

The Lott Residence Review

Winter, 2015

Issue 10



Textile Design by Marianne Persson

La Zarzuela by Alice Negron

Aquí en la residencia de Lott se puede oír muchas idiomas. A veces parece la torre de Babel. Pero gracias a dios hay una lengua que entendemos todos— ¡LA MÚSICA!

El club de español y la clase de español ofrecieron a todos oír una dvd "Las Zarzuela mejores de España", no solo oímos el coro más famosa de España y también la mayor orquesta de Madrid. Pero lo mejor fue oír a Plácido Domingo el mejor tenor vivo del mundo de la ópera. Pues ¿qué es una zarzuela? Pues se parece a nuestras operetas en inglés. Seguramente muchas personas han oído las operetas de Gilbert & Sullivan como "HMS Pinafore" etc. Las Letras no importa solo oír la bella música y la magnífica voz. De Plácido es suficiente para llevarnos a cielo.

Here in the Lott Residence you can hear many different languages. Sometimes we sound like the Tower of Babel. But thank heaven there is a language that we all understand—music!

The Spanish Club and Spanish Class offered the special privilege of hearing the dvd, *The Best zarzuelas of Spain*. We not only heard and saw one of the best choruses and orchestras in the world but also heard and saw the famous Plácido Domingo—the greatest living tenor.

Well, just what is a zarzuela? It is very much like our English operettas. Without a doubt, many of you have heard the works of Gilbert and Sullivan—like the *HMS Pinafore*.

If you wish to hear more, just let us know!

Short Stories, Poems and Essays

Gomeasi by Alice Negrón

The brown box arrived at our house in Ohio sometime in 1945. It wasn't addressed to either Mama or me. And, on top of that, it had a weird, no really nasty, smell. So we lugged it up to the attic, shut the door and forgot about it.

A year after V.J. Day, Daddy was finally relieved of his job with General McArthur trying to help our former enemy not only recover but to form some type of democracy.

Daddy regaled us with fascinating stories of Japan. He described the ladies so small and neat with dainty feet. One day he got us together and showed us how to celebrate a Japanese Tea Party.

He noted with a smile how polite the people were on the streets—everyone waiting patiently in line, no pushing. "That is something we could learn", he said. I laughed.

One rainy day, I remembered the brown box tucked away in the attic. I talked my father into opening it for me. Up came the lid. The fetid air was nauseating. I reached in and pulled out a large, beautiful Samari sword, several foreign looking medals and money. I gazed up at my Father and asked, "Did you capture a Japanese officer?" He slammed the top down and in a harsh voice I had never heard before, he growled, "WE TOOK NO PRISONERS". Then, he closed his eyes and softly said in Japanese, "Gomeasi." Much later he told me it meant, "I'm sorry."

A Walk in the Woods by Peter Young

A walk in the woods by day is different from a walk in the woods by night.

*By day, the light of the sun marks the paths,
by night, without a moon, it guides no one but the blind.*

*By day, the woods, be it winter or summer, are comforting,
like friends huddling in conversation or blowing wildly about as if playing games.*

*By night, they are strangers in our midst, unknowable, unseeable,
but mystifying, nonetheless, in their darkness,
like visitors from a netherworld who don't know their way about,
but make as if they do. Horrifying, to some.*

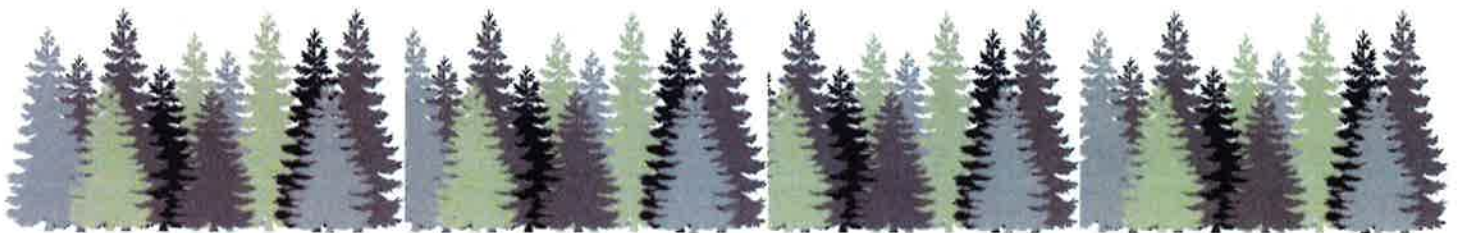
*By day, the woods are transparent.
by night, more mystical, unknowable,
like the god who put them there.*

*You can't hide in the woods by day
like you can in the woods by night.*

The branches will know you're there.

In the night, you're just another mindless silhouette.

*So I choose to walk in the woods by day. The days I enter the woods
by night
will remain a tangible fright.*





To read the whole story of how the wig came about and how the story ends, pick up a copy of the short story *Hairless in Manhattan*. The entire story will be read and discussed in the January 8th meeting of The Short Story Book Club where you can also meet the author—Connie Kelly. Consult your activities calendar and daily schedule for time and place.

Brett, Brett Harwood by **Bob Freedman**

Brett, Brett Harwood to be exact, was looking outside the window. He had nothing specific in mind. It was about 3:30 in the afternoon. There was nothing much that he could do, because he had been struck down by polio some ten years before. Yet, there was much to see. Cars on the move, people walking, kids getting home from school, everyone going somewhere. He had gotten over feeling sorry for himself long ago. But still, he wondered why life had dealt him this blow.

No one he knew had anything that resembled this. Only he. Now that he was pushing thirty, he realized he had to go on with a life that was severely crippled. Yet, there was much to consider.

He had a good mind—active, intense, well educated. His years at

Brett, Brett Harwood by Bob Freedman (continued)

Harvard undergraduate and Columbia for his Master's Degree made him proud. Most of his friends were working at career building jobs. He had not or was not ready yet to commit himself.

Just as he was about to turn on the television, the phone rang. He was shocked. It was the television station answering his call. They wanted to know if he could come in for an interview. Of course, he said anytime at their convenience.

"What about today," they asked.

"Of course", he said.

They told him to bring a résumé and anything else that could help explain what he had done previously and what he was capable of.

After obtaining their address and how to get there, he put on his coat and scarf, put his keys in his pocket and reached for the door. He found his cane and pittered out with one hand on the cane and one hand on Jeffrey, his dog—his seeing eye dog.

Poem by George Pfiffner

On the way to getting nowhere,
I spent the day in fruitful activity.

Could I bless the nonce,

And spend the pence?

I'd slay the wonders left behind.

I know no end and beginnings?

What are they?

Trivial landmarks,

Deceptive times.

Water drops boring holes,

That fall in upon themselves.

There is no have to!

No don't have to—

The in is out,

The down is up and,

Away is always here.