

SOUTHERN CONNECTICUT MENSA CHRONICLE

If you or someone you know would like to be a speaker at our monthly dinner, please contact Jim Mizera at 203-522-1959 or Jmizera@hotmail.com. The dinner is held the third Saturday of the month.

MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL: If you have an annual Mensa membership, your membership will be expiring at the end of April. You should receive a renewal notice in the mail in January. You can return that form or visit www.us.mensa.org to renew.

ARCHIVED COPIES OF THE CHRONICLE



going back to 2000 are available on the Internet at <http://www.doctechical.com/scm>. You can download the latest e-mail version of the Chronicle there, as well as previous issues. All issues are in read-only Adobe Acrobat format so there is no chance of viruses accompanying the files.

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Southern CT Mensa is looking for an Activities Coordinator. If you would like to fill this position, please contact President Rick D'Amico at usamarbiol@aol.com

SCHEDULE OF CHAPTER EVENTS FOR FEBRUARY

Friday, February 10, 7:00.

Southern CT and Western MA Joint Dinner

Monthly dinner at the Old Sorrento Restaurant, Newtown Road, DANBURY, CT. Interested Mensans should contact Ward Mazzucco at (203) 744-1929, ext. 25, wjm@danburylaw.com, or Rev. Bill Loring at (203) 794-1389, frbill@mags.net.

 Saturday, February 18, 6:30.

Monthly Dinner

Speaker to be announced. Before the presentation, we will enjoy dinner in our private dining room at the Stony Hill Inn, 46 Stony Hill Road (right off Exit 8 on Rte. 84), Bethel, CT 06801, (203-743-5533). You can bring a donation of money or food to benefit the Connecticut Food Bank. Dress is casual. Contact Jim Mizera, jmizera@hotmail.com, 203-522-1959, for information and reservations. Please try to MAKE RESERVATIONS by FRIDAY, February 17 so we can assure that the restaurant can provide seating in the main area for everyone. Guests are welcome. If you make reservations and can't attend, PLEASE call and cancel.

Directions from New Haven or Bridgeport: Take Route 25 into Newtown, where it becomes Route 6 West. OR take I-84 and get off at Exit 9 (Route 25 Brookfield). At the end of the ramp take a left if eastbound or a right if westbound. At the first light take a right on to Route 6 West. The hotel is located 2 miles on the right, not far over the Bethel line. From Stamford/Norwalk: Take Route 7 to I-84 and follow the above directions, turning right after exiting I-84.

Saturday, February 25, 8:00

Theater Event

Herman Melville's Moby Dick, performed by the Renaissance Theater Company Actor's Ensemble at Fellowship Hall, 45 Tabor Drive, Branford, CT (www.actorsensemble.com). Tickets are \$15. Contact Jim Mizera at (203) 522-1959, jmizera@hotmail.com, for info or reservations.

Admitted in CT, NY & OR

Sharon Oberst DeFala, Esq.
GENERAL PRACTICE OF LAW

<p>Law Offices Gary Oberst A Professional Corporation 111 East Avenue Norwalk, CT 06851</p>	<p>Office (203) 866-4646 Home (203) 852-9571 Fax (203) 852-1574 sharon@oberstlaw.com</p>
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TENTATIVE SCHEDULE OF EVENTS FOR MARCH

Friday, March 10, 7:00.

Southern Connecticut and Connecticut/Western Massachusetts Joint Dinner

See above listing for details.

Saturday, March 18, 6:30.

Monthly Dinner

See above listing for details.

CONNECTICUT AND WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS MENSA CHAPTER UPCOMING EVENTS

This is not a complete listing WE - Weekly Event, ME - Monthly Event, YE - Yearly Event CT & W. Mass Calendar Editor Gisela Rodriguez, (860) 872-3106, email: lilith@snet.net.

Mensans on the Radio:

C&WM Mensan Janine Bujalski is on the airwaves every 1st & 3rd Friday 6-10 a.m. on 89.5FM, WPKN in Bridgeport, CT. There is a limited internet broadcast - about 25 can listen simultaneously at www.wpkn.org. From 6-9 AM there's jazz, blues & music from Brazil and from 9-10 AM the music is from Louisiana, mostly Cajun & zydeco.

Vice LocSec Will Mackey is hosting Friday evening Classics from 4:00 p.m. until 7:00 p.m. weekly on 91.3 FM, WWUH, in West Hartford. The name of the program is "What You Will" and its focus is chamber music.

For event listings in the Media, leave a message for me by the 10th of the previous month at

If you wish to comment on articles or submit material, please write or e-mail Jim Mizera at PMB #181, 7365 Main St., Stratford, CT. 06614-1300, Jmizera@hotmail.com. E-mail submissions are preferred. Please include your name, address, and e-mail address or telephone number. Anonymous material will be rejected, although names will be withheld on request. Items will be returned if accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Currently, the deadline for postal submissions is the 15th of the month preceding publication, and the 20th of the month for e-mail submissions.

(860) 872-3106 or email Lilith@snet.net Subject: Calendar There's also the [CWM-Announce] upcoming events reminder email list, which I send out *approximately* weekly. Subscribe and unsubscribe options are located at <http://lists.us.mensa.org/mailman/listinfo/cwm-announce> for your convenience. And any Mensan who wants to notify their fellow Ms about any late-breaking event s/he wants to share with our delightful chapter, please email me ASAP with the details and I'll get it out to the list. You may also check the website www.cwm.us.mensa.org for our calendar updates.

FEBRUARY

2, 9, 16, 23 Thursdays 7:00 pm

Scrabble (WE) at Emmanuel Synagogue, 160 Moehegan Drive, West Hartford. Ellen Leonard, (860) 667-1966 (Please call first to make sure this is happening today).

3 Friday 5:30 pm

Happy Hour

in Wallingford (ME, 1st Fridays) Ann Polanski (contact her at 203-269-4565 or ann.polanski@rfsworld.com) hosts us upstairs at George's II Restaurant, 950 Yale Avenue, Wallingford, CT 06492 Phone: 203-269-1059. Directions: Exit 66 off Wilbur Cross Parkway. Turn left (south) onto Rte 5. Take first left that's not a highway entrance onto Yale Avenue. George's II is in the Yale Plaza on the right.

15 Sunday 2:00 pm

Book Discussion: *Stranger in a Strange Land* by Robert Heinlein is a powerful book, and the 5 hardy souls who braved the weather last month had a great time discussing it with us in Vernon. Since a number of people who had wanted to join us were unable to travel in the snow last time, we decided to host it again. Contact LocSec Bob Smith

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BoboRobDOS@snet.net or 860-872-3106.

Amazon.com sez: *Stranger in a Strange Land*, winner of the 1962 Hugo Award, is the story of Valentine Michael Smith, born during, and the only survivor of, the first manned mission to Mars. Michael is raised by Martians, and he arrives on Earth as a true innocent: he has never seen a woman and has no knowledge of Earth's cultures or religions. But he brings turmoil with him, as he is the legal heir to an enormous financial empire, not to mention de facto owner of the planet Mars. With the irascible popular author Jubal Harshaw to protect him, Michael explores human morality and the meanings of love. He founds his own church, preaching free love and disseminating the psychic talents taught him by the Martians. Ultimately, he confronts the fate reserved for all messiahs.

The impact of *Stranger in a Strange Land* was considerable, leading many children of the 60's to set up households based on Michael's water-brother nests. Heinlein loved to pontificate through the mouths of his characters, so modern readers must be willing to overlook the occasional sour note ("Nine times out of ten, if a girl gets raped, it's partly her fault."). That aside, *Stranger in a Strange Land* is one of the master's best entertainments, provocative as he always loved to be. Can you grok it? --Brooks Peck

17 Friday 6:00-8:00 pm or so

Diner Dinner (ME, 3rd Friday) at Olympia Diner, Rte 5, Newington, just north of the Berlin town line and North East Utilities. Menu ranges from toasted cheese sandwich to steak and fish dinners. Basic bar menu available, no happy hour prices, but the food is good and very reasonable. Please contact Nicole Michaud at (860) 434-7329 or email nirimi@snet.net, Subject: Diner Dinner

18 Saturday 2:00-6:00 pm

Presidential Potluck

Moodus Lake Come to the frozen shores of Moodus Lake and share your best President's story while you engage in our favorite activity - eating, potluck style. Arrive by 2:00 p.m. for a 4:00 p.m. feast (depending on who brings what.) We all turn into pumpkins by 6:00 p.m.. Limited to 12, so e-mail or call in your reservation early. doc@auxjohn.com, or John @ 873-1794 or Ginger @ 886-0585. Snow date the next

day. We will coordinate contributions with you. John will demonstrate his newly acquired culinary skills by preparing a main meat dish, with brown rice. Please remember this is an alcohol and smoke free zone. A prize for the person who is "most presidential!" (Hillary Clinton look-alikes will not be admitted.) for directions <http://www.auxjohn.com/pages/221674/index.htm>

22 Wednesday 12 noon

Middlebury Lunch (ME, last Wednesday) at Maggie McFly's in Middlebury, visible on the right from Rte. 63 just south of the Rte 63 and Rte 64 intersection. This intersection is at the end of a long ramp at Exit 17 on Rte 84 west. From this exit, turn left at the 63/64 intersection. If you use Exit 17 on Rte. 84 east (heading toward Hartford), turn left off the exit ramp and see Maggie McFly's on your left. Contact Richard Fogg at 860-274-2370 for more info.

24 Friday 5:00 pm

Happy Hour (ME, 4th Friday) Colonial Tymes, 2389 Dixwell Ave, Hamden. Located about 1/2 mile north of Exit 60, Wilbur Cross Parkway. We are now reserving the middle tables on the left as you walk in the bar. Dinner is a possibility if enough people are interested. Come on down and join us this month, we'd love to see ya. Contact Gail Trowbridge (203) 877-4472 or Gail.Trowbridge@att.net.

26 Sunday 2:00 pm

Rolling Card Party

at Jeryl Sault's home in East Haven. Please RSVP to jmsault@snet.net or 203-469-6056. We play hearts (double cancellation being a favorite variation), bridge, tarot (the game), whatever socialable folks are in the mood for. BYOB and bring a small munchie to share. Hope to see you!

LOOKING AHEAD

May 7 Sunday 2:00 pm

Book Discussion: Island & Brave New World

by Aldous Huxley. Two short books on the themes of eutopian/dystopian social engineering. <http://www.huxley.net/hotlinks.htm>

REGIONAL GATHERINGS

COLLOQUIUM 2006 - "Revolution in Cosmology", OCT. 6 - 8, 2006

ALBANY, NY. Presented by Mensa and the Mensa Education and Research Foundation. Hosted by Mensa of NORTHEASTERN NEW YORK.

Einstein unified space, time and matter 100 years ago; recent events have revealed the existence of a mysterious new kind of matter and energy. This existence was unforeseen by even Einstein, and it demands a new vision of unification. This new matter/energy has now been confirmed by many of the world's top scientists in astronomy, astrophysics and cosmology. It encompasses 96 percent of the known universe. It is quite likely that the resolution of this conundrum will impact the world as we know it forever.

We are inviting speakers from an elite group of world renowned scientists. These guests are not simply familiar with the current state of knowledge; they created it! Topics will include: Dark matter, Dark energy, String theory, Quantum loop gravity, The accelerated expansion of the universe, and more....

REGISTRATION:

Register online at www.colloquium.us.mensa.org. Space is limited! "Revolution in Cosmology" will take place at the Albany Marriott in Albany, N.Y. To make your reservations, call 800/443-8952 and mention Mensa to get our group rate of \$109 per person for single or double rooms. If making reservations online, enter the code "amsamsa" to get the group rate.

The hotel provides free transportation to and from Albany International Airport; for pick up, use the courtesy phone kiosk in the luggage claim area. Hotel parking is free.

Albany Marriott
189 Wolf Road
Albany, N.Y. 12205
Phone: 518/458-8444
Fax: 518/458-7365
<http://marriott.com/property/property/page/ALBNY>

Adult member registration rates:
\$170 until April 30, 2006
\$220 until Aug. 31, 2006
\$270 after Sept. 1, 2006

Non-Mensa registration rates: add \$50
Student registration rate: \$220

Your registration includes lunch on Saturday and dinner on Friday and Saturday.

All Colloquium 2006 reservations must be made by the cut-off date of Sept. 15, 2006. Reservation requests received after this cut-off date will be subject to availability and rate review. All reservations must be accompanied by a first night's room deposit or guaranteed by a major credit card.

KICK IRRATIONAL

Brian Lord is a cartoonist and member of Middle Tennessee Mensa (Nashville area). His cartoon Kick Irrational is read weekly by people in 192 cities, 46 states and 9 countries via the Internet. You can see the Kick Irrational comics page at www.kickirrational.com

KICK IRRATIONAL by Brian Lord www.KickComics.com



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FROM THE VICE CHAIR

Marghretta McBean

I know it's really winter when I start reading seed catalogs. Whether I'm creating an imaginary horticultural extravaganza or pondering blueberry species, it makes the short cold days feel warmer.

I think gardening confers good management skills: to have a successful growing season, planning is essential. You have to accurately assess the available light, soil, etc., to determine what will (and will not) grow. Just as important is to honestly appraise your gardening commitment: are you an every day or once a week gardener? Plants, like people, respond to attention. Failure is common in the gardening world: you must be able to accept a reversal and have a contingency plan in place. It is a humbling experience to sow a seed, nurture it, and watch as it develops into a beautiful flower or luscious tomato.

Leaving my botanical reverie, I hope to see many of you at the upcoming gatherings in our region. New Hampshire & Maine Mensa will be hosting their Granite Gathering with a "Return to Middle Earth" theme? fun for your inner hobbit during Presidents Day weekend.

Northern New Jersey Mensa's ever-popular Mid-winter Blahs returns the last weekend of February. This one day event has a format that many groups could use: Regional Gathering features (speakers, games room, hospitality, etc.), but in a more manageable size for a small group and/or RG committee.

The Year of the Dog will begin on the new moon in Aquarius, January 29th. When I was a child, the Chinese laundryman would offer Tea Eggs to customers as a lunar New Year's gift. They look spectacular, and taste good too.

TEA EGGS

12 eggs
4 quarts water
1/4 cup black tea leaves
2 star anise
1-inch piece cinnamon
1 Tbl. salt
1 / 2 tsp. five-spice powder

1. Place eggs in large pot. Cover with 2 quarts water and bring to boil over high heat. Reduce heat to medium and cook 7 minutes.
2. Drain; let stand until cool. Lightly tap eggs to crack shells, but do not peel.
3. Bring 2 quarts water to a boil in large pot. Add tea leaves, salt and spices. Carefully add cracked eggs.
4. Reduce heat to low. Cover and simmer 1 hour.
5. Let cool; drain. Peel while still warm or thoroughly cooled. Serve whole as a finger food.

To see this and past articles visit
<http://region1.us.mensa.org/cooking.shtml>



PUZZLES & QUESTIONS

(Answers may be in next month's Chronicle.)

1. Make a case that fiction is stranger than fact.
2. What is a transitive verb and what is an intransitive verb?
3. How hard is it to be neutral?
4. What language does "kumbah-ya" come from?
5. What are the best tests of willpower?
6. How much did Americans give to charities to help 9/11 victims? To help the tsunami victims? To help Hurricane Katrina victims?
7. Where do you think medicine has made the most progress and where has it made the least progress in the last 50 years?
8. What is the average cost of a U.S wedding?
9. What contradictory policies do you practice?
10. What percentage of babies born in the US have birth defects? What percentage are born underweight?
11. What were the schools of moral philosophy in classical Greece and what were their teachings?
12. What percentage of the land mass of Europe consists of islands and peninsulas?

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES:

1. What is the difference between "sanguine" and "sanguinary"?

A: "Sanguine" means hopeful, cheerful, or confident. "Sanguinary" means bloody or bloodthirsty. Both words come from the same Latin word *sanguis* (blood).

3. What was the first country to use paper money?

A: China was the first country to widely use paper money. The first recorded use of paper money was during the reign of emperor Wu-Ti, in the 2nd century B.C.E. In the 600s there were local issues of paper currency in China; merchants of the Tang dynasty used them as payment. In 960 the Chinese Empire issued the first paper notes generally circulated. In 1448, China abandoned paper money because of hyperinflation.

In Europe, the first banknotes were issued by Stockholms Banco in 1660. This bank collapsed within a few years when it failed to redeem the paper money. But other countries began issuing paper money even though many of these experiments failed miserably. In 1694, the Bank of England began printing paper money. The Bank is the oldest issuer of banknotes in the world.

5. How many countries are there in Europe?

A: There are currently 49 independent states in Europe.

7. What are the most popular college majors? What are the most popular majors at Yale?

A: According to surveys by the Princeton Review, the top ten college majors are:
 1) Business Administration and Management;
 2) Psychology; 3) Elementary Education; 4) Biology; 5) Nursing; 6) Education; 7) English; 8) Communications; 9) Computer Science; and 10) Political Science.

The top major at Yale is History, usually followed by Economics, Political Science, English, Biology, and Psychology.

9. What are the five pillars of Islam?

A: The five pillars of Islam are its central duties, the practices required of all Muslims. They are 1) professing faith in Allah ? declaring that there is none worthy of worship except Allah and that Muhammad is his messenger; 2) praying facing Mecca five times a day; 3) fasting - refraining from eating, drinking or satisfying sexual needs from dawn to dusk in the month of Ramadan, the ninth month in the Islamic calendar, the month Mohammed performed his meditation; 4) giving alms ?

2.5% for most Muslims; and 5) making the pilgrimage to Mecca, which is compulsory once in a lifetime for all Muslims who are not in debt or in ill health.

11. On the game show Who Wants to be a Millionaire, how often is the person called on the lifeline correct and how often is the audience correct?

A: The person on the lifeline is right about 65% of the time but the studio audience is right about 90% of the time.

13. How many varieties of goldfish are there?

A: There are 150 varieties of goldfish.



NOTED AND QUOTED

The world is disgracefully managed; one hardly knows to whom to complain. - *Ronald Firbank*

Hope is like a road in the country; there was never a road, but when many people walk on it, the road comes into existence.

- *Lin Yutang, (1895 - 1976), Chinese writer, journalist*

Abstract Expressionism was invented by New York drunks.

- *Joni Mitchell, (1943 -), Canadian singer and songwriter*

Grief has limits, whereas apprehension has none. For we grieve only for what has happened, but we fear all that possibly may happen.

- *Pliny the Younger (61 - 113), Roman politician, writer*

Only put off until tomorrow what you are willing to die having left undone.

- *Pablo Picasso, (1881-1973)*

It is much easier to repent of sins that we have committed than to repent of those we intend to commit.

- *Josh Billings, (1818 - 1885), American humorist*

People become sociologists because they hate society, and they become psychologists because they hate themselves.

- *Anonymous Harvard professor*

The past is never dead, it is not even past.

- *William Faulkner, (1897 - 1962)*

Reading the epitaphs, our only salvation lies in resurrecting the dead and burying the living.

- *Paul Eldridge, (1888 - 1982), U.S. educator and poet*

Do whatever you do intensely.

- *Robert Henri, (1865 - 1929), U.S. painter.*

A painting in a museum hears more ridiculous opinions than anything else in the world.

- *Edmond de Goncourt, (1822 - 1896), French novelist, writer of social histories.*

Egotists cannot converse, they talk to themselves only.

- *Amos Bronson Alcott, (1799 - 1888), American teacher and philosopher*

They can't break you if you don't have a spine.

- *Scott Adams, (1957 -), U.S. cartoonist, creator of "Dilbert" comic strip, 1989.*

Now we are a mob.

- *Ralph Waldo Emerson, (1803 - 1882)*

One must choose in life between boredom and torment.

- *Anonymous*

Bores can be divided into two classes; those who have their own particular subject, and those who do not need a subject. - *A.A. Milne, (1882 - 1956), English children's writer, author of Winnie the Pooh*

Somebody's boring me - I think it's me.

- *Dylan Thomas, (1914 - 1953), Welsh poet*

Not knowing when the dawn will come, I open every door.

- *Emily Dickinson, (1830 - 1886)*

Audacity. We need audacity, more audacity and always audacity.

- *Georges Jacques Danton, (1759 - 1794), officer of the French Revolution*

You don't get anything clean without getting something else dirty.

- *Cecil Baxter*

We must not take the faults of our youth into our old age; for old age brings with it its own defects.

- *Goethe, (1749 - 1832)*

I make the most of all that comes and the least of all that goes.

- *Sara Teasdale, (1884 - 1933), American poet*

Marriage is a lottery, but you can't tear up your ticket if you lose.

- *F. M. Knowles*

Our acts make or mar us - we are the children of our own deeds.

- *Victor Hugo, (1802 - 1885)*

Few persons enjoy real liberty; we are all slaves to ideas or habits.

- *Alfred de Musset, (1810 - 1857), French poet*

Some days I don't know if I should laugh or call the police. -Cecil Adams, pseudonym of authors of The Straight Dope column

You only have power over people as long as you don't take everything away from them. But when you've robbed a man of everything he's no longer in your power -he's free again.

- *Alexander Solzhenitsyn, (1918 -), "The First Circle", (1968)*

Psychobabble is ... a set of repetitive verbal formalities that kills off the very spontaneity, candor, and understanding it pretends to promote. It's an idiom that reduces psychological insight to a collection of standardized observations that provides a frozen lexicon to deal with an infinite variety of problems.

- *Richard D. Rosen*

RUMINATIONS

THE HAUNTED MIND

from *Twice-Told Tales*, 1837

by Nathaniel Hawthorne, (1804 - 1864)

WHAT a singular moment is the first one, when you have hardly begun to recollect yourself after starting from midnight slumber! By unclosing your eyes so suddenly, you seem to have surprised the personages of your dream in full convocation round your bed, and catch one broad glance at them before they can flit into obscurity. Or, to vary the metaphor, you find yourself, for a single instant, wide awake in that realm of illusions, whither sleep has been the passport, and behold its ghostly inhabitants and wondrous scenery, with a perception of their strangeness, such as you never attain while the dream is undisturbed. The distant sound of a church-clock is borne faintly on the wind. You question with yourself, half seriously, whether it has stolen to your waking ear from some gray tower, that stood within the precincts of your dream. While yet in suspense, another clock flings its heavy clang over the slumbering town, with so full and distinct a sound, and such a long murmur in the neighboring air, that you are certain it must proceed from the steeple at the nearest corner. You count the strokes - one - two, and there they cease, with a booming sound, like the gathering of a third stroke within the bell.

If you could choose an hour of wakefulness out of the whole night, it would be this. Since your sober bedtime, at eleven, you have had rest enough to take off the pressure of yesterday's fatigue; while before you, till the sun comes from "far Cathay" to brighten your window, there is almost the space of a summer night; one hour to be spent in thought, with the mind's eye half shut, and two in pleasant dreams, and two in that strangest of enjoyments, the forgetfulness alike of joy and woe. The moment of rising belongs to another period of time, and appears so distant, that the plunge out of a warm bed into the frosty air cannot yet be anticipated with dismay. Yesterday has already vanished among the shadows of the past; tomorrow has not yet emerged from the future. You have found an intermediate space, where the business of life does not intrude; where the passing moment lingers, and becomes truly the present; a spot where Fa-

ther Time, when he thinks nobody is watching him, sits down by the wayside to take breath. O that he would fall asleep, and let mortals live on without growing older!

Hitherto you have lain perfectly still, because the slightest motion would dissipate the fragments of your slumber. Now, being irrevocably awake, you peep through the half-drawn window-curtain, and observe that the glass is ornamented with fanciful devices in frostwork, and that each pane presents something like a frozen dream. There will be time enough to trace out the analogy, while waiting the summons to breakfast. Seen through the clear portion of the glass, where the silvery mountain-peaks of the frost scenery do not ascend, the most conspicuous object is the steeple, the white spire of which directs you to the wintry lustre of the firmament. You may almost distinguish the figures on the clock that has just told the hour. Such a frosty sky, and the snow-covered roofs, and the long vista of the frozen street, all white, and the distant water hardened into rock, might make you shiver, even under four blankets and a woolen comforter. Yet look at that one glorious star! Its beams are distinguishable from all the rest, and actually cast the shadow of the casement on the bed, with a radiance of deeper hue than moonlight, though not so accurate an outline.

You sink down and muffle your head in the clothes, shivering all the while, but less from bodily chill than the bare idea of a polar atmosphere. It is too cold even for the thoughts to venture abroad. You speculate on the luxury of wearing out a whole existence in bed, like an oyster in its shell, content with the sluggish ecstasy of inaction, and drowsily conscious of nothing but delicious warmth, such as you now feel again. Ah! that idea has brought a hideous one in its train. You think how the dead are lying in their cold shrouds and narrow coffins, through the drear winter of the grave, and cannot persuade your fancy that they neither shrink nor shiver, when the snow is drifting over their little hillocks, and the bitter blast howls against the door of the tomb. That gloomy thought will collect a gloomy multitude, and throw its complexion over your wakeful hour.

In the depths of every heart there is a tomb and a dungeon, though the lights, the music, and rev-

ely above may cause us to forget their existence, and the buried ones, or prisoners whom they hide. But sometimes, and oftenest at midnight, these dark receptacles are flung wide open. In an hour like this, when the mind has a passive sensibility, but no active strength; when the imagination is a mirror, imparting vividness to all ideas, without the power of selecting or controlling them; then pray that your griefs may slumber, and the brotherhood of remorse not break their chain. It is too late! A funeral train comes gliding by your bed, in which Passion and Feeling assume bodily shape, and things of the mind become dire spectres to the eye. There is your earliest Sorrow, a pale young mourner, wearing a sister's likeness to first love, sadly beautiful, with a hallowed sweetness in her melancholy features, and grace in the flow of her sable robe. Next appears a shade of ruined loveliness, with dust among her golden hair, and her bright garments all faded and defaced, stealing from your glance with drooping head, as fearful of reproach; she was your fondest Hope, but a delusive one; so call her Disappointment now. A sterner form succeeds, with a brow of wrinkles, a look and gesture of iron authority; there is no name for him unless it be Fatality, an emblem of the evil influence that rules your fortunes; a demon to whom you subjected yourself by some error at the outset of life, and were bound his slave forever, by once obeying him. See! those fiendish lineaments graven on the darkness, the writhed lip of scorn, the mockery of that living eye, the pointed finger, touching the sore place in your heart! Do you remember any act of enormous folly, at which you would blush, even in the remotest cavern of the earth? Then recognize your Shame.

Pass, wretched band! Well for the wakeful one,

if, riotously miserable, a fiercer tribe do not surround him, the devils of a guilty heart, that holds its hell within itself. What if Remorse should assume the features of an injured friend? What if the fiend should come in woman's garments, with a pale beauty amid sin and desolation, and lie down by your side? What if he should stand at your bed's foot, in the likeness of a corpse, with a bloody stain upon the shroud? Sufficient without such guilt is this nightmare of the soul; this heavy, heavy sinking of the spirits; this wintry gloom about the heart; this indistinct horror of the mind, blending itself with the darkness of the chamber.

By a desperate effort, you start upright, breaking from a sort of conscious sleep, and gazing wildly round the bed, as if the fiends were anywhere but in your haunted mind. At the same moment, the slumbering embers on the hearth send forth a gleam which palely illuminates the whole outer room, and flickers through the door of the bedchamber, but cannot quite dispel its obscurity. Your eye searches for whatever may remind you of the living world. With eager minuteness, you take note of the table near the fireplace, the book with an ivory knife between its leaves, the unfolded letter, the hat, and the fallen glove. Soon the flame vanishes, and with it the whole scene is gone, though its image remains an instant in your mind's eye, when darkness has swallowed the reality. Throughout the chamber, there is the same obscurity as before, but not the same gloom within your breast. As your head falls back upon the pillow, you think - in a whisper be it spoken - how pleasant in these night solitudes would be the rise and fall of a softer breathing than your own, the slight pressure of a tenderer bosom, the quiet throb of a purer heart, imparting its peacefulness to

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The company reports that the average person reads at a speed of between 200-300 words a minute but that people who enjoy reading can read more than 400 words per minute, and that some people can even read well at more than 800 words a minute.

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your troubled one, as if the fond sleeper were involving you in her dream.

Her influence is over you, though she have no existence but in that momentary image. You sink down in a flowery spot, on the borders of sleep and wakefulness, while your thoughts rise before you in pictures, all disconnected, yet all assimilated by a pervading gladness and beauty. The wheeling of gorgeous squadrons, that glitter in the sun, is succeeded by the merriment of children round the door of a school-house, beneath the glimmering shadow of old trees, at the corner of a rustic lane. You stand in the sunny rain of a summer shower, and wander among the sunny trees of an autumnal wood, and look upward at the brightest of all rainbows, overarching the unbroken sheet of snow, on the American side of Niagara. Your mind struggles pleasantly between the dancing radiance round the hearth of a young man and his recent bride, and the twittering flight of birds in spring, about their new-made nest. You feel the merry bounding of a ship before the breeze;

and watch the tuneful feet of rosy girls, as they twine their last and merriest dance in a splendid ballroom; and find yourself in the brilliant circle of a crowded theatre, as the curtain falls over a light and airy scene.

With an involuntary start, you seize hold on consciousness, and prove yourself but half awake, by running a doubtful parallel between human life and the hour which has now elapsed. In both you emerge from mystery, pass through a vicissitude that you can but imperfectly control, and are borne onward to another mystery. Now comes the peal of the distant clock, with fainter and fainter strokes as you plunge further into the wilderness of sleep. It is the knell of a temporary death. Your spirit has departed, and strays like a free citizen, among the people of a shadowy world, beholding strange sights, yet without wonder or dismay. So calm, perhaps, will be the final change; so undisturbed, as if among familiar things, the entrance of the soul to its Eternal home!



POETRY CORNER

Moonlight

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, (1807 - 1882)

AS a pale phantom with a lamp Ascends some
ruin's haunted stair, So glides the moon along the
damp Mysterious chambers of the air.

Now hidden in cloud, and now revealed, As if
this phantom, full of pain, Were by the crum-
bling walls concealed, And at the windows seen
again.

Until at last, serene and proud In all the splendor
of her light, She walks the terraces of cloud,
Supreme as Empress of the Night.

I look, but recognize no more Objects familiar to
my view; The very pathway to my door Is an en-
chanted avenue.

All things are changed. One mass of shade, The
elm-trees drop their curtains down; By palace,
park, and colonnade I walk as in a foreign town.

The very ground beneath my feet Is clothed with
a diviner air; While marble paves the silent street
And glimmers in the empty square.

Illusion! Underneath there lies The common life
of every day; Only the spirit glorifies With its
own tints the sober gray.

In vain we look, in vain uplift Our eyes to heav-
en, if we are blind; We see but what we have the
gift Of seeing; what we bring we find.

The Milkman

Christopher Morley, (1890 - 1957)

EARLY in the morning, when the dawn is on the roofs,
You hear his wheels come rolling, you hear his horses
hoofs;
You hear the bottles clinking, and then he drives away:
You yawn in bed, turn over, and begin another day!

The old-time dairy maids are dear to every poet's heart-
I'd rather be the dairy man and drive a little cart,
And bustle round the village in the early morning blue,
And hang my reigns upon a hook, as I've seen Casey do

The Silver Swan, Who Living Had No Note

Orlando Gibbons (England, 1583 - 1625)

THE silver swan, who living had no note,
When death approach'd, unlock'd her silent throat;
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
Thus sung her first and last, and sung no more.
Farewell, all joys; O Death, come close mine eyes;
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.

Lost

Carl Sandburg, (1878 - 1967)

DESOLATE and lone
All night long on the lake
Where fog trails and mist creeps
The whistle of a boat
Calls and cries unendingly
Like some lost child
In tears and trouble
Hunting the harbor's breast
And the harbor's eyes



GOOD WINE CHEAP (and good food to go with it)

By John Grover

There is a generally recognized difference between Old World and New World wines. The old world wines tend to exhibit the taste of earth, slate and "terroir," while New World wines are dominated by the fruit flavors of the grape or are described as "fruit forward". This month we look at one of the notable exceptions to this rule. We will match this wine with one of the easiest yet best recipes in our repertoire.

Our wine is a 2003 Cabernet Sauvignon from Casa Lapostelle of Chile. This dry red wine is produced in the Rapel Valley winery. The vineyard's European roots are evident - its owner is a granddaughter of the Marnier family of France. This is an intense wine with the aroma of black cherry, subtle rich tannins, and the dry almost mineral taste of a fine Bordeaux. It goes well with the steak in the recipe below. It retails for around \$10 a bottle.

GRILLED FILET MIGNON WITH MONTREAL SEASONING

Ingredients:

2 filets of beef tenderloin about 6 to 8 oz. each
olive oil
Montreal Seasoning.

We use McCormick Montreal Seasoning, which is generally available in most grocery stores. But, feel free to seek out the more expensive gourmet blends that are out there. We generally wait until one of the local grocery stores has whole beef tenderloin on sale and then cut it into around 14 to 16 filets, approximately 1-1/2 inch thick, freezing them.

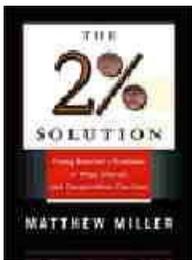
Cover the steaks with olive oil and rub in a generous amount of the Montreal Seasoning. Allow the steaks to marinate until they have reached room temperature. Pre-heat your grill, (For the love of "CENSORED" get a good gas grill like a Weber) and cook at medium high for only 4 to 5 minutes a side for medium rare.

Makes two servings.



BOOK REVIEW

By Rick D'Amico



The 2% Solution: Fixing America's Problems in Ways Liberals and Conservatives Can Love

By Matt Miller

When I saw this book, I was intrigued by the title, as it resembles the title of one of my favorite columns in the Mensa Bulletin. I knew that Matt Miller couldn't have been talking about the same two percent, so I thought I'd pick up the book and find out what it was all about.

Matt Miller is active in public policy work. He is a senior fellow at the Center for American Progress (a think tank launched by John Podesta, a former White House Chief of Staff to Bill Clinton), an author, a columnist (New York Times Magazine, The Atlantic Monthly, etc.) and a radio talk show host.

The first segment of the book deals with America's problems: "40 million uninsured; 15 million working poor; 10 million poor kids in failing schools." Making matters worse, there's the impending retirement of the Baby Boomers, with its economic implications. Miller contends that the parity between both major parties today is preventing any serious action to remedy the situation. Neither party has enough of a mandate that they'll risk alienating any portion of its base by taking innovative actions or making compromises.

Miller claims that in order to remedy these problems, liberals and conservatives will have to make some concessions as to how they would go about it. Conservatives will have to accept the notion that their taxes will increase. He points out that under Presidents Reagan and Bush (41), federal spending equaled 22% of the GDP. Under Presidents Clinton and Bush (43), federal spending has equaled 20% of the GDP. Miller proposes a tax structure where federal spending will revert to 22%. Liberals, on the other hand,

will have to be ready to accept market-friendly approaches, increased accountability, and results-oriented actions.

One example of Miller's proposals is to pay teachers higher salaries, particularly in schools in poor neighborhoods. His rationale is that by providing higher salaries in more challenging schools, these schools will attract the best teachers. However, to see to it that this increased expenditure does not result in subsidized mediocrity, he proposes that the process for dismissing poorly performing teachers be streamlined. Hence, there may be a greater expenditure, but the system is more business-like.

On health care, Miller believes that we can have universal coverage by giving uninsured individuals federally funded vouchers and allowing them to shop for health care programs. Miller pointed out that one of the criticisms of this idea was that since the government would be subsidizing health care, corporations no longer would have a need to offer employees coverage as a benefit. Hence, every citizen would need the subsidy. The outcome would be a completely federalized health care system, similar to the extremely unpopular one that was proposed back in 1994. Unfortunately, Miller only mentions this concern but he does not address it.

The author at one point warns that there is "something for everyone to hate." He's right. I was particularly disturbed that he attributes success to luck. He mentions inequities at birth, either by inherited wealth or superior talent or intelligence. His justification in proposing greater tax burdens is that it somehow redresses these inequities. But the world is full of wealthy, talented, or intelligent failures, as well as people who grew up in poverty or with physical handicaps who were successful.

I found this book to be clearly written, captivating, and economically explosive. It describes a utopia, but, as the saying goes, "The devil is in the details." The reader will certainly find it controversial and stimulating, and for that reason, I recommend it.

CHAPTER NOTES

Southern CT Mensa is looking for an Activities Coordinator. If you would like to fill this position, please contact President Rick D'Amico at usamarbiol@aol.com

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