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## The Filipino National Anthem

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“Shit went sour, used my passion, made some lemonade  
Picked up Lola from the casino, now we gettin’ paid.”

—JOFRED, “Filipino Road Trip,” 2021.

### SOUTHERN ONTARIO, MID-2000S—

Once or twice a year, young Filipinos in the Catholic Church gathered for something we called Jesus Camp. The first time I went, I was fourteen years old, finally of age to join the adolescents’ auxiliary organization of my parents’ Christian community, Couples for Christ. CFC was founded in 1981 by sixteen married couples with the mission of promoting the Catholic heterosexual family as the means by which Philippine spiritual life could be restored. Between 1981 and 2007, it grew into a global organization with chapters in almost any country where the Filipino diaspora could be found. In 2007, it split into two warring factions with divergent visions over the future of the organization. One chapter (which came to be called CFC-Global) focused on using humanitarian capitalism (i.e. housing for the poor) to spread the word of God. My parents joined the “FFL” faction (Foundations for Family and Life, now called the *Missionary Families of Christ*), which sought to restore the integrity of the Catholic family. Both groups maintain their founding structures, with auxiliary groups for children (Kids for Christ), teenagers (Youth for Christ), unmarried young adults (Singles for Christ), unmarried or widowed men (Servants of the Lord), and women (Handmaids of the Lord), all revolving around the central group, Couples for Christ.

It was in this community that my parents raised their children, from our arrival in Canada in 1998 to our eventual exit from the community in 2010. When I turned thirteen, they didn’t yet want me to join the Jesus Camp and told me I needed to stay in the children’s auxiliary group. I was jealous of the kids who got to go to Jesus Camp. They seemed to grow and flourish in their role as youth group leaders. Finally, one autumn evening, my parents told me it was time for me to join my peers as an adolescent.

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We drove forty-five minutes north of my hometown of Scarborough, and I watched as the post-war suburban landscape gave way to farmland the farther we went until, in a town called Queensville, we turned onto a gravel road that led to a Catholic Marian retreat complex called Regina Mundi—the Queen of the World. Here, without cellphone service or the comforts of air conditioners, I was to join my fellow Filipino Catholic teenagers to learn how to come closer to God through a ritualized induction into the Youth for Christ (YFC) group.

When I first walked into the campgrounds, I was an awkward teenager, both repulsed by and envious of other teens who seemed to navigate the world with charismatic ease. This included the Christian youth camp, where attractive young men and women conversed and flirted with the finesse of seasoned performers. During the second day of the camp, I realized why they were so comfortable with each other: they had collectively gone through an intensive process through which, according to them, they had surrendered themselves to God. And after three days, I was screaming Hillsong ballads at the top of my lungs, stretching my arms out at the musical climaxes, bawling and speaking in tongues, trembling and shaking at the denouement of each sonic movement. When I walked out of the camp, I embraced my new friends and reunited with my family, so imbued with the Holy Spirit that I started preaching to my uninterested high school classmates about why they should join Youth for Christ.

Over the next four years, I reconfigured my life around YFC and quickly rose through the ranks. In 2007, when the international organization splintered into two warring factions, I joined my parents in the more fundamentalist group and became a founding leader of my local chapter. And since we were short on seasoned leaders, I did double duty as the head of the group's music ministry. In theory, every youth group meeting was supposed to revolve around collective Bible study, group prayer and worship, and (chaste and proper) socializing time. But in practice, the “cool kids” were the artists: the singers, the dancers, the instrumentalists. In a social sphere in which our piety was meant to ascertain our proximity to godliness, the artists operated on the worldly economy of cultural capital.

Music ministry, in particular, was at the center of religious and social life in YFC. In my four years as a part of the community, I helped coordinate Jesus Camp about eight times. In camp, everything depended on the musicians, and the choices that singers and guitarists made would dictate the affective structure of the conversion process. For organizers, Jesus Camp, or formally Christian Youth Camp, begins with the recognition that the vast majority of its attendees don't want to be there. The first goal is to coordinate the teenagers and synchronize them to the basic ask of the camp, which is vulnerability. At the zenith of the Jesus Camp's program, it demands a level of porousness in which those who could be most fully inducted into the community were the ones who expressed the largest degree of conversion and healing. At YFC's height in Toronto's Filipino community, during the late 1990s and the 2000s, the organization targeted the many Filipino youths living and experiencing degrees of socio-economic hardship, the “difficult” young adults with “serious addictions to drugs and alcohol” and those “harboring serious resentments towards their parents and other people.”

The first two sessions, “God’s Love and His Plan for Us” and “Who is Jesus Christ to Me,” are the primers for basic theological education. These sessions also introduce attendees to the workshop format, in which every person in a circle is asked to share a personal story that relates to the theme in question. Once the social codes of testimony are established, the camp moves into its first major event, a session called “Repentance, Faith, Healing, and Forgiveness.” Among youth leaders, we call it “Talk Three,” the monumental event that the entire weekend hinges on. In Talk Three, the lights are dimmed. The speaker is always someone in the community who is older, and often someone who was among the roughest recruits of their time. In the session, the speaker openly testifies about their sins: personal vices, substance abuse, and an un-Christian sexual history. In this performance of vulnerability, the narrative reaches its climax at the speaker’s lowest point in their life, upon which they finally relented to going to Jesus Camp. It is at this point that the audience is asked to bow their heads in prayer, and the music ministry plays ambient music, first gentle and sorrowful, as the speaker implores their listeners to turn inward and think about their wrongdoings. Then, as their eyes are closed, the parent coordinators bring in pen and paper for each participant, where they will write at their discretion something they wish to confess and repent to God alone.

Once everyone’s testimonies are written, the participants are invited to throw their sins in a bucket, one by one, to the increasingly intense sounds of the music ministry. If the camp is held at night and in a rural space, this sequence is especially powerful; the workshop leader brings the bin outdoors, and everyone follows. The music ministry’s guitarist follows them outside with their acoustic guitar. The leader, at last, in a gesture of repentance and forgiveness, sets the contents of the bin—including the sins of the participants—on fire. Here, on my guitar, I start playing a song called “Refiner’s Fire,” a ballad in which the singer asks God lovingly for repentance: “Refiner’s fire/my heart’s one desire is to be holy/set apart for you, Lord . . . ready to do your will.”

After the worship session, many of us are still bawling and quivering, or at least tearful and puffy-eyed. And in *every single camp* I’ve attended, as well as every single regional or international conference, these points of emotional vulnerability become the erotic ground for hetero-romantic affection. Boys find and envelop girls—usually those who are conventionally attractive—in a comforting embrace. It is after Talk Three, especially, that participants first learn the concept of a “camp crush”—an attendee who becomes the object of your affection. And despite objections by the parent coordinators, the erotics produced out of the manufactured affective landscape of the Jesus Camp often become the start-points for full-blown romantic relationships.

Between sessions, but especially after Talk Three, there is considerable downtime. Sometimes, we in the music ministry would rehearse songs, and more often, would fool around with any of the increasingly popular ballads that Filipino American YouTubers were releasing online. Back then, I was not yet a confident singer (though now, I’m quite the cocky karaoke savant), so I played in the background for a more confident young man, secretly wishing that I, too, were able to muster the courage to sing in front of a crowd. The brave singer would stand in front of the microphone and name any of the popular ballads of our time. To be in the music ministry, you had to know how to play at least the

basic chord progressions for any of these songs. Some of the selections in our repertoire were well-known hits in the 2000s, pulled from albums such as Usher's *Confessions* (2004), Tamia's *More* (2004), or Ne-Yo's *In My Own Words* (2006).

But more often, a singer would request that the band play a corpus of works that was gaining ground outside of the traditional studio spaces of the music industry. We learned to play ballad covers and original songs from Filipinos on YouTube, whose instrumental dexterity and vocal suaveness would come to define the repertoire that we played at every YFC meeting. First, these songs were R&B covers, such as Jeremy Passion's version of *Cater 2 U* by Destiny's Child (2005). But increasingly, they were original songs by artists such as Gabe Bondoc, AJ Rafael, and—most famously—Jeremy Passion. After four years in YFC, I can't count the number of times that we would gather on the floor or on a couch, and the guitarist in the room (usually I) would play the familiar progression: A minor 7<sup>th</sup>, D diminished 7<sup>th</sup>, G major 7<sup>th</sup>, G major add flat-9<sup>th</sup>, and again. After two passes at this progression, the singer begins Passion's hit song "Lemonade," with everyone else joining in: "She's my sunshine in the rain. . . ."

First published on the streaming site SoundClick in 2003, "Lemonade" was written by a user named passionsf: a (then-)obscure sixteen-year-old Filipino American singer from San Francisco. Jeremy Manongdo, or Passion (and now, Jeremy Passion), as he came to be known, was one of several Filipino American YouTube singers—most of whom were men—whose (often self-produced) works became influential in the 2000s among Asian American youth. Other singers, such as Gabe Bondoc and AJ Rafael, formed this milieu of content creators, and while some acts found some mainstream success (like the quartet Legaci, who became Justin Bieber's backup singers), the majority of acts never sustainably crossed over into a record deal, Jeremy Passion among them. Yet Passion's journey from bedroom crooner to anthemic figure also reflects the development of the twenty-first-century online platform economy and the ways in which audiovisual platforms in particular have depended on the work of racialized communities for their growth. He first uploaded "Lemonade" on SoundClick (a precursor of SoundCloud) and built a following on MySpace before finding success on YouTube shortly after the latter platform launched. In the early years, from its 2005 debut and 2006 acquisition by Google through the early 2010s, Passion was one of an early wave of YouTube stars who made an Asian American musical repertoire, and whose influence was felt by generations of 1990s and post-2000s Filipinos in North America. Out of this confluence, between 2000s-era Filipino youth cultures (in colleges, religious organizations, sports clubs), the rise of the platform economy, and the role of Asian American artists in YouTube's ascent, a veritable repertoire emerged.

A description of the sonic textures of my Christian youth group seems like an odd place to start this essay about Filipino American performance. In hindsight, it is strange to me that, despite the twin virtues of Youth for Christ's political culture—both Filipino nationalist and Catholic evangelical—we never once sang "Lupang Hinirang," nor did we ever wave the Filipino flag. The parent coordinators, representatives of the CFC, had always wanted the organization to become more inclusive of other immigrant families in CFC's various locales, especially as global membership and donations were plummeting.

Like the other charismatic lay Catholic groups that were founded in the 1980s, however, Couples for Christ today remains distinctly Filipino.

At every single event, *without fail*, somebody sang “Lemonade”—and everyone joined in. In 2006 and 2007, “Lemonade” fever was at an all-time high, so much so that the regional chapters of YFC Canada fundraised to bring Jeremy Passion himself for a performance. As the highlight of our 2007 national conference, Passion gathered a crowd even bigger than the grand worship sessions of that weekend. With our digital cameras and early camera phones, we recorded Passion’s suave renditions of his greatest hits and his new songs. But when “Lemonade” played, everyone sang along, whooping and cheering at his cheesiest lines. Then, at home, we would go on YouTube and try to learn his latest songs, and any other new pieces that his contemporaries released. In Toronto, more than two thousand miles away from Jeremy Passion’s hometown of San Francisco, we learned to feel in sync with the explosive artistic renaissance of California Filipinos in the 2000s.

In the decade and a half after I left YFC and the Catholic Church, and subsequently became an ethnic studies professor in the United States, “Lemonade” is one of the cultural artifacts that has helped me become a chameleon in Filipino American spaces, to the point where folks often forget that I’m neither Californian nor American. “Lemonade” evokes a particular nostalgia among Filipino Americans for the 2000s and early 2010s, even if they themselves were too young to have fully appreciated that cultural moment. In my Asian American Studies classrooms, I stream the song at the beginning of each semester, to see who reacts—and, of course, it’s my Filipino American and Asian American students who either smirk or sing along.

From my own migrations, as well as the experiences of the seventy-two Filipino American respondents who answered my 2022 survey, I observe that, in vernacular Filipino (North) American life, “Lemonade” forms a repertoire of migrant music, the selections of which are forged from an intimacy with Black American music (especially soul, blues, and R&B), Christian worship songs, and native performance traditions. In other words, for millennials and Gen Z Filipinos in North America, “Lemonade” really *was* the Filipino national anthem.

Much of the efficacy of Passion’s work comes from its formal and generic simplicity as a serenade, which can be performed in everyday spaces, provided that someone has a guitar or a ukulele. As a serenade, its address is to an unnamed woman of the singer-speaker’s affection. In Filipino musical tradition, the serenade finds its roots in Spanish colonial practices, such as the *harana* and the *kundiman*, love songs to be recited by a man to a woman outside of her home. The serenade was a popular form for Passion’s contemporaries, and all of them enjoyed measures of online virality at about the same time: “Stronger Than” by Gabe Bondoc, “That Girl” by David Choi, and “She Was Mine” by A.J. Rafael. But despite the fact that we Filipino youth also sing these other works in our social spaces, none have come close to constituting the cult status of “Lemonade,” its ballad forms elevated to the status of vernacular national anthem.

As a serenade, “Lemonade” also demands that it be *sung about someone else, in the company of other people*. In the opening verse, Passion croons to the listener with praises of his (potential) lover, listing all the ways that he can describe “what she means to me”:

She’s my sunshine in the rain  
She’s my Tylenol when I’m in pain  
Let me tell you what she means to me  
Like a tall glass of lemonade  
When it’s burning hot on a summer’s day  
She’s exactly what I need

When I performed “Lemonade” as an adolescent in the Catholic Church, it would always take place within the intimate spaces of Filipino social life, such as YFC “household meetings” and larger events, such as birthday parties and other commemorative events. On an individual level, several of my millennial-age survey respondents reported that they had learned the song to impress their crushes, or to gain street cred among their peers and feel like part of a Filipino community.

Today, “Lemonade” is a popular anthem of Filipino North American youth culture, often referred to as the unofficial Filipino American national anthem, with varying degrees of irony. On social media platforms such as TikTok and Twitter, “Lemonade” has reached the realms of the cliché and the meme. The song’s opening chord—an A min 7 bar chord—is a punchline in itself; on TikTok, the song is often paired with a parodic depiction of a young Filipino romantic, or (more commonly) a young and promiscuous Filipino fuckboy. When “Lemonade” is sung, or now in its memetic form, when “Lemonade” appears as an intra-community in-joke, the song inaugurates a shared sense of place. As a serenade, “Lemonade” also enacts something akin to the auditory “almost-place” that Josh Kun calls an audiotopia: “music’s utopian potential,” the horizon through which music operates in a spatial way, as its own space, as moving between spaces, and as the spaces that listeners and performers alike imagine through their shared sonic experience.<sup>1</sup> But where “Lemonade” diverges from Kun’s multiracial audiotopias is in the song’s *intramural character*—young Filipinos’ insistent demarcation of it *as Filipino American music*. While it is born out of the multicultural diversity of Jeremy Passion’s Northern California, and that of the myriad places where Filipino North Americans make their home, it maintains a distinctly intra-community quality, despite nearly twenty years in circulation.

Here, it is useful—and necessary—to take seriously the claim, however humorously it is articulated, that “Lemonade” is the Filipino American *national anthem*. Unlike an audiotopia, a national anthem synchronizes its listeners and performers towards an intramural sonic space, imbued with the power of ritual value. Furthermore, unlike audiotopias, an anthem is a sonic articulation of what Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari

1. Josh Kun, *Audiotopia: Race, Music, America* (Berkeley, CA: University of California Press, 2005), 21.

call the “romance of coherent nationhood.”<sup>2</sup> What coheres is a Filipino diasporic shared subjectivity within the boundaries of settler colonies (North America) whose racial orders systematically exclude the Filipino, former and current neocolonial subjects of the United States. I also want to take *romance* here to also mean the erotic topographies inaugurated by a serenade that, for racialized subjects, comes to stand in for the potential of a coherent nationhood, in a nation that doesn’t want them. I observe that “Lemonade” inaugurates an imagined community—a nation, proper—for migrant people caught between two nation-states whose bilateral relationship was founded on colonial occupation, an “imagined topography” (to paraphrase Christine Bacareza Balance) enacted through the performance of intra-racial heteronormative desire.<sup>3</sup> The serenade, both as a sonic form and as a physical gathering, is the medium through which this romance is forged, quite literally, through hetero-romantic courtship. Therefore, bringing “Lemonade” and its diasporic resonances under scrutiny, I argue that the Filipino American serenade inaugurates a migrant structure of feeling through its constitutive heteronormativity.

What do Filipino communities in North America hear in “Lemonade” that brings together a sonic community? To start this line of inquiry, I want to ask the inverse question: how does the North American metropole, or to use Josh Kun’s words, “the American audio-racial imagination,” hear the Filipino voice? Filipino music? If it does at all?

From call centers and English language classes to the mimetic work of karaoke and the sonic spaces of the cover band, the Filipino voice, dismembered yet constitutive of the Filipino body, forms the assemblage of the affective labors that mark the rise of the neoliberal order. It is a commodity that gestures to the mechanization of Filipino labor through the twentieth century, a sonic simulacrum of the empire its transitory presence haunts. I take my cue from the foundational work of Jan Padios, whose ethnography of Filipino call centers situates the Filipino voice within post-industrial economies that produced new forms of affective labor.<sup>4</sup> In the 2000s, online platforms such as SoundClick and YouTube provided the conditions for select Filipino voices to move from abstract labor to the work of artisanship. In “How It Feels to Be Viral Me” (2012), Balance urges scholars to take seriously the cultural economies of YouTube performance, and how the platform’s early stars produced a “feeling [of being] Asian American.”<sup>5</sup> In other words, these enterprising creators built, in a digital space, the structures of feeling that shaped a diasporic community. Through affective labor, performers transform disparate experiences “into a common understanding.”<sup>6</sup>

2. Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia*, trans. Brian Massumi (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1987), 456.

3. Christine Bacareza Balance, *Tropical Renditions: Making Musical Scenes in Filipino America* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2016), 7.

4. Jan Padios, *A Nation on the Line: Call Centers as Postcolonial Predicaments in the Philippines* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2018).

5. Christine Bacareza Balance, “How It Feels to Be Viral Me: Affective Labor and Asian American YouTube Performance,” in *Women’s Studies Quarterly* 40.1 (2012): 140.

6. *Ibid.*, 148.

Among Asian American listeners of all ethnic groups, “Lemonade” inaugurates a sonic common sense that resists the institutional identitarian flattening of the “Asian American” category. In the Asian American sonic imagination, the work of viral Filipino American performers form the broader community’s online musical repertoire but do not meld with “Asian America” itself. “Lemonade” demarcates the distinctive histories of diasporic Filipino experience, and the frictions between Filipino American life and hegemonic (Northeast) Asian American culture.

Out of 72 survey respondents, 70 reported hearing “Lemonade” throughout their high school years, whether among their Filipino friends and cultural groups or through the internet (from MySpace to TikTok). It is in circulation through these groups that, in the 2000s, “Lemonade” and other Filipino American songs became canonized as *repertoire*, within specific modes of diasporic courtship. The educational institution, as a site of subject-formation, provides its marginalized students the institutionalized cultural capital that might enable them to fully participate in the professions of middle-class North American life. But as spaces of social reproduction, cultural groups instill ritualistic codes through which students can build a shared sense of community. In Filipino American groups, this includes the annual Pilipino Cultural Night (PCN), and the performances for which students spend all year preparing. Within and outside of these groups, as they break into singing circles, “Lemonade” is a feature of their repertoire. As one Filipino American reported:

Definitely [knew “Lemonade” as] a social gathering type thing! In high school, a lot of my friends were Chamorro and/or Filipino and many of them would bring their ukes for jam sessions during the school day. It was def one of the songs we would sing during our lunch period. Similarly, we sang it often in college in my FASA (Filipino American Student Association). I distinctly remember singing it altogether once in our hotel room the night before a big conference and another time in our tents while camping. It was also just frequently played at our meetings, events, and parties. And of course used in some Tinikling performances.

As an intramural sonic space, the anthemic quality of “Lemonade” comes from its spatial politics of hetero-romantic affection. In the Philippines, there exists a long tradition of Filipino courtship, which finds its roots in the Spanish colonial period (particularly among plantation societies within colonial cities), and shares similar practices to other courtship performances in Spain and in Latin America. In Tagalog, this is called *ligaw*, and it is from this diasporic performance of courtship that the following theorization emerges. Ligaw is constituted as a formal and gradual process of wooing, indeed the *work* of wooing, conducted through repeated professions of love, which escalate through the performance of poetry and song, until such time that the man earns the full affection of the woman. But while many practices comprise the overall ethos of ligaw, its central driving force is its sonic form—the serenade—and the social practices of gathering around which it takes place. In the 2012 documentary *Harana*, directed by Benito Bautista and hosted by musician Florante Aguilar, the film’s musicians describe their craft as something that stems from pastoral village life, and the rituals of affection that once marked

provincial sociality. In one notable scene, a young man enlists the help of the harana musicians to ligaw a woman in his village. He stands outside her window, and she watches as the young man is surrounded by singers who sonically intercede for him. At last, she emerges from her house in the company of her family, signaling that the young man has provisionally earned the opportunity to further express his love for her, through his continued courtship of the woman's the family.

In the North American context, diasporic panliligaw takes place through the social practices of Filipino youth, in their encounters with cultural organizations (both religious and secular), and through their shared experience of being on the internet as Asian Americans. According to my respondents, learning guitar and ukulele and songs like "Lemonade" provided them an opportunity to ameliorate their desirability through performance:

Flirting in high school and college. I learned it because an ex-girlfriend was obsessed with Fil-Am music. From there, Fil-Am music almost became an entire identity for me (ha!).

Geez it was probably middle school. My best friend at the time was Filipina, and we loved listening to "Lemonade" and other songs by the big Filipino YouTube singers at the time. I would def fantasize about my crush at the time while listening to this song, wishing that he felt that way about me lolol

To bring it back to my upbringing in Toronto's Filipino Catholic community: the affective landscapes of the Christian youth group themselves already produce an erotic space within the particular moral economy of YFC, which is the economy of vulnerability. The serenade is a sonic medium through which that vulnerability can be made continuous with the moments of social reproduction (i.e. socializing, downtime) in YFC, where vulnerability serves as a form of embodied cultural capital that can be exchanged for desirability. I think that "Lemonade" became the anthem of our social life in YFC because, at its core, the central mission of the Couples for Christ organization is the racial-sexual management of Filipino heteronormativity and reproductive futures. Ligaw was to be expected and tolerated, but never condoned; to desexualize our social interactions, the parent coordinators always emphasized that we were *brothers and sisters in Christ* (though we never called each other "brother" or "sister" out of an unspoken recognition that, to put it crassly, we were all horny teenagers). But according to the structures of the CFC organization, after YFC, we were to "graduate" to the Singles for Christ auxiliary group, in which members were encouraged to form romantic partnerships under the eyes of God. The vast majority of my former YFC folks who stayed in the community are now married to their fellow members. Thus, while ligaw was heavily contested and controlled in YFC, it was nonetheless tolerated as long as the erotics of our spaces were legible to the ultimate goal of CFC, which is to cultivate the virtues of the Christian Filipino family.

Among younger Filipino Americans, "Lemonade" is still the anthemic song of their shared cultural life, though its immediacy had run its course. This is because, for them, "Lemonade" is now anachronistic, an artifact of a cringing moment in their millennial

predecessors' search for a common ethnic identity. The gendered nature of the sonic space of the "Filipino national anthem" is even more pronounced in the online parodies of "Lemonade" and its performers, particularly around critiques of diasporic Filipino masculinity. Like the memetic "Kevin Nguyen" figure, a hypersexual and promiscuous Vietnamese American young man, the Filipino boy who sings "Lemonade" does so without the intent of entering into a long-term relationship, but rather to deploy a familiar sonic trope as a part of his sexual pursuits. Whether or not the "Lemonade" singer's desires are consummated, the fact that the song has become embedded as a racialized and gendered script for Filipino American sexuality suggests that the song's status as a national anthem has so thoroughly embedded itself as a part of Filipino American life and shared cultural consciousness. But the persistence of the serenade as a hetero-romantic form, which itself scales up to the sonic common sense of diasporic nationhood, suggests that "Lemonade" (and the Filipino American repertoire of which it is a part) is not a subversive sonic act, but rather something that remains dependent on the undesirability of queer kinship within the creation of a cohesive nation.

It has been over a decade since I left the Couples for Christ and the Catholic Church. Despite my long history as a musician, I now struggle to practice my instruments because the repertoires that have taken over my musical life were the ones from a rather traumatic set of adolescent years. But in my classroom spaces, no matter how uncool I become as an increasingly older professor among college students, "Lemonade" persists as a common cultural vocabulary between me and my Asian American students. And my students, to my surprise, take pleasure in opening up that intramural knowledge to the non-Asian students in the classroom. Through them, "Lemonade" is not just a national anthem, but an invitation into a world—perhaps an audiotopia after all—in which students of all backgrounds can take part in the shared act of Filipino listening. ■