

# 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](mailto:Jmizera@hotmail.com). The dinner is held the third Saturday of the month.

**MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL:** If you have an annual Mensa membership, and have not renewed, your membership expired at the end of April. You should have received a renewal notice in the mail in January. You can return that form or visit [www.us.mensa.org](http://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.

## **TABLE OF CONTENTS**

- 2 Schedule of Southern Connecticut Mensa Events
- 3 Schedule of Connecticut and Western Mass Mensa Events  
Happy Hours & Get Together's
- 4 Regional Gatherings
- 6 From The Vice Chairman
- 7 Kick Irrational
- 9 Puzzles & Answers
- 10 Noted and Quoted
- 11 Ruminations
- 19 Poetry Corner
- 20 Book Review
- 21 Mensa Mind Games
- 22 Chapter Notes  
Member Advertisements  
Change of Address Form
- 23 List of Officers

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](mailto:usamarbiol@aol.com)



**SCHEDULE OF CHAPTER EVENTS FOR JULY**

 Friday, July 14, 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, July 15, 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. 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 east-

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bound 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, July 22, 7:30  
**Theater Event**  
 Bridgeport Free Shakespeare will produce Edmund Rostand's heroic comedy "Cyrano de Bergerac" at the Beardsley Park Zoo, 1875 Noble Ave., Bridgeport, CT. The Zoo's Picnic Grove opens at 6:30 p.m. for people to enjoy picnic dinners they bring or purchase from the Zoo's concession stands. This is an outdoor theater so please arrive early and bring a chair. Voluntary donation suggested. Contact Jim Mizera at (203) 522-1959, jmizera@hotmail.com, for info or reservations.

**TENTATIVE SCHEDULE OF EVENTS FOR AUGUST**

Friday, August 11, 7:00.  
**Southern Connecticut and Connecticut/Western Massachusetts Joint Dinner**  
 See above listing for details.

Friday, August 19, 6:30.  
**Monthly Dinner**  
 See above listing for details.

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.

## CONNECTICUT AND WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS 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](http://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 (860) 872-3106 or email [Lilith@snet.net](mailto: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](http://www.cwm.us.mensa.org) for our calendar updates.

## JULY

7 Friday 5:30 pm

### Happy Hour

in Wallingford (ME, 1st Fridays) Ann Polanski (contact her at 203-269-4565 or [ann.polanski@rfsworld.com](mailto: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.

16 Sunday 2:00 pm

### Beer and Burger Bash

Picnic: Michael Fryar is hosting us from 2 to whenever on July 16 at his home in Hartford. Plenty of parking - plenty of Kegs - plenty of people (this is in conjunction with two other national organizations.) heavy on the younger crowd (but still adult), so you've been warned! Quarters, beer pong tournament and car keys will be collected. Bring a tent if you want to sleep out after the damage is done. For information email [michael@michaelfryar.com](mailto:michael@michaelfryar.com)

19 Wednesday 6:30 pm

### Pioneer Valley Dinner

(ME, 3rd Wednesday) at Aqua Vitae Italian Restaurant, route 9 in Hadley. We will meet there every month for a bit and hope to grow the ranks. Join us. Conversations, friendship, solve the world's problems, drink and eat. Once we grow in numbers, we'll explore other places to meet and consider other Western MA activities. Questions? [MargotZalkind@aol.com](mailto:MargotZalkind@aol.com)

21 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](mailto:nirimi@snet.net), Subject: Diner Dinner

22 Saturday 4:00 pm

### Games/BBQ

at home of Ron and Lori Norris: 294 Parkside Drive, Warwick, RI 401- 781-3247 ([lorijnorris@lycos.com](mailto:lorijnorris@lycos.com)). Starting at 4:00 p.m. and

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continuing until we're all gamed out. PotLuck BBQ and games, indoor and out. BYOB. We'll provide the burgers and fixings. Please bring a salad, side dish, dessert or appetizer to share. Non-smoking household. Non-game players welcome for conversation. New members especially welcome. RSVP requested. Directions: From I-95 (south or north of Providence): exit at Green Airport take Route 1 North (that's Post Road, left at the light). Turn right onto Airport Road (at light with Bickfords on your right, Carvel's on your left). At Dave's market turn left onto Warwick Rd (at light). Pass Cumberland Farms to left and turn right at Narragansett Pkwy (at light, with a oil change place). Go exactly 1.1 mile, turn left onto Parkside Drive, we are the first house on the right.

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24 Monday 7:05 pm

#### **Mensa Goes to a Baseball Game**

Host Tom Thomas says: "Ahoy! I'm trying to pick a date when it won't rain, dammit." Meet in New Britain Stadium in Section 213, about four rows from the top, for a baseball game between the New Britain Rock Cats and the Trenton Thunder, Double-A farm club for the New York Yankees. Need more info? tom.thomas@the-spa.com or www.rockcats.com

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26 Wednesday 12:00 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.

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23 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.

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30 Sunday 12 noon

#### **The Alderman's Annual Labor Day Picnic**

at Andover Lake 39 Lakeside Dr. Andover CT Our Labor Day picnic will be in July. Hey, if Barb can do it so can we. We will be moving in August and we want to have one more picnic on the lake. All of you who have been here before know how much fun it is; the rest of you are invited to find out for yourself. We will not cook out this year again so bring a dish to share. Call 860 742 5265 for menu coordination or other directions. Bring bathing suits, lawn chairs, boats (no motors), and lawn games, if you wish. Directions from Hartford: Follow I-84 East to I-384 East. At the end of 384 take the right fork (Route 6) toward Willimantic. After about 5 miles take a right onto route 316 at the traffic light. After about 3/4 mile take a left onto School Rd. This changes name to Lakeside Drive with no turns. # 39 is on the left about 1 1/4 miles from the turn onto School Rd.

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30 Sunday 2:00 pm

#### **Book Discussion**

T. H. White's *The Once and Future King*. All about King Arthur. We'll be having the book discussion at the picnic at Andover Lake. See above listing.

### **Regional Gatherings**

#### **MENSA WORLD GATHERING, AUGUST 8 – 13, LAKE BUENA VISTA, FLORIDA.**

Join Mensans from across the globe for this once-in-a-lifetime celebration, hosted by American Mensa. A truly fascinating and rewarding adventure awaits you. Visualize space travel, cartoon characters, sugar-white beaches, unique flora and fauna and historical treasures in the Sunshine State of Florida.

Commemorating Mensa's Diamond Anniversary (60 years), this World Gathering promises a week of enlightening experiences Tuesday, Aug. 8, through Sunday, Aug. 13, 2006. Walt Disney World® Resort Lake Buena Vista, Florida <http://wg06.us.mensa.org//AM/Template.cfm?Section=WGHome>

Dr. Miles Storfer. I'm a 24-year Mensan who has lectured at numerous AGs & RGs, authored a highly acclaimed book (Intelligence & Giftedness), undertook a characteristics study of (2,720) members of high IQ societies, and, most recently, in behalf of a foundation I've dedicated my life to since 1982, built conceptually-organized, deeply subject-indexed, easy-to-use, computer-housed, journal-article libraries. In behalf of this foundation, I'll be unveiling these libraries at the Orlando AG. Since there are many deeply-covered subjects that will sparkle the interest of Mensans - and since copyright theft prevention is of major concern - the extent to which attendees will be able to access specific areas depends on whether we can find people to volunteer their time and computers to this effort (setting up opportunities for attendees to view a particular subject area, acting as a guide to its subject-index organization, doing a "show and tell" ..., or serving general safeguarding functions).

If you would like to volunteer to help Dr. Storfer at the gathering, please contact him. Dr. Miles Storfer, Foundation for Brain (Life) Research, brainfoundation@adelphia.net.

### **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](http://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.

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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.

**FROM THE VICE CHAIR****WHAT'S COOKING IN REGION 1**

Marghretta McBean

The Amazin' Mets are on a winning streak. It's World Cup time, when bars in New York City have Beer Breakfast crowds at 8:00 a.m. who have gathered to watch the world's most popular sport. There's at least one enclave in the city of every country playing, which makes it even more exciting.

For the second year in a row, the Granite State Mensans garnered numerous nominations in the Publications Recognition Program (PRP). This is a national forum in which print and online Mensa publications are judged in various categories. Momentum, New Hampshire Mensa's newsletter edited by Claire Natola, was nominated in the Calendar, Mensa Recognition and Outstanding Newsletter (Medium Group) Print categories. This publication also had PRP Print Contribution nominations for Fiction - John McGondel's "No Dolphins on Fridays" and Non-Fiction: Mensa - Claire Natola's "7 Things I Learned at My First AG".

Our Ocean State Mensans also collected a nomination for Print Contribution, Non-Fiction: Essay. Congratulations go to Paula Grey of Rhode Island Mensa for her article "Making the Magic" which appeared in the M'Ocean newsletter where she is the editor. Best wishes to everyone for further glory at the awards ceremony in Orlando!

Speaking of recognising talent, my group, Greater New York Mensa, had its annual Talent Show. Who knew we had a national competitive eater champion in our midst? One of our members has won prizes for hot dogs (and buns), matzo balls, and baked beans consumption, to name just a few. His demonstration was literally show-stopping. Another member, an excellent a cappella singer, is recording a CD of Mensa singers, including herself, which hopefully will be available at the World Gathering.

Summertime means outdoors cooking and that means (at least to someone of Jamaican ancestry) Jerk Season. Jerk chicken, fish, tempeh, pork - you name it, it can be jerked. The word is supposedly from from the word "ch?arki" (the question mark is part of the word), a Peruvian Quecha word. The Spanish transliterated that to

"charqui" which meant jerked, or dried meat, which in English became "jerk," the origin of the word "jerky".

The technique of jerking was invented by the Maroons, Jamaican slaves that escaped from the British during the 1655 invasion. They seasoned their meat with local herbs, spices and the incendiary Scotch bonnet peppers, then cooked it until dry, which preserved it in the tropical humidity. There are three key seasonings: Scotch bonnet peppers, ground Jamaican pimento (all-spice), and thyme (leaves or ground).

**JERK SAUCE**

- 1 cup brown sugar, packed
  - 1 cup chopped red onion
  - 1 cup ground allspice
  - 2 Tbsp. black pepper
  - 1 Tbsp. each: kosher salt, nutmeg, cinnamon
  - 1/4 cup chopped garlic cloves
  - 1/4 - 1/2 cup Scotch bonnet peppers, coarsely chopped \*
  - 1/4 cup fresh thyme leaves OR 4 tsp. ground powder
  - 2 Tbsp. coarsely chopped fresh ginger OR 2 tsp. ground powder
  - 4 Tbsp. Pickapeppa Sauce (if you can't find it, Worcestershire is OK)
1. Place all ingredients in a food processor and blend until smooth, or pulverise with mortar and pestle. Sauce keeps indefinitely when refrigerated.
  2. Rub meat with the sauce. If using a pork shoulder, score the fat and rub in. With chicken, be sure to rub under skin and in cavities. Can also be used with firm-fleshed fish, like bluefish or grouper. For tempeh or firm tofu, prick with fork so seasonings are absorbed.
  3. Marinate overnight in cool place.
  4. Grill over a low charcoal (if possible) fire until done: pink inside, dark outside.

*\*As with all hot peppers, wear rubber gloves when handling and wash all preparation surfaces when finished.*

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

*"We either make ourselves happy or miserable. The amount of work is the same.- Carlos Castenada"*

## KICK IRRATIONAL

by Brian Lord 4/10/06

**Scripps Howard vs. Brian Lord**

I AM amazed that the Scripps Howard National Spelling Bee was recently televised on live, national, prime-time television, and that more than 10 people tuned in to watch. So, I figure that if that event is interesting enough to keep ABC from airing the pilot episode of "Lost" for the 43rd time, the story of my own spelling bee experience could warrant a column.

Back in the mists of time, I was a 4th grader at Kokomo Christian School without too much interest in the academic side of things. Now don't get me wrong, I did love learning things. It's just that I wasn't that competitive with grades and such. In Christian schools, you basically have three kinds of kids- 'normal', which I felt myself to be; 'troublemakers', whose parents sent them there trying to reform them; and finally, 'highly serious achievers', kids whose grades were the end-all be-all of their existence. I say 'kids' in an attempt to be general, but they were in fact all girls. Not a single self-respecting guy would be caught dead trying to be smart. As you can imagine, we all thought one of those girls would be the designated representative for our school at the Indiana State Spelling Bee.

To choose the winner, our teacher devised a two-part test. First, in the written test, she would read any of several hundred possible words and the students would write them down. Anyone who got 80% and was in the top six would qualify for the second round. I remember I was sixth, with a 79.6%, which rounded up to 80, thereby just qualifying me for the second round, the oral round. Scores from the first and second rounds would be averaged to determine a winner.

My competition in said round was very stiff. Among the five girls - and I'll change their names just enough so you can't look them up in a phone book and then go taunt them, but they can still recognize themselves should they by some amazing chance now subscribe to one of the publications that print this - were some of the toughest spellers the greater Howard County area has ever produced. There was Kristin Schmydt, who worked so diligently and seriously she may have only spoken out loud

maybe three times in the six years I knew her. Also among those wishing to take the crown was Stephanie Hule, who was nice and all, but seriously, who needs to wear her Brownie outfit like three times a week? And finally, the prohibitive favorite, Michelle Wilton. She prided herself on her tightly braided blonde hair in addition to her grades, and I remember her crying once when she only got 19 out of 20 on one of our regular weekly spelling tests.

The odds were not in favor of the young Brian, especially since it wasn't just who would win the oral competition, it was the average of the two scores. I'd have to do so well, and they so poorly, that it would outweigh the 100's the girls had gotten on the written test.

(EDITORS NOTE: Wouldn't you have to be a pretty sad person if one of your Glory Days was a 4th grade spelling bee?)

(AUTHORS NOTE: Just be quiet. You try coming up with a new column idea every week.)

And so the oral quiz began. The six of us were sitting in chairs at the front, with the teacher standing to the side, reading off the word for us to spell. The first words were always really easy ones, all answered correctly, but then something strange began to happen. The troublemakers started taunting the contestants. The teacher quieted them down, but it opened the door on my first break. One of the girls actually missed a question. Then the rest of the boys (only boys made up the troublemakers) realized that I was the only boy up there, and began to cheer whenever it came around to me.

Encouragement is something they, well, encourage in a Christian school, so the teacher couldn't very well stop them. Suddenly the 'highly serious achievers realized no one was cheering for them (after all, all the highly serious achievers were up front competing), and began to wilt under the pressure. They started to miss words right and left. Our classmates started to really get into it, inching their chairs forward, laughing, cheering, clapping. So far I'd only missed one word. The teacher paused to tally up the scores before starting the final round. The suspense in the room was palpable. Without revealing the scores, she started giving each of us our final

word to spell. One by one, the girls misspelled their last words. It was ladies first, so the very last word to be attempted was by me. The teacher paused, then said, "I've tallied up the scores, and if Brian gets this, he wins." She might have been subtly trying to unnerve me, because like any good teacher, I'm sure she wanted someone who actually cared about spelling and would study hard to represent the school at state. But I was in my element. She would not be so lucky. She read the last word, which was a relatively little known book of the Bible at the end of the Old Testament, pronounced "NAY-hoom". "NÖ" I started. A hush fell over my classmates. "AÖHÖÜ" The crowd (or soon to be mob) was silent. "ÖM." Everyone looked expectantly at the teacher, but I already knew what she was about to say. "That's correct," she said. It was all over.

All the boys rushed up and there was general pandemonium (P-A-N-D-E-M-O-N-I-U-M, pandemonium). I was surrounded, so I couldn't see if Michelle was crying or if Stephanie was fidgeting in her Brownie outfit, but I'm sure Kristin was being very quiet. All I knew was that I had just won what was likely the most dramatic comeback in KCS spelling bee history.

The trip to Indianapolis for the State Championship was rather anticlimactic. I was surrounded by 95% girls, of whom 100% wore plaid dresses. I was one of the few people who weren't carrying around their own well-worn dictionary. The preliminary rounds were conducted in cramped classrooms, where mini-spelling bees were conducted, and you were moved into ever larger and larger classrooms. It was single elimination, so the furthest I got was a closet. The word I missed? "Tomb." How lame is that? We left for the long drive home well before it ever got to the auditorium for the finals. But I was happy to have at least gotten out of a day of school. That's something to be proud of.

*Brian Lord is an internationally read cartoonist, writer, 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. His work can be seen at [www.KickComics.com](http://www.KickComics.com)*

### KICK IRRATIONAL by Brian Lord



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](mailto: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.

**PUZZLES & QUESTIONS**

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

1. What is the difference between loose and baggy?
2. What percentage of unskilled jobs are held by immigrants?
3. How do you distinguish between luck and skill?
4. How many states in the U.S. have wineries?
5. What is the most shaded street in your town?
6. How many rocket scientists work in the U.S.?
7. What is the difference between good slang and bad slang?
8. What is the total area of Fairfield County? Of New Haven County?

**ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES:**

2. Define existentialism.

A: Existentialism is a philosophy or outlook which emphasizes individual existence, freedom, and choice. Its main tenet is that existence precedes essence - man exists and defines himself and the world. Humans must choose and face the responsibility and anxiety of freedom.

4. Define intuition.

A: Intuition is defined as insight without reasoning, or understanding independent of experience or empirical knowledge.

6. How many towns are there in Fairfield County? In New Haven County?

A: Officially, there are 23 towns in Fairfield County: Bethel, Bridgeport, Brookfield, Danbury, Darien, Easton, Fairfield, Greenwich, Monroe, New Canaan, New Fairfield, Newtown, Norwalk, Shelton, Sherman, Stamford, Stratford, Redding, Ridgefield, Trumbull, Weston, Westport, and Wilton.

There are 27 towns in New Haven County: Ansonia, Beacon Falls, Bethany, Branford, Cheshire, Derby, East Haven, Guilford, Hamden, Madison, Meriden, Middlebury,

Milford, Naugatuck, New Haven, North Branford, North Haven, Orange, Oxford, Prospect, Seymour, Southbury, Wallingford, Waterbury, West Haven, Wolcott, Woodbridge

8. What is the difference between comedy and farce?

A: Farce is a type of comedy with exaggerated humor or deliberate absurdity - a laughable fiasco. It often uses naïve or pompous characters, preposterous situations, chaos, mistaken identities and assumptions, puns, chases, and slapstick to elicit laughs. It is usually fast-paced, especially toward the end.

10. How long does the average Fortune 500 CEO stay on the job?

A: From 1992 to 2004, the average tenure was about 7 years.

12. What percentage of American households own their home?

A: According to the US Census Bureau's Current Population Survey of 2005, 68.9% of Americans owned their own home. In the Midwest, 73.1% of the residents owned their home; in the South, 70.8%; in the Northeast, 65.2%; and in the West, 64.4%.

## NOTED AND QUOTED

The principal fact of life is the free mind.

- Joyce Cary, (1888 – 1957), British novelist

People don't use their eyes. They never see a bird, they see a sparrow. They never see a tree, they see a birch. They see concepts.

- Joyce Cary, (1888 - 1957), British novelist

A man's true wealth is the good he does in the world.

- Mohammed, (570 - 632)

What shadows we are, what shadows we pursue.

- Edmund Burke, (1729-1797)

Wickedness is weakness.

- John Milton, (1608 - 1674), *Samson Agonistes*, (1671?)

The whole truth, being infinite, is unknowable.

- William Bonner, *Financial Reckoning Day*, (with Addison Wiggin), 2003

Fools rush in where fools have been before.

- Anonymous

Inspiration usually comes during work, rather than before it.

- Madeleine L'Engle, (1918 - ), U.S. author of young-adult novels

Two types of people dominate technology: those who understand what they do not manage, and those who manage what they do not understand.

- Putt's Law

It is a common delusion that you can make things better by talking about them.

- Dame Rose Macauley, (1881 - 1958), English novelist

What makes resisting temptation difficult, for many people, is that they don't want to discourage it completely.

- Franklin P. Jones, (1853 - 1935), American humorist

We expect everything and are prepared for nothing.

- Anonymous

Few people have the imagination for reality.

- Johann von Goethe, (1749 - 1832)

Victory goes to the player who makes the next-to-last mistake.

- Savielly Grigorievitch Tartakower, (1887 - 1956), Polish-French chessmaster

I love a good hater.

- Samuel Johnson, (1709 - 1784)

If it is not true, it is very well invented.

- Giordano Bruno, (1548 - 1600), Italian philosopher and martyr

It is difficult to esteem a man as highly as he would wish.

- Vauvenargues, (1715 -1747), French moralist

To the sick, while there is life there is hope.

- Cicero, (106 - 43 B.C.E.)

Idleness is the holiday of fools.

- Chesterfield, (1694 - 1773), English statesman and writer

The loss of our illusions is the only loss from which we never recover.

- Ouida, (1839 - 1908), English novelist and social critic

Lost time is never found again.

- James H. Aughey, (1828 - 1911), American clergyman

Revenge is sweeter than life itself. So think fools.

- Juvenal, (40 - 125), Roman poet

Earnestness is the salt of eloquence.

- Victor Hugo, (1802 - 1885)

Earnestness is enthusiasm tempered by reason.

- Blaise Pascal, (1623 - 1662)

Great men are not always wise.

- Job, 25:7

Every human heart is human.

- Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, (1807 - 1882), *Hiawatha*

Self-love is the greatest of all flatterers.

- Francois Duc de La Rochefoucauld, (1613 - 1680)

A strange volume of real life in the daily packet of the postman. Eternal love and instant payment.

- Douglas Jerrold, (1803 - 1857), *The Postman's Budget*

I remember my youth and the feeling that will never come back any more - the feeling that I could last forever, outlast the sea, the earth, and all men.

- Joseph Conrad, (1857 - 1924), *Youth*

## RUMINATIONS

### ARTIST AND PUBLIC

From *Artist and Public and Other Essays on Art Subjects*

(1911) by Kenyon Cox

IN the history of art, as in the history of politics and in the history of economics, our modern epoch is marked off from all preceding epochs by one great event, the French Revolution. Fragonard, who survived that Revolution to lose himself in a new and strange world, is the last of the old masters; David, some sixteen years his junior, is the first of the moderns. Now if we look for the most fundamental distinction between our modern art and the art of past times, I believe we shall find it to be this: the art of the past was produced for a public that wanted it and understood it, by artists who understood and sympathized with their public; the art of our time has been, for the most part, produced for a public that did not want it and misunderstood it, by artists who disliked and despised the public for which they worked. When artist and public were united, art was homogeneous and continuous. Since the divorce of artist and public art has been chaotic and convulsive.

That this divorce between the artist and his public—this dislocation of the right and natural relations between them—has taken place is certain. The causes of it are many and deep-lying in our modern civilization, and I can point out only a few of the more obvious ones.

The first of these is the emergence of a new public. The art of past ages had been distinctively an aristocratic art, created for kings and princes, for the free citizens of slave-holding republics, for the spiritual and intellectual aristocracy of the church, or for a luxurious and frivolous nobility. As the aim of the Revolution was the destruction of aristocratic privilege, it is not surprising that a revolutionary like David should have felt it necessary to destroy the traditions of an art created for the aristocracy. In his own art of painting he succeeded so thoroughly that the painters of the next generation found themselves with no traditions at all. They had not only to work for a public of enriched bourgeois or proletarians who had never cared for art, but they had to create over again the art with which they endeavored to

interest this public. How could they succeed? The rift between artist and public had begun, and it has been widening ever since.

If the people had had little to do with the major arts of painting and sculpture, there had yet been, all through the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, a truly popular art—an art of furniture making, of wood-carving, of forging, of pottery. Every craftsman was an artist in his degree, and every artist was but a craftsman of a superior sort. Our machine-making, industrial civilization, intent upon material progress and the satisfaction of material wants, has destroyed this popular art; and at the same time that the artist lost his patronage from above he lost his support from below. He has become a superior person, a sort of demi-gentleman, but he has no longer a splendid nobility to employ him or a world of artist-artisans to surround him and understand him.

And to the modern artist, so isolated, with no tradition behind him, no direction from above and no support from below, the art of all times and all countries has become familiar through modern means of communication and modern processes of reproduction. Having no compelling reason for doing one thing rather than another, or for choosing one or another way of doing things, he is shown a thousand things that he may do and a thousand ways of doing them. Not clearly knowing his own mind he hears the clash and reverberation of a thousand other minds, and having no certainties he must listen to countless theories.

Mr. Vedder has spoken of a certain “home-made” character which he considers the greatest defect of his art, the character of an art belonging to no distinctive school and having no definite relation to the time and country in which it is produced. But it is not Mr. Vedder’s art alone that is home-made. It is precisely the characteristic note of our modern art that all of it that is good for anything is home-made or self-made. Each artist has had to create his art as best he could out of his own temperament and his own experience—he has sat in his corner like a spider, spinning his web from his own bowels. If the art so created was essentially fine and noble the public has at last found it out, but only after years of neglect have embittered the existence and partially crippled the powers of its creator. And so, to our modern imagination,

the neglected and misunderstood genius has become the very type of the great artist, and we have allowed our belief in him to color and distort our vision of the history of art. We have come to look upon the great artists of all times as an unhappy race struggling against the inappreciation of a stupid public, starving in garrets and waiting long for tardy recognition.

The very reverse of this is true. With the exception of Rembrandt, who himself lived in a time of political revolution and of the emergence to power of a burgher class, you will scarce find an unappreciated genius in the whole history of art until the beginning of the nineteenth century. The great masters of the Renaissance, from Giotto to Veronese, were men of their time, sharing and interpreting the ideals of those around them, and were recognized and patronized as such. Rembrandt's greatest contemporary, Rubens, was painter in ordinary to half the courts of Europe, and Velazquez was the friend and companion of his king. Watteau and Boucher and Fragonard painted for the frivolous nobility of the eighteenth century just what that nobility wanted, and even the precursors of the Revolution, sober and honest Chardin, Greuze the sentimental, had no difficulty in making themselves understood, until the revolutionist David became dictator to the art of Europe and swept them into the rubbish heap with the rest.

It is not until the beginning of what is known as the Romantic movement, under the Restoration, that the misunderstood painter of genius definitely appears. Millet, Corot, Rousseau were trying, with magnificent powers and perfect single-mindedness, to restore the art of painting which the Revolution had destroyed. They were men of the utmost nobility and simplicity of character, as far as possible from the gloomy, fantastic, vain, and egotistical person that we have come to accept as the type of unappreciated genius; they were classically minded and conservative, worshippers of the great art of the past; but they were without a public and they suffered bitter discouragement and long neglect. Upon their experience is founded that legend of the unpopularity of all great artists which has grown to astonishing proportions. Accepting this legend, and believing that all great artists are misunderstood, the artist has come to cherish a scorn of the public for which he works and to pretend a

greater scorn than he feels. He cannot believe himself great unless he is misunderstood, and he hugs his unpopularity to himself as a sign of genius and arrives at that sublime affectation which answers praise of his work with an exclamation of dismay: "Is it as bad as that?" He invents new excesses and eccentricities to insure misunderstanding, and proclaims the doctrine that, as anything great must be incomprehensible, so anything incomprehensible must be great. And the public has taken him, at least partly, at his word. He may or may not be great, but he is certainly incomprehensible and probably a little mad. Until he succeeds the public looks upon the artist as a more or less harmless lunatic. When he succeeds it is willing to exalt him into a kind of god and to worship his eccentricities as a part of his divinity. So we arrive at a belief in the insanity of genius. What would Raphael have thought of such a notion, or that consummate man of the world, Titian? What would the serene and mighty Veronese have thought of it, or the cool, clear-seeing Velazquez? How his Excellency the Ambassador of his Most Catholic Majesty, glorious Peter Paul Rubens, would have laughed!

It is this lack of sympathy and understanding between the artist and his public that is the cause of nearly all the shortcomings of modern art; of the weakness of what is known as official or academic art no less than of the extravagance of the art of opposition. The artist, being no longer a craftsman, working to order, but a kind of poet, expressing in loneliness his personal emotions, has lost his natural means of support. Governments, feeling a responsibility for the cultivation of art which was quite unnecessary in the days when art was spontaneously produced in answer to a natural demand, have tried to put an artificial support in its place. That the artist may show his wares and make himself known, they have created exhibitions; that he may be encouraged they have instituted medals and prizes; that he may not starve they have made government purchases. And these well-meant efforts have resulted in the creation of pictures which have no other purpose than to hang in exhibitions, to win medals, and to be purchased by the government and hung in those more permanent exhibitions which we call museums. For this purpose it is not necessary that a picture should have great beauty or great sincerity. It is necessary that it should be large in

order to attract attention and sufficiently well drawn and executed to seem to deserve recognition. And so was evolved the salon picture, a thing created for no man's pleasure, not even the artist's; a thing which is neither the decoration of a public building nor the possible ornament of a private house; a thing which, after it has served its temporary purpose, is rolled up and stored in a loft or placed in a gallery where its essential emptiness becomes more and more evident as time goes on. Such government-encouraged art had at least the merit of a well-sustained and fairly high level of accomplishment in the more obvious elements of painting. But as exhibitions became larger and larger and the competition engendered by them grew fiercer, it became increasingly difficult to attract attention by mere academic merit. So the painters began to search for sensationalism of subject, and the typical salon picture, no longer decorously pompous, began to deal in blood and horror and sensuality. It was Regnault who began this sensation hunt, but it has been carried much further since his day than he can have dreamed of, and the modern salon picture is not only tiresome but detestable.

The salon picture, in its merits and its faults, is peculiarly French, but the modern exhibition has sins to answer for in other countries than France. In England it has been responsible for a great deal of sentimentality and anecdotage which has served to attract the attention of a public that could not be roused to interest in mere painting. Everywhere, even in this country, where exhibitions are relatively small and ill-attended, it has caused a certain stridency and blatancy, a keying up to exhibition pitch, a neglect of finer qualities for the sake of immediate effectiveness.

Under our modern conditions the exhibition has become a necessity, and it would be impossible for our artists to live or to attain a reputation without it. The giving of medals and prizes and the purchase of works of art by the state may be of more doubtful utility, though such efforts at the encouragement of art probably do more good than harm. But there is one form of government patronage that is almost wholly beneficial, and that the only form of it which we have in this country—the awarding of commissions for the decoration of public buildings. The painter of mural decorations is in the old historical posi-

tion, in sound and natural relations to the public. He is doing something which is wanted and, if he continues to receive commissions, he may fairly assume that he is doing it in a way that is satisfactory. With the decorative or monumental sculptor he is almost alone among modern artists in being relieved of the necessity of producing something in the isolation of his studio and waiting to see if any one will care for it; of trying, against the grain, to produce something that he thinks may appeal to the public because it does not appeal to himself; or of attempting to bamboozle the public into buying what neither he nor the public really cares for. If he does his best he may feel that he is as fairly earning his livelihood as his fellow workmen, the blacksmith and the stonecutter, and is as little dependent as they upon either charity or humbug. The best that government has done for art in France is the commissioning of the great decorative paintings of Baudry and Puvis. In this country, also, governments, national, State, or municipal, are patronizing art in the best possible way, and in making buildings splendid for the people are affording opportunity for the creation of a truly popular art.

Without any artificial aid from the government the illustrator has a wide popular support and works for the public in a normal way; and, therefore, illustration has been one of the healthiest and most vigorous forms of modern art. The portrait-painter, too, is producing something he knows to be wanted, and, though his art has had to fight against the competition of the photograph and has been partially vulgarized by the struggle of the exhibitions, it has yet remained, upon the whole, comprehensible and human; so that much of the soundest art of the past century has gone into portraiture. It is the painters of pictures, landscape or genre, who have most suffered from the misunderstanding between artist and public. Without guidance some of them have hewed a path to deserved success. Others have wandered into strange byways and no-thoroughfares.

The nineteenth century is strewn with the wrecks of such misunderstood and misunderstanding artists, but it was about the sixties when their searching for a way began to lead them in certain clearly marked directions. There are three paths, in especial, which have been followed

since then by adventurous spirits: the paths of *Êsthétisme*, of scientific naturalism, and of pure self-expression; the paths of Whistler, of Monet, and of C ezanne.

Whistler was an artist of refined and delicate talent with great weaknesses both in temperament and training; being also a very clever man and a brilliant controversialist, he proceeded to erect a theory which should prove his weaknesses to be so many virtues, and he nearly succeeded in convincing the world of its validity. Finding the representation of nature very difficult, he decided that art should not concern itself with representation but only with the creation of "arrangements" and "symphonies." Having no interest in the subject of pictures, he proclaimed that pictures should have no subjects and that any interest in the subject is vulgar. As he was a cosmopolitan with no local ties, he maintained that art had never been national; and as he was out of sympathy with his time, he taught that "art happens" and that "there never was an artistic period." According to the Whistlerian gospel, the artist not only has now no point of contact with the public, but he should not have and never has had any. He has never been a man among other men, but has been a dreamer "who sat at home with the women" and made pretty patterns of line and color because they pleased him. And the only business of the public is to accept "in silence" what he chooses to give them.

This kind of rootless art he practised. Some of the patterns he produced are delightful, but they are without imagination, without passion, without joy in the material and visible world—the dainty diversions of a dilettante. One is glad that so gracefully slender an art should exist, but if it has seemed great art to us it is because our age is so poor in anything better. To rank its creator with the abounding masters of the past is an absurdity.

In their efforts to escape from the dead-alive art of the salon picture, Monet and the Impressionists took an entirely different course. The gallery painter's perfunctory treatment of subject bored them, and they abandoned subject almost as entirely as Whistler had done. The sound if tame drawing and the mediocre painting of what they called official art revolted them as it revolted Whistler; but while he nearly

suppressed representation they could see in art nothing but representation. They wanted to make that representation truer, and they tried to work a revolution in art by the scientific analysis of light and the invention of a new method of laying on paint. Instead of joining in Whistler's search for pure pattern they fixed their attention on facts alone, or rather on one aspect of the facts, and in their occupation with light and the manner of representing it they abandoned form almost as completely as they had abandoned significance and beauty.

So it happened that Monet could devote some twenty canvases to the study of the effects of light, at different hours of the day, upon two straw stacks in his farmyard. It was admirable practice, no doubt, and neither scientific analysis nor the study of technical methods is to be despised; but the interest of the public, after all, is in what an artist does, not in how he learns to do it. The twenty canvases together formed a sort of demonstration of the possibilities of different kinds of lighting. Any one of them, taken singly, is but a portrait of two straw stacks, and the world will not permanently or deeply care about those straw stacks. The study of light is, in itself, no more an exercise of the artistic faculties than the study of anatomy or the study of perspective; and while Impressionism has put a keener edge upon some of the tools of the artist, it has inevitably failed to produce a school of art.

After Impressionism, what? We have no name for it but Post-Impressionism. Such men as C ezanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh recognized the sterility of Impressionism and of a narrow *Êsthétisme*, while they shared the hatred of the *Êsthètes* and the Impressionists for the current art of the salons. No more than the *Êsthètes* or the Impressionists were they conscious of any social or universal ideals that demanded expression. The *Êsthètes* had a doctrine; the Impressionists had a method and a technic. The Post-Impressionists had nothing, and were driven to the attempt at pure self-expression—to the exaltation of the great god Whim. They had no training, they recognized no traditions, they spoke to no public. Each was to express, as he thought best, whatever he happened to feel or to think, and to invent, as he went along, the language in which he should express it. I think some of these men had the elements of genius

in them and might have done good work; but their task was a heart-breaking and a hopeless one. An art cannot be improvised, and an artist must have some other guide than unregulated emotion. The path they entered upon had been immemorably marked "no passing"; for many of them the end of it was suicide or the madhouse.

But whatever the aberrations of these, the true Post-Impressionists—whatever the ugliness, the eccentricity, or the moral dinginess into which they were betrayed—I believe them to have been, in the main, honest if unbalanced and ill-regulated minds. Whatever their errors, they paid the price of them in poverty, in neglect, in death. With those who pretend to be their descendants to-day the case is different; they are not paying for their eccentricity or their madness, they are making it pay.

The enormous engine of modern publicity has been discovered by these men. They have learned to advertise, and they have found that morbidity, eccentricity, indecency, extremes of every kind and of any degree are capital advertisement. If one cannot create a sound and living art, one can at least make something odd enough to be talked about; if one cannot achieve enduring fame, one may make sure of a flaming notoriety. And, as a money-maker, present notoriety is worth more than future fame, for the speculative dealer is at hand. His interest is in "quick returns" and he has no wish to wait until you are famous—or dead—before he can sell anything you do. His process is to buy anything he thinks he can "boom," to "boom" it as furiously as possible, and to sell it before the "boom" collapses. Then he will exploit something else, and there's the rub. Once you have entered this mad race for notoriety, there is no drawing out of it. The same sensation will not attract attention a second time; you must be novel at any cost. You must exaggerate your exaggerations and out-Herod Herod, for others have learned how easy the game is to play, and are at your heels. It is no longer a matter of misunderstanding and being misunderstood by the public; it is a matter of deliberately flouting and outraging the public—of assuming incomprehensibility and antagonism to popular feeling as signs of greatness. And so is founded what Frederic Harrison has called the "shock-your-grandmother school."

It is with profound regret that one must name as one of the founders of this school an artist of real power, who has produced much admirable work—Auguste Rodin. At the age of thirty-seven he attained a sudden and resounding notoriety, and from that time he has been the most talked-of artist in Europe. He was a consummate modeller, a magnificent workman, but he had always grave faults and striking mannerisms. These faults and mannerisms he has latterly pushed to greater and greater extremes while neglecting his great gift, each work being more chaotic and fragmentary in composition, more hideous in type, more affected and emptier in execution, until he has produced marvels of mushiness and incoherence hitherto undreamed of and has set up as public monuments fantastically mutilated figures with broken legs or heads knocked off. Now, in his old age, he is producing shoals of drawings the most extraordinary of which few are permitted to see. Some selected specimens of them hang in a long row in the Metropolitan Museum, and I assure you, upon my word as a lifelong student of drawing, they are quite as ugly and as silly as they look. There is not a touch in them that has any truth to nature, not a line that has real beauty or expressiveness. They represent the human figure with the structure of a jellyfish and the movement of a Dutch doll; the human face with an expression I prefer not to characterize. If they be not the symptoms of mental decay, they can be nothing but the means of a gigantic mystification.

With Henri Matisse we have not to deplore the deliquescence of a great talent, for we have no reason to suppose he ever had any. It is true that his admirers will assure you he could once draw and paint as everybody does; what he could not do was to paint enough better than everybody does to make his mark in the world; and he was a quite undistinguished person until he found a way to produce some effect upon his grandmother the public by shocking her into attention. His method is to choose the ugliest models to be found; to put them into the most grotesque and indecent postures imaginable; to draw them in the manner of a savage, or a depraved child, or a worse manner if that be possible; to surround his figures with blue outlines half an inch wide; and to paint them in crude and staring colors, brutally laid on in flat

masses. Then, when his grandmother begins to "sit up," she is told with a grave face that this is a reaction from naturalism, a revival of abstract line and color, a subjective art which is not the representation of nature but the expression of the artist's soul. No wonder she gasps and stares!

It seemed, two or three years ago, that the limit of mystification had been reachedó that this comedy of errors could not be carried further; but human ingenuity is inexhaustible, and we now have whole schools, Cubists, Futurists, and the like, who joyously vie with each other in the creation of incredible pictures and of irreconcilable and incomprehensible theories. The public is inclined to lump them all together and, so far as their work is concerned, the public is not far wrong; yet in theory Cubism and Futurism are diametrically opposed to each other. It is not easy to get any clear conception of the doctrines of these schools, but, so far as I am able to understand themóand I have taken some pains to do soóthey are something like this:

Cubism is static; Futurism is kinetic. Cubism deals with bulk; Futurism deals with motion. The Cubist, by a kind of extension of Mr. Berenson's doctrine of "tactile values," assumes that the only character of objects which is of importance to the artist is their bulk and solidityówhat he calls their "volumes." Now the form in which volume is most easily apprehended is the cube; do we not measure by it and speak of the cubic contents of anything? The inference is easy: reduce all objects to forms which can be bounded by planes and defined by straight lines and angles; make their cubic contents measurable to the eye; transform drawing into a burlesque of solid geometry; and you have, at once, attained to the highest art. The Futurist, on the other hand, maintains that we know nothing but that things are in flux. Form, solidity, weight are illusions. Nothing exists but motion. Everything is changing every moment, and if anything were still we ourselves are changing. It is, therefore, absurd to give fixed boundaries to anything or to admit of any fixed relations in space. If you are trying to record your impression of a face it is certain that by the time you have done one eye the other eye will no longer be where it wasóit may be at the other side of the room. You must cut nature into small bits and shuffle

them about wildly if you are to reproduce what we really see.

Whatever its extravagance, Cubism remains a form of graphic art. However pedantic and ridiculous its transformation of drawing, it yet recognizes the existence of drawing. Therefore, to the Futurist, Cubism is reactionary. What difference does it make, he asks, whether you draw a head round or square? Why draw a head at all? The Futurist denies the fundamental postulates of the art of painting. Painting has always, and by definition, represented upon a surface objects supposed to lie beyond it and to be seen through it. Futurism pretends to place the spectator inside the picture and to represent things around him or behind him as well as those in front of him. Painting has always assumed the single moment of vision, and, though it has sometimes placed more than one picture on the same canvas, it has treated each picture as seen at a specific instant of time. Futurism attempts systematically to combine the past and the future with the present, as if all the pictures in a cinematograph film were to be printed one over the other; to paint no instant but to represent the movement of time. It aims at nothing less than the abrogation of all recognized laws, the total destruction of all that has hitherto passed for art.

Do you recall the story of the man who tried to count a litter of pigs, but gave it up because one little pig ran about so fast that he could not be counted? One finds oneself in somewhat the same predicament when one tries to describe these "new movements" in art. The movement is so rapid and the men shift their ground so quickly that there is no telling where to find them. You have no sooner arrived at some notion of the difference between Cubism and Futurism than you find your Cubist doing things that are both Cubist and Futurist, or neither Cubist nor Futurist, according as you look at them. You find things made up of geometrical figures to give volume, yet with all the parts many times repeated to give motion. You find things that have neither bulk nor motion but look like nothing so much as a box of Chinese tangrams scattered on a table. Finally, you have assemblages of lines that do not draw anything, even cubes or triangles; and we are assured that there is now a newest school of all, called

Orphism, which, finding still some vestiges of intelligibility in any assemblage of lines, reduces everything to shapeless blotches. Probably the first of Orphic pictures was that produced by the quite authentic donkey who was induced to smear a canvas by lashing a tail duly dipped in paint. It was given a title as Orphic as the painting, was accepted by a jury anxious to find new forms of talent, and was hung in the Salon d'Automne.

In all this welter of preposterous theories there is but one thing constant—one thing on which all these theorists are agreed. It is that all this strange stuff is symbolic and shadows forth the impressions and emotions of the artist: represents not nature but his feeling about nature; is the expression of his mind or, as they prefer to call it, his soul. It may be so. All art is symbolic; images are symbols; words are symbols; all communication is by symbols. But if a symbol is to serve any purpose of communication between one mind and another it must be a symbol accepted and understood by both minds. If an artist is to choose his symbols to suit himself, and to make them mean anything he chooses, who is to say what he means or whether he means anything? If a man were to rise and recite, with a solemn voice, words like "Ajakan maradak tecor sosthendi," would you know what he meant? If he wished you to believe that these symbols express the feeling of awe caused by the contemplation of the starry heavens, he would have to tell you so in your own language; and even then you would have only his word for it. He may have meant them to express that, but do they? The apologists of the new schools are continually telling us that we must give the necessary time and thought to learn the language of these men before we condemn them. Why should we? Why should not they learn the universal language of art? It is they who are trying to say something. When they have learned to speak that language and have convinced us that they have something to say in it which is worth listening to, then, and not till then, we may consent to such slight modification of it as may fit it more closely to their thought.

If these gentlemen really believe that their capriciously chosen symbols are fit vehicles for communication with others, why do they fall back on that old, old symbol, the written word? Why do

they introduce, in the very midst of a design in which everything else is dislocated, a name or a word in clear Roman letters? Or why do they give their pictures titles and, lest you should neglect to look in the catalogue, print the title quite carefully and legibly in the corner of the picture itself? They know that they must set you to hunting for their announced subject or you would not look twice at their puzzles.

Now, there is only one word for this denial of all law, this insurrection against all custom and tradition, this assertion of individual license without discipline and without restraint; and that word is "anarchy." And, as we know, theoretic anarchy, though it may not always lead to actual violence, is a doctrine of destruction. It is so in art, and these artistic anarchists are found proclaiming that the public will never understand or accept their art while anything remains of the art of the past, and demanding that therefore the art of the past shall be destroyed. It is actual, physical destruction of pictures and statues that they call for, and in Italy, that great treasury of the world's art, has been raised the sinister cry: "Burn the museums!" They have not yet taken to the torch, but if they were sincere they would do it; for their doctrine calls for nothing less than the reduction of mankind to a state of primitive savagery that it may begin again at the beginning.

Fortunately, they are not sincere. There may be among them those who honestly believe in that exaltation of the individual and that revolt against all law which is the danger of our age. But, for the most part, if they have broken from the fold and "like sheep have gone astray," they have shown a very sheep-like disposition to follow the bell-wether. They are fond of quoting a saying of Gauguin's that "one must be either a revolutionist or a plagiarist"; but can any one tell these revolutionists apart? Can any one distinguish among them such definite and logically developed personalities as mark even schoolmen and "plagiarists" like Meissonier and Gérôme? If any one of these men stood alone, one might believe his eccentricities to be the mark of an extreme individuality; one cannot believe it when one finds the same eccentricities in twenty of them.

No, it is not for the sake of unhampered person-

al development that young artists are joining these new schools; it is because they are offered a short cut to a kind of success. As there are no more laws and no more standards, there is nothing to learn. The merest student is at once set upon a level with the most experienced of his instructors, and boys and girls in their teens are hailed as masters. Art is at last made easy, and there are no longer any pupils, for all have become teachers. To borrow Doctor Johnson's phrase, "many men, many women, and many children" could produce art after this fashion; and they do.

So right are the practitioners of this puerile art in their proclaimed belief that the public will never accept it while anything else exists, that one might be willing to treat it with the silent contempt it deserves were it not for the efforts of certain critics and writers for the press to convince us that it ought to be accepted. Some of these men seem to be intimidated by the blunders of the past. Knowing that contemporary criticism has damned almost every true artist of the nineteenth century, they are determined not to be caught napping; and they join in shouts of applause as each new harlequin steps upon the stage. They forget that it is as dangerous to praise ignorantly as to blame unjustly, and that the railer at genius, though he may seem more malevolent, will scarce appear so ridiculous to posterity as the dupe of the mountebank. Others of them are, no doubt, honest victims of that illusion of progress to which we are all more or less subject to that ingrained belief that all evolution is upward and that the latest thing must necessarily be the best. They forget that the same process which has relieved man of his tail has deprived the snake of his legs and the kiwi of his wings. They forget that art has never been and cannot be continuously progressive; that it is only the sciences connected with art that are capable of progress; and that the "Henriade" is not a greater poem than the "Divine Comedy" because Voltaire has learned the falsity of the Ptolemaic astronomy. Finally, these writers, like other people, desire to seem knowing and clever; and if you appear to admire vastly what no one else understands you pass for a clever man.

I have looked through a good deal of the writings of these "up-to-date" critics in the effort to find something like an intelligible argument or a definite statement of belief. I have found nothing but the continually repeated assumption that these new movements, in all their varieties, are "living" and "vital." I can find no grounds stated for this assumption and can suppose only that what is changing with great rapidity is conceived to be alive; yet I know nothing more productive of rapid changes than putrefaction.

Do not be deceived. This is not vital art, it is decadent and corrupt. True art has always been the expression by the artist of the ideals of his time and of the world in which he lived—ideals which were his own because he was a part of that world. A living and healthy art never has existed and never can exist except through the mutual understanding and co-operation of the artist and his public. Art is made for man and has a social function to perform. We have a right to demand that it shall be both human and humane; that it shall show some sympathy in the artist with our thoughts and our feelings; that it shall interpret our ideals to us in that universal language which has grown up in the course of ages. We have a right to reject with pity or with scorn the stammerings of incompetence, the babble of lunacy, or the vaporing of imposture. But mutual understanding implies a duty on the part of the public as well as on the part of the artist, and we must give as well as take. We must be at the pains to learn something of the language of art in which we bid the artist speak. If we would have beauty from him we must sympathize with his aspiration for beauty. Above all, if we would have him interpret for us our ideals we must have ideals worthy of such interpretation. Without this co-operation on our part we may have a better art than we deserve, for noble artists will be born, and they will give us an art noble in its essence however mutilated and shorn of its effectiveness by our neglect. It is only by being worthy of it that we can hope to have an art we may be proud of—an art lofty in its inspiration, consummate in its achievement, disciplined in its strength.

**POETRY CORNER****SLOW AND RELUCTANT WAS THE LONG DESCENT**

George Santayana (1863 - 1952)

SLOW and reluctant was the long descent,  
 With many farewell pious looks behind,  
 And dumb misgivings where the path might wind,  
 And questionings of nature, as I went.  
 The greener branches that above me bent,  
 The broadening valleys, quieted my mind,  
 To the fair reasons of the Spring inclined  
 And to the Summer's tender argument.

But sometimes, as revolving night descended,  
 And in my childish heart the new song ended,  
 I lay down, full of longing, on the steep;  
 And, haunting still the lonely way I wended,  
 Into my dreams the ancient sorrow blended,  
 And with these holy echoes charmed my sleep.

**LAMENT FOR YIN YAO**

Wang Wei, (699-761)

HOW long can one man's lifetime last?  
 In the end we return to formlessness.  
 I think of you waiting to die.  
 A thousand things cause me distress -

Your kind old mother's still alive.  
 Your only daughter's only ten.  
 In the vast chilly wilderness  
 I hear the sounds of weeping men.

Clouds float into a great expanse.  
 Birds fly but do not sing in flight.  
 How lonely are the travellers.  
 Even the sun shines cold and white.

Alas, when you still lived, and asked  
 To study non-rebirth with me,  
 My exhortations were delayed-  
 And so the end came, fruitlessly.

All your old friends have brought you gifts  
 But for your life these too are late.  
 I've failed you in more ways than one.  
 Weeping, I walk back to my gate.

**AN INDIAN SUMMER DAY ON THE PRARIE**

Vachel Lindsay, (1879 - 1931)

(IN THE BEGINING)

THE sun is a huntress young, The sun is a red, red joy,  
 The sun is an indian girl, Of the tribe of the Illinois.

(MID-MORNING)

The sun is a smouldering fire, That creeps through the  
 high gray plain, And leaves not a bush of cloud To  
 blossom with flowers of rain.

(NOON)

The sun is a wounded deer, That treads pale grass in  
 the skies, Shaking his golden horns, Flashing his bale-  
 ful eyes.

(SUNSET)

The sun is an eagle old, There in the windless west.  
 Atop of the spirit-cliffs He builds him a crimson nest.

**SUNSET: SAINT LOUIS**

Sara Teasdale, (1884 - 1933)

HUSHED in the smoky haze of summer sunset,  
 When I came home again from far-off places,  
 How many times I saw my western city  
 Dream by her river.

Then for an hour the water wore a mantle  
 Of tawny gold and mauve and misted turquoise  
 Under the tall and darkened arches bearing  
 Gray, high-flung bridges.

Against the sunset, water-towers and steeples  
 Flickered with fire up the slope to westward,  
 And old warehouses poured their purple shadows  
 Across the levee.

High over them the black train swept with thunder,  
 Cleaving the city, leaving far beneath it  
 Wharf-boats moored beside the old side-wheelers  
 Resting in twilight.



## MENZA MIND GAMES 2006 RESULTS

One hundred ninety-eight Mensans gathered in Portland this weekend for Mind Games 2006. During the three-day event, members played and rated 62 board and card games. The top five games have earned Mensa Select distinction and may use the Mensa Select seal on their games.

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[zanca@mensaboutique.com](mailto:zanca@mensaboutique.com)  
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### THE WINNERS ARE:

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([www.deflexion.biz](http://www.deflexion.biz))

Hive by Smart Zone  
([www.smartzonegames.com](http://www.smartzonegames.com))

Keesdrow by Pywacket  
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Pentago by Pentago  
([www.pentago.com](http://www.pentago.com))

Wits & Wagers by North Star Games  
([www.northstargames.com](http://www.northstargames.com))

Mind Games 2007 will be held April 20-22 in Pittsburgh, PA. To register, visit [www.mindgames.us.mensa.org](http://www.mindgames.us.mensa.org).

### THE READING EDGE - WHAT'S YOUR READING SPEED?

Do you know what your reading speed is? There is an online test that can give you a quick estimate. The Reading Edge, a Wallingford, CT company, has a test at their website [www.the-reading-edge.com](http://www.the-reading-edge.com). The tests take only a minute and calculate your reading speed instantly. For a more comprehensive test, the company a free demo that you can download that will test not only your speed but also your comprehension. The software can be set for different grade levels to test children as well as adults.

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.

The Reading Edge also offers books, tapes, tele-classes, and personal lessons to help people read faster and more efficiently. For more information, visit their website at [www.the-reading-edge.com](http://www.the-reading-edge.com) or contact them at [info@the-reading-edge.com](mailto:info@the-reading-edge.com)

## 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](mailto:usamarbiol@aol.com)

### Change of Address

Please allow four weeks for the change in MENSA Bulletin (the National Magazine) delivery, and eight weeks for the Chronicle. Remember to give your membership number to facilitate this process (This number appears on your membership card and labels affixed to the Chronicle and MENSA Bulletin.)

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