

The Frozen Weblog 2

amusements gathered from the Internet and set on paper by

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Let us go away together, away from the anger and imperatives of men. There will be only the two of us, and we shall linger through long afternoons of sweet retirement. In the evenings I shall read to you while you work your cross-stitch in the firelight. And then we shall go to bed, our bed, my dearest girl—Love letter from one female character to another in *Sisters*, by Lynne (Mrs. VP) Cheney

Ode on the Mammoth Cheese

Weight over seven thousand pounds.

We have seen thee, queen of cheese,

Lying quietly at your ease,

Gently fanned by evening breeze,

Thy fair form no flies dare seize.

All gaily dressed soon you'll go

To the great Provincial show,

To be admired by many a beau

In the city of Toronto.

Cows numerous as a swarm of bees,

Or as the leaves upon the trees,

It did require to make thee please.

And stand unrivalled, queen of cheese.

May you not receive a scar as

We have heard that Mr. Harris

Intends to send you off as far as

The great world's show at Paris.

Of the youth beware of these,

For some of them might rudely squeeze

And bite your check, then songs or glees

We could not sing, oh! queen of cheese.

We'rt thou suspended from balloon,

You'd cast a shade even at noon,

Folks would think it was the moon

About to fall and crush them soon.

—James McIntyre, the Chaucer of Cheese

How Unpleasant

Then we had this lugubrious man in a suit, and he read a poem...I think it was called "The Desert." And first the girls got the giggles, then I did, and then even the king. Such a gloomy man, looked as though he worked in a bank, and we didn't understand a word—Queen Mother Elizabeth on meeting TS Eliot

Actual Ad

Sexy Nubian F with Star Trek (OS) uniform seeks starship captain for fun and frolic on the outer rim. OWN UNIFORM A MUST (Women Seeking Men)—*Village Voice*

Dear United States Army: My husband asked me to write a recommend that he supports his family. He cannot read, so don't tell him. Just take him. He ain't no good to me. He ain't done nothing but raise hell and drink lemon essence since I married him eight years ago, and I got to feed seven kids of his. Maybe you can get him to carry a gun. He's good on squirrels and eating. Take him and welcome. I need the grub and his bed for the kids. Don't tell him this, but just take him—letter hand-delivered in 1943 by an Arkansas man to his draft board

I regard the two major male archetypes in 20th Century literature as Leopold Bloom and Hannibal Lecter, M.D. Bloom, the perpetual victim, the kind and gentle fellow who finishes last, represented an astonishing breakthrough to new levels of realism in the novel, and also symbolized the view of humanity that hardly anybody could deny c. 1900-1950. History, sociology, economics, psychology et al. confirmed Joyce's view of Everyman as victim. Bloom, exploited and downtrodden by the Brits for being Irish and rejected by many of the Irish for being Jewish, does indeed epiphanize humanity in the first half of the 20th Century. And he remains a nice guy despite everything that happens...

Dr Lecter, my candidate for the male archetype of 1951-2000, will never win any Nice Guy awards, I fear, but he symbolizes our age as totally as Bloom symbolized his. Hannibal's wit, erudition, insight into others, artistic sensitivity, scientific knowledge etc. make him almost a walking one man encyclopedia of Western civilization. As for his "hobbies" as he calls them -- well, according to the World Game Institute, since the end of World War II, in which 60,000,000 human beings were murdered by other human beings, 193,000,000 more humans have been murdered by other humans in brush wars, revolutions, insurrections etc. What better symbol of our age than a serial killer? Hell, can you think of any recent U.S. President who doesn't belong in the Serial Killer Hall of Fame? And their motives make no more sense, and no less sense, than Dr Lecter's Darwinian one-man effort to rid the planet of those he finds outstandingly loutish and uncouth—Robert Anton Wilson, from his Web site <www.rawilson.com>

The Harvard Crimson Apologizes

An article about the Harvard-Princeton women's lacrosse game that ran in The *Crimson's* weekly sports supplement on Monday contained an inordinate number of factual errors.

The article was accidentally written using a press release from last year's lacrosse game.

Unnatural Unions from the Copy-Editing List:

The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly Duckling
There's Something About Mary Poppins
Air Force One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest
A Bridge Too Far From the Madding Crowd
The Man Who Knew Too Much Ado about Nothing
Of Mice and Men in Black
American Beauty and the Beast
Trading Places in the Heart
Swiss Family Robinson Crusoe
The Remains of the Day the Earth Stood Still
The Sixth Sense and Sensibility
The Magnificent Seven Brides for Seven Brothers
Free Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory

HTML in e-mail fulfills the noble service of providing crayons to those who believe them indispensable to the communications process—Jim Williams

San Francisco Man Becomes First American to Grasp Significance of Irony

SAN FRANCISCO - Herdofsheep spoke to Jay Fullmer, 38, who became the first American to get to grips with the concept of irony yesterday.

"It was weird," Fullmer said. "I was in London and, like, talking to this guy and it was raining and shit and he said, like, great weather, or something like that."

Said Fullmer: "And I thought - wait a minute, it's like, no way is it great weather."

Fullmer soon realised that the other man's 'mistake' was deliberate.

"This guy was pretty cool about it," Fullmer said.

Fullmer, who is 39 next month and married with two children, aged 8 and 3, planned to use irony himself in future.

"I'm like saying it all the time," he said. "Weekend last I was like grilling steaks and I like burned them to shit and I said 'great weather'."

<www.herdofsheep.com>

The Wit and Wisdom of Lionel Fanthorpe

If he considered that any particular thing was a menace to the health and well-being of the community, he would leave no stone unturned, no manhole cover unlifted, no drain undisinfected until he had eliminated the obnoxiousness.

They rounded the corner, and saw, in the flickering firelight, a sight which chilled the very blood in their veins. It seemed to coagulate the very corpuscles in their arteries.

Helen Powell kept her head and began working away bravely at the gag. She was glad that she had washed her cardigan in soft, gentle soap flakes, in accordance with the instruction on its ticket. She would not have fancied chewing her way through wool that might have been flavoured with powerful detergent!

Then there was Paul Whiteland, as different from Jansen as chalk from cheese. Which of them you preferred depended on which type of character you preferred—chalk or cheese. They are both useful in their own way. You can't write on a blackboard with a lump of Cheddar. You can't satisfy your appetite with three sticks of coloured Writing apparatus.

A rose by any other name would smell as sweet, and the flower that we call coincidence has other names, the changing of which does nothing to detract from its efficacy.

Causes of Philosophers' Deaths

Abelard: nun
Berkeley: Divine neglect
Camus: plague
Dennett: lost consciousness
Derrida: deconstructed
Descartes: stopped thinking
Galen: lost his sense of humours
Galileo: stopped moving
Freud: slipped
Heisenberg: uncertain causes
Heraclitus: Fell in the same river twice
Hume: Unknown causes
Husserl: Phenomenally bad luck
Kant: found means to his own end
Keynes: entered the long run
Kierkegaard: sick to death
Kuhn: paradigm lost
Levi-Strauss: cooked
Luther: Diet of worms
Marx: material causes
Moore: by his own hand, obviously
Nietzsche: overpowered himself
Ockham: Accident with razor
Paley: By design
Pascal: The wagers of sin
Passmore: 100 years of philosophy
Peirce: abducted
Plato: caved in
Popper: falsified
Rousseau: Contract job
Ryle: gave up the ghost
Sartre: nothing doing
Saussure: parole revoked
Skinner, B F: Bad behaviour
Smith, A: Invisible hand
Tarski: 'Death'
Thales: Drowned
Turing: Solved the halting problem
Vico: Recycled
Wittgenstein: Became the late Wittgenstein
Zeno: Run over by a tortoise
From David Chalmers's Web site
<www.u.arizona.edu/~chalmers/>