painted jeepney toy meant for five-year-olds. Why not a smaller one made of the very same materials used in the real McCoy, a replica handcrafted to the smallest detail? he thought. Middle of last year, at a time when business for him was in a slump, Manny ventured into the world of the Lilliput. The very first replica — one he dedicated to wife Melinda, an accountant and business-woman — took him three months to finish.

Patterned after the more famous Sarao jeepney, Manny pieced together more than 1,200 parts to make it look exactly like the real one, from the frame chassis to the upholstered seats to the key. Many sleepless nights and lots of the artist's patience were spent figuring out the right materials to use for his Lilliputian horses, fighting cocks, curtains, wheels, mud guards, stereo, a statue of the Sto. Niño, and other smaller details too many to mention. For the painting job, Manny sought the help of Freddie Acuña, an old name in the jeepney painting business. In fact, it lacks only an engine to make it run. But if Manny does make it run, it will turn no doubt into a toy, which he wants to avoid.

The next 20 units — half of which was sold to Sarao Motors and the rest to private collectors — consumed all of three months to accomplish, this time with the help of 10 people whom he also trained. By now, Manny aims to produce 50 units in one month.

One basic body unit measures 25 inches long, 10 inches wide, 12 inches high, and weighs approximately 10 pounds. But it has everything to make it a heavy. It has decorative mirrors, lights, decals, antenna, stickers, and words that reflect the image of its colorful driver, like, "Biyakero ng Cavite" and "Hari ng Zapote."

At this point, Manny is attempting to create a cheaper, lighter version, framed relief-style, to be hung on the wall.

The jeepney has really gone a long way since answering Manila's transportation problem four decades ago, right after the world war. Threatened by the perennial proposal of jeepney ban, the symbol of Filipino ingenuity continues, like any king of the road, to reign. Manny's jeepney might not ply the streets, but perhaps it will run in the minds of those who remember the home country.

Postscript. If it is not a work of art, then what is it? And what is?



ROWELL SEE

HIDDEN VALLEY SPRINGS: "A Journey to the Center of the Earth"

by Rose Mitra Santos

In the site that was to become the province of Laguna, thousands of years ago, a fiery volcanic upheaval caused the earth's surface to drop, sharply and violently, falling into a massive water vein. Cracks formed in the earth's crust and hundreds of tiny springs flowed forth, nurturing the crater's soil, and feeding the growth of a dense forest. Today, nestled deep in the heart of this 300-foot deep crater is a natural paradise called Hidden Valley Springs.

Lush, moist, green. Cool, spacious, serene.

Discovered centuries ago by Chinese traders traveling from Manila to San Pablo, Laguna, this hidden paradise is composed of 113 acres of virgin land that virtually abounds with a wealth of exotic flora. An incredible backdrop to a number of natural wonders. The resort is an ultimate nature trip.

Unlike other tourist resorts, Hidden Valley does not offer ▷

The majesty of our forests are among the marvels of Hidden Valley. Trees line the ancient Chinese trail.







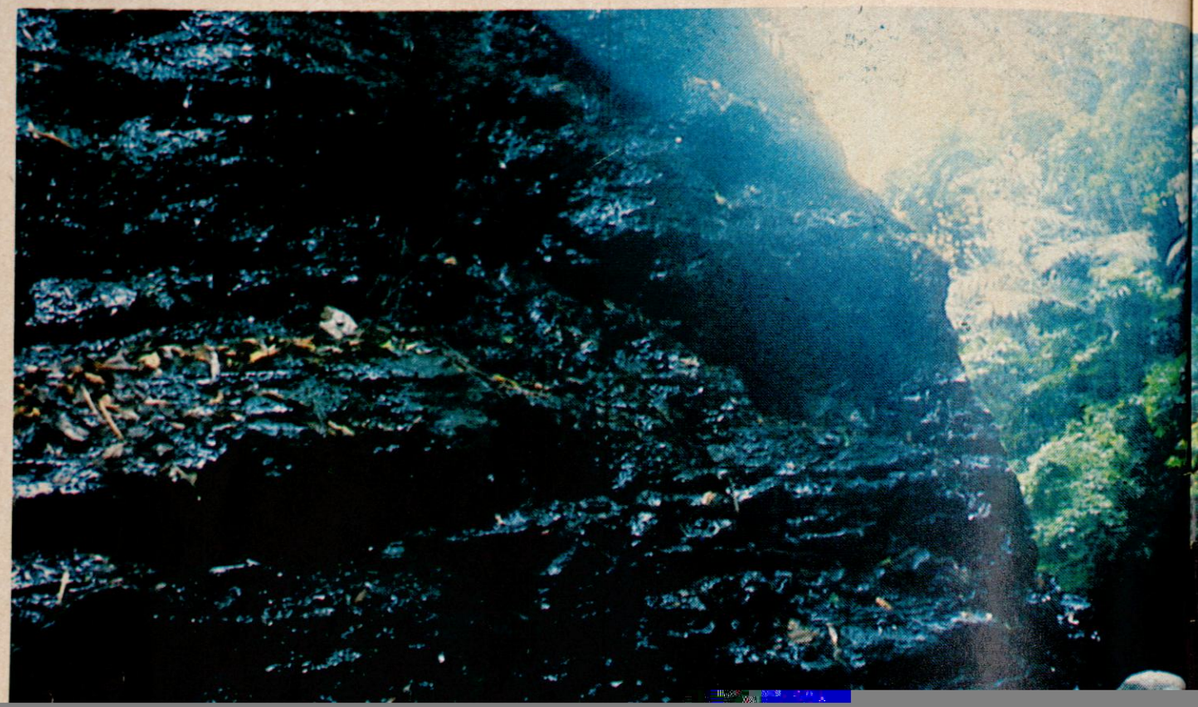
Photos by ROWELL SEE

The resort's 10 cottages offer all the comforts of civilized living, without ostentation.

sophisticated recreational facilities or de-luxe restaurants. Instead, it presents a refreshingly simple provincial setting where the bounties of nature can be genuinely enjoyed.

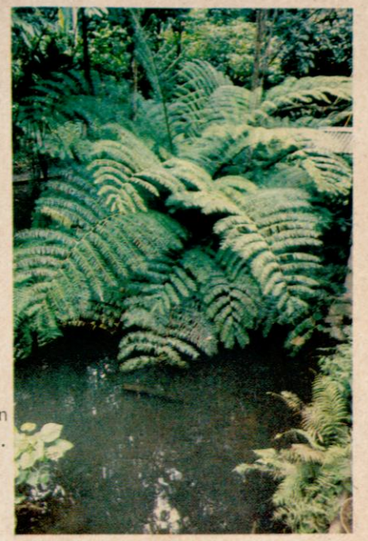
The 10 large cottages – which are subdivided into 20 rooms – offer all the comforts of "civilized" living – hot and cold running water, air conditioning, fresh linen, private bathrooms, etc. – without being ostentatious. On one side of the plaza-like clearing, which serves as the resort's center, is a large and airy pavillion where guests can enjoy tasty Filipino breakfasts and lunches in an atmosphere that is in touch with the surrounding forests. In the evenings, the ambience of a tiled,







Photos courtesy of HIDDEN VALLEY SPRINGS



points the sunlight can barely stream through. Every so often, a slight breeze brings on a delicate shower of yellow green leaves. Some tree trunks are pole-thin while others are four to five feet in diameter, their buttress roots reaching out far beyond the base of the trees.

Everywhere you turn, plants and trees rise in full majesty. And, if you look closely, you can see how flora nurtures a



Situated at the end of the trail is a gorge that leads up to the resort's greatest attraction — the hidden waterfall.

On the far side of the crater, where the ancient Chinese trail finally ends, the earth suddenly opens into a vast gorge whose walls are like an open geology book baring a panoramic display of the earth's aging. And there, in the middle of a round shaft, poetically framed by rock and bush, thrives the resort's greatest treasure — the hidden waterfalls. As powerful as it is breathtaking, the falls' cascading splendor can only be seen if you are adventurous enough to perch precariously atop one of the huge boulders situated in the middle of a rushing blue-green stream which slowly makes its way out Laguna de Bay.

The trek back to the resort center after this seems anti-climactic. And later, the upward journey back to the town of Alaminos seems even more so. As you look back while traveling up the winding incline, the resort slowly disappears from view, replaced in stages by the ubiquitous trees. "In this Hidden Valley," the resort brochure claims, "man is an intruder . . ."

But that intruder is most certainly a welcome guest of Nature.

No need for translations! No additional effort for retyping!

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* S — 8-1/2 x 11"
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