



# DUPONT CIRCLE VILLAGE

## SHATTERING THE STEREOTYPE

ADAMS MORGAN • DUPONT CIRCLE • KALORAMA

“Age is an issue of mind over matter. If you don't mind, it doesn't matter.”

—Mark Twain

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Welcome  
New Members!

Alice Tetelman

## María Teresa Mora Iturralde, a Real Queen's Gambit Hero

The successful Netflix series, *The Queen's Gambit*, inspired comparisons between real chess players and Beth Harmon, the fictional hero of the series. Walter Tevis, author of the fictional book that the series draws from, stated that the

By Eva M. Lucero,  
Executive Director

character was not based on any one person, rather include characteristics of a number of chess prodigies including Bobby Fischer, the American chess standout. Fischer's list of accomplishments resemble the fictional Harmon's: youngest U.S. masters (14 years old), youngest international grandmaster and youngest candidate for a world championship (15 years old). In all the reviews and speculation about the series, a key figure is noticeably missing, that of a young Cuban girl, María Teresa Mora Iturralde.

Born in 1902 in Havana, María Teresa began learning chess at the age of 8 by playing with her father, who she beat with ease. She won her first youth tournament at the age of 11, and a few years later began training with José Raúl Capablanca, a World Chess Champion from Cuba who is considered one of the best Grandmasters and a founder of modern chess. While there is no mention of María Teresa in *The Queen's Gambit*, Capablanca is referenced many times in the series.



Capablanca was so impressed by María Teresa's talent, that he offered to teach her directly, and she became the only person who has ever received lessons from him.

In Capablanca's book, *My Chess Career*, published in 1920, Capablanca writes:

*There was in Habana a young girl of from twelve to fourteen years of age who interested me a great deal. Not only was she intelligent and modest in every respect, but what is more to the point, she played chess quite well (I believe that to-day she probably is the strongest lady player in the world, though only fifteen or seventeen years old). I offered to give her a few lessons before I sailed. My offer was accepted, and I decided to teach her something of the openings and the middle-game along general principles and in accordance with certain theories which I had had in my mind for some time, but which I had never expounded to anybody. In order to explain and teach my theories I had to study, so it came about that, for the first time in my life, I devoted some time to the working of the openings. I had the great satisfaction*

*Continued on page 2*

# President's Notes



**A**s we move toward spring, I believe there is light at the end of the tunnel!

I think my optimism is realistic because essentially all of our members who are eligible are vaccinated, and soon all of our members will be able to get their inoculations. As more people in the city get vaccinated, we will all have a higher level of protection. I am not ignoring the variants which may create problems for us, but I am hoping that our high level of inoculation will protect us.

I am proud to report that after we helped our members get vaccine appointments, we opened the program to others including our donors, members' eligible friends, and members of other Villages. We were able to secure appointments for over 150 people. We have now closed the program since

it has become much easier for eligible people to arrange their own appointments.

As a result of this high member inoculation rate, we are exploring the possibility of slowly offering some volunteer services to our members. At first, services like transportation could be avail-

able as well as services that require minimal person-to-person interaction. Members would be eligible for service if they are fully vaccinated, if the volunteer is also fully vaccinated, and regulations regarding masking, social distancing, and hand washing are followed. Our guidelines will be strictly enforced. We will evaluate the program and adjust as needed on a frequent basis. We will be discussing plans for in-person DCV activities in the future. For now, we will continue our current virtual programming.

Our review of the programs DCV provided during the past year is truly remarkable! Despite the limitations COVID-19 placed upon our programming requiring us to go virtual, our members met the challenge and participated in a large variety of programs. Since January 2020, 4545 people

have registered for DCV programs, an average of 350 participants per month. The greatest draws have been physical exercise programs, meditation, Live and Learn, Coffee and Conversation, and our Celeb Salons. We have adjusted to virtual exercise classes. While getting used to Zoom has often been a challenge, many of us have found it easier to participate virtually in programs from our living rooms. Our Celeb Salons expanded their reach since we were not limited by the space available in a host's home.

As we look ahead—exciting things are planned for this spring!

Our Spring Gala **"You are guests of the Earth—behave!"** is right around the corner on April 22, Earth Day. Our Gala Committee members, under the guidance of Lois Berlin as their Chair, have planned a fabulous, creative virtual event, including dinner, dancing, and entertainment. We will all have a truly enjoyable evening. I took a peek at the auction items—they offer some intriguing opportunities! I predict that you'll be interested in bidding on more than one of the items. I look forward to partying with you on April 22.

## María Teresa Mora Iturralde

*Continued from page 1*

*of finding that my ideas were, as far as I could see, quite correct.*

*Thus it happened that I actually learned more myself than my pupil, though I hope that my young lady friend benefited by the dozen or so lessons that I gave her. It came about that I thus strengthened the weakest part of my game, the openings, and that I also was able to prove to my own satisfaction the great value of certain theories which I had evolved in my own mind.*

By 1922, at the age of 19, María Teresa had become the first woman to win the Cuban Chess Championship and went on to become a Women's World Championship Challenger in 1939 and 1949-50. In the 1939 tournament, she was victorious over Vera Menchik, the British-Czechoslovak-Russian chess player and longest-reigning Women's World Chess Champion in history who held the title for 17 years. María Teresa was awarded the prestigious Woman

International Master title from the World Chess Federation in 1950 for her lifetime achievement in chess, becoming the first Latin American woman to receive the award. From 1938 until her retirement in 1960 from competitive chess she remained the undefeated Cuban Women's Chess Champion.

María Teresa passed away in Havana in 1980, and is still remembered today. She was featured on a 2004 Cuban stamp, and her games are still analyzed by chess enthusiasts.

# Monthly Calendar

Currently, activities are being offered online, by way of Zoom. Updates will be posted in the Friday e-blast. Instructions for Zoom can be found under the Library tab at <https://dcv.clubexpress.com/>

We do ask you to register online at [www.dupontcirclevillage.net](http://www.dupontcirclevillage.net) and select "Calendar," find the event, and register. If you can't join an online event or figure out how to register, please email or call Ann Talty at [admin@dupontcirclevillage.net](mailto:admin@dupontcirclevillage.net) or (202) 436-5252.

## WELLNESS WEDNESDAYS

The 13 DC Villages are collaborating and offering health and wellness programming to all DC Villagers every Wednesday through April. All programs begin at 1 pm.

**March 3—Gentle Yoga** with Northwest Neighbors Village

**March 10—Fun Facts to Know About Covid-19** with Georgetown Village. To sign up contact [varnita@georgetownvillage.org](mailto:varnita@georgetownvillage.org)

**March 17—Understanding Telemedicine** with Capitol Hill Village

**March 24—Chair Yoga** with East Rock Creek Village

**March 31—Mobility as We Age** with Cleveland & Woodley Park Village

## Art Tour: Every Eye is Upon Me: First Ladies of the United States

Monday, March 1, 2:00–3:00 pm

You are invited to take a docent-led tour of the first major exhibition to explore the historical significance of this prominent position through the mode of portraiture. The tour will feature 20 of over 45 women, who have served in the role over the span of 250 years, from Martha Washington to Melania Trump. Since there is no job description for this unelected, unfunded position, it is left to each first lady to define it for herself. The tour will explore the various roles that first ladies have carved out for themselves.

## CelebSalon: Bandy X Lee, forensic psychiatrist

Wednesday, March 3, 6:00–7:00 pm

RSVP: Register online or contact DCV Office

Bandy Xenobia Lee is a forensic psychiatrist with Yale University, and a specialist in violence prevention. In 2017, Dr. Lee attracted attention for organizing a conference at Yale on professional ethics surrounding the mental health of Donald Trump and the dangers—for our country—of his mental instability. In a 2021 article, entitled ***The 'Shared Psychosis' of Donald Trump and His Loyalists,***



*Scientific American* asked Lee to comment not only on how Trump has been able to create a cult of followers but also on what drives his seemingly cult-like followers. Dr. Lee has studied the anthropology of violence in East Africa, worked in maximum security prisons in the United States, and consulted widely on the prevention of violence. Her March 3rd discussion with DCV is an opportunity to better understand our history from the perspective of a professional with a deep understanding of violence and violence prevention.

## Arena Stage: Insider Lecture

Saturday, March 6, 10:30–noon

RSVP: Register online by March 2 at noon or contact DCV Office

### *Dressing to Impress: Costuming the Leading Ladies of Arena Stage with Joe Salasovich*

Spend a morning with Joe Salasovich, Costume Director at Arena Stage, reminiscing about the performances at Arena Stage through the lens of costumes. We will dive into the process of bringing the garments to life on our stages and celebrate the fantastic designers and skilled artisans in the costume shops. We will look at the marvelous creations made specifically for principal female characters in the plays and musicals presented in the Fichandler, the Kreeger, and the Kogod over the past 20 years. We will see the entire journey of a costume – from the first read of a script to the final bow on closing night – and learn about the team that keeps all these fabulous actors dressed to Impress. Bring all your questions. Joe will answer those and more as we have open discussion about hats and wigs, corsets and petticoats, dresses and gowns, boots and shoes, and accessories, and how they support character storytelling.

## Over 80 Group

Tuesday, March 9, 2:30–3:30 pm

RSVP: Register online or contact DCV Office

This monthly program addresses various topics identified by the members. It is moderated by Phyllis Kramer, MSW. Phyllis has over 30 years in private practice, and has counseled scores of clients working through isolation and illness and depression and dysfunction.

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# Monthly Calendar

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## Pi Day Celebration

Sunday, March 14

RSVP: Register online or contact DCV Office **by noon on Monday, March 8**

Dupont Circle Village is joining with Math Geeks and/or Pie Lovers to celebrate National Pi (3.14159...) Day on Sunday, March 14 (3.14) by offering members a slice of home-made pie (one slice per member). Order a slice of lemon-chess pie to be delivered to you on **Saturday, March 13**. If you side with the Math folks, refrigerate your pie to be eaten precisely at 1:59 pm (the next 3 digits of pi) on Sunday. If the pie-lover part of you wins, celebrate whenever you want.

## Men's Book Group

Monday, March 15, 11:00 am

Location: Virtual

RSVP: Robert Hirsch ([rmhirsch49@yahoo.com](mailto:rmhirsch49@yahoo.com))

For March, the book choice is "**A Promised Land**" by Barack Obama.

## CelebSalon: From Page to Stage

Wednesday, March 17, 6:00–7:00 pm

RSVP: Register online or contact DCV Office

How does a play—the script, actors, sets, and all the other theatrical elements—get to the stage? What's involved? Who's involved? Whether it's Broadway or community theater, the answers are almost as dramatic and, sometimes, as comic as the plays themselves. Join Theater J's Artistic Director, Adam Immerwahr, and Managing Director, Jojo Ruf, for a behind-the-scenes-look at how theater is made that will deepen your understanding and sense of wonder when you return to live performances.

## Sunday Soup Salon

Sunday, March 21, 5:00–6:30 pm

RSVP: Register online or contact DCV Office

The format of these events during COVID-19 will take the form of discussion of specific TED Talks. Watch for details in upcoming e-blasts.

## Live & Learn: Social Media 101

Monday, March 22, 3:30–5:00 pm

RSVP: Register online or contact DCV Office

Twitter, Facebook, Instagram. Many people use these Social Media platforms every day. Should you? Our March



program will explore who uses these platforms, for what purposes. NOTE: This is an **overview** of these platforms and NOT hands-on instruction. You won't learn, for example, how to post on Facebook or Twitter but you'll learn why you may want to (or not).

Our presenter, Biljana "B" Milenkovic, is an accomplished multi-media professional with more than two decades of experience. Prior to working at DC Public Library, B worked as a social media manager for Children's Defense Fund. In addition, Professor B teaches **Intro to Television Production** and several Workforce Development and Continuing Education classes, including **Smartphone Video Production** and **Personal Digital Archiving**, at Montgomery College.

## CelebSalon: t/b/a

Wednesday, March 24, 6:00–7:00 pm

RSVP: Register online or contact DCV Office

Details will be announced in upcoming Friday e-blasts.

## Mystery Book Group

Friday, March 26, 3:00–4:00 pm

RSVP: Register online or contact DCV Office

Details will be announced in upcoming Friday e-blasts.

## DCV Movie Group

Wednesday, March 31, 3:55–5:15 pm

Location: Virtual

RSVP: Register online or contact DCV Office

Details will be announced in upcoming Friday e-blasts.

## Online Meditation with Christina

Mondays & Thursdays, 9:00–9:30 am

Location: Virtual

RSVP: Register online or contact DCV Office

## Accessible Mat Yoga

Mondays, 3:30–4:30 pm (new time effective March 8)

NOTE: there is a session scheduled for Thursday, March 4 at 5:00

Location: Virtual

RSVP: Register online or contact DCV Office

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# Monthly Calendar

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## Chair Yoga

Tuesdays, 10:30–11:30 am (new time effective March 9)

Location: Virtual

RSVP: Register online or contact DCV Office

## Online Feldenkrais Method Awareness Through Movement

Wednesdays, 10:00–11:00 am

Location: Virtual

RSVP: Register online or contact DCV Office

The classes are about improving function and well-being in our day-to-day activities, which is why they are good for improving walking, running, sitting, standing, gardening, relieving pain, breathing, working, and playing. The classes are usually done on mats on the floor, sometimes lying, sometimes sitting, or even standing. You may also do it on your bed.



## Virtual Mahjongg

Wednesdays at 2:00 pm

Location: Virtual

RSVP: Bobbi Milman, [rmilman@comcast.net](mailto:rmilman@comcast.net) or (202) 667-0245

Villagers are currently playing virtual Mahjongg with the computer app *RealMahjongg*. Contact Bobbi Milman if you are interested in details.

## Coffee and Conversation

Thursdays, 10:00–11:00

Location: Virtual

RSVP: Register online or contact DCV Office

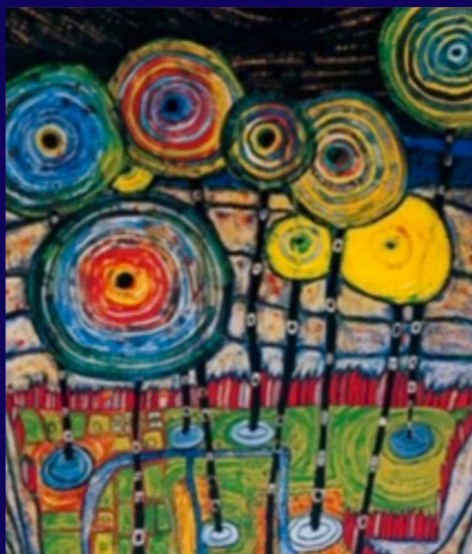
## Knitting Group

Thursdays, 4:00 pm

RSVP: Sheila Lopez at [sheilablopez@gmail.com](mailto:sheilablopez@gmail.com)

# PURCHASE A TICKET TODAY!

[www.dupontcirclevillage.net](http://www.dupontcirclevillage.net)



## You Are A Guest of the Earth...Behave

Dupont Circle Village  
2021 Virtual Gala  
Thursday April 22  
6 p.m.

# Remembering How to Have Fun



Ask Ann

**I**t should be easy, but it has been a year. Having fun never did come naturally to me—way too many decades of depression. Still, I had been getting better and better at it.

*By Ann Talty* Then the world closed up.

I have been grateful for all the work-related Zooms—at least I see people and interact with all of you. I love you all, but one of my hurdles had always been learning how to have a life not defined by work!

After several months of quarantine, I re-discovered an old foe—agoraphobia. When I did get out, I would try to add a random drive to the errand, usually one of my favorite pastimes. I found that I would start to panic and head home so I could “feel safe.” I overcame that, for the most part, but it did shake me. Fie on thee, agoraphobia!

Travel—nope, that was no longer

an option, and my dream vacation had to be postponed to this summer. If, I can actually take it this year. I choose to be optimistic that it can happen. So, I have been watching documentaries, shows about nature and national parks. It’s not the same, but it does give me a taste of what I want.

Eating with friends—I had no idea how much I relied on that, either as a stand-a-lone or tacked on to another activity. I have saved a lot of money, but I had to get creative about ways to stay close without being close.

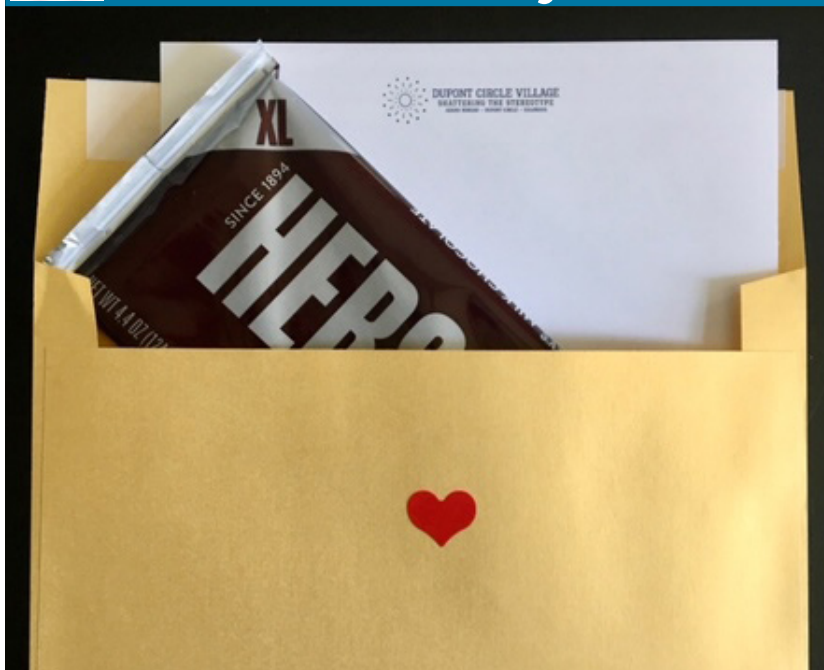
Singing—oh, we miss it so, so much. Both the singing and the friends. However, all singers know that singing is a super-spreader of all germs. Just take a look at a choir in a normal December, January, or spring—those colds and flus just keep making the rounds. What to do about that? When we posted the Hallelujah

Chorus video the other day, I stopped it, pulled out the score I know, and had a great time of it, particularly since I have sung soprano, alto and tenor on parts of it. I’m going to ask my choir director if I may borrow some music from the music library so I can sing along with some recordings I have.

This past weekend I had the closest thing to a normal good day that I have had in the past year. My friend who is in cardio-rehab (finally at home now), can’t drive at the moment. She needed to drop off her tax paperwork with her CPA, whose office is in Olney. Well, it was a beautiful day, so we each double-masked, drove out to Olney, had a bite to eat and some ice cream (standing outside my car on opposite sides of it). Then on to Lake Needwood to look at the water, the geese, the woods. Ah yes, this is life!



## March Birthdays



Happy Birthday to all members born in March! **Dan Abele, Bessie Alexander, Lois Berlin, Cindy Brown, Patricia Capdevielle, David DeLeon, Glenn Engelmann, Michelle Engelmann, Richard Fitz, Carol Galaty, Cathy Gladstone, Mark Goldstein, Lynne Horning, Craig Howell, Patricia Kelly, Mary Latka, Alan Lopez, Deb Mendelson, Caroline Mindel, Sloan Rogers, Lynn Skyneear, Michael Tanner, Eugene Versluysen and Abigail Wiebenson**



# Meet member, Linda Rosch—In Her Own Words

**B**orn on the coldest 1947 day in January in Washington, D.C., I have loathed cold weather ever since. I was the oldest of three siblings. While raised mostly in PG County, I was glad to return to the city after high school and to postpone going to college for two years while working at the Small Business Administration. There I honed my

## DCV Member Profile

typing skills, building on the coordination gained from playing piano since the age of seven

when my musical mother started teaching me. I had also acquired Gregg shorthand so I was well-equipped. Next, my short stint at the University of Maryland shifted quickly to the Corcoran School of Art. Many courses there and at the Maryland Art Institute convinced me that commercial art and fashion illustration were not my destiny or preference. I was far more interested in writing songs. My office skills and ability to use proper grammar allowed me to pursue my Muses while working at a range of legal, environmental and non-profit jobs.

My passion for music, art and poetics started early, inspired by my creative parents as well as family discord from which music was my escape. Ballet, and competitive free-style roller-skating, I competed 'til I was 18, propelled me further into the music world. My father taught me painting. His love of poetry, revealed to me only when I was an adult, must have embedded in me because I began writing poetry as a youngster.

It was a relationship with a guy who played a guitar that propelled me into serious songwriting. When he returned to his military service, I was left with his encouragement to become a songwriter, a broken heart, the determination to get a guitar and that was that. It was the

60's. Everyone was a songwriter. I listened obsessively to Judy Collins, Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell and "Hair." Self-taught, I played endlessly on the rooftop of the famous Woodner on 16th Street NW and then began performing my original songs at The Iguana Coffee House on Thomas Circle. My deep study of Buddhism and my meditation practice created a profoundly transformational experience at 21 that has influenced my songwriting to this day.

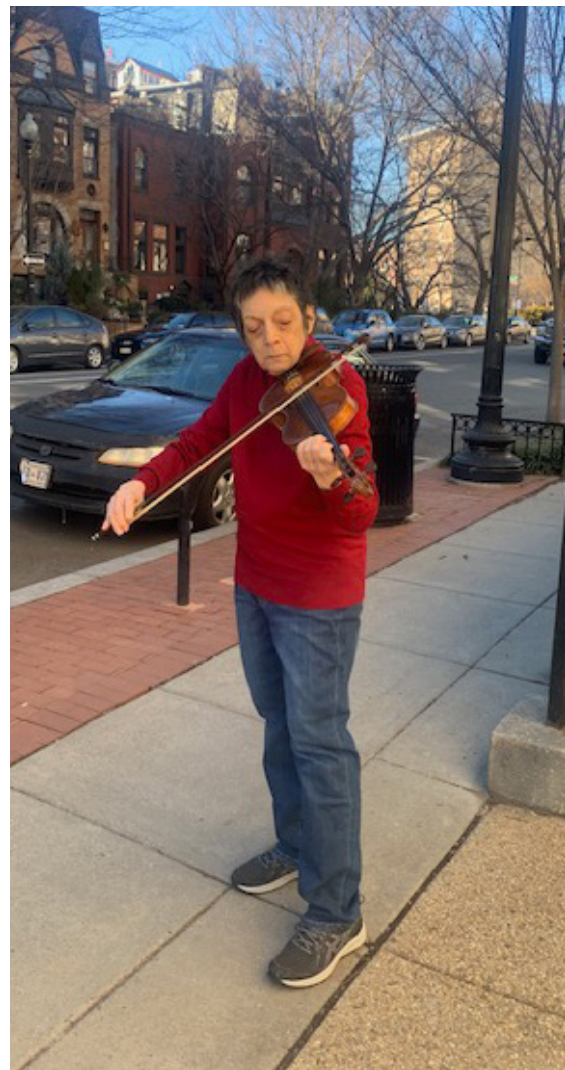
When I was 26 I bought and moved into my 17th Street apartment, where I have lived ever since. I supported myself working in offices and later being a medical transcriptionist; but my heart was in songwriting, performing and recording my music. I became enamored with traditional Irish music, learning to play on the mandolin of another guy with whom I had an 'almost-married' relationship. I spent countless Sunday afternoons at Ellen's Irish Pub, which was sadly replaced by a food carryout on Connecticut Avenue near R Street. Eventually, I bought a violin and have been playing Irish dance-music ever since.

Becoming a member of the Village came several years ago, a natural evolution of having lived here all my adult life. I'll leave you with the lyrics of one of my songs. While it was written several years ago, it's timely in our concern about how we have endangered our planet. If you wish to hear it live, click [Here](#).

I would happily talk with anyone in DCV who has any experience using recording equipment and might like to help me record another song or two. If you cannot locate my contact information, be in touch with the office.

*Small Planet, The trav'ler in the sky / Through space and time, you patiently fly:*

*The unbroken circle, through ages unknown / Your nature unfolds, as you journey toward home.*



*Small Planet, are we living blind?/  
What sad legacy might our children  
find? / We're shaping the world. Their  
new wings must fly / now the rainfor-  
est burns hot tears on your sky.*

*Oh I'm cryin' with you cause  
there's so much to lose: Bridge of  
song / Your bounty's for us....to pro-  
tect and to guide / By the choices we  
make / Must the future abide / Will  
we cherish Your gifts, or tear them  
apart / with our waste, and our wars /  
Cut you deep in the heart*

*Small Planet, Trav'ler in the sky;  
Carry us on, 'til we open our eyes  
to see we're not 'Se'prate" / We're  
all from the same light of the stars,  
beyond image or name.*



## I Don't Deserve This

**I**t was 1940 and I was leaving my home in Manhattan to go "South" to stay with my Cousin Gladys. I had met her the summer before and had immediately fallen in love. I had gone South many times but had always gone by car and with my brother. This time, I was going by train and...alone. I was 9 years old, almost 10. For weeks before my departure, there was a sense of nervousness in the house, and the grownups seemed to be talking in hushed tones out of my earshot. I didn't understand it then, but the sense I make out of it now is that they were wondering how best to protect me on my trip South. Not only would I be traveling alone, but I would have to switch to a Jim Crow car in Washington, DC.

*By Lucia Edmonds* I remember parts of that trip as fully as anything in my life, but it is all as if I'm standing above and outside of myself.

My trip started in Penn Station, New York. The cars were not supposed to be segregated in the North, but the Red Cap steered us to a car that was all Black. I held a shoebox on my lap that contained my food for the trip; after all, at the time Blacks could not eat in the dining car, and even if they could, my mother, practical and thrifty as she was, probably would have packed a box anyway.

Sitting next to me was a heavy woman. I remember her because she opened her box and started eating even before we got through the tunnel from Manhattan to New Jersey.

My next memory is of being in Washington, DC, and being met by a slender, young White woman with honey colored hair. My name was pinned to my chest and, in my mind's eye, I was very small, like a 6-year-old, and totally dependent on this White woman. I am absent from all that is happening and being led along as if in a dream.

My next memory is of being on another train. It has wooden slatted benches, like in a park, and the backs are very upright. I take a seat by a window. It is open; there was no air conditioning in those days. Once the train moves, black smoke billows in. I am still absent, but feel a deep sense of sadness and think, "I'm just a little girl. I don't deserve this."

**Editors note:** DCV has been offering a Memoir Writing class with memoirist and author, Bea Epstein, since spring of 2019. Participating villagers will be sharing some of their writings in the monthly DCV newsletter.

## Untitled

**I**t must have been close to Halloween because I was carrying one of those jack o' lanterns from the dime store, the ones made out of orange cardboard and that you can use to put candy in when you trick or treat. I was walking up the concrete sidewalk to my grandmother's house on Alexander Avenue. Johnny Duease's mother had just let me out of her car after we had been somewhere, the dime store I guess. I know I was walking alone. It was nothing. Except my life was about to change.

*By Michael Speer* The walk, concrete, was not new, not old, but there were some disconnects at the joints. I jumped over them. I was happy with my new pumpkin. At the dime store in Greenville you could also get goldfish, and I already had a few.

I do not remember how I got into the room, what I did with the cardboard pumpkin, how I crossed Ma's living room and went through the hall, but the next thing I knew I was sitting in my aunt Martha Sue's bedroom, facing the windows which framed still-green gardenia bushes and, though I could not see it, parsley growing below them. I loved to eat that when I played outside.

I was barely six. It was 1949. My

grandmother's windows also framed my father, and I was seated facing him, looking at him, kind of up at him. I did not really know exactly what I was seeing because I had not ever seen a grown-up, much less a grown-up man, cry, or seen what one looked like after he had been crying. His face was just different.

Somehow or other, he must have told me that my mother, his wife, had died and gone to heaven, or something. I know this must have been true because the next morning I was at Freddie Green's, drawing flowers on waxed paper. "Freddie, did Wuh-Wuh really die?" "Yes, honey." "Can I go to school today?" "I think we'll just skip school today." "Why?" No real answer. It was an impossibility to cross into this new world. I kept on drawing; the plants were fern-like.

It must have been the next day, the third day, and someone had taken me back home to Moody Street. Maybe Freddie? Maybe Daddy? Beppy? I ran on the stepping stones to the front door. I had to see. I had to know. I ran through the living room, turned right in the hallway, turned right again into their bedroom. The bed was made up. No one was in it. The same white spread, pillows in place.

Later that day I was at my

*Continued on page 9*





*Continued from page 8*

grandmother's, the one I loved more, not my father's mother, the grandmother whose daughter had just died. Her house was next to ours, with Lula's in between. "Beppy, did Wuh-Wuh go to heaven?" I already had been taught that heaven was hard to get into, and so I was worried. "Yes."

Lula was making cornbread in the background, fried chicken which she would not eat because that chicken's feet had touched the ground.

Life was going on. I was not old enough to know that this is a way to describe what was happening, but it is. We're going to have supper soon. Lula is setting the table, gritting her teeth the way she does when she is unhappy. No one knows what to say. No one knows how to be. On Monday I will go back to school. They love me, but this is too much to understand or explain. What will I tell my friends? How can I even face them? A veil is falling over us all.

could reposition it. But there was no penis! It could not be replaced. It was in a sewer. I panicked! I ran to my husband, **Alex**, to apprise him of the tragedy. **Alex** proceeded to curl his hair with his fingers, which he was prone to do in moments of anxiety, and to yell at me to call the pediatrician. **Alex** was so upset, he added pacing to the curling with a mutter or two thrown in.

Somehow, I had the wherewithal to find the number for the pediatrician. I dialed and miracle of miracles the pediatrician at 10:00 PM at night answered the phone. I know it is hard to fathom in this time of voicemail, but there was a time when doctors would answer their own phones when patients called.

Well, in my panicky voice, I proceeded to tell the pediatrician what had happened, that I had flushed the baby's penis down the toilet and what could I do, he had no penis left. After laughing for what seemed like an eternity the pediatrician told me to just pop the penis out. Apparently, when boy babies scream for a while, their penises can invert. Pop I did, and **Bobbit** was whole again. **Alex** could now stop curling his hair, pacing and muttering." Tragedy averted.

As Lorena's story progressed and she really got into it, my brother-in-law, the only male present, became quieter and quieter. The relaxed stance he had been in at the beginning of the tale devolved into a tighter and tighter position with his hands moving down his body till they were just below his bellybutton. He soon left our little group and avoided us for the rest of the event, unlike the women who laughed uproariously through the entire tale. It appears that this story separates the men from the \_\_\_\_.

Fifty years later, the actual bris is hazy, but Lorena's story of Bobbit's missing penis will stay in my mind until I breathe no more.

## The Case of the Missing Member Or Where Oh Where Has It Gone

*(Please note: Names have been changed to protect the Innocent)*

**A**aron Isaac, my firstborn, was eight days old and it was the time of his bris. For those of you who do not know, a bris is the ritual circumcision for a Jewish male

*By Caroline Mindel* baby on his eighth day of life. It is performed by a ritual circumciser known as a mohel. The bris is usually followed by a celebration with guests, food, and good conversation. The following vignette is the result of one of these random conversations.

Four of us were standing together, chatting: **Lorena** who told the story, **Geraldine**, a guest, **Caroline** (me) and **Henry**, my brother-in-law and the newly minted god-father to my son. In later years **Henry** would become a woman, **Harriet**, and is now Aaron's god-mother, but that is a story for another day.

**Lorena** was a friend from university days. Her husband, **Alex**, and mine were the two stars of their PHD program as well as good friends. When I entered the picture, and married my husband, we became a foursome of two young married couples. **Lorena** was a very funny lady, although she

was not aware of how funny she was. She always had something amusing to say and was a good storyteller. At the bris she proceeded to regale us with an incident that happened to her own son, **Bobbit**, who was 18 months older than Aaron. The incident she described occurred at a time when babies were still swaddled in cloth diapers. Paper ones had yet to be introduced.

The following is Lorena's tale in her own words.

"It was about 9:30 one evening, when **Bobbit** was four months old and he had just had a bowel movement. **Bobbit** hated dirty diapers and started screaming furiously. I went to change his diaper to quiet him down. I divested him of the diaper, emptied the solid contents into the toilet, and flushed. Off down the drain went all the contents. But! When I went to put a new diaper on him, **Bobbit**'s penis had disappeared. Where did it go? Had I flushed it down the toilet? Oh G-d!!

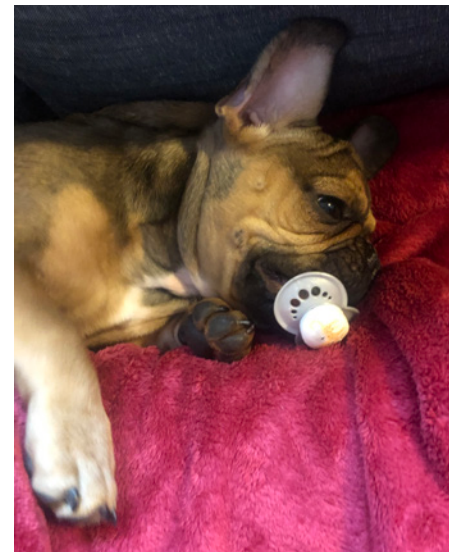
I knew that if someone lost a tooth and wrapped it in a damp cloth, it could be taken to a dentist who

# Out and About



▲ Villager **Pender M. McCarter** was ebullient after finding a prime location to glimpse President-Elect Biden and Vice President-Elect Harris as they were departing a Mass at St. Matthews Cathedral enroute to the Capitol and swearing in as the nation's top new chief executives. Pender was interviewed by a Boston Globe reporter on a bike at M and Connecticut. He was quoted in the paper's front-page coverage of the day's festivities as being an observer at every U.S. presidential inauguration since 1969; and for calling out to Mr. Biden's motorcade, "Hey, Mr. President," as it left St. Matthews. His Preston House neighbors, Villagers **Ger McCann** and **John Richardson**, joined him for this unique hometown experience.

▶ Roxie Hart, snug as a bug in a rug at the home of Villagers **Lynn Lewis** and **Caroline Mindel**.



▲ **Ger McCann's** Baby Lola. They bought her a pacifier and she loved it!





Odilon Redon (1840–1916, French), Fruit and Flowers (1914)

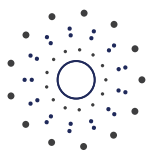
## Poetry Corner

### Funeral Blues

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,  
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,  
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum  
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.  
Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead  
Scribbling on the sky the message 'He is Dead'.  
Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,  
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.  
He was my North, my South, my East and West,  
My working week and my Sunday rest, My noon,  
my midnight, my talk, my song;  
I thought that love would last forever:  
I was wrong.  
The stars are not wanted now; put out every one,  
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun,  
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood;  
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

*W.H. Auden*

The Dupont Circle Village is a non-profit volunteer organization that connects neighbors to services and educational, cultural/social and health and wellness activities. Please consider a donation now or remember us in your will.



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SHATTERING THE STEREOTYPE  
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