

KICKSHAWS FEB 2011

~ KICKSHAWS ANAGRAM OF THE YEAR ~

This year's award goes to Mike Morton for...

KICKSHAWS = KISS. WHACK!

~ A PALINDROMIC NEW YEAR

This year has four palindromic dates that use the digit 1 and no other: 1-1-11, 1-11-11, 11-1-11, and 11-11-11. Multiply each of those by four for the unidigital seconds in a day—1:11 AM, 11:11 AM, 1:11 PM, and 11:11 PM, and you have sixteen palindromic points ranging from 7 to 10 digits. The shortest is 1-1-11 1:11, and the longest is 11-11-11 11:11 (either AM or PM for the time). Such a year should begin with a palindromic poem honoring the creator of the form, a man who lived outside the box but died inside the box.

The 3rd-century poet Sotades the Obscene from Maronia is credited as the inventor of palindromes, which are sometimes called sotadics in his honor. One of his poems attacked Ptolemy II of Philadelphus for marrying his own sister, Arsinoe. It included the line (translated from ancient Greek) "You're sticking your prick in an unholy hole." For that he was imprisoned. He escaped, but was captured by Patroklos, Ptolemy's admiral, who had him shut up in a leaden chest and thrown into the sea. This sotadic poem imagines what Sotades' last thoughts might've been. Notice that the four different proper nouns, excluding "God," appear in four adjacent stanzas.

Death of the Palindromist

God
dam!

As Sotades
used a toss:

Away!
No sign.

Is sot a dog,
Patroklos?

No sign.
Is Sotades rap?

Won't Arsinoe
drown? I plug.

No! I
to Maronia,

Ptolemy by me.
Lot... pain...

Or a motion—
gulp!

In word eon,
is rat now parsed?

A tossing
is on?

Sulk,
or tap God.

A tossing
is on!

Yaw as Sotades
used a toss.

A mad
dog!

IT'S BACK BUT IT VANISHED!

This is quite a snappy little poem that Susan Thorpe sent. I've never seen the stanza form before. It looks like a truncated limerick. Enjoy!

When your software's having tantrums
Just show it who's boss.
Play it cool
And let DOS see you don't give a toss.

When your cat's getting hungry
And you're feeling a louse.
Fret not,
There's at least one mouse in the house.

You're backing up too quickly,
Your rate is too brisk.
It's true,
There's always a risk with a disk.

You've been feeling neglected,
No calls on the phone.
So remember,
You're never alone with a clone.

Are you wanting some columns
To make your work neat?
It's not
Such a feat, use a spreadsheet.

Now a friend wants your work
But you're unable to copy,
Because,
It appears your floppy's got stropy.

When you want to scrap a file,
Don't go in with both feet.
What you do
Is delete, but beware be discreet.

It's back, but it vanished.
Oh, where has it been?
Who cares,
Now it's there, safe on the screen!

~ MORE HIGHLY IRREGULAR VERBS

In response to "Highly Irregular Verbs" by Rich Lederer and Kern Mann, Jeremy Morse sends the following as further examples:

(as BEGET)	RET	RAT	ROTTEN
(as FORBID)	MID	MADE	MIDDEN
(as GET)	RET	ROT	ROTTEN
(as RIDE)	BIDE	BODE	BIDDEN

~ SCRABBLE CONTEST NO. 99 REVISITED

In the last Kickshaws, Jeff Grant wrote "Without using any of the five vowels or blanks to represent them, how much can you score for the first two moves in a game of

Scrabble.” Jeremy Morse scored twice the number of points Jeff scored. Who will top that? Can it be topped?

NYMPH (38) + MYTHS/NYMPHS (33) = 71 points (Jeff)

R_YTHM (34) + R_YTHMS/R_YTHMS (108) = 142 points (Jeremy)

269. For Scrabble Contest no. 99 I would have entered:

R-YTHM (34) + R-YTHMS / R-YTHMS (108) = 142

~ POETICALLY QUOTABLE

Don Hauptman sends us his poetic tribute to his friend Mardy Grothe (www.drmary.com), the guru of quotations. Mardy’s latest book, *Neverisms*, will be on sale in May.

In parlous times, inspiring thoughts oughter

Help you keep your head above water.

Thus we see that a good quotation

Can function as a device for flotation.

~ AN ABBREVIATED CORRECTION

Don Hauptman, author of *Acronymania* (Dell, 1993) says: “A recent article in *Word Ways* committed the common mistake of using the word *acronym* to describe such terms as *A.T.M.*, *E.S.P.*, *T.G.I.F.*, and the like. When it’s pronounced not as a word but letter by letter, it’s an *initialism*, as the periods indicate. The umbrella term for all varieties of linguistic shortening is *abbreviation*.”

~ CULTURAL WORDS

Darryl Francis calls attention to an interesting item which appeared in *World Wide Ways* today (18 December). It’s even more fascinating when you follow the link and start searching for various words, and can review relative usage over the years. On Fri, 17/12/10, Michael Quinion <wordseditor@WORLDWIDEWORDS.ORG> wrote:

“Reports appeared yesterday based on an article in *Science* about a big word-crunching research enterprise that has collated every word appearing in about five million books digitised by Google, 361 billion of them in English. This is a collection far larger

than any dictionary corpus so far created and the researchers - a group from Harvard University, Encyclopaedia Britannica and Google - hope that it will be used to investigate cultural trends as well as lexicographical ones. The researchers have coined CULTUROMICS as a jazzy term for this statistical approach to word research, basing the analogy on genomics, the study of the evolution of the human genome. Results are freely available in graphical form on a new Google search site <http://ngrams.googlelabs.com> which shows the relative rates of appearance of words annually from 1920 to 2000. The researchers cite "God" as an example of the trends thrown up by the data: they say that references to the deity in books fell from 17 mentions per 10,000 words in 1830 to two per 10,000 words in 1998. One report quoted them as saying "We estimated that 52% of the English lexicon - the majority of words used in English books - consist of lexical 'dark matter' undocumented in standard references", an astonishing figure that's raising eyebrows among the makers of those standard references."

~ LOVE'S LEAP

Ray Love sends the following funny facts and fancies, concluding with a very fortuitous discovery about a pretty woman. Now don't go reading ahead. You'll get to it in due time, gents.

A PIG TALE

So this pig walks into a bar and orders drink after drink after drink and never goes to the bathroom. The bartender asks, "Don't you ever have to go to the bathroom?" ...and the pig replies, "Nah, I go wee wee wee all the way home."

VOWEL MOVEMENTS

An American friend of A. E. Housman, the English scholar and poet, remembered that many years earlier he had borrowed money from Housman and never repaid him. So he sent a telegram saying, "A. E., IOU." Housman, unable to recall the debt and not missing a beat, immediately wired this reply: "And Y?"

When U Thant was U.N. Secretary-General many years ago, a friend heard that he enjoyed solving Sudoku puzzles and was quite adept at it. So his friend emailed him this terse missive: "Regarding Sudoku: Kudos U." (Of course, this could not have happened since there was no email or Sudoku in U's day. However, the explosive combination of time and progress has a way of making possible wordplay that could not have happened in the past. New wordplay is always awaiting discovery - wedding the past to the present is one source.)

SOME ENCHANTED EVENING

The numbers 7 and 11 are both odd. Without adding the numbers together or subtracting them, how can you make them both even? Answer: Remove the S from SEVEN and the EL from ELEVEN and they'll both be EVEN.

JUST ASKING...

How is it possible that the word "blunt" mean "to the point"?

If Time Marches on, does it also April on, May on, June on...?"

Could the answer to the crossword puzzle clue for "Half the alphabet" be the word "Atom"? (A to M)

Would a nose by any other name smell just as sweet?

Does a horn player in a band brush his teeth using a tuba toothpaste?

If you cross poison ivy with a four-leaf clover, do you get a rash of good luck?

Is a frying pan at home on the range?

Are faces what women make when they're putting one on?

Could a mother or father ghost be called a "transparent"?

If a man is said to be handsome and a woman is adjectived as pretty, why are they both ugly?

PRETTY WOMAN

Julia Roberts is one of my favorite actresses. She is definitely a Pretty Woman. Although her latest film, "Eat Pray Love" has not been well received, I like it for a personal reason. If the first four letters of the title are removed, the remaining letters spell.... I know, I should be horsewhipped for that!

Ray Love

~ CHRISTMAS LIMERICK

Doug Harris has a way to creatively share his Holiday spirit: "Here's my Christmas limerick to all those who I perhaps should have sent a Christmas card, but never quite got around to it, being a hopelessly disorganised bloke in some respects:

Lots of snow, lovely presents, no doubts
That yuletide looks great - it's without
Any work to be done,
So let's go and have fun!
(Notwithstanding the part about sprouts).

I hope this lets me off the hook! Best wishes for a happy holiday and a rewarding New Year.

~ **DESPERATELY LOOKING FOR A SCRABBLE BOOK**

Jeff Grant asks for your help in locating a book. He had it, but...

“While we were away on Norfolk Island our neighbours collected our mail. Owing to an unfortunate set of circumstances it was all thrown out with the weekly recycling! Included in this 'rubbish' was a Scrabble book that I had ordered through Amazon, the following book in fact:

Winning Words for Players of Scrabble, by Alan Murray, published in 1953

It was published in America, is fairly small (31 pages), and not particularly valuable (US\$8-60 last time), but seems quite scarce. It was the third time I have ordered the book off the Internet in the last five years. The first two times the order was cancelled for some reason and my money refunded. I thought I was finally going to obtain the book for my collection until this freakish event happened. As I'm sure you can appreciate, to get so close is very frustrating!

Question: do you have any ideas who or where I could ask about obtaining a copy of this book? I've also asked Ross Eckler if he knows of any older 'Word Ways' readers with an interest in Scrabble who may possibly have a copy they might be willing to sell. Any suggestions will be much appreciated! Thanks.”

~ **SCRABBLE WORDS AND MORE**

Jeff Grant “took the latest 'Word Ways' with me to Malaysia/Singapore for the Scrabble and finished it on the plane coming home last Friday. As usual, lots of interesting reading.

I enjoyed the 'Not Quite Swifties', but see one has been separated into alphabetical parts which makes it impossible to appreciate. It should read:

A small boy swallowed some coins and was taken to hospital. When his grandmother telephoned to ask how he was, a nurse said, 'No change yet.'

Regarding the Scrabble Contest on p269, the highest score achieved so far is 171 by Allan Simmons (UK), editor of the British Scrabble magazine 'Onwords' for about 30 years. Allan's solution uses the word NYMPHLY twice, first for 98, second for 73 with the Ys as blanks.

~ **WAS LEWIS CARROL JACK THE RIPPER?**

Jeff comments on Jim Puder's recent article: "Lewis in Storyland' was fascinating, particularly the reference on p303 to Richard Wallace's book 'Jack the Ripper, Light-Hearted Friend' in which Wallace advances the theory that the Ripper murders were carried out by Charles Dodgson (better known as Lewis Carroll) and his Oxford colleague Thomas Vere Bayne. The theory is based on - anagrams (!) - derived from passages in works Carroll wrote at the time of the murders. Because of this book, Lewis Carroll's name was added to the list of Ripper suspects, but voted least likely of the 22 to have committed the crimes.

Wallace's theory has been discounted by Ripperologists, as both Carroll and Bayne have solid alibis for at least three of the murders; they were somewhere else at the time. (Here is the part that wasn't in Jim's article which may interest 'Kickshaws' readers - source Wikipedia):

It has been pointed out that similarly incriminating anagrams can be derived from just about any long passage, including Wallace's own book, in which the first three sentences are:

This is my story of Jack the Ripper, the man behind Britain's worst unsolved murders. It is a story that points to the unlikeliest of suspects: a man who wrote children's stories. That man is Charles Dodgson, better known as Lewis Carroll, author of such beloved books as Alice in Wonderland.

which transposes to:

The truth is this: I, Richard Wallace, stabbed and killed a muted Nicole Brown in cold blood, severing her throat with my trusty shiv's strokes. I set up Orenthal James Simpson, who is utterly innocent of this murder. P.S. I also wrote Shakespeare's sonnets, and a lot of Francis Bacon's works too."

~ **ALICE REDUX: NEW STORIES OF ALICE, LEWIS, AND WONDERLAND**

Alice Redux: New Stories of Alice, Lewis, and Wonderland was edited by Richard Peabody and published by Paycock Press, 2006. If you're interested in reading more stories about Alice, you may wish to check out this collection housed in a thick (319 pages), beautifully produced book. Some of the titles in it are: Looking through the Glass, Bread-and-Butterflies, Alice in the Time of the Jabberwock, Lilith in Wonderland, Automated Alice, Alice and Huck Got Married, Dodgson Mumbles (After Reviewing the Supreme Court Ruling on Virtual Child Pornography), Alice at 80, I Am Alice, and

others. A chapter from my own sequel, “Alice in the Real World,” is in the book. You can find out more information and view the cover of *Alice Redux* at the website listed below.

gargoylemagazine.com/books/paycock/alice.php

~ POETRY CITY MARATHON: WORLD’S THICKEST BOOK

From July 4th to Halloween, 2010, I wrote a 10,000-page poem. I’ve written other marathons, starting with 1000 Poems at One Sitting on March 3, 1973. That writing was followed by a Poem from Dawn to Dusk on the Longest Day of the Year, a Mile-Long Haiku, Poem Wrapping Joyce Holland, Blindfold Poetry Marathon, Poem across the Delaware River, Poem off the Top of the Jefferson Building, and several more. The 10th marathon made October 11, 1975 the most wonderful day of my literary life. Titled “Poetry City Marathon,” the adventure involved wrapping a city block in a poem in downtown Iowa City. At one point, an 80-year old man, shouting “This is a bunch of bullshit,” ripped about 100 feet of paper off the wall. Newspaper articles focused on the incident. My bodyguard (who was paid a six-pack of beer for his services) stopped the man and told him to go home.

In early 2010 Tim Shipe, bibliographer and Dada archivist at the U of Iowa, contacted me about an exhibit the Library was going to do in celebration of UNESCO designating Iowa City as the third “City of Literature.” The exhibit focused on the Iowa Writers Workshop (1938-present) and on the Actualist Poetry Movement (fl. 1971-1975). I’d been a member of both. As an Actualist, I began doing performances and teaching poetry workshops under the stage name Dr. Alphabet. Tim asked me to bring in my Dr. Alphabet costume—white shirt, pants, tophat, and cane spangled with letters of the alphabet in different colors—to include in the exhibit. In reply, I asked him if I could do a poetry marathon: I would create a poem of 10,000 pages. He said, “We were hoping you’d do one.”

He suggested titling it “Poetry City Marathon,” after the 1975 marathon wrapping the city block. The previous marathons were written using “Old School Rules,” which involved literary improvisation with none of the text planned in advance. When the marathon window opened, I wrote the poem, and when the window closed, I stopped, and I didn’t change anything.

The new marathon was written using what I think of as “Paterson Rules,” named after William Carlos Williams’s epic poem, “Paterson.” In it, Williams quotes correspondence (including letters from Allen Ginsburg), journals, old advertisements, and other such unpoetical text. It was posthumously awarded the Pulitzer Prize and the Gold Medal for Poetry of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Book III was awarded the first National Book Award for Poetry.

“Paterson” opened many doors. In writing the recent marathon, I pushed a lot of those doors wide open to get into Poetry City. I could’ve written 10,000 pages using Old

School Rules, but I would've been bored and everyone else would've, too. The result would've been 10,000 more pages to put in the attic. Instead, Paterson Rules enabled me to bring boxes of writing down from the attic into the light of the living room, where they could get new life again. I included them in the marathon. In the writing, I connected the old, created new, and wrote about what it felt like to write a book of this length. There is a vast difference between writing a 300-page book and a 10,000-page book. Vaster than vast. It was fun, but not always.

On Labor Day, I went to a flea market and saw lots of people I knew. I'd finished about 30 of the 100-page volumes, and suddenly I hit "the wall," as marathon runners do. I thought about quitting. I was tired of getting up in the morning and thinking, "Okay, today I have to do Volume 31." I told three people about my thoughts on ending the poem, and they all agreed that it wouldn't be a good idea to quit. I would regret it for the rest of my life. Of course, I knew that, but I enjoyed toying with the idea of firing myself from the job, just to know that I was controlling the poem and not vice versa. So I wrote a volume called "The Book of Doubt," in which I talked about wondering whether I should keep doing it. The "wall" crumbled, and I pushed on.

After concluding the poem, after reaching 10,000 pages, I thought about writing an Afterword. Being such a huge poem, it deserved more than a single, simple Afterword of a few pages. Instead, I decided to write 26 100-page volumes. I did a word count of the core 100 volumes, which I'd estimated would total 500,000 words. It turned out to be 830,000 words. I figured that if I wrote 26 Afterwords having 7,000 words each, the complete poem would go over the million-word mark. It would be around twice the length of *War and Peace*. The Afterwords aren't part of the core volumes, but they are part of the poem. I am now on Volume N. The Afterwords are written by Old School Rules. I learned during the marathon that those rules make the writing much easier than Paterson Rules. I can write a 7,000-word volume in 4 hours. Going by the other rules, I often spent 10 to 15 hours putting everything together.

Two days ago, I received an email from Bill Voss, a conservator at the U of Iowa Library. Before I'd started the marathon, he and I talked about the possibility of him binding the 10,000 pages into a single book. In his email, he said the book was successfully bound using traditional perfect binding. It contains more than 10,000 pages, printed on both sides the sheets. The binding measures 8.5" x 11" x 24". I looked up "thickest book" on Google, and I found three listed. Here they are, along with the marathon book:

The Complete Miss Marple—4,032 pages, 12.6" spine

Untitled book of Wikipedia articles—5,000 pages (spine width not listed)

Obama and Pluralism—5,247 pages, 13.4" spine

Poetry City Marathon—10,119 pages, 24" spine

Bill said that up until the book was actually bound, he didn't know if it would work. I went down to see it, and I was amazed that such a thing could exist. He also said that he'd contacted Wikipedia's binder to discuss possible problems that might occur, and the Wikipedia guy was very cooperative. A description of the book will be submitted to the Guinness Book of Records.

What will happen to the book? Bill is planning on a 100-day exhibit. On each day, the book will be opened to the next 100-page volume, "like a Slinky." He uses a stack of wood to hold up the short side so the pages don't sag. The first page of each volume is done on grey paper to make it easy to know where the volumes begin. After the exhibit, the book will probably be placed in Special Collections.

I asked Bill if it would come apart very easily. He said that the binding is very strong and that it wouldn't break with normal use. It might break if it were dropped on the floor. If you would like to see what it looks like, here is the address of the blog:

blog.lib.uiowa.edu/preservation

WEATHER CHANNEL QUESTION

A rainy day poem by Louis Phillips.

Is there more rain
On moraines,
Or less rain
On moraines?

KING ARTHUR KNEW KNIGHTS

"Since there were no battles on the horizon," Bill Brandt writes, "King Arthur's knights had a lot of time on their hands; consequently, the King decided to give them some added responsibilities. And King Arthur knew just who to select."

Sir Prize	- the king's birthday party planner
Sir Cumspect	- the king's protocol advisor
Sir John	- the king's physician
Sir Plus	- the king's quartermaster
Sir Tenti	- the king's prognosticator
Sir T. Fie	- the king's accountant
Sir E. Monial	- the king's parade planner
Sir Up	- responsible for tapping the king's maple trees
Sir E. Nade	- in charge of the king's minstrels
Sir E. El	- the king's morning food taster
Sir Vival	- the king's evening food taster
Sir Pearl A. Tive	- the king's publicist
Sir Press	- the king's press secretary

Sir Vant	- in charge of the castle's staff
Sir Pent	- the king's herpetologist
Sir Enity	- arranges the king's meditation sessions
Sir Ender	- the king's ex-battle planner
Sir Round	- the king's new battle planner
Sir Charge and Sir Tax	- the king's revenue enhancers
Sir Fing	- in charge of the king's water sports equipment
Sir Mount	- in charge of the king's stables
Sir O. Gate	- the king's body double
Sir E. Belium, Sir E. Briel, and Sir Mise	- the king's think tank
Sir N. Dipity	- the king's alchemist
Sir Tificate	- in charge of the king's awards ceremonies
Sir Cumference	- in charge of the king's diet
Sir Cumnavigate	- in charge of the king's navy

A RHYMING OF AN OLD, OLD SAILORMAN

("The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner," Parts I and II, without the letter E)

Part I

It is an old, old Sailor man
 Who stops a third man now.
 --By thy long gray hair and glitt'ring sight,
 Now what for stopp's't him, thou?

That good Groom's door's not shut tonight,
 And I am First of Kin;
 And visitors brought food, not yours:
 May'st know that happy din.

That man holds him with skinny hand,
 "It was a ship, I say."
 "Hold off! Unhand my shirt, you loon!"
 Straightway his hand dropp'd gray.

This Sailor holds with glitt'ring sight—
 That First of Kin stood still,
 And stopp'd as if a young, small child:
 That Sailor hath his will.

That First of Kin sat on a rock
 And cannot stop his clan;
 And thus talk'd on that aging man,
 That bright, old Sailor man.

“My ship afloat, a harbor boat,
Happily did it drop
Around a kirk, around a hill,
Around a light at top.

That Sun was not upon our right,
Out of that splash it lit!
And it was bright, but by that night
Sunk down into a pit.

High, so high, and all long days,
Till high as our mast at noon—“
That First of Kin now hit his coat
At this sound of a loud bassoon.

That marrying woman walk’d a hall,
Maroon as a flow’r, that girl;
Nodding bright hats in front of all
Now glad musicians whirl.

That First of Kin just slapp’d his chin,
But cannot stop that sound;
And thus talk’d on that aging man,
That Sailorman on ground.

“And now a STORM-BLAST hit, and it
Was tyrannous and strong;
It struck with its most pow’rful wings,
Now chasing south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursu’d with howl and blow
Still stalks that shadow high and low,
And forward tilts its boom,
Our ship burst fast, loud roar’d that blast,
And southward it was gloom.

And now arriv’d both mist and snow,
And it got wondrous cold:
And icy, mast-high, chunks pass’d by
As sharp as diamonds sold.

And through all drifts of snowy cliffs
Did show a dismal light:
Nor animal nor man unknown—

For icy chill would blight.

'Twas icy up, 'twas icy down,
'Twas icy all around:
And cracking, growling, roaring, howling,
Sounds within a sound!

And soon did cross an Albatross,
Thorough that fog it hit.
As if it had a Christian soul,
All hail'd as if God lit.

It took that food it hadn't had,
And round and round it, too,
That icy split with a lightning-fit;
Our captain brought us through.

And a good south wind sprung up at back;
That Albatross did follow,
And day by day, for food or play,
Sought out our sailors' hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It sat for praying soon;
And all that night, through fog-dark sight,
Was light from that round bright Moon.

"God watch you, aging Sailorman!
From horrors plaguing thus!—
Why look'st though so?"—With my crossbow
I shot that ALBATROSS.

Part II

That Sun was now upon our right:
Out of that foaming, it
Still hid in mist as if at night
But dropp'd down just a bit.

And good south wind push'd from its back,
But no soft bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Did visit a sailors' hollo!

And so I did a horrid thing,

And it would truly show:
For all now stirr'd, I'd kill'd that bird
That caus'd our wind to blow.
Ah dolt! said all, that bird did fall
That caus'd our wind to blow!

Nor dim nor bright, as God's own light,
That glorious Sun uprist:
And all now stirr'd, I'd kill'd that bird
That brought a fog and mist.
'Twas right, said all, such birds should fall
That bring a fog and mist.

A fair wind whipp'd, a salt foam flipp'd,
A furrow follow'd fast;
Our ship was first of all to burst
Into that tranquil vast.
All in a hot and iron sky,
That bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up so high our mast did stand,
Not small as our old Moon.

Now day by day, and day by day,
Our ship stuck without motion;
As stuck as any paint'd ship
Upon a paint'd lotion.

Liquid, liquid, all around,
And all our boards did shrink;
Liquid, liquid, all around,
Nor any drop to drink.

That downward thirst did rot: O Christ!
That this was not so fun!
Yah, slimy things did crawl with arms
Around that slimy Sun.

About, about, in round and rout
Such burning flash'd at night;
That liquid, as a witch's oils,
Burnt brown, and gray and light.

And most in fantasy forgot
Which Spirit had bugg'd us so;
Six fathom down it follow'd us
From a land of mist and snow.

And mouth by mouth, through total drought,
Got shrunk right to that root;
Nobody said a word. Who could?
Our mouths had fill'd with soot.

Ah! lack-a-day! What harsh, bad looks
Had I from old and young!
I had no cross. That Albatross
About my throat was hung.

~ **GOOGLESPELL**

Rich Lederer made a surprising discovery: "In an e-mail response to a reader's inquiry about an obscure word, I suggested that she GOOGLE several useful sites. My spellchecker flagged GOOGLE and suggested, among other possibilities, GO OGLE--a fine example of a charade synonym."

~ **SPOONERISMS IN PRACTICE**

Darryl sent a news article from WORLDWIDEWORDS.ORG: The UK Culture Minister, Jeremy Hunt, was introduced on a major radio program as Jeremy Cunt, Hulture Minister... and there's more:

WORD HUNT Two embarrassing errors on BBC radio programmes last Monday and a misspeaking in the House of Commons the same day have led to the - possibly temporary - creation of two new slang terms.

It started at 8am, when James Naughtie, a regular presenter of the BBC Radio Four flagship breakfast magazine Today, was trailing what was to follow after the news. Through a slip of the tongue, he changed the surname of the Culture Secretary, Jeremy Hunt, into the C-word. He was so embarrassed that he could only splutter his way through the remainder of his script. (I'm glad to learn that in BBC circles the inane giggling sound that erupts in such cases, caused by mortification, horror and stress, is still called CORPSING, a term that has been borrowed from the theatre.) A colleague, Andrew Marr, while mentioning the gaffe 90 minutes later on his own live programme, Start The Week, promised listeners he wouldn't use it, then accidentally did. Nick Herbert, Labour police spokesman, made it a hat trick by saying it in Parliament later in the day when he intended to mention cuts. For a moment, it felt like an epidemic.

The Today story went around the world and clips appeared on YouTube and elsewhere. A new rhyming slang term appeared: JEREMY, short for "Jeremy Hunt". The error began to be referred to as a NAUGHTIE (one joker wrote, "Naughtie by name and naughty by nature", a try at nominative determinism, in which people take on roles prompted by their names). Some newspapers played on his name with headlines such as "Radio 4 slips up with Naughtie word", "Naughtie language" and "Oh, who's been a

Naughtie boy?" These strain at wit: their writers surely know James Naughtie (a Scot) says his surname as /nQxtI/ (the first bit rhyming with "loch") and not as "naughty".

The main response to James Naughtie's fluff was sympathy, not least among broadcasters, for whom verbal catastrophe is never more than a breath away. One infamous train wreck of an announcement was perpetrated by the late Jack de Manio. In

1956 a big feature about Nigeria was aired on the BBC Home Service to mark a visit by the Queen and Prince Philip. Its title was Land of the Niger, but he misread his script and added an extra "g" to the last word. That one resulted in questions being asked in Parliament.

~ EDUCATED ANAGRAM

Darryl found this classy anagram:

NONCOLLEGIATE = not in a college (by Darryl Francis)

~ TRANSLATABLE ANAGRAM CHALLENGE

Mike Morton has a puzzling idea: "If I recall right, it was in one of your books [Alphabet Avenue] that Martin Gardner pointed out that one of the problems with anagrams is that they're specific to one language. Poetry is hard to translate, but anagrams are impossible to translate. [A close example of a successful translation is the French/English reversal pair ETATS=STATE—DM]

Or are they? Can anyone find a pair of anagrams which, translated into some other language, are also anagrams?

Somewhat easier:

Chatting on-line today with a colleague, he said "merci". I thought of the anagram "crime". I checked "danke" — it becomes "naked". "grazie" is the less interesting "I graze".

So another challenge: What one word has the most translations which are anagrams of other words, or phrases in the starting language?

~ STATELY PALINDROMES

Each of these palindromes have a state name in them. Ideally, all 50 states would be palindromized. Can you come up with dromes for any of the rebellious missing states?

To id, it's ALABAMA, Mab, a last idiot.
Had ALASKA, etc., take sald—ah!
We let ARIZONA fan Oz, irate Lew.

Back COLORADO DAR? O, lock cab.
No DELAWARE raw ale, Don.
One poem, an aside: FLORIDA, had I rolfed? Is a name open? O!
HAWAII: aw... ah!
He yawned. Lost IDAHO had its olden way, eh?
Tie USS ILLINOIS? Simple help mission. I'll issue it.
To lax INDIANA I'd nix a lot.
'Tis IOWA law! O, is it?
I made KANSAS, as naked am I.
I do get arisen. I am MAINE's irate god. I!
No, help MISSISSIPPI's sis. Simple, hon.
Ma, I won Sara by no beer! O, MONTANA ran at no more ebony bar as now I am.
Do go to NEVADA, Dave. No, to God.
Not a bag, OHIO! I hog a baton.
Tap OKLAHOMA? Sam! Ha! KO Pat.
Max, is tacit OREGON nog erotic at six A.M.?
Rat sees Sennet, TENNESSEE star.
No TEXAS SAX, Eton.
No! In UTAH's hat, union!
'Tis I, fine VERMONT. No, Mr., even if I sit.
No! WYOMING a bag Nimoy won?

~ HOW TO DOUBLE THE MEANING OF LIFE

Anil has a wonderful five-volume set of books of his wildly diverse wordplay titled "How to Double the Meaning of Life" with drawings by Jasmine Jordan. It is beautifully rendered and very entertaining. I would've included some samples, but the disc that I received won't allow printing out because it's "read-only," and if I try to retype on my computer, the screen I'm typing on causes Anil's disc to not show up. Computers aren't always user friendly.

The final text of 10,119 pages was printed out by Bu Wilson and bound by Bill Voss of the UI Library Preservation Dept. The binding measures 8 1/2 x 11 x 24 inches and is possibly the thickest single volume book ever bound.

