

Diliman High Sierras¹:

A Note From The Editor

To celebrate the centennial anniversary of the University of the Philippines (1908 – 2008), we are offering *Diliman Review Centennial Edition I* (volume 55, 2008), *Diliman Review Centennial Edition II* (volume 56, 2009), and *Diliman Review Centennial Edition III* (volume 57, 2010).

In these three special editions, several of the best minds in the University, as well as from outside the University, were invited to share their research, their art, and their thoughts about the “state of the arts” of their disciplines.

Diliman Review Centennial Edition I thus proudly offers the works of Professor Emeritus Benedict Anderson of Cornell University, National Artist and Professor Virgilio S. Almario, poet and critic Professor J Neil C. Garcia, and theater historian Professor Priscelina Patajo-Legasto; the creative non-fiction of Professor Cristina Pantoja-Hidalgo; the texts of award-winning young poet Marc Gaba; and the thought pieces of University Professor Emeritus Gemino H. Abad, multi-awarded writer Professor Jose Y. Dalisay Jr., Professor of Philosophy Zosimo Lee, internationally recognized physicist Professor Caesar Saloma, public intellectual Professor Randolph S. David, and former Dean of the School of Economics Professor Raul Fabella.

Professor Emeritus Benedict Anderson, mentor of many Filipino scholars and Filipinists as well as long time friend of the University, in “**Cutting History off at the Path**” again provides us an inciteful reading of Jose Rizal and his two novels in the context of “advance modernization” and “early globalization” in the peripheries (colonies in Central, South America and colonial Philippines) epitomized by the arrival of the steamship, but more

so, the telegraph. The latter made possible “the transmission of messages across the planet-in a matter of minutes”. Unlike the earlier advances, the telegraph enabled “the colonial ‘natives’” to communicate with each other “quite cheaply too... on a person to person basis” —“young Filipinos in Manila with those in Barcelona...Cubans in Paris and New York”. News of the Cuban uprising and the Filipinos’ own rebellion in 1896 reached colonials “by cable in the blink of an eye.” In 1897, Filipino rebels communicated with Cubans in New York “asking for help in buying guns...” With the attendant rapid development of the newspapers, Chinese newspaper-reading intellectuals received daily accounts of the “courage and ingenuity of Cubans, Filipinos and South African Boers fighting Spanish, American and British imperialism”. Ben further discusses how these modes of trans-global communications affected Jose Rizal’s novelistic craft because of the demon of comparisons (“*el demonio de las comparaciones*”) – e.g., his settings that were taken from Spain’s more modern neighboring countries, his plots from the French novel *The Count of Monte Cristo*, and the reports of the assassinations of heads of state and governments from 1894 to 1914; and how Jose Rizal’s novels might also have impacted on his fellow revolutionaries and the European anarchists. I am referring to Ben’s discovery of a 1905 novel (*Aurora Roja* or *Red Dawn*) where the Catalan anarchist characters mention Rizal’s execution and describe the beauty of the bombs (*pomegranate* or *granada*), prompting Ben to ask if Pio (the Catalan character from Barcelona in *Aurora Roja*) might have borrowed this idea from *Fili* whose protagonist Simon had plans of wreaking vengeance on “Manila’s colonial elite with a huge nitroglycerine bomb concealed in a fabulous wedding present, the famous jeweled lamp made to look like a pomegranate”. Ben’s essay ends with “a speculative question”—

- “Might it be possible to write a novel in the future tense? ...I am inclined to wonder whether the narrative past tense is the natural tense for novelists in ‘advanced’, and maybe imperialist, states, where it is normal to see ‘our past’ as everyone else’s future....Is it possible that this type of time-juggling, depending also on space-juggling and the demon of comparisons, is something that, if one looked carefully and systematically, one might find in many fictions of the Third World?”

Nationalist Artist for Literature, Professor Virgilio Almario, in “**Koneksiyong Pampanitikan ni Rizal sa Aleman**,” offers us his re-reading of Rizal, particularly the influence of German literature and culture on Rizal’s writings, an angle few had studied, according to Rio, in spite of the fact that Rizal had clearly demonstrated the significance of German literature through his translation of Friedrich von Schiller’s play, *Wilhelm Tell*.

Rio’s research thus addresses a gap in the scholarship on Rizal which might also be responsible for the inadequacy of the many translations of the novels, *Noli Me Tangere* and *El Filibusterismo*. Rio also points, for instance, to Petronilo Bn. Daroy’s study on the anarchist roots of the Simoun character and his overall plan for revenge in *Fili*, which did not motivate Rizalista researchers to further probe into the theory and practice of anarchism in Germany and Russia. We had to wait for 2006, when Benedict Anderson did work on the effects of European anarchism on the patriotic Filipinos during Rizal’s time. Although not denying the influences of Spanish and French literatures on Rizal (e.g., “*ang pagtatanghal sa katutubong kulay ay mabilisang naikokonekta sa costumbrismo sa Espanya, lalo na sa paggamit nito ni Benito Perez Galdos*”), still Rio asserts that this *costumbrismo* was also a strong trend in Germany during the 18th century, especially because of the nationalist theory of Johann Gottfried Herder about the significance of “*panitikang-bayan bilang salalayan ng pagbuo ng pag-ibig sa bayan*”. Rio states that Rizal had read Herder as well as *Le Huif Errant (Ang Hudyong Lagalag)*, a novel by Eugene Sue; that Rizal’s *Fili* had similarities with Alexandre Dumas’ *Le Comte de Monte Cristo*, and *Noli* with *Florante at Laura*. Rizal’s library of 2000 books could be the bases for studies on the possible influences on Rizal’s thoughts and craft as a scholar and writer. *Noli* and *Fili*, asserts Rio, is resplendent with citations and quotations from Spanish, French, British, even Latin writers whom Rizal had read. But the challenge for Rizalista researchers is to find other influences from writers and thinkers not mentioned directly by Rizal. Rio then continues by discussing the influences on Rizal of German literature and how the latter incorporated what he got from the Germans into his novels— see Rio’s “Epigrap mula kay Schiller”, and “Alusyon kay Heinrich Heine” as well as

Rio's section on the *Sturm und Drang* movement that flowered during the age of German Romanticism.

In his exhaustive study, **“Postcolonial Resistance, Hybridity and the Filipino Gay Writer: The Case of Villa, Montano, and Perez”**, poet and pioneering theorist/critic on gay praxis, **Professor J. Neil C. Garcia** presents a series of historically nuanced and compelling arguments about how the hybrid *bakla*/homosexual identity, represented and intimately explored in the works of three important Filipino authors — Jose Garcia Villa, Severino Montano, and Tony Perez — occasions a unique mode of postcolonial resistance, one that demonstrates the ambivalence of American sexological power, which at once pathologizes and provides a new and potentially radical subject position for the Filipino gay man as a neo/colonial (sexual) object.

According to Neil, the regulatory regime that emerged with American colonialism and continuing global capitalism in the Philippines, ironically, made possible “various dissidences and positions of resistance...alongside the inarguable fact of brute, imperialist domination”. His essay focuses on one such subject position— “the ‘homosexual’— a pathologized identity inaugurated during the American occupation” and how the responses of certain Filipino intellectuals to this identification with the “malady of homosexuality” have produced “not just instances of discursive reversal or transgressive reinscription, but rather forms of hybridity and ‘postcolonial appropriation,’ as well”.

Towards the conclusion of his paper, however, Neil reconsiders the privileged place which the notion of hybridity has come to enjoy — “as postcolonialism’s exemplary form of discursive subversion — in light of American global imperialism’s overtly dominating and brutal enforcement of terror over various strategic regions in the subjugated Global South”.

“Philippine Bourgeois Theater in English, 1946-1964” by literary historian and critic **Professor Priscelina Patajo-Legasto** studies Philippine theater in English, 1946-1964, as a material practice with its own theater mode of production

constituted by forces of theater production (i.e., means of production including capital, proscenium stages, realistic sets and costumes, a repertoire of mainly “world”/western theater “masterpieces”, private theater troupes, school-based dramatic clubs, liberal humanist ideology, realism as dominant aesthetic mode; as well as the labor power of theater artists); and hierarchical relations of theater production with “producers” (the State and mainly, private schools and private theater organizations) and directors, at the top; and performers, crew, audience, at the bottom.

Preachy adapts the theoretical/critical paradigm of Terry Eagleton in *Criticism and Ideology* in order to provide an alternative materialist approach to the studies on Philippine theater written during that period which either focused on “content analysis” of the plays and/or evaluated Philippine theater in English according to western (supposedly “universal”) aesthetics. These types of studies pronounced our theater practice in English as “nascent” or in a very “sorry state” with its lack of audience attributed to the Filipinos’ “low cultural taste”.

After explaining the emergence and development of this Philippine theater in English, 1946-1964, Preachy remarks that this bourgeois theater practice is dead, supplanted in later periods by a very political “social realist theater” (mid-sixties), even “revolutionary street theater” during the late sixties to just before the imposition of Martial rule, and then a “people’s theater” during the Marcosian dictatorship (early seventies to mid-eighties).

Fictionist, literary critic and literary historian, **Professor Cristina Pantoja-Hidalgo** in “**Naga: The Old Ancestral Town,**” revisits Naga, Camarines Sur, literally and figuratively, to reconstruct a family history which had remained largely forgotten or remembered only in fragments and thus needed to be written about.

Her first trip to Naga, as a child, in 1960 was unremarkable and now remembered with guilt because the family had gone to Naga for the sake of her Lola Mariquita. Jing returned to Naga in

2000 with writers and teachers for the CHED-sponsored DECL-UP Roving University and then in 2003 with writers for the University of the Philippines Press Book Caravan. (She was then the UP Press Director.) In one of these return visits, an unsuccessful interview with a local journalist made her aware of her spotty knowledge about her own ancestors, particularly great grandfather, Florencio Lerma, who was known in Naga as one of the 15 Martyrs of the Revolution (with a Plaza—Quince Martires de Nueva Caceres— dedicated in their honor), and who was the father of her own Lola Mariquita.

Thirty years after that first visit, when Jing had decided to write a novel (what was later to be titled *Recuerdo*) based roughly on her mother's memoirs, and bits and pieces of information that she had retrieved from the UP Main Library, she came by more fragments of the story of that revolutionary ancestor. Florencio Lerma had been dragged from his house in Naga, jailed and tortured and sent to Manila to await execution when Mariquita was only in her early teens.

An entry in *Philippine Biography* sent to Jing in 1999 by her Tita Tita (an aunt, Alma Bonnevie) about Florencio Lerma provided more details. (He had been born in Manila, had studied at the Ateneo Municipal, was Rizal's friend, had a career as a musical director but had transplanted himself and his family to Nueva Caceres in 1889.) From Lola Chating (Lola Mariquita's sister) came the account of his arrest and death, as well as his last will, reproduced in *Lucha y Libertad* by Elias Ataviado. (Jing had read the 1953 translation of the book into English by Julian Ataviado). Historian Ambeth Ocampo provided more details about Jing's great grand lolo Florencio — that "he was an organist for the Naga Cathedral...taught music at Colegio de Santa Isabel, ran a bazaar and carriage shop...sold leather goods...and 'was seriously into racing'..." From Jing's own mama, she got the rest of the story. After Florencio Lerma had been executed on January 4, 1897, his wife and children left Naga — the wife resumed her career on the Manila stage; their two girls were sent to Bataan under the care of her brother-in-law and his wife; her son who, years later, had gone to America, returned and built a house for his mother and his widowed sister (Lola Mariquita).

Jing continues her story about the generation of her mom like Tita Pacita, and also more stories about her ancestors— *El Viejo Diego* “a pure chinese” as the first in their family tree; then about Teodorica Lerma (daughter of the daughter of this Chinese, and mother of the hero Florencio) whose first “husband” and father of her three children was Father Jose Guevara. Jing found Fr. Jose’s story at the UP Archives—that he was the parish priest of Quiapo, that as co-accused in the supposed Cavite Mutiny with Fathers Burgos, Zamora and Gomez, he was arrested on the eve of the Cavite Mutiny (January 20, 1872) and exiled with other revolutionary priests to Guam. Whether or not this batch of exiled priests ever returned home, Jing has yet to do more research on. And while this project remains unfinished today, her research into her family history has given her more understanding of the quiet ways of her Lola Marquita and Tita Pacita and the rooms brimming with memorabilia of their past lives. For us, Jing’s sojourns into her family history becomes an exciting illustration also of today’s blurring of the boundaries of different forms of writing — literature and history; creative non-fiction (of which Jing is an authority) and fiction; biography and autobiography as literature or as social history.

The three poems of young writer **Marc Gaba** – “**Erosdiptych**”, “**Between Difference**”, and “**Three Notes**” will challenge our previous experience with older forms of poetry characterized by rhyming lines and stanzas.

Finally, we are proud to present the thought pieces of several mature scholars - social scientists, a scientist and an economist and practicing creative writers. I will just provide some excerpts, for I can neither pretend to have fully understood what they said, nor attempt to restate what they have so carefully and beautifully crafted.

Poet, literary historian/critic, **University Professor Emeritus Geminio H. Abad**, in “**A Poetics**” encapsulates his understanding of several assumptions about “language, the literary work and its form, the writer’s ‘playing field’ and about the country’s literature as its image” based on years of toil on

our “poetic texts over the last century”. He then ferries his gem-like insights, thus:

“When the work is literary, linguistic usage is essentially translation”; translation from the Latin *transferre*, *translatus* which means “to carry or ferry across”. Writing is ferrying across our words our perceptions of reality; “tillage of language is work of imagination” implying “that a sense of language is the basic poetic sense...intimately bound with one’s sense of reality... from lives lived...We invent or reinvent our words, or transform or even subvert their accepted syntax, in order that we might ferry across them our own soul’s freight”.

“There in any literary work is a human action, a human experience, as *imagined as lived*, is feigned or mimicked in language... shaped or endowed with form, it becomes meaningful. Not a fixed meaning, but meaningfulness. That meaningfulness is its moral or ethical dimension. And that moral dimension raises it to a universal plane. The universal plane is not the realm of eternal verities, it is the site of everlasting questioning”.

“...the form of the literary work ...is that which must direct and validate the interpretation of its content...Form is the matter of art, content the matter of interpretation”.

“Without a masterful use of language, no literary work can rise to the level of art. For that thing made anew, or that new thing, is the very form of the human experience as *imagined as lived* that has been simulated by a particular use of language, a particular style”.

“A country’s literature is its own imagination of how its people think and feel about their world and so, justify the way they live. In short, literature is lived ideology. Our writers and scholars create our sense of

country, how we imagine her is, essentially then, a poetic sense: an imaginative perception of our day to day living in the very element of our history and culture”.

Drawing from his own and his peers’ experiences in writing, multi-awarded fictionist, **Professor Jose Y. Dalisay, Jr.** in **“Novelists in Progress: Writing Long Filipino Fiction in English”** makes a distinction between novelists and fictionists and says that the latter, more modest term, is what he feels more comfortable with as a label for his peers (with notable exceptions) and him. Butch says that we produce less novels compared to the number of novels produced in India; and the few novels we produce are short ones, 200 pages when published. Why? Butch conjectures (tongue-in-cheek): first, writing novels “doesn’t pay, whether financially or psychically”; second, “we’re still largely stuck on the *Noli* and *Fili*”; and third, “novels traditionally demand sweeping views from the mountaintop, but we have very few mountaintops here in the Philippines. Instead we have become master pedestrians, or masters of the street scene, the close encounters for which the short story is the ideal medium. City-bred, we do not write about our forests and oceans. Our fictional space has become very small and very crowded, with a very low ceiling. Unfortunately, if also unfairly, no one will take us seriously on the global stage unless we announce ourselves with big, emphatic, memorable novels”.

About his own novel, *Soledad’s Sister*, Butch says he knew what he did not want to do: “not another take on *Noli*, ...not a novel populated by writers, artists, muses, anyone quoting anyone else or giving lectures on epistemology or baroque music...not a novel that spans centuries and involves *dons* and *doñas* and anyone with a three-part Spanish names”. In other words, Butch continues, “I didn’t want to write an epic. I wanted to do a small, mostly quiet, darkly comic novel involving ordinary people (here, a small-town cop and a karaoke-bar singer) in absurd situations and covering no more than a few days of real time”. Butch writes how difficult it was to write this small slim novel— through “two generous fellowships”, losing his way many times, wasting “many thousands of words on false leads”, eventually taking eight years to finish this slim volume...sixteen years between his first and his

second novel plus 13 other books. *Soledad's Sister*, even after its Philippine publication and its gaining a Man Asia award, for Butch remains “a novel in progress” and he considers himself “a novelist in progress”.

Those of us who appreciated *Killing Time in a Warm Place* and *Soledad's Sister* will have to wait for what Butch will do next — add 5000 more words to the international edition of *Soledad's Sister* (he says, he might); provide a closure or not to this novel as suggested by a critic (he says, he will not); write another novel (he says, he will). He will write “the Great Filipino Melodrama — a madcap, chronological romp through all the clichés that keep us awake in these islands: natural disasters, family feuds, mother-daughter blues, land disputes, star-crossed love, illicit sex, rich gay boys and healthy provincial lasses, potbellied politicians, cheating husbands of hardworking DHs, and so on”. I just hope we do not have to wait sixteen years for this third novel, and his fourth.

Zosimo E. Lee, UPD Professor of Philosophy and current Dean of the College of Social Sciences and Philosophy, in “**A Role for the Social Sciences**”, asserts that “Filipino social scientists are generating knowledge emphasizing indigenous theorizing, studying and reflecting on Philippine issues from a perspective that is more home-grown rather than dominated by theoretical constructs borrowed from non-Filipino academics...more focused on utilizing our own ways of understanding ourselves that speak more clearly and understandably to what Filipinos themselves also find more enlightening”.

There is also “a clearer acknowledgement as well of what epistemic community one is answerable to...the primary community of academics or intellectuals that one is held answerable to for one's knowledge claims”. These epistemic communities become “the loci for exchange, dialogue and the generation of discourses that carry the on-going debates and contestations so that not only the generation of better and more skillful argumentation and constructions is undertaken, but also, and more importantly, the generation of thinking that builds on the achievement of the

epistemic communities' exemplars such that knowledge and ideation is advanced...The cogitation and innovation that have produced these social explanations are much a part of the social universe as the material and natural world".

"Social scientists are crucial for a nation's definition of itself...how a people can also understand itself better, and perhaps, consequently, also choose and define what its future trajectory will be as a collectivity. Social scientists are important for better-considered and more reasoned collective choices". As such, the methodologies and procedures that these social scientists use "must be credible to others, especially to those in the epistemic communities to which these results are offered as contributions to the stock of knowledge we draw upon".

Zos proceeds to explain the range of methodologies used in Philippine social sciences — quantitative, qualitative, and with postmodernism, the interpretative mode, "recognizing the hermeneutics of discourses themselves". The choice of words themselves, the language used (e.g., *pook* in Filipino) are significant. He also discusses the advantages and limitations of the quantitative mode (e.g., samplings and surveys where "there can be a lot of data but not too much information, or even knowledge")... "For the data to have meaning, they have to be interpreted...Making sense of the data requires the ability to compose a meaningful picture that would be contingent with the data...involves having to construct ways of seeing and thinking that will justify the conclusions and inferences made". Of the qualitative methodologies (testimonials, oral accounts and focus group discussions), Zos says, apart from giving us the "what" or "when" and "how", these provide the "why" from the actors themselves...", who (through first person accounts) give insights into how they themselves view their own accounts, their own interpretations, their motivations, their construals of actions and events, persons and identities...Focus group discussions ...provide immediate validation from the responses of the group themselves".

It is the epistemic community which stipulates, through consensus “what are accepted and acceptable criteria for making valid claims”. However, Zos underscores the need to continue debates over these criteria and outlines the crux of these debates.

As to the relevance of research that the social sciences produce, Zos asserts that these “ultimately provide ramparts for citizens and members of the *polis* to agree on the relevant social facts that can be grounds for social choices and public action...can enable the national community to advance and move forward in terms of social goals, and consequently consolidate for themselves our own self understanding”.

“Things I have learned so far” by UPD College of Science Dean and Professor of Physics **Caesar A. Saloma** is an inspirational piece for young people who, by virtue of their “humble beginnings”, may not dream of becoming scientists, much less national scientists, and certainly not internationally-recognized scientists.

Caesar details his childhood in the remote coastal town of Baclayon, Bohol where he attended a public elementary school, then a seminary high school in Tagbilaran City. Caesar says he was considered bright but not necessarily exceptional in terms of basic sciences and mathematics. But this bright young man managed to enter UP’s Department of Physics (now Institute of Physics) and eventually acquired a BS Physics degree, one in a batch of only five. As an instructor in Physics in the eighties, more challenges came, for instance, in the form of a professor who did not think that Caesar should specialize in theory. But Caesar persevered and, as the cliché goes, the rest is history.

For Caesar, “a productive scientist is creative and imagination is the main ingredient of creativity”. He traces the development of this creative faculty in him to the toys which the neighborhood boys and him crafted from tin cans to make cars and coconut husks to make sailboats; also to a friend who “assembled a rudimentary microscope from old flashlight parts

that enabled us to discover that ants have hairs on their bodies". And although, he was the only one who became a "professional scientist earning a living from designing laser microscopes", he remembers those exciting times.

He bemoans the "underperformance of the Philippines in scientific R & D", the lack of PhDs in the basic and applied sciences, mathematics and engineering (only 1,374 in the Philippines in 2003, compared to other countries like Germany whose population is closer to the Philippines and yet had 25,000 PhDs in 2000). The lack of capable PhDs who will guide and direct the research of our PhD students is an urgent problem that needs to be addressed, Caesar underscores. He then details what the UP College of Science has done to address the problem of increased funding for scientific R&D and for the infrastructure requirements of the National Science Complex in Diliman with the support of Filipino expatriates, Congress and the Executive branch. The National Science Complex, Caesar believes, will provide the "enabling and nurturing environment for Filipino scientists and researchers in the basic and applied sciences and mathematics...(it will be) the place where the next generation of PhDs will be trained". He ends his essay by encouraging our young scholars "to proceed to graduate school immediately after completing their undergraduate degrees...since our country is starting to invest seriously in R&D, including scholarships with more sensible stipends".

We share Caesar's optimism and hope that there will be more Caesar Salomas emerging from remote towns like Bacayon, world-class scientists who will commit themselves to solving our country's problems.

In "**Science in a Modern World**", public intellectual and **Sociology Professor Randolph S. David**, addresses the "hard-science/soft-science divide", stemming from the unresolved question of "the scientific status of the social sciences". The "double identity" of the social sciences which "straddles both the sciences and the humanities" is most pronounced in Sociology. The physical closeness (we share the same UPD Faculty Center)

of the humanities departments with those in the social sciences extends to common activities (serving in each others' graduate thesis/dissertation panels, encouraging students to cross-enroll beyond their mother colleges), as well as common pursuits of those involved in these academic units. The latter is manifested in the dissolution of traditional boundaries that used to separate "literary theory from social theory, ethnography from fiction...In contrast, our links to the natural sciences have withered on the vine over the years."

Randy then describes his growing interest in "cognitive science and neurobiology as a result of new developments in the theory of social systems..., (in what) Chilean biologist Humberto Maturana and his student, the immunologist Francisco Varela...call the '*autopoieses*' of living systems. From their studies of the organization of living systems, these scientists have concluded that all life is self-referential and self-producing. And cognition is not a process of representing a world out there, but rather 'the ongoing process of bringing forth a world through the process of living itself'. From this it follows that the world is not ready-made, whose nature it is our task to discover. The world is rather something we construct through the act of living itself". Strange, but I think I understand what Randy is saying for a few paragraphs before this, literary theorist and critic Gemino H. Abad had said: "Writing is ferrying across our words our perceptions of reality; "tillage of language is work of imagination" implying "that a sense of language is the basic *poetic sense*...intimately bound with one's sense of reality... from lives lived..."

Randy continues: today "the validity of science 'is not based on the correspondence between explanation and external reality'. Rather, what science seeks to establish is 'a correspondence between the explanation and our experience' of that reality" (quoting John Mingers). He illustrates what this insight above implies in terms of scientific activity and for sociology. For the impact of this concept of autopoietic social system for sociology, Randy cites the work of Niklas Luhmann—in the modern world, we see the world through "mutually exclusive tunnel visions...there is no single unified vision that can provide the

answers to all these questions". Lawyers ask whether something is legal or illegal; politicians see the world in terms of the "contest between government and opposition"; businessmen are only interested in "whether people will pay for something or not"; and scientists only ask one thing: "is it a fact or a falsehood?" Luhmann refers to "these media of communicating as money, power, truth, and love, roughly corresponding to the economy, politics, science and family". According to Randy, in a society such as ours these four "codes wildly interact with one another, creating an overwhelming communicative brew that can hardly be handled by immature institutions". He shows how we mishandled our search for truth about the NBN-ZTE affair, the Garci tapes controversy, the Ayala Glorietta "bombing", each group seeking the truth through their respective tunnel visions. According to Randy, in the modern world, Luhmann says, that "truth finds its refuge in science". And, although Randy also points out that scientists have been drawn into controversies to validate conflicting truth claims, he still asserts that "one functional sphere will remain as the sole reference for what is true and what is not. And that is science". In this tug of war to elicit the influence of science for various vested interests, he asserts that scientists, since they are very much a part of this social world, need the social sciences, "perhaps for nothing else than to show where their blind spots are". He quotes Sir Stafford Beer: "Scientists can no longer claim to be outside the social milieu within which they operate, invoking objectivity and disinterest; and in truth we have known this, or ought to have known it, ever since Hiroshima".

Randy ends his essay by citing a letter in *Inquirer* from a young graduate of BS Biology who worked at a bank, then a call center, was currently taking up Nursing, and finally, was intending to leave the country next year. To the graduates of the College of Science, who he was addressing in his speech, Randy says: "I sincerely wish you a future better than this".

Our Centennial I edition's final offering is "**A Passage to Schroeder-Bernstein**" by **Professor Raul V. Fabella**, former Dean of the UPD School of Economics. For those of us in literature, the

essay reads like piece of creative nonfiction (cnf) about an anxious father of an undergraduate student, Vigile, trying to scale the heights of Mathematics to reach “the peaks of clarity”. Through several problem-solving sessions at McDonald’s, Commonwealth Avenue, father and daughter embark on the journey through several trails in search of these peaks of clarity, especially when Vigile enrolls in Math 109, “the gateway to the universe of Abstract Mathematics—the universe where one...(Raul adds)...gets a glimpse of *how God thinks*”. Vigile’s despondent tears over an impending consultation session with Math 109 Dr. Paras, reminds Raul of “a dear friend in Yale Graduate School, Josef Horvitz...an émigré from Hungary via Israel; intense, incandescent, emotionally fragile”...weighed down by the challenge of his supernovae predecessors, John von Neumann and Edward Teller...(yet who) “would not resort to tears to bathe his troubled soul...Tears provide a cathartic distraction....Unweeping Josef did I remember that late afternoon hovering over the weeping girl (Vigile) before the coffee table”.

The consultation day arrives, and both teacher and student appear in spite of rallies during a post-Garci tapes SONA of the President. “But there they were. Pleasantly solicitous and painstaking all the while swatting away every vestige of sloppy logic...She was there again when Vigile appeared after the fateful McDonald’s struggle. Dr. Paras, while being overall in control, seemed at junctures human, susceptible like the rest of us to false starts and dead ends...” She reminded Raul of “the mathematical giant David Hilbert” who would often get lost “in the jungle of his boardwork”. Though “energized by suggestions of vulnerability among the denizens of Olympus”, Vigile did not “banish the thought that larger-than-lifers did not hesitate to oblige well-earned ‘cincos’”. Vigile was facing the real possibility of losing her chance at graduating with Latin honors. Yet Raul says that “if you want to taste the heights, you have to risk a nasty fall...One can choose from many paths of least resistance. That’s a betrayal. Budding minds long for engagement. In Diliman, anywhere”.

Raul then realized that his Vigile had made the ascent to the heights of the Schroeder-Bernstein theorem, “yet another famous peak in the Cantorian high sierras”, where this time, the father was being handheld by his daughter. “A spike of elation gripped me”, Raul adds, “And then a certain sadness. For she had truly passed, if with ginger steps, to *that other side* where I cannot follow. But it's ok. That's how it should be”. And the proud papa's postscript: “Vigile graduated on April 27, 2008 *magna cum laude*. Josef did not lose his mind; but Cantor did”.

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EDITOR'S NOTE

¹With apologies to Professor Raul V. Fabella from whom I borrowed the phrase “Cantorian high sierras”. See his “A Passage to Schroeder-Bernstein” in this *Diliman Review* edition.