

# 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.



## **ARCHIVED COPIES OF THE CHRONICLE**

going back to 2000 are available on the Internet at <http://scm66.org> (Note: this is a new URL). 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](mailto:usamarbiol@aol.com)

**SCHEDULE OF CHAPTER EVENTS - JANUARY**

Thursday, January 10 7:30 pm

**SCM Pool Party I**

Come and join Tom O'Neill (sandy pony tail, wire rim glasses) and other So. Conn Mensans for an evening of billiards, conversation and consumables. The first of two Pool Party events this month will be held at On Cue Billiards, a pool hall in the basement at the far inner corner of the big 50 W. Washington Street office building in South Norwalk. Easy access via either I-95 (Exit 15) or the Merritt (via the Route 7 Extension). We'll have to park in the paid parking lot, unless you are able to find street parking nearby and don't mind walking a bit. Tables are \$12/hr (last time I checked). Hall link: <http://www.uncuebilliardsandmusic.com>. Google Maps link: <http://tinyurl.com/2tfunq>. This will be a monthly event. Questions? Contact Tom O'Neill at [doctec2@gmail.com](mailto:doctec2@gmail.com).

Friday, January 11, 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)

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744-1929, ext. 25, [wjm@danburylaw.com](mailto:wjm@danburylaw.com), or  
 Rev. Bill Loring at (203) 794-1389,  
[frbill@mags.net](mailto:frbill@mags.net).



Saturday, January 19, 6:30

**Monthly Dinner - New Members Dinner**

Members new to Connecticut Mensa are invited to join veteran Mensans for our January dinner at TONELLI'S RESTAURANT, 41 Grassy Plain St., Bethel, CT 06801. Southern CT Mensan Bob Liftig will speak on "The Loyalists of Fairfield County", the area's citizens who remained loyal to the British Crown during the American Revolution. Prof. Liftig started Fairfield U.'s Loyalist Project in the fall of 2006 and has written about the project's research for the Canadian Loyalist Gazette and Westport/ Darien Magazine. Come hear the other side of the story at January's dinner and enjoy the company of fellow Mensans.

Dress is casual. Before the presentation, we will enjoy dinner. Choose what you like from the menu; restaurant adds tip onto the bill. You can bring a donation of money or food to benefit the Connecticut Food Bank. Contact Jim Mizera, [jmizera@hotmail.com](mailto:jmizera@hotmail.com), 203-522-1959, for information and reservations. Guests are welcome. Restaurant review: <http://acorn-online.net/acornonline/bestbets/bbets05-04-21.htm> You can rate the restaurants we have attended 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](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.

various web sites such as  
[www.restaurantratingz.com](http://www.restaurantratingz.com), [www.dine.com](http://www.dine.com),  
[www.menutopia.com](http://www.menutopia.com),

If you have suggestions for other places we can meet or how we can run our dinners better, please contact chapter President Rick D'Amico at [usamarbiol@aol.com](mailto:usamarbiol@aol.com).

#### FROM STAMFORD:

1. Take I-95. Merge onto US-7 Connector NORTH via EXIT 15 toward NORWALK.
2. Take US-7 Connector to MAIN AVE / US-7. Continue to follow US-7 North about 2 miles.
3. Turn LEFT onto US-7 / CT-33 / WESTPORT RD & continue to follow US-7 about 5.5 miles.
4. Turn RIGHT onto SCHOOL ST / CT-107 / CT-57. Follow CT-107 about 1.5 miles.
5. Turn SLIGHT RIGHT onto REDDING RD / CT-107. Follow REDDING RD. 5.7 miles. REDDING RD becomes CT-53. Go about 3 miles to the Restaurant, on the left at 41 Grassy Plain St. Bethel, CT 06801-2001

#### FROM BRIDGEPORT:

1. Take CT-15 SOUTH / MERRITT PKWY Exit 44 toward CT-58 / FAIRFIELD / REDDING.
2. Turn LEFT onto CONGRESS ST.
3. Turn RIGHT onto BLACK ROCK TURNPIKE / CT-58. Follow CT-58 about 15 miles.
4. Turn LEFT onto CT-302 / MILWAUKEE AVE.
5. Turn LEFT onto GREENWOOD AVE / CT-302 and go about 1.5 miles.
6. Turn SLIGHT RIGHT onto GRASSY PLAIN ST / CT-53. Go about .1 miles to the Restaurant, at 41 Grassy Plain St.

#### FROM HARTFORD & I-84:

1. Take I-84 to Exit 5, the Route 53 exit.
2. Take Route 53 south about 3.3 miles.
3. Tonelli's Restaurant is on the right, shortly before the light and intersection.

Tuesday January 22 - 7:30pm

#### **SCM Pool Party II**

Come and join Tom O'Neill (sandy pony tail, wire rim glasses) and other So. Conn Mensans for an evening of billiards, conversation and consumables. The second of two Pool Party events this month will be held at Buffalo Bill's Steak House, 650 Main St. (Route 25), Monroe CT. The restaurant and bar is in the corner of a

strip mall on the right hand side as you head towards Danbury from Monroe (there's a Subway restaurant in a small building by itself right nearby, on the same side of the road). There are seven coin-operated pool tables in the bar so bring your quarters (although change is always available from the bar). Google Maps link: <http://tinyurl.com/25fqyc>. This will be a monthly event. Questions? Contact Tom O'Neill at [doctec2@gmail.com](mailto:doctec2@gmail.com).

### **TENTATIVE SCHEDULE OF EVENTS FOR FEBRUARY**

Friday, February 8, 7:00

#### **Southern CT and Western MA Joint Dinner**

See above for details

Saturday, February 16, 6:30

#### **Monthly Dinner**

Southern CT Mensan member and author Jerry Brooker will speak about his recent **trip to Egypt and Israel**.

### **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](mailto: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.

C&WM Mensan Will Mackey is hosting Friday

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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 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.

## JANUARY

2, 9, 16, 23, 30 Wednesdays 12 Noon

### *West Hartford Lunch*

(WE) Wednesday lunch will be held at the Hometown Buffet in the Shaw's shopping plaza off Prospect St. West Hartford. All you can eat, cheap, and the service time is as fast as you can pick up your food!

From 84West: take exit #44 (Prospect). Cross through the light right into the plaza. From 84East: take exit #44 (Prospect). Take left at the light then a left at the next light (you will have crossed over Rte 84) and then a right into the plaza. There is a large selection of food for a modest cost. We will be seated at the front of the restaurant (away from the food counters). Contact: John Bentley, 860-644-0435

3, 10, 17, 24, 31 Thursdays 7:00 pm

### *Scrabble*

(ME) at Emmanuel Synagogue, 160 Mohegan Drive, West Hartford. Ellen Leonard, 860-667-1966 (Please call first to make sure this is happening today, canceled on Jewish holidays.)

4 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.

9 Wednesday 6:00 pm

### *Happy Hour in Madison*

(ME, 2nd Wed) This one is at the Dolly Madison Inn in south-central CT. The Dolly is located just off Route 1 at 73 West Wharf Road, Madison 06443, phone 203-245-7377. We'll meet around 6 PM. There is free lounge food for patrons, and there are burgers and salads to order if you like. Directions: Take I-95 to exit 61 Rt. 79. Go south on Rt. 79 toward Rt. 1 and Madison center for 0.5 mi. Take a right (west) onto Rt. 1 and drive 0.4 mi. to West Wharf Road. Take a left (south) on W. Wharf and drive 0.3 mi. to the Dolly Madison Inn. Parking is available next to the Inn and across the road in the large lot. Questions? Contact Joe Wonowski at 203-785-2998 weekdays, and 203-457-9770 evenings. Hope to see you there!

11 Friday 6:00 pm

### *Diner Dinner*

(semimonthly, 2nd and 4th Fridays) 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. Questions? For info, contact Howard Brender at 860-635-5673 or [howiebren@aol.com](mailto:howiebren@aol.com) Subject: Diner Dinner

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.

12 Saturday 9:00 am

**Breakfast**

(ME, 2nd Saturday) Gridlock Grille on Colman St., New London, CT. From both directions on I-95, take Frontage Road exit, turn off at Colman St. ramp, go left at end of ramp. Call Marge Cohen, 860-887-1297 for details.

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13 Sunday 10:00 am

**Breakfast**

(ME, 2nd Sunday) VFW Hall in Manchester. Sunday Brunch hosted by VFW Post 2046 in Manchester, CT from 9:30 AM to 11 am. Enjoy omelets made to order, scrambled eggs, pancakes, english muffins, coffee, tea, juices and more, all for \$6.00 pp. Meet you at the Post (608 E. Center St.) around 9:30 am. Take Rtes. 44/6 east thru town until E. Center joins E. Middle Tpke. The Post is on the right side. Need more info? Call Bill Vincent at 860-646-3007 or email w-vincent@sbcglobal.net for details.

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17 Thursday 6:30 pm

**Pioneer Valley Dinner**

(ME, 3rd Thursday) ) at The Student Prince at 8 Fort Street in Springfield, Mass. We welcome all comers, even those from south of the border. :-). Since I will need to make a reservation at the restaurant, folks will need to RSVP by January 14th to Ian Fraser ianfraser@usa.net

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18 Friday 7:00 pm

**Vernon Diner Dinner**

(ME, 3rd Friday) Dinner at the Vernon Diner on Rt. 30. We'll gather beginning at 7:00. Directions from the intersection of I-84 & I-91 in Hartford: Take I-84 East about 10 miles to Exit 65. Stay in the right hand lane to go up Rt. 30 about 3/4 of a mile and the Vernon Diner will be on your left next to the Howard Johnson's motel. Look for the yellow balloon at our table. Contact Bob Smith at 860-872-3106 or BoboRobDOS@snet.net

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25 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

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25 Friday 6:00 pm

**Diner Dinner**

(semimonthly, 2nd and 4th Fridays) 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. Questions? For info, contact Barb Holstein at 860-632-7873 or 860-793-4410 or email BarbCPA@att.net, Subject: Diner Dinner

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26 Saturday 2:30 pm

**Book Discussion**

*How to Think Like Leonardo da Vinci: Seven Steps to Genius Every Day* by Michael J. Gelb, at Pam Guinan's house at 2:30 pm on Saturday 1/26/2008. As this is a book of exercises, it might be cool for each of us to select an exercise or two ad libitum, and then share our experiences at the discussion. All welcome to join in (kibitzing specialists included); contact Pam Guinan at 860-563-5761.

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30 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.

**REGIONAL GATHERING**

FEBRUARY 15 – 17

**NEW HAMPSHIRE REGIONAL GATHERING**

The perfect gathering for our hectic lives, **Celeb8 '08**. Go through the whole year in one weekend. New Year's champagne toast, Easter Egg hunt, Fourth of July Bar-B-Q, and Halloween costume party, all between Friday February 15th and Sunday February 17th. Of course there will be excellent hospitality, great games tournaments, and excellent speakers. Join us in Nashua NH, and party the year away. Registration costs \$75 and includes all meals for the weekend. Registrar is Deb Stone (603) 856-7055. Contact RG Chair Walter Wakefield at (877) 436-7250 for prices and hotel information.

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*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

[www.KickComics.com](http://www.KickComics.com)

**FROM THE REGIONAL VICE CHAIRMAN****LORI NORRIS****RVCHAT**

As I write this column, I'm sitting in my nice warm den, watching the snow fall and feeling very cozy, comfortable, and peaceful. This is the season's first major snow storm here in Rhode Island. When I arrive home earlier this afternoon and pulled into the driveway, I realized that the snow reached the undercarriage of my little Toyota. Shoveling would begin later, may as well let it pile up. I lugged bags of Christmas gifts into the house from the car. With the help of many of my co-workers, Ron and I have "adopted" a family from his school for Christmas. We are providing toys, games, winter clothing, underwear, etc. to seven children and some warm winter clothing and grocery gift certificates to their parents. Since I am the organizer, I get the privilege of wrapping and packaging the gifts. Since I was home early from work due to the storm, I started sorting and wrapping and counting gifts (can't short-change any of the kids). As I'm in the midst of this mess, I hear a noise at my backdoor. I peak out and what do I see, no not Santa but almost as good. The lad from across the street is shoveling my drive and has already done the sidewalk. I thanked him and offered him a tip, but he refused just saying he wanted to do it. I then made a deal to pay him for the next storm and told him how much I appreciated. Is there a moral of this story? I don't know, but it felt good to be doing something to help someone else out and at the same time having someone do a good deed for me. 'Tis the season, but I know that there are a lot of Mensans who are generous with our time, energy and resources year round.

The New Year is a traditional time for making (and breaking) resolutions. Over the past few years I've given up making any of the standard resolutions. My resolutions now revolve around happiness for my family, my friends and, of course, myself. But I also try to find ways to spread happiness to others by supporting what I consider to be worthwhile charitable organizations. A couple times this past year, I've been involved with sending care packages and books to our troops. It is amazing how good it feels to do something for someone else without seeking a reward for doing so.

February and the NH Granite Gathering are approaching. "Celebr8 '08" will be held the weekend of February 15 – 17, 2008 at the Radisson in Nashua. Always a great party. We're registered. For those of you who haven't heard this story before, Ron and I got married on the way to this RG in 2001. We even showed up with a wedding cake. Check out <http://www.nh.us.mensa.org/forms/2008NHRGRreg.pdf> for a registration form and additional information. We're going to be celebrating the whole year in one weekend. Best wishes to you and your families for a happy and healthy new year.

Lori

## GOOD WINE CHEAP

*(and good food to go with it)*

This month's column is inspired by our recent trip to Russia. It is a vast and beautiful country with grand palaces, ancient churches, friendly people and an overwhelming sense of history. The newfound gas and oil wealth appears to be driving a construction boom in both Moscow and St. Petersburg. The impact upon the smaller towns in between was not so clear.

The food on the trip was excellent and varied. It could be accompanied by Vodka (of course) and by inexpensive local sparkling wines referred to as "Russian Champagne". I have not been able to locate this rather pleasant Russian Champagne back home. So when our gourmet group got together last month to sample Russian cuisine, we tried several affordable sparkling wines from around the world and the United States.

The clear winner from this wine tasting was an American wine, Domaine Saint-Vincent of Albuquerque, New Mexico. This yellow gold sparkler is a non-vintage brut made by the traditional "Methode Champenoise" (fermentation in the bottle). It starts with a citrus and vanilla nose. The taste is crisp, lively and complex with an almost creamy combination of apple, lemon and mineral. The other wines, a Cava from Spain and a Prosecco from Italy, paled in comparison. The Domaine Saint-Vincent matched well with the recipe below. I have found it in several stores in our area for between \$9 and \$11 a bottle.

## CHICKEN GORKY

(We found this recipe on several websites; but, this one is from rusculine.com)

Ingredients:

3 lb Chicken breasts boneless  
 2 oz Vodka heated  
 1 tbsp Tomato paste  
 5 tbsp Butter  
 1 tbsp Flour  
 1-1/2 cup Sour cream or plain yogurt  
 4 tbsp Feta cheese crumbled  
 1/2 tsp Pepper  
 1/2 tsp Salt  
 1/2 tsp Dried parsley  
 1 Garlic clove minced  
 3/4 cup Chicken broth  
 1/4 cup Onion chopped.

Brown chicken in butter with the chopped onions. Pour heated vodka over the chicken & onions. Add the garlic, salt, pepper, & parsley. Remove chicken from the pan, dredge in the flour, add the tomato paste, & chicken broth to the pan. Stir-in the sour cream & feta cheese. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Add the chicken again to the mixture, reduce heat and simmer for 20-30 minutes. Arrange the chicken in a deep casserole dish. NOTE\*\*\* Now this dish may be frozen or refrigerated for later cooking to finish. Pour the mixture over the chicken and cook in preheated 350 degree F oven and cook for 20 minutes or until brown on top. To ensure safety, heat the Vodka before adding it to the cooking chicken. You can just place it in a Pyrex measuring cup and put it in the microwave for just a few seconds.

*I hope that you will contact me with your comments and favorite wines at [jgrover@berk.com](mailto:jgrover@berk.com). I will be happy to share them with the broader Mensa group.*

*John Grover is a member of Mensa of Northeastern New York. He lives with his wife Sharon in the Hudson Valley of New York.*

**RUMINATIONS**

## THE PRINCIPLES OF SUCCESS IN LITERATURE

George Henry Lewes (1817-1878)

## CHAPTER II

## The Principle of Vision

All good Literature rests primarily on insight. All bad Literature rests upon imperfect insight, or upon imitation, which may be defined as seeing at second-hand.

There are men of clear insight who never become authors: some, because no sufficient solicitation from internal or external impulses makes them bond their energies to the task of giving literary expression to their thoughts; and some, because they lack the adequate powers of literary expression. But no man, be his felicity and facility of expression what they may, ever produces good Literature unless he sees for himself, and sees clearly. It is the very claim and purpose of Literature to show others what they failed to see. Unless a man sees this clearly for himself how can he show it to others?

Literature delivers tidings of the world within and the world without. It tells of the facts which have been witnessed, reproduces the emotions which have been felt. It places before the reader symbols which represent the absent facts, or the relations of these to other facts; and by the vivid presentation of the symbols of emotion kindles the emotive sympathy of readers. The art of selecting the fitting symbols, and of so arranging them as to be intelligible and kindling, distinguishes the great writer from the great thinker; it is an art which also relies on clear insight.

The value of the tidings brought by Literature is determined by their authenticity. At all times the air is noisy with rumours, but the real business of life is transacted on clear insight and authentic speech. False tidings and idle rumours may for an hour clamorously usurp attention, because they are believed to be true; but the cheat is soon discovered, and the rumour dies. In like manner Literature which is unauthentic may succeed as long as it is believed to be true: that is, so long as our intellects have not discovered the falseness of its pretensions, and our

feelings have not disowned sympathy with its expressions. These may be truisms, but they are constantly disregarded. Writers have seldom any steadfast conviction that it is of primary necessity for them to deliver tidings about what they themselves have seen and felt. Perhaps their intimate consciousness assures them that what they have seen or felt is neither new nor important. It may not be new, it may not be intrinsically important; nevertheless, if authentic, it has its value, and a far greater value than anything reported by them at second-hand. We cannot demand from every man that he have unusual depth of insight or exceptional experience; but we demand of him that he give us of his best, and his best cannot be another's. The facts seen through the vision of another, reported on the witness of another, may be true, but the reporter cannot vouch for them. Let the original observer speak for himself. Otherwise only rumours are set afloat. If you have never seen an acid combine with a base you cannot instructively speak to me of salts; and this, of course, is true in a more emphatic degree with reference to more complex matters.

Personal experience is the basis of all real Literature. The writer must have thought the thoughts, seen the objects (with bodily or mental vision), and felt the feelings; otherwise he can have no power over us. Importance does not depend on rarity so much as on authenticity. The massacre of a distant tribe, which is heard through the report of others, falls far below the heart-shaking effect of a murder committed in our presence. Our sympathy with the unknown victim may originally have been as torpid as that with the unknown tribe; but it has been kindled by the swift and vivid suggestions of details visible to us as spectators; whereas a severe and continuous effort of imagination is needed to call up the kindling suggestions of the distant massacre.

So little do writers appreciate the importance of direct vision and experience, that they are in general silent about what they themselves have seen and felt, copious in reporting the experience of others. Nay, they are urgently prompted to say what they know others think, and what consequently they themselves may be expected to think. They are as if dismayed at their own individuality, and suppress all traces of it in

order to catch the general tone. Such men may, indeed, be of service in the ordinary commerce of Literature as distributors. All I wish to point out is that they are distributors, not producers. The commerce may be served by second-hand reporters, no less than by original seers; but we must understand this service to be commercial and not literary. The common stock of knowledge gains from it no addition. The man who detects a new fact, a new property in a familiar substance, adds to the science of the age; but the man who expounds the whole system of the universe on the reports of others, unenlightened by new conceptions of his own, does not add a grain to the common store. Great writers may all be known by their solicitude about authenticity. A common incident, a simple phenomenon, which has been a part of their experience, often undergoes what may be called "a transfiguration" in their souls, and issues in the form of Art; while many world-agitating events in which they have not been actors, or majestic phenomena of which they were never spectators, are by them left to the unhesitating incompetence of writers who imagine that fine subjects make fine works. Either the great writer leaves such materials untouched, or he employs them as the vehicle of more cherished, because more authenticated tidings, - he paints the ruin of an empire as the scenic background for his picture of the distress of two simple hearts. The inferior writer, because he lays no emphasis on authenticity, cannot understand this avoidance of imposing themes. Condemned by naive incapacity to be a reporter, and not a seer, he hopes to shine by the reflected glory of his subjects. It is natural in him to mistake ambitious art for high art. He does not feel that the best is the highest.

I do not assert that inferior writers abstain from the familiar and trivial. On the contrary, as imitators, they imitate everything which great writers have shown to be sources of interest. But their bias is towards great subjects. They make no new ventures in the direction of personal experience. They are silent on all that they have really seen for themselves. Unable to see the deep significance of what is common, they spontaneously turn towards the uncommon.

There is, at the present day, a fashion in Literature, and in Art generally, which is very deplorable, and which may, on a superficial

glance, appear at variance with what has just been said. The fashion is that of coat-and-waist-coat realism, a creeping timidity of invention, moving almost exclusively amid scenes of drawing-room existence, with all the reticences and pettinesses of drawing-room conventions. Artists have become photographers, and have turned the camera upon the vulgarities of life, instead of representing the more impassioned movements of life. The majority of books and pictures are addressed to our lower faculties; they make no effort as they have no power to stir our deeper emotions by the contagion of great ideas. Little that makes life noble and solemn is reflected in the Art of our day; to amuse a languid audience seems its highest aim. Seeing this, some of my readers may ask whether the artists have not been faithful to the law I have expounded, and chosen to paint the small things they have seen, rather than the great things they have not seen? The answer is simple. For the most part the artists have not painted what they have seen, but have been false and conventional in their pretended realism. And whenever they have painted truly, they have painted successfully. The authenticity of their work has given it all the value which in the nature of things such work could have. Titian's portrait of "The Young Man with a Glove" is a great work of art, though not of great art. It is infinitely higher than a portrait of Cromwell, by a painter unable to see into the great soul of Cromwell, and to make us see it; but it is infinitely lower than Titian's "Tribute Money," "Peter the Martyr," or the "Assumption." Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" is incomparably greater as a poem than Mr. Bailey's ambitious "Festus;" but the "Northern Farmer" is far below "Ulysses" or "Guinevere," because moving on a lower level, and recording the facts of a lower life.

Insight is the first condition of Art. Yet many a man who has never been beyond his village will be silent about that which he knows well, and will fancy himself called upon to speak of the tropics or the Andes - on the reports of others. Never having seen a greater man than the parson and the squire and not having seen into them - he selects Cromwell and Plato, Raphael and Napoleon, as his models, in the vain belief that these impressive personalities will make his work impressive. Of course I am speaking figuratively. By "never having been beyond his village,"

I understand a mental no less than topographical limitation. The penetrating sympathy of genius will, even from a village, traverse the whole world. What I mean is, that unless by personal experience, no matter through what avenues, a man has gained clear insight into the facts of life, he cannot successfully place them before us; and whatever insight he has gained, be it of important or of unimportant facts, will be of value if truly reproduced. No sunset is precisely similar to another, no two souls are affected by it in a precisely similar way. Thus may the commonest phenomenon have a novelty. To the eye that can read aright there is an infinite variety even in the most ordinary human being. But to the careless indiscriminating eye all individuality is merged in a misty generality. Nature and men yield nothing new to such a mind. Of what avail is it for a man to walk out into the tremulous mists of morning, to watch the slow sunset, and wait for the rising stars, if he can tell us nothing about these but what others have already told us - if he feels nothing but what others have already felt? Let a man look for himself and tell truly what he sees. We will listen to that. We must listen to it, for its very authenticity has a subtle power of compulsion. What others have seen and felt we can learn better from their own lips.

II.

I have not yet explained in any formal manner what the nature of that insight is which constitutes what I have named the Principle of Vision; although doubtless the reader has gathered its meaning from the remarks already made. For the sake of future applications of the principle to the various questions of philosophical criticism which must arise in the course of this inquiry, it may be needful here to explain (as I have already explained elsewhere) how the chief intellectual operations - Perception, Inference, Reasoning, and Imagination - may be viewed as so many forms of mental vision.

Perception, as distinguished from Sensation, is the presentation before Consciousness of the details which once were present in conjunction with the object at this moment affecting Sense. These details are inferred to be still in conjunction with the object, although not revealed to Sense. Thus when an apple is perceived by me,

who merely see it, all that Sense reports is of a certain coloured surface: the roundness, the firmness, the fragrance, and the taste of the apple are not present to Sense, but are made present to Consciousness by the act of Perception. The eye sees a certain coloured surface; the mind sees at the same instant many other co-existent but unapparent facts - it reinstates in their due order these unapparent facts. Were it not for this mental vision supplying the deficiencies of ocular vision, the coloured surface would be an enigma. But the suggestion of Sense rapidly recalls the experiences previously associated with the object. The apparent facts disclose the facts that are unapparent. Inference is only a higher form of the same process. We look from the window, see the dripping leaves and the wet ground, and infer that rain has fallen. It is on inferences of this kind that all knowledge depends. The extension of the known to the unknown, of the apparent to the unapparent, gives us Science. Except in the grandeur of its sweep, the mind pursues the same course in the interpretation of geological facts as in the interpretation of the ordinary incidents of daily experience. To read the pages of the great Stone Book, and to perceive from the wet streets that rain has recently fallen, are forms of the same intellectual process. In the one case the inference traverses immeasurable spaces of time, connecting the apparent facts with causes (unapparent facts) similar to those which have been associated in experience with such results; in the other case the inference connects wet streets and swollen gutters with causes which have been associated in experience with such results. Let the inference span with its mighty arch a myriad of years, or link together the events of a few minutes, in each case the arch rises from the ground of familiar facts, and reaches an antecedent which is known to be a cause capable of producing them.

The mental vision by which in Perception we see the unapparent details - i.e., by which sensations formerly co-existing with the one now affecting us are reinstated under the form of ideas which REPRESENT the objects - is a process implied in all Ratiocination, which also presents an IDEAL SERIES, such as would be a series of sensations, if the objects themselves were before us. A chain of reasoning is a chain of inferences: IDEAL presentations of objects

and relations not apparent to Sense, or not presentable to Sense. Could we realise all the links in this chain, by placing the objects in their actual order as a VISIBLE series, the reasoning would be a succession of perceptions. Thus the path of a planet is seen by reason to be an ellipse. It would be perceived as a fact, if we were in a proper position and endowed with the requisite means of following the planet in its course; but not having this power, we are reduced to infer the unapparent points in its course from the points which are apparent. We see them mentally. Correct reasoning is the ideal assemblage of objects in their actual order of co-existence and succession. It is seeing with the mind's eye. False reasoning is owing to some misplacement of the order of objects, or to the omission of some links in the chain, or to the introduction of objects not properly belonging to the series. It is distorted or defective vision. The terrified traveller sees a highwayman in what is really a sign-post in the twilight; and in the twilight of knowledge, the terrified philosopher sees a Pestilence foreshadowed by an eclipse.

Let attention also be called to one great source of error, which is also a great source of power, namely, that much of our thinking is carried on by signs instead of images. We use words as signs of objects; these suffice to carry on the train of inference, when very few images of the objects are called up. Let any one attend to his thoughts and he will be surprised to find how rare and indistinct in general are the images of objects which arise before his mind. If he says "I shall take a cab and get to the railway by the shortest cut," it is ten to one that he forms no image of cab or railway, and but a very vague image of the streets through which the shortest cut will lead. Imaginative minds see images where ordinary minds see nothing but signs: this is a source of power; but it is also a source of weakness; for in the practical affairs of life, and in the theoretical investigations of philosophy, a too active imagination is apt to distract the attention and scatter the energies of the mind.

In complex trains of thought signs are indispensable. The images, when called up, are only vanishing suggestions: they disappear before they are more than half formed. And yet it is because

signs are thus substituted for images (paper transacting the business of money) that we are so easily imposed upon by verbal fallacies and meaningless phrases. A scientific man of some eminence was once taken in by a wag, who gravely asked him whether he had read Bunsen's paper on the MALLEABILITY of light. He confessed that he had not read it: "Bunsen sent it to me, but I've not had time to look into it."

The degree in which each mind habitually substitutes signs for images will be, CETERIS PARIBUS, the degree in which it is liable to error. This is not contradicted by the fact that mathematical, astronomical, and physical reasonings may, when complex, be carried on more successfully by the employment of signs; because in these cases the signs themselves accurately represent the abstractness of the relations. Such sciences deal only with relations, and not with objects; hence greater simplification ensures greater accuracy. But no sooner do we quit this sphere of abstractions to enter that of concrete things, than the use of symbols becomes a source of weakness. Vigorous and effective minds habitually deal with concrete images. This is notably the case with poets and great literates. Their vision is keener than that of other men. However rapid and remote their flight of thought, it is a succession of images, not of abstractions. The details which give significance, and which by us are seen vaguely as through a vanishing mist, are by them seen in sharp outlines. The image which to us is a mere suggestion, is to them almost as vivid as the object. And it is because they see vividly that they can paint effectively.

Most readers will recognise this to be true of poets, but will doubt its application to philosophers, because imperfect psychology and unscientific criticism have disguised the identity of intellectual processes until it has become a paradox to say that imagination is not less indispensable to the philosopher than to the poet. The paradox falls directly we restate the proposition thus: both poet and philosopher draw their power from the energy of their mental vision - an energy which disengages the mind from the somnolence of habit and from the pressure of obtrusive sensations. In general men are passive under Sense and the routine of habitual infer-

ences. They are unable to free themselves from the importunities of the apparent facts and apparent relations which solicit their attention; and when they make room for unapparent facts it is only for those which are familiar to their minds. Hence they can see little more than what they have been taught to see; they can only think what they have been taught to think. For independent vision, and original conception, we must go to children and men of genius. The spontaneity of the one is the power of the other. Ordinary men live among marvels and feel no wonder, grow familiar with objects and learn nothing new about them. Then comes an independent mind which sees; and it surprises us to find how servile we have been to habit and opinion, how blind to what we also might have seen, had we used our eyes. The link, so long hidden, has now been made visible to us. We hasten to make it visible to others. But the flash of light which revealed that obscured object does not help us to discover others. Darkness still conceals much that we do not even suspect. We continue our routine. We always think our views correct and complete; if we thought otherwise they would cease to be our views; and when the man of keener insight discloses our error, and reveals relations hitherto unsuspected, we learn to see with his eyes and exclaim: "Now surely we have got the truth."

III.

A child is playing with a piece of paper and brings it near the flame of a candle; another child looks on. Both are completely absorbed by the objects, both are ignorant or oblivious of the relation between the combustible object and the flame: a relation which becomes apparent only when the paper is alight. What is called the thoughtlessness of childhood prevents their seeing this unapparent fact; it is a fact which has not been sufficiently impressed upon their experience so as to form an indissoluble element in their conception of the two in juxtaposition. Whereas in the mind of the nurse this relation is so vividly impressed that no sooner does the paper approach the flame than the unapparent fact becomes almost as visible as the objects, and a warning is given. She sees what the children do not, or cannot see. It has become part of her organised experience.

The superiority of one mind over another depends on the rapidity with which experiences are thus organised. The superiority may be general or special: it may manifest itself in a power of assimilating very various experiences, so as to have manifold relations familiar to it, or in a power of assimilating very special relations, so as to constitute a distinctive aptitude for one branch of art or science. The experience which is thus organised must of course have been originally a direct object of consciousness, either as an impressive fact or impressive inference. Unless the paper had been seen to burn, no one could know that contact with flame would consume it. By a vivid remembrance the experience of the past is made available to the present, so that we do not need actually to burn paper once more, - we see the relation mentally. In like manner Newton did not need to go through the demonstrations of many complex problems, they flashed upon him as he read the propositions; they were seen by him in that rapid glance, as they would have been made visible through the slower process of demonstration. A good chemist does not need to test many a proposition by bringing actual gases or acids into operation, and seeing the result; he FORE-SEES the result: his mental vision of the objects and their properties is so keen, his experience is so organised, that the result which would be visible in an experiment, is visible to him in an intuition. A fine poet has no need of the actual presence of men and women under the fluctuating impatience of emotion, or under the steadfast hopelessness of grief; he needs no setting sun before his window, under it no sullen sea. These are all visible, and their fluctuations are visible. He sees the quivering lip, the agitated soul; he hears the aching cry, and the dreary wash of waves upon the beach.

The writer who pretends to instruct us should first assure himself that he has clearer vision of the things he speaks of, - knows them and their qualities, if not better than we, at least with some distinctive knowledge. Otherwise he should announce himself as a mere echo, a middleman, a distributor. Our need is for more light. This can be given only by an independent seer who  
"Lends a precious seeing to the eye."

All great authors are seers. "Perhaps if we

should meet Shakspeare," says Emerson, "we should not be conscious of any steep inferiority: no, but of great equality; only he possessed a strange skill of using, of classifying his facts, which we lacked. For, notwithstanding our utter incapacity to preduce anything like HAMLET or OTHELLO, we see the perfect reception this wit and immense knowledge of life and liquid eloquence find in us all." This aggrandisement of our common stature rests on questionable ground. If our capacity of being moved by Shakspeare discloses a community, our incapacity of producing HAMLET no less discloses our inferiority. It is certain that could we meet Shakspeare we should find him strikingly like ourselves - -with the same faculties, the same sensibilities, though not in the same degree. The secret of his power over us lies, of course, in our having the capacity to appreciate him. Yet we seeing him in the unimpassioned moods of daily life, it is more than probable that we should see nothing in him but what was ordinary; nay, in some qualities he would seem inferior. Heroes require a perspective. They are men who look superhuman only when elevated on the pedestals of their achievements. In ordinary life they look like ordinary men; not that they are of the common mould, but seem so because their uncommon qualities are not then called forth. Superiority requires an occasion. The common man is helpless in an emergency: assailed by contradictory suggestions, or confused by his inca-

capacity, he cannot see his way. The hour of emergency finds a hero calm and strong, and strong because calm and clear-sighted; he sees what can be done, and does it. This is often a thing of great simplicity, so that we marvel others did not see it. Now it has been done, and proved successful, many underrate its value, thinking that they also would have done precisely the same thing. The world is more just. It refuses to men unassailed by the difficulties of a situation the glory they have not earned. The world knows how easy most things appear when they have once been done. We can all make the egg stand on end after Columbus.

Shakspeare, then, would probably not impress us with a sense of our inferiority if we were to meet him tomorrow. Most likely we should be bitterly disappointed; because, having formed our conception of him as the man who wrote HAMLET and OTHELLO we forget that these were not the products of his ordinary moods, but the manifestations of his power at white heat. In ordinary moods he must be very much as ordinary men, and it is in these we meet him. How notorious is the astonishment of friends and associates when any man's achievements suddenly emerge into renown. "They could never have believed it." Why should they? Knowing him only as one of their circle, and not being gifted with the penetration which discerns a latent energy, but only with the

#### PLEASE NOTE:

In order to address privacy concerns regarding members' personal information appearing in the Chronicle, which is currently available to the general public through the Newsletter archive on the Southern Connecticut Mensa website (<http://scm66.org>), we are about to implement a "Members Only" area. When this feature of the website is activated, the Newsletter Archive will no longer be available to the general public - it will only be available to current SCM members.

During the next few weeks, SCM members who receive the Chronicle via email will receive an email message from Tom O'Neill, the SCM Webmaster. This will include instructions for accessing the "Members Only" area.

If you receive our newsletter via regular mail, we do not have your email address (or were asked not to use it). To gain access to the Members Only area of the site, you will need to contact Tom through the "SCM66 Webmaster" contact link on the homepage of the site.

Once the "Members Only" portion of the website is in place, there are plans to create an online hub, through which SCM members can communicate and exchange ideas and information with one another. Because this area of the site will not be available to the general public, members' privacy will be secured.

vision which discerns apparent results, they are taken by surprise. Nay, so biased are we by superficial judgments, that we frequently ignore the palpable fact of achieved excellence simply because we cannot reconcile it with our judgment of the man who achieved it. The deed has been done, the work written, the picture painted; it is before the world, and the world is ringing with applause. There is no doubt whatever that the man whose name is in every mouth did the work; but because our personal impressions of him do not correspond with our conceptions of a powerful man, we abate or withdraw our admiration, and attribute his success to lucky accident. This blear-eyed, taciturn, timid man, whose knowledge of many things is manifestly imperfect, whose inaptitude for many things is apparent, can HE be the creator of such glorious works? Can HE be the large and patient thinker, the delicate humourist, the impassioned poet? Nature seems to have answered this question for us; yet so little are we inclined to accept Nature's emphatic testimony on this point, that few of us ever see without disappointment the man whose works have revealed his greatness.

It stands to reason that we should not rightly appreciate Shakspeare if we were to meet him simply because we should meet him as an ordinary man, and not as the author of HAMLET. Yet if we had a keen insight we should detect even in his quiet talk the marks of an original mind. We could not, of course, divine, without evidence, how deep and clear his insight, how mighty his power over grand representative symbols, how prodigal his genius: these only could appear on adequate occasions. But we should notice that he had an independent way of looking at things. He would constantly bring before us some latent fact, some unsuspected relation, some resemblance between dissimilar things. We should feel that his utterances were not echoes. If therefore, in these moments of equable serenity, his mind glancing over trivial things saw them with great clearness, we might infer that in moments of intense activity his mind gazing steadfastly on important things, would see wonderful visions, where to us all was vague and shifting. During our quiet walk with him across the fields he said little, or little that was memorable; but his eye was taking in the varying forms and relations of objects, and slowly feeding his mind with images. The com-

mon hedge-row, the gurgling brook, the waving corn, the shifting cloud-architecture, and the sloping uplands, have been seen by us a thousand times, but they show us nothing new; they have been seen by him a thousand times, and each time with fresh interest, and fresh discovery. If he describe that walk he will surprise us with revelations: we can then and thereafter see all that he points out; but we needed his vision to direct our own. And it is one of the incalculable influences of poetry that each new revelation is an education of the eye and the feelings. We learn to see and feel Nature in a far clearer and profounder way, now that we have been taught to look by poets. The incurious unimpassioned gaze of the Alpine peasant on the scenes which mysteriously and profoundly affect the cultivated tourist, is the gaze of one who has never been taught to look. The greater sensibility of educated Europeans to influences which left even the poetic Greeks unmoved, is due to the directing vision of successive poets.

The great difficulty which besets us all - Shakspeares and others, but Shakspeares less than others - is the difficulty of disengaging the mind from the thralldom of sensation and habit, and escaping from the pressure of objects immediately present, or of ideas which naturally emerge, linked together as they are by old associations. We have to see anew, to think anew. It requires great vigour to escape from the old and spontaneously recurrent trains of thought. And as this vigour is native, not acquired, my readers may, perhaps, urge the futility of expounding with so much pains a principle of success in Literature which, however indispensable, must be useless as a guide; they may object that although good Literature rests on insight, there is nothing to be gained by saying "unless a man have the requisite insight he will not succeed." But there is something to be gained. In the first place, this is an analytical inquiry into the conditions of success: it aims at discriminating the leading principles which inevitably determine success. In the second place, supposing our analysis of the conditions to be correct, practical guidance must follow. We cannot, it is true, gain clearness of vision simply by recognising its necessity; but by recognising its necessity we are taught to seek for it as a primary condition of success; we are forced to come to an understanding with ourselves as to whether we have

or have not a distinct vision of the thing we speak of, whether we are seers or reporters, whether the ideas and feelings have been thought and felt by us as part and parcel of our own individual experience, or have been echoed by us from the books and conversation of others? We can always ask, are we painting farm-houses or fairies because these are genuine visions of our own, or only because farm-houses and fairies have been successfully painted by others, and are poetic material?

The man who first saw an acid redden a vegetable-blue, had something to communicate; and the man who first saw (mentally) that all acids redden vegetable-blues, had something to communicate. But no man can do this again. In the course of his teaching he may have frequently to report the fact; but this repetition is not of much value unless it can be made to disclose some new relation. And so of other and more complex cases. Every sincere man can determine for himself whether he has any authentic tidings to communicate; and although no man can hope to discover much that is actually new, he ought to assure himself that even what is old in his work has been authenticated by his own experience. He should not even speak of acids reddening vegetable-blues upon mere hearsay, unless he is speaking figuratively. All his facts should have been verified by himself, all his ideas should have been thought by himself. In proportion to the fulfilment of this condition will be his success; in proportion to its non-fulfilment, his failure.

Literature in its vast extent includes writers of three different classes, and in speaking of success we must always be understood to mean the acceptance each writer gains in his own class; otherwise a flashy novelist might seem more successful than a profound poet; a clever compiler more successful than an original discoverer.

The Primary Class is composed of the born seers - men who see for themselves and who originate. These are poets, philosophers, discoverers. The Secondary Class is composed of men less puissant in faculty, but genuine also in their way, who travel along the paths opened by the great originators, and also point out many a side-path and shorter cut. They reproduce and

vary the materials furnished by others, but they do this, not as echoes only, they authenticate their tidings, they take care to see what the discoverers have taught them to see, and in consequence of this clear vision they are enabled to arrange and modify the materials so as to produce new results. The Primary Class is composed of men of genius; the Secondary Class of men of talent. It not unfrequently happens, especially in philosophy and science, that the man of talent may confer a lustre on the original invention; he takes it up a nugget and lays it down a coin. Finally, there is the largest class of all, comprising the Imitators in Art, and the Compilers in Philosophy. These bring nothing to the general stock. They are sometimes (not often) useful; but it is as cornfactors, not as corn-growers. They sometimes do good service by distributing knowledge where otherwise it might never penetrate; but in general their work is more hurtful than beneficial: hurtful, because it is essentially bad work, being insincere work, and because it stands in the way of better work.

Even among Imitators and Compilers there are almost infinite degrees of merit and demerit: echoes of echoes reverberating echoes in endless succession; compilations of all degrees of worth and worthlessness. But, as will be shown hereafter, even in this lower sphere the worth of the work is strictly proportional to the Vision, Sincerity, and Beauty; so that an imitator whose eye is keen for the forms he imitates, whose speech is honest, and whose talent has grace, will by these very virtues rise almost to the Secondary Class, and will secure an honourable success.

I have as yet said but little, and that incidentally, of the part played by the Principle of Vision in Art. Many readers who will admit the principle in Science and Philosophy, may hesitate in extending it to Art, which, as they conceive, draws its inspirations from the Imagination. Properly understood there is no discrepancy between the two opinions; and in the next chapter I shall endeavour to show how Imagination is only another form of this very Principle of Vision which we have been considering.

## PUZZLES & QUESTIONS

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

1. How much does smoking shorten one's lifespan?
2. Which are more truthful, biographies or autobiographies?
3. How many airline flights are there in the U.S. every day?
4. What was the best war novel ever written?

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### ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES:

2. What percentage of computer hard drives fail each year?  
A: According to computer hard drive manufacturers, about .5 - .8% of drives fail each year. There are other problems that cause data loss, however. The Australian Consumer Association estimates that about 8% of notebook computers and 10% of desktop PC's need repair each year.
4. How many U.S. states have the official title of "commonwealth"?  
A: Four - Kentucky, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. Puerto Rico and the Northern Mariana Islands, which are self-governing Territories, also call themselves commonwealths.
6. How many states does Amtrak serve?  
A: Amtrak provides train service in 46 states. It does not serve Hawaii, Alaska, or South Dakota at all. It doesn't have rail service in Wyoming but it still runs Motorcoaches to the state.

## NOTED AND QUOTED

To play billiards well is a sign of an ill-spent youth. - *Charles Roupell, 19th century Englishman*

There is no rule more invariable than that we are paid for our suspicions by finding what we suspect. - *Henry David Thoreau, (1817 - 1862)*

Our importance comes from the decisions we make. - *Jean Paul Sartre, (1905 - 1980)*

Men of ideas, the porters of ideas, achieve absolutely nothing - except that they then achieve immortality - because everyone who patiently, gladly, and gratefully gives himself solely to carrying the idea is immortal. But they achieve absolutely nothing ... Their significance is really just to give the human race something to talk about. - *Soren Kierkegaard, (1813 - 1855), Danish philosopher and theologian*

We sometimes get all the information, but we refuse to get the message. - *Cullen Hightower, (1923 - ), U.S. salesman and sales trainer*

It is not love we should have painted as blind, but self-love. - *Voltaire, (1694 - 1778)*

Those having lamps will pass them on to others. - *Plato, (428 - 347 B.C.E), The Republic*

Truth is one forever absolute, but opinion is truth filtered through the moods, the blood, the disposition of the spectator. - *Wendell Phillips, (1811 - 1884), U.S. abolitionist, reformer*

Writing is the only way to talk without being interrupted. - *Jules Renard, (1864 - 1910), French novelist and playwright*

Titles distinguish the mediocre, embarrass the superior, and are disgraced by the inferior. - *George Bernard Shaw, (1856 - 1950)*

As long as you live, keep learning how to live. - *Marcus Annaeus Seneca, (4/5 B.C.E.? - 65 A.D.); Roman dramatist, poet, philosopher, and statesman.*

If I had my whole life to live over again, I don't think I'd have the strength. - *Flip Wilson, (1933 - 1998), U.S. comedian*

I try to take one day at a time, but sometimes several days attack me at once. - *Ashleigh Brilliant, (1933 - ), U.S. writer and epigrammist*

I am always with myself, and it is I who am my tormentor. - *Leo Tolstoy, (1828 - 1910)*

The essence of pleasure is spontaneity. - *Germaine Greer, (1939 - ), Australian writer, journalist, feminist*

We all know we are unique individuals, but we tend to see others as representatives of groups. - *Deborah Tannen, (1945 - ), U.S. professor of linguistics*

A learned blockhead is a greater blockhead than an ignorant one. - *Benjamin Franklin, (1706 - 1790)*

All of life is a dispute over taste and tasting. - *Friedrich Nietzsche, (1844 - 1900)*

A novelist may lose his readers for a few pages; a playwright never dares lose his audience for a minute. - *Terence Rattigan, (1911 - 1977), English dramatist*

One thought fills immensity. - *William Blake, (1757 - 1827), English poet and painter*

They are not long, the days of wine and roses. - *Ernest Dowson, (1867 - 1900), English poet*

Nothing is repeated and everything is unparalleled. - *Edmond (1822 - 1896) and Jules de Goncourt (1830-70), English novelists*

Every vice has its excuse ready. - *Publilius Syrus, (c. 100 B.C.E.), Roman slave and poet*

Virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm. - *John Dryden, (1631 - 1700), English poet and dramatist*

The test of a vocation is the love of the drudgery it involves. - *Logan Pearsall Smith, (1865 - 1946), U.S.-born English writer*

Books succeed / And lives fail. - *Elizabeth Barrett Browning, (1806 - 1861), English poet*

**POETRY CORNER****THE STRANGER**

Walter de la Mare (1873 - 1956)

HALF-HIDDEN in a graveyard,  
 In the blackness of a yew,  
 Where never living creature stirs,  
 Nor sunbeam pierces through,  
 Is a tomb, lichened and crooked--  
 Its faded legend gone--  
 With but one rain-worn cherub's head  
 Of mouldering stone.

There, when the dusk is falling,  
 Silence broods so deep  
 It seems that every wind that breathes  
 Blows from the fields of sleep.  
 Day breaks in heedless beauty,  
 Kindling each drop of dew,  
 But unforsaking shadow dwells  
 Beneath this lonely yew.

And, all else lost and faded,  
 Only this listening head  
 Keeps with a strange unanswering smile  
 Its secret with the dead.

*'The Stranger' is reprinted from An Anthology of Modern Verse. Ed. A. Methuen. London: Methuen & Co., 1921.*

**THE OWLS**

by Charles Baudelaire (1821 - 1867)

UNDER the overhanging yews,  
 The dark owls sit in solemn state,  
 Like stranger gods; by twos and twos  
 Their red eyes gleam. They meditate.

Motionless thus they sit and dream  
 Until that melancholy hour  
 When, with the sun's last fading gleam,  
 The nightly shades assume their power.

From their still attitude the wise  
 Will learn with terror to despise

All tumult, movement, and unrest;  
 For he who follows every shade,  
 Carries the memory in his breast,  
 Of each unhappy journey made.

**SEA-WIND**

Stéphane Mallarmé (1842-1898)

THE flesh is sad, alas! and all the books are read.  
 Flight, only flight!  
 I feel that birds are wild to tread  
 The floor of unknown foam, and to attain the skies!  
 Nought, neither ancient gardens mirrored in the eyes,  
 Shall hold this heart that bathes in waters its delight,  
 O nights! nor yet my waking lamp, whose lonely light  
 Shadows the vacant paper, whiteness profits best,  
 Nor the young wife who rocks her baby on her  
 breast.

I will depart! O steamer, swaying rope and spar,  
 Lift anchor for exotic lands that lie afar!  
 A weariness, outworn by cruel hopes, still clings  
 To the last farewell handkerchief's last beckonings!  
 And are not these, the masts inviting storms, not  
 these  
 That an awakening wind bends over wrecking seas,  
 Lost, not a sail, a sail, a flowering isle, ere long?  
 But, O my heart, hear thou, hear thou, the sailors'  
 song!

**GHOSTS OF A LUNATIC ASYLUM**

Stephen Vincent Benét (1898 - 1943)

HERE, where men's eyes were empty and as bright  
 As the blank windows set in glaring brick,  
 When the wind strengthens from the sea--and night  
 Drops like a fog and makes the breath come thick;  
 By the deserted paths, the vacant hills,  
 One may see figures, twisted shades and lean,  
 Like the mad shapes that crawl on Indian screen,  
 Or paunchy smears you find on prison walls.  
 Turn the knob gently!

There's the Thumbless Man,  
 Still weaving glass and silk into a dream,  
 Although the wall shows through him--and the Khan  
 Journeys Cathay beside a paper stream.  
 A Rabbit Woman chitters by the door--  
 --Chilly the grave-smell comes from the turned sod--  
 Come--lift the curtain--and be cold before  
 The silence of the eight men who were God!

## ***MENSA MIND GAMES 2007 RESULTS***

More than 200 Mensans gathered in Pittsburgh in April for Mensa Mind Games 2007. During the three-day event, members played and rated 59 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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## 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)***

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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.

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