



Photo: Courtesy of Ines Guerrero, College Point, Queens, NY

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

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**THE CULTURAL JOURNAL**

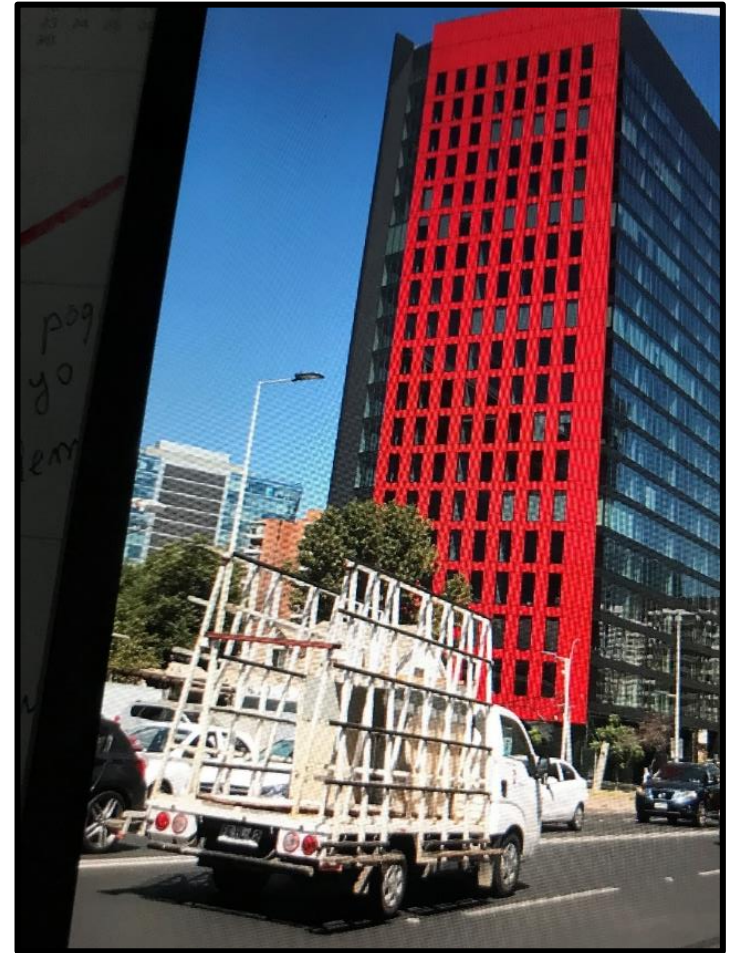


Photo: Delicia Fabre

Santiago de Chile, March 2019

# The Cultural Journal

## Spring 2019

# C O N T E N T S

### The Culture Club, 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, 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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## College President Peter P. Mercer

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.

**Ramapo Web/ Administration/Office of the President / President's Post #110.**



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

## Ghana, Spring Break

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**

## Stephan Lally '20

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



**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.**



**Photo: Michael Riff**

**Delicious cake with a message for Peter Scheckner at his retirement party.**

**Bonnie Caruso, class 1993**

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.**



**Photo: Niza Fabre**

officer,

**Kevin Prendergast, Sr. Librarian**

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.



**Photo: Michael Riff, Ph.D.**

## Luz Argentina Chiriboga

Author, prolific short story writer

### Kanela

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 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.



Photo: Courtesy of Luz Argentina

Suena el timbre y se levanta a abrir la puerta. Al tiempo de pronunciar ¡hola!, los ojos de Lucero se fijan en la perra que entra corriendo. Beatriz, su hermana mayor, la trae después de su 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 hormigüeo, levanta el hocico en el aire como interrogando qué huele tan bien. A Lucero le gusta preparar platos especiales. 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 esta vez sí le digo no quiero ver más a Kanela.

Mira, Lucero, interrumpe deliberadamente Beatriz y cambia de tema. Le saca el abrigo a Kanela, le da besos en la cabeza. La otra mira con el entrecejo fruncido. ¡Qué ridícula, vestir a la perra como ella, nunca imaginé tal estupidez! Inmóvil, sigue los movimientos de su hermana, quien no desaprovecha ningún momento para alabar las cualidades de la perra.

Mi Kanelita quiere saludar a su tía. ¡Qué descaró, me ofende, de verdad! Silencio, solo la miro, todo esto me da asco. ¡Han oído ustedes, ser tía de una perra! No me agradan tales expresiones, es que Beatriz está haciendo puro teatro, siempre fue así. La observo con un sentimiento de indignación, que traduce en un gesto. ¡Ay, mi Kanelita es un tesoro, mi niña linda!

Lucero, llena de coraje, baja la cabeza, pero... cómo perder de vista a este animal tan atrevido. Mientras, su hermana sigue elogiando a Kanela y a la perra le aparece una ligera sonrisa, lo cual hace temblar a Lucero, sin dar crédito a lo que ven sus ojos. Se le detiene la respiración, todo late en su interior por las iras. Le tiemblan las rodillas, arden sus pensamientos, es insostenible el abuso de su hermana mayor.

No comprende la debilidad de Beatriz, se ha convertido en esclava de su perra, me da lástima la conducta de ambas. ¡Qué desagradable proceder! ¡Dios mío! En qué basurero lo encontré. Se pasa examinando la conducta de Beatriz, ¿mi niña, tiene sed?

(Continúa en la p. 29)

## Luz Argentina Chiriboga & J. Pavón

Luz Argentina, left, author, short story writer, and poet, was the recipient of the "Day of the Afro Woman of Latin America and the Caribbean Award," from Universidad Andina Simón Bolívar.

Jaqueline Pavón, right, Universidad Andina's staff, delivered the award.

As part of the celebration, Luz Argentina made a presentation on, "Heroínas Afro en mi Obra Literaria" (Afro Heroines in My Literary Work.)

**This event took place on July 25, 2019, Quito, Ecuador.**



Photo: Courtesy of L.A. Chiriboga

## Lien-Fang Ho

Lien-Fang Ho, adjunct professor of Information Technology, made a power point presentation on, "In the Heart of Asia: Taiwan's Culture and History."

Taiwan is a democratic republic in East Asia, officially Republic of China. The presenter pointed out differences between Chinese and Taiwanese language, food, general culture and values.

The presentation was enhanced with a colorful Taiwanese cultural exhibit. Authentic artifacts were on display.

**This event took place on April 15, 2019. It was sponsored by The Culture Club and Psi Sigma Phi Multicultural Fraternity, Inc.**



Photo: William Hooper '19

## Amarildo Costa

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



Photo: William Hooper '19

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, swagger trainer, 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.**



Photo: Niza Fabre

## 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.**



Photo: Niza Fabre

## 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.**



Photo: Niza Fabre

## Maricel Mayor Marsán

Maricel Mayor Marsán, author, poet, playwright, 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 asphyxates 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.*  
Miami, Florida: Ediciones Baquiana, ©2006, p. 24.

### Más Allá Del Polvo De La Muerte

Para sopesar circunstancias  
hay que reconocer un anillo de raras situaciones  
y esclarecer la nocturnidad de pasiones  
sin envilcer 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 asfijadora de aires,  
mañana 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  
descolgándose más allá del polvo de la muerte,  
recordándome que no hay adioses ni perdonos.

**Maricel Mayor Marsán.** *Poemas desde Church Street/ Poems from Church Street.*  
Miami, Florida: Ediciones Baquiana, ©2006, p. 13.

### Untitled

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

**John C. Kenselaar.** *A Berry from a Tree. A Book of Poetry.* Mahwah, NJ/  
Monroe, NY: Yin Yang Press, 2003, p. 25.



Photo: Patricio Palacios



Photo: Courtesy of Mattia Cipriano

Left: Orazio Tanelli, he received the Member of Honor Award from the Legione D'Onore Alle Tombe Del Re Di Sicilia (Honor Society of Università Di Reru Di Sicilia.) Right: Cav Mattia Cipriano, Caballero Benemerito Della Academie National Di Honore Di Sicilia. This event took place on April 23, 2019. It was organized by Cav. Mattia Cipriano.



Photo: Forgia's restaurant staff

Left to right: Gino Sellitto, Rosetta D'Angelo, Cav. Vincenzo Dipaolo, Cav. Maeia Dipaolo, Cav. Domenico Gentile, Gaetano Forgione, center, dispalyed a mosaic portraying the interior of Forgia Restaurant image, Cav. Mattia Cipriano, Maria Cipriano, Niza Fabre, Orazio Tanelli, Carmine Gizzo, president Silver Lake Mutual. Cav Mattia Cipriano created the mosaic portrait image of Forgia Restaurant and presented it to Gaetano Forgione, owner of Forgia Restaurant. This event took place on April 23, 2019 at Forgia Restaurant. It was organized by Cav. Mattia Cipriano.



**Photo: Forgia Restaurant staff**

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.**



**Photo: Niza Fabre**

Left: Michell Johnson, associate director Academic Advising, Center for Student Success. Right: Clare Naporano, assistant director of Academic Affairs, Office of the Provost. They posed at the 2019 Ramapo Faculty and Staff Annual Picnic. **This event took place on June 13. It was sponsored by Human Resources,**



**Photo: Delicia Fabre**

Left to right: Niza Fabre, Ph.D., Ramapo College, Brenda Romero, Ph.D., professor of Spanish, College of Saint Mary, Omaha, Nebraska, Gregg Courtad, Ph.D., professor of Spanish, University of Mount Union, Alliance, Ohio, Isaac Veysey-White, Ph.D. student, Michigan State University, Department of Romance and Classical Studies. Niza Fabre, moderator of the session made a presentation on, **The Influence of Pre-Columbian Literary Creations in the Spanish American Literature at the XXIII Congresos Internacionales de Literatura y Estudios Hispánicos, Santiago de Chile. March 6-8, 2019.**

### **Madison Smartt Bell**

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.



**Photo: Google.com, Images of Madison Smat Bell**



## Lola Benítez Molina

Lola Benítez 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 vuela el  
ruiseñor. Las mentiras, una leve brisa las  
trae 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 desgarrar 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.

**John C. Kenselaar** *A Berry from a Tree. A Book of Poetry.* Mahwah, NJ/  
Monroe, NY: Yin Yang Press, 2003, p. 26.



Photo: Courtesy of L. Benítez Molina



Photo: Niza Fabre

Left to right: Daniel R. Fernández, ANLE information coordinator, Gerardo Piña-Rosales, ANLE honorary director, Fernando Operé, University of Virginia, Nuria Morgado, CUNY professor, posed at the Induction of Professor Fernando Operé as numerary member of The North American Academy of the Spanish Language. As part of his induction Professor Operé gave a speech on, "Slaves, Captives and Subjugated, Protagonists of the Transformation of the Americas." Professor Gerardo Piña responded to professor Operé's speech and Professor Nuria Morgado delivered the induction diploma and medals.

**This event took place on May 28, 2019. It was sponsored by the North American Academy of the Spanish Language.**

## Anita Sanseverino

Anita Sanseverino made a presentation on Carnevale Di Venezia, followed by a Q&A session.

The audience was invited to an intriguing exhibition by the award-winning scholar, photographer, lecturer of Italian history and culture.

The historic survey of Carnevale Di Venezia gave a perspective of the famous revelry, rituals, and the over the centuries evolution of Carnevale.

This presentation was enhanced with Venetian music and a collection of Venetian masks. **This event took place on February 13, 2019. It was sponsored by the Italian Club.**



Photo: Samantha Tufaro '22

## Carnevale de Venezia's Masks



Photo: Samantha Tufaro  
**Jared Berberabe '22**

**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.**



Photo: Niza Fabre

## Gunnar Hopson '20

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.



Photo: Niza Fabre



Photo: Marc Clouse '20, literature major  
Left: Philip Pillari '21, treasurer, philosophy major, 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.**

## Samantha Tufaro '22

Samantha Tufaro '22, read the poem "Scenes from The Dating Game," William Hooper '19, (not in picture) 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 sponsored by **The Black Student Union, BSU, The Culture Club, and the Spanish Club.**



Photo: Courtesy of Martha Tufaro

**William Hooper '19**



Photo: Courtesy of William Hooper  
William Hooper, class 2019, political science major, Culture Club president, 2017-2019.

**Ainedra Hudson '19**



Photo: Courtney Ainedra Hudson  
Ainedra Hudson, class 2019, biochemistry major, Culture Club ambassador, 2018-2019, at Commencement in May 2019

## Alan Britt, Towson University

### The snow Leopard

Monks take their pilgrimage  
through the godhtly 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.

Alan Britt. *Vermiion*. Fayetteville,  
New York: The B. Oleander  
Press, 2006, p. 11.

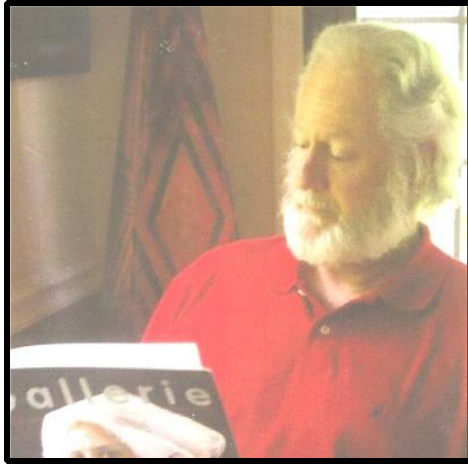


Photo: Charles P. Hays

### 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.**

John Grey is an Australian poet, US resident. Recently published in  
New Plains Review, Stillwater Review and Big Muddy Review with  
work upcoming in Louisiana Review, Columbia College Literary  
Review and Spoon River Poetry Review.

## Charlize Victoria Guerra

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.



Photo: Inés Guerrero

## Christian A. Guerra

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.



Photo: Inés Guerrero

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



Photo: Courtesy of Blanca Segarra

### Amante mar

¿Lo ves? Tan tranquilo y majestuoso, de hermosura incomparable.  
Es un imán poderoso pero jamás es confiable.  
De noche le canta al viento y hasta parece que llora,  
libera su sentimiento. ¿Ríe, canta o es que implora?

Si te posee notarás que te viste como un lirio,  
de encajes te cubrirá con salitre de delirio.  
No tiene comparación y sin embargo es igual,  
a la Vida y al Amor se desconoce el final.

Puede acariciarte suave y dañarte sin clemencia  
como las alas de un ave o con poder sin conciencia.  
Cuando mis ojos contemplan ansiosos mi amado mar  
de tanto Ayer se alimentan que creo se me han de ahogar.

Si estoy triste miro al mar,  
si nostálgica lo inhalo,  
voy y le tiendo mi mano  
pues me suele acariciar.

**Blanca M Segarra. Miami, Florida.**

### Sea Lover

Do you see it? So quiet and majestic, of incomparable beauty.  
It is a powerful magnet but it is never reliable.  
At night it sings to the wind and even seems to cry,  
It expresses its feelings. Does it laugh, sing or implore?

If it posses you If it possess you, you will notice that it dresses you like a lily,  
it will cover you with lace and saltpeter of delirium.  
It has no comparison and yet it is equal  
to Life and to Love with unknown ending.

It can caress you softly and hurt you with no mercy  
like the wings of a bird or with power without conscience.

When my eyes anxiously contemplate my beloved sea  
from so much Yesterday my eyes feed themselves that I think the can drown me.

If I'm sad, I look at the sea,  
If I am nostalgic I inhale it,  
I go and I tend my hand to it  
since, he usually caresses me

**Translation: Niza Fabre**

**Nilda Cepero**



Photo: Courtesy of N. Cepero

Author, poet, singer and editor.  
**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

**Nilda Cepero. A Blues Cantata. Miami, Florida: LS Press, ©1999, p. 23.**

### 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

### Continúa de la p. 30)

### 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. 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 una 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, rengueando. 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.

**John C. Kenselaar** *A Berry from a Tree. A Book of Poetry.* Mahwah, NJ/ Monroe, NY:

Yin Yang Press, 2003, p. 18.

## Let Us Live Happily

(Improvisations on a line from the Dhammapada)

If I could I would  
make of this world  
a beautiful place  
for you and me

Let us live happily then  
Let us live happily then

If I could make the world  
over again

A world without pain  
I would create a world  
where we'd live live happily  
Let us live happily then  
Let us live happily then

If I could chase  
all your lils away  
And bring you love  
every day  
I would live happily  
Let us live happily then  
Let us live happily then

If I could chase the blues  
Like Bird or Trane  
A blues so beautiful  
Like sunshine after the rain  
Let us live happily then  
Let us live happily then

If I could lift up my voice  
and praise all things  
I would love this world  
this world where we'd live  
happily

Let us live happily then  
Let us live happily then

**John C. Kenselaar.** *Poetry Jam,*  
**Mahwah, NJ/ Monroe, NY: Yin Yang Press, p. 1.**

### Our Civilization

A "Melting Pot" is not Gotham today,  
Grown ethnic ghettos keep her at bay.  
Drugs, graffiti, ugly gangs menace,  
Frighten people are placed in penance.  
Fights, blood, in schools assorted,  
Our borders and traditions assaulted.  
A counter culture voids our history,  
As civil rights lefties carve a story.  
Their own First Amendment copyright,  
Clouding Mount Rushmore history's light.  
In conservatism rests our aspirations,  
The avant-garde of America's civilization.

**G. Amado Bastos.** *Through the Rhythm of Love, Poems.*

**Quebradillas, Puerto Rico: Enchanted Island Edition, 1995, p. 30.**

## Recipe

### Cheese Empanada



Photo: Empanadas, Free Images  
Ingredients

½ green pepper	1 tbsp. salt
½ red pepper	1 tbsp. of pimenton
1 tomato	2 packets of sazón
1 onion	2 tbsp. of vegetable oil
5 cilantro leaves	1 small can of Goya tomato sauce
½ head of garlic	2 packs of Goya empanada discos
2 tbsps. ground oregano	5-6 cups pf vegetable oil
1 tbsp. of black pepper	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 grounded and no chunks remain. Then add the oregano, black pepper, salt to the garlic and mix. Place on the side.

In a big pot, put the oil and the pimento. Wait for the oil to heat up and add the grounded garlic with the black pepper, salt and oregano that was previously made. Fry for a minute. Throw in all the vegetables previously cut in the beginning. Fry for ten minutes making sure it will not burn. After the ten minutes, pour the can of Goya tomato sauce in with the vegetable that are frying. Mix them together. Let this cook for 5 minutes.

After 10-15 minutes, let the mix cool off for about 20 minutes. Pour the 5-6 cup of vegetable oil in a big pot and heat it up. Open the packet of discos and spread each one out on the counter. After 20 minutes of mix cooling, place 1 ½ tbsps. Mixed vegetable and 2 tbsps. in each disco. Fold the discos in half and with the fork close off the end of the discos by pushing down on the front flat of the discos 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 Pusaud '07

### Books and Magazines Received

*Best Friends*. Spring 2019 News Letter.

**Camron Wright**. *The Rent Collector*. USA: Shadow Mountain, 2012.

*Faith, Magazine of Life Study Fellowship*. Vol. 79. Jan., Feb., March No. 1. 2019. March, April, May, No. 2. 2019.

*HGS Perspectives News Letter*. Spring 2019

*Ironwood Pig Sanctuary, Newsletter*. Jan., Feb., 2019.

**Isabel Díez Serrano**. *Oriflama*. Nº 34 Año XIX - El Escorial. Madrid-España. Enero – Junio, 2019.

*MLA News Letter*. Vol. 50, No.4 Winter 2018. Vol., 51, No. 1, Spring 2019.

*PMLA*. Volume 134, Nos.1, 2, January, March 2019.

**Tony Cade Bambara**. *Those Bones Are Not My Child*. New York: First Vintage Editions, 2000.

*Ramapo Magazine*, Winter, Spring, 2019.

## Kanela (Translation)

The night begins to fall. Lucero Peñafiel, sitting in the living room of her house, reads a novel called *The Noise That Things Make When Falling*. Nothing new: the drug lord imported the hippos for his zoo with the purpose of camouflaging the drug in the excrement of those animals, the dogs were terrified of hippos. She finishes reading the novel, and put it the on the shelf; she takes a new book and starts reading it; it is another novel: *The White Death*. The title is suggestive and delves into the story; she finds it interesting and concentrates on the reading. The doorbell rings and Lucero gets up to open the door. At the time of pronouncing hello, the eyes of Lucero are fixed in the dog that enters running. Beatriz, her older sister, brings her after her usual walk in the park; there the dog makes her turns and runs, so she does not get stressed, Beatriz says.

Beatriz is shorter than Lucero. She arrives panting with sweat running down her forehead. She removes the round and large glasses, leaving aside the exaggeratedly long visor cap. She is wearing sneakers and a pair of trousers rolled at her ankles. This time she has covered herself with a blue coat, to avoid the cold of the night. It catches Lucero's attention that the dog also has a coat of the same color, glasses and a white cap. No one knows why she named the dog Kanela with K; since she was young, she was original. She lives alone only with the dog.

The first one to enter the room is Kanela. She climbs onto the furniture sticking out her tongue, shuddering with a kind of tingling, raises his nose in the air as if questioning what smells so good. Lucero likes to prepare special dishes. The dog's eyes flash. The hostess looks at her sternly, but the older sister, on the other hand, celebrates the dog's fun. She smiles for the dog's amusing behavior. She goes crazy for Kanela: she picked her up in a dumpster and now she is the apple of her eyes. Awesome!

Lucero's oval face draws an unpleasant gesture, barely moving from her seat, she keeps her hands together and her eyes fixed on the dog, but what is this, she said in a low voice. She rejects the disrespectful attitude of her sister, such behavior is completely rude; In addition to her clumsiness, and her insolence, the idea of bringing the dog is daring. I swear that this time I will tell her that I do not want to see Kanela anymore.

Look, Lucero, deliberately interrupts Beatriz and changes the subject. She takes Kanela's coat of and kisses her on the head. Lucero looks with a frown. How ridiculous, to dress the dog like her, I never imagined such stupidity! Motionless, follows the movements of his sister, who does not waste any time to praise the qualities of the dog.

My Kanelita wants to say hello to her aunt. What gall, it offends me, really! In silence, I just look at her, all this disgusts me. You have heard, to be a dog's aunt! I do not like such expressions, Beatriz is just pretending, she has always been like that. I observe her with a gesture of indignation. Beatriz says: Oh, my Kanelita is a treasure, my pretty girl!

Lucero, full of anger, lowers her head, but ... how to lose sight of this daring animal. Meanwhile, his sister continues to praise Kanela and the dog appears to slightly smile, which upsets Lucero; she cannot believe what she sees. She feels like her breathing stops; everything beats inside her for the wrath. Her knees tremble, his thoughts burn, the abuse of his older sister is unbearable.

She does not understand Beatriz's weakness, she has become a slave of her dog, I feel sorry for the behavior of both. How unpleasant behavior! Oh my God! In what garbage dump she found her. She spends time examining the behavior of Beatriz. My girl, is thirsty? She goes out to bring water for the dog. Oh no, this is too much, I cannot stand it!

Lucero is pale, her appearance is terrible. Beatriz has no other topic of conversation other than the dog, she runs her hands through her fur. Look, dear, how my girl's eyes shine, my Kanela is beautiful. Look, look, she stands on two legs, sticks out her tongue. She has the gift of making people laugh. It is better to keep quiet. You should be ashamed to say nonsense, silly, but she keeps quiet for a moment. She touches her chin to show her that she inspires sadness and discontent. She bites her lips, her tongue gets stuck. How much I dislike this animal, it even makes me nervous. The dog appears to notice my discomfort, she looks straight at me and smiles, I know she understands my situation, I have to control myself and dissimulate. I do not want to look at her, she will think Lucero does not stop looking at me. I know that she knows and that upsets me.

(Continued on p. 27)

## 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 banal

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)

Now Kanela gets up wagging her tail; she walks like a model, opens her nose in a kind of smile turned into a grimace, as if telling me I do not care what you think.

Kanela is not fat or skinny, she is not tall or very small, she has bright light brown eyes, shiny hair because of the flea-shampoo with which Beatriz bathes her. Every six months she goes to the veterinarian for her antiparasitic medicine, examination of her teeth, ears, tail, paint the nails, haircut, and vitamins prescriptions. She also takes her to the dressmaker, since she dresses her in fashion.

I can not stand seeing her wallowing on my sofa, asleep, pampered by the caresses of her master. Lucero is silent, she does not want to offend her older sister, she knows that words serve to build the world we want or the one we do not want. Beatriz creates a reality that she wants her sister to share; it is that Kanela is a pulsating part of her life, with her she builds an idealized world.

The dog gets up, goes around the house, observes that it is elegant, but feels that her master has a better taste for arranging the furniture. When she barks at the neighbor's dog, she runs to the yard to bark at him, and her bark is reciprocated by the bark of other dogs, and then a doggy concert is heard, as if by barking they want to demonstrate the bravery of each one. Such is the uproar that Lucero covers her ears, swallows her saliva, she can not bear such scandal and beats her hands. You shut up, spoiled! The dog looks at her, defiant, wagging her tail. Beatriz smiles. Come on, my girl, my Kanelita!, and embracing her she takes her to the living room. Silence again. Lucero, with her eyes fixed on the dog, smiles ironically to herself.

**(Continued on p.28)**

**(Continued from p. 28)**

### 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 femicide. How interesting, the subject is very important. And they start talking about this serious problem in the country and in the world. I'll buy it to send 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 savoring 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.

Beatriz 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? why 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 skeep 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)**



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, saca 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 demostrarle que le inspira tristeza y e inconformidad. Se muerde los labios, la lengua se le traba. Qué mal me cae este animal, hasta me pone nerviosa. La perra parece darse cuenta de mi malestar, me mira de frente, sonríe, sé que comprende mi situación, tengo que controlarme y disimulo. No quiero mirarla, pensará Lucero no se cansa de mirarme, me doy cuenta 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 mueca, como diciéndome no me importa lo que pienses. Kanela no es gorda ni flaca, no es alta ni muy pequeña, tiene los ojos café claros vivaces, pelaje brillante por el champú antipulgas con que la baña Beatriz. Cada seis meses va donde el veterinario para que le administre antiparasitarios, 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 revolcándose en mi sillón, adormecida, mimada por las caricias de su dueña.

Lucero calla, no quiere ofender a su hermana 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 ladrarle, y su ladrido es correspondido por el de otros perros y enseguida se escucha un concierto perruno, 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 lcola. Beatriz sonríe, ¡Venga, mi niña, mi Kanelita!, y abrazada la lleva a la sala. Vuelve el silencio. Lucero, con los ojos clavados en la perra, sonríe irónicamente 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, *La muerte 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 compraré para enviársela a mi hija Rosita, le gustará leerla.

Lucero, ¿qué huele tan sabroso?, cambia de pronto de tema. Preparé un *mousse* de atún, y ante la insistencia de su hermana le enseña la forma de prepararlo. Es muy fácil, verás, Licuar una taza de mayonesa, una lata de atún, una rama de cebolla blanca picada, medio pimiento, sal y pimienta al gusto; en media taza de agua disolver un sobre de gelatina sin sabor; se mezcla con la primera masa, y se refrigera en la parte de abajo. Luego nos servimos, es muy sabroso y fácil de preparar. Mientras las hermanas conversan en la sala, Kanela, atraída por el olor del *mousse*, de un salto ágil se sube a la mesa y busca el origen de aquel aroma tan delicioso; lo encuentra y se lo traga de un solo bocado. Las hermanas, atraídas por el ruido que hace la perra, se acercan a la cocina y la miran lamiéndose los bigotes mientras saborea lo poco que ha quedado en el plato. A Lucero le corre un escalofrío, indignada, pálida observa a la perra trepada sobre la mesa. ¡Maldita perra, carajo! Lanza miradas centellantes a Kanela y ésta huye a la carrera. ¡Imposible soportarla más, atrevida! Beatriz ríe a carcajadas, celebra la proeza de su perra, Mi niña es tan inteligente, por favor no grites, se pone nerviosa mi Kanelita. Lucero se muerde

(Continúa en la p.30)

los labios, respira profundo. ¡Dios mío, dame paciencia! La perra le gruñe. Beatriz, por favor no quiero que traigas más a Kanela, no la quiero ver más en mi casa, ¿entiendes?, le pide, conturbada; en su corazón se acumulan sentimientos de tristeza y de coraje. Beatriz no sabe qué decir, regresa a la sala, recoge los abrigos y sale de la casa. No regreso más.

Beatriz cumplió con su palabra. Lo sucedido tocó sus fibras más sensibles. Pero una mañana Lucero escuchó sonar el timbre insistentemente. Golpes en la puerta cada vez más fuertes. Corre a abrir. ¿Quién será? Ya voy, por favor, un momento, espere. ¡Qué impaciente, espere! Abre la puerta, su sorpresa es mayúscula, mira asustada. ¡No es posible! Sus ojos no dan crédito a lo que ven. Pero qué es esto, es un atrevimiento. Se le traba la lengua. Es su hermana, con los ojos llorosos, gimiendo, que la abraza, Mi hija está enferma, viajo al exterior. Y le entregó a Kanela. Llega con tres cartones, cada uno con un rótulo, en los que dice medicina, alimento, trajes. No, no, no puedo aceptarla. ¡Imposible, no puedo!, exclama con espanto Lucero y del susto asoman gotas de sudor, se pone pálida, temblorosa, mira alrededor con aire temeroso. Apenas tiene tiempo para pensar, sin cobrar el ánimo observa a Beatriz transformada. ¡Espera, Beatriz, espera! porque ella sale a la carrera. ¡Cuidala, es buena! La ve marcharse. ¡No olvides, se llama Kanela!n negrita ya desde lejos, y continúa su carrera como si alguien la siguiera para azotarla.

¡Estoy perdida!, Lucero cae en desesperación y va a sentarse en un sillón para reanimarse. Se queda dormida, sueña que Kanela le ladra todo el tiempo, pero no es un animal, sino un hombre. ¿Quién fue tu amante, para qué te compras esos vestidos tan atractivos, por qué te peinas así, te estás volviendo mujer de la calle, el dinero que ganas dónde está? No, no Alberto, déjame en paz. Escucha un disparo, grita, al despertar ve a Kanela que desde un rincón ha vigilado su sueño.

Una sensación extraña la domina, ubica la casa de la perra al fondo de un cuarto, junto a unos cartones. La expresión del rostro de la recién llegada delata que no le será fácil adaptarse, ¿por qué se iría mi ama? Camina con lentitud, asustada, tambaleante. A Lucero, con perplejidad, le basta una mirada para darse cuenta de que los ojos vivaces como de fuego de Kanela han cambiado; camina sin ánimo, silenciosa, con las orejas caídas; hasta su pelaje ha perdido el brillo. Espera a que su nueva ama salga del cuarto para entrar a su casa de madera pintada de blanco con azul; se acuesta sintiendo que algo le oprime el corazón, mueve sus ojos de un lado al otro, como preguntándose qué hago aquí.

Lucero coloca una escudilla llena de agua y de comida, pero Kanela permanece inmóvil, con el hocico cerrado, y sus ojos parecen llorar. A ratos sale, levanta la mirada, silenciosa, bebe agua, mira atentamente la puerta que permanece entreabierta, va al patio y regresa enseguida para acostarse. Cierra los ojos como meditando en los extraños sucesos que tiene la vida. Presente ha sido abandonada, deja escapar un profundo suspiro, no desea comer, está adelgazando.

La tarde caía. Sentada en la sala, Lucero seguía leyendo *La muerte blanca*, pasa atenta las páginas, cuando escucha ladridos de los perros de los alrededores. De pronto siente que todo se balancea, de golpe cae la vitrina con las copas, los espejos, las lámparas, oye gritos por todas partes. La energía eléctrica se ha interrumpido, la casa cruje y se mueve de un lado para otro. ¡Temblor, temblor!, grita la gente. ¡Auxilio! Corre a la calle. ¡Dios mío, qué estrépito! Apenas da un paso fuera de la casa y vuelve de inmediato, recobra el ánimo, va en busca de Kanela. ¡Kanela! La perra da alaridos. Lucero tambalea, se esfuerza por mantenerse en pie, siente escalofrío, se asusta, palidece, escucha lamentos. Kanela gime, un caos de extraños ruidos brota de la tierra.

Le invade el miedo, ¡qué espanto! Pareciera que las casas se hundían. Presa de terror escucha los lamentos de Kanela, que emite un llanto extraño. Pide auxilio, avanza arrimada a la pared hasta llegar donde gime la perra. Se detiene unos segundos hasta que pase un nuevo temblor, sin saber qué hacer ni qué pensar ante tan inesperado fenómeno. Lentamente, nerviosa, mira a Kanela que sin poder moverse gime angustiada, le ha caído parte de la pared y le impide salir. Al ver a Lucero alza los párpados y la mira con tristeza, gime pidiendo ayuda.

(Continúa en la p. 23)

(Continued from p. 28)

**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 barely takes a step outside the house 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 whining, 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, Kanelita, 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, she 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. Kanel 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 Chiriboga, 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.**

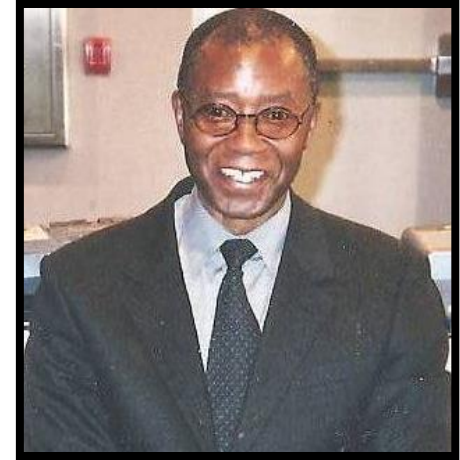


Photo: Niza Fabre

2017,

**René León González  
(1935-2019)**

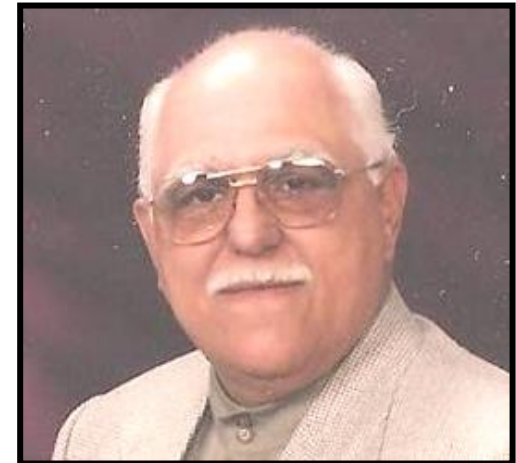
René, passed away, May 28, 2019, Tampa Florida.

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 mx of jazz standards funk and contemporary songs  
**Conductors:** Professor Bobby Deitch and Chris Wilhelm  
**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

**Animal Corner**  
**Xerxes**

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

**Tim**

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**

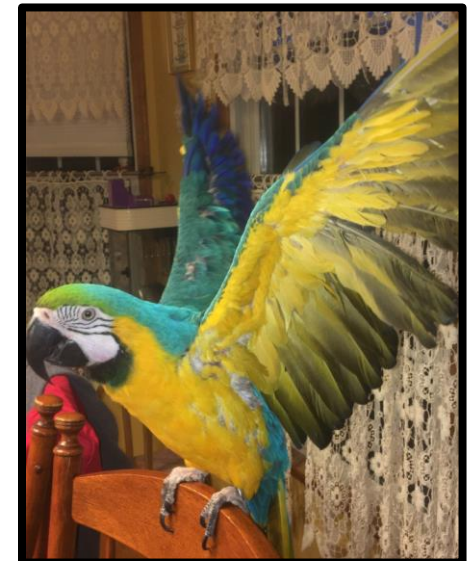


Photo: Samantha Tufaro '22, nursing major

## Animal Corner Sandy and Oreo



Photo: Erin Tatora '20, law and society major.

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>

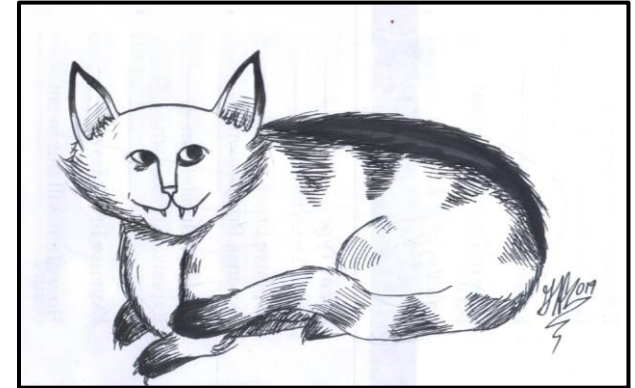


Photo: Angel R. Otero, Jr. Crew Supervisor/ Locksmith, RCNJ

## Animal Corner

### 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.



Portrait: Gunnar Hopson '20, literature major

For more information on Cheshire go to [Wikipedia](#), the free encyclopedia.

## In Memoriam (2018-2019)

### 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.

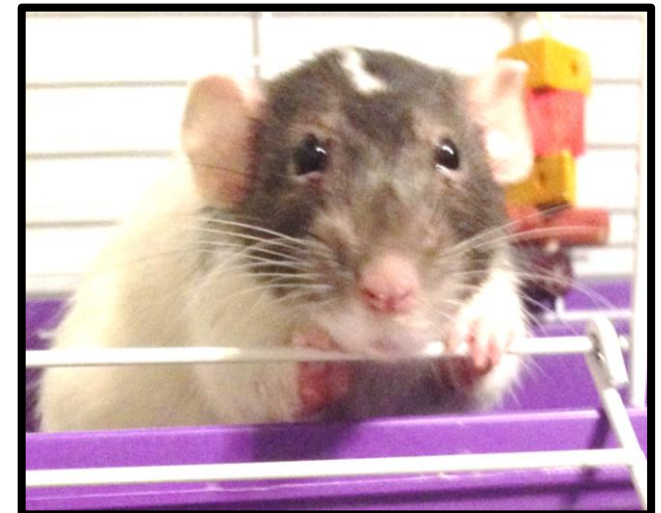


Photo: Erin Tatora '20, law and society major