

# “Goldilocks Challenges” & a Rumor

Started: 03/24/22 Edited: 3-25-22

Hi Folks,

Thinking tonight about something I call “Goldilocks Challenges.” I think I have weathered two in my life.

1. My bout of diabetes, the kickoff for which was a “*Vlaamsluecker*-level” blood sugar count which landed me in the emergency room over a decade ago; an anecdote I relate in the About the Author page of my book. Having reversed this potentially crippling disease, I believe I came out of it empowered (that TV word).
2. The other challenge being the subject of the book itself.

In order to qualify, a challenge must not be so trivial as to hardly tax the subject. Neither can it be so overwhelming that it destroying the individual or society. In order to be a “Goldilocks Challenge” the subject must be able to (possibly) rise to the occasion; in which case he may emerge from the ordeal a better person.

My extended brush with “Certain Organs of State Security™” has (so far, at least) been of this sort. Instead of turning me into what I call a “Terrorist of the Brummagem Variety™,” *it has been the making of me*, i.e., Kipling’s phrase: “We have had no end of a lesson: it will do us no end of good,” a phrase alluding to the Boer war, may apply at the personal as well as the national level.

Please take all this with more than a grain of salt as I am no more able to predict the future (my own, let alone a nation’s) than, curiously, I have been able to predict my own past...

Now, this next item is just between you and me, unnerstand? Rumor has it, this is just rumor, mind; that over at the Vatican, I am being considered for beatification (a step leading to sainthood as I’m sure you’re aware). I enclose a picture which could generate some buzz and help grease the skids, so to speak. By the way, if any of you are at all connected in those quarters, perhaps a word in the right ear... One never knows, Eh?

A-and, by the way, about the attached first picture. You may consider it a relic of the saint, *avant la lettre*, so to speak. Assuming there is a lively trade in relics of this kind, the chamber pot I hang from my porch awning every morning (see Figure 1) could be worth something someday. And as my long-suffering neighbor, poor old Tyson said years ago about a different, though not wholly unrelated topic: “anything for a buck.”

What I’m really angling for, though, is that Lenin Prize, or does that ~~date~~ damn me? Mum’s the word folks, I have enough of a rep as it is, wot? Though in a pinch, I just might settle for the Sièyès. Or mebbe one of them Darwin Awards. As a consolation prize (consolation for whom?), it might do nicely. A-and in the end, might even turn out to have been so much more appropriate...

In other news:

- Just learned from a social worker at Kaiser that evictions in Los Angeles have been suspended until the end of the year. My increasingly energetic, not to say frenetic, landlord, Tiffany Anderson can rest, for now.
- Having increasing difficulty using the phone for the simplest tasks. A recent sample (written on 3-26-22):
  1. Calling the Legal Aid Foundation, I must expect to spend over two hours on hold and consider myself lucky to actually conclude any business.
  2. Calling Home Depot, looking for a lousy metal rod takes me five calls on two phones before I give up for the day.
  3. Calling Bobco Metal, I’ll now have to expect the number to vanish from my phone as I’m about to dial.

4. Calling Printing Palace three times in one day to give my credit card to pay for fliers to be printed from files I emailed the previous day, I find myself waiting for someone to answer the phone to take my credit card. Each time without success.
- It also seems Dread *Sassenach*<sup>TM</sup> has been doing a bit of unsolicited tidying up in my bungalow again. As a result, I can't seem to find anything (slight exaggeration, here). To be specific:
    1. Some three 74LS14s, a type of chip I need for a project, missing
    2. Three tiny magnets, needed for some work. I had carefully stuck them on a metal surface, gone
    3. A manila folder in which I keep my appointment book and list my business transactions went missing. After looking around, I eventually found it inside another folder containing papers on my "Bungalow Problem," moved
    4. A document I wrote and emailed the night a trickle of leaking water turned into a near-flood in my kitchen after a visit by AFJ Investment's handyman, Jose Nava; with pictures attached, a document which was stored in my computer and emailed to several people, missing
    5. My homemade red night light which I keep at my side with the light turned off while I sleep. I sometimes use it if I get up during the night. I found it one morning on my desk, under the loft bed (see attached Figures 2 & 3). During the night, moved

Ah, the Shenanigans of *Sassenach*<sup>TM</sup>.

Irene: regards to *Le Malin*<sup>TM</sup>.

Trusting I remain yr. Fair-haired Boy<sup>TM</sup>.

(signed)

*Malvoisin/Mauvais Sujet*

P.S. Irene: May our wordless tears, yours and mine, eventually prove invincible.

P.P.S. Irene: Be sure to remind Alberto to carry an umbrella at all times and in all places, there's *always* a chance of rain.



Figure 1: I hang it outside every morning, calling it "pendre la crémaillère." A future relic?



*Figure 2: My loft bed.*



*Figure 3: My desk underneath, picture taken some time ago, now considerably more crowded.*