

Volume XXVII. Issue II ■ Fall 2017

## **THE CULTURAL JOURNAL**



Photo: Delicia Fabre

### **Paris at Night**

## **The Cultural Journal** **Fall 2017**

**The Culture Club, Salameno School of Humanities and Global Studies, and Africana 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, poems, 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.\*

**Editors:**

Niza Fabre  
Karl Johnson  
Joe Moncada

**Consultants:**

José Hernández  
Karl Johnson

**Layout and Graphic Design:**

Joe Moncada  
Giuseppe Sorrentino

### **Culture Club Executive Board**

**President:**

Andrew Herrera

**Vice President:**

Negin Kholdi

**Treasurer:**

William Hooper

**Secretary:**

Bret Bosco

**Advisors:**

Niza Fabre  
Karl Johnson

**Publicists:** Bret Bosco, Cecile Carty, David Colman, Niza Fabre, Virginia Gonsalves-Domond, Andrew Herrera, William Hooper, Karl Johnson, Negin Kholdi, Austin Lasko, Joe Moncada, Troy Reyes Caldwell.

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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 Peter P. Mercer

On October 11, 2017,  
President Mercer  
delivered his State of  
The College Address.

### *Below is a Summary of that Address*

Over these years, the addresses have been shaped, in part, by the political and economic climate. The Newfoundland phrase "stunned as me arse" is used by my fellow Newfies to imply incredible stupidity or foolishness

While the expression is apropos of nothing in particular, it is interestingly being used more frequently these days. Over the course of the last decade, we have made considerable progress on several of our goals while remaining true to our liberal arts mission. For example:

#### **Enrollment**

In undergraduate enrollment, this year's freshmen class is 41% non-white.

2007 Total Headcount/% Non-white	2017 Total Headcount/% Non-white
5393/20.2%	5618/31%

In graduate enrollment, we have also made tremendous strides.

2007 Total headcount %	2017 total
Non- white	Headcount % Non-white
309 / 11%	502/ 23.8%

#### **Endowment**

Our endowment has nearly tripled during the last decade. Our endowment is small in light of our youth, but in 2007 it was valued at \$6.5 million, now it is \$18.2 million and our scholarship program continues to grow as a result of excellent investment returns and new endowment gifts. Our endowment supports 424 scholarships and awards this year. Students, get your scholarship applications in by the deadline of November 6th. Also, the Ramapo College Campaign for the Learning Commons continues to advance as a result of the generosity of our Board Members and Alumni. The most recent gift of \$750,000 from alumnae, Marilyn J. Clark, brings the current total to just over \$7 million. There is an additional \$2.3 million in pending gifts. The Case Statement for the Learning Commons Campaign will be available in November and will allow us to reach more constituents to secure their support.

#### **Value of Liberal Arts**

It is difficult these days to hear such scrutiny of our sector and of our mission. But it is so satisfying when prominent people counter that narrative. For example, Guy Berger, a LinkedIn economist said, "There is a real concern that these labor-market-oriented degrees that focus on specific technical skills are not (as) durable." Quartz magazine reported that Berger believes that "cross-functional skills" like management and analytical know-how are more adaptable across a range of work environments. As technology changes the nature of work across nearly every industry, it's important to have a wide range of such talents, rather than a narrow subset applied only to a particular sector that may not look the same in the near future (or, indeed, exist at all).

**For the complete College Address go to: Ramapo Web/ Administration/office of the president/ President's Post #120**



**Photo: Published with permission of Ramapo Marketing and Web Administration**

## Dr. Susan Hangen, Dean of SSHGS

Dr. Susan Hangen, Interim dean, Salameño School of Humanities & Global Studies Fall 2017- Dr. Hangen, Professor of Anthropology & International Studies, is committed to increase enrollment in the unit as well as to develop new academic programs. Dr. Hangen has extensive administrative experience as well as strong academic background. She has several publications, books and articles in her field of Anthropology and International Studies.



Photo: Carolyn Herring

## Dr. Stephen Rice

Dr. Stephen Rice, 2013- 2017, dean of Salameño School of Humanities and Global Studies. Professor of American Studies, Steve will return to faculty in Spring 2018. Dr. Rice has several publications in his field of American Studies, such as Nineteenth-century American Society and Culture, American Labor History, Cultural History of Technology in America, to mention a few.



Photo: Carolyn Herring

## Dr. Oscar Montero

In his talk, Dr. Montero contrasted the widely distributed images of American automobiles from the 1950s in Havana with historical and cultural realities from that same decade that receive little attention today. He pointed out that paradoxically, Cuba's Revolution, whose central goal was to do away with class distinctions, today resurrects the old cars to appeal to tourists, who may pay for hotels costing for one day what many Cubans earn in a year. Dr. Montero also commented on Eduardo Chibás,



Photo: Angelica Pasquali '19

a largely forgotten but popular politician of the pre-revolutionary era whose motto was "integrity vs. money," but whose career ended with his suicide in 1951 in the wake of a political scandal. Following Dr. Montero's talk, there was a lively discussion on Cuba's history and on its current situation, particularly the uncertainty of its relationship with the United States. **This event took place on September 25, 2017. It was sponsored by The Culture Club and Latino Heritage Month Committee.**

**Left: José Hernández.**

Graphic Artist, Communications and Public Relations, Ramapo College.

**Right: Dr. Oscar Montero,** professor emeritus Graduate Center and Lehman College, (CUNY), made a presentation on, **"From Chibás to Chevys: Notes on the Cuban Saga."**

An independent researcher, translator and writer from Cuba, now living in New York, Dr. Montero has taught at Lehman College; the Graduate Center, CUNY; SUNY Stony Brook, and Princeton.



Photo: Niza Fabre

## Dr. Todd Barnes

Dr. Todd Barnes, associate professor of literature, Salameno School of Humanities and Global Studies, was the recipient of the Annual College's Henry Bischoff Award for Teaching Excellence. The award was presented by Provost Beth Barnett and last year's Award winner, Professor Donald Fucci, emeritus of literature, Salameno School of Humanities and Global Studies. Henry Bischoff, one of the College's early founders, taught history and urban studies at Ramapo for 25 years. The award is given annually to professors who have "displayed an exemplary passion and skill in teaching their subject matter.

Further, it awards professors who leave a lasting impact on their students' lives by stressing a focus on learning inside and outside of the classroom." Professor Barnes is also the Program Coordinator for the Critical Reading and Writing Program, and he serves each summer as the Education Opportunity Fund (EOF) Writing and Humanities Coordinator. In his talk, Professor Barnes told the story of how he became a teacher 2 years ago, and he outlined what he calls the "Six Pillars of Non-Critical Thinking." **This event took place on October 18<sup>th</sup>, 2017. It was sponsored by the Annual College's Henry Bischoff Award for Teaching Excellence Committee.**



**Photo: Ivette Kyssor**



**Photo: Niza Fabre**

Left: Dr. Beth Barnett, provost. Center: Dr. Todd Barnes, Bischoff Award recipient, and Dr. Susan Hangen, dean Salameno School of Humanities and Global Studie **October 18, 2017.**

## Dr. Karl Johnson & Andrew Herrera '18

Left: Dr. Karl Johnson, associate professor, African American Studies, SSHGS. Right: Andrew Herrera '18, environmental studies major, Culture Club president. Dr. Karl Johnson made a presentation on "Liberia: An African Nation of Wonder and Promise." Monrovia, the capital, and its landscape look like a vacation postcard. The blue/green Atlantic Ocean seems to come right on top of the city on a sunny day. Liberians look like African



**Photo: Bret Bosco '19**

Americans in their features and body built. The American dollar is the main currency. ATMs dispense American dollars only and not local currency. For the complete presentation contact Dr. Karl Johnson at [kjohnson@ramapo.edu](mailto:kjohnson@ramapo.edu). **This event took place on October 23, 2017. It was sponsored by the Culture Club and Africana Studies in Salameno School of Humanities and Global Studies.**



**Photo: Bret Bosco '19**

Left to right: Dr. George Gonpu assistant professor of economics, Dr. Karl Johnson, Alisha Grant '17, American Studies major with a Gerontology and Africana Studies double minor, Dr. Kofi Owusu Daaku, KNUST professor of Biology and Ramapo College adjunct professor. They posed after Dr. Johnson's presentation on Liberia: an African Nation of Wonder and Promise.



**Photo: Niza Fabre**

Left: Dr. Peter P. Mercer, Ramapo College president. Right: Linda Díaz, director of Residence Life, posed at Linda's retirement party. **This event took place on July 11, 2017. It was sponsored by Residence Life, Linda's friends and coworkers**



**Photo: Niza Fabre**

Cake in honor of Linda Díaz's at the reception for her retirement.

Left: Urim Sulejmani. Right: Filis Sulejmani '21, father and daughter. They posed at the Overlook of Sveti Naum.

Filis Sulejmani '21, nursing major, member of the Culture Club, made a presentation on her Summer 2017 trip to Macedonia. She shared photos and her experiences during her visit to Macedonia. Her presentation was enhanced with audiovisuals of geographic sites and historic buildings. **This talk took place on October 9, 2017. It was sponsored by the Culture Club.**



**Photo: Courtesy of Filis Sulejmani '21**

Sveti Naum began as a monastery. Over time, the beauty of the location attracted immense tourists and it became a hotspot for visitors. Built on the original location, there are restaurants, peacocks, and swimming beaches.



**Photo: Web Free Pictures**

There are no hotels on site, but maybe a room or two for backpackers. People come from all over and it's common for brides from the city to take their wedding photos here. It's located on the border of Macedonia and Albania.

Filis Sulejmani '21, nursing major

Maricel Mayor Marsán,  
author, poet, playwright, and  
redactor of *Baquiana Literary  
Magazine*, member of  
number of the North  
American Academy of the  
Spanish Language (ANLE),  
and therefore correspondent  
member of the Royal  
Academy of the Spanish  
Language (RAE).

### Coconut Grove

*"Dadme el espléndido sol silente . . ."*  
*Hojas de Hierba—Walt Whitman-*

Me pierdo en un pequeño entramado urbano  
y recorro las misnas calles de siempre  
con su apariencia del village neoyorquino,  
casi europeo y de pretensiones bohemias,  
con sus locales caros y muy a la moda.

En su mayoría, los rostros que se pasean  
o se solean

en los cafés al aire libre

responden a un idioma

que ya ppocos hablan en la ciudad.

Me gusta escuchar sus voces

y reafirmar que todavía habito en Miami.

**Maricel Mayor Marsán.** *Miami, poemas de la ciudad / Poems of the City. Miami, Florida:*  
**Ediciones Baquiana, ©2015, p. 46.**

### Coconut Grove

*"Give me the splendid silent sun . . ."*  
*Leaves of Grass – Walt Whitman*

I loose myself in a little urban framework  
and I always go through the same streets  
with its appearance of New York Village,  
almost European and of bohemian pretensions,  
with its expensive and very trendy stores.

Most of the faces that take a walk  
or sunbathe themselves  
in the outdoor cafes

answer to a language

that only a few speak in the city.

I like to listen to their voices

and reaffirm that I still live in Miami.

**Maricel Mayor Marsán.** *Miami, poemas de la ciudad / Poems of the City. Miami, Florida:*  
**Ediciones Baquiana, ©2015, p. 96**

## Maricel Mayor Marsán



Photo: Courtesy of Maricel Mayor Marsán

## Dr. Marithelma Costa,

author, poet, and professor,  
Graduate School and Hunter  
College, City University of New  
York, (CUNY)



Photo: courtesy of Marithelma Costa

### A la intemperie

Ho Chi min nos lo explicaba:

Construiremos una patria

diez veces más hermosa.

Ahora, Cielo,

bajo este cielo

que ha dejado de protegernos

en esta tierra

que se torna ácida bajo nuestros pasos

a la intemperie

tenemos que volver a creer

**Author: Marithelma Costa, CUNY**

### In the open

Ho Chi Min explained it to us:

We will build a homeland

ten times more beautiful.

Now, heaven,

under this sky

that has stopped protecting us

on this earth

that becomes acid under our feet

in the open

we have to believe again

**Author: Marithelma Costa. Translator: Niza Fabre**



Photo: Courtesy of Orazio Tanelli

Left to right: Julia and Joe Casino, Maria Carmela Macchia, Principe Giuseppe Livreri, Principe Mattia Cipriano, and Egida Livreri.  
**Painting Gallery in Sicily, Italy, December, 2010.**

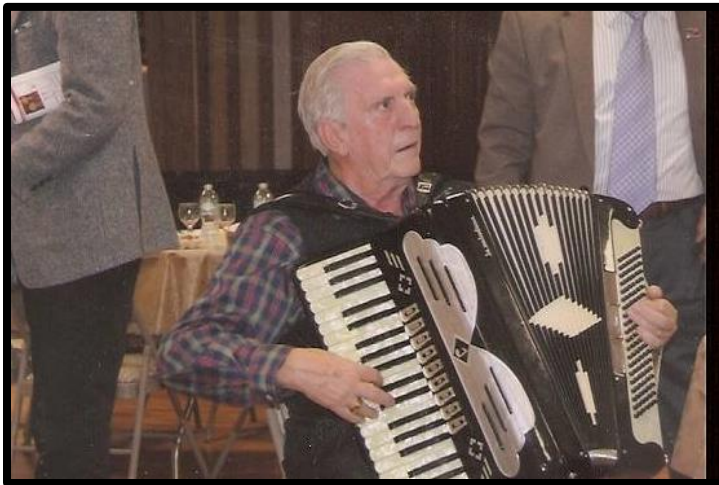


Photo: Courtesy of Orazio Tanelli

Before Christmas 2015, Dr. Orazio Tanelli and cav. Mattia Cipriano, not in picture, delivered Il Ponte Cultural Award to the author Sonia Etere, not in picture. During the presentation of her new book on sociology, *The Wings of Fear*. Dr. Tanelli entertained the audience with his accordion and popular Italian songs. **This event took place in December 2015. It was sponsored by The Italian Culture Association.**

## Sebastian Cole Jackson

Sebastian Cole Jackson was born October 16, 2017, in Mountain Side Hospital, Montclair, NJ. He was 8 pound, 22 ½ inches long. Currently, he is 7-weeks old, 11 pounds. Sebastian is the son of Rodney Jackson '01 and Ruxandra Tirisi '05. Sebastian's parents in the picture below.



Photo: Rodney Jackson '01

## Rodney Jackson '01 and Ruxandra Tirisi '05

Rodney graduated from Ramapo in 2001 with a major in international business, and a concentration in information technology, and a Spanish minor. Ruxandra graduated from Ramapo in 2005, with a major in international business, and a concentration in accounting. They are the happy parents of Sebastian.



Photo Selfie: Rodney Jackson '01

## Bagpipes

Song of Scotland  
in the torment  
of melancholy notes  
in the sigh of time.

Song of bagpipes  
In the valleys, lowlands, toward the sea  
of nostalgic notes  
In the wind of regret.

Song of Scotland  
in the fearless legends  
of brave notes  
in the glorious symphony  
songs of pipes  
in the tracks of the Centuries  
of the rebellious notes  
in the brotherly embrace of blood.

Song of Scotland  
in the yellowed pages  
of immortal notes  
they inebriated him and they dissolved themselves  
in the moan of history.. . .

and song of bagpipes  
in the fog of the days  
and the inspiration of feeling  
of yearning notes of passion,  
they hymn of the supreme Liberty  
and to love.

**Alvaro Bertoncelli, *Il Ponte Italo-Americano*, Summer 2017, p. 31.**

## Valentine

**Dia do amor e amizade**  
em USA

13 de fevereiro, 2017

Não ha nenhum ser  
que desprece o amor,  
mas os valentes e certos poetas  
sabem amar melhor que todos,  
e são entusiasmados por ter  
um dia especial  
para celebra-los com chocolates,  
**versos, abraços beijos**  
que são a equipagem do amor:  
VIVA O DIA DE SÃO  
VALENTIM!

**Teresinka Pereira. *Il Ponte Italo-Americano*. Summer 2017, p. 9.**

Haiku

It rained all day long  
so I drank tea, and then wine  
a good day to sleep

## Valentine 2017

It will never exist someone  
who despises love.  
But brave and well-aimed  
poets, know best how  
to love all beings  
with enthusiasm  
in having a special day  
celebrating with chocolates,  
verses, hugs and kisses  
of which are the equipment  
of LOVE  
HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY!



**Photo: Niza Fabre**

Nelson Potter '18, major literature, concentration creative writing

## Le Butin de L'amour –

On the end of the branch, a hive dangled  
and bled radio static. Underneath, a bear  
was flailing its paws while it swayed  
over dead leaves, lacking a novice's fear.

From our view on the ridge the guide  
laughed and jabbed a thumb from  
his closed fist, *It's not even a bee hive,*  
*they're hornets.* The bear became  
more badass and commendable to me  
But they're built for this line of work,  
they were born possessing all the  
required credentials to kill and exist.

On the floor of dirt and brush it  
lazily ate the brood: hornets  
and larvae— eliminating  
generations and microcosms  
of civilization, dethroning  
the matriarch in one of those bites-  
the static grew fainter

I couldn't help but think of  
an anticlimactic end for *Aliens*,  
where Ripley is a colossal figure  
walking the world in strides  
and crushing the whole swarm  
of xenomorphs with her hand,  
as if testing the fluff of a down comforter,  
losing character development and the  
sympathy of a camera angle,  
just towering over a predictably  
indented earth.

As it sauntered away from remains,  
the guide said that the bear will only feel  
stings on its face and ears, the rest of its coat  
impenetrable to the desperate stabs  
of those black little specks.  
Even to no avail or guarantee of Revenge  
or a home, they insisted on following  
the bear, just haunting out of hate  
of existing as leftovers of a  
great thing, now broken and gutted.

**Nelson Potter '18, major literature, concentration creative writing**

## Two Buddhas

I

Let us embrace  
happy memories  
and be happy  
we have them.

We held incense  
sticks together  
and watched the smoke

II

go down the stream  
like bubbles  
in a dream  
like two Buddhas

The shadow world  
can be a beautiful world  
It is beautiful here.

**John C. Kenselaar. *Poetry Today*. Monroe, NY/ Mahwah, NJ:  
Ying Yang Press, 2011, p. 9.**



Photo: Niza Fabre

Dr. Susan Hangen at the "Year of Europe Exhibit." Susan chatted with Andrew Herrera. In the background audiovisuals of Flamenco dance. **This activity took place on December 4, 2017 in celebration of the end of the semester. It as sponsored by the Culture Club.**

### Year of Europe Exhibit

Spain's artifacts on display. Artifacts from Italy, Dr. Rosetta D'Angelo (SSHGS), Denmark, Dr. William Frech, (ASB), and London Robyn Perricelli, (FA). **This**



Photo: Andrew Herrera '18

**event** Too place on December 4, 2017. It was sponsored by the Culture Club.

**Blanca Segarra,**  
writer, author, and poet.



Photo: Courtesy of Blanca Segarra

### Quién lo diría

Como Dios Griego por tu hermosura,  
perfil, fuerza, poderío  
eres el hombre más atrayente  
que he conocido.  
¡Y que locura!  
Estaban ciegos  
mis ojos y no sabían  
que tus desvelos y aquel anhelo  
¡Te consumían!  
Eras tan mío ¡Quién lo diría!  
Tu boca codiciada y tan sumisa,  
se desbocaba ante mi sonrisa.  
Todo TU "Incomparable"  
Tu juventud hacia palpable  
la diferencia  
mas tu inconciencia  
hecha pasión  
encadenaba tu corazón.  
Y Dios no quiso  
que se rompiera aquel hechizo  
ni que sufrieras la decepción  
Sin una cana ni una arruga  
sin causa alguna  
que motivara desilusión  
me trajo lejos  
sin empañarte nunca el espejo  
donde reflejas aun la ilusión.

Author: Blanca Segarra, Miami, Florida.

### Who Would Have Say It

Like a Greek God for your beauty,  
profile, strength, power  
you are the most alluring man  
that I have known  
And what madness!  
my eyes were blind  
they did not know  
that your worries and longing  
consumed you!  
You were so mine! Who would have say it  
Your coveted and so submissive mouth,  
gave way into my smile.  
All of YOU "Incomparable"  
Your youth made palpable  
the difference  
but your unconsciousness  
turned into passion  
chained your heart.  
And God did not want  
to break that spell  
neither that you would suffer  
the disappointment  
without a grey hair and a a wrinkle  
without any reason  
for disappointment  
he brought me afar  
without ever blurring the mirror  
where you still reflect the illusion

Translation, Niza Fabre

### Por Neruda

Neruda speaks for me.  
He speaks the language of poetry.  
He wrote his songs by the sea.  
Come; listen to the sea with me.

John C. Kenselaar. *Poetry Today*. Monroe, NY/ Mahwah, NJ:  
Ying Yang Press, 2011, p. 8.



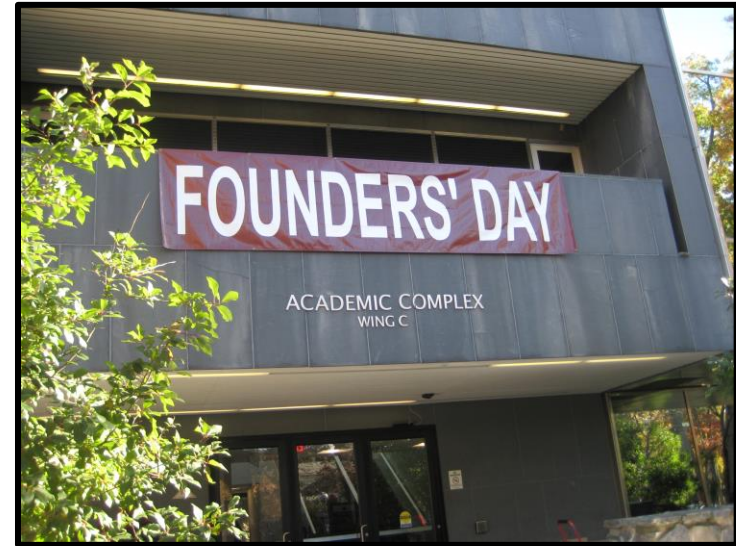
**Photo: Niza Fabre**

Richard Brown, director of the Center for Student Involvement, posed at the celebration of Diwali Food festival, on **October 18, 2017**.



**Photo: Niza Fabre**

Left: Joseph Noun '19, history major. Right: William Hooper '19, Culture Club treasurer, political science major, posed at the celebration of Diwali Food festival, on **October 18, 2017**.



**Photo: Niza Fabre**

President Mercer, the Board of Trustees, and the Student Government Association, together with students, faculty, staff and retirees, celebrated the **College's 48th birthday!** Festivities included a photo booth, a caricaturist, tie dye t-shirts, games, and music. The annual ceremonial cake presentation took place at 1:30 p.m. Lots of food and refreshments were served.

**This event took place on November 8, 2017.**

**Dr. Edward I. Saiff** - School of Theoretical and Applied Science, (TAS). professor of biology, dean, School of Theoretical and Applied Science. Dr. Saiff joined RCNJ: in 1972. He was present at Founders' Day Celebration.



**Photo: Carolyn Herring**

## Founders' Day Speech.

"I'd like to thank the Student Government for its enthusiastic support," said President Peter P. Mercer, who also acknowledged several of the founding faculty members who are still with the College: Paul Elovitz (associate professor of history, psychohistory and interdisciplinary studies), Michael Fluhr (associate professor of politics and social processes), and Edward Saiff, (Interim dean, School of Theoretical and Applied Science). Also in attendance was Board of Trustees Chair William F. Dator, who also has been actively involved with the College since its founding.

## President Mercer



Photo: Niza Fabre

**Michael Savianeso**, assistant manager of Academic Media Services, among other chores, he tested the microphone at Founders' Day celebration. Center: Angela Daidone public relations specialist. Right: Carolyn Herring, College photographer. **Michael, Angela and Carolyn enjoyed Founders' Day celebration.**



Photo: Niza Fabre

## Founders' Day Celebration



Photo: Niza Fabre

All kinds of food, dessert, and refreshments at Founders' Day Celebration, November 8, 2017.



Photo: Niza Fabre

Left: Shabnam Tobaccowala, (SSHS), helped serving the delicious Indian delicacies at Diwali, a Festival of Lights celebrated in South Asia. **This event took place on October 18, 2017.** It was sponsored by the Roukema Center for International Education and the Center for Student Involvement.

**Randall Bemby '17, literature major, minor creative writing**

### **Muddy Milky Way**

We are so tired  
and just an aftermath  
like the cosmos after the big bang.  
Like a 5 year old kid  
enjoying a bowl of trix  
brimming with energy.  
Mother intentions  
were to keep things together  
in a bowl but,  
we are just a milky catastrophe  
spread across the oak plain.  
We are the crumbs of fiber.  
Lost in the insignificant crevices  
consumed by lesser beings.  
These weren't mother's intentions,  
but her reality.  
A lack of sensation in continuation.

**Randall Bemby '17, Ramapo College**

### **Mariachi Night**

**I**

A mariachi band  
appear from nowhere,  
strike up a bolero,  
cast shadow on the table  
where you sit sipping  
a glass of wine,  
while being attentive  
to your lovely date  
in a Mexican restaurant  
on the outskirts of L.A.

A squat, mustachioed man  
strums a vihuela,  
his tall, thin compadre  
plucks a guitarron.  
while trumpeters blast melodies  
that you can almost name  
Your ear borrows Latin songs  
of death, betrayal,  
revolutionary heroes

**John Grey, RI., U.S.**

### **At the Foot of the Falls**

Sometimes, I forget  
how much I love this life  
but when I am with you  
I remember

**John C. Kenselaar. *Poetry Today*. Monroe, NY/ Mahwah, NJ:  
Ying Yang Press, 2011, p. 8.**

## **Randall Bemby**



**Photo: Niza Fabre**

**II**

so your face can mimic  
American romance.  
It's working.  
the music forms a barrier  
between the two of you  
and all the other diners.  
For every moment  
she turns to the player  
smiles her admiration,  
she beams at you,  
triple-fold.'  
The night is warm.  
The wine, the food  
The band blows and strums and plucks  
and occasionally yips like puppies  
One tips a spangled black hat toward you.  
You toss a ten dollar note its way.  
Then you look in her eyes.  
That's where the money lands.

## **Nilda Cepero,**

author, poet, singer and editor.

### **The Mariel Experience**

*To Carlos Victoria*

*With a strange kind of love I kissed this land  
but a piece of my soul I had left behind . . .*

Leonora Acuña de Marmolejo

April 1, 1980: Six Cubans crash a bus  
through the gated Peruvian Embassy in  
Havana while trying to gain freedom. April  
6:10,856 Cubans follow the Original six jam —  
conservatively speaking — the embassy,  
May 5: President Jimmy Carter announces the  
U.S. will open its doors and hearts to the refugees. **Photo: Courtesy of Nilda Cepero**  
July 25: Tent City is set up in Miami. Sept.25: Cuba  
ends the boatlift; many are left behind. Sept. 30:  
Tent City closes. In a few months 125, 266  
Cubans arrive in Miami. Writers, painters, sculptors, journalists,  
dancers, actors, doctors, white and blue collar workers, children. Also, large numbers  
of homosexuals and a high percentage of blacks are found among the boat-people.  
From high above its enclave and through his binoculars, Castro is very pleased  
to see them leave.

**Nilda Cepero. *A Blue Cantata*. Miami, Florida: LS Press, ©1999, p. 24.**



## **Dr. Daniel Jean**

Dr. Daniel Jean,  
EOF Alumnus Class  
of 1997 has started  
an EOF scholarship  
program for Newark  
and Paterson  
residents. He worked  
at Ramapo in various  
positions from 1999  
to 2011. Presently,  
Dr. Jean is the EOF  
Executive director  
at Montclair State  
University.



**Photo: Courtesy of Daniel Jea**

## Shannon Crosson '19

Shannon Crosson '19, history major. After graduation, Shannon will pursue graduate work, aiming to earn a Ph.D in history.



Photo: Niza Fabre

## Michael Svechin '18

Michael Svechin '18 music performance major, class 2018.

Michael is an experienced piano player and vocalist. His repertoire consists of traditional songs of Frank Sinatra, Engelbert Humperdink, Johnny Mathis, Elvis Presley, Tom Jones, etc. He sings in English, Russian, and Spanish. While pursuing his undergraduate degree, he performed at several Ramapo College's event organized by The Culture Club, Literature Club, and the Italian Club. He also performed off campus for private organizations. Michael will attend graduate School in his field.



Photo: Niza Fabre

### Haiku

The forsythia  
blooms brightly by the roadside,  
promising the Spring

John Kenselaar. *Poetry Jam*. Mahwah N.J./ Monroe.N.Y: Yin Yang Press, 1992, p.17



Photo: Niza Fabre

Ramapo PRIDEFEST parade at National Coming Out Day, October 11, 2017.

## Vita Summers

Vita Summers, singer and dancer, enhanced Pride fest Day with a colorful dance at the National Coming Out Festivity, October 11, 2017.



Photo: Niza Fabre



**Photo: Niza Fabre**

Thereta Mac Coy '19, psychology major, president of Black Student Union, addressed the audience at the Praise Party, a gospel concert in celebration of Black Solidarity Week. **This event took place on November 12, 2017. It was sponsored by the Black Student Union.**



**Photo: Niza Fabre**

A performance gospel concert at the Praise Party wit special guest The Stella, award winning artist, the Group Fire. There were Music, dancing, refreshments in, celebration of Black Solidarity Week. **This event took place on November 12, 2017. It was sponsored by The Black Student Union.**

## Shining Distraction

The air should complement the sun and pass by me like a warm breeze. It should feel soft with the glow of the sun, it should smell fresh in the morning hours of the day. But instead it leaves my hands cold, it burns my cheeks and smells like nothing more than my ash tray. A simple jacket would change the prickle in my skin, but I don't plan on going backside for it. Not yet. Every inch of the house is draped in my life – our life together, creating this bubble of comfortable security that has recently started to close in on me.

I should be happy with how things have turned out for us. I should bask in the shine of his smile that I get to see every day. I should enjoy the way he laughs at his own jokes and goes out of his way to laugh at mine. From when I wake up in the morning to when I lie next to him at night, I should revel in his pure hearted love. But I've begun to feel sick. This bitter taste in my mouth isn't from my constant stream of cigarettes, but from this consuming thought that our bubble of bliss has trapped him inside a loop of impossible kindness. This doesn't feel real anymore.

Right now I can hear him moving around in the kitchen behind me. His muffled voice is singing a song and the thought of him dancing with the cat makes me smile. I flick the bud of my cigarette off the railing, watch it fall, then reach for another. I want to light it, feel the first inhale, the searing on the roof of my mouth, the cooling in my chest and lungs. I want to hold my breath. And sometimes he'll let me. When my shoulders are tense and my hands won't stop shaking, we'll share a stick on the couch and he won't nag me about cancer. When the days are long and he's missed every bus to work, I'll buy him lilies for the kitchen. But I can't keep him all to myself. He should be out, living for the day, making bad jokes and smiling like it's the only thing he knows how to do. There's a knock on the window behind me and I turn to see his wonky smile through the glass. "Hey Rhys..." he knocks again, trying to keep my attention, but I wave him off. I make a show of killing the unlit cigarette and slouching over the railing. His face falls, but I don't answer his unasked question. The longer I look at him, the more distracted I get.

The phone rings. I climb back inside and stand for a moment in the middle of the kitchen. It smells like warm coffee and our breakfast dishes are still on the table. His coffee mug sits on the counter, open sugar packets are scattered around with rings of mocha lining the inside. Drips of coffee dry on the rim and streak down the side, covering up the lopsided design. *"What kind of trees grow on your hand?"*

The mug was a souvenir from Florida, something to remind us of how lost we got while driving through to see his parents. We had stopped for gas when he took the time to go into the small dollar shop. When he found the mugs in the back aisle, his laugh was a shock to both of us. He looked surprised at the noise that came for his mouth, but shoved the mug in my face without hesitation. *"Palm trees."* He thought it was a piece of comedic gold and said we couldn't leave without a matching set. I swear I only laughed because he did. When I touch it now, his mug is still warm on the counter, but my feet are cold against the floor.

For a moment, I think of that trip through Florida. I remember he packed for the both of us, forgetting my swim trunks but over packing for the cat. We argued about time and how he's easily distracted by the wind. We argued about money or the lack thereof and then he took a call from his mother where he continued to complain about our troubles on the road. And later we argued about that.

But now, looking at my matching mug from that small dollar shop, another flowerpun painted on the side, I let this memory settle in my mind. I try not to remember the look on his face whenever I took a sip from it this morning. I could practically hear his smile from across the table even though we ate breakfast in silence. I weave through forgotten cat toys on the floor, trying to get past him without being noticed. His voice echoes when he talks on the phone, taunting me and following me through the apartment. He sounds like syrup, thick and slow and

(Continued on p. 28)

**Author: Madelyn Guerra, major creative writing, York College, Queens, New York, class 2016.**

**Alan Britt,**  
professor of  
English and  
creative  
writing,  
Towson  
University.

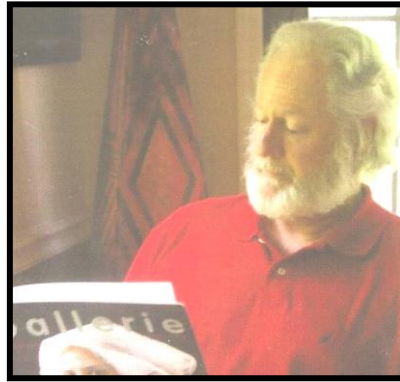


Photo: Charles P. Hayes

### Steve Irwin, The crocodile Hunter

Crikey! She is a naughty girl, this one.  
But she has a right to be.

As you can see, she is just laid her eggs  
beneath this warm mound.  
Predators are everywhere so she  
must remind vigilant if her hatchlings  
have any chance whatsoever of surviving.

Good girl. You're alright.  
Your babies are safe for now.

But it's this fella over here,  
this large male, that she's mostly concerned with.  
You see, given half a chance, he'll snatch  
every hatchling entering the water.

He's been living in this pond  
longer that I've been alive.

It's okay. You're alright, mate.

I have known this croc for 44 years.

He's been a very good friend . . . generally calm,  
but he gets a bit nervous  
at times. That's just the way he is.

**Alan Britt.** *The Empowerment of Poetry.* Mahwah, NJ., 2009, p. 5.

### Rumi Speaks

A carpet shadow  
resembles a tiger moth

Rumi says, *It could be the Holy One,  
or it could mean that your carpet  
needs a good cleaning.*

*You decide*

**Alan Britt.** *Lost Among the Hours.* New York City: Rain Mountain Press,  
2014. p. 44.

(Continued from p.26)

### Shining Distractions

everything he says is rich. It's even worse when he laughs because I physically want  
to crumble.

I know he's talking to his mother because he starts making excuses for my folks again.  
Why they couldn't make it to the summer barbeque, how they've missed Christmas again  
so we stayed with his family for the week. It sounds like his mother wants to make plans  
for the weekend; maybe a short trip down to her house, something nice and warm. But my  
family won't go. Neither will I. He stutters through another lie and never once tells his  
mother that my parents ignore us like a sidewalk survey.

With him busy on the phone I can pack faster. I grab my backpack by the door and  
empty it out onto the bed. His camera tumbles out with a few of his photos and my  
journals. I sift through the pictures and find that most of them are of different angles of my  
face. On the back of each one he's dated them, written out the place, the time, and little  
quotes that don't sound relevant. There's one of me on the fire escape. The cat is in my  
lap, a blanket over my shoulders and there's a cigarette behind my ear. The song lyric  
he's scrawled on the back is "*in the region of the summer stars.*" I don't remember this  
picture and part of me hopes that I never do. I tuck it into my pocket either way.

I then pick up one of my journals, because part of me wants to waste time. It's filled  
with little blurbs about his curly hair, how long it takes him to wash the dishes, how he's  
always late to meetings—

He laughs again. I shove this journal in my pocket too.

When I open the wardrobe doors, they creak. The wood is chipped, it smells like cool  
pine and we always get splinters. I wanted to buy something new but when my parents  
kicked me out in the middle of the night, my bank account disappeared too. I learned how  
to couch surf, moved around with whatever could fit in my backpack and mainly kept to  
myself. Community college got me a job. A job got me an apartment and some friends.  
Friends brought me to bars, art shows and blind dates. But I found him on my own, hiding  
in the bathroom at a movie theater. He was stood up, given a coupon for discounted  
tickets and left alone with half a box of junior mints. We got to talking and I treated him to  
anything he wanted off of the menu. He chose fresh popcorn in their largest size and  
demanded that I share in his winnings. I'd soon learn that it didn't matter what I bought  
him — popcorn, flowers, an apartment— his smile was genuine for the new addition into our  
lives. So when we ended up at a thrift shop, spending money on some used and water  
stained wardrobe, he had no complaints. He said it had character.

I start pulling out some clothes and tossing them onto the bed. I throw my sneakers  
over to the bed too and pull on my only decent jeans and cuff up the ends. I start  
rummaging for socks when I hear his footsteps stop outside the bedroom.

"What are you doing?" His question is light in the air, but there's a heavy pause at the  
end weighing him down.

"Looking for socks." I know better than to look up at him, that I'll only be distracted, but  
I can't help it. I turn to see him yawn and stretch with the cat at his feet.

"You haven't worn socks in years. Your sneakers reek." I watch his smile slip as he  
notices the pile on the bed. He starts looking around the room while I keep moving.

"What's going on?" His voice is soft.

"I'm packing." I watch him through the side of my eye. All he does is nod. He hasn't  
reacted yet and I want him to. I want him to yell, to argue with me, because if he does  
maybe I'll stay. But he just takes a seat at the window and watches as I start separating  
what I need to pack up.

He's toying with the cat, letting her tug at the loose threads on his jeans. I want to write  
this down. Scribble about the sun pouring through the blinds, the warm glow that reaches  
the cat's fur and the potted cactus on the windowsill. He takes a moment to

(Continued on p. 32)

Author: Madelyn Guerra, major creative writing, York College, Queens, New York, class  
2016.

Lola Benítez Molina, author and prolific writer.

### Mario Benedetti, un sol inmortal

Tu Uruguay natal se engrandeció el día que te vio nacer. ¡Qué desdichada agonía tuviste que soportar para verte obligado, como tantos otros, a exiliarte a otras lejanas y desconocidas tierras! Sólo los que lo experimentan conocen la magnitud del desgarró emocional. Inquietud generadora de savia imperecedera.

Con tu alma dolorida, dejaste un legado para deleite de los que te conocieron y te continúan ensalzando. "Que el dolor, manifiesta Benedetti, no me apague la rabia, que la alegría no desarame mi amor".

En tu obra, que toca todos los géneros con suma sapiencia se aprecia, en un primer periodo, el hondo palpitante de tus circunstancias vitales, así como los cambios sociales y políticos de Uruguay y de otros países de América Latina.

Angustia que subyuga y que te hace derramar sobre el papel lo que el corazón llora, con una literatura sumamente realista, que sólo los genios saben expresar.

Esta actitud dio lugar a un ensayo acre y polémico: "El país de la cola de paja" (1960), y su consolidación literaria con dos novelas importantes: "La tregua" (1960) y "Gracias por el fuego" (1965), en la que refleja una crítica más mordaz de la sociedad uruguaya.

En un segundo periodo, sus obras reflejan la angustia y la esperanza de diversos sectores sociales por buscar caminos a una América Latina oprimida por represiones militares. Como consecuencia de ello, Mario Benedetti vivió en Cuba, Perú y España durante más de diez años, periodo en el que su literatura se hizo formalmente más enérgica. Al respecto, el escritor uruguayo refiere que "no te rindas, por favor no cedas, aunque el frío queme, aunque el miedo muerda, aunque el sol se esconda y se calle el viento, aún hay fuego en tu alma, aún hay vida en tus sueños".

El tema del exilio lo trató en su novela "Primavera con una esquina rota" (1982). Podemos decir que uno de sus méritos es saber reflejar los aspectos hirientes en los que a veces cae el ser humano, y que un alma blanca, como la de Benedetti, sabe dar constancia para que sea con la pluma y no con las armas como el hombre intenta solucionar las injusticias de la prepotencia y de la soberbia. Como todo exiliado que ama sus orígenes, los cuales quedan indelebles y magnificados por el sentimiento de la ausencia, Benedetti volvería a pisar su tierra amada, cuyos sentimientos y sensaciones dejaría reflejados en su novela "Andamios" (1997), marcadamente autobiográfica.

En 1999, es reconocida su valía al concedérsele el VIII Premio de Poesía Iberoamericana "Reina Sofía". En marzo de 2001, recibió el Premio Iberoamericano "José Martí" en reconocimiento a toda su obra.

Desde 2009, resplandece, en el espíritu de Montevideo y del universo, una luz constante e imperecedera.

**Autora: Lola Benítez Molina, Málaga, España.** (English translation on p. 31)

### Haiku

The old gardener  
bows before a great display  
of chrysanthemum!

John Kenselaar. *Poetry Jam*. Mahwah N.J./ Monroe.N.Y: Yin Yang Press, 1992, p.16.

## Lola Benítez Molina



Photo: Courtesy of Lola Benítez Molina

## Mario Andino,

author and poeta

### Poema por la Paz

Las palomas han hecho nido en los cascos de los soldados / y el hombre vive en paz solo en el espacio y en los mares, / no así en la tierra. La paz debe ser sostenida por el hombre porque comienza en el hogar. / La paz más inconveniente supera la Guerra, nada se obtiene de aquellos en amigos sin fe. / Después de todo, la paz tiene victorias renombradas cual la Guerra. / Jamás hubo Guerra Buena y mala paz, que es mejor que Victoria anticipada. / La Guerra perfecta es un mundo oscuro. / La Paloma de la paz parece ahora un pájaro solo del paraíso / porque la paz de Dios sobrepasa toda razón, aun si los locos / devienen en sabiduría al aceptar que la paz no se obtiene / solo por la fuerza sino por comprensión entre relaciones y gentes. / La paz de nuestro Señor llega solo al alzarse su rostro divino !

*Pensamiento*, Vol. XIII, 1, January 2007, p. 2.

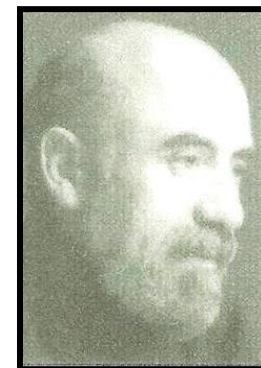


Photo: Mario Andino

### Poem for peace

The pigeons have nested in the helmets of the soldiers. / and man lives in peace only in space and in the seas, / not on earth. Peace must be sustained by man because it begins at home. / The most inconvenient peace overcomes War, nothing is obtained from those friends without faith. / After all, peace has renowned victories like War. / There never was Good war and bad peace, which is better than anticipated victory. / The Perfect War is a dark world. / The pigeon of peace now seems a bird only from paradise / because the peace of God surpasses all reason, even if madmen / show wisdom accepting that peace is not obtained / only by force but by comprehension between relationships and people. The peace of our Lord is attained only when his divine face rises!

Translation: Niza Fabre



Photo: Niza Fabre

Left: Andrew Herrera '18, environmental studies major, Culture Club president. Center: Negin Kholdi '19, accounting major, Culture Club vice president, Andrew and Negin represented their club, at the Involvement Fair on September 13, 2017. This event was organized by the Office of Student Involvement.

## Mario Benedetti, An Immortal Sun

Your native Uruguay was honored the day you were born. How unfortunate an agony you must bear, to be forced along with others to be exiled to a foreign land! Only those who experience it would know the magnitude of such an emotional tear. An unease that generates enduring energy.

With a heavy heart, you left your legacy for others to enjoy even to this very present day. 'Pain won't put out my rage', Benedetti says, 'and joy won't disarm my love...'. In your first works that touched all genres, we can widely appreciate your early life and circumstances as well as the social and political changes in Uruguay and other Latin American countries.

Distress that subjugates you, and makes you spill on paper what your heart cries out, with details only a genius can express.

This attitude gave place to a harsh and polemic essay: "The country of a straw tail" (1960) and your literary consolidation with two important novels: "The Truce" (1960) and "Thanks for the fire" (1965), both in which, criticize with sarcasm, the Uruguayan society.

Later on, his works reflect the distress and hope from other social areas for finding solutions to a military oppressed Latin America. As a consequence, Mario Benedetti lived in Cuba, Peru and Spain for more than ten years, which is when his literature formally became more energetic. "Do not give up, please do not give in, even if the cold burns or your fears bite or the sun hides and the wind stays still, there is still fire in your soul and life in your dreams" were his words during these times.

His exile was covered in his novel "Spring with a broken corner" (1982). We can say that one of his merits is knowing how to reflect the harmful aspects in which human beings sometimes fall and, a white soul such as Benedetti portrays via his writings, instead of the weapons, that mankind tries to use in order to fix arrogance and injustice. Every exile who loves his origins, has unforgettable and magnified feelings towards their homeland due to their absence. Benedetti stepped onto his beloved homeland in March 1983, when he reflected his feelings in his novel "Scaffolding" (1997), based on his life.

In 1999, he was awarded the 8th annual Queen Sofia Latin American Poetry prize. And in March 2001, he received the Prize of South American "Jose Marti" in recognition for all his work

Since 2009, a constant and everlasting light shines over Montevideo and the universe.

**Author: Lola Benítez Molina, Málaga (España).**

**Translated into English by María Victoria Beltrán Benítez.**

### A musing

An audience  
In residence  
Intensely listening  
Always acceptin  
With a subtle reflection  
Of linguistic inflection  
Bespeaking of inner reality  
Rearrangement of totality  
Such a grounding work of musing  
Compassionate and amusing.

©Marshall S. Harth. *The Poetry of Therapy*, p. 21. 30

move the plant from the shade further into the light and when he looks back at me he smiles. I feel like hiding. "You definitely can't fit all of that into one backpack," he hums. Watch me." The words slip out nastier than I intended, but all he does is stand from the window and walk out. I sigh and stop shoving the clothes around. My finger tips are numb as I put on my sneakers, without socks, and in a bit he came back into the room with a large suitcase. "What are you—"

"Budge over," he says and luges the suitcase onto the bed. He grabs one of his sweaters from the wardrobe and starts to fold it up. He places it neatly into the suitcase and then he reaches for one of my shirts and does the same. "So," he looks at me and keeps packing, "where are we going?"

I just stare at him now. He's got a sloppy smile on while he rolls up his socks and folds some more jeans. This is what he does. He's trying to save us, trying to make a crappy situation better and he can't. I can't let him try to fix this. I want to stay, but the longer I do, the harder it will be. He should want more than just this.

"No," I tug the suitcase from him and move away, "We aren't going anywhere, Matt. I am."

"What's with you?" He looks a little stumped. "You've been acting weird ever since your mother said—"

"I know what she said." I cut him off. "And she was right."

"What?" It doesn't sound like a question when he says it. It feels venomous. "How can you agree with anything she's said to you? She's cruel." His voice is deep.

"Yeah and she's an idiot to hate you, but she wasn't entirely wrong." My voice starts to rise. Were we finally going to argue? "I can't give you everything you deserve. Definitely not in this shit apartment, with little money and a temp job."

"I don't care—"

"Well you should!" The shout spooks the cat and she zips out of the room. "You should get out while you can. Visit all those places you talk about, maybe take some pictures that mean something." He looks taken aback, offended, and for a moment I think this is good. If he wouldn't let me go easily, then he needed to feel like I left him no choice, like I had tarnished what we had with no way of coming back from it. I take a breath and speak before he can get a word in. "Do something that makes a difference. Be a teacher and live your life—"

"Don't insult me!" His voice cracks. "This is my life. I'm living it the way I want to, here, with you." The breath he tries to take is shaky. "I don't want to visit places unless I'm with you." He walks closer to me with each thing he says, but I stay focused on shoving what I could into my backpack. "You know my pictures are meaningful in the same way your journals are." His voice is sharp. "And there are jobs everywhere; I can be a teacher wherever we go. So stop pulling these excuses out of your ass and talk to me, because I've already made my choice."

"Then I'm changing mine." This wasn't playing out the way I needed it too. This was all about him, his dreams and goals that were put on hold because I had finally asked him to dinner all those years ago. He spilled dressing on the table and let the wine stain his lips. I'll always remember the bitter taste of it, sweetened by the pink frosting he had with desert. We stayed out late that night and he missed an interview the next morning. Only a day I was within his orbit and I had ruined his plans. To apologize, I let him stay in bed while I had made him the first of many light and sweet coffees.

This was all for his benefit. Why couldn't he understand that? For once, he needed to be selfish. When I tried to walk away from him, he reached out for my arm. "I can't stay here. I can't do this to you." I say pulling away.

"It's not like I'm trapped, Rhys. I love being here." I can hear him following me around the room, down the hall. I don't look back though. Not yet. So I speak to the air, "So stay, that's the point, Matt."

(Continued on p. 33)

Author: Madelyn Guerra, major creative writing, York College, Queens, New York, class 2016.

### Shining Distractions

"But I love it because you're here. That's *my* point." His voice has gotten weaker.

"Well I don't love it." I hope my words hurt enough that he won't chase me down the block.

"Liar." I stop by the front door to look at him. Yes, I was lying. If we stood here just a bit longer, would he see the lie on my face, see my heart in my throat or each of my goosebumps reach out for him? "Why are you doing this?"

I study his face and refuse to answer him. My last act of selfishness is to preserve his image right now, to help me stay away later. So I try to memorize his lost look. Hair all askew, curls matted to his forehead, tears dripping off of his chin. When did he start crying? I touch my face and feel that my cheeks are dry.

"Because I know you won't." I say.

"But I don't want to." Even now, he speaks through a watery smile, like this was all some sick joke I've played and he was waiting for us to laugh about it. But my punchlines were never any better than his; just stiff, dry humor that froze the whole room. And that's where we were, stuck by the front door, hairs standing up on my neck and Matt shining like a perfect distraction.

**Author: Madelyn Guerra, York College, Queens, New York, class 2016.**

### Haiku

Haiku, rescue you!  
wet marsh —gray sky—blue mountain  
drink wine and sleep, sleep!

**John Keslar. Poetry Jam. Mahwah N.J./ Monroe.N.Y.: Yin Yang Press, 1992, p.16.**

### Books and Magazines Received

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*Best Friends*. Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec., 2017.

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*5 U.S. Poets in Ecuador*. Arizona: Cipress Books, 2015.

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**Open Sky Museum, © 2016.**

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*Compassion*. Winter 2017/2018. Issue 34.

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*Faith, Magazine of Life Study Fellowship*. Vol. 77. No. 5. Sept., Oct.,

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## RAMAPO COLLEGE

Fall 2017

### CULTURAL AND ACADEMIC ACTIVITIES

#### Smoothie Bowl, September 12

**Theme:** Healthy eating

**Activity:** Create an aesthetically-pleasing, healthy-looking bowl

**Sponsor:** Laurel Hall

#### Understanding the X, September 13

**Theme:** Inclusivity within the Spanish Language

**Sponsor:** Latinos Moving Ahead

#### Silence Packing, September 20

**Event:** Packing inspires action for mental health awareness

**Activity:** Read the personal stories of those affected by suicide

**Sponsor:** The Women Center

#### Queer & Trans History Month, October 11

**Theme:** A Culture of Resistance

**Activities:** Presentations, performances, and games

**Sponsor:** The women Center, Student Queer Peer Service, etc.

#### SSHGS Film Screening, October 11

**Theme:** Film viewing, *I am Not Your Negro*

**Activity:** Questions and Answer Session by Raoul Oeck

**Sponsors:** Schomburg Distinguished Scholars and SSHGH

#### Live Stream Film, October 20

**Theme:** Interviewing noted scholar and activist, Angela Davis

**Author:** Michelle Alexander

**Sponsors:** Civic Community Engagement and Women's Center

#### Arab-Israeli Speaker, November 27

**Theme:** Experiences Living in Tel Aviv

**Speaker:** Yahya Mahamid a Muslim who grew up in Israel

**Sponsor:** Hillel

#### STI prevention, November 30

**Speaker:** Health Educator, Tyree Oredei

**Coordinator:** Natalie Dahl

#### Annual Concert, December 5

**Activity:** A holiday concert

**Performers:** Ramsey Wind Symphony

**Sponsor:** The Ramapo Concert Band

#### Irish Christmas, December 9

**Performer:** Eileen Ivers:

**Activity:** A heartwarming holiday show

**Sponsor:** The Berrie Center

#### ANLE, Reception, December 15

**Activity:** Member of Number: Dr. Ana María Osan

**Director:** Dr. Gerardo Piña Rosales

**Sponsor:** North American Academy of the Spanish Language

*Baquiana, Revista Literaria*. Director Ejecutivo: Patricio E. Palacios.  
Directora de Redacción: Maricel Mayor Marsán. Ediciones Baquiana,  
P.O. Box 521108. Miami, Florida, 33152-1108, info@baquiana.com

## Recipe



### Ripe Plantain Cake

#### Ingredients:

5 medium ripe plantains  
4 eggs  
1 cup of sugar  
2 heaping tablespoons of butter (measure) then melt.  
1 tablespoon of flour (In case the ripe one is very soft, use heaped spoonful).  
Cinnamon, to taste  
1/2 cup raisins macerated in liquor  
150 grams of grated cheese

#### Preparation:

In blender put all the ingredients in the order indicated, minus the cheese and raisins. Remove the preparation in a bowl, add the raisins and the grated cheese. Grease a mold and add some flour to it. Remove the excess and place the preparation. in the mold. Put the mold in the oven at 350 degrees for 45 minutes. Insert a toothpick until it comes out dry which indicates that the cake is ready. Do not use baking powder because it sponges the cake and does not allow cohesion. The plantains must not be overripe

**Author: Maggi Albuja de Fabre. Translation: Niza Fabre**  
**Torta de Maduro**

#### Ingredientes:

5 plátanos maduros medianos  
4 huevos  
1 taza de azúcar  
2 cucharadas colmadas de mantequilla (medir) luego derretir.  
1 cucharada de harina (En caso que el maduro esté muy suave, usar cucharada colmada).  
Canela, al gusto  
1/2 taza de pasas maceradas en licor  
150 gramos de queso rayado

#### Preparación:

En licuadora o a mano. En el vaso de la licuadora poner todos los ingredientes en el orden indicado, menos el queso ni las pasas. Sacar la preparación en un recipiente, allí agregar las pasas y el queso rayado.  
Engrasar un molde y enharinar sacando el excedente poner allí la preparación.  
Poner el horno a 400 grados por 45'. introducir un palillo hasta que salga seco lo que indica que ya está la torta. Para que no se desmorone la torta no se debe usar el polvo de hornear porque eso esponja la torta y no permite la cohesión Los maduros no deben ser demasiado maduros ni tampoco pintones.

**Author: Maggi Albuja de Fabre, Guayaquil, Ecuador**

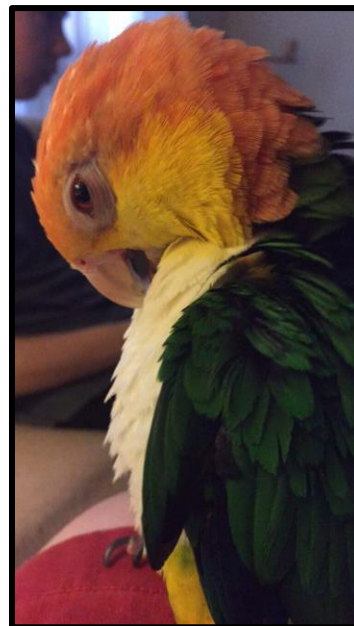
## Animal Corner Ben

Ben is a Havanese and Maltese mixed dog. He was born on July, 26, 2015. He is a two year four months-old mix. Ben enjoys the outdoors and is active with other dogs on the street. Overall Ben has a lively spirit and has been a great addition to our family.



Photo: Marc Clouse '20, political science major

## Shelby



Shelby is a white bellied cackling parrot, and is about 15 years old. My family got her from an estate sale about five years ago. In the picture, she is in the position in order to groom her new feathers. She can't talk, but can mimic certain sounds like doors squeaking and laughing. She likes climbing the curtains, rolling over on her back and "play fight," throwing her toy ball around, and will march in a line if you clap your hands steadily.

Photo: Paul Brennan '18, literature major

## Animal Corner

### Bat

Bats are divided into two suborders: Megachiroptera, meaning large bat, and Microchiroptera, meaning small bat. The largest bats have a 6 foot wingspan. The bodies of the smallest bats are more than an inch long. The largest bats weight up to 3 pounds. The smallest bat weighs less than a penny. Most bats live longer than most mammals of their size. The longest known lifespan of a bat in the wild is 40 years. Bats are the only mammals capable of true flight. With extremely elongated fingers and a wing membrane stretched, the bat's wing anatomically resembles the human hand.

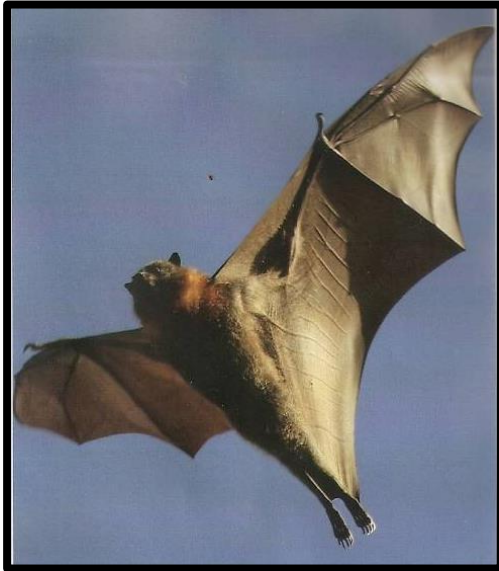


Photo: Defenders of Wild Life



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Defenders of Wild Life.

### Dragonfly



Photo: Angel R. Otero, Jr. Crew Supervisor/ Locksmith, RCNJ

Dragonflies are agile fliers. Many dragonflies have brilliant iridescent or metallic colors produced by structural coloration, making them conspicuous in flight. Dragonfly are predators, both in aquatic larval stage, when they are known as nymphs or naiads, and as adults. Several years of their lives are spent as nymphs living in fresh waters.



Photo: Niza Fabre

Vita Summers, singer and dancer, performed at Ramapo College's PRIDEFEST Day, in celebration of National Coming Out Day. This was Ramapo College's first Pride fest ever. **This event took place on October 11, 2017. It was sponsored by The Student Queer Peer Services Coordinators.**