

SOUTHERN CONNECTICUT MENSA CHRONICLE

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



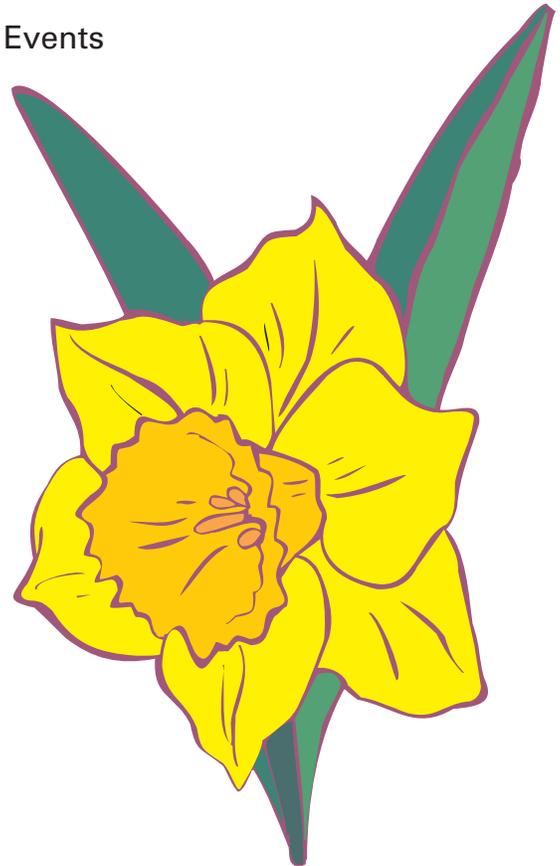
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going back to 2000 are available on the Internet at <http://scm66.org> (Note: this is a new URL). You can download the latest e-mail version of the Chronicle there, as well as previous issues. All issues are in read-only Adobe Acrobat format so there is no chance of viruses accompanying the files.

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

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

SCHEDULE OF CHAPTER EVENTS - APRIL

Thursday, April 10, 7:30

BILLIARDS

Come and join So. Conn Mensa billiard enthusiasts for an evening of billiards, conversation, food, and drink. 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. Keep in mind that the parking lot rates increases to \$5 at 10pm, so it's advisable to wrap up pool shooting and leave the pool hall before 10.

POOL HALL LINK:

<http://www.uncuebilliardsandmusic.com>.

GOOGLE MAPS LINK: <http://tinyurl.com/2tfunq>.

QUESTIONS? Contact Tom O'Neill at

doctec2@gmail.com.

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



Saturday, April 19, 6:30

Monthly Dinner

The selection of speaker has not been finalized yet. TONELLI'S RESTAURANT, 41 Grassy Plain St., Bethel, CT 06801. 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, 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 various web sites such as www.restaurantratingz.com, www.dine.com, www.menuptopia.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.

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.

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, April 22, 7:30

BILLIARDS

Come and join So. Conn Mensa billiard enthusiasts for an evening of billiards, conversation, food, and drink. The second of two Pool Party events this month will be held at THE CORNER POCKET, 501 Boston Post Road in ORANGE. The pool hall is in the corner of a strip mall, accessible via I-95 (or the Merritt via the Milford Pkwy/I-95 connector, Exit 54).

DIRECTIONS -

I-95 Coming from Bridgeport:
Take I-95 to Exit 39B (Route 1 heading North/East) - stay to the right as you drive the ramp to Route 1. You will drive past the Connecticut Post Mall on the right, and keep going straight thru a number of lights for a little over two miles. You're getting close to the

pool hall when you see a Bertucci's restaurant on the right; shortly after that light you'll see a Bob's Furniture store on the left, followed by the 501 Boston Post Rd plaza, where the pool hall is located.

I-95 Coming from New Haven:
Take I-95 to Exit 41 - Marsh Hill Rd. (where the Showcase Cinemas are). At end of ramp, turn right. Stay on Marsh Hill until you get to the Route 1 intersection, then turn left onto Route 1 (Post Rd). The 501 Boston Post Road plaza is approx. 2/3 mile ahead on the right-hand side.

Either direction via the MERRITT:

Take Milford Parkway connector exit (54) to I-95 North entrance, then follow directions above for I-95 coming from Bridgeport. (You will encounter I-95 Exits 39A/B almost immediately after getting onto I-95 North from the Milford Parkway connector.)

TENTATIVE SCHEDULE OF EVENTS FOR MAY

Friday, May 9, 7:00

Southern CT and Western MA Joint Dinner

See above for details

Saturday, May 17, 6:30

Monthly Dinner

See above for details

**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

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simultaneously at www.wpkn.org . From 6-9 AM there's jazz, blues & music from Brazil and from 9-10 AM the music is from Louisiana, mostly Cajun & zydeco.

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

APRIL

3, 10, 17 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) 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.

5 Saturday 7:00 pm

ShoreGrass bluegrass gospel

M Barbara Shaw's musical group ShoreGrass at North Haven Congregational Church, 28 Church Street, North Haven, CT, 7:00 pm, \$10.

ShoreGrass returns for an evening of old and new bluegrass, folk, country and original music as part of the Pierpont Concert Series of the North Haven Congregational Church, beginning at 7:00 pm. Program will include songs from the Civil War Era as well as from the newest ShoreGrass CD "Going Home." Special guest Stacy Phillips. www.shoregrass.com/Schedule.htm

6 Sunday 1:35 pm

Mensa Goes to a Ballgame

New Britain Stadium. Meet in Section 213, four rows from the top, as the New Britain Rock Cats (Double-A Twins) host the Portland Sea Dogs (Boston Red Sox' farm team). Parking: \$3, adult general admission ticket, \$5, an adult beverage for the host of the event, \$5.25. ;) Questions? tom.thomas@the-spa.com and www.rockcats.com

9 Wednesday 5:30 pm

Happy Hour in Branford

(ME, 2nd Wed) Donovan's Reef 1212 Main Street, Branford Conn. 06405. The Donovan's Reef <http://donovans-reef.com> web site has a small map, and here are some directions with distances - from I-95 take exit 54/Cedar Street. Go south on Cedar Street crossing Rt. 1/Boston Post Road for about 0.5 mi. to Rose Street. Take a left on Rose and go 0.25 mi. to a driveway on the right which has a low sign that says "1188 - 1238" where you will enter a parking lot for a number of businesses in a complex known as Lockworks Square. Drive part way through the lot and look for Donovan's Reef on the left. Locals can also enter Lockworks Square from the Ivy Street side just off of Main Street where Shoreline Foods faces Ivy. The lounge is on the left inside. I'll see about a table reservation and will likely have an "M" sign visible. We start around 6. I'm told there is some sort of daily bar goodie along with any menu items that you may want to order. Donovan's phone number is 203-488-5573. 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
Subject: Diner Dinner

17 Thursday 5:30 pm

Lecture at Yale Center for British Art

This presentation seems apropos for celebrating both Leonardo da Vinci's birthday and the beginning of Passover this coming week: Rescuing da Vinci Robert Edsel, President of the Monuments Men Foundation for the Preservation of Art and author of Rescuing da Vinci William B. Keller, Fine Arts Librarian, Anne and Jerome Fisher Fine Arts Library, University of Pennsylvania and Catherine Roach, doctoral candidate in the Department of Art History, Columbia University, will discuss the Nazi pillage of European art treasures and the efforts of the Monuments Men, a dedicated group of art professionals and military men, including Andrew Cardnuff Ritchie and Deane Keller, to rescue those treasures, as documented in Edsel's book. Robert L. McNeil Jr. Lecture Hall, Yale University Art Gallery (1111 Chapel Street) Info: http://ycba.yale.edu/information/info_hours-dir.html or 203-432-2800.

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

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

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

26 Saturday 3:00 pm,

ShoreGrass at the NEFFA Festival

Middle School room 105/106 in Mansfield, MA. SHORTGrass (The Shaws) will do a program of "Bluegrass Duets Old and New" accompanied by banjo and guitar. Plus a little help from their friends, Paul Pozzi on mando and Dave Vickery on bass! More info at NEFFA.org. More information can be found at the band websites: www.shoregrass.com

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.

LOOKING AHEAD

Friday thru Sunday, May 2-4

Warwick, RI, the Region1 LDW

Info: <http://www.rhodeisland.us.mensa.org>

REGIONAL GATHERINGS

May 9-11, 2008

Cape Cod Getaway Weekend.**A Whale of a Good Time**

Join Boston Mensa on beautiful Cape Cod in Dennisport, MA for "A Whale Of A Good Time." Plan on a weekend filled with dining, shopping, swimming (heated indoor pool), socializing, and great hospitality. Optional (on your own) activities on Saturday include trips to nearby Provincetown or Hyannis, whale watching, antiquing, bicycling, or just sit back and enjoy the beauty of the Cape.

Hotel rooms are only \$69.95 until 3/31 and \$74.95 after 4/1. Send your check, made out to "Corsair," directly to them at 41 Chase Avenue, Dennisport, MA 02639. Make your reservations early as the Corsair and Crossrip fill up fast. For more hotel information call 800-332-2279.

We'll provide Friday night's meal, snacks and beverage throughout the weekend, as well as breakfast Saturday and Sunday mornings.

Please note that the hospitality house and all hotel rooms at the Corsair and Crossrip are non-smoking. Smoking is allowed outside only. Those wishing to smoke in their hotel room should call the hotel to discuss alternatives.

Adult registration is only \$40 until 4/30 and \$50 at door. Children under 6 are free. Ages 6-20 are \$1 per year of age.

Send your name(s), age(s) of children, and a check, payable to "Boston Mensa," to the registrar: Claire Natola, 21 Hillrise Ln. Meredith, NH 03253 or register online at www.caperg.org

For more information:
Sean Guerino (imightbegiant@email.com)
617-354-5350 <http://www.caperg.org>

SEPT. 12-14

**COLLOQUIUM 2008,
TRACKING GRANNY'S GRANNY:
THE GENEALOGY QUEST**

will take place SEPT. 12-14 in Salt Lake City. Spend a weekend in this world-renowned center of genealogical research, where you'll find millions of historical records at your fingertips. Attend sessions given by specialists in the field, covering the methodology and accuracy of your research, solving problems related to evidence and dead-end leads, and using the Internet to your best advantage. Join your fellow Mensans to discover new techniques, share your stories, and learn how to pursue your own unique family history. Here is a list of Colloquium speakers confirmed to date:

Christine Rose will present Problem Solving: Strategies for Success Colleen Fitzpatrick will present two program, A Different Kind of DNA Talk and You Will Never Look at Your Old Photos the Same Way Again!

James W. Warren will present If Your Ancestors Had Email featuring stories of the weird and wonderful discoveries genealogists make and what can be learned from them.

Sharon Carmack will present He Lived, He Married, He Died...But I Want More!

Colloquium 2008 will be held at the Hilton Salt Lake City Center. Mensan registration is \$170 through April 30. To learn more about the program and to register, visit www.colloquium.us.mensa.org.

Jill Beckham

jillb@americanmensa.org

Foundation Director

817-607-0060 x 5509

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Register at www.colloquium.us.mensa.org

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

As I write this column in mid-March the sun is shining with the promise of spring. I look forward to April and starting work on my garden. Compared to many, it is only a small garden - some tomatoes, herbs and peppers. We like peppers and usually plant six or seven varieties including several varieties of hot peppers. I have spent the end of February and most of March recovering from gallbladder surgery. Despite my grandiose plans of everything I want to accomplish around the house, I spent most of the time sleeping and reading. Two major topics to discuss this month: Scholarships and LDW.

Scholarships: Many thanks to all of you who participated in this year's scholarship program, those who helped on the regional level and the local level alike. Special thanks to Emily Gordon, who took on the duties of Regional Scholarship Chair. This year, for the second time, I was privileged to participate in the regional scholarship judging. While reading and judging scholarship essays takes time, it is refreshing to see the number and quality of submitted essays. If your local group did not participate in this year's scholarship program, start thinking about next year's program. Talk to your LocSec about starting a program. The scholarship program is run by the Mensa Education and Research Foundation and either they, Emily Gordon, or I can give you any details and/or encouragement you may need.

LDW: Yes, it's happening next month, May 2-4, in Warwick, Rhode Island. Speakers are preparing, Hospitality is shopping, and the Registrar is registering. Are you registered? It's not too late. The LDW is free to Mensans (small charge for spouses/significant others). Meals will be provided including a pizza party on Friday night sponsored by Rhode Island Mensa and Saturday dinner supplied by Connecticut and Western Massachusetts Mensa. Breakfasts and Saturday lunch are also included. Participants need only provide their own transportation and lodging. To register and for hotel information please see: <http://www.rhodeisland.us.mensa.org>. A detailed schedule of events is also listed on the website. Sessions will include: ExComm Basics; National Office Resources; Welcoming New Members; Getting People Involved; Dealing with Problem Members and other topics. Registration will open at 5:00 p.m. Friday, May 2nd, and the LDW will conclude at noon on Sunday, May 4th.

The second weekend of May brings Boston Mensa's Cape Cod Mini-RG. This is a wonderful unstructured RG filled with good friends, good food, and a scenic view of the ocean. Spend Saturday shopping, walking the beach, sightseeing, taking a trip to Provincetown, etc. There are no scheduled speakers, but if this is like the past Mini-RG's, I'm sure you can find a group discussing almost any topic. If you have never attended an RG, this is a good one to start. Hope to see you.

Lori

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.

THE MARCH DINNER GRAVITY'S GOOD FOR YOU: LESSONS FROM NASA

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On March 15, local chapter member Elsa Peterson Obuchowski presented a talk based on a forthcoming book which she is editing, authored by Joan Vernikos, Ph.D., the former Director of Life Sciences for NASA (the National Aeronautics & Space Administration). As a physiologist, Dr. Vernikos has devoted more than 30 years to the study of the human body and how it is affected by gravity and weightlessness. To learn more about Dr. Vernikos and her research, visit www.joanvernikos.com. Please note that this information is not to be construed as medical guidance. Before beginning any exercise program, consult your physician.

Did you know that your body is constantly in motion, and that the impetus for this motion is a force that is all around us, every day of our lives, even though we can't see, hear, taste, or touch it - gravity? It's true. Gravity is a beneficial force that helps our heartbeat and blood circulation, muscle tone, nerve impulses and coordination, bone metabolism, and other bodily functions to stay healthy.

How do we know this? By studying what happens to the body when it is deprived of gravity. Before the first living creatures (monkeys, chimps, dogs, and then humans) went into space, scientists were worried that they might instantly die in the zero-G environment outside Earth's field of gravity. To everyone's great relief, they didn't. But when the space travelers returned to Earth, scientists were dismayed to find that they experienced a range of unpleasant symptoms: unsteadiness when walking, fainting on standing up, impaired balance and coordination, muscle weakness, and loss of bone mass.

These symptoms led to the popular belief that astronauts experience premature aging in space. This belief is false, however: after a period of time back on Earth, astronauts recover their previous levels of fitness. And now that so many years have passed since the first manned space flights, we know that having been in space does

not cause astronauts to die at earlier ages than other people.

Still, the symptoms experienced after gravity deprivation are similar to symptoms we traditionally associate with the elderly. Could it be that by taking better advantage of gravity in our everyday lives, we might postpone the day when poor balance makes us walk unsteadily, muscle weakness makes us need help to get out of a chair, or bone loss makes us vulnerable to fractures?

By conducting decades of research on volunteers confined to bed for weeks at a time, Dr. Vernikos and her colleagues at NASA got as close to zero-G simulations as was practical without sending thousands of people into space. What they found was that, by using our bodies to take advantage of gravity, we can indeed undo the negative effects of gravity deprivation. Surprisingly, the answer is not "more exercise." Instead the key to taking advantage of G-benefits is frequent postural movements, like standing up regularly (for those who work at a desk), sitting down regularly (for those who work on their feet), bending, reaching, lifting, and so forth - what Dr. Vernikos calls G-habits.

This line of research is supported and amplified by other research, such as the discovery of non-exercise activity thermogenesis (NEAT). NEAT is defined as small, everyday motions such as standing up, sitting down, bending, reaching - sound familiar? - and even such small motions as crossing and uncrossing one's legs, fidgeting, and waving one's hands while talking. Dr. James A. Levine of the Mayo Clinic and his colleagues have published studies* indicating the value of NEAT in burning calories and in keeping the body fit. Their work indicates that NEAT - which Dr. Vernikos sees as quite similar to G-habits - actually acts through different mechanisms and on different muscle fibers than "exercise" does. When individuals are deprived of NEAT, insulin levels increase in the blood, high density lipoprotein (HDL; "good" cholesterol) decreases whereas low density lipoprotein (LDL; "bad" cholesterol) increases, and muscle rapidly becomes resistant to insulin. The enzyme needed to break down triglycerides is decreased, and fat deposits accumulate in the abdomen and move in to replace lost muscle.

So the most important thing you can do to keep your body fit and healthy is to increase your NEAT, or G-habits. The G-habits recommended above are the first step. Isn't it interesting that many of the world's religions have designed their services to include postural alternations of standing, sitting, kneeling, and in some cases (think Muslim prayers) prostrating oneself? In addition to the simple habit of frequent postural changes - for which the slogan might be "Stand Up For Your Health!" - there are many sports and other activities that increase G-loading. Swing on a swing, jump on a trampoline or pogo stick. Swing a tennis racket or golf club; skate, ski, or snowboard; go bowling, or play billiards or croquet or bocce, ride a bike. Dance: almost any form of dancing stimulates the nervous system as you follow the rhythm of the music, and just about any dance steps will give your balance and coordination a workout.

Weight-bearing exercise has long been associated with preventing bone loss, and Dr. Vernikos's research bears this out. Like most authorities, she recommends lifting weights slowly, working at maximal effort, and allowing a day or two for the body to recover after each weight session.

There are a number of devices and machines on the market that you can buy to increase G-benefits. While Dr. Vernikos does not necessarily endorse any of these, she notes the emergence of Maasai Balance Technology (MBT) shoes, home workout platforms that shift one's balance

from side to side, personal trampolines, inversion tables that let you lie head-down for limited periods of time, and balance discs that shift your weight around while you work seated in a chair.

What the future holds: According to Dr. Vernikos, G-therapy may be effective in "treatments of motion disabilities, including rehabilitation from sports injuries and surgery; cerebral palsy and other developmental disorders; obesity, muscle and bone disorders; disabilities resulting from stroke, spinal cord injury, and so on. This research is still in its infancy, but I hope the information I will share can help advance these types of therapy so that more people can live healthy lives thanks to gravity."

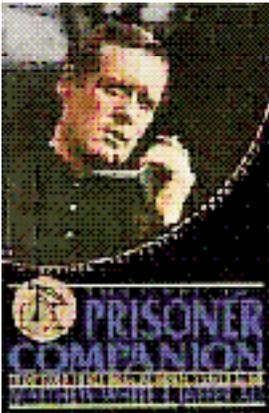
Elsa Peterson Obuchowski thanks Mensa for the opportunity to present this talk, and very much appreciates the thoughtful questions and comments contributed by those who attended the event.

**See, for example, Levine JA, Lanningham-Foster LM, McCrady SK, Krizan AC, Olson LR, Kane PH, Jensen MD, Clark MM. Levine JA, Vander Weg MW, Hill JO, Klesges RC. Non-exercise activity thermogenesis: the crouching tiger hidden dragon of societal weight gain. Arteriosclerosis, Thrombosis, and Vascular Biology 26(4):729-736, 2006. (c) 2006 American Heart Association, Inc.*

--- If you have questions for Elsa or suggestions for the book she is editing, you can contact her at ep ltd@earthlink.net.

BOOK REVIEW

Rick D'Amico



The Official Prisoner Companion by Matthew White and Jaffer Ali

Okay, it's time for some nostalgia. This year marks the 40th anniversary of the airing of "The Prisoner" on American TV. In 1968, it was the summer replacement for "The Jackie Gleason Show" on CBS.

Although the show consisted of only 17 episodes (16 were shown initially in the U.S.), it produced a cult-like following. This book summarizes and attempts to explain its nuances and identify the allegories that made the show so popular among its faithful.

For those unfamiliar with the series, "The Prisoner" was a story about a British secret agent (played by Patrick McGoohan, also of "Secret Agent" fame) who resigned during the prime of his career. He was captured and taken to an idyllic "village" (actually a resort in North Wales) where his captors tried to find out why he resigned and he tried to escape. We do not know whose side his captors are on, or even if they're aligned with each other. (Realize that this portrayal is very inadequate, somewhat akin to describing "War and Peace" by simply saying that it was about Russia.)

The first chapter comprises approximately half of the book. It provides synopses and gives commentary/observations on all seventeen episodes of the show. As the owner of the complete set of DVD's of "The Prisoner," I can tell you that the descriptions are quite accurate and I generally agreed with the observations. However, if you are about to view "The Prisoner" for the first time, be warned that this chapter contains spoilers that will deprive you of the element of surprise that was an integral part of the show.

Chapter 2, entitled "Notes, Anecdotes, and Nonsense," provides bits of information and trivia about the show. For example, we learn that Patrick McGoohan was actually the first

choice to play James Bond in the movies but he turned it down, recommending Sean Connery for the role instead.

Chapter 3 addresses some of the debates that have arisen among fans of the show. To the casual observer, it appears that McGoohan's character in "The Prisoner" (only known as "Number 6") was also his character in "Secret Agent" (John Drake). That would make "The Prisoner" a sequel to "Secret Agent." That's not necessarily the case, and even some of the producers of the show disagree on this point.

Chapter 4 discusses the meaning(s) of the show. Is it a prophecy? Is it about the nature of man? These and other questions are explored here.

Chapter 5 provides personal background on Patrick McGoohan and an interview with him. There are two appendices; one gives sources of information about the show, including various organizations for dedicated fans, while the other consists of shooting scripts, some of which differed from the final cut.

Perhaps the best commentary on "The Prisoner" was offered by Patrick McGoohan himself when he said, "I suppose that [The Prisoner] is the sort of thing where a thousand people might have a different interpretation of it, which I think is very gratifying. I am glad that's the way it was, because that was the intention."

As a "Prisoner" aficionado, I truly enjoyed this book, and it enhanced my appreciation of the series. Quite frankly, I don't suppose that today's scriptwriters can produce shows of the quality of "The Prisoner." That's why a series which was aired 40 years ago can still have a following today, and that its popularity will survive for many years to come. This book celebrates all those things that made the series so memorable.

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GOOD WINE CHEAP

(and good food to go with it)

One of the most dependable websites for recipes is Epicurious. Put an ingredient that happens to be in your refrigerator into their recipe search engine and, MIRACLE OF MIRACLES, a dozen or so good recipes pop up! This is how we came across this month's recipe. It is a very good idea to read the reviews found after most of the recipes. These will give suggestions for preparation and serving.

This month's wine shows that it is still possible to find a good, yet affordable, red wine produced in California. It is the 2004 "TIZred" from the TIZ Winery of Santa Rosa. It blends classic grape varieties including Cabernet Sauvignon, Merlot and Syrah. This combination offers a pleasant fruit filled nose followed by a rich berry taste with a hint of oak. The soft tannins provide a smooth velvety finish. A California wine of this quality and complexity is a steal at \$8 a bottle.

I hope that you will contact me with your comments and favorite wines at 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.

MARINATED SKIRT STEAK

(The New American Steakhouse Cookbook, by David Walzog and Andrew Freidman, 2005, Broadway Books, as printed on the Epicurious website)

Ingredients:

3/4 cup balsamic vinegar
 1/2 cup corn or canola oil
 1/4 cup Worcestershire sauce
 2 shallots, roughly chopped
 2 peeled garlic cloves
 1 tbsp cayenne pepper
 1 tbsp chopped fresh cilantro leaves
 1 tsp freshly ground black pepper
 1 tbsp kosher salt
 4 lbs skirt steak, cleaned of all exterior fat and connective tissue (You can easily cut this recipe in half.)

Put all ingredients, except the steak, in a blender and blend until smooth. Pour the marinade over the skirt steak in a non-reactive pan. Marinate, refrigerated, for 3 to 4 hours before grilling, but no more than 10 hours. (We marinated the steak for about 5 or 6 hours. This cut of meat requires no less marinating time than the minimum noted above. The balsamic vinegar and Worcestershire sauce need that amount of time to break down the connective tissue and to produce a tender piece of meat.)

Remove the skirt steak from the marinade and clean away any excess marinade with the back of a knife. Grill the steak over medium-high heat for 4 to 5 minutes per side to serve it rare to medium-rare. (Our Steaks were rather thin. We found that 2 to 3 minutes on a side resulted in medium rare.)

When cooked, slice the steak thinly against the grain, starting at one corner and cutting on the bias. Serve either hot or at room temperature. The authors recommended serving this dish with tabbouleh salad. We used it for fajitas, stuffing the meat into soft taco shells with an avocado salsa.

RUMINATIONS

SOCRATES

From Little Journeys to the Homes of Great Philosophers (1916)

by Elbert Hubbard

It was four hundred seventy years before Christ that Socrates was born. He never wrote a book, never made a formal address, held no public office, wrote no letters, yet his words have come down to us sharp, vivid and crystalline. His face, form and features are to us familiar - his goggle eyes, bald head, snub nose and bow-legs! The habit of his life - his goings and comings, his arguments and wrangles, his infinite leisure, his sublime patience, his perfect faith - all these things are plain, lifting the man out of the commonplace and setting him apart.

The "Memorabilia" of Xenophon and the "Dialogues" of Plato give us Boswellian pictures of the man.

Knowing the man, we know what he would do; and knowing what he did, we know the man.

Socrates was the son of Sophroniscus, a stone-cutter, and his wife Phaenarete. In boyhood he used to carry dinner to his father, and sitting by, he heard the men, in their free and easy way, discuss the plans of Pericles. These workmen didn't know the plans - they were only privates in the ranks, but they exercised their prerogatives to criticize, and while working to assist, did right royally disparage and condemn. Like sailors who love their ship, and grumble at grub and grog, yet on shore will allow no word of disparagement to be said, so did these Athenians love their city, and still condemn its rulers - they exercised the laborer's right to damn the man who gives him work.

Little did the workmen guess - little did his

father guess - that this pug-nosed boy, making pictures in the sand with his big toe, would also leave his footprints on the sands of time, and a name that would rival that of Phidias and Pericles!

Socrates was a product of the Greek renaissance. Great men come in groups, like comets sent from afar. Athens was seething with thought and feeling: Pericles was giving his annual oration - worth thousands of weekly sermons - and planning his dream in marble; Phidias was cutting away the needless portions of the white stone of Pentelicus and liberating wondrous forms of beauty; Sophocles was revealing the possibilities of the stage; Aeschylus was pointing out the way as a playwright; and the passion for physical beauty was everywhere an adjunct of religion.

Prenatal influences, it seems, played their part in shaping the destiny of Socrates. His mother followed the profession of Sairy Gamp, and made her home with a score of families, as she was needed. The trained nurse is often untrained, and is a regular encyclopedia of esoteric family facts. She wipes her mouth on her apron and is at home in every room of the domicile from parlor to pantry. Then as now she knew the trials and troubles of her clients, and all domestic underground happenings requiring adjustment she looked after as she was "disposed."

Evidently Phaenarete was possessed of considerable personality, for we hear of her being called to Mythaeaia on a professional errand shortly before the birth of Socrates; and in a month after his birth, a similar call came from another direction, and the bald little philosopher was again taken along - from which we assume, following in the footsteps of Conan Doyle, that Socrates was no bottle-baby. The world should be grateful to Phaenarete that she did not honor the Sairy Gamp precedents and observe the

Platonic maxim, "Sandal-makers usually go bare-foot": she gave her customers an object-lesson in well-doing as well as teaching them by precept. None of her clients did so well as she - even though her professional duties were so exacting that domesticity to her was merely incidental.

It was only another case of the amateur distancing the professional.

FROM babyhood we lose sight of Socrates until we find him working at his father's trade as a sculptor. Certainly he had a goodly degree of skill, for the "Graces" which he carved were fair and beautiful and admired by many. This was enough: he just wanted to reveal what he could do; and then to show that to have no ambition was his highest ambition, he threw down his tools and took off his apron for good. He was then thirty-five years old. Art is a jealous mistress, and demands that "thou shalt have no other gods before me." Socrates did not concentrate on art. His mind went roaming the world of philosophy, and for his imagination the universe was hardly large enough.

I said that he deliberately threw down his tools; but possibly this was by request, for he had acquired a habit of engaging in much wordy argument and letting the work slide. He went out upon the streets to talk, and in the guise of a learner he got in close touch with all the wise men of Athens by stopping them and asking questions. In physique he was immensely strong - hard work had developed his muscles, plain fare had made him oblivious of the fact that he had a stomach, and as for nerves, he had none to speak of.

Socrates did not marry until he was about forty. His wife was scarcely twenty. Of his courtship we know nothing, but sure it is Socrates did not go and sue for the lady's hand in the conventional way, nor seek to gain the consent of her parents

by proving his worldly prospects. His apparel was costly as his purse could buy, not gaudy nor expressed in fancy. It consisted of the one suit that he wore, for we hear of his repairing beyond the walls to bathe in the stream, and of his washing his clothing, hanging it on the bushes and waiting for it to dry before going back to the city. As for shoes, he had one pair, and since he never once wore them, going barefoot Summer and Winter, it is presumed that they lasted well. One can not imagine Socrates in an opera-hat - in fact, he wore no hat, and he was bald. I record the fact so as to confound those zealous ones who badger the bald as a business, who have recipes concealed on their persons, and who assure us that baldness has its rise in headgear.

Socrates belonged to the leisure class. His motto was, "Know Thyself." He considered himself of much more importance than any statue he could make, and to get acquainted with himself as being much more desirable than to know physical phenomena. His plan of knowing himself was to ask everybody questions, and in their answers he would get a true reflection of his own mind. His intellect would reply to theirs, and if his questions dissolved their answers into nothingness, the supremacy of his own being would be apparent; and if they proved his folly he was equally grateful - if he was a fool, his desire was to know it. So sincere was Socrates in this wish to know himself that never did he show the slightest impatience nor resentment when the argument was turned upon him.

He looked upon his mind as a second party, and sat off and watched it work. Should it become confused or angered, it would be proof of its insufficiency and littleness. If Socrates ever came to know himself, he knew this fact: as an economic unit he was an absolute failure; but as a gadfly, stinging men into thinking for themselves, he was a success. A specialist is a deformity contrived by Nature to get the work done. Socrates

was a thought-specialist, and the laziest man who ever lived in a strenuous age. The desire of his life was to live without desire - which is essentially the thought of Nirvana. He had the power never to exercise his power except in knowing himself.

He accepted every fact, circumstance and experience of life, and counted it gain. Life to him was a precious privilege, and what were regarded as unpleasant experiences were as much a part of life as the pleasant ones. He who succeeds in evading unpleasant experiences cheats himself out of so much life. You know yourself by watching yourself to see what you do when you are thwarted, crossed, contradicted, or deprived of certain things supposed to be desirable. If you always get the desirable things, how do you know what you would do if you didn't have them? You exchange so much life for the thing, that's all, and thus do we see Socrates anticipating Emerson's Essay on Compensation.

Everything is bought with a price - all things are

of equal value - no one can cheat you, for to be cheated is a not undesirable experience, and in the act, if you are really filled with the thought, "Know Thyself," you get the compensation by increase in mental growth.

However, to deliberately go in search of experience, Socrates said, would be a mistake, because then you would so multiply impressions that none would be of any avail and your life would be burned out. To clutch life by the throat and demand that it shall stand and deliver is to place yourself so out of harmony with your environment that you will get nothing.

Above all things, we must be calm, self-centered, never anxious, and be always ready to accept whatever the gods may send. The world will come to us if we only wait. It will be seen that Socrates is at once the oldest and most modern of thinkers. He was the first to express the New Thought. A thought, to Socrates, was more of a reality than a block of marble - a moral principle was just as persistent as a chem-

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.

ical agent.

THE silken-robed and perfumed Sophist was sport and game for Socrates. For him Socrates recognized no closed season. If Socrates ever came near losing his temper, it was in dealing with this Edmund Russell of Athens. Grant Allen used to say, "The spores of everything are everywhere, and a certain condition breeds a certain microbe." A period of prosperity always warms into life this social paragon, who lives in a darkened room hung with maroon drapery where incense is burned and a turbaned Hindu carries your card to the master, who faces the sun and exploits a p^{ri}e-dieu when the wind blows east. Athens had these men of refined elegance, Rome evolved them, London has had her day, New York knows them, and Chicago - I trust I will not be contradicted when I say that Chicago understands her business! And so we find these folks who cultivate a pellucid passivity, a phthisicky whisper, a supercilious smirk, and who win our smothered admiration and give us gooseflesh by imparting a taupe tinge of mystery to all their acts and words, thus proving to the assembled guests that they are the Quality and Wisdom will die with them.

This lingo of meaningless words and high-born phrases always set Socrates by the ears, and when he could corner a Sophist, he would very shortly prick his pretty toy balloon, until at last the tribe fled him as a pestilence. Socrates stood for sanity. The Sophist represented moonshine gone to seed, and these things, proportioned ill, drive men transverse.

Extremes equalize themselves: the pendulum swings as far this way as it does that. The saponaceous Sophist who renounced the world and yet lived wholly in a world of sense, making vacuity pass legal tender for spirituality, and the priest who, mystified with a mumble of words, evolved a Diogenes who lived in a tub, wore

regally a robe of rags, and once went into the temple, and cracking a louse on the altar-rail, said solemnly, "Thus does Diogenes sacrifice to all the gods at once!" are but two sides of the same shield.

In Socrates was a little jollity and much wisdom pickled in the scorn of Fortune; but the Sophists inwardly bowed down and worshiped the fickle dame on idolatrous knees. Socrates won immortality because he did not want it, and the Sophists secured oblivion because they deserved it.

WE hear of Socrates going to Aspasia, and holding long conversations with her "to sharpen his mind." Aspasia did not go out in society much: she and Pericles lived very simply. It is worth while to remember that the most intellectual woman of her age was democratic enough to be on friendly terms with the barefoot philosopher who went about regally wrapped in a table-spread. Socrates did not realize the flight of time when making calls - he went early and stayed late. Possibly prenatal influences caused him often to call before breakfast and remain until after supper.

Just imagine Pericles, Aspasia and Socrates sitting at table - with Walter Savage Landor behind the arras making notes! Doubtless Socrates and Mrs. Pericles did most of the talking, while the First Citizen of Athens listened and smiled indulgently now and then as his mind wandered to construction contracts and walking delegates. Pericles, the builder of a city - Pericles, first among practical men since time began, and Socrates, who jostles history for first place among those who have done nothing but talk - imagine these two eating melons together, while Aspasia, gentle and kind, talks of spirit being more than matter and love being greater than the Parthenon!

Socrates is usually spoken of as regarding women with slight favor, but I have noticed that your genus woman-hater holds the balance true by really being a woman-lover. If a man is enough interested in women to hate them, note this: he is only searching for the right woman, the woman who compares favorably with the ideal woman in his own mind. He measures every woman by this standard, just as Ruskin compared all modern painters with Turner and discarded them with fitting adjectives as they receded from what he regarded as the perfect type. If Ruskin had not been much interested in painters, would he have written scathing criticisms about them?

In several instances we hear of Socrates reminding his followers that they are "weak as women," and he was the first to say "woman is an undeveloped man." But Socrates was a great admirer of human beauty, whether physical or spiritual, and his abrupt way of stopping beautiful women on the streets and bluntly telling them they were beautiful, doubtless often confirmed their suspicions. And thus far he was pleasing, but when he went on to ask questions so as to ascertain whether their mental estate compared with their physical, why, that was slightly different. It is good to hear him say, "There is no sex in intellect," and also, "I have long held the opinion that the female sex is nothing inferior to ours, save only in strength of body and possibly in steadiness of judgment." And Xenophon quotes him thus: "It is more delightful to hear the virtue of a good woman described than if the painter Zeuxis were to show me the portrait of the fairest woman in the world."

Perhaps Thackeray is right when he says, "The men who appreciate woman most are those who have felt the sharpness of her claws." That

is to say, things show up best on the darkest background. If so, let us give Xantippe due credit. She tested the temper of the sage by railing on him and deluging him with Socratic propositions, not waiting for the answers; she often broke in with a broom upon his introspective efforts to know himself; if this were not enough, she dashed buckets of scrubbing-water over him; presents that were sent him by admiring friends she used as targets for her mop and wit; if he invited friends with faith plus to dine, she upset the table, dishes and all, before them - not much to their loss; she occasionally elbowed her way through a crowd where her husband was entertaining the listeners upon the divine harmonies, and would tear off his robe and lead him home by the ear. But these things never ruffled Socrates - he might roll his eyes in comic protest at the audiences as he was being led away captive, but no resentment was shown. He had the strength of a Hercules, but he was a far better non-resistant than Tolstoy, because he took his medicine with a wink, while Fate is obliged to hold the nose of the author of "Anna Karenina," who never sees the comedy of an inward struggle and an outward compliance, any more than does the benedict, safely entrenched under the bed, who shouts out, "I defy thee, I defy thee!" as did Mephisto when Goethe thrust him into Tophet.

THE popular belief is that Xantippe, the wife of Socrates, was a shrew, and had she lived in New England in Cotton Mather's time would have been a candidate for the ducking-stool. Socrates said he married her for discipline. A man in East Aurora, however, has recently made it plain to himself that Xantippe was possessed of a great and acute intellect. She knew herself, and she knew her liege as he never did - he was too close to his subject to get the perspective. She knew that under right conditions his name

would live as one of the world's great teachers, and so she set herself to supply the conditions. She deliberately sacrificed herself and put her character in a wrong light before the world in order that she might benefit the world. Most women have a goodly grain of ambition for themselves, and if their husbands have genius, their business is not to prove it, but to show that they themselves are not wholly commonplace.

Not so Xantippe - she was quite willing to be misunderstood that her husband might live.

What the world calls a happy marriage is not wholly good - ease is bought with a price. Suppose Xantippe and Socrates had settled down and lived in a cottage with a vine growing over the portico, and two rows of hollyhocks leading from the front gate to the door; a pathway of coal-ashes lined off with broken crockery, and inside the house all sweet, clean and tidy; Socrates earning six drachmas a day carving marble, with double pay for overtime, and he handing the pay-envelope over to her each Saturday night, keeping out just enough for tobacco, and she putting a tidy sum in the Aegean Savings-Bank every month - why, what then?

Well, that would have been an end of Socrates. Xantippe was big enough to know this and so she supplied the domestic cantharides and drove him out upon the streets - he grew to care very little for her, not much for the children, nothing for his home. She drove him out into the world of thought, instead of allowing him to settle down and be content with her society.

I once knew a sculptor - another sculptor - an elemental bit of nature, original and, better still, aboriginal. He used to sleep out under the stars so as to wake up in the night and see the march of the Milky Way, and watch the Pleiades disappear over the brink of the western horizon. He

wore a flannel shirt, thick-soled shoes, and overalls, no hat, and his hair was thick and coarse as a horse's mane. This man had talent, and he had sublime conceptions, great dreams, and splendid aspirations. His soul was struggling to find expression. "Leave him alone," I said. "He needs time to ripen. He is a Michelangelo in embryo!"

Did he ripen? Not he. He married a Wellesley girl of good family. She, too, had ideas about art - she painted china-buttons for shirtwaists, embroidered chasubles and sang "The Rosary" in a raucous Quinsigamond voice. The big barbarian became respectable, and the last time I saw him he wore a Tuxedo and was passing out platitudes and raspberry-shrub at a lawn-party. The Wellesley girl had tamed her bear - they were very happy, he assured me, and she was preparing a course of lectures for him which he was to give at Mrs. Jack Gardner's. A Xantippe might have saved him.

A captious friend once suggested to Socrates this: "If you prize the female nature so highly, how does it happen that you do not instruct Xantippe?" - a rather indelicate proposition to put to a married man. And Socrates, quite unruffled, replied: "My friend, if one wants to learn horsemanship, does he choose a tame horse or one with mettle and a hard mouth? I wish to converse with all sorts of people, and I believe that nothing can disturb me after I grow accustomed to the tongue of Xantippe."

Again we hear of his suggesting that his wife's scolding tongue may have been only the buzzing of his own waspish thoughts, and if he did not call forth these qualities in her they would not otherwise have appeared. And so, beholding her impatience and unseemliness, he would realize the folly of an ill temper and thus learn by antithesis to curb his own. Old Doctor Johnson used to have a regular menagerie of

wrangling, jangling, quibbling, dissatisfied pensioners in his household; and so far as we know he never learned the truth that all pensioners are dissatisfied. "If I can stand things at home, I can stand things anywhere," he once said to Boswell, as much as to say, "If I can stand things at home, I can stand even you." Goldsmith referred to Boswell as a cur; Garrick said he thought he was a bur. Socrates had a similar satellite by the name of Cheropho, a dark, dirty, weazened, and awfully serious little man of the tribe of Buttinsky, who sat breathlessly trying to catch the pearls that fell from the ample mouth of the philosopher. Aristophanes referred to Cheropho as "Socrates' bat," a play-off on Minerva and her bird of night, the owl. There were quite a number of these "bats," and they seemed to labor under the same hallucination that catches the lady students of the Pundit Vivakenanda H. Darmapala: they think that wisdom is to be imparted by word of mouth, and that by listening hard and making notes one can become very wise. Socrates said again and again, "Character is a matter of growth and all I hope to do is to make you think for yourselves."

That chilly exclusiveness which regards a man's house as his castle, his home, the one sacred spot, and all outside as the cold and cruel world, was not the ideal of Socrates. His family was his circle of friends, and these were of all classes and conditions, from the First Citizen to beggars on the street.

He made no charge for his teaching, took up no collections, and never inaugurated a Correspondence School. America has produced one man who has been called a reincarnation of Socrates; that man was Bronson Alcott, who peddled clocks and forgot the flight of time whenever any one would listen to him expound the unities. Alcott once ran his wheelbarrow into a neighbor's garden and was proceeding to load his motor-car with cabbages, beets and pota-

toes. Glancing up, the philosopher saw the owner of the garden looking at him steadfastly over the wall. "Don't look at me that way," called Alcott with a touch of un-Socratic acerbity, "don't look at me that way - I need these things more than you!" and went on with the annexation.

The idea that all good things are for use and belong to all who need them was a favorite maxim of Socrates. The furniture in his house never exceeded the exemption clause. Once we find him saying that Xantippe complained because he did not buy her a stewpan, but since there was nothing to put in it, he thought her protests ill-founded.

The climate of Athens is about like that of Southern California - one does not need to bank food and fuel against the coming of Winter. Life can be adjusted to its simplest forms. From his fortieth to his fiftieth year, Socrates worked every other Thursday; then he retired from active life, and Xantippe took in plain sewing.

Socrates was surely not a good provider, but if he had provided more for his family, he would have provided less for the world. The wealthy Crito would have turned his pockets inside out for Socrates, but Socrates had all he wished, and explained that as it was he had to dance at home in order to keep down the adipose. Aristides, who was objectionable because he so shaped his conduct that he was called "The Just" and got himself ostracized, was one of his dear friends. Antisthenes, the original Cynic, used to walk six miles and back every day to hear Socrates talk. The Cynic was a rich man, but so captivated was he with the preaching of Socrates that he adopted the life of simplicity and dressed in rags and boycotted both the barber and the bath. On one occasion Socrates looked sharply at a rent in the cloak of his friend and said, "Ah, Antisthenes, through that hole in

your cloak I see your vanity!"

Xenophon sat at the feet of Socrates for a score of years, and then wrote his recollections of him as a vindication of his character. Euclid of Megara was nearly eighty when he came to Socrates as a pupil, trying to get rid of his ill-temper and habit of ironical reply. Cebes and Simmias left their native country and became Greek citizens for his sake. Charmides, the pampered son of wealthy parents, learned pedagogics by being shown that, in households where there were many servants, the children got cheated out of their rightful education because others did all the work, and to deprive a child of the privilege of being useful was to rob him of so much life. Aeschines, the ambitious son of a sausage-maker, was advised by Socrates to borrow money of himself on long time without interest, by reducing his wants. So pleased was the recipient with this advice, that he went to publishing Socratic dialogues as a business and had the felicity to fail with tidy liabilities.

But the two men who loom largest in the life of Socrates are Alcibiades and Plato - characters very much unlike.

Alcibiades was twenty-one years old when we find him first. He was considered the handsomest young man in Athens. He was aristocratic, proud, insolent, and needlessly rich. He had a passion for gambling, horse-racing, dog-fighting, and indulged in the churchly habit of doing that which he ought not and leaving undone that which he should have done. He was worse than that degenerate scion of a proud ancestry, who a-kneiping went with his lady friends in the Cincinnati fountain, after the opera, on a wager. He whipped a man who admitted he did not have a copy of the "Iliad" in his house; publicly destroyed the record of a charge against one of his friends; and when his wife applied for a divorce, he burst into the courtroom and vacat-

ed proceedings by carrying the lady off by force. At banquets he would raise a disturbance, and while he was being forcibly ejected from one door, his servants would sneak in at another and steal the silverware, which he would give away as charity. He also indulged in the Mark Antony trick of rushing into houses at night and pulling good folks out of bed by the heels, and then running away before they were barely awake.

His introduction to Socrates came in an attempt to break up a Socratic prayer-meeting. Socrates succeeded in getting the roysterer to listen long enough to turn the laugh on him and show all concerned that the life of a rowdy was the life of a fool. Alcibiades had expected Socrates to lose his temper, but it was Alcibiades who gave way, and blurted out that he could not hope to beat his antagonist talking, but he would like to wrestle with him.

Legend has it that Socrates gave the insolent young man a shock by instantly accepting his challenge. In the bout that followed, the philosopher, built like a gorilla, got a half-Nelson on his man, who was a little the worse for wine, and threw him so hard, jumping on his prostrate form with his knees, that the aristocratic hoodlum was laid up for a moon. Ever after Alcibiades had a thorough respect for Socrates. They became fast friends, and whenever the old man talked in the Agora, Alcibiades was on hand to keep order.

When war came with Sparta and her allies in the Peloponnesus they enlisted, Socrates going as corporal and Alcibiades as captain. They occupied the same tent during the entire campaign. Socrates proved a fearless soldier, and walked the winter ice in bare feet, often pulling his belt one hole tighter in lieu of breakfast, to show the complaining soldiers that endurance was the thing that won battles. At the battle of Delium, when there was a rout, Xenophon says Socrates

walked off the field leisurely, arm in arm with the general, explaining the nature of harmony.

Through the influence of Socrates, the lawless Alcibiades was tamed and became almost a model citizen, although his head was hardly large enough for a philosopher.

"Say what you will, you'll find it all in Plato," said Emerson. If Socrates had done nothing else but give bent to the mind of Plato, he would deserve the gratitude of the centuries. Plato is the mine to which all thinkers turn for treasure. When they first met, Plato was twenty and Socrates sixty, and for ten years, to the day of Socrates' death, they were together almost constantly. Plato died aged eighty-one, and for fifty years he had lived but to record the dialogues of Socrates. It was curiosity that first attracted this fine youth to the old man - Socrates was so uncouth that he was amusing. Plato was interested in politics, and like most Athenian youths, was intent on having a good time. However, he was no rowdy, like Alcibiades: he was suave, gracious, and elegant in all of his acts. He had been taught by the Sophists and the desire of his life was to seem, rather than to be. By very gentle stages, Plato began to perceive that to make an impression on society was not worth working for - the thing to do was to be yourself, and yourself at your best. And we can give no better answer to the problem of life than Plato gives in the words of Socrates: "It is better to be than to seem. To live honestly and deal justly is the meat of the whole matter."

Plato was not a disciple - he was big enough not to ape the manners and eccentricities of his Master - he saw beneath the rough husk and beyond the grotesque outside the great controlling purpose in the life of Socrates. He would be himself - and himself at his best - and he would seek to satisfy the Voice within, rather than to try to please the populace. Plato still wore his

purple cloak, and the elegance and grace of his manner were not thrown aside.

Wouldn't it have been worth our while to travel miles to see these friends: the one old, bald, short, fat, squint-eyed, barefoot; and the other with all the poise of aristocratic youth - tall, courtly and handsome, wearing his robe with easy, regal grace! And so they have walked and talked adown the centuries, side by side, the most perfect example that can be named of that fine affection which often exists between teacher and scholar.

Plato's "Republic," especially, gives us an insight into a very great and lofty character. From his tower of speculation, Plato scanned the future, and saw that the ideal of education was to have it continue through life, for none but the life of growth and development ever satisfies. And love itself turns to ashes of roses if not used to help the soul in her upward flight. It was Plato who first said, "There is no profit where no pleasure's ta'en." He further perceived that in the life of education, the sexes must move hand in hand; and he also saw that, while religions are many and seemingly diverse, goodness and kindness are forever one.

His faith in the immortality of the soul was firm, but whether we are to live in another world or not, he said there is no higher wisdom than to live here and now - live our highest and best - cultivate the receptive mind and the hospitable heart, "partaking of all good things in moderation."

It takes these two to make the whole. There is no virtue in poverty - no merit in rags - the uncouth qualities in Socrates were not a recommendation. Yet he was himself. But Plato made good, in his own character, all that Socrates lacked. Some one has said that Fitzgerald's Omar is two-thirds Fitzgerald and one-third

Omar. In his books, Plato modestly puts his wisest maxims into the mouth of his master, and just how much Plato and how much Socrates there is in the "Dialogues," we will never know until we get beyond the River Styx.

SOCRATES was deeply attached to Athens, and he finally became the best known figure in the city. He criticized in his own frank, fearless way all the doings of the times - nothing escaped him. He was a self-appointed investigating committee in all affairs of state, society and religion. Hypocrisy, pretense, affectation and ignorance trembled at his approach. He was feared, despised and loved. But those who loved him were as one in a hundred. He became a public nuisance. The charge against him was just plain heresy - he had spoken disrespectfully of the gods and through his teaching he had defiled the youth of Athens. Ample warning had been given to him, and opportunity to run away was provided, but he stuck like a leech, asking the cost of banquets and making suggestions about all public affairs.

He was arrested, bailed by Plato and Crito, and tried before a jury of five hundred citizens. Socrates insisted on managing his own case. A rhetorician prepared an address of explanation, and the culprit was given to understand that if he read this speech to his judges and said nothing else, it would be considered as an apology and he would be freed - the intent of the trial being more to teach the old man a lesson in minding his own business than to injure him.

But Socrates replied to his well-meaning friend, "Think you I have not spent my whole life in preparing for this one thing?" And he handed back the smoothly polished manuscript with a smile. Montaigne says, "Should a suppliant voice have been heard out of the mouth of Socrates now; should that lofty virtue strike sail in the very height of its glory, and his rich and

powerful nature be committed to flowing rhetoric as a defense? Never!"

Socrates cross-questioned his accusers in the true Socratic style and showed that he had never spoken disrespectfully of the gods: he had only spoken disrespectfully of their absurd conception of the gods. And here is a thought which is well to consider even yet: The so-called "infidel" is often a man of great gentleness of spirit, and his disbelief is not in God, but in some little man's definition of God - a distinction the little man, being without humor, can never see.

When Socrates had confounded his accusers, this time not giving them the satisfaction of the last word, he launched out on a general criticism of the city, and told where its rulers were gravely at fault. Being cautioned to bridle his tongue, he replied, "When your generals at Potidaea and Amphipolis and Delium assigned my place in the battle I remained there, did my work, and faced the peril, and think you that when Deity has assigned me my duty at this pass in life I should, through fear of death, evade it, and shirk my post?"

This man appeared at other times, to some, as an idle loafer, but now he arose to a sublime height. He repeated with emphasis all he had ever said against their foolish superstitions, and arraigned the waste and futility of the idle rich. The power of the man was revealed as never before, and those who had intended to let him go with a fine, now thought it best to dispose of him. The safety of the state was endangered by such an agitator - the question of religion is really not what has sent the martyrs to the stake - it is the politician, not the priest, who fears the heretic.

By a small majority, Socrates was found guilty and sentenced to death. Let Plato tell of that last

hour - he has done it once for all:

When he had done speaking, Crito said, "And have you any commands for us, Socrates - anything to say about your children, or any other matter in which we can serve you?"

"Nothing particular," he said; "only, as I have always told you, I would have you to look to your own conduct; that is a service which you may always be doing to me and mine as well as to yourselves." ...

"We will do our best," said Crito. "But in what way would you have us bury you?"

"In any way that you like; only you must get hold of me, and take care that I do not walk away from you." Then he turned to us, and added with a smile: "I can not make Crito believe that I am the same Socrates who has been talking and conducting the argument; he fancies that I am the other Socrates whom he will soon see, a dead body - and he asks, 'How shall he bury me?' And though I have spoken many words in the endeavor to show that when I have drunk the poison I shall leave you and go to the joys of the blessed - these words of mine, with which I comforted you and myself, have had, as I perceive, no effect upon Crito. And therefore I want you to be surety for me now, as he was surety for me at the trial: but let the promise be of another sort; for he was my surety to the judges that I would remain, but you must be my surety to him that I shall not remain, but go away and depart; and then he will suffer less at my death, and not be grieved when he sees my body being burned. I would not have him sorrow at my hard lot, or say at the burial, 'Thus we lay out Socrates,' or, 'Thus we follow him to the grave or bury him'; for false words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Be of good cheer then, my dear Crito, and say that you are bury-

ing my body only, and do with that as is usual, and as you think best."

When he had spoken these words, he arose and went into the bath-chamber with Crito, who bid us wait; and we waited, talking and thinking of the subject of discourse, and also of the greatness of our sorrow; he was like a father of whom we were being bereaved, and we were about to pass the rest of our lives as orphans. When he had taken his bath, his children were brought to him - and the women of his family also came, and he talked to them and gave them a few directions in the presence of Crito; and he then dismissed them and returned to us.

Now the hour of sunset was near. When he came out, he sat down with us again after his bath, but not much was said. Soon the jailer, who was the servant, entered and stood by him, saying: "To you, Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them drink the poison - indeed I am sure that you will not be angry with me; for others, as you are aware, and not I, are the guilty cause. And so fare you well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be; you know my errand." Then bursting into tears, he turned away, and went out.

Socrates looked at him and said, "I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid." Then turning to us, he said: "How charming the man is! Since I have been in prison, he has always been coming to see me, and at times, he would talk to me, and was as good as could be to me, and now see how generously he sorrows for me. But we must do as he says, Crito; let the cup be brought."

"Not yet," said Crito; "the sun is still upon the

hill-tops, and many a one has taken the draft late, and after the announcement has been made to him, he has eaten and drunk and indulged in sensual delights; do not hasten then - there is still time."

Socrates said: "Yes, Crito, and they of whom you speak are right in doing thus, but I do not think that I should gain anything by drinking the poison a little later; I should be sparing and saving a life which is already gone: I could only laugh at myself for this. Please then to do as I say, and not to refuse me."

Crito, when he heard this, made a sign to the servant; and the servant went in, and remained for some time, and then returned with the jailer carrying the cup of poison. Socrates said, "You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed." The man answered, "You have only to walk about until your legs are heavy, and then to lie down, and the poison will act." At the same time, he handed the cup to Socrates, who, in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of color or feature, looking at the man with his eyes, Echecrates, as his manner was, took the cup and said: "What do you say about making the libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not?" The man answered, "We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough." "I understand," he said. "Yet I may and must pray to the gods to prosper my journey from this to that other world - may this, then, which is my prayer, be granted to me!" Then holding the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully, he drank off the poison. And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow; but now we saw him drinking, and saw, too, that he had finished the draft, we could no longer forbear, and in spite of myself,

my own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept over myself, for certainly I was not weeping over him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having lost such a companion. Nor was I the first, for Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up and moved away, and I followed; and at that moment, Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out into a loud cry, which made cowards of us all. Socrates alone retained his calmness. "What is this strange outcry?" he said, "I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not offend in this way, for I have heard that a man should die in peace. Be quiet, then, and have patience." When we heard that, we were ashamed, and refrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and then he lay on his back, according to directions, and the man who gave him the poison, now and then looked at his feet and legs; and after a while, he pressed his foot hard and asked him if he could feel; and he said, "No"; and then his leg, and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And he felt them himself, and said, "When the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end." He was beginning to grow cold, when he uncovered his face, for he had covered himself up, and said (they were his last words), "Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius; will you remember to pay the debt?" "The debt shall be paid," said Crito. "Is there anything else?" There was no answer to this question; but in a minute or two, a movement was heard, and the attendants uncovered him; his eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth. Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest, the justest, and best of all the men whom I have ever known.

PUZZLES & QUESTIONS

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

1. Define "isthmus".
2. Which baseball managers and players give the most intelligent interviews?
3. What percentage of police officers in the United States are female?
4. Who are the best re-inventors?
5. What are the top five selling passenger cars in history?
6. Who were the greatest investors of all time?
7. What percentage of teachers in the United States are male?

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES:

1. How many cells are there in the human body?
- A: There are various estimates ranging from 10 trillion to 100 trillion. If bacteria cells are counted, the total may be 1 quadrillion.
3. How is Body Mass Index (BMI) calculated?
- A: In the metric system, Body Mass Index = weight (in kg.) / height squared (meters squared). In the U.S. system of measure, the formula is $703 \times \text{weight (in lbs.)} / \text{height squared (inches squared)}$. A BMI of 18.5 - 24.9 for adults is considered normal.
- The Belgian statistician and sociologist Adolphe Quetelet devised BMI in the mid 1800s. Some think the BMI is a poor measure of obesity because it does not distinguish between muscle and fat. Body fat percentage is an alternative measure. It divides total body fat by weight. Total body fat includes essential fat and storage fat. Essential fat is the fat required to maintain life and reproduce. Storage fat is fat in tissue that protects organs. Doctors consider body fat percentages of 8 - 14% normal for men and 20 - 21% normal for women. Adult males in the U.S. average 22 - 25% and U.S. females average 15 - 19%.
- The American Council on Exercise believes women's weight should be 12 - 15% essential body fat, and men's 2 - 5%. They consider 16 - 20% best for female athletes and 6 - 13% best for male athletes.
5. What is the population of Jerusalem? Tel Aviv? Cairo?
- A: Jerusalem, 743,000 (2007); Tel Aviv, (385,000); Cairo, 7,500,000 (2006).
7. Give a concise summary of each amendment in the U.S. Constitution's Bill of Rights.
- A:
1. Acknowledges freedom of speech, press, religion, assembly, and petition.
 2. Right to bear arms.
 3. Prohibits government from forcing the quartering of soldiers in private homes and properties.
 4. States the freedom from unreasonable search and seizure. Requires probable cause for judges to issue a warrant.
 5. Citizens cannot be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law. Prohibits compulsory self-incrimination in trials, double jeopardy, and the taking of private property for public use without just compensation.
 6. States right of accused person to speedy and public trial before impartial jury. Also states accused's right to be informed of accusation, to face the witnesses against him, and to have legal counsel.
 7. Right of trial by jury in civil cases.
 8. Prohibits excessive bail and cruel and unusual punishment.
 9. The people are not limited to rights listed in the Constitution.
 10. Powers not delegated to the government by the Constitution are reserved to the states and the people.

9. When did the last soldier in the U.S. Civil War die?

A: This is disputed. Albert Woolson of Duluth, Minnesota, was the last Union soldier to die. He lived from 1850 - 1956. The last Confederate soldier to die is more uncertain because many Confederate records were lost or destroyed. The Confederacy had no official archives. Moreover, many men lied about their age and claimed to be Confederate veterans to collect pensions. So reports place the last Civil War veteran's death anywhere between 1951 and 1959. The 1952 - 1954 claims are the best supported.

11. What is the average credit score of people in the United States?

A: Fair Isaac Corporation (FICO) creates the most widely used credit score in the U.S., the FICO score. The exact formulas for the credit scores of FICO and its competitors are secret. According to FICO, the median FICO score in the U.S. is 723. Experian, a credit reporting agency, says the average FICO score is 678.

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

KICK IRRATIONAL by Brian Lord



MENSAN CARTOONIST RUNNING BOSTON MARATHON FOR CHARITY

For years, Mensan Brian Lord's hand has penned the comic strip, "Kick Irrational", bringing smiles to thousands of Mensans in the US, Canada, and Israel. He's now hoping his feet can do the same for those in Africa.

Brian Lord (Middle Tennessee Mensa) will be running the Boston Marathon April 21 to raise \$5,000 for building wells in Africa through the international humanitarian organization, World Vision.

Lord was introduced to World Vision by his wife, Krista, whose singing group, The Darins, helped promote child sponsorships while on tour. The Lord family then went to work in earnest, raising \$25,000 to help build an HIV health clinic in Swaziland near South Africa. Lord's company also supported World Vision in funding a deep well and water project two years ago in Ghana.

A former DePauw University wide receiver, Lord comments, "I began running distance races shortly after graduation. When I learned about the opportunity to merge my passion for running with helping those in need through Team World Vision, I was hooked!"

For those interested in making a tax-deductible donation, you can do so online at www.firstgiving.org/brianlord.

NOTED AND QUOTED

All men are created unequal.

- Robert A. Heinlein, (1907 - 1988), U.S. science fiction novelist

How inappropriate to call this planet Earth, when clearly it is Ocean. - Arthur C. Clarke, (1917 - 2008), British science fiction author

It is not the mountain we conquer but ourselves. - Edmund Hillary, (1919 - 2008)

It isn't the mountain ahead that wears you out - it's the grain of sand in your shoe. - Robert Service, (1874 - 1958), Scottish poet

Regrets are idle; yet history is one long regret. Everything might have turned out so differently. - Charles Dudley Warner, (1829 - 1900), U.S. editor and essayist.

Always be a little kinder than necessary. - James M. Barrie, (1860 - 1937), Scottish novelist and dramatist

Nothing on earth consumes a man more completely than the passion of resentment. - Frederick Nietzsche, (1844 - 1900)

As memory may be a paradise from which we cannot be driven, it may also be a hell from which we cannot escape. - John Lancaster Spalding, (1840 - 1916), Catholic bishop, co-founder of The Catholic University of America

We get the things we want when we no longer want them. - Cesare Pavese, (1908 - 1950), Italian poet, novelist, literary critic and translator

Judge a tree from its fruit; not from the leaves. - Euripedes, (480 - 406 B.C.E.), Greek tragic dramatist

A bad workman quarrels with his tools. - Irish Proverb

Fools multiply folly. - Benjamin Franklin, (1706 - 1790), Poor Richard's Almanac

A budget tell us what we can't afford, but it doesn't keep us from buying it. - William Feather, (1889 - 1981), U.S. author, publisher

We live in the present, we dream of the future and we learn eternal truths from the past. - Soong Mei-Ling (Madame Chiang Kai-shek), (1897 - 2003)

There is no present. There's only the immediate future and the recent past. - George Carlin, (1938 -)

Light tomorrow with today. - Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806-1861), English poet

I had too much to dream last night. - Electric Prunes, song title from 1966

I have seen all, I have heard all, I have forgotten all. - Marie Antoinette [Josephe Jeanne], (1755 - 1793)

Opportunity knocks at the strangest times, It's not the time that matters But how you answer the door. - Steve Gray, Australian business coach

For those who have tasted the profound activity of writing, reading is no more than a secondary pleasure. - Stendhal(Henri Beyle), (1783 - 1842), French novelist, De l'Amour (1822)

The people never give up their liberties, but under some delusion. - Edmund Burke, (1729 - 1797), English statesman, orator

Truth is tough. It will not break, like a bubble, at a touch; nay, you may kick it about all day, like a football, and it will be round and full at evening. -Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr., (1809 - 1894), U.S. poet, writer, physician. The Professor at the Breakfast Table

I have been, and still am, angry at being mediocre. -Denis Diderot, (1713 - 1784), French editor, philosopher

Style is an easy way of saying complicated things. - Jean Cocteau, (1889 - 1963), French dramatist, director

Tis not too late to seek a newer world. - Alfred Lord Tennyson, (1809 - 1892), English poet

But, my dearest Agathon, it is truth which you cannot contradict; you can without any difficulty contradict Socrates. - Socrates, (469 - 399 B.C.E.)

Friends are often chosen for similitude of manners, and therefore each palliate the other's failings because they are his own. - Samuel Johnson, (1789 - 1784)

POETRY CORNER**BEFORE THE RAIN**

Thomas Bailey Aldrich (1836-1906)

WE knew it would rain, for all the morn
 A spirit on slender ropes of mist
 Was lowering its golden buckets down
 Into the vapory amethyst.
 Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens -
 Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
 Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
 To sprinkle them over the land in showers.
 We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
 The white of their leaves, the amber grain
 Shrunken in the wind - and the lightning now
 Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!

A NIGHT THOUGHT

William Wordsworth (1770-1850)

LO! where the Moon along the sky
 Sails with her happy destiny;
 Oft is she hid from mortal eye
 Or dimly seen,
 But when the clouds asunder fly
 How bright her mien!

Far different we--a froward race,
 Thousands though rich in Fortune's grace
 With cherished sullenness of pace
 Their way pursue,
 Ingrates who wear a smileless face
 The whole year through.

If kindred humours e'er would make
 My spirit droop for drooping's sake,
 From Fancy following in thy wake,
 Bright ship of heaven!
 A counter impulse let me take
 And be forgiven.

THE LIVING FLAME

Charles Baudelaire (1821 - 1867)

THEY pass before me, these Eyes full of light,
 Eyes made magnetic by some angel wise;
 The holy brothers pass before my sight,
 And cast their diamond fires in my dim eyes.

They keep me from all sin and error grave,
 They set me in the path whence Beauty came;
 They are my servants, and I am their slave,
 And all my soul obeys the living flame.

Beautiful Eyes that gleam with mystic light
 As candles lighted at full noon; the sun
 Dims not your flame phantastical and bright.

You sing the dawn; they celebrate life done;
 Marching you chaunt my soul's awakening hymn,
 Stars that no sun has ever made grow dim!

A SPRING VIEW

Du Fu (712-770)

THOUGH a country be sundered, hills and rivers
 endure;
 And spring comes green again to trees and grasses
 Where petals have been shed like tears
 And lonely birds have sung their grief.
 ... After the war-fires of three months,
 One message from home is worth a ton of gold.
 ... I stroke my white hair. It has grown too thin
 To hold the hairpins any more.

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.

MIND GAMES 2008 will be held April 11-13 in Phoenix.

To register, visit
<http://www.mindgames.us.mensa.org> FAX 1-603-286-2093 PHONE 1-800-MENSA4U
www.mensaboutique.com
zanca@mensaboutique.com

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www.pywacketgames.com

Gheos Z-Man Games
www.zmangames.com

Hit or Miss Gamewright
www.gamewright.com

Qwinkle Mindware
www.mindwareonline.com

Skullduggery Outset Media Games
www.outsetmedia.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

ADVERTISEMENTS

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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. The dinner is held the third Saturday of the month.

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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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