

KICKSHAWS

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Readers are encouraged to send their favorite linguistic kickshaws to the Kickshaws Editor (e-mail David-Morice@uiowa.edu).

THREE LITTLE LAMBS

Mary's lambs continue their relentless march into the annals of logology. At this point, no other poem has had such an impact on wordplay. What is this creature's attraction? The poem's fame? Its rhyme and rhythm? Its homey charm? Or is it something more complex, more sinister, more frightening to the psyche, something embedded in the strangely surreal image of a lamb so obsessed with his owner that he follows her to a school that seems to have a rule forbidding lambs accompanying children, for which he and Mary are greeted with peer ridicule in the nightmare scene of her schoolmates' laughter engulfing her and her unstoppable pet? Has Fellini made a film based on the poem? Has Dali painted the lamb? In any case, Sarah, your snow-white critter will live forever in the hearts and minds of word-players everywhere, and for that you deserve three more lambs made of one-, two-, and three-syllable words.

MAY'S LAMB

Young May had a wee small lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow.
And to each place that young May went,
The lamb was sure to go.

It trailed her to her school one day,
That broke some sort of rule.
It made the kids all laugh and play
To see a lamb in school.

MARY'S LAMBKIN

Mary purchased tiny lambkin,
Snowlike fleeces covered.
Every pathway Mary travelled,
Lambkin surely hovered.

Lambkin followed Mary schoolward,
 Countered legal ruling,
 Making playful children chuckle
 Seeing lambkin's schooling.

MARILYN'S LAMBIKIN

Marilyn's ownership! Miniscule lambikin
 Maximized fleeciness snowily.
 Certainly everywhere Marilyn visited
 Lambikin visited showily.

Yesterday lambikin, following Marilyn
 Scholarly, misbehaved lawlessly.
 Schoolfellows visualized laughingly, playfully,
 Scholarly lambikin flawlessly.

THAT GIRL

To go from the sublime to the ridiculous, what has Monica Lewinsky done for wordplay lately? According to Mike Morton, the Internet has coughed up the anagram WANK MY SILICONE, and Mike himself published NICKNAME "SO WILY" in a newspaper column last February. (However, SEMINAL? NOW ICKY wound up in his wastebasket.) Douglas Fink of the National Puzzlers' League weighed in with MAIN YEN O' SLICK W.

Ross points out that MONICA is contained in WILLIAM JEFFERSON CLINTON just as CRIMINAL nestles in RICHARD MILHOUS NIXON. More amazingly, the words CLINTON, GIRL and DEFEAT (prediction of an impeachment?) can be successively removed from IN FLAGRANTE DELICTO!

UNIVOCALICS

On a search for names having the same vowel throughout, Jay Ames found some incredible examples that fill the bill: "The longest [uni]vocalic recently spotted has to be...ANATHASAYAGAM. A finger walk through the Ottawa phone book unearthed no others, save for the non-qualifying ADAMCZEWSKAYA, ADRIANARAJANA, ANDRIANTSIFERAN, ARCHANBAULT and ASHRAFHASSANI. The 'all E's' display an astonishing number...with the longest belonging to Messrs. EDELBERGER, ENGLEBRECHT, ECHEVERRY and EYGENTEEN, with several entries for each surname save for the last which may be a badly-printed EYGENSTEIN. Only LILIVITSKI is outstanding in the 'all I's' section. The 'all O's' have only ... OCHOMONGO, O'CONNOR, OROBKO and OSMOND [what, no OSGOODs?]. ULUG, ULUSU, ULVR, UNG, UNRUH, UY and UZUN are the only lulus."

CONSONANTAL CLUSTERINGS

Jay also discovered some names with extreme example of consonant strings. "For now, we have SCHNACHTSCHNEIDER and SCHACHTSCHNABEL (not normally so united) which translate as 'handle, spear-shaft maker'

and 'chess player'. I'm confident there are many, many more, and not all from the Rhineland."

SINGA SONGA

Jay notes that "Placido Domingo would sing as beautifully had he been named Peaceful Sunday, Tranquillo Minges, Placide Menjou, Freed-vol Sontag, Rustige Zondag or Spokonje Voschkrezhenya."

OCCUPATIONAL GREETINGS

Awhile back, I concluded a Kickshaws column with a list of specialty good-byes to be spoken by people in certain lines of business. But what about hellos? Jay Ames sent the following occupational greetings accompanied by their scenarios:

GUMONIN	dentist
HAYHOWARYA	farmer
HOWZTRIX	magician
HIHONEY	beekeeper
LONGTIMENOSEA	sailor
WELCOMEABOARD	carpenter
YOUHAVENTCHANGEDABIT	bank teller (or another carpenter)

MILKY COW INNS

Ben Pewtery writes that he has discovered a curious term "... which is the secret heart of monicA LEWinsky. ALEW has only a Spenser citation in the OED to validate this interjection, noun and verb 'to incite (such as dogs)'. The current incitement is HALLOO!"

THE MILKY COW VISITS NEW BYBWEN

Miss Lewinsky called on the Knab Bank for a statement on her Dracula Lu Card and received a tense note which read "A/c in Omaha, Monica."

ANAGRAMANALYSIS

Peter Newby asks these anagranimated questions: Is ONAGER (a wild ass) an apt comment on the ORANGE order? Can a MARBLE go on a RAMBLE? Could EROS be described as a rambling ROSE? Is I DENY TIT a case of mistaken IDENTITY?

ELDER, LEE

According to Peter, "Red Lee Elder makes his living strangling cows. Visiting New Bybwen, this Aussie slaughterman was amazed to discover that the locals still used the mediaeval verb gnare for 'strangle'. Still, as he reflected, it gave a certain piquancy to the Australian word for palindrome, boomerang 'returning to source', in respect of his trade of

lowering the volume of moo in the outback. 'My name,' he said, 'is synonymous with GNARE MOO BOOMERANG!'"

SCOTCH MISSED

To the Brits, wogs begin at Calais. However, the recent recreation of a Scottish parliament has caused the English to revise their opinion as to what constitutes an alien race. With this in mind, the BBC's Algernon Prodnose canvassed opinion in New Bybwen. Walter Fretlaw spoke for all his fellow townsmen when he said 'WOGS, ALGY? GLASGOW!'"

STOPPING BY WOULD'S ON A KNOWY EVENING

Since by now it's snowing somewhere in the Word Ways world, I'd like to add my own two bits to the Frost parodies in earlier Kickshaws. It's dedicated to Noam Chomsky.

Whose woulds these are I think I know.
His hows are in the language, though.
He will not see me speaking hence
To watch his woulds fill up with so.

My little haves must think it dense
To stop without the present tense
Between the did and will I speak,
The couldn't, shouldn't time of sense.

They give thesauruses a peek
To find the adjectives they seek.
The only other sound's a noun
With easy when and downy squeak.

The woulds are verby, dark and brown,
But I have might've beens in town
And I'lls to go before I'm down.
And I'lls to go before I'm down.

PIG-TRANSPOSAL IN THE MIDDLE

Susan Thorpe has a game she calls "Pig-Transposal in the Middle," custom-made for the anagrammarians. Take two words, put their letters together and rearrange them to make the middle word. Of course the three together should make sense, too. Here are some of Susan's:

Cable Barcelona, Nora
A Plato plot
Meg manages NASA
Our routes set
Cheer helicopter pilot
Maids misheard her
Dad damaged game

In tennis nets
It's elastic, Alec
Some Eskimos ski
Ed leads Sal
She handles land
Note antelope leap
It's Britain's brain

Made Amsterdam smart
 Leah's shameless mess
 Big Belgium mule
 Lithe athletic act

Hit apartheid parade
 Heat! Sunbather burns
 Tour outraged aged
 Cool alcohol Hal

WORLD CUP FOOTBALL

When England played Rumania in France on June 22, 1998, they lost, 2-1. Susan concludes that "Their play was TOO LOOSE, so causing them TO LOSE in TOULOUSE."

WHICHEVER WAY THE WIND BLOWS

Susan has found a strange contradiction in a definition. "An anomaly concerning the word CHINOOK came to light during the "Countdown" television programme recently. It seems the Concise Oxford Dictionary defines CHINOOK as 'n. a warm dry wind which blows east of the Rocky mountains.' But then it goes on to also define it as 'n. a warm wet southerly wind west of the Rocky mountains.' And here was I thinking it was either a salmon or a helicopter!"

QRSTU

Another biological discovery of Susan's: "I recently came across a word made of the alphabetically-consecutive letters QRST and U plus an additional U. I know of no other word made of one or more of those five letters. Are there any? The word is TRUQUS, the name of a Hymenopteran, and it can be found in *Nomenclator Zoologicus*."

PERSONAL SHIFTGRAMS

In personal shiftgrams, you, the reader, may be in Susan's list below. "Letter shifts change one word(s) into another word(s) by shifting each letter N steps along the alphabet, circling around from Z to A where necessary. Thus COLD+3 makes FROG. In a shiftgram, the letters are shifted and the resulting group transposed to make another word(s). Thus HERS+1 makes IFST, which transposes to FITS. Here is what happens when the exercise is carried out with the names of some of the Word Ways contributors."

D. Armstrong + 1 = phone's bust
 T. Clarke + 3 = W.H.O. Fund
 Rex Gooch + 23 = bulldoze
 N. Indictor + 21 did joy mix?
 J. Puder + 23 = grab Mo!
 S. Thorpe + 15 = Dwight E.

L.R. Ashley + 23 = ex bio V.I.P.
 D. Francis + 9 = B.J. Marlow
 Jeff Grant + 9 = Jo paws Con
 P. Newby + 4 = car fit
 H. Richler +22 = handy den
 M.J. Zerger + 9 = Pa's in van

A SPECIFIC TRANSPOSAL

This item that Susan provides is certainly a one-of-a-kind: "Graphium deucalion leucadion is the name of a Lepidopteran to be found in The

Illustrated Encyclopedia of the Butterfly World by Paul Stuart. It is remarkable on two counts. Not only do its specific name and its subspecific name include the five vowels AEIOU just once, but the words are also transposals of each other.

LAO TSU'S DOUBLE PLAY

Mike Morton e-mailed a perfect anagram of the name of one of the great Chinese philosophers: LAO TSU = A LOTUS. On seeing it, I noticed that it also anagrams to AT SOUL. Could there be a more sublimely anagrammatical name?

EXTENDED ALPHANAGRAMS

Jim Puder has sent in a few more alphanagrams (anagrams of ALPHABET), adding that "a couple of which anagram some rather remote members of ALPHABET'S extended family."

ALPHABETICALLY = I'll play at beach
 REALPHABETIZATIONS = a bare zit is not a help
 PREALPHABETIZABLES = zits appall here, Babe

THE MINI-FIRMAMENT

Jim has taken the cosmos to new heights of wordplay: "Lately I've been puzzling over the question of how much the cosmos can be compressed, logologically speaking. As you can see below, I've managed to cram the sun, the moon, the planets, and indeed the entire universe into a crossword which fits inside of a 12x9 rectangle. Is this the smallest rectangle into which such a crossword can be shoehorned? And is there any place for the STARS in a mini-firmament such as this one?"

	U	N	I	V	E	R	S	E			
								A			
V	E	N	U	S		M	A	R	S		
		E	A		E			T			
J	U	P	I	T	E	R		H	P		
		T	U		C				L		
		U	R		U	R	A	N	U	S	
S	U	N		N		R				T	
		E				Y		M	O	O	N

THE U-LESS PLANETARY PHENOMENON

"Speaking of planets," Jim writes, "have you ever noticed how the names of all but two of the planets contain the letter U? Since the two planets which do not have a U in their names, Earth and Mars, are the only ones considered to be even potentially inhabitable by humans, is it possible that the U's in the other planets' names stand for Uninhabitable?" (Reprise: music from *The Twilight Zone*.)

POPULARS

In the following poems by Bill Webster, you are to figure out the popular saying behind them.

1. Robin was out early one morn,
After the night's thunderstorm.
Edgar Lewis chose to sleep late.
It seemed okay to procrastinate.
'Til ten or so, he could wait,
To look in the yard for fishing bait.
From then 'til noon, he searched in vain,
To find anything brought forth by rain.
2. "Look at the fine purse I bought," said Bea,
Showing it to her good friend Lee.
"Pigskin," said Lee, "and what's inside?
That's where the flaws usually hide."
"Silk lining, I think--it's so neat.
A bag like this can't be beat."
"Not so, my dear--look in here.
Think it came from the animal's ear!"
3. Miss Alter couldn't decide between two beaus.
She might say yes to the first to propose.
Would it be Mr. Rong, for the rest of her nights?
Or could that be the fate of Mr. Wright's?
The men were so much alike they could be twins.
So far, she hadn't detected either's sins.
Only after Rong took her to the altar
Did she realize that she did falter.

FILL-IN POEMS

In the next pair of poems, Bill ended each with a line of blanks. Can you fill them in and end the poems?

1. Susie Byer was in a stew.
Mom said, "He's not right for you!"
Dad met the fellow with only a stare,
Whenever he saw young Mister Ware.
Finally, they gave their okay:
Let them marry, come what may.
It did seem only fair--

2. "Let's not pay Pete what we owe him yet.
I lost to Paul when we made a bet."
"That's not fair, dear, after all--
----"

FROM ONE TO THREE

The article on numbers elsewhere in this issue deals with each as a single entity, but number groups, sets, and series do interesting things, too. While FOUR is famed for counting its own letters, for instance, ONE, TWO and THREE are the only numbers that count their own consonants. And there's more to those first three integers. THREE, although it doesn't count its own letters, counts the letters in ONE and TWO. TWO counts the vowels in ONE and THREE. THREE collectively counts the vowels and consonants in ONE and TWO. ONE begins with the last letter of TWO and ends with the last letter of THREE; TWO begins with the first letter of THREE and ends with the first letter of ONE; THREE begins with the first letter of TWO and ends with the last letter of ONE. The shape below shows how they fit together. Simple, isn't it?

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          T W O
            H N
      T H R E E
        W   E
          O N E
  
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WORD CLUSTER

Words can be separated into bigrams, trigrams, etc., some of which form shorter words. A word cluster is a set of words that break down into all consecutive strings, each of which is a word in its own right. In the first example below, TONE is the starting word, and TO, ON, NE, TON and ONE are the smaller parts. The STARES cluster works the same way. When the words of different sizes are written in inverted pyramids to show how they fit into the scheme of letters, the pyramid winds up where it began--with the starting word.

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T O N E           S T A R E S
  TO ON NE       ST TA AR RE ES
    TON ONE      STA TAR ARE RES
      TONE       STAR TARE ARES
                STARE TARES
                STARES
  
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JINK CWM, ZAG VELDT, FOB QURSH PYX

This nifty pangram by Stephen Wagner of Minneapolis avoids hyphenated words, abbreviations like PDQ or TV, and proper names, yet makes a certain amount of weird sense. Would you believe that it is a message instructing a spy to take evasive action in various terrains (from Welsh mountain cirques to South African grassy plains) in order to plunder the Saudi mint?

ED, I HIDE

John Connett of Minneapolis is an accomplished palindromist whose work has appeared in past Word Ways and in Mark Saltveit's The Palindromist. Observe the clever ways he has expanded the short palindrome of the title in the following three pieces:

"Ed, I hide," Tony noted,
 "I hide," Kramer remarked,
 "I hide," Naomi moaned,
 "I hide," Mimi mimed,
 "I hide," Doc coded,
 "I hide," Gary raged,
 "I hide," Pru burped,
 "I hide," Gary raged,
 "I hide," Doc coded,
 "I hide," Mimi mimed,
 "I hide," Naomi moaned,
 "I hide," Kramer remarked,
 "I hide," Tony noted,
 "I hide!"

"Ed, I hide," Doc remarked,
 "I hide," Gary noted,
 "I hide," Lia wailed,
 "I hide," Tony raged,
 "I hide," Kramer coded,
 "I hide!"

Ed, I hid a pat,
 I bit a rag,
 I jig a bat,
 I hit a cab,
 I bib a cat,
 I hit a bag,
 I jig a rat,
 I bit a pad--I hide!

SCHLEPPING IN BOOTS WITH A SCHNORRER GRIEVING

Sonja Nerdan sent a new Frost parody. She writes "Dear Dave (and Jan, Jason, and Jonas), Frost did not write the poem you're trying to reconstruct. I did, based on a personal experience of which I'm ashamed. But I've been wanting to come clean, so here it is..." [The title appears above. A 'schnorrer' is Newyorkese for someone who 'borrows' things permanently; 'schlepping' is walking around without energy or grace.]

Whose boots these are, I know, I know.
 Her closet's in the hallway, so
 She didn't see me take them. Here,
 The water's wet but fairly low.

My little Pinto starts to veer.
 I'd better stop while I can steer.
 Between the pedals, gas and brake,
 The darned boot's wedged tight--Ice! Oh, dear!

I grip her hard as wheels slide, shake!
 We risk a skid! There: sinking ache.
 The only sound's the boots I kept,
 Now squishing fish and dirty lake.

These boots were made for walking, 'cept
 No primroses was where I stepped;
 In smells too gross by far, I've schlepped.
 In smells too gross by far, I've schlepped.