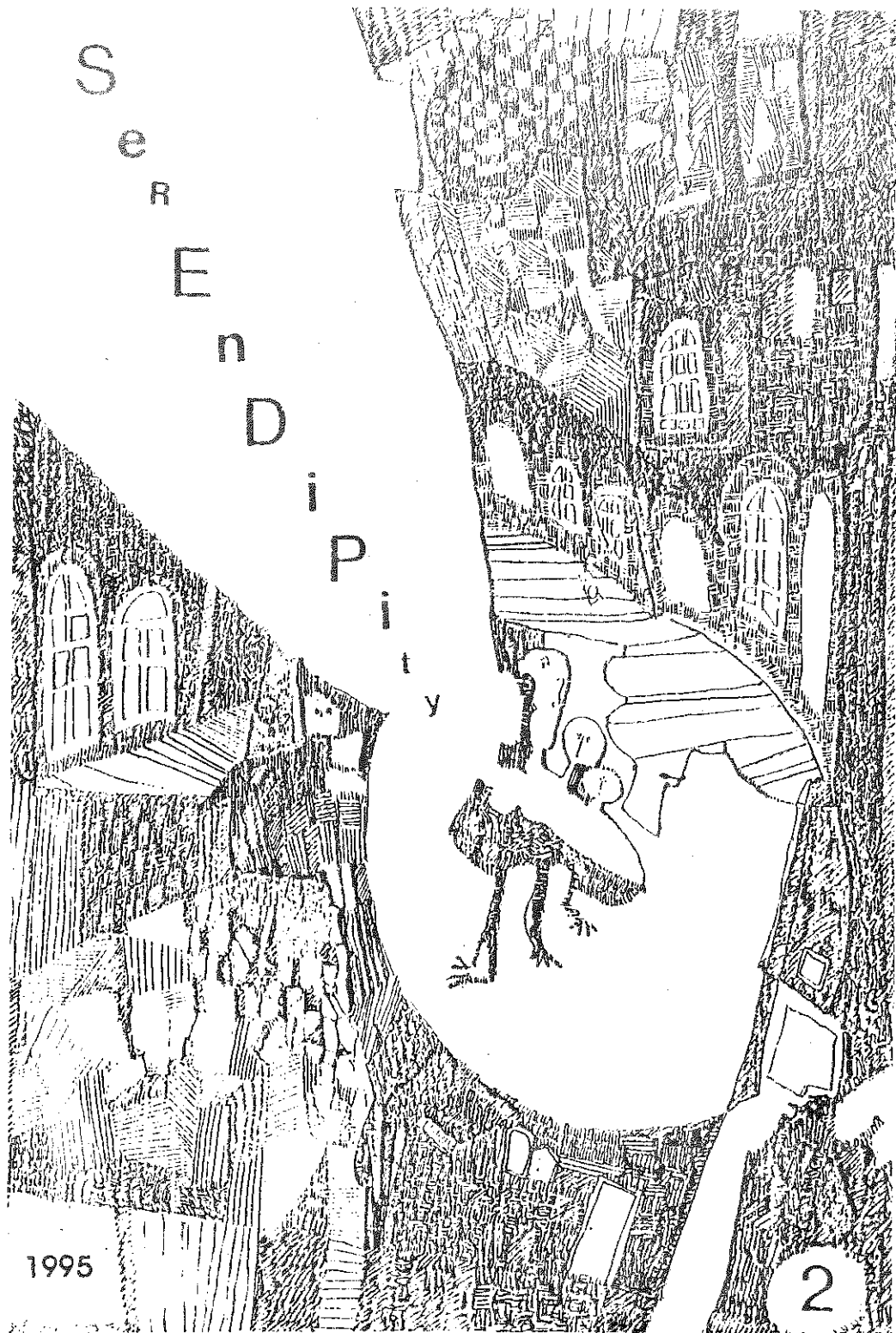


S e R E n D i P i t y



1995

2

Serendipity — n. the faculty of happening upon fortunate discoveries when not in search of them. Coined by Horace Walpole (1754) in "The Three Princes of Serendip"

(Sri Lanka)

— Funk and Wagnells

Dennis Manion, who gave birth to Serendipity in 1993, was a Fulbright Exchange teacher assigned to San Juan University from the Bodine High School for International Affairs in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

You came here when the wind still blew the cold air of winter. You opened us the doors to a new world of words, of verse, of prose. You didn't stick to the rules, you went farther ... You taught us how to free our minds and our feelings ... Now, it's been almost a year since you left, and we keep on missing you. Because there are not many people who can give so much in so short a time.

THANK YOU FOR BEING SUCH AN EXCELLENT TEACHER
AND AN AWESOME PERSON !!!

Romina Roca (ex -student)

Where have you come from ?

What's brought you here ?

What are your hopes ?

Where are your fears ?

*We'll never know
about your deepest thoughts.*

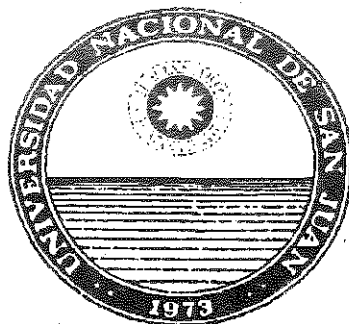
But you should know

your being here

was your best lesson,

Ever.

Marisel B. de Lopez (ex-co-worker)



SERENDIPITY

Volume 2

December 1995

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Nora Inés Fuentes
Andrea Leceta
Romina Roca
Marilela Trigo
Alejandra Lázzaro
Sandra Schiattino

Leo Ferres
Carmen Perrone
María Celina López
Silvana Barrionuevo
Vanessa García
Teté Manzur

Sandra Beilelli de Rizzetto
Viviana Quiroga
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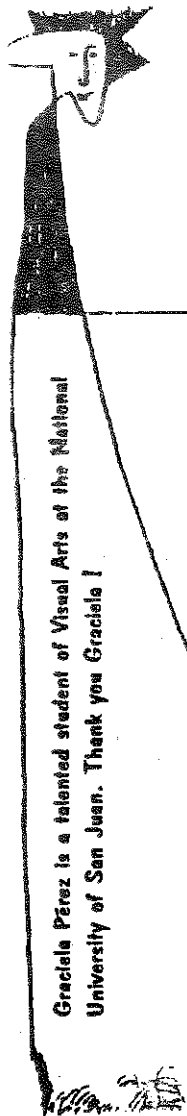
Rosa Inés Cúneo de Morales
Marisel Bollati de López
Hugo Hartenstein

San Juan University

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Mabel Benavídez de Albar Díaz

TO EXORCISE OUR INNOCENCE



Graciela Pérez is a talented student of Visual Arts at the National University of San Juan. Thank you Graciela!

Do not deny,
Don't just defy,
Don't dare my might
we may not last.

Do not try to justify
what we want to sacrifice;
does it become addiction?
is it a dirty vice?

It's no taboo, don't mystify,
don't cry aloud,
don't feel debased, don't feel defiled.
So you better don't scandalize.

Don't simulate or speculate
on the risks of death
and the doom of hell:
I can't wait a damned certificate.

Don't martirize the flesh;
for sinning it was made,
and Freud already explained
the harm that comes from self-restraint.

Just give it to me away
and repudiate, I strongly refuse
to put on you the blame-
we were simple made male and female.

With gentleness, some violence
let me beguile you into...

NORA INÉS FUENTES

Nora Inés Fuentes wants to be a teacher of Literature and write a book on Joyce that not even Norah could have written.

LOVE - Still ?

*Love, a dream - Still ?
I know not
Questions that I cannot answer,
Answers that I cannot feel,
Dreams that I want not to awake.*

*Oh! Sleep! Shelter me in your
painless lap and soothe the wounds of
a torn soul .*

*I sing a song to myself - not thinking
of me,
but of you - so low, so still
as afraid of remembering what once
was a certain tune, what once
was real and now is merely
a dream.*

Andrea Leceta

Andrea Leceta is a fifth year Literature student . Overwhelmed by the nature of feelings seeks a place to be.

Far away from me

You went away with the wind
During a dark cloudless night,
You disappeared behind the Moon
And among the stars ...
You flew away with the wind
To never come back,
You hid behind the clouds,
Far away from my heart.
You went away with the wind
Riding the morning sky,
You vanished into thin air
Without even saying goodbye.
You flew away with the wind,
You went straight up to the sun
Following who knows which bird
That kept spinning inside your mind.
You went away with the wind
And left me far behind
Crying lonely tears of pain
For what the wind had done.

ROMINA ROCA

Romina Roca is a teacher of English for primary students and would like to pursue further studies in Literature.

Eyes

Eyes,
meaningful, tender,
saying, reflecting, loving
Your open heart.
Sincerity ...

MARIELA TRIGO

Mariela Trigo is a second year student who enjoys playing the guitar and painting. Everybody thinks she's shy simply because she loves the sounds of silence.



Is this about
Already known words of love?
No.

Is this about
Matters all of us know?
No.

Is this about
Nice words everybody likes hearing?
No.
Is this about
All that's under the label of 'IMPOSSIBLE'?
No.

So, what is all of this about?
This is about something 'NEW'
That is growing up
But cannot be defined
Till it's ready to BE.

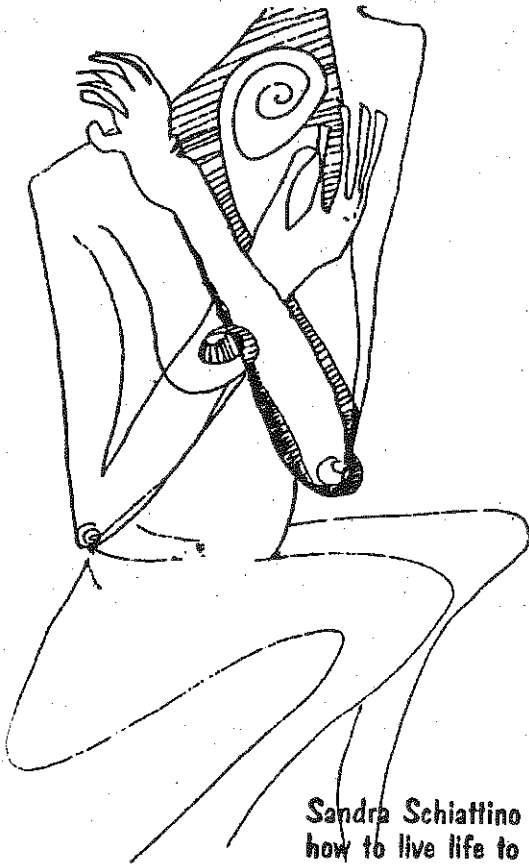
Alejandra Lázaro

- Alejandra Lázaro, a fourth year student with a great sense of humor, loves to write creatively.

WANDERING,

Men, women,
drifting away,
loveless, lonely,
hearts, souls in pain.

Needy, thirsty,
expectant wait,
craving for love to bewitch me
and be here
to stay.



WILD HEART

Unveil my feelings,
rekindle my youth,
don't let death reach me
before knowing you.

Embrace my being tenderly,
smoothly, protectively.
Enlighten my emotions,
shaking my sleeping, parched fantasy,
freeing my suffocated passions.

Urgent call of my womanhood,
piercing scream of my loneliness,
which won't back away,
which won't endure dilatory fails,
which will plead till the very end
unless we melt away
in an endless, vital fusion.

Sandra Schiattino

Sandra Schiattino is a third year student who is trying to learn how to live life to the fullest.

I hate the more or less

Such a long time I don't write
Have I been living something which couldn't have been
in a way
told or even said?
Why did I feel so proud with what we had?
I remember those afternoons in a cosy kitchen
with no one imagining what we were into
one another...
Never did it, never said it, never worked that out
What am I thinking now, the day before
our last break up?
I am not day-dreaming our next coming closer
I am
at better
hoping to steal you a kiss...
from your lips
and keep it here, see? In my fist
tight, tight
'cause if I ever dare opening my fist...
Hey! catch that kiss up I
No I
Let it go! It's mine... it's mine
yeah, it was
just mine
She gave it to me the day before our last break up...
please ... remember me
What was the reason, sweetheart?
Well, I can't tell
Was it you?
Insecure, afraid
Was it me?
with all my time to waste
that left you logging somewhere behind
a tree, a house
I will never have?
Such a long time we've shared together,
that it feels weird not to share
a passage of a book, the glittering of a star

a kiss by the lagoon, uprooting our scars
and there you go, who's letting the other free?
Another silly poem of love
but there's no way out, believe me
I waited for you, my hands were always there for you
to hold them
and it never came
'cause there were people and you were scared
of what they might say...
To whom?
To you, to me, among themselves the whispering goes
Why didn't I scream?
I'm in love! I'm in love!
And I asked you about it
and I remember you said
that it's all a matter of respect
among themselves the whispering goes
where to?
I see it heading to a cave, it's got no respect
I see our love behind
choking
blue
crying out for more
and more will never come
'cause we didn't awake him from his sleep
never
and it's still in its golden cradle
crying out for more
and more will never come
Did we ever have it right?
I wanna blame someone, I wanna blame you
I want to kneel before you,
I want to kiss your hands your highness
come down, come down
and you never will ...
And after what seemed ages
what I have at the reach of my hand
is one idea
for the future and for my soul
This is my most precious achievement
Fuck love that's not a hundred per cent commitment.

LEO FERRES

Leo Ferres, a fourth year student, is a writer STILL looking for direction!

FRIENDSHIP

Sincere, genuine
understanding, dreaming, laughing
sharing the best and the worst.

Friends ?

CARMEN PERRONE

Carmen Perrone is a second year student who has just discovered the fun of writing.

Of Course I

Without hope and alone
on a cold spring day,
I was when you came.
You won me over
with all your love.
You made me fly
and touch the stars.
You stayed a while
and then decided to go.

My heart stopped with sadness
... I was alone again ...
You broke my heart,
but I survived
in the middle of the night.
Now spring is coming back
and so are you .
What am I supposed to do ?
Give you another chance ...?
OF COURSE !!!

Maria Celina López

Maria Celina López loves English and would like to speak and write it perfectly one day. In the meantime, she's doing her best.

What's love ?

I Have always
asked myself...
WHAT'S LOVE?

Love
IS LOOKING INTO YOUR EYES
AND KNOWING
WHAT YOU'RE THINKING.

Love
IS SAYING EVERYTHING
AND AT THE SAME TIME
SAYING NOTHING.

Love
IS LAUGHING TOGETHER
ABOUT SILLY THINGS
WITHOUT CARING
WHAT PEOPLE THINK.

Love
IS BEING ALONE WITH YOU
UNDER THE EMBRACING LIGHT
OF THE FULL MOON.

Love
IS LIKE DANCING
A MAJESTIC WALTZ
WITH THE STARS.

Love
IS THE FULFILLMENT
OF MY MOST WONDERFUL DREAM.

now I know. and
I can say, I can shout
WHAT LOVE IS BECAUSE
I LOVE YOU...
I DO LOVE YOU.

SILVANA BARRIONUEVO

Silvana Barrionuevo, a fan of romantic stories and soft music, is a young student who wants to get her degree soon.

INSPIRATION

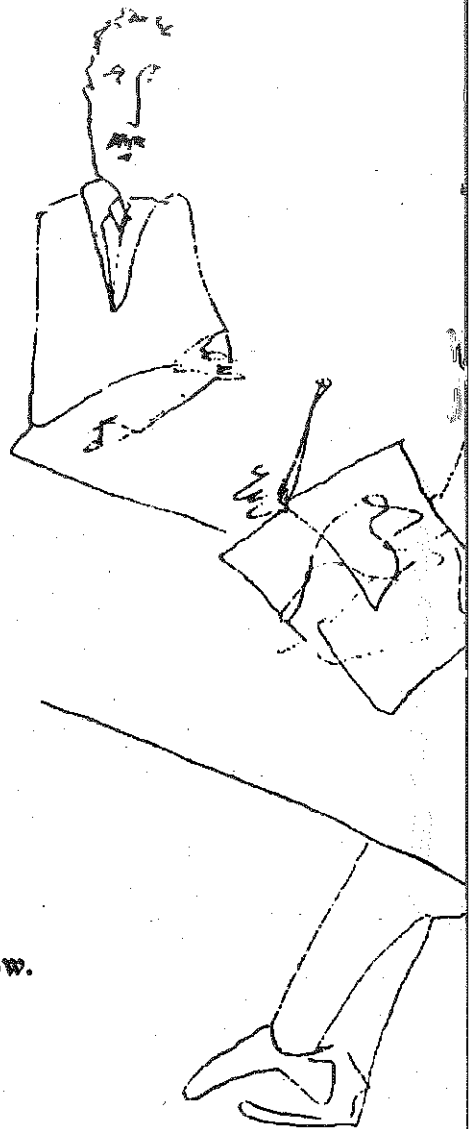
Life, coaxingly you spell me
towards your arms,
hugging arms,
squeezing arms.

Life, stunning you are,
you mutter words,
desperate ones —
you whisper sounds,
encouraging melody
which caresses one's heart.

Life, mysterious you are,
on your lap rests
my every day's hope,
my innermost cry.

Life, my old friend, My Life
you have given me many
gorgeous twilights,
you haven't given me much
to be tossed aside.
I can only equate you to
life itself and light
to knowledge and nourishing grief and sorrow.

Life, sympathetic,
always close by my side,
wiping my weeping,
watching over my sleep.
Take me in,
let's be just one !!!



Sandra Schiattino



WHY ?

I HAVE SO MANY THINGS INSIDE
BUT WHY WON'T THEY COME OUTSIDE
I'M TRYING VERY HARD
BUT I CAN'T OBLIGE MY HEART
SO WHY ... WHY DO I HAVE TO WRITE?

IT'S NOT COMPULSORY TO WRITE
WE'VE BEEN TOLD WITH A SMILE
NOT EVERYONE HAS THAT MUCH PASSION INSIDE
BUT THEN WHY, WHY DO I WANT TO WRITE?

GREAT THINGS CAME UP LAST YEAR
IMAGINATION WAS DEFINITELY THERE
THEY WERE EVEN PUBLISHED IN A COLLECTION
BUT WHY, WHY DO WE HAVE TO WRITE A SIMILAR VERSION?

MOTIVATION IS WHAT WE NEED
BUT FRUSTRATION IS WHAT I FEEL
NOT BEING ABLE TO FORM ONE SINGLE PIECE
BUT WHY, WHY CAN'T I GIVE THIS UP?

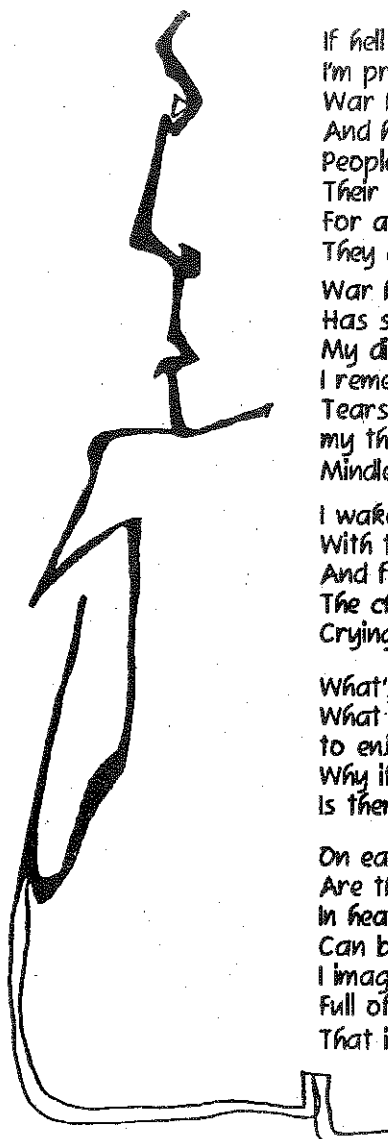
IF ONLY I COULD WRITE JUST ONE LINE
TO SHOW THE OTHERS THAT AT LEAST I TRIED
AND HIGHLIGHT THAT WE CAN ALL BE BRIGHT
WHY ... WHY CAN'T I WRITE?

I HAVE SO MANY THINGS INSIDE
BUT THEY ARE STUCK IN MY MIND
AND THEY WON'T COME OUTSIDE.
... IS IT BECAUSE I'M TOO SHY?
AND NOW I WONDER
WHY ... WHY CAN OTHERS WRITE?
(BUT NOT I)

VANESA GARCIA

Vanesa García is a third year student totally in love with English. She is waiting to see what life has in store for her.

Dreaming about Peace



If hell really exists
I'm pretty sure I'm living in it.
War has destroyed our hopes
And has broken our hearts.
People have been deprived of
Their right to feel human
For after so much pain and fear
They are dead in the middle of life.
War has come as a thief in the night
Has stolen my freedom, and with it
My dignity and my past.
I remember those happy days, so far away!
Tears are my only friends. He, Mr. Pain, has dyed
my thoughts and my spirit grey,
Mindless cruelty, Frozen minds in hate.

I wake up every morning
With the syncopated melody of grenades,
And following their striking sound,
The choirs of desperate crowds
Crying for their dead.

What's the good of war? Thousands of hearts in grief.
What good is a nation when people are not alive
to enjoy it? Remember the happy days? So far away!
Why if the entire world was created in harmony
Is there so much pain and hate?

On earth the stony bodies of the dead
Are the pride and joy of man's hate.
In heaven, the hopeless souls
Can beam with love and live in peace.
I imagine heaven is a wild bright field
Full of growing seeds eager to exist.
That is the place I'd like to be.

Teté Manzur

Teté Manzur is a fourth year student who has one dream: to live in a world of love and peace.

Nothing lasts forever

Choices

Always in life.
Sometimes good,
sometimes bad.
You are in the middle,
you make up your mind.
You may be wrong,
you may be right.

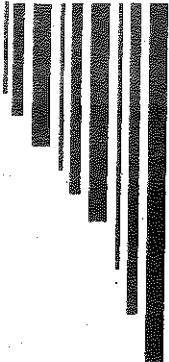
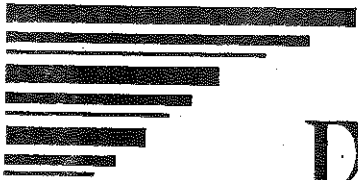
But it's your choice
you should be fine.
Lots of possibilities
two, three, sometimes five,
each with some advantage
and with its counterpart.

Sooner or later
you will feel the lack
of what you have missed
and you'll feel a lack
in what you really have.

There is nothing eternal
There is nothing that can
Survive the passing of time
Without changing.
Nothing.
Not even the darkest night
Or the most beautiful dawn.
The saddest
Or the happiest moment of your life.
The most obscure agony
Or the brightest day.
The tears and laughter...
The sorrows and pains.
The problems and misfortunes.
Everything comes to an end.
Your life changes every minute.
Nothing lasts forever.
Everything comes to an end.

ROMINA ROCA

Sandra Belevi de Rizzetto



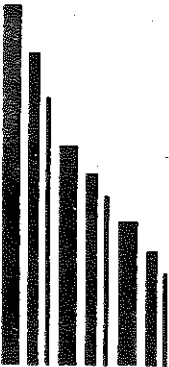
PAGAN DEATH

Pictures were rainbowly painted
in the colourless world I dwelt
so I went seeking for the flame
that would light the mists away.

Why should despair be a man
and death a stormy girl ?

To act the scarlet sin of love
that could beget this son — my blissful end.

Why should the mists lure me so
into sinning with my flesh
that would feed into my entrails the lust
of seeing in the morn what is death?



nora i. fuentes

ICE

Still she stood there,
where trees do not shelter
and shadows do not embrace.

A memory.

A kiss with windy wings
sprouts on her lips.
Hope and illusion
lay on forgetful snow.
A white winter with
invisible feathers touches,
turning into ice,
the cold nakedness of a soul
desguised in the gowns
of indifference.



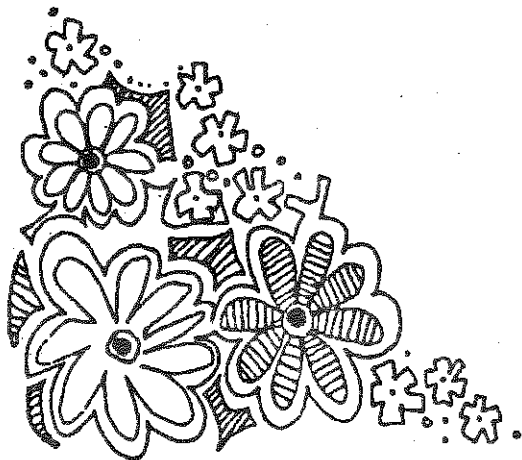
Andrea Leceta

Enzo

*Sweet, joyful, tender.
My little baby,
you've grown up so soon
that I can't believe my eyes.*

*You can't imagine
how I felt
when you said "I love you so".
Oh, darling,
if only I could share more time
with you
my spirits would soar.*

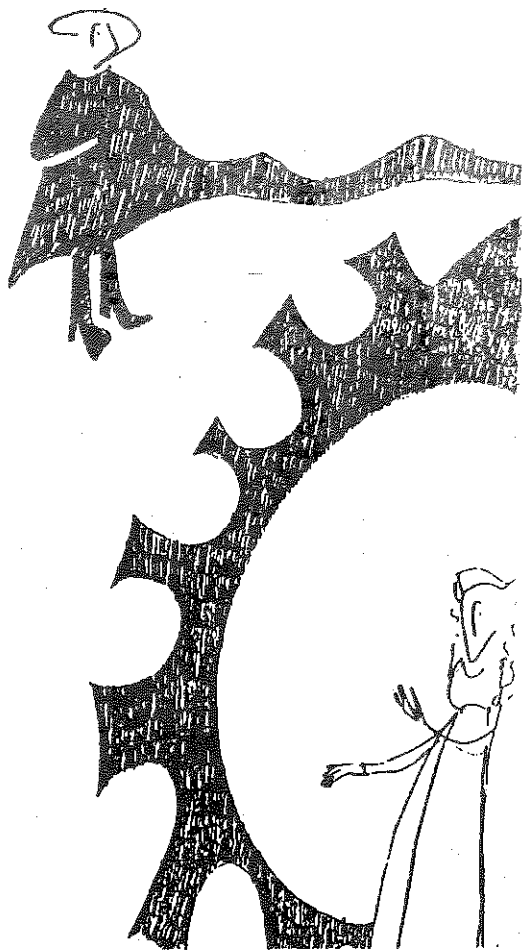
*But I'm sure you know
what you mean to me.
My darling, keep this secret in your heart,
you're one of the reasons
for my life.*



Viviana Quiroga

Viviana Quiroga is a third year student who would love to travel throughout the English speaking world.

Guardian Angel



You will be my queen
and I will be your joker
who'll make you laugh to tears.
I will be your guardian angel
who takes you to a world of dreams.
I will give you a crown of stars,
a dress made of rays of sun,
and a necklace of crystal roses.
I will be your guardian angel
who will lift you to the sky
to know the wind
to enter his silence
to know the rainbow
to enter her colours.
I will be your guardian angel
and you will know
that in my eyes
is my heart
and within my heart
is my love.

Ariel de la Vega

Ariel de la Vega is a third year student who wants to graduate soon and become an exchange teacher , some time.

The Catholic Church : About sins, sinners and purging practices

Since the times when Adam and Eve were expelled fairly and legally from the Garden of Eden, much water was to pass under the bridge ...

In fact, their original sin was not going to be that original for their offspring. The disobedient couple unconscientiously planted the landmark for a vast series of new-coined-sins. Those worthy of life sentence, those awaiting further decision; the former labeled Hell, the latter Purgatory. Both, no doubt, places for eternal restless rest.

Soon after the formal labeling, details about discomfort and boredom which characterized those places scattered all along the communities of followers. Ephemeral regrets and outbreaks of panic were the blueprints and the blue-laws that the heavenly measure left.

But ... as the shrewd fervent phony believer managed, courageously and skilfully, to untangle the Mysteries of Divine Punishment, holy confession soon befell a laundry of dirty, filthy, sinful souls. And, amazingly, it worked, positively it did (and it still does !!!)

In time, these gorging-purging practices became really popular amidst fake believers and scared away believers-to-be. Being forgiven by the priest (purging) was a piece of cake and each Sunday, *HE* (allegedly) through *him* gave the green light to carry on (gorging).

Needless to say it worked for those who considered their relation with the Creator as pure void, unprincipled formality without any intention of backing it up with a sincere, fresh, moral commitment.

As holy confession befell a laundry of souls, a man without principles might befall, by far, the most perilous, manipulating, why not, lethal weapon, not only for himself but for his "brethren" as well. He might darken the sacred heaven's doors by sorting the wrong fruit from the undervalued, discredited Tree of Knowledge. Amen.

SANDRA SCHIATTINO

"Religious beliefs are not the coward's way out"

Religions have often been charged with dulling the believers' minds to such an extent that they become completely uncaring about their present lives, reality and necessities. "Religion is the opium of people", Communism defined it. Even Sigmund Freud, following the rational trends of his era, supported the idea that people who are concerned about the Hereafter will pay little attention to every day life's issues.

Would the contrary of the original hypothesis be possible? I mean, would it be possible for religion to be a source of great strength in order to improve our earthly life, even if aiming to a bright Hereafter? What did Jesus Christ do? He preached to large crowds about the Kingdom of God, but he also healed the crippled, turned water into wine at a wedding party, and raised people from death! He loved this world, defended his principles, was a disturbing presence, and finally he was killed for this.

Father Maximilian Kolbe was a very active Franciscan friar who worked with young people, had a printing press and a kind of newspaper. Supposedly, he loved this life. During the Second World War he offered his life and entered the gas chamber saving the life of a poor Jew, father of several children, who finally survived. Is this a coward's way out? Father Kolbe could simply have turned his back.

And I would not like to restrict myself to the Catholic faith. Martin Luther jeopardized his life criticizing the Pope and defending what he considered to be the real faith. Mahatma Gandhi and Martin Luther King could also be considered disturbing people (this is the reason why they were both killed), not exactly the stereotype of a coward.

Making it even simpler, and taking into account our modern tendency to place "spiritual matters" on a secondary level, I daresay that a lot of strength and self-confidence is necessary to defend one's faith. I really believe that religion is only for the brave.

Giovanna Starace

Gia Starace, a fourth year student, wants to become a good teacher of English; but above all, she wants to do something useful for her fellow-men.

PLUS AND MINUS

*The good, the bad,
the passion and the pain,
the thrill, the glow,
the love, the hate,
the tenderness.
A heaven and a hell,
the days gone by,
the day to come,
the here and now.
We build.*

Marisel B. de López

Marisel Bollati de López is a teacher of English at the National University of San Juan and the Catholic University of Cayo.

THAT'S YOU

Life is short.
We never learn how
to live it, though.
So:
share your time,
don't be blind!
Feel that living flood,
it's your own blood.
Enjoy what you have built
without feelings of guilt.

Show your pride
and never hide.
Love what you have
don't mourn what you lack.
Don't look for material treasures
or you'll find a bitter pleasure.
Think you are human,
man, or woman.
Bare in mind
you were born a child
pure in soul
until you get old.

Sandra Beletti de Rizzetto

You, man !

You, who've got the almighty God
as your father.

You, who are the recipient
of his infinite love.

You, who were given
the power to reason
which places you above
all the other existent creatures.

You, who can breathe the air,
whose soul can ride the wind,
whose imagination has no frontiers,
who have the power to love
and to enjoy in only one little flower
the perfection of the universe.

You, who are given the whole
Nature to enjoy.

How could you complain ?

How could you dare say

You've got

Nothing !!!

LIDIA HOBEIKA

Lidia Hobeika, part-time student, part-time housewife and mother, part-time teacher.
Full-time writer.

*"Congratulations on your second
edition of Serendipity."*

Dennis Manion

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