

FUNFARE

by RICARDO F. LO  
Philstar.com



FrancisM:  
Kakayanin ko ito!



Francis Magalona in Los Angeles at last year's First Annual Filipino-American Visionary Awards presented by NuVision Worldwide Media

IT'S heartening to note that despite the daunting battle he's waging, Francis Magalona has remained upbeat and optimistic, determined to beat the Big C with the help of The Great Healer.

Francis, 43 (born on Oct. 4, 1964), was diagnosed to have leukemia (cancer of the blood) and is confined at the ICU of Medical City in Pasig City. The symptoms, manifesting late, came in the form of persistent fever in the afternoon and dizzy spells, making Francis look alarmingly pale, and unexplained loss of weight. He has been at the ICU for more than two weeks now.

In yesterday's edition on the GMA noontime show *Eat, Bulaga!* from which Francis as co-host has been absent for weeks, Vic Sotto read Francis' official statement:

*Sa lahat ng dabarkads ko dito sa EB, miss ko na kayong lahat. Araw-araw magkasama tayo at kayo'y naging second family ko na. Pati na rin lahat ng viewers sa mga bahay at sa studio.*

*Ngayon, meron akong isang pagsubok na dapat daanan at ang hiling ko lang ay ang inyong pang-unawa at suportang. I have been diagnosed with leukemia and I am preparing for my treatment. Sa tulong ng Panginoon, kakayanin ko ito.*

*Abangan ang aking pagbabalik. Di ko lang kayo miss, love ko kayong lahat.*

As I was saying, besides your prayers, Francis needs blood, lots and lots of blood, and you are invited to donate some. Francis is Type O but any type is welcome to replenish the amount Francis is getting from the hospital's supply.

"Those willing to donate may do so at the Philippine National Red Cross (PNRC) office in Intramuros (just across from The STAR offices)," said Rosa Rosal, in-charge of the PNRC "blood" department, who this year is celebrating her 60th year with the PNRC. (Her daughter, Toni Rose Gayda, is Francis' *Bulaga!* co-host.) "We will take care of the blood that Francis needs."

Sen. Richard Gordon, PNRC chairman, has also assured Francis of continued support.

Francis is one of the nine children of popular '50s Sampaguita loveteam Pancho Magalona and Tita Duran. He and his wife Pia Arroyo have eight children, one of them actress Maxene Magalona.

Miriam Q. bares  
body (well, not really)  
and soul in *Playboy*

COMPARED to her nude photos (for a calendar that never came out?) circulated in the Internet a few years ago when she was still living in Hong Kong with estranged husband Claudio Rondinelli, Miriam Quiambao's 12-page color splash in the latest issue of *Playboy Philippines* is, ho-hum, a dud.

Before she left for New York a few days ago to attend a relative's wedding and for a long-delayed, richly-earned vacation, Miriam

texted me about it, asking me to buy a copy from 7 Eleven where it is sold. I bought two copies, one for me and one for my friend Raoul Tidalgo.

In the accompanying story, Miriam admitted that she prayed hard before she agreed to do the pictorial — "I went to Baclaran church last night! There was a debate within myself to pose for *Playboy*. I wanted to make sure that I would work with the

people I trust so everything will come out well."

In the *Playboy* story, Miriam said, "I have gone through the deepest hurt and the highest of joys, the widest range of emotions, and because of that, I feel so much more alive. Life is more meaningful now than it was back then."

In a sense, Miriam's decision to do *Playboy* is a step in the new career path she's taking.



Last Hurrah at The Garden

The Police rocks New York, one final time

by MOMAR G. VISAYA / AJ Press

NEW YORK—The Police saved the best for last. The successful 80s band staged its final concert ever at the Madison Square Garden on Thursday, August 7 and they were joined by a sold-out crowd of 19,000 screaming and adoring fans.



Lead vocalist and bassist Sting and his band, The Police, are joined by the New York City Police Drum Corps. during their farewell concert at Madison Square Garden.

The concert tour, which was stretched to 14 months, came to an end with gig No. 150. The band played for over three million fans and earned more than \$350 million. This evening's final show was also a fitting benefit for two New York public television stations.

"It's been a huge honor to get back together," Sting said as he thanked his band mates - guitarist Andy Summers and drummer Stewart Copeland for their "musicianship, companionship, friendship, understanding and patience".

"The real triumph of this tour is that we haven't strangled each other," Sting announced. "Not to say it hasn't crossed my mind—or Andy's or Stewart's." This statement was met with a rapturous applause, as fans of the band know how the trio disbanded in 1984 at the peak of their career after some serious misunderstandings.

The band performed some of

their greatest hits and some of their B-sides or their less-famous ones. Among the most well-applauded was when they brought in almost two dozen members of the NYPD marching band to accompany their

"Message in a Bottle" performance. Watching Sting don a New York's Finest cap was a sight to behold.

The Police classics such as Roxanne, Can't Stand Losing You, Don't Stand So Close to Me and Every Breath You Take were big hits to the audience. Did anybody say nostalgia?

Wrapped Around Your Finger showcased Copeland's prowess as he used chimes, kettles and various percussion instruments. Summers complemented Sting in almost every single number.

There were poignant moments, especially when photographs of children from around the world were shown on the screens while they were singing. Three of Sting's daughters dancing while he sang Every Little Thing She Does is Magic was one light-hearted moment to watch.

Watching The Police was indeed a treat, and realizing that Sting is pushing 57 (and his band mates are not exactly young) but they still had that kind of exuberance seen in younger bands just made it better.

They were also quite irreverent.

While the audience waited for the band's encore numbers, the garden turned dark. Then the projection screens showed the scruffy and full-bearded Sting being shaved, yes, shaved, by two buxom ladies. The camera zoomed out and revealed that Sting was also having a manicure and pedicure.

The ending was also classic and yes, quite fitting.

Remember the cliché "It's not over till the fat lady sings?" Well, there was someone, dressed as a fat opera singer, lipsynching an aria.

Then the famous Looney Tunes ending, with an audio clip of Porky Pig saying "That's all folks." They could have projected on the giant screens the words "The End" just to drive home the point.

"It is a celebration. I think it is important that things have an ending. I think Americans call it closure. Things don't last forever. We all have our interests and our needs and we will carry on making music. This was never meant to be forever, nothing is," Sting said in a video promoting this final show.

According to the AP, the New York tour finale was intentional because the band wanted to call it quits in the same city of their first US gig 30 years ago, in the far smaller—though no less famous—CBGB's nightclub, now closed.

After a 23-year hiatus, The Police went back on tour, hitting major venues across the United States including Boston, New York, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Phoenix and Los Angeles. The tour also traveled to Europe, Latin America, Japan, Australia and New Zealand.

The B-52s opened the show at exactly 8 pm and performed their greatest hits for about an hour.

It was a treat watching them do new wave songs I used to listen to the radio, including such 80s classics as Rock Lobster, Love Shack, Private Idaho and one of my personal favorites Roam. Kill me now, I didn't even know that the group was behind this song which I unabashedly call one of my favorites.

The highly charged final show ended with a bang, earning more than \$3 million for the two public television stations in the city. It was also a fitting finale to a comeback concert tour that brought together The Police, one last time.

Just Friends

by JUANIYO Y. ARCELLANA / Philstar.com

Coffeetable books are a tricky thing, since visuals usually take precedence over text but must not overwhelm it. This edition, however, benefits from its well wrought design and the authors' clear focus on what they want to achieve: take a second hard look at the Philippines' relationship with the US, through all its ramifications, yet minus the romantic patronizing and with added good humor.

The meat of the matter is laid out plainly in the introductory essay by Dalisay, which is par for the course for him. Here we learn the etymology of the book's title, how during the 50th anniversary of Philippine independence the US flag got entangled with our own during a program, an apt symbol of an enduring relationship built as much on love as on hate, on respect as much as on loathing. Our fates are irrevocably intertwined, the sign seemed to say, so Portraits makes the most of these overlapping histories.

Dalisay points out correctly that the English language is key to the Filipinos' regard of America. Proof of this are the puns galore found in the names of different commercial establishments: the florist Petal Attraction, the modista Elizabeth Tailoring, the *pospas* joint Goto Heaven.

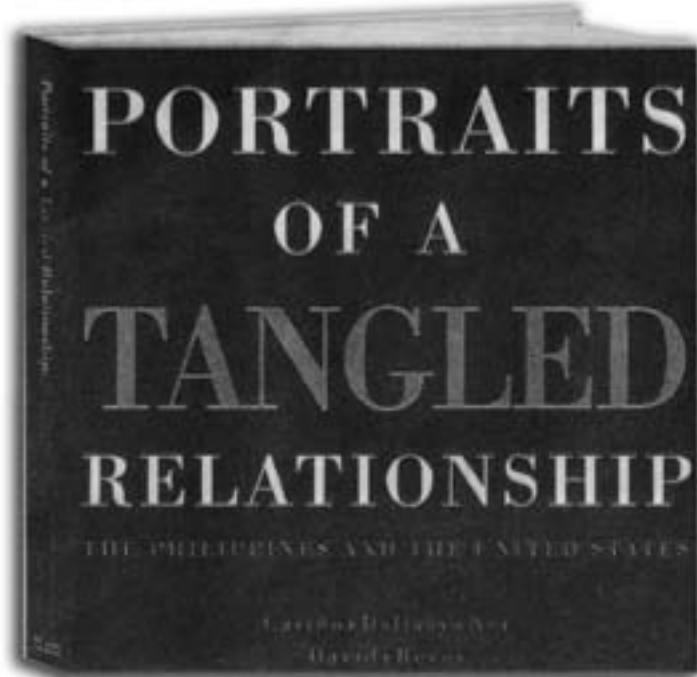
Dalisay makes mention of the Thomasites, the first batch of American teachers that came here to establish the public school system, and the *pensionados*, the initial wave of Filipinos who were given grants and scholarships to study in the US. Indeed, the list of Fulbright and other scholars is impressive, ranging from eventual presidents of the republic to cabinet secretaries and national artists for theater design and national scientists. He could well have noted that the phenomenon has come full circle, because now one of our prime exports to the US inner cities are teachers who leave behind decades of work in state-run schools, as living on one's retirement fund is just not possible.

The timeline as compiled by researchers David and Reyes is a welcome outline of facts and trivia that would be helpful to students of whatever level, and the publisher's having seen fit to donate this book to schools and libraries from suggested recipients drawn up by those who attended the launch at PhilAm Life tower some weeks ago, augurs well for Ars Mundi's kawanggawa mindset. *Balikatan* is okay, but *bayanihan* is even better, especially when it comes to helping stock up our badly depleted school libraries.

The first entry in the timeline is about Pinoy sailors who jumped ship in the port of New Orleans during the century the Philippines was still under Spain, a footnote that begs for more extensive documentation and research if not provide gist for an independent film or monograph.

However, *Portraits*' unquestionable reason for being is the black and white vintage photographs placed side by side with quotes from various authors, sayings, song lyrics and Internet jokes among other missives, almost like a doble vista take on this weird and wonderful and sometimes one-sided relationship of *Pinas* with America, and vice versa.

There are unearthed photos of a hanging of insurgents in Bohol, a crowded Escolta on the occasion of the visit of conquering hero Douglas MacArthur, the first students of the Thomasites gathered for a group portrait with their teacher before a *nipa* hut, as well as drawings of Kenkoy who, come to think of it, now



resembles Dagwood from the comic strip *Blondie*.

The pictures of old and uncomplicated Manila complete with trania go beyond mere nostalgia and into a longing for a completely different world, one foreign to today's youth distracted by the latest gadgets and gimmicks, and for which this book may clue them in to a lost city, which was anyway inhabited by their grandparents and other forebears.

Among the contributing photographers is Pulitzer nominee Romy Gacad, here with a photo of his dying veteran father still waiting for equal benefits, the dextrose tube stuck into his spindly arm. Also listed as contributors are the Sepe brothers Nico and Jun, who honed their photojournalist's craft in the local newspapers and magazines before venturing out to the wire agencies where there were more opportunities for growth both professionally and financially, which may be the same thing.

Of the authors quoted to go balikatan with the photos, most prominent and perhaps inevitable are those from the writers Carlos Bulosan and Bienvenido Santos, who spent a good deal of their mature lives in America.

And wasn't it Bulosan who said that America is in the heart, even as he remembered the laughter of his father while homesick in a foreign land? Santos, god rest his soul, ruminated about the scent of apples in a Midwestern town, the smell of sweet putrefaction that is the lot of the exile.

Chitang Nakpil also makes her presence felt, with a quote on the liberation of February 1945 in ravaged Malate, the tree-lined borough of her childhood, and how the conquering GI Joe was like an eyesore in the already pockmarked landscape.

Doubtless there may be some things left out, but what book, even coffeetable ones, doesn't leave some things hanging? *Portraits* is a good enough start of a drawing board to evaluate the century-old ties, to see how much ground we've covered, how much water let pass under the bridge of our bilateral give and take, nip and tuck, the ebb and flow of reeling years. Without America, where would we get the antithesis to our thesis, and where then would be everyone's synthesis?

It can help us understand why Americans are like they are, and why too we Filipinos view them that way. A country across the ocean gave us the gift of democracy and education, but this doesn't stop the indio coming into his own with the native abilidad, a resiliency unique to the race and to this book as well.