

Put a Little Cheese in Your Social Life

By Art Stevens

Tired of every day life? Want to pass the time without studying Dow Jones stock averages on a minute to minute basis?

Then play this silly, ludicrous and meaningless parlor game when you next have a dinner party. The only downside to playing this game is that your guests may never accept another dinner invitation to your home. They will make up such excuses in the future as the need to walk the dog at the exact time your next dinner party is scheduled.

Or an unscheduled appointment with their plumber. Or the need to be available for a long distance call from the Dali Lama. Believe me; the excuses will become more inventive as you insist on their attendance.

So if you're still undeterred about losing your friends, here's the parlor game. Pretend that you're forming a big band of jazz all stars. And that you have to create names for the musicians. The catch is that the last name of each musician must be the name of a cheese. With me so far?

Wait; don't skip to the obits yet. I promise you that you won't find your own name listed in them as yet if you're physically able to read this column. Just stick to the game.

I'll get you started. The pianist is Paul Provolone and the drummer is Ben Brie. Get the idea? Here are a few more helpful names to get the game started: Max Muenster on the clarinet; Paolo Pecorino on the trumpet and Morris Mozzarella on the bass.

No, you can't call the band "The Big Cheese". You've got to fill all the slots first.

How about Cal Camembert, Juan Gouda, Chuck Cheddar, Adam Edam, and Rico Parmesan?

Or Rickey Ricotta, Sam Swiss, Gary Gorgonzola and Frankie Feta?

After you round out a full sixteen-piece orchestra you can get to work on the medley of songs it will play. Among the pop favorites are: Night and Cheese, That Old Cheese Magic, Tender is the Cheese, My Blue Cheese, Cheese in the Night, I'm Forever Blowing Cheese and On the Sunny Side of the Cheese.

Wait, there's more: Come Rain or Come Cheese, Embraceable Cheese, Mack the Cheese, Yes Sir That's My Cheese, Happiness is a Thing Called Cheese, Any Place I

Hang My Hat is Cheese and Autumn Cheese.

This parlor game should begin right after desert and coffee when dinner conversation is grinding to a slow halt. After exhausting such topics as the economy, Bernie Madoff, March madness, Obama's ears and the warning signs of advancing age you and your guests are now ready to plunge into cheese madness .

Warning: this game will rob you of your best friends. If you happen to make new friends in the interim you'll be ready for your next parlor game which will be renaming the U.S. Senate after jungle animals.