Viviana Andrade, at Nakamise, shopping street, Tokyo, Japan, May 2019

Santiago de Chile, March 2019
The Cultural Journal
Spring 2019

The Culture Club, Humanities and Global Studies, and Aficana Studies

The Cultural Journal is a non-profit magazine devoted to sharing experiences with an emphasis on culture. Contributions of prose, poetry, literary criticism, short stories, essays, anecdotes, drawings, photos, and recipes concerning culture, perceptions and interactions of people from different countries are accepted. Submissions can be in any language provided they are accompanied by an English translation. Text should be typed and if possible submitted on a flash drive along with a printout. We also accept online submissions.*

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*From the editors: Accepted submissions will be published in the order received as space permits. Articles will be edited at the editors’ discretion. Opinions expressed by contributors do not reflect the editors’ points of view.

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President Mercer delivered the spring 2019 State of the College Address on February 6, 2019. A summary of that address follows:

The state of the College is strong but we are on a precipice of sorts. The State budget looms ahead as does the release of the Secretary of Higher Education’s Plan. We continue to grapple for our share of students as well and their financial need continues to grow. Indeed, our reputation is strong, but fragmentation within the State, including now four designated research institutions and legislation that favors 60-credit associate degrees, place challenges on our capacity to continue to compete successfully in a shrinking market.

This is the time for us to innovate.

With respect to our academic programs, I am pleased to share that we have several new developments. We understand that we must continually evolve and actively strive for student success, and for that reason our exploration of fully-online programs continues. This is a re-envisioning of our delivery and one that will not only help us meet the needs of today’s students who often rely on the flexibility and convenience of online learning, but also, frankly, provide a new revenue stream for the College, consider firstly the potential growth to our summer enrollment. Programs in nursing, business, and education have been tapped to be our first step into this arena, and we expect to launch the first fully-online program for a Fall 2019 cohort.

In addition to online programs based on our current offerings, during this academic year we launched:

- a new Philosophy major;
- a new Sustainability major;
- Management, Marketing, and Finance majors;
- a minor in Museum and Exhibition Studies; and
- a certificate program in Spanish for Healthcare Professionals

There are several other new programs under various stages of development as well. This is important. It is what we need to do. As a member of the N.J. President’s Council, I see our peers presenting new programs but look behind the curtain a bit and many times they are actually introducing old win in new bottles. That’s not good enough. We must be introducing new ideas and new programs.

Stephan Lally ’20, political science major, Student Government Association, (SGA), president, posed at the Elmina Slave Castle, Buriwa, Cape Coast, Ghana, Spring break, 2019.

Rick Brown. Director of the Center for Student Involvement. Rick, first row center, with SGA and Choral students. Spring break trip to Ghana. 2017

Photo: Courtesy of Stephan Lally ’20
Peter Scheckner, Ph.D.

Photo: Michael Riff

Left: Peter Scheckner, professor of literature, School of Human and Global Studies, posed surrounded by friends and colleagues at the retirement party celebrated in his honor. Peter retired from Ramapo after 47 years of service. This event took place on May 8, 2019. It was organized by Michael Riff, Ph.D., with the collaboration of friends, colleagues, students, and family.

Bonnie Caruso, class 1993

Photo: Niza Fabre

Bonnie retired from Ramapo after 32 years of service. She joined Ramapo in January 1986 as a security officer, today known as Public Safety, for two years.

In April 1988 she left Ramapo to work in the business world while she continued taking undergraduate courses at Ramapo.

In July 1989, she returned to Ramapo’s Human Resources Benefits Office as personnel Aide 1. She graduated in 1993 with a major in business, concentration management. She went to work at the Student Center as a secretarial assistant. Bonnie enjoyed working with the student population and stayed there until 2004. Then, she applied for a higher level secretarial position at the Office of Academic Affairs under Nancy Mackin, dean of students and Pam Bischoff, vice president of student affairs. In January 2010, she joined American and International Studies, (AIS), today Humanities and Global Studies, (HGS) where she worked until her retirement in June 2019. A retirement party was held in honor of Bonnie. The event took place on May 27, 2019. It was sponsored by Bonnie’s Ramapo friends.

Kevin Prendergast, Sr. Librarian

Photo: Michael Riff, Ph.D.

Kevin, Potter Library, interlibrary loan supervisor, retired from Ramapo College after 34 years of service.

He joined Ramapo in January 1985 as a Sr. Library Asst.

In 1989 he was promoted to Technical Library Asst.

Kevin plans to enjoy his retirement in company of his children.

Delicious cake with a message for Peter Scheckner at his retirement party.
Luz Argentina Chiriboga

La noche empieza a caer. Lucero Peñafiel, sentada en la sala de su casa lee una novela titulada *El ruido que hacen las cosas al caer*. Nada nuevo: el capo las gracias que hace la perra. Levanta el hocico en el aire, e imagina tal estupidez! Inmóvil, sigue sin nían terror.

Basurero lo encontró. Se pasa examinando la conducta de Beatriz, ¿mi niña, tiene sed? Me da lástima la conducta de ambas. ¡Qué desagradable proceder! ¡Dios mío! En qué pueden las cualidades de la perra.

Silencio, solo la miro, todo esto me da asco. ¡Han oído ustedes, ser tía de una perra! Mi Kanelita quiere saludar a su tía. ¡Qué descaro, me ofende, de verdad! Lucero, llena de coraje, baja la cabeza, pero... cómo perder de vista a este animal tan atrevido. Mientras, su hermana sigue exigiendo a Kanela y a la perra le relampaguean los ojos. La dueña de casa la mira severa, pero la hermana mayor, por el contrario, celebra divertida. Sonríe por las gracias que hace la perra. Pierde la cabeza por la tal Kanela: la recogió en un basurero y ahora es la niña de sus ojos. ¡Qué barbaridad!

El rostro ovalado de Lucero dibuja un gesto desagradable, apenas se mueve, de su asiento, mantiene las manos juntas y los ojos fijos en la perra, pero qué es esto, dijo en voz baja. Rechaza la actitud irrespetuosa de su hermana, tal proceder es completamente grosero; no deja de lamentar su torpeza, su trato descortés. La idea de traer la perra es atrevida. Juro que e importó los hipopótamos para su zoológico con el propósito de camuflar la droga en el excremento de esos animales, a los que los perros les tenían terror. Termina de leerla, la coloca en el estante, toma un nuevo libro y enseguida empieza a leerlo; es otra novela: *La muerte blanca*. El título es sugerente y se adentra en la historia; le parece interesante, se concentra en la lectura.

Nadie sabe por qué le puso Kanela, con K; ya desde joven se las daba de original. Vive acostumbrado paseo por el parque; allí le hace dar vueltas y correr, para que no se estrese, según asegura.

Beatriz llega jadeante, le corre el sudor por la frente. Se quita las gafas redondas y grandes, deja a un lado la gorra de visera exageradamente larga. Es más baja que Lucero. Lleva un pantalón sobre los tobillos y zapatos deportivos. En esta ocasión se ha cubierto con un abrigo azul, para evitar el frío de la noche. Le llama la atención que la perra lleva también un abrigo del mismo color, gafas y un gorro blanco. Nadie sabe por qué le puso Kanela, con K; ya desde joven se las daba de original. Vive solamente con la perra.

La primera en entrar a la sala es Kanela. Se sube a los muebles, salta sacando la lengua, se estremece con una especie de hormigueo, levanta el hocico en el aire como interrogando qué huele tan bien. A Lucero le gusta preparar platos especiales. A la perra le recompensan los ojos. La dueña de casa la mira severa, pero la hermana mayor, por el contrario, celebra divertida. Sonríe por las gracias que hace la perra. Pierde la cabeza por la tal Kanela: la recogió en un basurero y ahora es la niña de sus ojos. ¡Qué barbaridad!

La muerte blanca.

(Continúa en la p. 29)
Amarildo Costa, director of Ramapo Brazilian Percussion Ensemble, performed a live traditional Brazilian music festival with his percussion instruments. The audience participated playing Amarildo’s musical instruments. The performance was enhanced with Professor Paula Straile Costa’s presentation on, The History and Importance of Music in Brazil. This event was part of African Ancestry Month. It was sponsored by The Culture Club, The African Ancestry Month Committee, Africana Studies, and Psi Sigma Phi Multicultural Fraternity, Inc. It took place on February, 25, 2019.

Daniel Jean, Ph.D.

Daniel Jean ‘97, Ramapo EOF, class of 1997, author, consultant, motivational speaker, playwright and poet was the guest speaker of the Third Annual Students of Color “Rites of Passage,” Pre-Commencement celebration. This event represents one of the ways that Ramapo College celebrates the academic achievements of students of color who have successfully completed a graduate or undergraduate degree at Ramapo. This event took place on May 16, 2019. It was sponsored by the Office of Equity, Diversity, Inclusion and Compliance.

Mary Cicitta ’07 ’16 and Rose Marie Mark ’05

Mary Cicitta, Ramapo director of publications, and Rose Marie Mark, history major, posed at the Annual Literature Luncheon in honor of literature majors and minors. Faculty and family joined the event to celebrate the students induction into Sigma Tau Delta, the international literature Honor Society. This event took place on April 17, 2019.

Tamia Anderson

Tamia Anderson, BSU public relations chair, made a presentation at the African Ancestry Month Opening Proclamation. The theme of the month was “Resiliency in a Time of Struggle, Fighting Against Racism and Discrimination, and Celebrating the Black Community.” This activity took place on February 4, 2019. It was sponsored by the Office of Equity, Diversity, Inclusion and Compliance.
Maricel Mayor Marsán, author, poet, playwrite, and redactor of Baquiana Literary Magazine, member of number of the North American Academy of the Spanish Language and therefore correspondent member of the Royal Academy of the Spanish Language.

Beyond The Dust of Death

In order to heft circumstances
A ring of rare situations has to be recognized
And the nocturnal passions has to enlighten
Without debasing the most noble essences.

In order to live again in high pledge
We can not forget the absences
Neither to be unworthy of the sufferings
Of a brief and intense schedule.

White cloud that asphyxiates the airs,
Morning darkened with savages obscurities,
Evaporated bodies by the aegis of evil
In the mist of unwanted surprises.

And when erroneous opinions will be pronounced,
Multiple voices will graze on my ear
Taking themselves down beyond the dust of death,
Reminding me that there are no good-byes or forgiveness.

Maricel Mayor Marsán. Poemas desde Church Street/ Poems from Church Street.

Más Allá Del Polvo De La Muerte

Para sopesar circunstancias
hay que reconocer un anillo de raras situaciones
y esclarecer la nocturidad de pasiones
sin envilricular las más nobles esencias.

Para vivir de nuevo en alto empeño
no Podemos olvidar las ausencias
ni desmerecer los padeceres
de un horario breve e intenso.

Blanca nube asfixiadora de aires,
manana teñida de oscuridades salvajes,
cuerpos evaporados por la égida de la maldad,
en el medio de indeseadas sorpresas.

Y cuando sean pronunciados erróneos pareceres,
rozarán en mi oído multiples voces
descogándose más allá del polvo de la muerte,
recordándome que no hay adioses ni perdones.

Maricel Mayor Marsán. Poemas desde Church Street/ Poems from Church Street.

Untitled

Catch a star in the night.
Put a raindrop in your pipe,
Blow wet smoke rings.

Left to right: Niza Fabre, Cav. Mattia Cipriano, Gaetano Forgione, Rosetta D’Angelo. Cav. Mattia Cipriano, displayed a booklet compilation of his 2018-2019 book of mosaics. **This meeting took place at Forgia Restaurant on January 28, 2019.**

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Renowned author Madison Smartt Bell, a USA novelist, born in Nashville, Tennessee, presented, at Ramapo College, a lecture based on his epic trilogy about the Haitian revolution and his biography of Toussaint Louverture, published 1995-2004.

The author’s creations are the product of his dedication and devotion to Haitian culture and art in order to write a fictionalized version of a revolution that changed the world.

The trilogy is extraordinary in the intricate weaving of stories and narrative threads that merge to show the revolution from the spectrum of its participants, including children, doctors, soldiers, women, and the leaders caught in the complicated psychological warfare.

The presentation concluded with a lively question and answer session and a book signing. This event took place on April 18, 2019. It was sponsored by the Schomburg Grant for Distinguished Visiting Scholars and co-sponsored by the Minority Faculty and Staff Association, School of Contemporary Arts, and the Office of Equity, Diversity, Inclusion and Compliance. Initiated and coordinated by Shalom Gorewitz, professor, School of Contemporary Arts.
Lola Banítez Molina

Lola Banítez Molina, Málaga, España.

Author essay and short story

La sonrisa de la vida

Juego de sentimientos ultrajados, desdicha sin ocaso. El bandoneón de los recuerdos aflora y marchita hasta las gardenias de Machín. Un fado suena en los entresijos de mi alma. Ya no vuelva el ruiseñor. Las mentiras, una leve brisa las traen y las lleva. Una luna creciente asoma cohibida, y el latir de las olas murmura sin cesar. Una alondra inocente quiere volar, soñar..., a donde el corazón la lleve, y no encuentra más que el desgarro de lo banal.

El silencio sin respuesta, cargado de dolor y agonía, acecha a todo aquel que amó y no fue correspondido. Y como diría Neruda en su poema “Tu risa”: “quítame el aire, pero no me quites tu risa porque me moriría…

¿Adónde se fueron los románticos, los forjadores de ilusión, los que siembran amor con la mirada, los que su sola palabra penetra en el verdadero oasis? Uno de ellos, es sin duda, el gran poeta cubano José Ángel Buesa, nacido en 1910 en las Cruces y fallecido en 1982 en Santo Domingo, República Dominicana. Se le conoce como el “poeta enamorado”. Su obra es principalmente elegíaca, grávida de melancolía, de canto al “Amor perdido”, al “Amor prohibido”, al “Amor tardío”. Son célebres sus poemas “de la despedida” o “Poema del olvido” entre otros.

Como otros tantos cubanos, se vio obligado a marcharse de su paradisiaca tierra. Estoy segura de que ello acentuaría la nostalgia que lo caracterizó. En su obra se aprecia una profunda sensibilidad. Su peregrinar lo llevó a las Islas Canarias y a El Salvador, pero, finalmente, se instaló en Santo Domingo. Sus poemas fueron traducidos al inglés, ruso, japonés, portugués, polaco y chino. Además, escribió novelas y libretos para la televisión y radio cubana y fue profesor de Literatura en la Universidad Nacional Pedro Henríquez Ureña de República Dominicana. Es uno de los máximos exponentes del neo-romanticismo americano.

Para el crítico literario C. S. Lewis; “La dificultad a menudo prepara a una persona común para un destino extraordinario”. Parece que hay un nuevo resurgir de poetas, un auge de la cultura y las artes, como búsqueda de una salida a la inquietud y crispación reinantes. El ser humano está ávido de amor y comprensión, por algo siempre se ha dicho que el amor mueve al mundo. Para ello, hay que partir de la base del respeto y de la educación.

Seamos, pues, portadores de sonrisas, como la sonrisa de un niño que cree en la magia de la inocencia. No olvidemos que el sentimiento por lo bello perdura toda la vida.

Autora: Lola Benítez Molina, Málaga, España.

(Traducción al inglés en la p.27)

What My Mother Said

Don’t look for me at the grave
after I go,
See me in the Spring
When the flowers grow.

Jared Berberabe ’22, literature major, Concentration, creative writing, posed at the Annual Literature Luncheon in honor of literature majors and minors.

Literature faculty and family of the students joined the event to celebrate the students induction into Sigma Tau Delta, The International Literature Honor Society.

This event took place on April 17, 2019.

Gunnar Hopson ’20, literature major, posed at the Annual Literature Luncheon on April 17, 2019.

Artistic painter and graphic designer as a hobby. Talented Gunnar, is the author of the Cheshire Cat’s portrait, on p. 35 of this magazine.

Samantha Tufaro ‘22, read the poem “Scenes from The Dating Game,” William Hooper’19, read the poem, “Minstrel Boy,” and Philip Pillari ’21, (not in picture) read the poem “It Hurst Me.” The three poems are by John Grey, published in different issues of The Cultural Journal. The Poetry Reading took place at the Take the Mic: Poetry Slam event, organized by The Ramapo Muslim Student Association, MSA. This activity took place on April 30, 2019. It was cosponsored by The Black Student Union, BSU, The Culture Club, and the Spanish Club.

Samantha Tufaro ‘22 read the poem “Scenes from The Dating Game,” William Hooper’19, president, (2017-2019), political science major, Ainedra Hudson ’19, ambassador, (2018-2019), biochemistry major, posed at the End of Semester Party / Piano Festival and Farewell in honor of graduating seniors William Hooper and Ainedra Hudson, who received a Culture Club award from Philip Pillari. At the piano Mathew Hooper ’22. This event took place on Thursday, May 2, 2019. It was sponsored by The Culture Club.
William Hooper ‘19


Photo: Courtesy of William Hooper

Ainedra Hudson ‘19


Photo: Courtesy Ainedra Hudson
The snow Leopard

Monks take their pilgrimage through the godlyth dunes of a snow leopard's fur.
Their capes flow like muscular lava down steep crags.
The ibex is primarily Buddhist, balancing all points of existence on a jagged edge.
The snow leopard digest the wisest part of the blue sheep
In his long elegant tail.


Minstrel Boy

I don't take to the streets any more
with my cheap guitar
and medley of old folk songs
I'm what you're not hearing
when you go for a stroll through the city.
You get your melody
from the belligerent honking of traffic,
your lyrics out of trash
spilling over the rims of the barrels
or the smoke rising up from the subway below.
Even if I tried a comeback,
the cops would just move me on.
So all I can ask
is that the skyscrapers pass on my message,
the street vendors take up my tunes.
I'm thinking of entering a talent contest.
I just hope the smog and the crime and the hustle
are not on the same bill.

Author: John Grey RI, USA.

Charlize Victoria Guerra, graduated in May 2019 from Ardsley High School, Westchester New York. Charlize will pursue a BA degree from Suny College-Plattsburg, NY.

Christian A. Guerra, graduated in May 2019, from the State University College, Potsdam, New York, with a BA in criminal justice. Christian will pursue graduate studies in criminal justice.
What I Learned From The Law

To: Jorge Alejandro Fusté
I have shut my balcony because I do not want to hear the weeping.
— Federico García Lorca

Back stretch I ceased my addition to nightly news. Swearing off collateral throes then
I cautioned my colleagues and they fashioned my resolve crass
“I’ll conserve my tears for personal occasions”
I came in
This counsel reached me via the venerable Justice of the Peace, Luis, nowadays long vanished/ he kissed off prancing an oldie/
scheming details to the last call /He shared —he stormed out on Madame X’/ from a bailiwick picture show/ in Havana and demanded a refund/ objecting to peep into humanity’s Gehenna/ and was requited because they fixed he was loco/ A sophic patriarch when we crossed/ I heeded, abstained from melodramas/ and the news and endured to trek my own dieta/ much a creation hasn’t halted sobbing/ and don’t bear its crux/ Luis’ finality was sustained:
— Unmindful to what the pulpiteer lays down/ “No man’s pain ought to anyone else’s” [carte d’entrée to heaven]/ That is bona fide condemnation


Fear and the Big Un Easy
The fear, anxiety and terror embalm
My delusion of safety and feeling of calm
Without foundation
Pure desolation
Aimless wandering
Relentless squandering
Anxiety free floating
Dead bodies bloating
Unraveling of the cloak of civility
Recognized genocidal activity
The fear of abandonment
National: astonishment
Fantasy realized
Terror materialized
Fears denied
Nothing tried
Babies tried
Authorities lied
Thousands died
God just sighed
@Marshall Harth, The Poetry of Therapy, p. 8
Damiano Beleffi, Ambassador

Damiano Beleffi, ambassador and permanent representative of San Marino, Italy to the United Nations, made a presentation on San Marino's history and its relations to the United States.

San Marino is considered to have one of the earliest constitutions that is still in effect.

Damiano Beleffi's presentation focused, among other things, on San Marino's success.

In addition, Damiano had in his possession an original letter from Abraham Lincoln which he shared with the audience during his presentation.

This event took place on April 28, 2019. It was sponsored by the Italian Club.

Photo: Courtesy of the Italian Club

Kanela

Piensa en cómo liberarla y con voz temblorosa, Espera, hija, pronto te libero ¡Tranquila, Kanelita, espera! La perra entiende, pero se queja, algo le duele.

Del corazón de Lucero se apodera la desesperación, trata de no concentrarse para no cometer errores. Se arrastra hasta llegar al patio, busca algo que le ayude a levantar la pared. Nuevos movimientos terráqueos la detienen agachada. Apenas pasa el temblor va en busca de una varilla que guarda en una esquina del patio, la arrastra hasta llegar a la puerta, la encuentra cerrada, escucha los gemidos de Kanela. ¡Dios mío, nunca he atravesado una cuestión tan difícil!

Empuja la puerta, está trabada, la empuja cada vez con más fuerza, cede, en su rostro se refleja la angustia. Kanela permanece inmóvil, la mira con profunda tristeza y lanza más gemidos. ¡Dios mío, nunca he atravesado una cuestión tan difícil!

Empuja la puerta, está trabada, la empuja cada vez con más fuerza, cede, en su rostro se refleja la angustia. Kanela permanece inmóvil, la mira con profunda tristeza y lanza más gemidos. Espera, hija, espera. Entiende, pero en su rostro se concentra desesperación y dolor.

Con la fuerza que aún le queda, Lucero introduce la varilla bajo la pared que tiene prisionera a Kanela, su corazón late desesperadamente, ahora une fuerza y sentimiento. Espera que pase otro temblor, más breve, y empuja con fuerza, levanta la pared. Kanela observa todo el tiempo, como ayudándola, el corazón le palpita con violencia. La pared comienza a ceder, Lucero limpia el sudor que corre por su frente, baja por sus ojos y le impide ver con claridad. ¡Atenta, Kanela! ¡Pronto, hija, afuera, sal pronto! Kanela sale asustada, rongueando. La dueña de casa deja caer la varilla y siente la imperiosa necesidad de abrazarla.

Author: Luz Argentina Chiriboga, Quito, Ecuador.

Daydreaming

I love spacing out, looking at a calendar – I don’t know why.
I suppose I like to see days go by . . .
I love losing time and embracing space.
I imagine myself and my loved one in a magical place.

Recipe
Cheese Empanada

Ingredients

- ½ green pepper
- ½ red pepper
- 1 tomato
- 1 onion
- 5 cilantro leaves
- ½ head of garlic
- 2 tbsp. ground oregano
- 1 tbsp. of black pepper
- 1 bag of mixed cheese (Monterey jack, Colby and mozzarella)
- 1 small can of Goya tomato sauce
- 2 packets of Goya empanada discos
- 5-6 cups of vegetable oil
- 1 tsp. of pimenton
- 1 tbsp. salt
- 1 tsp. of pimento
- 2 packets of sazon
- 2 tbsp. of vegetable oil
- 2 packets of Goya empanada discos
- 1 bag of mixed cheese (Monterey jack, Colby and mozzarella)

Directions:

First, dice up the green pepper, red pepper, onion, cilantro and tomato. Then, ground the garlic. Make sure the garlic is completely ground and no chunks remain. Then add the oregano, black pepper, salt to the garlic and mix. Place on the side.

Open the packet of discos and pour the can of Goya tomato sauce in with the vegetable that are frying. Fry for ten minutes, making sure it will not burn. After the ten minutes, let the mix cool off the end of the discos by pushing down on the front flat of the discs with the fork, creating a line design. Make sure that the oil is very hot and begin frying the discos for about 5 minutes each or until golden brown.

Katherine Pusaúd '07

Books and Magazines Received

March, April, May, No. 2. 2019.
HGS Perspectives News Letter. Spring 2019
The Smile of Life

Game of outraged feelings, misery without sunset. The bandoneon of the memories flourishes and withers until the gardenias of Machín. A fado sounds in the ins and outs of my soul. The nightingale no longer flies. The lies, a light breeze brings them and carries them. A crescent moon looks self-conscious, and the beating of the waves murmurs incessantly. An innocent lark wants to fly, to dream ..., wherever the heart takes her, and finds nothing but the tearing of the bana!

Silence without response, full of pain and agony, lurks to everyone who loved and was not reciprocated. And as Neruda would say in his poem “Tu risa”: “Take my breath away, but do not take my laugh because I would die ...”.

Where did the romantics go, the smiths of illusion, those who sow love with their eyes, whose only word penetrates the true oasis? One of them, without a doubt, is the great Cuban poet José Ángel Buesa, born in 1910 in Las Cruces and died in 1982 in Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic. He is known as the “enamored poet”. His work is mainly elegiac, gravid with melancholy, singing “Lost Love”, “Forbidden Love”, “Late Love”. His poems “of the farewell” or “Poem of the forgetfulness”, among others are famous.

Like many other Cubans, he was forced to leave his paradise land. I’m sure that would accentuate the nostalgia that characterized him. In his work, a deep sensitivity is appreciated. His pilgrimage took him to the Canary Islands and El Salvador, but, finally, he settled in Santo Domingo. His poems were translated into English, Russian, Japanese, Portuguese, Polish and Chinese. In addition, he wrote novels and scripts for Cuban television and radio and was Professor of Literature at the National University Pedro Henríquez Ureña of the Dominican Republic. He is one of the greatest exponents of American neo-romanticism.

According to the literary critic C. S. Lewis: “Difficulty often prepares a common person for an extraordinary destiny.”

It seems that there is a new resurgence of poets, a boom in culture and the arts, as a search for a solution to the restlessness and tension that prevails. The human being is eager for love and understanding, for something has always been said that love moves the world. For this, we must start from the base of respect and education. Let us, then, be bearers of smiles, like the smile of a child who believes in the magic of innocence. Do not forget that “the feeling for the beautiful endures all life.”

Author: Lola Benítez Molina. Málaga, Spain

(Continued from p.27) Kanela

(Translation)

Kanela discovers the open book and stops to observe it, approaches, and looks at the letters. Be careful. Kanela, go outside, fresh! No, my life, come sweetheart! But the dog throws herself to the ground, lifts her snout, sniffs, wags her tail, sticks out her tongue, licks her mouth and quickly runs to the kitchen, where a delicious aroma comes from.

What a rude dog! And Beatriz, to reassure her sister asks, what are you reading? A novel, she answers, The White Death. What is it about? Of a feminicide. How interesting, the subject is very important. And they start talking about this serious problem in the country. I’ll buy it in his to my daughter Rosita, she’ll like to read it.

Lucero, what smells so tasty? Suddenly changes the subject. I prepared a tuna mousse, and at the insistence of his sister teaches him how to prepare it. It is very easy, you will see, Blend a cup of mayonnaise, a can of tuna, a branch of chopped white onion, half a pepper, salt and pepper to taste; in half a cup of water dissolve a sachet of unflavored gelatin, mix with the first dough, and refrigerate in the bottom. Then serve, it is very tasty and easy to prepare.

While the sisters talk in the living room, Kanela, attracted by the smell of the mousse, jumps up to the table and looks for the origin of that delicious aroma; she finds it and swallows it in a single bite. The sisters, attracted by the noise made by the dog, approach the kitchen and watch her licking her mustache while savouring what little is left on the plate.

Lucero feels a chill indignation, and appalled looks at the dog climbed on the table. Damned dog, fuck! He throws twinkling glances at Kanela and she runs away. Impossible to bear it any more, she is daring! Beatriz laughs out loud, celebrates the prowess of her dog, my girl is so smart, please do not scream, my Kanelita gets nervous. Lucero bites her lips and breathes deeply. My God give me patience! The dog growls at her. Beatriz, please, I do not want you to bring Kanela anymore. I do not want to see her anymore in my house, do you understand? She asks, with heavy heart and feelings of sadness and anger accumulated. Beatriz does not know what to say, she returns to the room, collects the coats and leaves the house. I will never return.

Lucero kept her word. What happened touched his most sensitive fibers. But one morning Lucero heard the bell ringing insistently. Door knocks getting louder and louder. Lucero runs to open the door Who will it be? I’m coming, please, wait, wait. How impatient, wait! She opens the door, what a surprise! She is scared. It’s not possible! She does not believe her eyes. But what is this? This is so fresh. The tongue is stuck. It’s her sister, with watery eyes, moaning, hugging her, my daughter is sick, I will travel abroad, and handed over Kanela to her. She arrives with three cartons, each one with a label, in which it says medicine, food, clothing. No, no, I cannot accept it. It is Impossible, I cannot! Exclaims Lucero with horror and fright, sweat drops, she becomes pale, trembling, looks around with fearful air. She barely has time to think, without cheering, she watches Beatriz transformed. Wait, Beatriz, wait! But Beatriz goes out running. Take care of her, she is good! She watches her leave. Do not forget, her name is Kanela! She screams from afar and continues running as if someone were following to lash her.

I’m lost! Lucero falls into despair and goes to sit in an armchair to revive herself. She falls asleep and dreams that Kanela barks at her all the time, but she is not an animal, but a man who asks her: Who was your lover? do you buy such fancy dresses? why do you comb your hair like this? are you becoming a street woman? the money you earn where is it? No, no Alberto, leave me alone. She hears a gunshot, she screams, when she wakes up, she sees that Kanela has watched her sleep from a corner.

A strange sensation dominates her, she locates the house of the dog at the end of a room, next to some carton boxes. The expression on the face of the newcomer reveals that it will not be easy for her to adapt to the new surroundings, why would my master left? She walks slowly, scared, wobbly. With astonishment, Lucero’s one look is enough to realize that Kanela’s lively, fire-like eyes have changed; she walks slowly.

(Continues on p.31)
(Continuación de la p.5)

Kanela

Sale a traerle agua para que beba. ¡Oh, es demasiado, no puedo soportar! Lucero está pálida, su aspecto es terrible. Beatriz no tiene otro tema de conversación que no sea la perra, le pasa las manos por el pelaje. Mira, querida, cómo le brillan los ojos a mi niña, mi Kanela es guapa. Mira, mira, se para en dos patas, sáltala la lengüita. Tiene el don de hacer reír. Mejor es callar. No te da vergüenza decir majaderías, tonta, pero se queda en silencio un momento, reflexiona. Se toca la barbilla para demostrarme que le inspira tristeza y e inconformidad. Se mueve los labios, la lengua se le traga. ¿Qué mal me está sucediendo a mí, hasta me pone nerviosa. La perra parece darse cuenta de que malestar, me mira de frente, sonríe, sé que comprende mi situación, tengo que controlarme y disimular. No quiero mirarla, pensará Lucero no se cansa de mirarme, me duele de que ella se da cuenta y me da coraje.

Ahora Kanela se levanta, mueve la cola, camina como una modelo, abre el hocico en una especie de sonrisa convertida enseguida en marea, como diciéndome no me importa lo que pienses. Kanela no es gorda ni flaca, no es alta ni muy pequeña, tiene los ojos cafés claros vivaces, pelaje brillante por el champú antiparásitario que con la bañera Beatriz. Cada seis meses va donde el veterinario para que le administre antiparásitarios, le examine la dentadura, los oídos, la cola, le pinte las uñas, le haga un corte de pelo, le recete vitaminas. También la lleva donde la modista, pues la viste a la moda.

No soporto verla revoloteándose en mi sillón, adormecida, mimada por las caricias de su dueña.

Lucero calla, no quiere ofender a su hermano mayor, sabe que las palabras sirven para construir el mundo que queremos o uno que no queremos. Beatriz crea una realidad que desea que su hermana comparta; es que Kanela es parte palpitante de su vida, con ella construye un mundo idealizado.

La perra se levanta, recorre la casa, observa que es elegante, pero siente que su ama tiene mejor gusto para disponer los muebles. Al oír ladrar al perro de la vecina corre al patio para posarle, y su ladrado es correspondido por el de otros perros y enseguida se escucha un concierto perfumado, como si a fuerza de ladridos quisieran demostrar la bravura de cada quien. Es tal el alboroto que Lucero se tapa los oídos, traga saliva, no soporta tal escándalo y se golpea las manos. ¡Te callas, malcriada! La perra la mira de frente, desafiante, agitando la cola. Beatriz sorríe, ¡Venga, mi niña, mi Kanela!, y abrazada la lleva a la sala. Vuelve el silencio. Lucero, con los ojos clavados en la perra, sonríe ironicamente para sus adentros.

Kanela descubre el libro abierto y se detiene a observarlo, se acerca, mira las letras. ¡Cuidado, Kanela, afuera, atrevida! ¡No, mi vida, ven amorcito! Pero la perra se lanza al suelo, levanta el hocico, olfatea, agita la cola, saca la lengua, se lame y rápida corre a la cocina, de donde sale un delicioso olor.

¿Qué perra tan grosera! Y Beatriz, para tranquilizarla ¿qué lees? Una novela, ¡Muere blanca. De qué trata? De un feminicidio. Qué interesante, el tema es importante. Y se ponen a conversar sobre ese grave problema en el país y en el mundo. La compraé para enviársela a mi hija Rosita, le gustará leerla.

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Kanela
(Translation)
silent, with drooping ears; even his coat has lost its shine. Wait until her new master comes out of the room to enter her wooden house painted white and blue; she lies down feeling that something is oppressing her heart, moving his eyes from one side to the other, as if wondering what I am doing here?

Lucero places a bowl full of water and food, but Kanela remains motionless, her snout closed, and her eyes seem to cry. At times she comes out, looks up, silent, drinks water, looks attentively at the door that remains ajar, goes to the patio and returns immediately to go to bed. Closes her eyes as if meditating on the strange events that life has. She feels as if she has been abandoned, lets out a deep sigh, she does not feel like eating, she is losing weight.

The afternoon fell. Sitting in the living room, Lucero continued reading *The White Death*, she flips attentively through the pages, when she hears barks from the dogs of the surroundings. Suddenly she feels that everything is shaking, the showcase with wine glasses, mirrors, and lamps fell. She hears screams from everywhere. The electric power was interrupted, the house creaks and shakes sideways. Earthquake! Earthquake! people screams. Help! She runs to the street. My God, what a racket she cries, her face, her hands, her heart. Shemails the wall that remains ajar, goes to the patio and returns immediately, regains her energy, she goes in search of Kanela. Kanela! The dog yelps. Lucero falters, struggles to stay on her feet, she feels chills, she gets scare, gets pale, hears laments. Kanela moans, and a chaos of strange noises comes from the core of the earth.

Fear invades Lucero's heart, how awful! It looks like the houses are sinking. Full of fear listens to Kanela's whimpering, which emits a strange cry. She asks for help; she advances close to the wall to where the dog groans. She stops for a few seconds until a new tremor passes, not knowing what to do or what to think before such unexpected phenomenon. Slowly, nervously, she looks at Kanela who, unable to move, groans in anguish, part of the wall has fallen and prevents her from leaving. When she sees Lucero, she raises her eyelids and looks at her sadly, moaning for help. She thinks about how to release her and with a trembling voice tells her: Wait, daughter, I will soon free you. Calm down, Kanela, wait! The dog understands, but complains, something hurts her.

From the heart of Lucero despair seizes, she tries to concentrate so as not to make mistakes. She crawls until she reaches the patio, she looks for something that will help her to lift the wall. New earth shakings stop her crouching. As soon as the tremor passes, he goes in search of a rod that he keeps in a corner of the patio, he drags it until she reaches the door, she finds it closed, she hears the moans of Kanela. My God, I've never been through such a difficult task!

He pushes the door, but it is locked, it pushes it even harder, it yields. Her face shows anguish. Kanela remains motionless, looks at her with deep sadness and throws more moans. Wait, daughter, wait. She understands, but in his face there is despair and pain.

With the strength that still remains, Lucero introduces the rod under the wall that holds Kanela prisoner, her heart beats desperately, now it unites strength and feelings. She waits for another short tremor to pass and pushes hard, lifts the wall. Kanela observes all the time, as if helping her, Lucero's heart pounds violently. The wall begins to give way, Lucero cleans the sweat that runs down her forehead, rolling to her eyes, preventing her from seeing clearly. Pay attention Kanela! Soon, daughter, get outside, get out soon! Kanela comes out frightened and limping. The housewife drops the rod and feels the imperative need to hog her.

Author: Luz Argentina Chiriëgova, Quito, Ecuador. Translation: Niza

In Memoriam

Joseph Johnson
(1940-2019)

Professor Joseph Johnson, associate professor of literature, author and poet; joined Ramapo College in 1971.

He was a founding faculty member of Ramapo, director of the Kenya study abroad program, and founding member of the Minority Faculty/Staff Association.

Joe retired from Ramapo in after 45 years of service.

Prolific writer, he published several books of poetry and countless articles in scholarly journals and anthologies.

He contributed several poems for publication in the *Cultural Journal*. His last submission to the *Cultural Journal* was the poem "Fragment" which appeared in the Fall 2016, Vol. XXVI, issue II, p.15.

A Bookplate in Joe's memory was placed at the Ramapo College Potter Library. Professor Johnson will be missed by his students, colleagues, family and friends.

René León González
(1935-2019)

René, passed away, May 28, 2019, Tampa Florida.

Prolific writer, he published several books; the latest *La poesía afrocubana, su origen histórico y la temática de la muerte* South Carolina: Create Space Publishing, 2018.

He was editor and director of several magazines, among them *Pensamiento Digital* blog, (1995-2019).

He contributed several poems and articles for publication in *The Cultural Journal*, a Ramapo College Culture Club.

Photo: Cultural Journal magazine.

His last submission for the journal was an essay in Spanish and English titled "Rebuscando entre mis recuerdos del ayer,“ "Rummaging Among My Yester Memories." René will always live through literary, historic, and cultural
RAMAPO COLLEGE  
Spring 2019 
CULTURAL AND ACADEMIC ACTIVITIES

Play, Why Not Black?, January 5  
Theme: Why Don’t Black Men Date Black Women?  
Performer: Alumnus Auslin Williams.  
Sponsor: the Office of Equity, Diversity, Inclusion and Compliance

Root Beer Floats, January 31  
Activities: Make own root beer and ice cream  
Performance: First come first serve  
Sponsor: Macking Hal

Annual Diversity Convocation, February 13  
Theme: Racial Divide in America and the Key to Eliminating It.  
Speaker: John Quiñones, ex-news reporter and TV host  
Sponsor: The Office of the President

African Ancestry Month Closing Banquet, February 28  
Theme: Experiences of African American women in the workplace  
Speaker: Danielle Dickens. Ph.D., a rising star in social psychology  
Sponsors: The Office of Equity, Diversity, Inclusion and Compliance and SSHS

Fiesta Night With RCDT, March 12  
Theme: A night of Zumba and fun  
Activity: A Zumba class taught by a certified instructor  
Sponsors: Ramapo College Dance Team and Phi Alpha Delta.

Working-Class Radicalism, March 13  
Theme: Relevance of the Anita Hill and Clarence Thomas Hearings  
Speaker: Robyn C. Spencer, an historian on Black social protest  
Sponsors: History Club and Women’s Herstory Month

Annual Pride Prom, April 26  
Theme: New Memories for LGBTQ  
Activity: Prom festivities and Drag Show  
Sponsors: Ramapo’s Pride Club, Tri Sigma, SGA, CPB, WC

Jazz and Concerts performances, April 30  
Performance: A mix of jazz standards funk and contemporary songs  
Conductors: Professor Bobby Deitch and Chris Wilhjelm  
Sponsors: Ramapo’s Concert and Jazz bands

Hive Opening Event with Beekeeping Club, May 1  
Theme: Hive opening event  
Activity: Veggie Heaven and a taste of local honey  
Sponsor: The Beekeeping Club

End of Semester Party, May 2  
Theme: Recognition speech in honor graduating Officers  
Performer: Mattheu Hooper at the Piano  
Sponsor: The Culture Club

My name is Tim, and I am a blue and gold macaw. I am 21 years old and I can live up to over 70. I enjoy eating fruits, nuts, and breads but my parents also make me eat my vegetables... yuck I dislike green beans the most. My favorite foods are: bananas, grapes, pasta, mashed potatoes, walnuts, animal crackers, and pizza crust.  

This is my third home and they are so nice to me! I get to dance and scream all I want, I get to play with my three doggie brothers, and I get to walk around the house with a parent. I listen to Jamaican music and any music with a good beat. I pop my head to the rhythm and open my wings really wide. Talking is another hobby I have in the house, but do it by the people I know. I say: hello, good morning, good night, Charlie, Mike, and goodbye.  

Tim lives with his family in Alexandria, Township of Mahwah.

Xerxes is the mascot for me and my roommate in Biscoff dorm. He is an iconic crustacean we consider our friend. My roommate Ben and I bought him as a duel effort after a run to Petco in the second week of the semester. He’s sassy, can be friendly, and loves to eat shrimp pellets. He spends his time walking around the tank, exploring for any snails to find, or stumbling around the ornaments.

Photo: Jake Grimes ’21, history major

Photo: Samantha Tufaro ’22, nursing major
Animal Corner
Sandy and Oreo

Sandy and Oreo are two 1 year old gerbils. They are sisters. They were adopted by Erin from a local pet store. Gerbils are social creatures who enjoy the company of other gerbils. The average life span of a gerbil is 2-4 years. They are also nocturnal, most active in mornings and evenings. Sandy and Oreo love to chew. They love to chew toilet paper and paper towel rolls. Oreo also loves to run on their wheel. They both love to dig tunnel systems in their tank as well. Their favorite treat is sunflower seeds. Both girls have a white lightning bolt shaped spot on their foreheads. Sandy is also considered a red tinted eyed gerbil as her eyes are red in light. Both girls reside happily with Erin in Effort, Pennsylvania.

Praying Mantis

Mantises are an order (Mantodea) of insects that contains over 2,400 species in about 430 genera in 15 families. The largest family is the Mantidae (“mantids”). Mantises are distributed worldwide in temperate and tropical habitats. They have triangular heads with bulging eyes supported on flexible necks. Their elongated bodies may or may not have wings, but all Mantodea have forelegs that are greatly enlarged and adapted for catching and gripping prey; their upright posture, while remaining stationary with forearms folded, has led to the common name praying mantis. For more information on praying Mantis go to https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mantis

Cheshire

The Cheshire Cat is a fictional cat popularized by Lewis Carroll in Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland and known for its distinctive mischievous grin. While most often celebrated in Alice-related contexts, the Cheshire Cat predates the 1865 novel and has transcended the context of literature and become enmeshed in popular culture, appearing in various forms of media, from political cartoons to television, as well as cross-disciplinary studies, from business to science. One of its distinguishing features is that from time to time its body disappears, the last thing visible being its iconic grin. For more information on Cheshire go to Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia.

Maizy

Maizy passed away suddenly on April 27, 2019. Maizy was a one-year old fancy or dumbo rat. She was adopted by high school gifted students who researched most intelligent rodents. During the summer, holidays, and weekends, Maizy went to spend time with her friend Erin. Maizy loved to cuddle. She also loved to be pet, and to steal food from her human friends. Her favorite foods were blueberries, bananas, raspberries, lo mein noodles, and chicken. Maizy was friendly and even gave kisses to her friends. She will be missed.

In Memoriam
(2018-2019)

Photo: Erin Totora ’20, law and society major