

ZOUNDS! THE BOUNDLESS SCOUNDREL!

SCARFIN' FATBACK

Superficially impressive, Mr. Eckler, but, following your continued con-claim to Mary's lipolambs ("Heckle the Feckless Eckler" and "Fat-back's Setback" in May), I re-examined your previous tours de farce and found one that is actually yours. Yet even there, in tossing out half the alphabet, you kept everything of real value. Should we applaud your omission of Z? X? J? V? Q? K? My challenge now, Sir: a less wooden response to Frosty sylvania, this time with a less self-selected half of the alphabet, as here using only every other letter (A,C,E,...W,Y). Can you also do it, still punning the original "Stopping In Woods On a Snowy Evening" as honestly as I (as you have attacked my honesty)? Can you write one poem in which you acknowledge defeat and with it, with sense, a second that describes what you really misperceive as truth, that you won? And convey your real message cryptically, as here? (I intend only the alternate lines--which I indent.) Need I express my doubt?

As swigs ease awe, I'm sick: I owe
 Goose eggs see-saw; Eck's quick. Is woe?
 O mousy me, my aces go.
 Eck, souse's gems mock sages sow.
 A way so scammy seems so key, a
 Way so seamy, scam so key, a
 Kick o' wags is me: is so.
 Wuss, o wag! O say, yo-yo?

Aye, wiggy mousse-mess, Mama mia,
 Aye, icky ass-muss (sic) musea,
 I kick, I sway my gaseous Kia;
 You skim, you mow miasma's Gea.
 A sage as wise as you, awake
 A swami's magic, I awake--
 I mock! Ask me--agog, I see ya!
 You cock?! Asqueam, agog, we see ya!

I guess my aim misses a "make;"
 My guess, a game miss is a "make,"
 Mum-musk, a sea I swim; I quake:
 Mime's mask. Asea I sum; I quake:
 My mom's some ass, a sow! O, eek!
 O Mommy! Awesome sow's a geek!
 A queasy, swimmy cow's moo cake!
 O cease, see? Swim, ye scum! Ma sake!

Cease wuss's uggy ways; gawk, seek.

(Eck, wusses wows. Some suck, some seek.)

Yes, I make commas cess, I squeak;

As some coy comic says: so weak.

(Am I so gooey as I'm meek?)

I'm wise: I go; wee, so I'm meek.

(Am I so gooey as I'm meek?)

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NAMES WILL NEVER HURT YOU?

An article from the Associated Press recently reported on a study of people's initials, conducted by researchers at the University of California at San Diego. Looking at 27 years of California death certificates (5 million people), psychologist Nicholas Christenfeld reported that people with monograms such as JOY or WOW had a better chance of living longer, and were less likely to commit suicide or die in an accident, than those with neutral or meaningless initials such as JAY or WLW, or those named BUM, UGH, APE, DUD, RAT, PIG or the like.

The argument is that there is some psychological factor at work. A person initialed DOG or ASS will most likely get teased at school about it. At the very least he will wonder what his parents thought of him. Contrariwise, it is a tiny boost to be called ACE. Liking yourself and liking your name may well be linked, and parents should be sensitive to this when naming their children.

Concentrating on men because marriage doesn't change their initials, the researchers found 2287 men with initials deemed plainly negative, and 1200 indisputably positive. Among the combinations so identified, there were 11 "good" sets and 19 "bad" ones.