

# UP NORTH!

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## UP NORTH: CLASS 12 ROADTRIP *BY CRU CAMARA*

Over two consecutive trips, we explored the North, climbing the winding roads of Banaue and Sagada, and walking through the cobblestone streets of Vigan for our Architecture block. The two trips, though both for the same block, couldn't have been more different from each other. Both places represented different faces of the Philippines: the untouched culture of the mountain provinces, and the Spanish-influenced ways of the city.

From all the places, I found Sagada to be the most interesting. The place carries a kind of mysticism, as though you were going back

to the untainted culture the Philippines once had before it was colonized. Of course, considering this day and age, Sagada is scattered with semi-commercial restaurants and souvenir shops, but the culture is still very much evident, nevertheless.

There is also still a reverence for nature, as seen in the way all the houses are built. Everything was made not to disrupt nature, but to live alongside it. Some homeowners even chose to incorporate the rock formations into the interior of their houses. But perhaps the best thing about Sagada is the scenery. Early in the morning, the clouds seem to swallow the mountains whole until later in the morning, when the sun starts to shine through and warm up the day. It's always a pleasure to walk around no matter what the weather, and explore the small, but interesting town of Sagada.



## LITNAAN *BY REGINE DURLAO*

In our class trip to Sagada, I interviewed an old woman working by the church. As I recall she was wearing a read sweater and loose clothes. But beneath those loose clothes she wore a tight sweater since Sagada has a similar weather to Baguio's. It was the late afternoon and

it was beginning to get cold, my class and I were walking towards the church and there I saw the old woman cutting the branches of the trees that have already fallen to the ground. I approached her and as I did, I looked at her face closely and she looked like any regular old woman,

though she has a dagger with her to cut down the branches, which made me rethink that she wasn't just an old woman. She was an old woman that has strength to make a living, she strives to survive for herself and her family.

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As I approached her, I asked her if she could be interviewed. I looked at her face for her reaction but there was no facial expression. She simply asked what it was for and I replied that it was for a school project. I looked at her again, she had the same facial expression but this time she was cutting some twigs of the tree that had fallen. She politely told me to sit down as I began the interview. I asked her questions about how Sagada was named, Sagada. She thought about how to answer it for a few minutes then finally started speaking. It surprised me that she would sometimes speak in English even if they were only words. I had always thought that she would speak in straight Tagalog but there were some English words that she mentioned such as the meaning of her name in English from Ilocano. Her name in Ilocano is Litnaan, which meant Feeling in English. Moving on about the interview, she has told me about the Spaniards that came to a river and they were hunting for fish, the tool that they used to hunt for fish was called a Sagada. I nodded as I listened and I looked at her facial expression again if it changed, oddly enough while she was telling me about the story, her facial expression

stayed the same and so was the tone of her voice. Sometimes it would be monotonous or no special tone whenever she spoke. It's as if she was unsure of what she talking about making me don't know of what to say. So I just nodded my head and smiled at her as she spoke.

She was able to tell me about her life in Sagada as she grew up. She found true love in Sagada. She met her husband in Sagada but they moved to

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Manila to hopefully start fresh and have a better life, or so they thought they could have a better life. Realizing that Manila wasn't working out for them, they went back to Sagada and they were able to live well, and have children who are currently attending school. Lola Litnaan told me her story of how she met her husband and how they got married. Unfortunately, I can't remember what she has told me. While she was telling me her story about how they met, her facial expression stayed the same and the tone of her voice as well.

Throughout the whole time I spent with her for the interview, she was calm, not hesitant and she would ask me

if the question wasn't clear or she wasn't able to understand. She had the same facial expression and tone the whole time as she fidgets around with the dagger and the twig. I asked her about the rituals if there were any, she didn't need that much time to think about what she was going to say. She immediately said her answer about the rituals. The only ritual she mentioned was the Bugnas ritual. She told me that it was usually for weddings, harvesting and planting. The other rituals she didn't mention but from other sources, Sagada followed both traditional and non-traditional rituals. For example the burial ritual, the traditional that we know is having a wake for 3 days and after those 3 days the person who has passed away will be buried. In Sagada, they leave the body as it is for a week utmost and then they are placed in wooden coffins and bring them to a cave. There's a road that's around Sagada, along that road you can see the cave where the wooden coffins are placed, that place is called the Hanging Coffins.

Those two rituals represent the characteristic of Sagada in a way saying that Sagada has it's own traditional rituals and up to now they still follow it.

After my interview with the old lady, I realized that there was a lot more I could've asked her, but because of the allotted time, I wasn't able to ask some of these questions. Hopefully someday, when I go back to Sagada I can ask her the question that I've been keeping inside, "If Sagada didn't exist, where would you be right now?"

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## A FOODIE'S LOG *BY GINO ADEVA*

On the second part of our Architecture trip, we went to the historic city of Vigan. It was filled with old houses from the time of the Spanish colonization three hundred years ago. Up to now, most of the houses are still in use, but some were turned into museums, like the Sy Quia Mansion and the House of Burgos. Entering Vigan was like being thrust into the world of Juan Crisostomo Ibarra, when everything was much simpler. The sound of the horses click-clacking down the cobblestone road was like music, and every turn was picturesque, with its old lamps and arches. For me, it was very romantic.

Of course as a foodie, trying out the city's delicacies was something that I couldn't pass on. In almost any local eatery, you can find their savory version of the *longganisa*, which is different from its sweeter one we usually know. The stuffing is made out of pork, garlic, and onions that were stuffed in the pig's intestines, and fermented in clay jars before it is fried and served with their famous *Suka'ng Iloco*. Vigan, as funny as it may sound, has an event held during the city's anniversary, which is also called the Longganisa Festival.

The event attracts tourists and other foodies around the world to partake in the celebration of the city's heritage.

If you're looking for something that you can eat on the go, you can never go wrong with the empanada. It is somewhat like a fried dumpling as big as your hand. It is filled with pork, shredded cabbage, onions, and finally a cracked raw egg. It is then deep fried till its orange wrap is crisp and again served with their vinegar. The crackle when you bite into the wrapping and taste the soft pieces of the meat and veggies is like heaven. The tang you get from the vinegar gives every bite depth and brings out the other flavors, which will get you lunging forward for another bite.

Though Vigan is now commercialized, there is no doubt that you will be able to find fast food chains like, McDonald's, Jollibee, and even Tokyo Tokyo around the central park. But if you ask me, I'd rather take my time walking around admiring the old world charm that can only be experienced through actually treading on the cobblestone paths around the town as I enjoy my freshly made Vigan empanada. ###

*"BUT IF YOU ASK ME, I'D RATHER TAKE MY TIME WALKING AROUND ADMIRING THE OLD WORLD CHARM THAT CAN ONLY BE EXPERIENCED THROUGH ACTUALLY TREADING ON THE COBBLESTONE PATHS AROUND THE TOWN AS I ENJOY MY FRESHLY MADE VIGAN EMPANADA."*

## A Poem by Cru Camara

### Rise

Through the sea  
 Up the mountains  
 Past prickly branches of trees  
 Rise  
 Toward the heavens  
 Over the mist  
 To touch the thick clouds above  
 Sagada waits at the womb  
 Both in the earth and the heavens  
 Till it sees the beginning  
 And never touches the end

## SAGADA IN PICTURES AND SEEMINGLY PROSE POETRY

*BY GIO SARMIENTO*

Sagada is a place up in the Philippines' northern mountain range and province: the Cordillera Administrative Region. It is a place almost untouched by modernity; sticking to its traditions as the rest of the world is industrialized. Approximately 10 hours from Manila, Sagada may be hard to reach, but the experience is well worth the wait.

There are several caves to explore that dot the town's outskirts, stunning views to see, fresh air to breathe, nature to experience, and friendly locals that guide and help you along the way if you're ever lost. Sagada is certainly a place to see for oneself.



*Sagada Sunset:  
the orange and blue blazed against the sky;  
silhouetted trees, cutting across the landscape.*



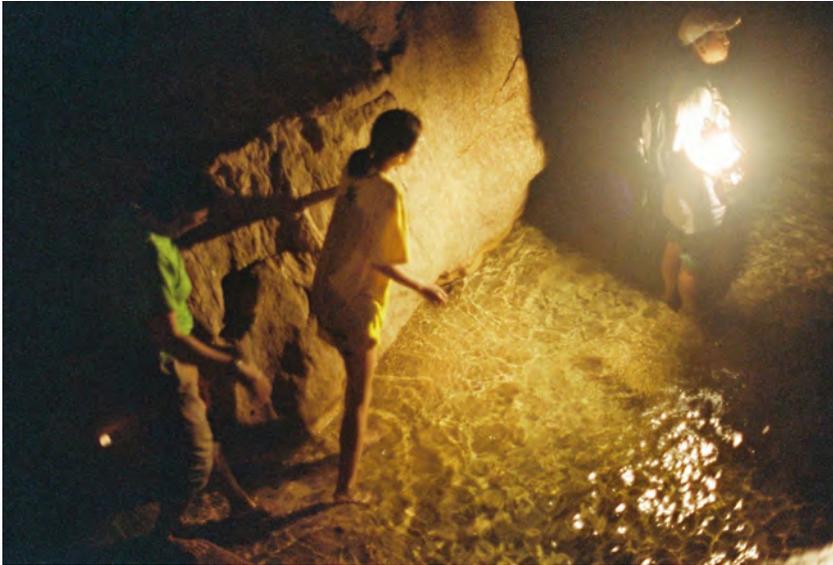
*Sagada's unfinished fine stone pottery  
pots; standing on the shelf.  
Vases, decorations curiosities among them.  
Three months or more to do;  
each are unique in their own ways.*



*fog creeps over the mountain town of  
Sagada.*

*Hello, mister cloud; how do you do?  
Creep up onto us, will you?*

*The weather's fine, the air is cold  
your appearance, however unnecessary;  
makes the world bold*



*Caving in Sagada  
The oil lamp flickered in its strength;  
the vision dimming for a moment or more in length  
The caves echoed at our delight  
the water cold, the air as sprites.*



*Friendly local children in Sagada  
They smiled and laughed as they went around,  
playing, merry, gay, and all the synonyms of  
happy.*



*One of Sagada's many modes of transportation  
There's always room for more;  
they'll always say.*

## MANILA WALDORF SCHOOL

CLASS 12  
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Gino Adeva  
Regine Dumlao  
Cru Camara  
Neal Corpus

Adviser: Tintin Ongpin-Montes  
Sponsors: Lolet Tan and Tina Salazar



*The landscape surrounding the narrow road up  
Sagada.*

*Winding roads leading the way,  
your body may go, but your heart will stay.*

### **HIGH FASHION, IFUGAO STYLE** *by Neal Corpus*

**W**hen my class and I went up to the Mountain Province for our History of Architecture block, I planned on taking my mind off of fashion for the duration of the trip. I was planning on just focusing on the scenic views, cool weather and fresh air. But, alas, I could not escape fashion. When we went to the Bontoc Museum, lo and behold, there was a fashion exhibition within.

The exhibit featured works by students of the La Salle Arts College in Singapore and our own La Salle-College of Saint Benilde. The materials used for the pieces were com-

posed of local mountain materials, with the tribal patterns of the Ifugao. These were sewn together with different materials such as leather and cotton, and some unconventional materials such as latex gloves and umbrella frames. The craftsmanship was good, and some pieces were actually quite wearable. The only problem was, this was not the first time I had seen this concept. The whole indigenous-materials-made-high-fashion was something we've already seen before – in fact, Filipino designer Reian Mata incorporated some northern tribal prints in his Spring/

Summer 2011 collection.

If I recall correctly, tribal prints, especially aztec prints, were a big trend a couple of seasons ago. The thing that set these pieces by the students of La Salle was more probably the way that the pieces were made to look more like art. It wasn't plain fashion; the pieces were almost like art installations. Nevertheless, it was quite refreshing to see high fashion where I didn't expect it...###

*Class of 2012 would like to thank all  
those who have made this journey  
possible.*