

TRAVAUX  
DU  
CERCLE LINGUISTIQUE  
DE COPENHAGUE

VOL. XXVIII

*Michael Fortescue*

Indo-European Reflections

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## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

Historical semantics – the study of the changes undergone by the meanings of words – is perhaps the most complex and at the same time the theoretically least tractable area of linguistics, despite the fascination that etymology has always evoked in literate man, from the fanciful speculations of the ancients to the scholarly monographs of this century. There is of course good reason for this: opening directly into the broad cultural sphere beyond the boundaries of language proper, it represents the least autonomous aspect of linguistics, the most vulnerable to idiosyncrasy and innovation. This was no barrier for linguists of the nineteenth century, whether they were delving into the philological sources of modern European lexicon in the written documents of the past or simply regarded meaning change as an essential aspect of historical linguistics, complementary to phonological change. But with the advent of the structuralist era and a more autonomous approach to language attempts to winkle out general laws from among such changes ran up against the unpredictability of both history and linguistic creativity. Tendencies could be described, types of change classified, polysemy, metaphor and metonymy analyzed as ubiquitous aspects of language, and the systematized nature of sub-sections of the lexicon – based on opposition and hierarchy – were brought to bear. Admirable work was indeed done along these lines, but such taxonomic, essentially synchronic approaches could hardly be expected to do justice to the protean nature of the subject, its multiple planes, its superimposed waves, the still eddies and the sudden surges of activity, the successive crystalizations of new cultural contexts, the endless processes of borrowing and renewal, of specialization and extension, that shape the meaning of words through time. Interest dwindled until recent times, when once again diachronic semantics has come back into focus, now in the light of the resurgence of interest in cognitive aspects of linguistics, metaphor, pragmatics and grammaticalization theory (see for example Sweetser 1990, and for a contemporary overview over the whole field of

semantic change, Anttila 1989:133-153). Progress has been made through focusing on more modest, specific problems and developments, with only very tentative forays into the 'morass' with which pre-structuralist philology concerned itself.

Perhaps we can still get a feel for the wider sweep of the territory, one that will set these micro-studies in perspective. Linguistics belongs, after all, squarely within the Humanities – the Arts – and is not just messy Science (despite 'mainstream' pretensions of recent times). What I propose is a kind of hermeneutic excursion back into the historical morass, a (hopefully) amusing journey through lexical time and space that will call upon the reader's skills of interpretation. The purpose of this rather unconventional work, then, is to try and set in relief some of the most basic kernels of meaning of the ancestral Indo-European tongue as still distantly reflected in one particular daughter language. As it happens, that language – contemporary English – is the most prolific (not to say promiscuous) of the family in its proclivity for borrowing, containing via multiple routes of transmission around fifty percent of all the Indo-European roots reconstructed in Julius Pokorny's still seminal "Indogermanisches Etymologisches Wörterbuch". It is thus eminently suitable to the purpose, although other languages might have been used.

The prose poems of which the present work consists can be viewed as a series of windows through which, teasing aside the lush undergrowth of intervening lexical history, the roots themselves may be descried. For a suitably backwards look at the history of the language itself and its successive strata of borrowing see Strang (1970). Each of the poems is a kind of riddle – an enigma whose sense must literally be read out from beneath the puzzling surface, a web of connotation and word play around a common kernel (though there are also some 'extraneous' etymological puns concealed here and there if you can find them). For is not connotation and word play part and parcel of the meaning potential of the living word? The solution is partially given in advance: the title of each piece. Read each poem first as a poem, with nothing more to go by than the title and the words themselves. All those that are cognate with the root are marked by raised indices. These indicate the following simplified sources of the individual cognates:



1. Germanic (unmarked = Old English; 1a = Scandinavian; 1b = other Germanic languages)
2. Romance (unmarked = Latin; 2a = French – either Norman or Parisian –; 2b = other Romance languages)
3. Greek
4. Other IE languages

In general I have marked only the immediate source language of borrowings, though this may obscure a more complex background of travelling for the word concerned. In the case of words of Romance origin in particular, it is not always possible to state whether a word came directly from Latin or via French (so some marked '2' should probably be '2a' and some marked '2a' may have been borrowed from '2'). Where the source language of a borrowed word is clearly distinct from that through which it was mediated to English I indicate the ultimate IE source separated from the immediate one by an oblique. Where a word is a compound of parts from different IE sources I indicate only the source of the relevant root. Further details can be gleaned from any good etymological dictionary (such as Hoad 1986). Every word has its own story – as Jules Gilliéron is credited with claiming – but it is not my purpose to give more than a series of leads for the interested reader to follow in tracing these fascinating stories that weave their way through the English language. In reading these prose poems you will – I hope – be surprised again and again by superficially unlikely words being marked as cognate with the root in question. By all means look these up.

If you do not recognize – or can not guess – the meaning of the root, the rest of the solution will be found in the list at the end of the volume. The forms of the roots are given (slightly simplified) as in Pokorny, except that the traditional palatalized velar series is not distinguished from the plain velar one (the difference is now generally accepted as reflecting original allophony – see Anttila *op. cit.*:245). Those given in Watkins (1985) differ somewhat, but Pokorny's forms are cross-referenced there. Occasionally related roots listed separately by one or both of them have been collapsed. A mystery may still remain once you have ascertained the 'answer' to each riddle: the exact meaning of the root is

in many cases slightly out of focus, too general to be fully convincing as a real linguistic entity (compare Sweetser 1990:24). Probably in such cases some more specific meaning lay behind the root in its earliest usage, but this remains hidden in the mists out of which the attested meanings emerge. Intelligent guesses as to the original, more concrete sense can be made.

In these pieces you will find ample exemplification of the various means – extension or narrowing, metaphoric or metonymic transferral, analogy, the accretion of connotations via collocations or morphological composition and so forth – whereby new meanings have arisen out of the relatively simple elements surviving from the proto-language. The arrays of meaning that cluster about the roots are culturally quite specific: they embody ways of seeing the world, in both its physical and social aspects. Semantic change is ultimately a function of language use. This need not be taken in a strictly Whorfian vein – speakers of Proto-Indo-European were doubtless as capable of twisting and recombining their words to produce new meanings in new situations as we are today. Perhaps they even punned on them.

But who *were* these hypothetical ancestors of not only our closest linguistic relatives – speakers of the other Germanic languages and of the Romance languages and Greek from which we have directly or indirectly inherited so much cultural baggage – but also of peoples so different as Slavs and Armenians, Celts and Indo-Iranians, Balts and Albanians, not to mention long extinct Tocharians and Hittites? The cultural variety seems too great for us to discern a common pattern. Yet there *is* a common heritage shared by speakers of all of these related languages: certain inherited core concepts that we continue to take for granted and a tacit feeling of linkage between meanings expressed by etymologically related terms. In Mallory (1989), a balanced approach to the controversial subject of the origin of the common ancestral language, a partial answer to the question is provided. Attitudes implicit beneath the surface of language may be remarkably long-lived; some of those that are attributable to the ancient Indo-Europeans and are still built into the English lexicon beneath the fusty habit of use are illustrated in the poems of this volume.

In constructing them I have followed some additional ground-rules of my own, in order to ensure maximal diversity and density of mean-

ing. The poetic form is intended to highlight the living connotations and associations of the words concerned, while playing down their more obvious denotations. Hopefully too, it will help dispel the belief that etymology is by necessity a dry scholastic pursuit. The roots utilized are generally attested in more than just one branch of Indo-European and have a sufficient variety of cognates in English. I have endeavoured to use as many cognates of the given root as is compatible with the coherence of the poem, each just once, and I have purposely not allowed such a cognate – at least in precisely the same form and sense – to appear in any other piece either, apart from a few common 'function' words. A fair number of the cognate forms are uncommon, but all are surely known if not used by the average writer of contemporary English. Certainly a rather advanced knowledge of English is presupposed but this can in fact be seen as an additional purpose of the volume: to expand the awareness of the student of English to the lexical resources of that language. Each of the poems has its own rhythm and structure, but etymology - allied with alliteration – can be said to take the place of metre, hence the prose format.

So much for theory. Let the proof of the pudding be in the eating. But be forewarned: a few of the pieces are exercises in sheer nonsense. I have not been able to keep my tongue out of my cheek *all* of the time. As Piet Hein put it:

Der skal et par dumheder  
med i en bog ...  
for at også de dumme  
skal syns, den er klog.

Piet Hein

**ag-**

Consider the far-flung acres<sup>1</sup> of human endeavour: the perilous peregrinations<sup>2</sup> of navigators<sup>2</sup>, the intransigent<sup>2</sup> allegations of litigants<sup>2</sup>, the cogent<sup>2</sup> essays<sup>2a</sup> and axioms<sup>3</sup> of pedagogues<sup>3</sup>, the hypnagogic<sup>3</sup> fulminations of mystagogues<sup>3</sup>, the retroactive<sup>2</sup> retreating of pilgrims<sup>2a</sup>, the acts<sup>2</sup> of the apostles (unmentionable in synagogues<sup>3</sup>), the agile<sup>2a</sup> squats<sup>2a</sup> of lithe athletes, the stratagems<sup>3</sup> of war-lords, the transactions<sup>2</sup> of ambassadors<sup>2/4</sup>, and the heroic agony<sup>3</sup> of protagonists<sup>3</sup>. What drives them to it? All action<sup>2</sup> is ambiguous<sup>2</sup>: the actor<sup>2</sup> enacts<sup>2</sup> what the public exacts<sup>2</sup>. We have only our gardens to tend to (which can still be a lot). Whatever the agenda<sup>2</sup>, it all comes down in the end to variations on agriculture<sup>2</sup>.

**aidh-**

What's that strange windowless edifice<sup>2</sup> atilt as if kneeling by the Kentish estuary<sup>2</sup>? It lacks any visible owner or function. Over the cornfields the ether<sup>3</sup> is shimmering in the estival<sup>2</sup> heat: are the ghosts of the oast<sup>1</sup>-house annealing<sup>1</sup> their blades?

**aiw-**

For every<sup>1</sup> young<sup>1</sup> man there is no<sup>1</sup> thing such that, for aught<sup>1</sup> he knows, it doesn't go on for ever<sup>1</sup>. That is the primeval<sup>1</sup> logic of youth<sup>1</sup>. But with age<sup>2a</sup> this flippant aye<sup>1a</sup> flops so easily across to a medieval<sup>2</sup> nay<sup>1a</sup> – you see only evil in your coevals<sup>2</sup> and have no patience at all with your juniors<sup>2</sup>. The cons<sup>3</sup> close in and all that's left is longevity<sup>2</sup>, all that's right is eternity<sup>2</sup>. The only cure for the sempiternal<sup>2</sup> simpering of the senile is rejuvenation<sup>2</sup>: a return to the Never-Never<sup>1</sup> Land that was.

**ak-**

The acrid<sup>2</sup> tang of the London Underground, the vinegary<sup>2a</sup> blend of ozone, urine and puke, is as sweet as eglantine<sup>2a</sup> to the acid<sup>2</sup>-soaked punk who sways at the edge<sup>1</sup> and the acme<sup>3</sup> of delight, his cock's-comb bristling like purple acanthus<sup>3</sup> that matches his acne<sup>3</sup>, the sparks and the spikes on his jacket. If the acumen<sup>3</sup> of this latter-day Vandal – eager<sup>2a</sup> enemy of commerce – were as acute<sup>2</sup> as his ears (all asprout) or the safety pins through them, he would realize that that oncoming hammering<sup>1</sup> rush could be lethal. But he feels no particular acrimony<sup>2</sup>, just stands there staring at the ad on the tunnel wall opposite that's egging<sup>1</sup> him

closer, for it's struck him in a paroxysm<sup>3</sup> exacerbated<sup>2</sup> by the pressure of oxygen<sup>3</sup> that the stone vault is heaven<sup>1</sup> and the writing upon it forms an acronym<sup>3</sup> – WHOOSH!

### akwā-

Each man *is* an island<sup>1</sup>: remove the land and all that's left is ego. The soul's trapped in a cell which is ninety percent liquid, the body's a ewer<sup>2a</sup> topped up in some sewer<sup>2a</sup>. We all live in a private aquarium<sup>2</sup>, where blurred faces (in gouache<sup>2a/b</sup> or aquarelle<sup>2b</sup>) occasionally peer in. Nonetheless, it is granted us – funnily enough – to build aqueducts<sup>2</sup>, by which we can tank up on each other's aquavit<sup>2</sup>.

### al- (1)

Dear Sir

As a faithful reader of your otherwise altruistic<sup>3</sup> and decently ultra<sup>2</sup>-conservative paper, I was taken aback to discover in the morning edition of the 28th ult.<sup>2</sup> the alarming<sup>2a</sup> allegation by a certain metropolitan subaltern<sup>2</sup> that he'd observed some hidalgo<sup>2b</sup> (of swarthy complexion and allophones<sup>3</sup>) walking his alligator<sup>2b</sup> of an evening along Regent's Canal. This was reported as a joke, but I say it's more like an allegory<sup>3</sup> of what's happening to this country. That such outré<sup>2a</sup> behaviour should be tolerated of the aliens<sup>2</sup> inundating our shores is unthinkable. Most of them are hiding behind an alias<sup>2</sup> – someone should check out their alibis<sup>2</sup> for being here. The authorities must be alerted<sup>2a</sup> – and if they can't cope, the public has a right to resort to parallel<sup>3</sup> measures (like bearing parallaxes<sup>3</sup> when out for a stroll). Next thing you know they'll be altering<sup>2</sup> the fabric of civilization, committing adultery<sup>2</sup> with our wives and adulterating<sup>2</sup> the blood of the nation. It's us or else<sup>1</sup> them! Now, as regards what that cocky cop was supposed to have witnessed, I'm convinced he had an ulterior<sup>2</sup> motive – I don't want an altercation<sup>2</sup> but I'll have no alternative<sup>2</sup> to pressing charges for slander if he refuses to apologize in writing forthwith: fancy mistaking *me* for a dago! It's the ultimate<sup>2</sup> insult!

Yours in outrage<sup>2a</sup>

Fred Bloggs (chief zookeeper)

**al-** (2)

Some find it fun ambling<sup>2</sup> through sleazy allies<sup>2a</sup> as a preamble<sup>2</sup> to nocturnal debauch on some balcony, but funambulists<sup>2</sup> should take heed: the real hedonist is one who keeps his head on, even in exile<sup>2</sup>. Being tight on a tightrope isn't wise – one false step and you wind up in an ambulance<sup>2a</sup>.

**al-** (3)

As you grow older<sup>1</sup> you tend to get taller – in fact, you never do stop. You start at the bottom of the tribal totem, where the proletarians<sup>2</sup> proliferate<sup>2</sup> (the exalted<sup>2</sup> produce more prodigal progeny). But before long, what with wailing and shaking his rattle, the little shaman gains altitude<sup>2</sup> and is practically adolescent<sup>2</sup> – at which stage his barbaric banging may be redirected into playing the piano or oboe<sup>2a</sup>. With a little more enhancement<sup>2a</sup> the kids are prancing towards adulthood<sup>2a</sup>, into college or the Air Force, now ready for elevation to ivory tower or the stratosphere. Then it's out from the flying plane – or from under Alma<sup>2</sup> Mater's broad wings – and into the fireplace of domestic repose and obtaining the job that is needed to fuel it (the pulling of family hawsers<sup>2a</sup> may help). But this is no time to cast the altimeter<sup>2</sup> aside: heady heights of achievement still await – directing your own orchestra or becoming an alderman<sup>1</sup>, dishing out alimentary<sup>2</sup> supplement (in money or alimony<sup>2</sup>) to a new generation on the rise. What does it matter that your hair starts to thin or (if a woman) your voice alters<sup>2</sup> from soprano to alto<sup>2</sup> – you've every right to be haughty<sup>2a</sup> and high-handed. Then at last you're an elder<sup>1</sup> and can tell your eldest<sup>1</sup> what to do (he'd better do too if he wants his inheritance). As your back starts to bend and you need a stick to hobble on with do you finally start sinking? No, not at all: the culmination of your lifetime (which is also its abolition<sup>2</sup>) takes you up like a kite through the uppermost altocumulus<sup>2</sup> to where, just ahead, out of sight, you'll coalesce<sup>1</sup> with your godhead (the wise guy portrayed at the top of the pole).

**albho-**

Who on earth is that albino<sup>2</sup> oaf<sup>1a</sup> in the uniform and the little auburn<sup>2a</sup> creature at his side? Overexposed and expressionless, they look like

Oberon<sup>2/1b</sup> and his fair elfin<sup>1</sup> lady, radiating an albescent<sup>2</sup> albedo<sup>2</sup> tinged with a hint of libido. Could it be...? Or perhaps...? Like the other spectral figures in the fading album<sup>2</sup>, barely attached by daubs<sup>2a</sup> of albumen<sup>2</sup>, they look so sad, so distant, so almost nameless. Soon the slate will be clean again.

### ant-

Opposite every room is an anteroom<sup>2</sup>, like Arctic and Antarctic<sup>3</sup>; while you wait to be called in this chilly one glance in the glass and reflect. If you could undo<sup>1</sup> the done you have to others you would attain an anterior<sup>2</sup> status where for them to do the same unto<sup>1a</sup> you would advance<sup>2a</sup> it again to posterior. Until<sup>1a</sup> tomorrow is equivalent to till yesterday (being enantiomorphs<sup>3</sup>). Let's up the ante<sup>2</sup> and even the odds: along<sup>1</sup> is as long or as short as you make it (the reverse of to come is an anti-climax<sup>3</sup>). If you're at a loss for solutions, can't take the suspense, no help's to be found in the antique<sup>2</sup> Vedanta<sup>4</sup> or the pedantic antics<sup>2b</sup> of the ancients<sup>2a</sup>, nor will you find your feet in the Antipodes<sup>3</sup> (you're standing already on their tips); from antipopes<sup>2</sup> you'll only get antiphons<sup>3</sup> and as for anti<sup>2</sup>-matter, well, it hardly matters. Just turn your nose to the front and face up to it: the ending<sup>1</sup>'s in sight.

### ar-

Look, it all fits together: on the surface a riddle<sup>1</sup>, but read<sup>1</sup> it aright (no knowledge is required of abstract arithmetic<sup>3</sup>) and you'll soon find the rhyme and the reason<sup>2a</sup>. The ornament<sup>1</sup> is subordinate<sup>2</sup> to an overall ratio<sup>2</sup>. There may be artistry<sup>2a/b</sup> in ornate<sup>2</sup> adornment<sup>2</sup>, but there's also articulate<sup>2</sup> harmony<sup>2/3</sup> in the hefty armoury<sup>2a</sup> of the armadillo<sup>2</sup> and the simple ritual<sup>2</sup> behind the ordinary<sup>2</sup>. Do not be alarmed<sup>2a</sup>, no aristocratic<sup>3</sup> armada<sup>2b</sup> is ordained<sup>2</sup>: order<sup>2</sup>'s not inert<sup>2</sup> but it can be disarming<sup>2a</sup>. Art<sup>2</sup> and the wielding of arms<sup>2</sup> are coordinate<sup>2</sup> notions.

### awe- (1)

In this redundantly wet<sup>1</sup> winter<sup>1</sup> what better way to inundate<sup>2</sup> sorrow, to drown one's down, than in a wee drop of whisky<sup>4</sup> or vodka<sup>4</sup>? (Let others, more morbidly, gauge their dropsy<sup>3</sup> in a dripping clepsydra<sup>3</sup>.) Hold the glass to the lamp and give it a swirl – what do you see? Does

there twist in that eddy some hidden hydra<sup>3</sup> from your past, or is it merely an otter<sup>1</sup> at play in undulations<sup>2</sup> abundant<sup>2</sup> with bubbles? Or perchance a lovely undine<sup>2</sup> washing<sup>1</sup> her undies at the edge of the stream? (Now you've got the hang of it!) Quick, before she dries them out, don't risk dehydration<sup>3</sup>, fill 'er up! We're surrounded<sup>2</sup> by the stuff, both inside and out, so let it resound: there's water<sup>1</sup> in all things living and what's in it is alive.

**awe-** (2)

Wednesday<sup>1</sup>'s the day for weathering<sup>1</sup> it out – but there's more here than meets the eye through the window<sup>1a</sup>. Beyond the atmosphere<sup>3</sup> in turmoil a vatic<sup>2</sup> voice is winnowing the wheat from the husks through the van<sup>2</sup> of the vane that creaks in the wind<sup>1</sup>. That odious bully Odin<sup>1a</sup> or Woden<sup>1</sup> (or is he Wotan<sup>1b</sup> today at the polls?) is venting<sup>2</sup> his fury in through the ventilator<sup>2</sup>. Blow it out, hyperventilate<sup>2</sup>, counter exactly – and you'll be nearer to grasping Nirvana<sup>4</sup>.

**aweg-**

When July's store of sweetness waxes<sup>1</sup> into ripe August<sup>2</sup> the signs augur<sup>2</sup> well for rebirth and reaction – to inaugurate<sup>2</sup> adventures, to auction<sup>2</sup> off your goods and go join the auxiliaries<sup>2</sup>, to augment<sup>2</sup> gains well- or ill-gotten, to flout your parents' authority<sup>2a</sup> and try eking<sup>1</sup> it out as an author<sup>2a</sup> yourself. It's appropriately named after the most august<sup>2</sup> of caesars – who in turn seized his title (a jovial nickname<sup>1</sup>) from Julius before him.

**awes-**

When the Ostrogoths<sup>2</sup> were converted (having lost their compass and strayed down from the Ostmark<sup>1c</sup>), all of a sudden the East<sup>1</sup> became Easter<sup>1</sup>. It never dawned on them (since they remembered the aurora<sup>1</sup> as rawer where they came from) that the two things are one and the same.

**bhā-** (1)

What is that phantom<sup>3</sup> glow, as of floating phosphorous<sup>3</sup> or the diaphanous<sup>3</sup> moon in its nascent phase<sup>3</sup>, that beacons<sup>1</sup> forth from the berry<sup>1</sup>-bright eyes of the trance-gripped hierophant<sup>3</sup>? What phantasm<sup>3</sup> or epiphany<sup>3</sup> beckons<sup>1</sup> him with irresistible emphasis<sup>3</sup>? It waves no



banner<sup>2</sup> nor label. But look more closely: the photons<sup>3</sup> derive from our own searching gaze – so are *we* mere epiphenomena<sup>3</sup> of his fantasy<sup>2/3</sup>?

### **bhā-** (2)

These days even Fate<sup>2</sup> speaks over the telephone<sup>3</sup>. Prophets<sup>3</sup> profess<sup>2</sup>, convicts confess<sup>2</sup> and a veritable infantry<sup>2a</sup> of infants<sup>2</sup> babble phoney phonemes<sup>3</sup> as symphonies<sup>3</sup> of sympathy and anthems<sup>3</sup> of antipathy ring out intercity. You can't blame<sup>2a/3</sup> the exchange if the wires get crossed now and then and in agreeing to the announcement of the banns<sup>2a</sup> you end up ordering contraband<sup>2b</sup> from some infamous bandit<sup>2b</sup> while your girl is informed she's been banned<sup>1</sup> and abandoned<sup>2a</sup>. It's hard to remain affable<sup>2</sup>, but raising your voice can be a preface<sup>2a</sup> to aphasia<sup>3</sup>. Best try again with euphonious<sup>3</sup> euphemisms<sup>3</sup> and phonetic<sup>3</sup> finesse – you can still get your message across (it's a boon<sup>1a</sup>). To speak ill of the famous<sup>2</sup> is defamation<sup>2</sup>; doing so of the operator at the end of the line (He's so effing ineffable<sup>2</sup>) could be taken as blasphemy<sup>3</sup>.

### **bhago-**

A book<sup>1</sup> is a son of a beech<sup>1</sup>, a chapter a chap chipped off from a block (a bugger to carve runes on!). It's no more than chaff – like buckwheat<sup>1c</sup> fit only for poultry and pancakes – unless there's some bite in the bark.

### **bheid-**

The fish aren't biting<sup>1</sup> in the stream today – perhaps the bait<sup>1a</sup> is too bitter<sup>1</sup>. The boy just leans back, too lazy to move, dozes off for a bit then looks up, spies a beetle<sup>1</sup>, upturned, floating past like a boat<sup>1</sup>. Should he aid or abet<sup>2a/1b</sup> it? He scoops it out with a grin, tries fixing it onto the hook, when suddenly its carapace splits and the fissure<sup>2</sup> sprouts wings. Before he can gasp it's gone – fission<sup>2</sup>!

### **bhel-** (1)

You've seen one hue, you've seen them all (they are so few) -nothing but wave-lengths, flamboyant<sup>2a</sup> flashes in a blemished<sup>2a/1b</sup> Pan. White is just black<sup>1</sup> with the blaze<sup>1</sup> bleached<sup>1</sup> out (like the floating corpse of a beluga<sup>4</sup>) and nothing is bleaker<sup>1a</sup> than blue<sup>2a/1b</sup> in the phlegmatic<sup>3</sup> north. The flavescence<sup>2</sup> of flames<sup>2</sup> is a flagrant<sup>2</sup> blitzkrieg<sup>1b</sup> on the retina and, like the delicate blush<sup>1</sup> of the flamingo<sup>2b</sup>, as illusory as phlogiston<sup>3</sup>. Put

blond<sup>2a/1b</sup> to the brand and you get brunette, blend pitchblende<sup>1b</sup> and blancmange<sup>2a</sup> and you'll blanch<sup>2a</sup> and go blind<sup>1</sup>. Well, there's no point fulminating<sup>2</sup> – enjoy the conflagration<sup>2</sup> while it lasts: the darker the night the more effulgent<sup>2</sup> the fireworks.

### bhel- (2)

What have bulls<sup>1</sup> and flowers<sup>2a</sup> got in common? The beast stands pawing the dirt with shanks like boles<sup>1a</sup> and hoofs like bales<sup>2a/1b</sup>; its shoulders are boulders<sup>1a</sup> billowing<sup>1a</sup> with muscle, its belly<sup>1</sup> is bloated<sup>1a</sup> with flatulence<sup>2</sup>; its lungs, huge bellows<sup>1</sup>, inflate<sup>2</sup> and deflate<sup>2</sup> as its nostrils, like splaying baleen<sup>3</sup>, display a thick soufflé<sup>2a</sup> of froth. Its bulging<sup>2/4</sup> bollix<sup>1</sup> are leathery balloons<sup>2a/1b</sup> containing the budget<sup>2a/4</sup> (as chosen by ballot<sup>2b/1b</sup>) for generations to come; its magnificent phallus<sup>3</sup>, that pizzle so puzzling in its affluence<sup>2</sup>, gives promise of gallons of effluent<sup>2</sup>. (A blow<sup>1</sup> job on that would blast<sup>1</sup> a gal's head off!) Truth to tell it's all balls<sup>1a</sup>, he's a wind-bag, a fool<sup>2</sup> with full bladder<sup>1</sup>, but his bold<sup>1</sup> bawdy<sup>1b</sup> blather<sup>1a</sup> conjures up a flush<sup>2a</sup> of hearts in the herd and the willing young heifer named Flora<sup>2</sup> just can't wait for the weight of his deflowering<sup>2a</sup> bulk<sup>1a</sup>. (Now we're getting round to it.) To her his bellowing is mellifluous<sup>2</sup> and fluent<sup>2</sup>, courting is superfluous<sup>2</sup>, his influence<sup>2</sup> (like influenza<sup>2b</sup>) works at once on her, the flavour<sup>2</sup> is right, confluence<sup>2</sup> brooks no fluctuation<sup>2</sup>. But recall what she was doing pending her upending: defoliating<sup>2</sup> the pasture, chomping on clover, trefoil<sup>2a</sup> and cinquefoil<sup>2a</sup> (perchance on a cauliflower<sup>2a</sup>), ripping up blade<sup>1</sup> and blossom<sup>1</sup> alike, then grinding it down with her molars to a slimy green flour<sup>2a</sup>. She's one great portfolio<sup>2b</sup> of foliage<sup>2a</sup> (Nature's florid<sup>2</sup> feuilletton<sup>2a</sup> with its series and cycles). Next time that you flourish<sup>2a</sup> a florin<sup>2b</sup> in the florist<sup>2's</sup> and purchase a posy, compare the swell of the bloom<sup>1a</sup> to a bowl<sup>1</sup> in a china shop.

### bher-

Childbirth<sup>1</sup> is a burden<sup>1</sup> most women endure as a kind of offering<sup>2</sup> (one that Lady MacB. forbore<sup>1</sup>: she couldn't bear<sup>1</sup> bairns<sup>1</sup>). Men can infer<sup>2</sup> the suffering<sup>2a</sup> but would rather defer<sup>2</sup> the thinking of it (it's small beer, they jest, compared to real ailing, the sort where you end up in a bier<sup>1</sup>). They transfer<sup>2</sup> their furtive<sup>2</sup> opprobrium to a show of vociferous<sup>2</sup> approval. In his euphoria<sup>3</sup> the proud father confers<sup>2</sup> with his pals over a couple of amphorae<sup>3</sup>. Soon enough they're referring<sup>2</sup> (anaphorically<sup>3</sup>

speaking) to wisdom received on the differences<sup>2</sup> between women and themselves: they're all hormones and pheromones<sup>3</sup>, their interests so peripheral<sup>3</sup> – the latest in household paraphernalia<sup>3</sup>, the treatment of furuncles<sup>2</sup> and the ferreting<sup>2a</sup> out of the latest rumours about Tom, Dick and Harry (and that Beth). An argument starts when, spurred on by the drink, he defends their fertility<sup>2</sup> as having after all some utility, to which a companion retorts that he personally prefers<sup>2</sup> the afferent<sup>2</sup> to the efferent<sup>2</sup> side of the matter. Before he keels over and has to be brought<sup>1</sup> home in a barrow<sup>1</sup> they agree on one thing: the whole business is nothing but metaphor<sup>3</sup>.

### **bheregh-**

Just as comfort<sup>2a</sup> requires effort<sup>2a</sup> and piano presupposes forte<sup>2</sup>, raising a barrow<sup>1</sup> means digging. Consider the iceberg<sup>1a</sup>: seven eighths of its mass is below sea. However hard the burgomaster<sup>1b</sup> tries to fortify<sup>2</sup> the burg<sup>1</sup> (then beats a retreat to the bats in the belfry<sup>2a/1b</sup>), or the besieged baron strives to reinforce<sup>2a</sup> the fortress<sup>2a</sup> walls and pronounces fortissimo<sup>2b</sup> its invincibility, or the bourgeois<sup>2a</sup> of the borough<sup>1</sup> barricade themselves behind their morality, in the vicinity of villas there are always villains and burglars<sup>2a</sup> will still find a way to get in – undercover.

### **bhereu-**

Bread<sup>1</sup>, breeding<sup>1</sup>, brewing<sup>1</sup>: the three basics – men go barmy<sup>1</sup> without them. (Or with them, either way.) Whether you braise<sup>2a</sup> it on a brazier<sup>2a</sup> like bratwurst<sup>1b</sup>, butter it both sides and imbrue<sup>2a</sup> it in broth<sup>1</sup>, if you like it full and yeasty, fermented<sup>2</sup> from purest waters born straight from the bourn<sup>1</sup>, or effervescent<sup>2</sup> to the palate, slightly briny as in sauerbraten<sup>1b</sup>, whether you like your flesh flacid or your brawn<sup>2a</sup> well browned, done on the oven or in the barley, go to it with fervour<sup>2</sup>, sink your teeth in, let it go right to your head! Who cares which came first, brooding<sup>1</sup> is strictly for eggheads.

### **bheu-**

Being<sup>1</sup> is growing – something that cannot be done by fiat<sup>2</sup>. Trees do it, springing into booms<sup>1b</sup> and beams<sup>1</sup> for building<sup>1</sup> bowers<sup>1</sup> and byres<sup>1</sup> where men and animals (even the lowliest phyla<sup>3</sup>) also do it. Nor do we do it alone, our neighbours<sup>1</sup> do too (that boorish<sup>1b</sup> couple with their

dubious boodle<sup>2b</sup>). And never just here and now but always aimed at the future<sup>2</sup>. Or not, as in the case of maybe<sup>1</sup>. House-bound husbands<sup>1a</sup> are chafed by the imp<sup>3</sup> within, while their spouses fuss about their declining physique<sup>2a/3</sup> and dream of bondage<sup>1a</sup>. The zealous neophyte<sup>3</sup> equates it with believing, but what can be lived can also be relieved. Modern physics<sup>3</sup> informs us that to be<sup>1</sup> is sometimes not to. When all is in flux, no need to probe further: home is where you happen to be situated and the haunting of Hamlet is the hundred percent proof<sup>2</sup> in the pudding.

### dā-

Divide and rule, this has always been the sensible approach to timing<sup>1</sup> and power. Dissect the day according to the tides<sup>1</sup>, delay sending tidings<sup>1a</sup> until eventide<sup>1</sup> when smooth sailing is assured. And keep the indigent apart: being on the dole<sup>1</sup> in the Dales is a shameful thing, though many are (it's worse being out of dollars in Dallas, where money is – the former an ordeal<sup>1</sup>, the latter a raw deal<sup>1</sup> rubbed in). There's a demon<sup>3</sup> endemic<sup>3</sup> to the tribe, a demagogue<sup>3</sup> who urges us on towards tyranny as the one way of countering pandemonium<sup>3</sup>. Woe betide<sup>1</sup> the dissenter! Yet from the point of view of geodesy<sup>3</sup>, the endeavour is bound to rebound. Separate the beggars with a ruler, then, but let each deme<sup>3</sup> elect whom they deem fit for a timed<sup>1</sup> term of office – that'll keep 'em quiet. It is, after all, to apply to our fellows what the Demiurge<sup>3</sup> (if only half-heartedly) once did with Chaos.

### dei-

Tuesday<sup>1</sup>'s a good day for deism<sup>2</sup>. Light a joss<sup>2b</sup> stick, look skyward and dial<sup>2</sup> a god. Take a journey<sup>2a</sup> from your journal<sup>2a</sup>, bid your daily adieu<sup>2a</sup> and concentrate on divining<sup>2</sup> the divine<sup>2</sup>. If it's Diana<sup>2</sup> you desire (most circadian<sup>2</sup> of divas<sup>2</sup>), by Jove<sup>2</sup> you'd better check first with Zeus<sup>3</sup>. Unless your luck is really dismal<sup>2a</sup>, they'll let you climb the meridian<sup>2</sup> and supplement your quotidian<sup>2</sup> diet with a psychedelic<sup>3</sup> snack somewhere beyond the orbit of Jupiter<sup>2</sup>. Just don't expect your sojourn<sup>2a</sup> to be lengthy: he, the shining one (igniter of wooden clouds) must soon adjourn<sup>2a</sup> to his perpetual warring, she to her waxing and waning. And

you to a postmeridian<sup>2</sup> come-down, just in time for early closing.

### deik-

The raised digit<sup>2</sup> is the original token<sup>1</sup> (it's usually a finger but for unarmed Germans a toe<sup>1</sup> will do). What does it betoken<sup>1</sup>, what does the lifted index<sup>2</sup> indicate<sup>2</sup>? When a teacher<sup>1</sup> does it it means prepare for dictation<sup>2</sup> or a lofty dictum<sup>2</sup>; from cross crossword addicts<sup>1</sup> it signifies silence (ditto<sup>2b</sup> from poets inditing<sup>2a</sup> a ditty<sup>2a</sup>). If it's the pope we can expect a benediction<sup>2</sup> or edict<sup>2</sup> (apodeictic<sup>3</sup>) to follow, whereas from a prejudiced<sup>2a</sup> yob a malediction<sup>2</sup>'s more probable. A judge<sup>2a</sup> may accompany an interdiction<sup>2</sup> with a judicial<sup>2</sup> gesture (revenge<sup>2a</sup>, on the other hand, is not supposed to belong in his jurisdiction<sup>2</sup>). The syndic<sup>3</sup> may be bidding for a policy<sup>3</sup>, the preacher<sup>2a</sup> revealing a theodicy<sup>3</sup>, the pretty lady painting her nails just checking for tachisme<sup>2a</sup>. One can thereby predicate<sup>2</sup>, abdicate<sup>2</sup>, dedicate<sup>2</sup> or vindicate<sup>2</sup>. So no wonder when Orpheus turned and looked back at Eurydice<sup>3</sup> she mistook his wave for a valediction<sup>2</sup> (his own later version – hardly veridical<sup>2</sup> – was that he was just playing around with his lyre, the liar). Who could have predicted<sup>1</sup> from this fatidical<sup>2</sup> signal the fatal condition<sup>2a</sup> she then was condemned to? Alas, it was a paradigm<sup>3</sup> instance of deictic<sup>3</sup> ambiguity – to avoid contradiction<sup>2</sup> use clearer diction<sup>2</sup>: don't just stand there blinking and wiggling your pinky.

### dek-

Dainty<sup>2a</sup> patterns cause indignation<sup>2</sup> among dignified<sup>2</sup> doctors<sup>2</sup> (those diplodochi<sup>3</sup> of learning) and their docile<sup>2</sup> disciples<sup>2</sup>; towards mere decoration<sup>2</sup> they show disdain<sup>2a</sup>. Here lies a paradox<sup>3</sup>, for dogma<sup>3</sup> by definition is decorous<sup>2</sup>. What the orthodox<sup>3</sup> ignore is the insidious power of synecdoche<sup>3</sup>: the part that is greater than all of the rest. The deft detail may do more for the acceptance of a document<sup>2</sup> than the indubitable decency<sup>2a</sup> of the doctrine<sup>2</sup> expounded.

### dem-

A dame<sup>2a</sup>'s domain<sup>2a</sup> is domesticity<sup>2</sup>, a man's to have dominion<sup>2</sup> over his minions, says hispanic Don<sup>2b</sup> Diego the despot<sup>3</sup>. If madame<sup>2a</sup> strays too far from her pots and her pans she's in danger<sup>2a</sup> of facing a spell in the

dungeon<sup>2a</sup>: there she'll have to play dominos<sup>2a</sup> with her duenna<sup>2b</sup> under the eye of the dome<sup>2</sup>-browed majordomo<sup>2b</sup> until she repents. If she won't be dominated<sup>2</sup> he'll call in the Dominicans<sup>2</sup>. In more northerly domiciles<sup>2</sup>, where the tofts<sup>1a</sup> are of timber<sup>1</sup>, such views don't predominate<sup>2</sup>. But neither can the maids there ever hope to be treated as madonnas<sup>2b</sup>.

### deph-

You can't convey a letter<sup>2/3</sup> without a stamp – like a let ball not let by by the net it just won't be transliterated<sup>2</sup>. It's like trying to pronounce diphthongs when you're afflicted with diphtheria<sup>3</sup>. Literature<sup>2</sup> that's literal<sup>2</sup> is fine for tabloids and clay tablets (which are easily obliterated<sup>2</sup>), but if you wish to address something deeper without letting on, don't be illiterate<sup>2</sup> – alliterate<sup>2</sup>!

### der-

The dromedary<sup>3</sup> treads<sup>1</sup> gingerly over the sands loose and springy (if he tried trotting<sup>2a/1b</sup> it would be like on a trampoline<sup>2b</sup> – what a trip<sup>1b</sup>!). Since the dawn of the ages he has followed this trade<sup>1b</sup> route. What's it to him if he tramps<sup>1b</sup> it alone now, his busy master preferring to take off from an aerodrome<sup>3</sup>? His back's in a permanent sceptical shrug as if saying: The unknown, it's a trap<sup>1</sup>.

### deru-

Let us confirm our trust<sup>1a</sup> in the tree<sup>1</sup>, the true<sup>1</sup>, the trim<sup>1</sup>. Beneath its stout boughs – source of taut bows – lovers have trusted<sup>2a/1a</sup>, troths<sup>1</sup> have been plighted, truces<sup>1</sup> been called twixt dour<sup>2</sup> spouses, and druids<sup>4</sup> have foretold men's deaths from clinging drupes<sup>3</sup>. They have all passed on. Its flesh has been hacked for troughs<sup>1</sup> and trays<sup>1</sup> and bled for tar<sup>1</sup> to float its own planks. It's had much to endure<sup>2a</sup> and this surely has hardened it – from rhododendron<sup>3</sup> to deodar<sup>4</sup>. But even they some day die. When that happens, any resident hamadryad<sup>3</sup> will also go weeping, though her younger sisters the dryads<sup>3</sup>, carefree as birds, will still titter and twitter through the leafy woods, ignorant of any duress<sup>2</sup>.

### deuk-

Education<sup>2</sup> (they will tell you at Eton) is more than just joining the

team' and acquiring the right tie', it's a radical abduction<sup>2</sup>, a tugging' of the leader from the teeming' masses. If you're going to be a duke<sup>3</sup> and be introduced<sup>2</sup> to royalty you *must* learn to conduct<sup>2</sup> yourself accordingly. Some things, you are told, are infra-dig, non-U, like doges<sup>2b</sup> handling ducats<sup>2b</sup> or duchesses<sup>2a</sup> taking douches<sup>2b</sup>, while other things are U enough for you and your ilk, like subduing<sup>2a</sup> the urge to deduction<sup>3</sup> (it's conducive<sup>2</sup> to excessive<sup>2a</sup> confusion) and seducing<sup>2</sup> some lass from the village with presents of silk (it's productive<sup>2</sup> if not taken to profusion). Schooling is all very well but if the qualities needed for leadership can be reduced<sup>2</sup> to birth, they surely don't need to be induced<sup>2</sup> at all.

### dhē-

Attempts to judge facades<sup>2a</sup> at face<sup>2a</sup> value are doomed<sup>1</sup> from the start. The same with deeds<sup>1</sup>: every feat<sup>2a</sup> hides a counterfeit<sup>2a</sup>, every respectable edifice<sup>2</sup> a suspect affair<sup>2a</sup>. This'll do<sup>1</sup> as a theme<sup>3</sup> (or anathema<sup>3</sup>). Behind the fashionable<sup>2a</sup> boutique<sup>2a/3</sup> sits the unscrupulous profiteer<sup>2a</sup>, behind the manufacturer<sup>2</sup>'s office<sup>2</sup> lies a bodega<sup>2b/3</sup> frequented by sinister malefactors<sup>2</sup>. The tastiest of condiments<sup>2</sup> may conceal putrefied<sup>2</sup> flesh. A drug baron's hacienda<sup>2b</sup> may be liable to forfeit<sup>2a</sup> – but as often as not it turns out to be a facsimile<sup>2</sup>, its owner having long since absconded<sup>2</sup>. The effective<sup>2</sup> ruler has the facility<sup>2</sup> of bending a defeat<sup>2a</sup> to a benefit<sup>2a</sup> (he dubs it a sacrifice<sup>3</sup> or a mere passing discomfit<sup>2a</sup>) – reality can be modified<sup>2</sup> without much difficulty<sup>2</sup> to mollify his critics. With a little pontificating<sup>2</sup> he can justify<sup>2</sup> anything, notify<sup>2</sup>, qualify<sup>2</sup>, quantify<sup>2</sup>, petrify<sup>2</sup>, rarefy<sup>2</sup> or satisfy<sup>2</sup>, just as a defect<sup>2</sup> at the apothecary<sup>3</sup> can easily be nullified<sup>2</sup> by effacing<sup>2a</sup> the label. For what one can effect<sup>2</sup> one can also affect<sup>2</sup> – the trick is infectious<sup>2</sup>, it can be groomed like a fetish<sup>2b</sup>. Redefining a thesis<sup>3</sup> as its own antithesis<sup>3</sup> (a kind of metathesis<sup>3</sup>) is a faculty<sup>2</sup> specific<sup>2</sup> to mankind, one we're proficient<sup>2</sup> at, all of us. We have perfected<sup>2</sup> the artifact<sup>2</sup> (for instance, of presenting a hypothesis<sup>3</sup> in parentheses<sup>3</sup>, a most efficient<sup>2</sup> artifice<sup>2</sup>). The superficial<sup>2</sup> may suffice<sup>2</sup> for facile<sup>2</sup> solutions, but you soon get a surfeit<sup>2a</sup> and crave something recondit<sup>2</sup>. Let me put it in the following manner: facts<sup>2</sup> are factitious<sup>2</sup>, they are feasible<sup>2</sup> factors<sup>2</sup> but that's all.

### dhēi-

Thus sings the Persian bard to the thrum of the oud when he's in the

mood: If the fawn<sup>2a</sup>, barely more than a fetus<sup>2</sup>, finds bliss at the dug of the doe and the male child's affiliation<sup>2</sup> to the feminine<sup>2</sup> breast is not branded as effete<sup>2</sup> in his later years, why should men think that the female<sup>2a</sup> of his race is content to be fecund<sup>2</sup> and to suck on peaches and fennels<sup>2</sup>? It's a fallacy: there's greater felicity<sup>2</sup> in fellatio<sup>2</sup> – they give you tit so give them that.

### dheigh-

Whether it be gracious ladies' kneading dough<sup>1</sup> or writers (who need it) feigning<sup>2a</sup> fiction<sup>2</sup>, the goal is roughly the same: the transfiguration<sup>2</sup> of the formless (from dairy<sup>1</sup> or from diary) into well-formed effigies<sup>2</sup>. These may well prefigure<sup>2</sup> the configurations<sup>2</sup> of Paradise<sup>4</sup> – though they equally often fall deflated and disfigured<sup>2</sup>, just figments<sup>2</sup> of imagined emergencies.

### dher-

Every farmer<sup>2a</sup> is familiar with Dharma<sup>4</sup>. The plough is his throne<sup>3</sup> – by his firm<sup>2</sup> grasp upon it he confirms<sup>2</sup> the law that governs everything under the firmament<sup>1</sup>. He is freeholder to the succession of the seasons – ignore them, it affirms<sup>2</sup>, and the result will be starvation and infirmity<sup>2</sup>.

### dheragh-

What a drag<sup>1a</sup> pulling drays<sup>1</sup> or droshkys<sup>4</sup>, snorts the filly that's kicking her heels in the paddock; it must get drafty<sup>1a</sup> between those shafts when you're all nasty and dripping with sweat. But as a decrepid nag puffing away like a tractor<sup>2</sup>, her youthful scruples forgotten, she'd rather do that than be sold to the knacker. A comparison can be drawn<sup>1</sup> here (or maybe it can't) – think of the carping fishwife who drove her husband too hard and to drink<sup>1</sup>: a direct route lies between the draught<sup>1a</sup> that drenches<sup>1</sup> and the sort that quenches.

### dhēs-

Festival<sup>2</sup>, feastday<sup>2a</sup> of saint or festooned<sup>2a/2b</sup> fiesta<sup>2b</sup>, they're all much of a muchness in the festschrift<sup>1b</sup> of observances. Let the fanatic<sup>2</sup> adherent proffer praises to his choice from the pantheon<sup>3</sup> while flaying his flesh; and let the atheist<sup>3</sup> (who prefers his recreation profane<sup>2</sup>) fill out *his* by swilling ale at the Oktoberfest<sup>1b</sup>. The fair<sup>2a</sup>'s fair, jump in fête<sup>2a</sup> first! The



essential ingredient's enthusiasm<sup>3</sup>: its frantic apotheosis<sup>3</sup> will soon mellow – to an aftermath of polite polytheism<sup>3</sup>.

### **dheu-** (1)

There's a fine dust<sup>1</sup> or vapour that hangs in the air towards dusk<sup>1</sup> like the musky fumes<sup>2</sup> from a thurible<sup>2/3</sup> – a subtle perfume<sup>2a</sup>, not enough to dull<sup>1</sup> you or render you dizzy<sup>1</sup> (as when they fumigate<sup>2</sup> the streets for typhus<sup>3</sup> or cholera). Well known to the deaf<sup>1</sup> and the dumb<sup>1</sup>, it's an enchanted dell where silent deer<sup>1</sup> and doves<sup>1</sup> dwell<sup>1a</sup>, all that is downy<sup>1a</sup> and smoky, hazy and fuliginous<sup>2</sup>, misty like mistletoe, pungent like thyme<sup>3</sup> and healing like dock<sup>1</sup>, obfuscating<sup>2</sup> directions and the clock. The earth breathes, spirits rise.

### **dheu-** (2)

From on top of the Downs<sup>1</sup> you can look down<sup>1</sup> on the towns<sup>1/4</sup> where the forests were once and wonder what our forbears were doing not putting them up there instead. Perhaps they wanted to keep a raised eye on their sheep (for ewes like a view, even if rams don't give a damn). Or did they roam with their flocks like the bedouin following the dunes<sup>1b</sup> to his bed in the oasis below?

### **dhwer-**

Doors<sup>1</sup> (as a rule) open inwards when you want to go out, outwards when the reverse is the case. Don't be fooled by this vicious versa. There's no use barricading the gates against foreigners<sup>2a</sup> to escape the intrigues of the durbar<sup>4</sup> within. Fling them open resolutely and march out across the forum<sup>2</sup> (forget the forensics<sup>2</sup>), on past the faubourgs<sup>2a</sup> (they're only a front). Take a deep breath and enter the forest<sup>2a</sup> – the great out-of-doors<sup>1</sup> – and yourself.

### **dnghū-**

Speech is a matter of speaking in tongues<sup>1</sup> – excitable women adore it. Don't bite yours nor keep it in check in your cheek (it ain't biltong<sup>1b</sup>); spit it out frankly, flatter the pretty girls in local lingo<sup>2b</sup> or lingua<sup>2</sup> franca (braille or cuneiform'll do at a pinch). Be bilingual<sup>2</sup> like the serpent, the

original linguist<sup>2</sup> – or dinguist – who knew all the ins and the outs of both linguals<sup>2</sup> and labials. It can be a great succour, being able to pleasure two birds in the bush at one time.

**dwō-**

'Twice' twelve' years is twenty' four. We twain' have been twisted' together like opposite threads of one twine' all of that, a redoubtable<sup>2</sup> figure: more than gambler's deuce<sup>2a</sup> or baker's dozen<sup>2a</sup> (well, to make a good biscuit<sup>2a</sup> what you need is duplicity<sup>2</sup>). I suppose we deserve a diploma<sup>3</sup>. I watch you in the twilight', lying beside me huddled up in a blanket of certainty that's cross-woven with doubt<sup>2a</sup> (it's twill', t'won't crease), suspended as always twixt' the dual<sup>2</sup> poles of your geminian nature. Though our paths are combined<sup>2</sup> we spiral silently through space like a dyad<sup>3</sup> of binary<sup>2</sup> stars in rotation, never quite touching – except by duodecimal<sup>2</sup> feelings in the dark when sparks and sweet chords ricochet (a kind of duet<sup>2b</sup>). Your nervous impatience duplicates<sup>2</sup> mine, my wanderlust doubled<sup>2a</sup> by your need to move on: if our orbits were severed we'd fly apart into unrhyming doublets<sup>2a</sup>. So if asked what I thought of a second time round I'd reply with a bis'! Wouldn't you?

**ei-**

Coitus<sup>2</sup> is much like a game of quoits, it takes one to cast and one to catch (best if both can come concomitantly<sup>2</sup>). To every adit<sup>2</sup> its exit<sup>2</sup>, to every introit<sup>2</sup> its issue<sup>2a</sup>. The transgression is transitive<sup>2</sup> and transient<sup>2</sup> (as the errant<sup>2a</sup> janitor<sup>2</sup> with his tool in the till explained to the constable<sup>2a</sup>). The itinerant<sup>2</sup> count<sup>2a</sup> may carve his initials<sup>2</sup> on his poker, but sooner or later he'll have to hand it over when he stokes the home fires in chill January<sup>2</sup>. (He'll get a shock, by Janus<sup>2</sup>, if there are too many ambient<sup>2</sup> ions<sup>3</sup> left in it – a short-circuit<sup>2a</sup> there could lead to a sudden<sup>2a</sup> obituary<sup>2</sup>!) Whichever your preferred itinerary<sup>2</sup>, wide or narrow, Mahayana<sup>4</sup> or Hina-, try switching roles now and then (it's not seditious<sup>2</sup>): keep your commence<sup>2a</sup> to yourself and let *her* be the one to initiate<sup>2</sup> – by throwing her ring at your thing.

**eis-**

There exists a hierarchy<sup>3</sup> of ire<sup>2</sup> (as in the ranks of the IRA), each more

awful to behold: from the clashing iron<sup>1/4</sup> of warriors in armour to the irascible<sup>2</sup> passion of the empress in oestrus<sup>3</sup>. But higher and more terrible still is the frozen hieroglyph<sup>3</sup> that seals the way for all but the hierarch<sup>3</sup> to the sacred rage in the depths of the temple.

#### enomn-

What's in a name<sup>1</sup>, after all? Whether agnomen<sup>2</sup> (denominal<sup>2</sup>), cognomen<sup>2</sup> (ignominious<sup>2</sup>), patronym<sup>2</sup> (metonymous<sup>3</sup>), eponym<sup>3</sup> (homonymous<sup>3</sup>) or pseudonym<sup>3</sup> (a plain misnomer<sup>2</sup>), whatever the denomination<sup>2</sup> of the nomenclature<sup>2</sup>, however renowned<sup>2a</sup> the personage to whom such nouns<sup>2a</sup> may apply, they are actually synonymous<sup>3</sup>: they can all be replaced by the anonymous<sup>3</sup> pronouns<sup>2a</sup> 'he' or 'she' (if not by onomatopoeia<sup>3</sup>). Paronomasia<sup>3</sup> – like paranoia, only zanier – is a great squelcher of megalomania.

#### er-

Thou art<sup>1</sup> my most precious part – take this rose in earnest<sup>1</sup> of the rest. It arose in the orient<sup>2</sup>, where all origins<sup>2</sup> are<sup>1</sup>, and, like them, will still be there when we depart.

#### es-

The present<sup>2</sup> of 'be' is<sup>1</sup> irregular: I am<sup>1</sup>, your yes<sup>1</sup>, we sin, they represent<sup>2</sup> love's essential<sup>2</sup> ontology<sup>3</sup>. My pride<sup>2a</sup>, your interest<sup>2</sup>, our mutual submission. Bodhisattvas<sup>4</sup> could not soothe<sup>1</sup> out the pain of your absence<sup>2</sup> (my own absent<sup>2</sup> I sees you forced by the pious to suttee<sup>4</sup> on the settee and stutters inanities). Let them hang around bending faith into swastikas<sup>4</sup>, without you I might as well enter non-entity<sup>2</sup>.

#### eu-

What means this snow-covered vastness<sup>2</sup> before us? A void<sup>2a</sup> devoid<sup>2a</sup> of human presence, just a devastated<sup>2</sup> barn here and there, the muzzle of a cannon pointing skyward at unnatural angle, a flock of ravens pecking at shapes the eye'd rather avoid<sup>2a</sup>. This wasteland<sup>2a</sup> has long been evacuated<sup>2</sup>, the ruined farms vacated<sup>2</sup> by all but the rats. Nature, abhorring a vacuum<sup>2</sup>, has positioned the moon up above with a strange

vacant<sup>2</sup> look on its orb. Perhaps it is grinning at the thought of those leaders – now vanished<sup>2a</sup> – who vaunted<sup>2a</sup> their own mutual slaughter or, more broadly, at the evanescence<sup>2a</sup> of man's vanity<sup>2</sup>, to both of which it is clearly superior. Listen: the silence is broken by a wolf far away howling up at the cold taunting visage. For this is the landscape of want<sup>1a</sup> unrequited.

### gel-

That foolhardy boy in the rain, he's climbing<sup>1</sup> the tallest elm on the common – what does the clot<sup>1</sup> think he's up to? We must follow the clues<sup>1</sup>. Observe how he cleaves<sup>1</sup> to the furrows of the bark, his fingers clenching<sup>1</sup> and unclenching<sup>1</sup> as he swings from one fork to the next. His limbs, instinctively feeling the route, agglutinate<sup>2</sup> like glue<sup>2a</sup> to the trunk, clamping<sup>1b</sup> tight as if tapping its knowledge. The branches that dangle about him like ganglions<sup>3</sup> are there just to help him to clamber<sup>1</sup>. Now he's right up near the nests of the rooks – they don't panic, he's one of the club<sup>1a</sup>. Here he clings<sup>1</sup> to the highest swaying branch that can hold him, his clammy<sup>1b</sup> fringe plastered to his brow by the drizzle. Far below him the globe<sup>2</sup> curves away, the sodden glebe<sup>2</sup> and off beyond it a cluttered<sup>1</sup> conglomeration<sup>2</sup> of miniature houses. Faint calls from that direction are heard. To hell with them all, why should *he* have been punished? See, his trembling fist reaches upwards (as if to clinch<sup>1</sup> his ascent) and clutches<sup>1</sup> at the cloud<sup>1</sup> clump<sup>1b</sup> that seems to be snagged on the treetop – but it's no easier to grasp than the rest.

### gen- (1)

It's natural<sup>2</sup> to be kind<sup>1</sup> to one's kind<sup>1</sup>, generous<sup>2a</sup> to one's genus<sup>2</sup> (note the genitive<sup>3</sup>). But where does kin<sup>1</sup> end and, kindred<sup>1</sup>, dread begin? According to Genesis<sup>3</sup> the answer is simple: the Fall is innate<sup>2</sup>. The purpose of gender<sup>2a</sup> is to generate<sup>2</sup>, the genitals<sup>2</sup> are engines<sup>2</sup> for filling up kindergartens<sup>1b</sup> and stocking the nation<sup>2a</sup> with neonate<sup>2</sup> generals<sup>2a</sup> and gendarmes<sup>2a</sup> who will go out in turn and put down the natives<sup>2</sup> (especially the Indians). The naive<sup>2a</sup> think, don't you see, that miscegenation<sup>2</sup> engenders<sup>2a</sup> malign<sup>2</sup> types of pregnancies<sup>2</sup> and threatens primogeniture<sup>2</sup>, social homogeny<sup>3</sup> and the natal<sup>2</sup> genealogy<sup>3</sup> of indigenous<sup>2</sup> gentlemen<sup>2a</sup>. Alas, from the gonads<sup>3</sup> of kings<sup>1</sup> there may spring not only renaissance<sup>2a</sup> geniuses<sup>2</sup> but also degenerate<sup>2</sup> epigones<sup>3</sup> capable

of genocide<sup>2</sup> (the germ<sup>2a</sup> is germane<sup>2a</sup> to other countries besides Germany). For congenial<sup>2</sup> and congenital<sup>2</sup> are cognates<sup>2</sup>, two of akin<sup>1</sup>.

### gen- (2)

In diagnosing<sup>3</sup> the physiognomy<sup>3</sup> of the dial the sun casts the shadow of the gnomon<sup>3</sup>: thus it always will recognize<sup>2</sup> where it has got to if some ignorant<sup>2</sup> intruder comes between and suspends the prognosis<sup>3</sup>. But the gnostic<sup>3</sup> marker alone does not notify<sup>2</sup> us as to who it was first laid out with carpenter's norm<sup>2</sup> the quaint<sup>2a</sup> pattern of ciphers – and to what noble<sup>2</sup> end. Where's the narrator<sup>2</sup> of this cunning<sup>1</sup> kenning<sup>1</sup>, are we even acquainted<sup>2a</sup>? It's a matter of gnosis<sup>3</sup> (as every gnu gnows). Gnothi<sup>3</sup> by all means seauton, but you will never ken<sup>1</sup> fully the rest since even the connoisseur<sup>2a</sup> has a nose which, however he flares it, invariably intervenes between him and cognition<sup>2</sup> (it's too kith<sup>1</sup> to be couth<sup>1</sup>). Best to learn what one can<sup>1</sup> and just stay agnostic<sup>3</sup>.

### ger-

There's a grain<sup>2</sup> of truth to be garnered<sup>2a</sup> in the granary<sup>2</sup> (well, it's sort of corny<sup>1</sup> – straight from Pokorny): the kernel<sup>1</sup> of matter is as hard as granite<sup>2b</sup>. Even an attack by grenade<sup>2a/2b</sup> won't destroy it totally, though nothing remain of the grange<sup>2a</sup> but filigree<sup>2a/2b</sup>.

### gerebh-

Somewhere below, a crayfish<sup>2a/1b</sup> with crayon in claw is tracing the topography<sup>3</sup> of the deeps. A crab<sup>1</sup>, clicking out the tact as it's programmed, helps with the grammar<sup>2a/3</sup>, an eel at its heel. (Hold this paragraph<sup>3</sup> up to your ear and you'll hear the graphite<sup>1</sup>.) For under this scrawl strange things are crawling<sup>1a</sup> unseen in the murk. Beneath the wittiest epigram<sup>3</sup> or the grossest graffiti<sup>1b/3</sup> lurks the same graphic<sup>3</sup> iconography<sup>3</sup> of shell and appendage, of predatory predication, of anemones and anomalies. What is carved<sup>1</sup> on the surface merely diagrams<sup>3</sup> these mysteries.

### gēu-

Let us celebrate cock<sup>1</sup> and cunt<sup>1b</sup> – oops, I mean cot<sup>1</sup> and cubby<sup>1b</sup>, of course: everything cosy and cuddly, lumpy and hollow like peas in a pod, down on the farm where the chickens<sup>1</sup> aren't cowed<sup>1a</sup> by the

roosters, where the sheep are in their cote<sup>1</sup> and the rams are in the sheep and all in the cottage<sup>2a</sup> is snug and industrious, one cog<sup>1a</sup> fitted tightly to the next. The cooper<sup>1b</sup> is at his coops<sup>1b</sup>, the keelson<sup>1b</sup> to its keel<sup>1b</sup>, baby's cooing in the cradle, and wify's in the kitchen stuffing chitterlings<sup>1</sup> while humming hubby, fixing the cupboard, daydreams of fondling her clitter-things. Only the kobold<sup>1b</sup> is lonely as it cowers<sup>1a</sup> in the corner fingering a limp cod<sup>1</sup>.

#### geus-

It's a matter of taste when confronted by conflict if you choose<sup>1</sup> to retreat and knock back with gusto<sup>2b</sup> fine wines or get drunk on your fury like a screaming valkyrie<sup>1a</sup>. A choice<sup>1</sup> between degustation<sup>2</sup> and disgust<sup>2a</sup>, no?

#### ghdhem-

From earth to earth we humans<sup>2</sup> drag our feet, from humus<sup>2</sup> to homunculus<sup>2</sup>, from bride and bridegroom's<sup>1</sup> bliss (too brief) to bonhomie<sup>2a</sup>, homage<sup>2a</sup>, humility<sup>2</sup>, inhumanity<sup>2</sup>, homicide<sup>2</sup> and other mature undertakings – until the ineluctable decline towards inhumation<sup>2</sup> begins. But listen, hombre<sup>2b</sup>, it's not so bad, think of it as a continual transhumance<sup>2</sup> of the soul to pasturage new. Without it that sphinx-like chameleon<sup>3</sup> (unknown to autochthonous<sup>3</sup> hominids<sup>2</sup>) would not budge at all: its litmus only lights up to the promise of Novaya Zemlyas<sup>4</sup> we never shall reach – yet from which we came.

#### ghe-

One man goes<sup>1</sup> for pleasure while the next forgoes<sup>1</sup> it, but the profligate heir<sup>2</sup> with his jaunty gait<sup>1a</sup> and the anchorite<sup>3</sup> fixed to the spot both inherited<sup>2</sup> this dilemma long ago<sup>1</sup>: you can't walk through a gate<sup>1a</sup> and sit on it too.

#### ghebh-

Living's a matter of giving<sup>1</sup> and taking. (The pulse is as much pushing as pulling.) Forgiveness<sup>1</sup> is a gift<sup>1a</sup>, but don't forget: it leads to debt<sup>2a</sup>. If seamen can be familiar with inhabitants<sup>2</sup> of binnacles<sup>2b</sup> (no, not barnacles), why should a clergyman who steps out of the cloth be called an exhibitionist<sup>2</sup>? To duty<sup>2a</sup> its due<sup>2a</sup> and the devil with the debit<sup>2</sup>. Don't be

inhibited<sup>2</sup> -it isn't prohibited<sup>2</sup>.

### ghel-

All that's golden<sup>1</sup> does not glitter<sup>1a</sup>: the melancholy<sup>3</sup> precipitates of arsenic<sup>4</sup> or gall<sup>1</sup> are more yellow<sup>1</sup> than guilders<sup>1b</sup> or zlotys<sup>4</sup>. What gladdens<sup>1</sup> and fills us with glee<sup>1</sup> is like the coin at the bottom of the chlorinated<sup>3</sup> pool, it's not where it seems to be at: dive in and it slides from your arm (be you ever so gleg<sup>1a</sup>). You may glower<sup>1a</sup> with envy at the glib<sup>1b</sup> felon<sup>2</sup> who gets it and, glistening<sup>1</sup>, gloats<sup>1a</sup>, but the glazed<sup>1</sup> look of the madman glimpsed<sup>1</sup> in the gloaming<sup>1</sup> tells another story: a glance through dark glasses<sup>1</sup> is all we can take of the glare<sup>1b</sup> of the sun at midday.

### gher-

What's that choir<sup>2a/3</sup> doing in the orchard<sup>2/1</sup>? To get what's what in this Watteau you must look beyond the courtly<sup>2a</sup> dalliance, the gaily curt-sying<sup>2a</sup> courtesan<sup>2a/2b</sup> and her cortège<sup>2a</sup> of haughty courtiers<sup>2a</sup>, the powder and the pastel pastiche, the harpsichord and choristers<sup>2a/3</sup> (courtesy<sup>2a</sup> of Terpsichore<sup>3</sup>), the flickering sunlight, the twittering of ortolans<sup>2a</sup> and the elaborate horticulture<sup>2</sup>. Behind loom the walls of the Court<sup>2a</sup>, where broad-girthed<sup>1a</sup> judges – also in wigs – consort with the uniformed cohorts<sup>2</sup> of Justice to incarcerate the unwittingly wigless, and the gallows in the yard<sup>1</sup> creaks out its grim chorale<sup>2/3</sup>. The Law (which is laid down to lay low) girds<sup>1</sup> up its loins to ensure that the beautiful people may ungirdle<sup>1</sup> *theirs* without care. Not all in the garden<sup>2a/1b</sup> is lovely: strings are attached to that scrumptious apple.

### ghers-

What hirsute<sup>2</sup> horror<sup>2</sup> is this approaching through the gorse<sup>1</sup>, what bristling ordure<sup>2a</sup> on legs? With a crackle and a clumsy tumble out stumbles a hedgehog, snout erect and twitching, a cute little urchin<sup>2a</sup>. But she's already fled: to the timid the unknown is abhorrent<sup>2</sup> and to little girls the hispid<sup>2</sup> is especially horrid<sup>2</sup> (just give her a few years).

### ghosti-

There are two kinds of host<sup>2a</sup>, the hospitable<sup>2</sup> (rubbing his hands at the hotel<sup>2a</sup> door) and the hostile<sup>2</sup> (the armed rabble clamouring for hos-

tages<sup>2a</sup> at the hospice<sup>2a</sup>). That's because there are two kinds of guest<sup>1a</sup>, the paying sort and the parasite. It needn't be so, since they're really the same. Hostlers<sup>2a</sup> and hustlers get along famously – a matter of mutual scratching of backs. They know that xenophobia<sup>3</sup> is not to their advantage. In hospital<sup>2</sup> terms, today's donor is the patient of tomorrow.

### ghrēu-

When you crush gravel<sup>2a/4</sup> you get grit<sup>1</sup>, but the finer you grind groats<sup>1</sup> the greater<sup>1</sup> they get. It can be gruelling<sup>2a</sup> work – and all for a groats-worth<sup>1b</sup> of porridge. More puzzling by far is the way in which character<sup>3</sup> (soft and congenial or chrome<sup>3</sup>-plated flashy) is built up by the splitting of chromosomes<sup>3</sup>. How can human complexity be congruent<sup>2</sup> with such meagre beginnings? That's the rub. We're just chromatic<sup>3</sup> scales on the geneticist's keyboard.

### gwā-

There is not much difference, when you get right down to it, between coming<sup>1</sup> and going. Go far enough – circumnavigate the globe – and you eventually<sup>2</sup> get back to your base<sup>2a/3</sup>. You may not always be given the go-ahead by comely<sup>1</sup> maidens upon your return but you can at least circumvent<sup>2</sup> being treated as a revenant<sup>2a</sup> or adventurer<sup>2a</sup> by bringing (or taking) back souvenirs<sup>2a</sup> for all to commemorate the event<sup>2</sup>. The invention<sup>2</sup> of revenue<sup>2a</sup> of unknown provenance<sup>2</sup> may be convenient<sup>2</sup> for the parvenu<sup>2a</sup> who has contravened<sup>2</sup> the conventions<sup>2</sup>. Explore all avenues<sup>2a</sup> and select your venue<sup>2a</sup> carefully. The dexterity of an acrobat<sup>3</sup> is required to prevent<sup>2</sup> your anabasis<sup>3</sup> reverting to kata-. This is a graver distinction (though you dig it yourself), the kind that juggernauts<sup>4</sup> are launched for and councils convened<sup>2</sup>. Some will say there's no basis<sup>3</sup> for achievement if you don't pull it off and convince them you've gone. Yet it may become<sup>1</sup> expedient to stall and not let on you've been anywhere at all.

### gwei-

Neither the quick<sup>1</sup> of quicksilver<sup>1</sup> nor the quack of the quacksalver can compare to the interior hygiene<sup>3</sup> of the humble amoeba. Que viva<sup>2b!</sup> It may not be the most vivacious<sup>2a</sup> of company (even the microbe<sup>3</sup> is more



convivial<sup>2</sup>) but its bit of the biotic<sup>3</sup> soup is the stuff of survival<sup>2</sup> at the great be-in (or been) feast, more vivifying<sup>2</sup> than all the fresh viands<sup>2a</sup> at the zoo<sup>3</sup>. Already in the Protozoic<sup>3</sup> it was practising aerobics<sup>3</sup>, when the spermatozoon<sup>3</sup> was still just a glimmer in Gaea's eye -and the amphibians<sup>3</sup> weren't the first to get into vitamins<sup>2</sup>. By the time of the viviparous<sup>2</sup> revival<sup>2a</sup> (couched in the African quitch<sup>1</sup> grass) it was still vividly<sup>2</sup> viable<sup>2a</sup>, virtual victor in the perambulatory procurement of victuals<sup>2</sup>. The vital<sup>2</sup> lesson it learnt: symbiosis<sup>3</sup>.

### gwel-

The rhetoric heard in Parliament<sup>2a</sup>, the palaver<sup>2b</sup> in parlours<sup>2a</sup>, the hyperbole<sup>3</sup> of balladeers<sup>2a/3</sup>, the parables<sup>2a/3</sup> hurled (in parabolas<sup>3</sup>) from pulpits, it's all the doing of the devil, his favoured ballistical<sup>2/3</sup> armament when he's out on parole<sup>2a/3</sup>. What may seem a ballet<sup>2a/3</sup> of civil parley<sup>2a</sup>, a ball<sup>2a/3</sup> of elegantly traipsing ideas, or a play with conventional symbols<sup>3</sup>, can suddenly come to a clash (it only takes two) and slander like cannonballs hurtle. Not every emblem<sup>2/3</sup> can be swallowed with a pinch of salt (or aboulia<sup>3</sup>). Even well-meaning words (having many a layer) can get lodged in the gullet and cause diabolical<sup>3</sup> problems<sup>3</sup> for the metabolism<sup>3</sup>.

### gwenā-

Whether Virgin Queen<sup>1</sup> (the dolly of every Englishman's idolatry) or painted quean<sup>1</sup> (ditto with a beheaded man beneath her skirts), there's one thing the misses, then as now, all share: that invaluable part that requires a specialist, the gynaecologist<sup>2</sup> (or vagina-ecologist). None save a nun can do much without it. If her receiver is not kept well tuned you get static hysteria (intrauterine ventriloquism) and she acts like the banshee<sup>4</sup> - by whom many a he-man has been banished to the marshes of misogyny<sup>3</sup>.

### gwer-

Wartime of course is a real brute<sup>2</sup> (whether you blitz through the krieg<sup>1b</sup> or just sitz through it), though the Wagnerian barytone<sup>3</sup> bellowing out his grief<sup>2a</sup> with such brio<sup>2b/4</sup> carries undeniable weightiness (his voice must penetrate to the very barysphere<sup>3</sup>). But there is nothing more

aggravating<sup>1</sup> than the barometer<sup>3</sup>, that bar-room guru<sup>4</sup> of the isobars<sup>3</sup>. It's a quern<sup>1</sup> around the neck if you're making heavy weather of existence: you just can't help tapping it, knowing that, like gravity<sup>2</sup>, there's absolutely nothing you can do about it.

**gwhen-**

The Mercedes Benz is the bane<sup>1</sup> of the murderous bends of the autobahn<sup>1b</sup>. Gunning<sup>1a</sup> along its lane of the tilting ground it suggests a Teutonic sublimation of the urge to combat. Is the fragile fence<sup>2a</sup> down the centre of the asphalt any defence<sup>2</sup> at all when opposing chargers take mutual offence<sup>2</sup> and cross the historical line to take up the challenge?

**gwher-**

If, like Beelzebub, you're into brimstone<sup>1</sup> and brandy<sup>1b</sup>, feeling feverish and randy, ready for a hot drink and crumpet, a good place to go to remedy that old hypothermia<sup>3</sup> is down by the furnace<sup>2a</sup> in the basement where the tarts hang out. Be wary, however, it's easy to get burned<sup>1</sup>. The baker needs forceps<sup>2</sup> to get at the bun in the oven and the glass-blower's bound to get painfully branded<sup>1</sup> – at very least brindled<sup>1a</sup> – if he brandishes<sup>2a</sup> his rod with too much abandon (even with a rubber on the end of it). Fornication<sup>2a</sup> in the vaults is at your own risk: it's your fault alone if under the cure the thermometer<sup>3</sup> shoots out its mercury.

**gwhren-**

Every phrase<sup>2/3</sup> is the froth off a frenzy<sup>2a/3</sup>, words signposts through a labyrinth of schizophrenic<sup>3</sup> ambiguity. You can paraphrase<sup>3</sup> the meaning (for some it's just moaning) till the cows all come home in a coma – it's but periphrastic<sup>3</sup> grazing round the core of a mutter, the utterance in motion from one field to the next.

**kā-**

Charity<sup>2a</sup> is supposed to begin at home, so put out that pout and listen. When temptation takes place in the house of dreams it's only whoredom<sup>1a</sup>. When I'm awake you have no rival (apart from boredom). More than anything described in the Kamasutra<sup>4</sup> I cherish<sup>2a</sup> your calming caresses<sup>2a/2b</sup>.

**kailo-**

The holy<sup>1</sup> heals<sup>1</sup>, the weak hold, it's wholly<sup>1</sup> wholesome<sup>1</sup>; but for the hale<sup>1</sup> a hearty wassail<sup>1a</sup> (cheers! hail<sup>1a</sup>!) does more for the health<sup>1</sup> than any hollowed out halo, however hallowed<sup>1</sup>.

**kan-**

To the first tones of dawn's air Chanticleer<sup>2a</sup> rejoins with his canorous<sup>2</sup> descant<sup>2a</sup>. His scarlet comb tossed back gallantly, he fancies he's a cantor<sup>2</sup> crowing out canticles<sup>2</sup> or, rather, a bel canto<sup>2b</sup> Caruso enchanting<sup>2a</sup> his public with canzones<sup>2b</sup> in accents<sup>2a</sup> cantabile<sup>2b</sup> on the stage of La Scala, his roost. The hens just grumble sleepily and fluff up their feathers – to them it's all cant<sup>2</sup>. Does he really think that his raucous incantation<sup>2</sup> is an incentive<sup>2</sup> to lay? The only one he charms<sup>2a</sup> is himself. But it makes no difference how they cluck and they groan, he is not one to recant<sup>2</sup>. The stupid females don't appreciate his importance: without his chant<sup>2a</sup> the day can't start.

**kap-**

The heavy<sup>1</sup>-laden ship heaves<sup>1</sup> to in the haven<sup>1</sup> at last; the hawk<sup>1</sup> returns with intercepted<sup>2</sup> catch<sup>2a</sup> to its master. Capable<sup>2</sup> hands man the capstans<sup>2a</sup> and cables<sup>2a</sup> and from capacious<sup>2</sup> depths are raised caissons<sup>2a/2b</sup> and capsules<sup>2</sup> and richly enchased<sup>2a</sup> cases<sup>2a</sup>, the legitimate spoils of municipal<sup>1</sup> commerce, which, excuse me between commas, go off if not taken at once. After the chase<sup>2a</sup> the satiated raptor accepts<sup>2</sup> the hood, but only when it's received<sup>2a</sup> its share as anticipated<sup>2</sup>: it perceives<sup>2a</sup> this not as deception<sup>2a</sup> but as participation<sup>2</sup> (to which it is partial), knowing that there'll be a new inception<sup>2</sup> when captive<sup>2</sup> again will become captor<sup>2</sup>. Besides, recovering<sup>2a</sup> is necessary before uncovering can reoccur. The captious<sup>2</sup> merchant is enslaved by his occupation<sup>2a</sup>: incipient<sup>2</sup> behoof<sup>1</sup> and recuperating<sup>2</sup> losses. However much he's acquired, he can conceive<sup>2a</sup> of more. Neither, it behooves<sup>1</sup> us to add, is an exception<sup>2</sup> to the precept<sup>2</sup> that ownership is to the hold of a ship what grasping is to holding a haft<sup>1</sup>: to have<sup>1</sup> you hafta. (Let that serve here as caption<sup>2</sup>.)

**kel- (1)**

That which is concealed<sup>2a</sup> causes apprehension – the gun in the holster<sup>1b</sup>, the Hun beneath the helmet<sup>1b</sup>, the earthworm in the hole<sup>1</sup>, the horny

coleoptera<sup>3</sup>, the creaking of the hull<sup>1</sup> in the storm, the greased piston in its slimy housing<sup>2/1b</sup>, and the occult<sup>2</sup> seething within cell<sup>2</sup> walls. However, who's to tell whether Hell<sup>1</sup> isn't a well-stocked cellar<sup>2a</sup> much like Valhalla<sup>1a</sup>, that sky-high rathskeller<sup>1b/2?</sup> Beyond the apocalypse<sup>3</sup> may lie calypso<sup>3</sup> by moonlight in sweet-smelling groves of eucalyptus<sup>3</sup> with cuddling and carousing ad libitum. A hollow<sup>1</sup> supposition, you retort superciliously<sup>2</sup>, but remember that colour<sup>2</sup> too is a cover. Can what lies beyond the Rainbow Bridge be really so frightful? Yet the unknowable must remain unknown, and those who are tempted – like kleptomaniacs<sup>3</sup> – by clandestine<sup>2</sup> peeping can be assured of the predestined failure of all their attempts.

### kel- (2)

The defiant gladiator<sup>2</sup>, his glaive<sup>2/4</sup> up to the hilt<sup>1</sup> in gore, and the Gael gladly wielding his claymore<sup>4</sup> in the mire by the holt<sup>1</sup>, the brave counting coup<sup>2a/3</sup> and the colonel leading one -all have to limp<sup>1</sup> to a halt in the end. They know how to cope<sup>2a/3</sup> with the presence of danger, turning the clangour<sup>2/3</sup> of battle to the ringing of laughter<sup>1</sup>. The timid clerk<sup>2/3</sup>, faceless clone<sup>3</sup> among the many who cling to the ground like clematis<sup>3</sup>, gets his kicks by more devious means: an unseen iconoclast<sup>3</sup>, his pen is his weapon. With a single deft stroke he can cause a calamity<sup>2</sup> in the account books of heroes.

### kel- (3)

Oyez, oyez, oyez: the Council<sup>2a</sup> hereby proclaims<sup>2</sup> that despite all claims<sup>2a</sup> to the contrary there'll be no reconciliation<sup>2</sup> with our traditional enemy on the question of standardization of puddings and tarts. The acclaim<sup>2</sup> of our éclair<sup>2a</sup> is at stake (no monsieur, not just cream-stuffed puff pastry smeared in some sort of glair<sup>2a/1</sup>). The national mission is clear<sup>2a</sup>, as our chef has declared<sup>2</sup> so clairvoyantly<sup>2a</sup>: no less than universal éclaircissement<sup>2a</sup>! Therefore, on the day of the calendar<sup>2</sup> on which he was born, every able-bodied man of a culinary calling (ecclesiastics<sup>2/3</sup> excluded) will present himself for conscription in the civic kitchens, bearing a colander. Fail to appear and you'll be keelhauled<sup>1b</sup> right under the cauldrons. Others may clamour<sup>2</sup> for a touch of our glamour – we can proudly exclaim<sup>2</sup> that where baking's concerned we're still the top of the class<sup>2</sup>, the élite! Let the others eat cake.

**ker- (1)**

When the sun skips into Capricorn<sup>2</sup> (the giddy goat) the alpenhorns<sup>1b</sup> bray and the cornets<sup>2a</sup> blast; the hart<sup>1</sup> starts to pant (dead beat in its tracks from cutting corners<sup>2a</sup>) and the unicorn<sup>2</sup> complains of a migraine<sup>2a/3</sup> in its delicate cranium<sup>3</sup> -it's only got one cerebellum<sup>2</sup>, poor thing. The pretty reindeer<sup>1a</sup> (the one with the cervix<sup>1</sup>) turns in alarm to her mate (Oh no, it looks like rain, dear!). The peacock shakes its tail at the hornet<sup>1</sup>, which, feeling horny<sup>1</sup>, raises a charivari<sup>3</sup> on its keratinous<sup>3</sup> Stradivarius and the cretinous rhinoceros<sup>3</sup> breaks down into floods of hot tears, for the hartebeest<sup>1b</sup> has called it a latterday triceratops<sup>3</sup> (that's wicked, it's treading on corns<sup>2a</sup>.) But be of good cheer<sup>2a/3</sup>: if you don't quite see the point (it doesn't scan, it's a scandal!) try crunching a carrot<sup>2a/3</sup> - they're 24 carat<sup>2a/3</sup> for the cornea<sup>2</sup>.

**ker- (2)**

Eat up your cereal<sup>2</sup>, brats, if you want to accrue<sup>2a</sup> the muscle to join the recruits<sup>2a</sup> or the crew<sup>2a</sup> and to cleave concrete<sup>2</sup> blocks with bare fists. Decrease<sup>2a</sup> your intake and you'll break out in excrescences<sup>2</sup>. You have only a brief span to create<sup>2</sup> what you can in (or, failing that, procreate<sup>2</sup>). See the crescent<sup>2a</sup> up there - it won't increase<sup>2a</sup> for ever, it'll reach a crescendo<sup>2b</sup> when the girls, like the tide, will no longer be able to withstand your attraction, their wombs all atremble for concrecence<sup>2</sup>. But then, like wine, it'll inevitably wane. Well, maybe I'll see you around. Yours sincerely<sup>2</sup>,

Ceres<sup>2</sup>

**ker- (3)**

By the curve<sup>2</sup> of his crest<sup>2a</sup> you can guess at the cockatiel's mood and the rank<sup>2a/1b</sup> of the knight: if raised, his estate is high too, if laid back like a ridge<sup>1</sup> it is lowly (bent right forward it's sinister - he's probably deranged<sup>2a/1b</sup>). By the crown<sup>2a</sup> on his head you know the king (so you think) and by the flounce<sup>2a/1b</sup> of her crinolines<sup>2a</sup> and her deftness at crissum<sup>2</sup> you can tell the harlot, while the frayed rucksack<sup>1b</sup> can only belong to the circumambulant<sup>2/3</sup> beggar slumped on the curb<sup>2a</sup>. But appearances can deceive - the range<sup>2a/1b</sup> goes full circle<sup>2/3</sup>: the champion may stumble on entering the rink<sup>2a/1b</sup>, look up into the maw of a rampant lion (the one aroar 'gainst a field azure and cotised with or),

shrink<sup>1</sup> back afraid and creep away, his erstwhile nerve all in tatters. For a crêpe<sup>2a</sup> is only crisp<sup>2</sup> when it's fried. (It's not even batter till it's battered.)

### kered-

When soliciting for access to a lady's affections, remember that credit<sup>2</sup> cards aren't accepted at the Pearly Gates. But to be granted<sup>2a</sup> entry you need to put more on the line than just cash. It doesn't matter if you're on record<sup>2a</sup> as a recreant<sup>2a</sup>: a sincere request for misericord<sup>2</sup> will strike a concordant<sup>2</sup> chord. Far more discordant<sup>2</sup> to the ears of the keeper of the keys is the special pleading of the miscreant<sup>2a</sup> who hangs on to his miscreated goods to the end. The credo<sup>2</sup> that pays off is a cordial<sup>2</sup> belief in the incredible<sup>2</sup>. The deserts of the credulous<sup>2</sup> – a blank cheque – are in accordance<sup>2a</sup> with their previous down-payment. So when you get a feeling that a romance or cardiac<sup>3</sup> arrest is at hand just check that your credentials<sup>2</sup> are all in order then let them go, dump the ballast – what you don't own you can't owe for. Your thoughts may be as quarry<sup>2a</sup> to the hounds of disbelief but with no feel to them they're the property of no body. Take courage<sup>2a</sup>: if you want to penetrate the portals of delight it's your heart<sup>1</sup> you must deposit as security.

### kers-

Intercourse<sup>2a</sup> occurs<sup>2</sup> in many strange places – in corridors<sup>2b</sup> during diplomatic discourse<sup>2a</sup>; in visits to Mass by committers and admitters of sins (of omission, intromission or transmission) in the hope of a quick nunc dimittis and remission before reaching a critical mess; on leisurely excursions<sup>2</sup> by carriage<sup>2a/4</sup> or charabanc<sup>2a/4</sup>, in chariots<sup>2a/4</sup> in full course<sup>2a</sup> or on the back seats of cars<sup>2a/4</sup>. Hussars<sup>4/2b</sup> in a hurry will do it while charging<sup>2a/4</sup> and couriers<sup>2a</sup> engage in it carrying<sup>2a/4</sup> out mail, especially to females dis-tressed and undressed (the fair sex – though they may not admit it – are the ones that get most carried<sup>2a/4</sup> away by it). Sailors are au courant<sup>2a</sup> with it down midst the cargo<sup>2b</sup> and rope, but only a corsair<sup>2a</sup> – being coarser – would have recourse<sup>2a</sup> to rape. For it's a two-sided business that requires some concurrence<sup>2</sup> if it's not to be cursive<sup>2</sup> or dully recursive<sup>2</sup>. In any such activity what's surprising perhaps is all that running it seems to incur<sup>2</sup>.

**kes-**

To every caste<sup>2b</sup> its fitting form of castigation<sup>2</sup>. Let the unchaste<sup>2a</sup> priest be castrated<sup>2</sup> and the guard who exposes himself lewdly on the castle<sup>2a</sup> ramparts be cashiered<sup>1b/2a</sup> forthwith; as for the peasants committing incest<sup>2</sup> between the furrows, they shall be quashed<sup>2a</sup> into the muck without further ado. Unfortunately there's no evidence that chastity<sup>2a</sup> can be restored by *any* form of chastisement<sup>2a</sup>.

**keu-**

The dark-eyed concubine<sup>2</sup> recumbent<sup>2</sup> on the couch 'neath the cupola<sup>2b</sup> – two cubits<sup>2</sup> of delight to which even a saint would succumb<sup>2</sup> and come like a succubus<sup>2</sup> – languidly runs an arm along a swelling hip<sup>1</sup> and to the chiming of cymbals<sup>2/3</sup> dabbles jewel-spangled fingers in a chalice that brims with rose-water... That, at least, is what the unfledged incumbent<sup>2</sup> imagines as he waits for his turn outside the cubicle<sup>2</sup>. While he hops<sup>1</sup> and fidgets at the height<sup>1</sup> of impatience the old whore inside, a heap<sup>1</sup> of tired flesh, a wreck racked and wretched hunkered<sup>1a</sup> down on a stool, swabs her crack with a rag and knocks back gin from a cup<sup>2</sup>, then shuffles to the curtain to peer out at the night. Her hope<sup>1b</sup> is forlorn. How once the fine soldiers did hover like bees round the hive<sup>1</sup>... Now she sits in a bare cube<sup>3</sup>, hawking<sup>1b</sup> her long worn-out wares to the lechers and school-boys. Desire, the sly huckster<sup>1b</sup>, rubs his hands in delight: why should he care? Honey's honey anywhere.

**klei-**

Oh for a ladder<sup>1</sup> with which to escape from this clinical<sup>3</sup> grammatical climate<sup>3!</sup> Clinging to synclines<sup>3</sup>, I'll lean<sup>1</sup> it against periclinal<sup>3</sup> until the climax<sup>3</sup> is reached when I push back the lid<sup>1</sup> of this box that I'm trapped in – yes, I'll do it (note the clitic<sup>3</sup>), I swear. I'm (there's another – oh, belt up!) inclined<sup>2</sup> to decline<sup>2</sup> to recline<sup>2</sup> here being parsed any longer: I'm a client<sup>2</sup>, a patient I'm not. Auscultate<sup>2</sup> me if you can, I'm slipping right out of this slot!

**kleu-**

To make a rum-soaked Rumanian listen<sup>1</sup> you have to speak loud<sup>1</sup>, and you won't get as much as an um or an umlaut<sup>1b</sup> out of a Kraut without the right ablaut<sup>1b</sup>. But to get through to a Slav<sup>4</sup> all you need do is leer<sup>1</sup>.

(Thus the words of Genghis Khan to his grandson on the subject of slavery<sup>2a/4</sup>.)

### klēu-

The key to the clause<sup>2a</sup> is included<sup>2</sup> in its closure<sup>2a</sup>, just as the clef<sup>2a</sup> to which the clavier<sup>2a</sup> is attuned precludes<sup>3</sup> certain chords and the pattern of the cloisoné<sup>2a</sup> is revealed in what it excludes<sup>2</sup>. The recluse<sup>2a</sup> in his sullen seclusion<sup>2</sup> may think he's an enclave<sup>2</sup>, but being closed<sup>2a</sup> in presupposes a border and what's beyond is a third – he's already a conclave<sup>2</sup>. The conclusion<sup>2</sup>: enough is allotted<sup>2a/1b</sup> us all in the great Lottery<sup>1b</sup> to find means to counteract the occlusion<sup>2</sup> that so cloys<sup>2a</sup> up our attics – say by opening a skylight to the surroundings defining us.

### kwel-

Cultivate<sup>2</sup> the soil long enough and you're bound to get culture<sup>2a</sup>, pump teleology<sup>3</sup> hard enough and you wind up with the bicycle<sup>2a/3</sup>. There's a pattern to the patina: the earth is a palimpsest<sup>3</sup>, scratch it and you'll find the same tale, just told in clay of a different mould (it is also a palindrome<sup>3</sup> – it reads the same backwards). The wheel<sup>1</sup> was there right from the start, in the cycling<sup>3</sup> of the seasons, in the chakras<sup>4</sup> and the cyclone<sup>3</sup>. The cult<sup>2</sup> of the bucolic<sup>3</sup> has a homely ring, but its appeal reaches out, not complete in itself despite the shaking of talismans<sup>3</sup> all about. There are always new lands to be colonized<sup>2</sup>: sails and tackle are hoisted by pulley<sup>2a/3</sup> and lo! the rustic collar<sup>2a</sup> modulates through accolades<sup>2a</sup> and encyclicals<sup>2/3</sup> to the teasing yet elegant décolleté<sup>2a</sup>. Fashion is never satisfied: one step further and you're back with the cows. A pole<sup>3</sup> apart yet together they plod, the source and the goal. Strange, don't you think, that we yet can distinguish the two? Must be entelechy<sup>3</sup> (whatever *that* is).

### kwo-

The unfolding of the interrogative is the sine qua non<sup>2</sup> of intelligence. What' Daddy, why' Mummy, do either' of you know? Where' are we going – and how'? In the car? Well, then whose'? Come on now, out with an answer, no more quibbling<sup>2</sup>, the kid's long past dribbling. He's already learning about quotients<sup>2</sup> and quiddity<sup>2</sup> and the difference



between quantity<sup>2</sup> and quality<sup>2</sup>. As an up-to-date scholar he's soon crammed with quotations<sup>2</sup> and equipped with the right quips<sup>2</sup> but still keeps on asking. Are your replies quite impartial or only quasi-<sup>2</sup>? You can't fob him off any more with your whences<sup>1</sup> and whithers<sup>1</sup> (he winces and withers); remind him of the correct use of whom<sup>1</sup> and he'll threaten to leave home. Soon enough he'll be out in reality, facing whether<sup>1</sup> to marry, change jobs, or to risk the odd quid. The status quo<sup>2</sup> of the quorum<sup>2</sup> will provide his daily quota<sup>2</sup> of opinions. These ubiquitous<sup>2</sup> views will have to do for real knowledge till the final question is put – yes, but which<sup>1</sup>?

#### **kwon-**

A dachshund<sup>1b</sup> is no cynosure<sup>3</sup> (being one no sinecure) – it's more like a chenille<sup>2a</sup> on wheels or an oversized caterpillar. A corgi<sup>4</sup> is a canine midget<sup>2</sup>, a bulldog a grumbly cynic<sup>3</sup>, and boxers and terriers merely low-life canaille<sup>2a</sup>. The Great Dane on guard in the night before his kennel<sup>2a</sup> (his familiar keep) is the best candidate to date for celestial elevation. He's a star among dogs, a dog among stars, a Canis<sup>2</sup> Major if ever there was one. But see how he raises his frowning muzzle to his namesake that's rising up there – does he think it's the ghost of his sire or a rival? He lets out a growl of deep rage and despair that sets all of them howling, a concert of anguish – it sounds like incipient hydrophobia or quinsy<sup>2a/3</sup> (they're sure not canaries<sup>2a</sup>). Best retire to our barrels: the dog days are indubitably here.

#### **las-**

Lust<sup>1</sup> wanders where'er it list<sup>1</sup>, its lascivious<sup>2</sup> cupidity listlessly<sup>1</sup> vapid; it never lasts.

#### **leg-**

Hrumph, the venerable lecturer<sup>2</sup> pauses to collect<sup>2</sup> his illegible<sup>2</sup> thoughts at his ligneous lectern<sup>2a</sup> while the audience relegate<sup>2</sup> the keyword 'syllogism<sup>3</sup>' (not sure how to spell it) to the notepads before them. The learned leech<sup>1</sup> puts them out of their misery with an exemplification. Premise: religion<sup>2</sup> is binding; promise: divination is not; ergo: untying knots is a sacrilege<sup>2</sup>. Or is it sortilege<sup>2a</sup>? Let's be eclectic<sup>3</sup>... He

coughs and mumbles, ignores a raised hand then delegates<sup>2</sup> responsibility to a dialectical<sup>3</sup> obscurity in the catalogue<sup>3</sup> of logical<sup>3</sup> analects<sup>3</sup> by the American colleague<sup>2a</sup> he's citing. He continues with an apology<sup>3</sup> for analogy<sup>3</sup> as reasoning's logarithm<sup>3</sup>. If (he intones) a legislator<sup>2</sup> displays a predilection<sup>2</sup> for undressing and putting on negligées<sup>2a</sup> that is certainly his privilege<sup>2a</sup>, but if – and only if – he does it in public with an election<sup>2</sup> coming up, he's legitimate<sup>2</sup> prey to neglect<sup>2</sup>... The lesson is there but where's the logistics<sup>3</sup>? His dialogue<sup>3</sup> is hardly Socratic: prologue<sup>3</sup> leads immediately to epilogue<sup>3</sup>. Homologous<sup>3</sup> incidents (legends<sup>2a</sup> are legion<sup>2</sup>) have led those who disloyally<sup>2a</sup> read between the lines to allege<sup>2a</sup> that the old bat's dyslectic<sup>3</sup>. But his legacy<sup>2</sup>, note, though impaired, is still worth imparting: he stands in the lexicon<sup>3</sup> under Logos<sup>3</sup>.

### legwh-

There are various methods to alleviate<sup>2</sup> spleen: for kids there's the fun-fair, for city-dwellers elevators<sup>2</sup>, for bread there's leaven<sup>2a</sup> and for the ship full of goods there's the lighter<sup>1</sup>. Leprechauns<sup>4</sup> can levitate<sup>2</sup> and for many there's relief<sup>2a</sup> (at least mezzo-relievo<sup>3b</sup>) to be found in pills, powder or booze. But the simplest lever<sup>2a</sup> we can apply to our spirits is filling the lungs<sup>1</sup> with fresh air. (Why else do you think they're called lights<sup>1</sup>?)

### leid-

At play the stern Romans were a ludicrous<sup>2</sup> bunch (they'd rather get livid quoting Livy). The Greeks were lewder, the Germans much cruder. The Celts would collude<sup>2</sup> in collective illusions<sup>2</sup> and the Illyrians punned and alluded<sup>2</sup> (thus passing unnoticed away). The Persians played dice with their lice as a prelude<sup>2</sup> to foreplay and the Picts picked their noses in silence. The Tocharians danced to the tick-tock of prehistory's clock while the Hittites went in for the hit-and-run driving of cattle. (The Slavs were content just to belt the odd Balt.) Don't be deluded<sup>2</sup> by the apparent variety: it was for all of them merely an interlude<sup>2</sup>.

### leig-

Each<sup>1</sup> like<sup>1</sup> is alike<sup>1</sup> and as likely<sup>1a</sup> as not. The mortal frame fades away when its nominal bearer has passed through the lich<sup>1</sup>-gate, a passport for

the Beyond at last issued, but its form carries on on the shoulders of adjectives, no longer declined but fullbodied-ly' resurrected as an ad-verb.

### leip-

Life<sup>1</sup>'s a sticky business, all lipids<sup>3</sup> and polymers that cling to each other like limpets in brine. If your liver<sup>1</sup> can't take it you can leave<sup>1</sup> it. Well, things are livelier<sup>1</sup> in the pub when you know there's a closing time.

### leubh-

Give a good soldier leave<sup>1</sup> and he'll go on it (if it's further than a furlong it's called furlough<sup>1b</sup>); give a good woman love<sup>1</sup> and she'll go for it. If you'd lief<sup>1</sup> have your loved<sup>1</sup> one attend to your libido<sup>2</sup> all your livelong<sup>1</sup> day you must needs get her trusting you before untrussing her. Give her a quodlibet<sup>2</sup> – ad lib<sup>2</sup> if you must – and she'll give you her quid pro quo (you'd better believe<sup>1</sup> it!).

### leuk-

The lucubration<sup>2</sup> of the limner<sup>2a</sup> bent over his illuminated<sup>2</sup> letters is gauged in the drips of wax from a lucent<sup>2</sup> candle. A lynx<sup>3</sup>, its luminous<sup>2</sup> eyes elucidating<sup>2</sup> the rebus of the night, slinks across the darkened lea<sup>1</sup>. Somewhere a lunatic<sup>2a</sup> screams 'let there be light<sup>1</sup>!' as he strikes a lucifer<sup>2</sup> and reveals his cell wall in all its lucidity<sup>2</sup>. Far above, a more illustrious<sup>2</sup> luminary<sup>2</sup> casts a pellucid<sup>2</sup> lustre<sup>2a</sup> over the sublunary<sup>2</sup> landscape, barely sketching out the contours to be etched in and illustrated<sup>2</sup>.

### leup-

Let us follow the whispers from the west and lift<sup>1a</sup> off the roof of this cloister: see the cowled monks as they sing their vespers, psalm-sheets aloft<sup>1a</sup>. Remove the loft<sup>1a</sup> from this luxurious lodge<sup>2a</sup> and observe the potted palms in the lobby<sup>2</sup>, striving towards an electrical zenith. If we could heft all artificiality aside what would we find underneath? The unquestioning devotion of the single leaf<sup>1</sup>.

### magh-

It might<sup>1</sup> be magic<sup>4</sup>, but in the main<sup>1</sup> it's mechanical<sup>3</sup>, this mighty<sup>1</sup> machine<sup>2a/3</sup>, the Cosmos. But, says the magus<sup>4</sup>, that's no cause for

dismay<sup>2a</sup> since it also includes May – which sweetly sweeps back every year, come what may<sup>1</sup>.

**māter-**

What's the matter<sup>2</sup>, Metropolis<sup>2</sup>, why this gloom, this air of martyrdom? Is the matriculation<sup>2</sup> so hard from the vigour of matrimony<sup>1</sup> to matronly<sup>2a</sup> widowhood? Are your children all scattered and ungrateful? The Empire hasn't gone and done a bunk on you, you have simply absorbed it – it lives on in that deep sunken matrix<sup>2</sup> where the past feeds your motherly<sup>1</sup> instincts. See all the races racing by for their trains. Let them run – they can not take your memories with them: they're material<sup>2</sup> evidence. (By the way, old thing, grey suits you fine!)

**mē-**

The gracefully metered<sup>2a/3</sup> pace of the elephant, its piecemeal<sup>1</sup> progression through time, tail swinging slow like a metronome<sup>3</sup>, is commensurate<sup>2</sup> with the metrical<sup>2/3</sup> precession of the months<sup>1</sup>. From Monday<sup>1</sup> until men die, from menarche<sup>3</sup> to menopause<sup>3</sup>, a neatly calibrated menstrual<sup>2</sup> geometry<sup>3</sup>. A diameter<sup>3</sup> of such immensity<sup>2a</sup> can not be measured<sup>2a</sup> in metres<sup>2a/3</sup>, only in semesters<sup>2</sup> or extended hexameters<sup>3</sup>. The loin-clothed mahout<sup>4</sup> up in front imagines, the fool, that it's the rhythmical taps from his stick that are guiding it. There's an awesome symmetry<sup>3</sup> as its great ears fan out, its pupils dilate and, raising its receiver, it places a trunk call to another dimension<sup>2</sup>. All that guides it in fact is the precise hour of its meals<sup>1</sup>.

**med-**

To everything its appropriate remedy<sup>2a</sup>: to the sick of body medication<sup>1</sup>, to the ill of spirit meditation<sup>1</sup>. Punishment should be moulded to the crime and meted<sup>1</sup> out in a suitable mode<sup>2</sup>, and it is meet<sup>1</sup> that the price of commodities<sup>2</sup> be accommodated<sup>2</sup> to the modulations<sup>2</sup> of supply and demand. If you must<sup>1</sup> be immodest<sup>2</sup> do it with a modicum<sup>1</sup> of discretion (say behind the commode<sup>2a</sup>): we can't all be models<sup>2a</sup> of virtue (besides, it's not modern<sup>2a</sup>), but we can at least be moderate<sup>2</sup> and not empty<sup>1</sup> our urges all over the floor.

**mei-**

Mutation<sup>2</sup>'s a kind of madness<sup>1</sup> that permeates<sup>2</sup> the scheme of things. There's only one thing to do: commute<sup>2</sup>, go along with it. With birds it's either migrate<sup>2</sup> or moult<sup>2</sup> (both at once a mistake<sup>1a</sup>); with termites and ants communism<sup>2a</sup>'s the best bet (it's not amiss<sup>1a</sup> for the masses if they don't miss<sup>1</sup> their head, for then there'll be mischief). Communication<sup>2</sup> is essential for both. You can transmute<sup>2</sup> the community<sup>2a</sup> from within – to your mutual<sup>2</sup> advantage. So don't be mean<sup>1</sup> (it's not demeaning<sup>1</sup>), put your shoulder to the commonweal<sup>2a</sup>. The municipality<sup>2</sup> should munificently<sup>2</sup> remunerate<sup>2</sup> you; if it doesn't, you can always emigrate<sup>2</sup>.

### men-

Mind<sup>1</sup> is thought to be seen in many odd phenomena. If you don't mind<sup>1</sup>, I'll remind<sup>1</sup> you of some of them. In the demented<sup>2</sup> ravings of maenads<sup>3</sup> and maniacs<sup>3</sup>; in the predatory piety of the praying mantis<sup>3</sup>; in the practice of chiromancy<sup>3</sup> (cross my palm and I'll tell); in the automatic<sup>3</sup> scribbling of mediums and the murmured mantras<sup>4</sup> of yogis; in the music<sup>2a/3</sup> of the minnesinger<sup>1b</sup> serenading his minikin<sup>1b</sup>; in the mandarin<sup>4</sup>'s premonition<sup>2</sup> of the presence of his ancestors; in the monstrous monuments<sup>2</sup> to Ormazd<sup>4</sup> and Ahriman<sup>4</sup> by Babylon's gates (no hope of amnesty<sup>3</sup> there the way they babble on); in mosaics<sup>2a/3</sup> of Minerva<sup>2</sup> set in the floors of museums<sup>3</sup>, those amusing<sup>2a</sup> mausoleums; and in all that has to do with matters monetary<sup>2</sup> (like the Mint<sup>2</sup>, another invention of those calculating Romans). Oh and I'd almost forgotten, also in anamnesis<sup>3</sup> and amnesia<sup>3</sup> (both worth a mention<sup>2</sup>, the one a mnemonic<sup>3</sup> for the other). Wise mentors<sup>3</sup> and monitors<sup>2</sup> have often been summoned<sup>2</sup> to comment<sup>2</sup> on its essence, but – despite dire admonition<sup>2</sup> – anything remotely reminiscent<sup>2</sup> of a demonstration<sup>2</sup> of its existence has yet to be mustered<sup>2a</sup>. It could drive you mental<sup>2</sup>.

### mer- (1)

This merest<sup>2</sup> flush of pink along the morning<sup>1</sup>'s brink, is it the morganatic<sup>1b</sup> gift of tomorrow's<sup>1</sup> marriage to the murk<sup>1</sup>?

### mer- (2)

It'll grind you down like a mortar<sup>2</sup> in the pestle of remorse<sup>2a</sup>, more morbid<sup>2</sup> than any pestilence, murrain<sup>2a</sup> or marasmus<sup>3</sup>, more smarting

than notification of mortgage<sup>2a</sup> unpaid or passed on to the grip of mortmain<sup>2a</sup>. Like a manticore<sup>3/4</sup> crouched at the foot of the bed mordantly<sup>2</sup> chewing on a morsel<sup>2a</sup> of your flesh. Murder<sup>1</sup>! Foul prey! you want to cry out, but your voice is checkmated<sup>2a/4</sup>, you're choking, your resolve's moribund<sup>1</sup>. It's not the nightmare<sup>1</sup> itself but the ensuing postmortem<sup>2</sup> that's so mortifying<sup>2a</sup>: it reveals the shape of your fragile mortality<sup>2</sup>.

### mreghu-

Abridge<sup>2a</sup> prosody and you get prose (cut out the amphibrachs<sup>3</sup>, give us a break); hack down a brassard<sup>2a</sup> and you have a bracelet<sup>2a</sup>; abbreviate<sup>2</sup> a brassiere<sup>2a</sup> (brace<sup>2a</sup> yr.self!) and voilà a bra<sup>2a</sup>. Come, dearest, off with them all and out with the pretzels<sup>1b/3</sup> and wine, we'll shorten this dim brumal<sup>2</sup> season with a long lingering embrace<sup>2a</sup>. The briefer<sup>2a</sup> the day the more mirth<sup>1</sup> in the hay – let's make it whl th sn stll shns. viz. Merry Xmas. XXX.

### mū-

- What is he saying, what's the mot<sup>2a</sup>?

- Sounds like 'mum<sup>1b</sup>'.

- Perhaps he's a mummer<sup>2a/1b</sup>.

- If you ask me it's mumps<sup>1a</sup>.

- No, listen: he's muttering<sup>1a</sup> something or other – it could be a motto<sup>2b</sup>!

- Sh! You've made him go mute<sup>2</sup>.

- Do you think he's a fake?

- You can't get much fakir.

- Phooey, let's go – just throw him a thruppence, you can't tell if some day...

Thus the mystic<sup>3</sup> is perceived by the myopic<sup>3</sup>.

### ne-

According to naughty<sup>1</sup> Herr Heidegger nothingness<sup>1</sup> naughts<sup>1</sup> (a view he quite logically later reneged<sup>2</sup>). For if being means doing by a transcendent self then nonbeing<sup>2a</sup> does nothing<sup>1</sup>, is just given, and therefore is neuter<sup>2</sup> than a newt: it can simply be annihilated<sup>2</sup> by denying<sup>2a</sup> it's there since the negation<sup>2</sup> of a minus is a draw, nil-nil<sup>2</sup>. (Well, nescience<sup>2</sup> is

preferable to none<sup>1</sup> at all...) The fruit of this moral abnegation<sup>1</sup> is a heady nepenthe<sup>3</sup>, for after one swig the nefarious<sup>2</sup> and dolce far niente<sup>2b</sup> can not<sup>1</sup> be distinguished since *any* activity's sociable (and the truth always negotiable<sup>3</sup>). The trouble with this non<sup>2a</sup>-existentialism, one the philosopher can hardly neglect<sup>2</sup>, is that unfortunately<sup>1</sup> it nullifies<sup>2</sup> the very grounds of his trade and its tricks – ex nihilo<sup>2</sup> nix<sup>1b</sup>.

### ned-

Language is a network<sup>1</sup> – everything connects<sup>2</sup>. It's like feeling the sting before you touch the nettle<sup>1</sup> or going ouch! at the thought of an open brooch. The pattern's the point, not the sequence. Each node is a nexus<sup>2</sup> that binds an impression to an expression. Its nodules<sup>2</sup> are still growing, filling out, recombining and annexing<sup>2</sup> new territory. Dénouement<sup>2a</sup> comes when, with a shudder, it casts off a fine copied strand of itself.

### nek-

The nearest we'll come to the taste of nectar<sup>3</sup> is in that of the innocuous<sup>2</sup> nectarine<sup>3</sup>. It won't overcome death (like a submarine depth), but it'll give you a hint of what it isn't. The obsession with necrology<sup>3</sup> (no news, just a nuisance<sup>2a</sup>, so why the curiosity?) is as obnoxious<sup>2</sup> as necromancy<sup>3</sup> or the probings of necrophiles<sup>3</sup>. What you don't know won't harm you. Ignorance may well be pernicious<sup>2</sup> (it can serve, sure enough, as an excuse for internecine<sup>2</sup> strife), but in that innocent<sup>2</sup> state lies a form of immortality. Savour its juice while you can.

### nem-

For mathematicians and other nomads<sup>3</sup> among numerals<sup>2</sup> it's easy come and easy go. If you're nimble<sup>1</sup> with numbers<sup>2a</sup> and binomials<sup>3</sup> don't numb<sup>1</sup> you, there's nothing to finding the root of a minus (it's not absurd – it's a surd) or squaring the whole when it's no longer around. However, in human affairs things are rarely so simple: when people's coins come your way in profusion some call it numismatics<sup>3</sup>, others profiteering (you might as well toss one to solve the confusion). Galactic means one thing in astronomy, another in gastronomy, again an antinomy<sup>3</sup> where neither is wrong. While the driver looks favourably on increased autonomy<sup>3</sup>, the pedestrian (a supernumerary<sup>3</sup>) gets out of

it nothing but anomie<sup>3</sup>. No need to enumerate<sup>2</sup> further examples, let's just say that there's order in contradiction: it counteracts entropy. In this it resembles Nemesis<sup>3</sup>, which, as your accountant will tell you, is like balancing the books – only a threat if you've been fiddling them.

#### okw-

The daisy<sup>1</sup> opens her petalled shutters and ogles<sup>1b</sup> the weather through short-sighted eyelets<sup>1</sup>. Can't see a thing, it's all black, it's atrocious<sup>2</sup>, sure to bring greenfly – and she's not even inoculated<sup>2</sup>. She puts on the monocle<sup>2a</sup> supplied by her oculist<sup>2</sup> (over six dioptries<sup>3</sup>), but the outlook is just as ferocious<sup>1</sup>. He's got some optic<sup>3</sup> nerve, there's still something wrong with the optometry<sup>3</sup>. Then the rose, her chic neighbour who's into ophthalmics<sup>3</sup>, leans over and inveigles<sup>2a</sup> her into trying out her tinted lorgnette. What an eye<sup>1</sup>-opener: her autopsy<sup>3</sup> of the day is supplanted at once by a much brighter synopsis<sup>3</sup>.

#### op-

Operation<sup>1</sup> instructions for your new Cornucopia<sup>2</sup>:

1) Fill hopper (a) with copious<sup>2a</sup> amounts of cultural produce, like book-list belles-lettres and light opera<sup>2b</sup> scores.

2) Add a few puns (if there's not that mushroom a morel instead would not be amoral).

3) Adjust roller control (b) to the desired degree of coarseness.

4) Attach hoses (d) and (e) as indicated for (respectively) the input of hot air and the overflow of emotion (check official<sup>2</sup> levels).

5) Set the output parameters to optimal<sup>2</sup> yield and minimal originality.

6) Start cranking.

7) When the mash begins oozing from nozzle (f) into omnium<sup>2</sup>-gatherum (g), pull the latter free from its ratchet and dash for the omnibus<sup>2</sup> with all despatch, holding it level.

8) When you reach the terminus proceed to the nearest farm, manoeuvre<sup>2a</sup> your way through the manure<sup>2a</sup> to the field round the back and, having secured the cooperation<sup>2</sup> of the owner,

9) spread the contents evenly about.

10) Then come back in three months and behold: there, in all its opulence<sup>2</sup>, is your opus<sup>2</sup> – a perfect copy<sup>2a</sup> of the corn you put into it.



**pā-**

There goes the pastor<sup>2</sup>, slipping down in his fur<sup>2a/1b</sup>-lined pantoufles to forage<sup>2a/1b</sup> in the pantry<sup>2a</sup> for another midnight feed<sup>1</sup>. Ah! Here's pasta and antipasto<sup>2b</sup>, anchovy paste and a nice crusty loaf, paella and piles of succulent ham, a pannier<sup>2a</sup> with panada<sup>2b</sup>, fruit-flavoured pabulum<sup>2</sup> and some chocolate pastilles<sup>2a/2b</sup> – a repast set up for a satrap<sup>4</sup> and all his appanages<sup>2a</sup>! Don't be too ready to censure: to foster<sup>1</sup> the spirit you needs must provide the body with fodder<sup>1</sup>, nursing the one by nourishing the other. It's all for the good of his flock (he piously wishes, though his conscience pesters<sup>2a</sup>): he will lead the way hence to where the pastures<sup>2a</sup> are greener on the far side of greed.

**pak-**

If you *must* go and dwell beyond the pale<sup>2a</sup>, barely impinging<sup>2</sup> on civilisation, build yourself a peel<sup>2a</sup>-house of well-fayed<sup>1</sup> planks and keep your cattle well back from the palisade<sup>2a</sup>. Impale<sup>2a</sup> for good measure a peasant<sup>2a</sup>'s head on a stake out in front – that's the line of pageantry<sup>2</sup> that pacifies<sup>2a</sup> the pagans<sup>2</sup> when they're not out thieving or propagating<sup>2</sup> like vines along a trellis. Pagination<sup>2</sup> is pointless when dealing with the alphabet, but they recognize propaganda<sup>2</sup> when they see it, however compactly<sup>2</sup> the pact<sup>2</sup> is packaged. Behind barricaded walls you can let your imagination travel<sup>2a</sup> freely down the margins, fix words to paper or do whatever you fancy. Just don't forget that all peace<sup>2a</sup> must be paid<sup>2a</sup> for: appeasement<sup>2a</sup> entails eternal travail<sup>2a</sup>.

**pasto-**

Avast<sup>1b</sup> there, land-lubber, not so fast<sup>1</sup>! When a Viking says this he doesn't mean you to rush (slow awake) to your breakfast<sup>1a</sup> but rather to celebrate celerity with a screeching halt. There's nothing for it but to fasten<sup>1</sup> your belt and hold on. As the Red Queen knew, you've sometimes got to be steadfast<sup>1</sup> just to stay in the running.

**ped-**

If your desire is to acquire the best specialist footwear<sup>1</sup> you're advised to try Fetlock<sup>1</sup> and Peduncle<sup>2</sup> first: we're pioneers<sup>2a</sup> in the field and of unimpeachable<sup>2a</sup> pedigree<sup>2a</sup>. We supply pedestals<sup>2b</sup> for heroes who've fallen from their arches, pews<sup>2a/3</sup> for the legless (with optional knee-

pads) and podiums<sup>2</sup> for politicians with recesses for their Achilles' heels. Podiatrists<sup>3</sup> recommend our parallelepipeds<sup>3</sup> for Siamese twins, while our trapezium<sup>3</sup>'s the thing if you're a couple that swings both ways. If athlete's foot<sup>1</sup> is your problem we'll fit you up with pedals<sup>2a</sup> (also pilots<sup>2a/3</sup> adrift with new keels). We do a nice line of clogs for clients with clogged arteries and a swell bootee for bedridden sufferers of podagra<sup>3</sup>. For clowns we have moccasins and for sepoy<sup>s</sup>, priced at three pice<sup>4</sup>, there's our teapoy<sup>4</sup> (a tripod<sup>3</sup> sold on the home market with rivets as a trivet<sup>2</sup>). As for the sesquipedalian<sup>2</sup> there's little hope, but we suggest a size 1½. We stock pedicles<sup>2</sup> for pawns<sup>2a</sup>, seersucker socks for the octopus<sup>3</sup> about town, sensible shoes for sleds and sledges, flip-flops for platypuses<sup>3</sup>, polypods<sup>3</sup> for polyps<sup>3</sup>, new treads for caterpillars and flared pyjamas<sup>4</sup> for centipedes<sup>2</sup> that won't impede<sup>2</sup> their speed (special bulk rates for millipedes<sup>2</sup>). If you can't fetch<sup>1</sup> it yourself we'll expedite<sup>2</sup> your order with due dispatch<sup>2b</sup>. (If you *can* we'll provide a free pedicure<sup>2</sup>.) For there's nothing more pejorative<sup>2</sup> than being ill-shod: it fetters<sup>1</sup> one's style, inclines one to pessimism<sup>2</sup> (call it a peccadillo<sup>2b</sup> but on this point we're impeccable<sup>2</sup>). Our slogan: whereas others merely vamp<sup>2a</sup> up your uppers *we* take care of your sole.

### pei-

Be patient<sup>2a</sup> with your enemy, have compassion<sup>2a</sup> with the fiend<sup>1</sup>: by remaining calm and passive<sup>2</sup> you'll drive him to a passion<sup>2a</sup>, which (since anger equals anguish) means of course to pain.

### pek-

A peculiar<sup>2</sup> thing about cows: the lower the udder the louder the low. Man's relationship to them is feudal<sup>2a</sup>, we demand fee<sup>2a</sup>-in-kind for the field that we let the kine graze in (more food they if we milk them). Quite neat as a pecuniary<sup>2</sup> arrangement – one covered by a lengthy papal bull. (What more could they ask for?)

### pel-

The country is filled<sup>1</sup> with surplus plebeians<sup>2</sup>, the ranks of the hoi poloi<sup>3</sup> are replete<sup>2</sup>. Before resorting to expletives<sup>2</sup> it is well for the plenipotentiary<sup>2</sup> to recall that it is they that supply<sup>2a</sup> him (through their compliance<sup>2a</sup>) with plentitude<sup>2</sup>. Without the plural<sup>2</sup> there would be no

plus<sup>2</sup>, just non-plussed<sup>2</sup> had-beens (in the pluperfect<sup>2</sup>) resting on others' accomplishments<sup>2a</sup>. It may be a pleonasm<sup>3</sup> – but one worth implementing<sup>2</sup> – that the few complement<sup>2</sup> the many as *they* compliment<sup>2a</sup> *them*. Both fulfil<sup>1</sup> a purpose in the Plenum<sup>2</sup>.

### pelə-

The clans<sup>4/2</sup> had no plans<sup>2a</sup> when they poured into Europe, planting<sup>2</sup> and supplanting<sup>2</sup> the fishermen by force or by flattery<sup>2a/1b</sup>. But some of them stuck to the flat<sup>1a</sup> lands they knew. Thus the Poles<sup>4</sup> were quite pleased<sup>2a</sup> when they found a plain<sup>2a</sup> so planed<sup>2a</sup> down they could practice their polkas<sup>4</sup> even when plastered<sup>2a/3</sup> and the Dutch left the veldt<sup>1b</sup> just to squelch plantigrade<sup>2</sup> through the tide-flats<sup>1a</sup> (it went somewhat quicker after a few slugs of sloe). The Swedes ended up by some fluke<sup>1</sup> near the flounders<sup>1a</sup> and plaice<sup>2a/3</sup> where the ice floes<sup>1a</sup> float placidly<sup>2</sup> by, and the English will still only eat off a plate<sup>2a/3</sup> if the contents are as tasteless as cornflakes<sup>1a</sup>. But others, like the Italians, lovers of grand arias, preferred the high plateaus<sup>2a</sup> where they carved out piazzas<sup>2b/3</sup> and lined them with plane<sup>2a/3</sup>-trees and booths selling pizzas. The French, those eternal flaneurs<sup>2a/1b</sup>, stuck to their flans<sup>2a/1b</sup> and reviled all new variants as plagiarism<sup>2</sup>. On their rocky archipelago<sup>3</sup> the thinkers of Greece found with shrieks of "eureka!" (than which you can't get much Grecker) that the earth, far from having a shape like a flagstone<sup>1a</sup>, was more like a beaker (a view supported warmly by Plato<sup>3</sup>, who lived in a cave). The Spaniards – whose tempers, once raised, could not be placated<sup>2</sup> by any placebo<sup>2</sup> – cursed when they went down to their playas<sup>2b/3</sup> and saw all the plastic<sup>2a/3</sup> and paper left behind by the tourists. (The Swiss, when for similar reasons they are aroused or displeased<sup>2a</sup>, punch holes in their cheese.) This may well explain<sup>2</sup> why lowlanders are generally complacent<sup>2a</sup>, like plain<sup>2a</sup> cooking and are so full of platitudes<sup>2a/3</sup>, while their more southerly cousins go in for pleading<sup>2a</sup> and speeding and pointing out flaws<sup>1a</sup>.

### pent-

The hounded footpad<sup>1b/4</sup> treading the path<sup>1/4</sup> to his lair, the sputnik<sup>4</sup> in orbit and the pontiff<sup>2</sup> being punted<sup>2</sup> over the Tiber (or was it the Hellespont<sup>3</sup>?) to persuade the Visigoth chief to wise up, these all share this thing: they have found<sup>1</sup> their own way and must stay with it, though

sooner or later they'll fall. It's pathetic, but what choice do they have, being peripatetic<sup>3</sup>?

per- (1)

The weary wayfarers<sup>1</sup> agree: the ship of state is in a sorry pass with no premier<sup>2a</sup>, fuehrer<sup>1b</sup> or prince<sup>2a</sup> at its prow<sup>2a/3</sup>. He's needed to ferry<sup>1a</sup> them over the firth<sup>1a</sup> to the bounteous port<sup>2</sup> just beyond. The people are portable<sup>2</sup>, let the porter<sup>2a</sup> transport<sup>1</sup> them to and fro<sup>1a</sup>. Any rat who evades paying his fare<sup>1</sup> he will personally fling overboard. It's only proper<sup>2a</sup> that he should take on his shoulders all questions of exports<sup>2</sup> and imports<sup>2</sup>, of ex- and appropriation<sup>2</sup>, of public propriety<sup>2a</sup> and comportment<sup>2</sup> and of relations and reports<sup>2a</sup> international. Thanks to his open-handed support<sup>2a</sup> there are opportunities<sup>2a</sup> for improving<sup>2a</sup> our welfare<sup>1</sup> and prowess<sup>2a</sup> at sports<sup>2a</sup> – and modernising all manner of portage<sup>2a</sup> (the last bunch couldn't afford a single ford<sup>1</sup>). He may put on airs of self-importance<sup>2a</sup> (even when squatting on the privy<sup>2a</sup>) and in his private<sup>2</sup> tastes be a bit of a primate<sup>2</sup>, but we dare not reproach<sup>2a</sup> him for he speaks for our forefathers<sup>1</sup>, those selected to go forth<sup>1</sup> and conquer the continents. His furious slogans of racial probity<sup>2a</sup> clarify all our priorities<sup>2</sup>: Homeland over principles<sup>2a</sup>! The possible is all potent, let the probable<sup>2a</sup> stand up for itself! Deport<sup>2a</sup> those who flaunt a dark skin before<sup>1</sup> they purchase<sup>2a</sup> our porches<sup>2a</sup>! Where one comes from<sup>1</sup> determines what one is for<sup>1</sup>! The fräuleins<sup>1b</sup> all squeal and squirm – it really opens their pores<sup>2a/3</sup> when he roars. Oh to be a paramour<sup>2a</sup> of such a paramount<sup>2a</sup> purveyor<sup>2a</sup> of power! Through his visionary intercession the approximate<sup>2</sup> becomes proximate<sup>2</sup> and drab reality's furnished<sup>2a/1b</sup> with a mythical veneer<sup>1b/2a</sup>. His fervour incites to a unanimous, full-throated Forwards<sup>1</sup>! On to the Promised Land! Thus, alas, for the sake of a pristine<sup>2</sup> folk purpose<sup>2a</sup> atrocities are approved<sup>2a</sup> of, abusing the reputation of the protean proto<sup>3</sup>-tongue that formerly<sup>1</sup> was spoken by the whole of the family. There's one consolation: leaders are prone<sup>2</sup> to their own over-blown rhetoric – if they go farther<sup>1</sup> to the fore<sup>1</sup> than their followers can follow they soon become preterite<sup>2</sup>. By his own strength strangled, he'll look back and see that he has only himself now to rant and to rave at.

per- (2)

Every experience<sup>2a</sup> bears its own risk (that's why you learn from it). The experiment<sup>2</sup> may go wrong and however expert<sup>2a</sup> the smith he can still blow himself to smithereens testing ammunition. But fear<sup>1</sup> can be precious<sup>2a</sup>, as inveterate veterans and irate pirates<sup>2/3</sup> will agree. It's a more parlous<sup>2a</sup> thing for the biographer to cite only praiseworthy<sup>2a</sup> deeds, thus depreciating<sup>2</sup> his work to pornography<sup>3</sup>. For the empirical<sup>3</sup> is as you interpret<sup>2</sup> it.

### per- (3)

The old emperor<sup>2a</sup> waves weakly at the parade<sup>2a/2b</sup> from the palace ramparts<sup>2a</sup> to impart<sup>2</sup> his traditional blessing. It is the annual celebration of his parturition<sup>2</sup>, when his umbilical cord (now preserved) was severed<sup>2a</sup> by the Parcae<sup>2</sup> as the people rejoiced. Soon he will repair to the banquet where his favourite dish is prepared<sup>2a</sup> for the occasion – braised portions<sup>2</sup> of peacock tongue dowsed in ambrosia. But for now he just stands there, shivering and quite naked. It's imperative<sup>2</sup> that no one so much as hints at his absence of apparel<sup>2a</sup>, however apparent: he's been told by his tailor that gossamer is the latest cry in sartorial elegance. Then – scandal! A little boy is heard crying out: "Look, Dad, he's got a thing just like yours!" Only the patriarch himself is not appalled. His tired features break into a grin and before the yawning high priest can appeal to him he grabs at the awning and parachutes<sup>2a</sup> down to the crowd. (No, *this* doesn't figure in the repertory<sup>2a</sup>!) "My children, I'm fed up with being separate<sup>2</sup>, how I've longed to be counted as several<sup>2a</sup>!" Thus he merges with the throng and is gone, as invisible as the clothing that parcels<sup>2a</sup> him, party<sup>2a</sup> at last to his peers<sup>2a</sup>.

### pet-

The quill that flies across the page has all the impetus<sup>2</sup> and panache<sup>2a/2b</sup> of a barque setting forth on the Aegean, pennons<sup>2a</sup> aflutter in a breeze most propitious<sup>2</sup>. Where is it bound? To the shores of the Nile where the hippopotamus<sup>3</sup> lounges and the mud oozes ptomaine<sup>3</sup>, or to the perpetual<sup>2</sup> pinnacles<sup>2a</sup> of ice where petulant<sup>2a</sup> pinnepedes<sup>3</sup> compete<sup>2</sup> in far Thule? Which way does the appetite<sup>2a</sup> draw us? Let us petition<sup>2a</sup> the ancient ones, the archeoptryx<sup>3</sup>, the pterodactyl<sup>3</sup>. Throw a feather<sup>1</sup> in the air – it falls to the waves. Repeat<sup>2a</sup>. The same happens of course. Nature's rush is centripetal<sup>2</sup>, into itself; only bird and man may temporarily defy

it with fanciful fugues of their own – like the helicopter<sup>3</sup>, symptom<sup>3</sup> of our wishful thinking. Hey, Icarus, a penna<sup>2</sup> for your thoughts!

### peuk-

Punctuation<sup>1</sup> leaves marks, it can puncture<sup>2</sup> and impugn<sup>2</sup> as cruelly as any puncheon<sup>2a</sup> or poniard<sup>2a</sup>. A full stop points<sup>2a</sup> out a period with uncompromising finality. A comma is a pugnacious<sup>2</sup> little pygmy<sup>3</sup> (ready to bung<sup>1b/2</sup> up any leaky pronouncement). A question mark, affecting confusion, can still carry clout when it uncoils and pounces<sup>2a</sup>, while an exclamation mark's bullying is more blatant – it packs a mean punch<sup>2a</sup> in an argument. As manipulators go, quotations can be slyly repugnant<sup>2</sup>, hyphens high-falutin', stuck up, and colons (when not spastic) act like loud-mouthed colonialists. Even the apostrophe can conceal a catastrophe, whole syllables swallowed raw in its maw. And yet there's nothing more poignant<sup>2a</sup> than a passage expunged<sup>2</sup> then reprieved by a pointillistic<sup>2a</sup> underlining of repentance. It arouses compunction<sup>2a</sup>.

### pleu-

The younger birds are all in a flutter<sup>1</sup>, they flit<sup>1a</sup> between perches as flustered<sup>1a</sup> as fledglings<sup>1</sup> before their first flight<sup>1</sup>. But just now they'd rather flee<sup>1</sup> than fly<sup>1</sup> away – like the plover<sup>2a</sup> they are rattled by the pluvial<sup>2</sup> onslaught shaking the pane. The pulmonary<sup>2</sup> moaning in the flues<sup>1b</sup> is as dismal as the expiring of flügelhorns<sup>1b</sup> (how fowl<sup>1</sup>!). Only the old timer behind bars in his corner shows disdain for the rain and fletches<sup>2a</sup> his tailfeathers one by one. To him it's not new of course – inside at least he won't catch pneumonia<sup>3</sup>. Raindrops stream down the glass like a fleet<sup>1</sup> of liquid diamonds dispatched by the storm gods – that plutonic<sup>3</sup> plutocracy<sup>3</sup>. If it heralds the Flood<sup>1</sup> and the cage joins a flotilla<sup>2b/1a</sup> of flotsam<sup>2a/1b</sup> he'll just shrug (with a flurry of dandruff) as if to say: you got to go with the flow<sup>1</sup>, kids, just watch your old man.

### pōi-

To every nation its potation<sup>2</sup>. To Serb his slivovitz, to Chinaman his cha, to Frenchy his frothy stuff, to Scot his shot and Paddy his poteen. A favourite beverage<sup>2a</sup> supplies pleasant leverage to any international meet or symposium<sup>3</sup> (bibs<sup>2</sup> can be got for the bibulous<sup>2</sup>). Borders become

blurred and friendship flourishes in proportion to each successive toast upped and downed. Yet I'd rather choke on a pirog<sup>4</sup> than down a pot in Pskov, where the only thing potable<sup>2</sup> is fortified hair lotion. There's no point getting pissed off: you just have to concede that one man's potion<sup>2</sup> is poison<sup>2a</sup> to the next.

### porko-

A pig is just a purse full of pork<sup>2a</sup> chops or – if of porcelain<sup>2b</sup> – pence. It's there for consumption. The farrow<sup>1</sup> may be relatively narrow but with apple in mouth it's fare fit for the fairest. The rest of its relations are a write-off: keeping an aardvark<sup>1b</sup>'s too much like hard work; start raising a porcupine<sup>2a</sup> and you're stuck with it for good. As for the porpoise<sup>2a</sup>, what is its purpose? But if your wealth is on trotters it's no problem to keep happy – let it gorge on truffles and eke onions (oink oink!) and it won't need stuffing (that's sage porcine<sup>2a</sup> economics). This also applies to the sort that goes rattle rattle: take care of the cents and the sounds will take care of themselves.

### pōu-

There are different schools of thought when it comes to the rearing of children. Paediatricians<sup>3</sup> grow quite rabid when discussing the merits of pedagogical<sup>3</sup> theories. The pool of opinion is choppy indeed. At Catchpole Academy they go in for the rod – orthopaedics<sup>3</sup> from the start is their cry. At the other extreme are the tender of heart who'd rather let the poor<sup>2a</sup> pullets<sup>2a</sup> find out for themselves with the help of an encyclopedia<sup>3</sup> and a paraffin<sup>2</sup> lamp. Pusillanimous<sup>2</sup> bunk! the former accuse, poker-faced. Regimented anonymity only leads to parvanimity<sup>2</sup>, the latter poke back (con poco<sup>2b</sup> amore). Plain loco such coddling, it's mentally impoverishing<sup>2a</sup>! Give them tutors if you must. Well that's fine for the fewest<sup>1</sup>, but what about paupers<sup>2</sup>? Paucity<sup>2a</sup> of means is surely preferable to poverty<sup>2a</sup> of vision! Rather prepare them for the hard knocks than crank out platoons of poltroons<sup>2a/2b</sup>! Think of the dear foals<sup>1</sup> feelings! Thrash out the little fools' failings! And while this puerile<sup>2</sup> squabbling continues all the child wants to do is go down to the beach or to ride on a pony<sup>2a</sup>.

**prāi-**

On Friday<sup>1</sup> night victory's within reach, it's the time to rally your friends<sup>1</sup> and de-feet your foe at the boozier (thus acquiring a new pair of boots), for filibusters<sup>1b</sup> and freebooters<sup>1b</sup> to bust a few asses and for assorted Siegfrieds<sup>1b</sup> yelling Sieg Heil! to enter the fray<sup>2a</sup> unafraid<sup>2a</sup>. For it's all done under Frigg's<sup>1a</sup> loving auspices: frigging some broad is the victor's reward.

**preu-**

The snake in the shade watches the frolicking<sup>1b</sup> frog<sup>1</sup> – with schadenfreude<sup>1b</sup>.

**reg-**

Just as rectors<sup>2</sup> have rectums<sup>2</sup> and bishops have pricks, rajahs<sup>4</sup> may go off their rails<sup>2a</sup> now and then and viceroys<sup>2a</sup> are known for their sly little vices. These, however, may be rectified<sup>2</sup>, while lesser transgressors would go straight to the rack<sup>1b</sup> (or be electrocuted if preferred by the electorate). The point is, you cannot – short of regicide<sup>2</sup> – regulate<sup>2</sup> a regal<sup>2</sup> erection<sup>2</sup>, however much it deviates from the rectilinear<sup>2</sup>. It is the prerogative<sup>2a</sup> of regional<sup>2a</sup> regents<sup>2</sup> and knights of the realm<sup>2a</sup> to be arrogant<sup>2a</sup>, and even anorexic<sup>3</sup> maharanees<sup>4</sup> are to be reckoned<sup>1</sup> with: they can abrogate<sup>2</sup> laws at a whim. No need for that surge<sup>2a</sup> of indignation – better be ruled<sup>2a</sup> by a rake<sup>1</sup> than by a righteous<sup>1</sup> fake. Authorities with kinks tend to be more humane. Beware of rectitude<sup>2</sup>! It never reigns<sup>2a</sup> but it pours: the more right<sup>1</sup>-wing the reich<sup>1b</sup> the poorer the people, the stricter the regime<sup>2a</sup> the more constriction by regiments<sup>2a</sup> (to tangle with a rectangle<sup>2</sup> of regulars<sup>2</sup> is reckless<sup>1</sup>). Ergo<sup>2</sup>, do not question too closely the morals of royals<sup>2a</sup> or Raj<sup>4</sup> (though it's all the rage) before you interrogate<sup>2</sup> yourself. You may find yourself standing corrected<sup>2</sup>.

**rei-**

A ripple<sup>1b</sup> runs through the rows<sup>1</sup> of rife<sup>1</sup> wheat along the river<sup>2a</sup>. Do they sense that the Reaper<sup>1</sup>'s arriving<sup>2a</sup>? There's good cause to shudder despite the ripe<sup>1</sup> summer heat: soon they'll be bundled with ropes<sup>1</sup> and removed, nothing but stubble left behind. Yet the riparian<sup>2</sup> ranks seem



quite willing to bow to the scythe, as if respecting the riven<sup>1a</sup> earth as the precondition of resurrection: it's needed to raise again the ravaged rivage<sup>2a</sup>.

### reu-

In times of old the hordes from the north would abruptly<sup>2</sup> irrupt<sup>2</sup> and disrupt<sup>2</sup> the corrupt<sup>2</sup> by routing<sup>2a</sup> and robbing<sup>2a/1b</sup> and raping until ruptured<sup>2a</sup> they stopped then usurped<sup>2</sup> what was left and stayed on. What do the invaders of today do, those who dream only of roving<sup>1b</sup> the beaches and bankrupting<sup>2a/2b</sup> the casinos? They rip<sup>1</sup> off their robes<sup>2a/1b</sup> and scatter their loot<sup>4</sup> in an eruption<sup>2</sup> of uninhibited rudeness, then they head homeward, tanned and complaining of hangovers (they'll be hanged if it's over). Their brief interruption<sup>2</sup> leaves the locals by no means bereaved<sup>1</sup>, just disgusted.

### reudh-

For instance: the equation between the taste of red<sup>1</sup> fruitgums and the strange rutilant<sup>2</sup> glow of the great vial without rubric<sup>2a</sup> outside of the chemist's. Such impressions are more robust<sup>2a</sup> than the rubescence<sup>2</sup> of the rubies<sup>2a</sup> and rouged<sup>2a</sup> faces of the famous or the russet<sup>2a</sup> rust<sup>1</sup> of the autumn on the rowans<sup>1a</sup> and maples of far-away Canada. They corroborate<sup>2</sup> the alchemy of childhood's perceptions.

### sā-

To be sated<sup>1</sup> is to be sad<sup>1</sup>, that's the sorry size of it. To the hungry a stuffed belly seems like the greatest asset<sup>2a</sup>, but to the satiated<sup>2</sup> it's satirical<sup>2</sup> stuff. You just cain't get enough of it (even when full), for gluttony's a sponge that never gets saturated<sup>1</sup>.

### sāg-

Let the seeker<sup>1</sup> after truth ransack<sup>1a</sup> his case. Does he forsake<sup>1</sup> for its sake<sup>1</sup> all other pleasures? Or is he out to seize<sup>2a/1b</sup> hegemony<sup>3</sup> by the ears, to be seen as sagacious<sup>2</sup>, saviour of the parish or soke<sup>1</sup>? Let him start his exegesis<sup>3</sup> with his own example. To learn is like following a track: you can only presage<sup>2a</sup> by first looking back.

## sāwel-

Sunday<sup>1</sup>'s the day for humming a hymn to Old King Sol<sup>2</sup> and heading down south<sup>1</sup>, to do as the heliotrope<sup>3</sup>, sunflower<sup>1</sup> and girasol<sup>2a</sup>, do-re so gold, sol-fa so good. But do take a parasol<sup>2a/2b</sup> to avoid insolation<sup>2</sup> (insulation in a solarium<sup>2</sup> is also a scorcher). To look on the bright side, how's this as an explanation for our heliolatry<sup>3</sup>: the sunny<sup>1</sup> chap's got so much helium<sup>3</sup> in him our heavier disposition envies his levity, suspended up there like a blitheful balloon (you would be too if you breathed that stuff in!). As below, so above: the solar<sup>2</sup> system itself displays this heliocentric<sup>3</sup> inclination. It's a broad-minded faith – you may waver (biannually) from tropic to tropic, at solstice<sup>2</sup> you'll always repent and revert from a chilly aphelion<sup>3</sup> to perihelion's<sup>3</sup> grace.

## se-

The sole<sup>2a</sup> purpose of the swami's<sup>4</sup> secession<sup>2</sup> from the bustle<sup>1a</sup> of living, he will say, is the felo-de-se<sup>2</sup> of the self<sup>1</sup>. I'm not so sure<sup>2a</sup>, for this savours of solipsism<sup>2</sup>. The ego is secure<sup>2</sup> in segregation<sup>2</sup>, its desolate<sup>2</sup> secret<sup>2a</sup> the seduction<sup>2</sup> of solitude<sup>2</sup>. For ethnic<sup>3</sup> groups where suicide<sup>2</sup> is regarded as customary (and condoned per se<sup>2</sup>), it is precisely the good of one's fellows, solidarity with the sodality<sup>2</sup> (Sinn<sup>4</sup> Fein!), that determines one's course. Idiosyncrasy<sup>3</sup> goes by the board – it's seditious<sup>2</sup> – once ethics<sup>3</sup> are put on the table. (Mansuetude<sup>2b</sup>'s the ticket, the attitude accepted as good etiquette.) Soliloquy<sup>2</sup> is for the select<sup>2</sup> of the gods what gossiping<sup>1</sup> is for the sibs<sup>1</sup> of the swain<sup>1a</sup>: the idiom<sup>3</sup> of idiots<sup>3</sup>.

## sei-

Like the lads at the seminary<sup>2</sup>, sow<sup>1</sup> your wild seeds<sup>1</sup> – oats, colza<sup>1b</sup> or rape – on a Saturday<sup>2</sup>. They have a need after all to disseminate<sup>1</sup> their knowledge, the writ learnt by rote and inserted<sup>2</sup> so rigorously into their heads. Go hence and inseminate<sup>2</sup> vigorously, as the Lord doth enjoin. There's nothing unseemly about semen<sup>2</sup> in the right time and place. It won't go too far: for this day is under the tight fist of Saturn<sup>2</sup> – it'll stay in the family (if not closer at hand).

**sed-**

Being seated<sup>1a</sup> is the posture of power, whether you're presiding<sup>2a</sup> over a session<sup>2</sup>, residing<sup>2a</sup> in a palace or possessed<sup>2a</sup> at a séance<sup>2a</sup>. (If you can remain sitting<sup>1</sup> through an eisteddfod<sup>4</sup> without speaking Welsh you can withstand anything.) It's highest manifestation is the saddle<sup>1</sup>, that elegant dihedron<sup>3</sup> of dyed leather. From it you can settle<sup>1</sup> accounts with any sedentary<sup>2</sup> enemy or put down dissidents<sup>2a</sup> with sedate<sup>2</sup> assiduity<sup>2</sup>. Forget about the soot<sup>1</sup> and the sediment<sup>4</sup> of long drawn-out sieges<sup>2a</sup>. With your view over the marches you can assess<sup>2a</sup> how the land really lies – like a professor from his chair or an eagle from its aerie. No ersatz<sup>1b</sup> can supersede<sup>2</sup> its advantage as a vantage point (even a cathedral can subside<sup>2</sup>, requiring subsidy<sup>2a</sup> from the see<sup>2a</sup>). On it you're set<sup>1</sup> to succeed.

**sek-**

It's not nice<sup>2a</sup> being omniscient<sup>2</sup>, the people murmur. Prescience<sup>2a</sup> is enough, in all conscience<sup>2a</sup>. Let the scientists<sup>2a</sup> bisect<sup>2</sup> their sectors<sup>2</sup> with secants<sup>2</sup>, dissecting<sup>2</sup> some new insect<sup>2</sup> into segments<sup>2</sup> and making incisions into the intersection<sup>2</sup> of what minds and what matters. Haven't you heard of the schism<sup>3</sup>? It was brought about by plebiscite<sup>1</sup>. That is, when the Saxons<sup>1b</sup> took up their sickles<sup>2</sup> and engaged with the enemy, and the Britons behind them drew their skeans<sup>4</sup> from their sheathes<sup>1</sup>, intending (once they had done the expected) to separate the heads of the squires<sup>2a</sup> from their shit<sup>1</sup>. With the help of écus<sup>2a</sup> and escudos<sup>2b</sup> from abroad (and despite kicks in the shins<sup>1</sup> from the rear), they drove the interlopers to rescind<sup>2</sup> all our shores. To save their own skins<sup>1a</sup> the Norsemen took off on their skis<sup>1a</sup>, having shed<sup>1</sup> their escutcheons<sup>2a</sup> in the sedge<sup>1</sup> and the saxifrage<sup>2</sup>. But they'd be back soon enough in their long boats (the Conqueror and one Strong Shield<sup>1</sup> among them) to shiver<sup>1b</sup> our timbers once again. History (whose?) is like science<sup>2a</sup> quite schizoid<sup>3</sup>. Cut them out and there still remains consciousness<sup>2a</sup>.

**sekw-**

Saying<sup>1</sup> follows directly on from seeing<sup>1</sup>: for this is a consequence<sup>2a</sup> of the see-saw nature of signs<sup>2a</sup>. What they designate<sup>2</sup> is what's in your own line of sight<sup>1</sup>, but their expression is assigned<sup>2a</sup> by society's<sup>2a</sup> seal<sup>2a</sup> of convention, the social<sup>2a</sup> insignia<sup>2</sup>. The skald's<sup>1a</sup> saga<sup>1a</sup> is seconded<sup>2a</sup> by

the scold's<sup>1a</sup> saw<sup>1</sup>, the first a retelling with associations<sup>2</sup> of what he has seen<sup>1</sup>, the latter (the later) a sententious retailing of what should have been. Similarly, in the due and intrinsic<sup>2a</sup> course of the law, prosecution<sup>2</sup> (and eventual execution<sup>2a</sup>) is a sequel<sup>2a</sup> to participating in persecution<sup>2</sup>, and suing<sup>2a</sup> ensues<sup>2a</sup> from the perception of the suitor<sup>2a</sup> (however obsequious<sup>2</sup>) dissociating<sup>2</sup> himself from the promise he gave. Thus the resignation<sup>2a</sup> of those consigned<sup>2a</sup> to sequestration<sup>2</sup> is a subsequent<sup>2</sup> statement of insight<sup>1</sup>.

#### sel-

When you're happy you're silly<sup>1</sup>, the soul of the party. Only your dignity suffers, its one solace<sup>2a</sup> the attempt to eliminate your hilarity<sup>3</sup>. Not to worry – the result, should it succeed, would be exhilaration<sup>3</sup>, which the company can pick up on. That should console<sup>2</sup> one and all (for what's gathered is good).

#### sem-

You can be lonesome<sup>1</sup> in any ensemble<sup>2a</sup>, for one and some<sup>1</sup> more are the same<sup>1a</sup>. The soviet<sup>4</sup> assembled<sup>2a</sup> round the samovar<sup>4</sup> may seem<sup>1a</sup> homogenous<sup>3</sup>, but it is also heterogenous since its existence presupposes at least one unassimilated<sup>2</sup> element (the individual selling samizdat<sup>4</sup> or homeopathic<sup>3</sup> homilies<sup>3</sup> down by the wall of the Kremlin). The enlightened holy-man in Indiar (ignore the sandhi<sup>4</sup> please) is aware that all things are simultaneous<sup>2</sup> and that suffering is only for those who (in all their simplicity<sup>2a</sup>) are trapped in the endless succession of birthing and dying – he calls it Samsara<sup>4</sup> since there's somes as are. (See what comes of doing crosswords in Sanskrit<sup>4!</sup>).

#### sent-

The sense<sup>2a</sup> of a sentence<sup>2a</sup> is where you send<sup>1</sup> it. It can express a sentiment<sup>2a</sup>, resentment<sup>2a</sup> or presentiment<sup>2a</sup>, assent<sup>2a</sup>, consent<sup>2a</sup> or dissent<sup>2a</sup> – they all require circumspect aiming. Misfortune may befall you from on high in the shape of a godsend<sup>1</sup> or a summons by more sentient<sup>2</sup> sentinels<sup>2a</sup>. But if you hurl back such a message to its sender<sup>1</sup> with a curse (withershins<sup>1</sup>) you risk being sentenced<sup>2a</sup> to death, which is doubly non-sensical<sup>2a</sup>: once for the nonce and anon for the rest.

**skel-**

Skill<sup>1a</sup> is not something required only of surgeons – the scalpel<sup>2a</sup> he handles is as the hand to the sculptor<sup>2</sup>, to the carpenter knocking up shelves<sup>1b</sup> or the maid in the scullery shelling<sup>1</sup> the peas. Even the sword-smán with his cutlass<sup>2a/2b</sup> has to learn more than just how to take scalps<sup>1a</sup> and drink skoals<sup>1a</sup> with the rest of his shoal<sup>1b</sup>. What makes man is not manners but one half<sup>1</sup> manual (or womanly) dexterity and the other the size of his skull<sup>1a</sup>.

**sker- (1)**

Misunderstandings between couples were a daily event in the Danelaw: they shared<sup>1</sup> one plough, one bed, but not quite the same dialect. Their carnal<sup>2</sup> relations may have been like a carnival<sup>2b</sup> but their verbal ones more like a conflict of carnivores<sup>2</sup>. He asks for a shirt<sup>1</sup> and she throws him a skirt<sup>1a</sup> (his response is shortish<sup>1</sup>); she wants a new kirtle<sup>2</sup>, he buys her a girdle (hers is curter<sup>2</sup>). When he requests the screed<sup>1</sup> from the elders that's nailed to the door she tears off a shred<sup>1</sup>; she says give the door step a scrub<sup>1b</sup> and next time she goes out trips over a shrub<sup>1</sup>. His brow becomes shrouded<sup>1</sup>, she waxes scrofulous<sup>2</sup>. "You carry on so..." "Me? A carrion sow? Stick that up your scabbard<sup>1a/1b!</sup>" she serves him a slap. "You shrew<sup>1!</sup>" he cries out. "Screw<sup>2</sup> you too!" she shrills back none too shrewdly<sup>1</sup> to even the score<sup>1a</sup> – and gets knocked off her feet for her troubles. She grabs for the shears<sup>1</sup> and shoots a sharp<sup>1</sup> look at the bulge in his breeches where his scrotum<sup>2</sup> is hid while he smashes a jar and brandishes a shard<sup>1</sup> at the crone, two furies incarnate<sup>2</sup>, he ready to decorticate<sup>2</sup>, she to excoriate<sup>2</sup>. Carnage<sup>2a/2b</sup> was generally avoided, it seems, by one of them challenging the other to a fair game of Scrabble<sup>1b</sup>, where their differences lay open to scrutiny<sup>2</sup>. Thus they generally scraped<sup>1a</sup> by after scrapping<sup>1a</sup>.

**sker- (2)**

Discrimination<sup>2</sup> is both a virtue and criminal<sup>2</sup>, according to how you apply it. Sift a decree<sup>2a</sup> through a riddle<sup>1</sup> and it tends to get garbled<sup>2b</sup>, but when a self-assured critic<sup>2/3</sup> hits the fan all that's left is, well, excrement<sup>2a</sup>. Before incriminating<sup>2</sup> others (and thus precipitating a crisis<sup>3</sup> of judgement) take an honest look at your criteria<sup>3</sup> – you may discern<sup>2a</sup> an

insidious incertitude<sup>2</sup>. Behind criticism<sup>2a/3</sup> hypocrisy<sup>3</sup> lurks.

**skeu-**

Sky<sup>1a</sup> to the Norwegian means clouds (that scum<sup>1b</sup> trolls skim<sup>2a/1b</sup> to put in their meerschaums<sup>1b</sup> and smoke). He'd rather remain in his hut<sup>2a/1b</sup> and brood over his hoard<sup>1</sup> through the dark wintry season. But come the summer, out of the obscure<sup>2</sup> chiaroscuro<sup>2b</sup> of his soul, his zest for living will recoil<sup>2a</sup> like a gun. He can't hide<sup>1</sup> it any longer (he's chewing his cuticles<sup>2</sup>) so he tears his hide<sup>1</sup> shirt off, grabs his battleaxe and goes off marauding or shopping in town, where he's arrested for proposing cunnilingus<sup>2</sup> to the first cutie he meets at the hosiery<sup>1</sup> counter before she's even handled his hose<sup>1</sup>. It's usually wise to keep your needs subcutaneous<sup>2</sup> – just don't let them accumulate for too long. Rather go for a skinful now and then than berserk once a year.

**smei-**

What a marvel<sup>2a</sup> the simple smile<sup>1a</sup> is. No need to be versed in the arts of comity<sup>2</sup>, even a new-born babe will react to the miracle<sup>2a</sup>. Put yourself in its place before the mirror<sup>2a</sup> of awakening and admire<sup>2a</sup> that assumed tabula rasa – no, don't smirk<sup>1</sup>, let's have a real beam like the sunlight. See: you can't help it! The Cheshire Cat's grin may well be a mirage<sup>2a</sup> – so is yours.

**solo-**

To be solid<sup>2</sup> is supposed to be safe<sup>2a</sup>, but what happens to the hologram<sup>3</sup> when it's switched off is hardly salvation<sup>2</sup> – not even in the most catholic<sup>3</sup> sense. Nothing is salvaged<sup>2a</sup> save<sup>2a</sup> a pregnant silence. By all means salute<sup>2a</sup> those solicitous<sup>2</sup> of consolidation<sup>2</sup>, but save<sup>2a</sup> a salvo<sup>2b</sup> for jolting the solemn<sup>2a</sup>. It's salutary<sup>2</sup>.

**spek-**

A suspect<sup>2a</sup> specimen<sup>2</sup>, this archbishop<sup>3</sup> with his eye to the telescope<sup>3</sup>. Has he no respect<sup>2a</sup>, no consideration for the stars? But still more despicable<sup>2</sup> than this episcopal<sup>3</sup> spying<sup>2a</sup> on the macroscopic<sup>3</sup> is the specious<sup>2</sup> speculation<sup>2</sup> of the sceptic<sup>3</sup> conspicuously<sup>2</sup> inspecting<sup>2</sup> his horoscope<sup>3</sup> for auspicious<sup>2</sup> aspects<sup>2</sup>. What spectres<sup>2a</sup> do they expect<sup>2</sup> to descry out there where the planets click in and the years clock out? In

retrospect<sup>2</sup> there is scope<sup>2b/3</sup> for improvement. If their perspectives<sup>2</sup> were reversed introspectively<sup>2</sup> they would come to see, respectively<sup>2</sup>, that it's our species<sup>2</sup> that needs all the special<sup>2</sup> attention (we're only on spec<sup>2</sup>) and – a spectacular<sup>2</sup> prospect<sup>2</sup> – what's unexpected<sup>2</sup> is ourselves.

### spen-

On which does our fortune depend<sup>2a</sup> more: the moneymaker in his penthouse<sup>2a</sup> weighing his pesos<sup>2b</sup> in pounds<sup>2</sup>, or the spider<sup>1</sup> spinning<sup>1</sup> its pendulous<sup>2</sup> web? Let us suspend<sup>2</sup> judgement for a moment. The one ponders<sup>2a</sup> impending<sup>2</sup> doom in the perpendicular<sup>2</sup> penchant<sup>2a</sup> of the market, while the other plies its shuttle without thinking, wields its miniature spanner<sup>1b</sup> in tiny appendages<sup>2a</sup> as it tightens the span<sup>1b</sup>, then poises<sup>2a</sup> for a spontaneous<sup>2</sup> plunge at chance prey. If we dispense<sup>2a</sup> with the pensive<sup>2a</sup> – the weighing of expenditure<sup>2</sup>, the calculation of compensation<sup>2</sup> – and remain with the propensity<sup>2</sup> for plundering we may go for equiponderance<sup>2</sup>. None the less I would rather put my money on the weaver, when it comes to the dreeding of weirds.

### sper-

Syllables spurt<sup>1</sup> out from the pen like spray from a bowsprit<sup>1</sup> cleaving an invisible spermy<sup>3</sup> sea. From this sporadic<sup>3</sup> diaspora<sup>3</sup> microspores<sup>3</sup> spread<sup>1</sup> to every nook of the paper. Don't just sprawl<sup>1</sup> there, sprout<sup>1</sup>!

### stā-

To understand<sup>1</sup> our ancestors we need to know their steed<sup>1</sup>. Let's get down to it – it's worth a stanza<sup>2b</sup> at least. Where does it stand epistemologically<sup>3</sup> speaking? Quite stably<sup>2a</sup> in the stable<sup>2a</sup>. So much is established<sup>2a</sup>. Why, for how long, and in what manner has it been posted<sup>2</sup> there? To stud<sup>1</sup>, to stay<sup>2a</sup>, in style. To assist<sup>2a</sup> us for ever. Well, if you insist<sup>2a</sup>, but its raison d'être doesn't consist<sup>2</sup> alone in this static<sup>3</sup> position<sup>2</sup>. Its stature<sup>2a</sup> is consistently<sup>2</sup> high – to get onto it (unlike mounting a prostitute<sup>2</sup>) you need a stool<sup>1</sup> or else stirrups, but arrest<sup>2a</sup> it in flight, staunch<sup>2a</sup> its headlong race and it resists<sup>2</sup> and gets restive<sup>2a</sup>. Its graceful strength is the metastasis<sup>3</sup> of our manifest destiny<sup>2a</sup>: with it distance<sup>2a</sup> is no longer an obstacle<sup>2</sup>. We take the rigid stance<sup>2a/2b</sup> (like some statue<sup>2</sup>) that the credit's all ours – we can cite statistics<sup>1b/2</sup> to prove it. Set no store<sup>2a</sup> by these systematic<sup>3</sup> superstitions<sup>2</sup> (just stow<sup>1</sup> it, be

stoic<sup>1</sup>). Peer instead<sup>1</sup> through the interstices<sup>2</sup> and restore<sup>2a</sup> the feel of galloping free over the open expanses we stem<sup>1</sup> from. In the ecstasy<sup>3</sup> of battle on horseback who raised the standards<sup>2a</sup>, whose mettle steeled<sup>1</sup> our intent? And to pull on the bit and back up a whit, turning the starboard<sup>1</sup> to stern<sup>1a</sup>, who steered<sup>1</sup> the steers<sup>1</sup> -our subsistence<sup>2</sup> - over the plains to instantiate<sup>1</sup> our claims? We'd have been destitute<sup>2</sup> without them. The car and the train are no substitute<sup>2</sup> for the horse - though they may have ousted<sup>2a</sup> it on road and in station<sup>2a</sup> as a means of quasi-instantaneous<sup>2</sup> transportation; in contrast<sup>2a</sup> to theirs its reputation persists<sup>2</sup> as an intelligent beast, for it yeas and it neighs with a voice of its own (not to mention that it costs<sup>2a</sup> less to run).

### steig-

Stick<sup>1</sup> to the point is good advice for sticklebacks<sup>1</sup> and ticket-collectors<sup>1b</sup> or when grilling a steak<sup>1a</sup> on a stake, but astigmatism<sup>3</sup> need be no stigma<sup>3</sup>. In fact, if you cross a tiger<sup>4</sup> in the jungle it's probably desirable not to be able to distinguish<sup>2a</sup> its stripes from the trunks<sup>1</sup> - you're mutually extinguished<sup>2</sup> (shades of bish Berkeley?), whereas trying to run would instigate<sup>2</sup> instant attack. Having nine lives a cat (even a leopard in jeopardy) has less to lose - i.e. more of them. Succinctness is a laudable instinct<sup>2</sup>, yet there are sticky<sup>1</sup> situations when you may have to tack on a few stitches<sup>1</sup> in time (a hemistich at least) to escape with your bottom line intact.

### ster- (1)

It's a shame about the stork<sup>1</sup>: another stark<sup>1</sup> season like this and it may never come back. See the lone male staring<sup>1</sup> down from the chimney of the farmhouse, surveying his surrounds with stereoscopic<sup>3</sup> vision for suitable grub - he looks like a choleric schoolmaster fussy about his cholesterol<sup>1</sup>. The frogs are all frozen in the pond, but the old fuddy-duddy's so critical and stubborn he'd rather starve<sup>1</sup> than eat barnyard junk. His mate has already forsaken him, put her foot down and stayed on the Med, where she announced she would make a new start<sup>1</sup>. He'll descend around lunchtime and strut<sup>1</sup> about stiffly, flap his starched<sup>1</sup> wings now and then (just pro forma), then heave himself back to his tidy great nest where he'll balance on one leg in a torpor<sup>2</sup> - as if the other'd been blown off by a torpedo<sup>2</sup>. Nothing can startle<sup>1</sup> him out of his ways,



and that is his tragedy: he's not rigid with cold but with habit.

**ster-** (2)

Let us deconstruct<sup>2</sup> the European street<sup>1</sup> – it could be instructive<sup>1</sup>. The superstructure<sup>2</sup> must first be removed, the trappings of contemporary industry<sup>2</sup> merely obstruct<sup>2</sup> the deep structure<sup>2</sup>. The next stratum<sup>1</sup> takes us right back to Rome: the straight lines that stretch for hundreds of kilometres, imposing the planner's constructions<sup>1</sup> like a decal over the recalcitrant bumps of geography. It smacks of strategists<sup>3</sup> deploying large armies. Below all this orderliness there's always a more local substratum<sup>2</sup>, in the case of Britain (a notoriously damp one) the winding lane of the Saxon, unpaved but strewn<sup>1</sup> with straw<sup>1</sup> before the thaw. Go further down and you really get sodden: the Celtic strath<sup>4</sup> which you have to cross swimming (perhaps not as bad as the Slavic zastruga<sup>4</sup>, in which you're apt to get buried if you forget to wear snow-shoes). There are hidden strains<sup>1</sup> that we still have not dealt with, tracks not yet traced, but if we destroy<sup>2a</sup> any more we'll arouse consternation<sup>2</sup> in the sternums<sup>3</sup> of those who have somewhere to go in a hurry. The traffic's bad enough without the road being up.

**steu-**

Why bother stoking<sup>1b</sup> an obtuse<sup>2</sup> student's<sup>2</sup> head with platonic archetypes<sup>3</sup>? It's like consigning a stutterer<sup>1b</sup> to the stocks<sup>1</sup> to make him stop. You can climb a steeple<sup>1</sup> with an alpenstock<sup>1b</sup> but employing it to ram home learning's a bit steep<sup>1</sup>. All that results in is contusions<sup>2</sup> and a tin-pan pounding in the tympani<sup>3</sup> – enough to utterly stupefy<sup>2a</sup> even the unutterably stupid<sup>2a</sup>. As is well known, serious study<sup>2a</sup> requires un-stinting<sup>1</sup> toil<sup>2a</sup> – piercing<sup>2a</sup> the mysteries of type<sup>3</sup> and typography<sup>3</sup> is a stupendous<sup>2</sup> labour best pursued in an ivory (or at least stucco<sup>2b/1b</sup>) tower. What good is knowing all about Styx<sup>3</sup> and stoas if you're to spend your days in the sticks grinding stones? Best step<sup>1</sup> down (it won't brand you a step-child<sup>1</sup>) and let others stub<sup>1</sup> their glowing brains out against cloudy abstractions.

**swei-**

See the swifts<sup>1</sup> swooping and swivelling<sup>1</sup> over the Provençal rooftops aglow in the slow summer evening – you long for it to linger still longer.

What gossip are they swapping' so raucously? If only they'd switch<sup>1b</sup> off the racket and let the rest of us savour the show.

**swen-**

The swan<sup>1</sup> gliding by on an inverted image cries out for a sonnet<sup>2a/2b</sup> or sonata<sup>2b</sup> in feathery white. What have we available? Consonants<sup>2</sup>, whether assonant<sup>2a</sup> or dis-, tend to explode and to hiss and can't stand alone. Vowels are more resounding<sup>2a</sup> (they go right to the bowels) but provoke and evoke the equivocal. No, the only solution is silence, the cancelling out of all motion in unison<sup>2a</sup>.

**teg-**

In the thatch<sup>1</sup> or the tiles<sup>2</sup> on the roof, in the Taj<sup>4</sup> on the Mahal, in the deck<sup>1b</sup> of the ship and the senator's toga<sup>2</sup>, in the integument<sup>2</sup> round the ovule and even in the thick tegmen<sup>2</sup> of the jurassical stegosaurus<sup>3</sup>, you can detect<sup>2</sup> the same purpose: to protect<sup>2</sup> the soft centre of the living.

**teks-**

You can weave a text<sup>2</sup> with subtle<sup>2a</sup> techniques<sup>2a/3</sup>, a tissue<sup>2a</sup> of lies coaxed from pretext<sup>2</sup> and context<sup>2</sup>, or you can go at it with an axe like a primitive architect<sup>3</sup> fresh from some Stone Age polytechnic<sup>3</sup>, slapping down mud over wattle. I suspect that Creation was more like the latter-tectonic<sup>3</sup> plates cast adrift on sumpy oceans. The tiller<sup>2a</sup>, after all, wasn't invented for millennia. Nor the flush toilet<sup>2a</sup>.

**tel-**

Translators<sup>2</sup> are rarely extolled<sup>2</sup>, no bells toll for their efforts, they are tolerated<sup>2</sup> – barely – by the prelates<sup>2a</sup> of literary legislation<sup>2</sup> as dilatory<sup>2</sup> dilettantes lacking talent<sup>3</sup>, on a par with philatelists<sup>3</sup>. (While the latter play with worldly tolls<sup>1</sup>, the former ply more wordy tools). Retaliate<sup>2</sup>, I say! Think of stout Atlas<sup>3</sup>, who tholed<sup>1</sup> the weight of the heavens on his shoulders – from Africa's dark ablative<sup>2</sup> to Europe's lighter allative<sup>2</sup>. Superlatively<sup>2</sup> mediating by interrelating<sup>2</sup>, he put whole continents onto the map. What more uplifting a role could one wish for?

**tem-**

Cut into your anatomy<sup>3</sup> and you'll find a symmetrical dichotomy<sup>3</sup> (or die); do the same to an atom<sup>3</sup> and you get etymological violation (or an almighty bang). If you're contemplating<sup>2</sup> acquiring a tonsure<sup>2</sup>, for God's sake use a template<sup>2a</sup> if you don't want to end up like poor Samson. You can epitomise<sup>3</sup> whole tomes<sup>2a/3</sup> in one vocable – say tmesis<sup>3</sup> (that is if you can probloodynounce it at all). Par to the bone by all means, but let *something* remain to discuss.

**ten- (1)**

It thundered<sup>1</sup> all Thursday<sup>1</sup>, an astonishing<sup>2a</sup> day. At each detonation<sup>2a</sup> of the heavenly blunderbuss<sup>1b</sup> the dogs of the neighbourhood whimpered and crawled behind sofas, quite stunned<sup>2a</sup>. All but that crazy barking mutt on the lawn, who looked like he'd stuck his mug right into a tornado<sup>2b</sup>: he ran out at each clap as if chasing Thor's<sup>1a</sup> hammer. Dunderheads<sup>1b</sup> both!

**ten- (2)**

What caused those Aryans to abandon their tents<sup>2a</sup> and maintain<sup>2a</sup> their course southward, continuing right up through the passes to where the air is tenuous<sup>2</sup> and the cold untenable<sup>2a</sup>? Were they pushed or pulled? Was it intended<sup>2</sup> or portended<sup>2</sup>? I contend<sup>2</sup> it was both: back on the steppes there were steps that needed taking, extenuating<sup>2</sup> circumstances (a question of expansion and tenure<sup>2a</sup>, of the rights of pasture obtaining<sup>2a</sup> between rival retainers<sup>2a</sup>), while from over the great Himalayas attenuated<sup>2</sup> rumours wound down through the valleys like tendrils<sup>2a</sup>, whispering of the tender<sup>2a</sup> under-belly of the empire that extended<sup>2</sup> beyond. Once started, nothing could detain<sup>2a</sup> – let alone retain<sup>2a</sup> – them. When the riders shook the ice from their beards and, led by a handful of tenacious<sup>2a</sup> lieutenants<sup>2a</sup>, descended at last with tendons<sup>2</sup> aching, some turned to the right and followed the Indus to the cities that basked on its banks. Here dark-skinned princes and merchants were lolling about, drugged on hashish and fine incense, their bellies distended<sup>2</sup> amidst the taffeta and silk while slave-girls attended<sup>2a</sup> and danced to the voluptuous tones<sup>2/3</sup> of the sitar<sup>4</sup>. Appreciating good entertainment<sup>2a</sup> (and vastly outnumbered), the newcomers chose wisely to sustain<sup>2a</sup> a certain tenor<sup>2</sup> of détente<sup>2a</sup>, and before long -combining menace and pretence<sup>2a</sup> – were

tenants<sup>2a</sup> of the palaces themselves. But others bore left and stayed hard by the peaks. High on thin' air they took to practising tantra<sup>4</sup>, whose ostensible tenets<sup>2</sup> demand unswerving abstinence<sup>2a</sup> – though by those who cleaved leftmost the erotic was raised to the sublimest intensity<sup>2a</sup>. This dividing of the ways is still pertinent<sup>2a</sup> to the contemporary sub-continent<sup>2</sup>, that vast triangle whose hypotenuse<sup>3</sup> is subtended<sup>2</sup> by the angle between the ascetic and the sensual.

#### ter- (1)

It feels its way constantly back to the sore spot, rubbing the familiar contours<sup>2a/2b</sup> and testing the threshold<sup>1</sup> of pain, though its owner, preoccupied, turns<sup>2a</sup> away, makes wide detours<sup>2a</sup> – until, his resistance worn down by attrition<sup>2</sup>, he's forced to face facts. It's like the overdue patient who will only show up at the dentist's in the throws<sup>1</sup> of real torment<sup>2a</sup>, contrite<sup>2a</sup>, at last ready to thrash<sup>1</sup> the thing out. He squirms as he waits (as if what lay before him were unanesthetized trepanning<sup>2/3</sup>); he already sees the dread right-hand thread<sup>1</sup> of the drill<sup>1b</sup> boring down on him. In the chair it's pure trauma<sup>3</sup>, Job's tribulations<sup>2</sup> were as nothing when compared to the caries he carries on his shoulders. To crown it all, before his release he must meekly undergo a trite<sup>2</sup> diatribe<sup>3</sup> on his childish evasions – although it's not physical it's no less detrimental<sup>2</sup> to his self-esteem. The funny thing is, he'll return<sup>2a</sup> for the treatment again and again. The promptings of that probing attorney<sup>2a</sup>, regret, will just not be ignored.

#### ter- (2)

There's always a beyond: transience<sup>2a</sup> transcends<sup>2</sup> thrills<sup>1</sup> (they're all such a bore!) and though we think that at last we are through<sup>1</sup>, the thoroughfare<sup>1</sup> leads on across the desert from one caravanserai<sup>4</sup> to the next. (The Trans-Siberian<sup>2</sup>'s quicker but doesn't make so entrancing a transit<sup>2</sup>). We bravely face brigands and truculent<sup>2</sup> travellers in search of rare perfumes to tickle the nostrils<sup>1</sup> of sybarites and houris with tinkling bracelets. Avatars<sup>4</sup> come and they go, the procession won't cease. Truncate<sup>2</sup> the body and the senses go marching on.

#### ters-

When those ancient Greeks first descended from the torrid<sup>2</sup> terrain<sup>2a</sup> of

the Balkans to the Mediterranean<sup>2</sup> they must surely have had a most furious thirst<sup>1</sup>, their throats like toast<sup>2a</sup> in the dusty heat. What a scene those terraces<sup>2a</sup> clad in vines stepping down to the turquoise tureen<sup>2a</sup> of the sea must have been. Like a terrier<sup>2a</sup> catching some subterranean<sup>2</sup> scent they approached the coast and its cities interred<sup>2a</sup> beneath centuries of civilisation. Meeting no opposition, they flung themselves forthwith on the flagons brimming with wine, hefted them up and swilled it down in great torrents<sup>2a</sup>. Hoping there was more where it came from, many of them jumped into the drink – only to find terra<sup>2</sup> firmer.

### tēu-

The Pontic steppe is studded with thousands<sup>1</sup> of tumuli<sup>2</sup>, protuberant<sup>2</sup> tumours<sup>2</sup> on the featureless plains, as if nocturnal beasts have been rooting for tubers<sup>2</sup>. Now it's broad daylight and humming with insects. A butterfly<sup>2/3</sup> flits through the grass and the clover, unaware that it troubles the sleep of a warrior in the tomb<sup>3</sup> just below. He dreams of the fluttering between the thighs<sup>1</sup> of the girls he has thrown down and known between the soft summer tussocks. Tumescence<sup>2</sup> creeps up in slow motion (more psychic than somatic<sup>3</sup>), then as autumn passes by it sinks back in detumescence<sup>2</sup>: imagining a mountain all he can manage is a molehill. He sighs and rolls over, puts his thumb<sup>1</sup> in his mouth as a first blanket of snow smooths over his longing.

### treud-

What intrudes<sup>2</sup> from one side extrudes<sup>2</sup> from the other. You can eject an offending protrusion<sup>2</sup> with the thrust<sup>1a</sup> of a sword or a boot, but in doing so remember: you thereby may render more abstruse<sup>2</sup> a threat<sup>1</sup> that is lurking at some deeper level.

### ud-

One often hears uttered<sup>1</sup> the opinion that the speech of outsiders<sup>1</sup> is dull and outlandish<sup>1</sup>, only fit for the gutter or the low cant of outlaws<sup>1a</sup>. (What a black man calls bad may be better than you think, but what boots it to batten on that?) This attitude reveals hubris<sup>3</sup>. For outside<sup>1</sup> is about<sup>1</sup> what's within: without<sup>1</sup> it there's utter<sup>1</sup> nonsense inside.

**upo-**

Here's a fine how-d'-you-do: upper<sup>1</sup>, it appears, is after all under. It requires a subtle subterfuge<sup>2</sup> to show that this is so. Let's eavesdrop<sup>1</sup> below the eaves<sup>1</sup> (just raise your soutane<sup>2a/2b</sup> round your neck if you're prone to groan at the damp). What comes down must first have been up<sup>1</sup> and, likewise, what is above<sup>1</sup> must first have been raised from beneath. You can't hear too clearly because of the uproar from the downpour? Apply an ear to the windowpane and listen to the rhythmical squeaking: the valet<sup>2a/4</sup> is servicing his mistress, his superior's<sup>2</sup> spouse, who's draped herself supine<sup>2</sup> on the couch. Who's superordinate<sup>2</sup>, who's subservient<sup>2</sup> now? He plays the subjugator<sup>2</sup>, she surrenders<sup>2a</sup> superficially<sup>2</sup> then suddenly<sup>2a</sup> superimposes<sup>2a</sup> herself and rides him with pleasure. Now he's superheating<sup>2</sup>; as for her, she's emitting shrill sobs at once supersonic<sup>2</sup> and subliminal<sup>1</sup> and soon reaches the supreme<sup>2a</sup> summit<sup>2a</sup> of delight, to which he in turn accedes with a shout, does a supple<sup>2a</sup> double somersault<sup>2a</sup> and again is subjacent<sup>2</sup>. She survives<sup>2a</sup> until he revives<sup>2a</sup>, only subdued<sup>2a</sup> for a moment. This surely is supererogation<sup>2</sup> – he could insist on a surcharge<sup>2a</sup>. How often<sup>1</sup> are they thinking of doing it? It's supernatural<sup>2</sup>, subversive<sup>2a</sup>, hyperbolic<sup>3</sup>! Call the master at once to lay hold of the varlet<sup>2a/4</sup>! Keep your hat on there, padre, don't be so hypercritical<sup>3</sup>, it's quite hypocritical<sup>3</sup>, your vicarious position is precarious. You can banish the Upanishads<sup>4</sup>, suppress<sup>2</sup> what you cannot support<sup>2a</sup>, but the line between substance<sup>2a</sup> and superstition<sup>2</sup>'s a fine one. (Well, that's over<sup>1</sup> and done with, thank heavens!)

**wadh-**

Refuse the wages<sup>2a/1b</sup> of sin, get engaged<sup>2a/1b</sup>, pay the syntax of intimate touching (thus speaks morality). Out of wedlock<sup>1</sup> only deadlock, says the cynical realist (you're bewitched by the bitch, you're a victim, he sneers). Well, either way, you'll agree, getting wed<sup>1</sup> is a wager<sup>2a/1b</sup>.

**wal-**

A view that prevails<sup>2a</sup> among valetudinarians<sup>2</sup> is that illness is valuable<sup>2a</sup> – they wield<sup>1</sup> it to procure sympathy. But what's valid<sup>1</sup> for them is of no avail<sup>2a</sup> to the invalid<sup>2</sup>, who (having really been ill) would rather take

convalescence<sup>2a</sup> any day, however ambivalent<sup>1</sup>.

**wedi-**

You see, you switch on the television<sup>3</sup>, envisaging<sup>2a</sup> (you twit'!) instant wisdom<sup>1</sup>, and unwittingly<sup>1</sup> you're plunged into the kaleidoscope<sup>3</sup> story<sup>2a/3</sup>-book of news in the making: disparate surveys<sup>2a</sup> of last year's happenings and this week's repeats, an eidetic<sup>3</sup> Hades<sup>3</sup> where idols<sup>3</sup> drift dimly through deep-frozen vistas<sup>2b</sup> and voyeurs<sup>2a</sup> are burning with envy<sup>2a</sup>. A witenagemot<sup>1</sup> in the guise<sup>2a/1b</sup> of some white-haired old penguins<sup>4</sup> provides<sup>2a</sup> advice<sup>2a</sup> on the lore of the Veda<sup>4</sup> while some wiseacre<sup>1</sup> reveals and reviews<sup>2a</sup> the idea<sup>3</sup> of the century and, in an adjacent belvedere<sup>2b</sup> against an idyllic<sup>3</sup> backdrop, a visiting<sup>2a</sup> savant waves his visa<sup>2</sup> with evident<sup>2a</sup> relish as he's interviewed<sup>2a</sup> by a clairvoyant<sup>2a</sup> polyhistor<sup>3</sup> on the topic of – God knows wot<sup>1</sup>. It's all very witty<sup>1</sup>, but what's wit<sup>1</sup>? Bombarded by viewpoints<sup>2a</sup> (none seem to the point) you need a guide<sup>2b</sup>, supervision<sup>2</sup>. To get ahead of the tales there's one thing you must realize, to wit<sup>1</sup>: knowing is not seeing but having seen. Turn it off!

**weg-**

Vegetables<sup>2</sup> of the underworld awake<sup>1</sup>! Waft<sup>1b</sup>, lively beans, coil with vigour<sup>2a</sup> you peas and marrows! Reveille<sup>2a</sup> is sounding for the bivouacked<sup>1b/2a</sup> potatoes, it's their turn for the vigil<sup>2a</sup>. But wait<sup>2a/1b</sup> – how to measure the velocity<sup>2</sup> of thrusting tip and groping rootlet? Don't look at your watch<sup>1</sup>, it's Spring, not springs, that does it.

**wegh-**

The straight and the narrow is ever devious<sup>2</sup>, rarely obvious<sup>2</sup>. For a start one must share it with wains<sup>1</sup> and with vans winding and lurching along, and wags<sup>1</sup> in wagons<sup>1b</sup> weighing<sup>1</sup> out trivia<sup>1</sup> (any vague vogue<sup>2b/1b</sup>) and sundry vehicles<sup>2</sup> conveying<sup>2a</sup> bigwigs and envoys<sup>2a</sup> who inveigh<sup>2</sup> all the time against the disrepair of the paving, the stamping of troops, the bleating of flocks and the wiggling<sup>1b</sup> of earwigs<sup>1</sup> and other wee<sup>1</sup> travellers. Familiarity with the vectors<sup>2</sup> doesn't render one impervious<sup>2</sup> to the vexations<sup>2a</sup> of voyaging (ochlophobia's one). Whether the road to the end is concave or convex<sup>2</sup>, viaduct<sup>3</sup> or through tunnel, highway<sup>1</sup> or byway<sup>1</sup>, there's no place to stop, it's just one long via<sup>2</sup>.

**wei-**

Yielding is no weakness<sup>1a</sup> – there's strength in turning the other cheek. The wych' elm (which one is that?) will last out the vicissitudes<sup>2</sup> of storm and gale by not stubbornly standing its ground, and the vetch<sup>2a</sup>, that most fetching of vines, is wise to bind unto others as it winds about itself (a form of viticulture<sup>2</sup>). A withy<sup>1</sup> is as tough as wire<sup>1</sup> yet easily woven into wicker<sup>1a</sup>, and as vicars<sup>2a</sup> know, a week<sup>1</sup> is a turn, like a spell before the wicket<sup>2a/1a</sup> on the green after service and lunch. But enough is enough: you can get trapped in a habit as easily as you can in a vice<sup>2a</sup>.

**weip-**

The good wife<sup>1</sup> of Bath set a dangerous precedent: her sex wasn't meant to play the tune or swing the whip<sup>1b</sup>. She may have worn a wimple<sup>1</sup> but those wimps that she married were like lost waifs<sup>2a/1a</sup> at her beck in their cowls. One after another she'd vibrate<sup>2</sup> their wimbles<sup>b</sup>, wipe<sup>1</sup> them off and wave<sup>1</sup> them on with a grin to the grave. Knowing full well the hazard no full-blooded man would ask for a waiver<sup>2a/1a</sup> – willing fools one and all.

**wel- (1)**

The will<sup>1</sup> can be deployed in many a way (where there's one there's the other): towards the accumulation or transferral of wealth<sup>1</sup>, to actions benevolent<sup>2</sup> or malevolent<sup>2</sup>. The aim of the voluntary<sup>2</sup> worker is the well<sup>1</sup>-being of his or her fellow, whereas the voluptuary<sup>2</sup> goes in for galloping<sup>2a/1b</sup> or walloping<sup>2a/1b</sup> and dipping his willy<sup>1</sup> nilly everywhere. Like the 'I will'' at the altar linking velleity<sup>2</sup> to fidelity, volition<sup>2</sup>'s no more than what you want it to be.

**wel- (2)**

Volumes<sup>2a</sup> have been written about evolution<sup>2</sup> and the implication of the shell of the whelk<sup>1</sup> for the voluted<sup>2</sup> vaulting<sup>2a</sup> of the Sistine Chapel, but none is more voluble<sup>2</sup> than that to be read in the buds of the willow<sup>1</sup>, first sign of the valley's<sup>2a</sup> renewal. Each is a miniature valve<sup>2</sup> through which its essence devolves<sup>2</sup>, thus maintaining flexibility. Its sap is on tap at the wellhead<sup>1</sup>, a vulva<sup>2</sup> rolled tight round a sticky green embryo.



Think of all the leaves that are folded inside there – release the spring, unravel its fine convolutions<sup>2</sup>: you'll find the beginnings of next year's regeneration and, still further within, the mysterious helix<sup>3</sup> containing them all. Raise your gaze for a while to the vale<sup>2a</sup> around you – the hills enfold it in much the same way. We are all involved<sup>2</sup>. You can walk<sup>1</sup> or waltz<sup>1b</sup> through it, vault<sup>2a</sup> or wallow<sup>1</sup>, but Nature's progression always revolves<sup>2</sup> as it wends.

### wel- (3)

The wealds<sup>1</sup> or wolds<sup>1</sup> of old England are no longer full of wild<sup>1</sup> beasties (nor never were wildebeests<sup>1b</sup> there), no ancient Brits are lurking in the wilderness<sup>1</sup> daubed up in woad (just piggy-eyed ones in brown macs). But the memory of things of the past is still felt – in a glimpse of a vole<sup>1a</sup> or a weasel, of a mole or a badger, and in the summons of the wood pigeon over sleep's verge.

### wel- (4)

That svelte<sup>2a/2b</sup> young man wrapped in layers of flannel<sup>4</sup> and velvet<sup>2a</sup>, his hair so fair it must be rinsed in lanolin<sup>1b/2</sup>, he looks pretty vulnerable – perhaps he's a poet. But what's this convulsion<sup>2</sup> that shakes him? His features distort, he tears at his hair (a hideous evulsion<sup>2</sup>) and out leaps a wolf spreading panic and revulsion<sup>2</sup>. Thus at least we must seem both to friends and to sheep when they find that we've pulled the wool<sup>1</sup> over their eyes.

### wen-

Venery<sup>2a</sup> is venial<sup>2a</sup> when practised by true lovers and by hunters who venerate<sup>2</sup> Venus<sup>2</sup>, but be careful you name her correctly (the amount, not the mount) else she's wont<sup>1</sup> to spit venom<sup>2a</sup>, be you ever so winsome<sup>1</sup>, I ween<sup>1</sup>. Her dis-ease can become your disease (both venereal<sup>2</sup>). If you wish<sup>1</sup> to win<sup>1</sup> her favour and again taste venison<sup>2a</sup> you must wean<sup>1</sup> yourself from calling her one thing at dawn and another at dusk. Though she's a star and fickle, she's not two.

### weng-

There are things that you just don't do at posh places like Wheeler's, like

walking in wonky<sup>1</sup> and tipping a wink<sup>1</sup> at the maître d'hôtel, or requesting a winch<sup>1</sup> to open your winkles<sup>1</sup> with, stamping on the sole which you claim not to have ordered, tactlessly drumming your fork on your glass to attract the sommelier, or asking the wench<sup>1</sup> with the sauce for a wank<sup>1</sup> between courses. Gosh, it's so gauche<sup>2a/1b</sup>, such behaviour.

#### wer- (1)

If it's vermicelli<sup>2b</sup> you're after, be sure to ask for Fratelli, the one in the vermilion<sup>2a</sup> wrapper<sup>1</sup> – it's worth<sup>1</sup> its own weight in rhapsody<sup>2/3</sup> and is unique in the universe<sup>2</sup>! Its reputation reverberates<sup>2</sup> from Palermo to New Jersey as a stalwart<sup>1</sup> in mama's cucina. (The other brand's a perversion<sup>2</sup>). It's versatile<sup>2</sup> like verse<sup>2a</sup> (all the pros and no cons) – yet with a flick of the wrist<sup>1</sup> it is cooked. (The other version<sup>2a</sup> is warped<sup>1</sup>, controversy<sup>1</sup> converges<sup>2</sup> on it thanks to all the weird<sup>1</sup> additives.) Whether you're extro- or introverted<sup>2</sup>, ribald<sup>2a/1b</sup> or inward<sup>1</sup>, like your pasta wrinkled<sup>1</sup> or wriggly<sup>1b</sup>, twisting dextrorse<sup>2</sup> or sinistrorse<sup>2</sup>, eat it every day or only on anniversaries<sup>2</sup>, don't tergiversate<sup>2</sup>, let the tang of Calabria divert<sup>2a</sup> you from your daily entanglements! (Just collaborate and don't worry<sup>1</sup> if that vermin<sup>2a</sup> from the other side of town should revert<sup>2a</sup> to pressure to convert<sup>2a</sup> you: we'll make them writhe<sup>1</sup>, snap the odd vertebra<sup>2</sup>, perhaps lay a few wreaths<sup>1</sup> – but don't get us wrong<sup>1</sup>, we don't want no adverse<sup>2a</sup> publicity.) Doctors have proved that our product helps sufferers from vertigo<sup>2</sup>, it's recommended to people as diverse<sup>2a</sup> as wrestlers<sup>1</sup> and rustlers. If you should diverge<sup>2</sup> from this opinion (though it's verging<sup>2</sup> on the impossible) we're always delighted to give you your money back – just speak to Franky in the alley (he's the one with the wry<sup>1</sup> grin and the wrench<sup>1</sup> – don't be deceived by his appearance: even a worm<sup>1</sup> can turn over a new lease if you give it a brick). Yes folks, it's new and improved and it's virtually free! (There's no point trying to prove the converse<sup>2</sup> to the cops – we have our connections, we know our vice versa<sup>2</sup> and how to avert<sup>2</sup> them, just don't raise our wrath<sup>1</sup> by refusing to buy...) An advertisement<sup>2a</sup> is as good as a warning. (Don't ring us, we'll wring<sup>1</sup> you.)

#### wer- (2)

In insurance terminology you're under cover<sup>2a</sup> if and when: you're a

rabbit in its warren<sup>2a/1b</sup>; a soldier in his garrison<sup>2a/1b</sup>; a pert<sup>2am</sup>aiden approached with honourable intentions; a motorcar in its garage<sup>2a/1b</sup>; a criminal under warrant<sup>2a/1b</sup> for arrest; a fish trapped under a weir<sup>1</sup>; a starving artist in his garret<sup>2a/1b</sup>; a model in the flimsiest of garments<sup>2a/1b</sup>; or a gourmet dish under just the right garnishing<sup>2a/1b</sup>. But be warned – there's no guarantee<sup>2a/1b</sup> that being covert<sup>2a</sup> is healthy. Observe through the apertures<sup>2</sup> in your own security the merry-makers round the fire-place overtly<sup>2a</sup> knocking back apéritifs<sup>2a</sup> and fondling each other with no regard for any moral imperative<sup>2</sup>. Can you honestly say abstinence makes *your* hearth grow fonder?

### wer- (3)

In the beginning was irony<sup>3</sup>. The first word<sup>1</sup> must have meant something other than itself, after all. The verb<sup>2</sup> and the adverb<sup>2</sup> were the inventions of rhetoricians<sup>3</sup> (who'd run out of nominals) for gulling the gullible with verve<sup>2a</sup>. Then came the proverb<sup>2a</sup>, a latter-day substitution for the truth. But the principal function remained the same: something said for something else.

### wer- (4)

To aver<sup>2a</sup> is not the same as to verify<sup>2a</sup>, the accused warlock<sup>1</sup> perseveres<sup>2a</sup>. Very<sup>2a</sup> true, they're not verisimilar<sup>2</sup>, the inquisitor asseverates<sup>2</sup> in turn, but his verdict<sup>2a</sup> is no less severe<sup>2a</sup> and jesuitical: Stake him to his claim and light a match! We'll get to the source by voir dire<sup>2a</sup>. If he's veracious<sup>2</sup> he'll use some sort of sorcery.

### werād-

The amazing thing about roots<sup>1a</sup> is the radical<sup>2</sup> way that they ramify<sup>2a</sup>. From one and the same radicle<sup>2</sup> spring radishes<sup>2</sup>, rhizomes<sup>3</sup> and ragwort<sup>1</sup>, rutabagas<sup>1a</sup>, mangelwurzels<sup>1b</sup> and even (if somewhat *déraciné*<sup>2a</sup>) liquorice<sup>2a/3</sup>. You just can't eradicate<sup>2</sup> them.

### werg-

Working<sup>1</sup> works<sup>1</sup> as a bulwark<sup>1b</sup> against the blues and surgery<sup>2a/3</sup>. It's a known fact that it generates energy<sup>3</sup> (in ergs<sup>3</sup>) and kills warts (in kilowatts). The hardened metallurgist<sup>3</sup> is beyond allergy<sup>3</sup>, the play-

wright' just plays all his wrongs away, and the factory hand at his toolbench is a regular thaumaturge<sup>3</sup>, pounding out the well-tempered liturgy<sup>2/3</sup> of labour. (If they get too fraught with ought they have wrought' they can always let off steam in a sauna.) So – grab your organ<sup>2a/3</sup> and head for the orgy<sup>2a/3</sup>!

**wers-**

War<sup>2a/1b</sup>, worse', worst': a famished guerilla<sup>2b/1b</sup> in the jungle, distraught but still living, picks up a hand-grenade, starts to peel it, becomes liverwurst<sup>1b</sup>.

**wīro-**

The world' is man's stage: with vigour and vim<sup>2</sup> he plays the chief role – whether as virtuoso<sup>2b</sup> on the fiddle, as werewolf' most violent<sup>2a</sup>, or as one third of a triumvirate<sup>2</sup>, civic virtue<sup>2a</sup> triumphant. As for women, they're extras, part of the scenery, there to embellish or occasionally violate<sup>2</sup>. Try to upstage him and she's dubbed a virago<sup>2</sup> (or wergeld' exacted). She does have, however, more subtle means at her disposal for manipulating her proud lord and master: she can lead him around by his own virility<sup>2a</sup>.

**yē-**

Feeling dejected<sup>2</sup> and re-jected<sup>2</sup> while aboard a big jet<sup>2a</sup>? Here's a conjecture<sup>2</sup>, a kind of meditational enema<sup>3</sup>, that might inject<sup>2</sup> a modicum of mitigation. Project<sup>2</sup> those abject<sup>2</sup> thoughts on along your trajectory<sup>2</sup>. Then dismiss back whence it came everything adhering to your past. The object<sup>2</sup> of the exercise is to expose you – midway – as an interjection<sup>2</sup> quite illusory, duty-free, on the wing and thus subject<sup>2a</sup> to no misery. You get the gist<sup>2a</sup>? Some will object<sup>2</sup> it's not so easy, just too abstract for them. For these I suggest an alternative method. Just shut your eyes and imagine that pretty stewardess pressing up to you as the engines falter, arranging the ejector<sup>2</sup>-seat halter you didn't know that you had. The only thing that could curtail your elation: premature ejaculation<sup>2</sup>.

yeu-

When opposites are juxtaposed<sup>2</sup>, when you yoke<sup>1</sup> yoga<sup>4</sup> to a military junta<sup>2b</sup> (a jewel of a joke!) or adjust<sup>2a</sup> your tilt to joust<sup>2a</sup> with your conjugal<sup>2</sup> partner, you get zeugma<sup>1</sup> and confused (aren't you?). It's like trying to subjugate<sup>2</sup> a noun to conjugation<sup>2</sup> in the subjunctive<sup>2</sup> – there's an injunction<sup>2</sup> against it. But one astrological point I'd enjoin<sup>2a</sup> you to enjoy at this juncture<sup>2</sup>: two planets in syzygy<sup>3</sup> enhance one another by joining<sup>2a</sup> their forces though they'd otherwise go at each other in a more jugular<sup>2</sup> vein. Opposition is a kind of conjunction<sup>2</sup>, just like, subjoined<sup>2a</sup>, but and and.

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**The roots of the matter**

- ag- drive  
 aidh- burn  
 aiw- vital force, long life  
 ak- sharp  
 akwā- water  
 al- (1) beyond  
 al- (2) wander  
 al- (3) grow, nourish  
 albho- white  
 ant- front, forehead  
 ar- fit together  
 awe- (1) water, wet  
 awe- (2) blow  
 aweg- increase  
 awes- shine, east  
 bhā- (1) shine  
 bhā-(2) speak  
 bhāgo- beech  
 bheid- split  
 bhel- (1) flash, shining  
 bhel- (2) bloom, swell  
 bher- carry, bear  
 bheregh- high, hill-fort  
 bhereu- boil, bubble  
 bheu- be, exist, grow  
 dā- divide  
 dei- shine, heavens  
 deik- show, pronounce solemnly  
 dek- take, accept  
 dem- home, household  
 deph- stamp  
 der- walk, step  
 deru- firm, solid, tree  
 deuk- lead  
 dhē- put, set  
 dhēi- suck  
 dheigh- form, build  
 dher- hold firmly, support  
 dheragh- draw, drag  
 dhēs- religious observance  
 dheu- (1) rise in a cloud, vapour,  
 breath  
 dheu- (2) fortified, enclosed  
 place, hill  
 dhwer- door  
 dngħū- tongue  
 dwō- two  
 ei- go  
 eis- passion  
 enomn- name  
 er- set in motion, be  
 es- be  
 eu- lacking, empty  
 gel- form into a ball, compact  
 mass  
 gen- (1) give birth, beget  
 gen- (2) know  
 ger- grain  
 gerebh- scratch  
 gēu- hollow space, round object,  
 lump  
 geus- taste, choose  
 ghdhem- earth  
 ghe- release  
 ghebh- give, receive  
 ghel- shine  
 gher- grasp, enclose  
 ghers- bristle  
 ghosti- stranger, guest  
 ghrēu- rub, grind

gwā- go, come	leuk- light
gwei- live	leup- peel off, break off
gwel- throw, reach	magh- be able, have power
gwenā- woman	māter- mother
gwer- heavy	mē- measure
gwhen- strike, kill	med- take appropriate measures
gwher- heat, warm	mei- change, go, move
gwhren- think, mind, heart	men- think
kā- like, desire	mer- (1) flicker
kailo- whole, of good omen	mer- (2) rub away, harm, die
kan- sing	mreghu- short
kap- grasp	mū- inarticulate sound
kel- (1) strike, cut off	ne- not
kel- (2) cover, conceal	ned- tie
kel- (3) shout	nek- death
ker- (1) horn, head	nem- assign, allot, take
ker- (2) grow	okw- see
ker- (3) turn, bend	op- work, produce in abundance
kered- heart	pā- protect, feed
kers- run	pak- fasten
kes- cut	pasto- solid, firm
keu- bend	ped- foot
klei- lean	pei- hurt
kleu- hear	pek- wealth, movable property
klēu- hook, close	pel- fill
kwel- revolve, move around, dwell	pelə - flat
kwo- interrogative	pent- tread, go
kwon- dog	per- (1) lead, forward, pass over
las- eager or wanton	per- (2) try, risk
leg- collect, speak	per- (3) produce, grant
legwh- light	pet- rush, fly
leid- play, jest	peuk- prick
leig- body, form, same, like	pleu- flow
leip- stick, adhere, fat	pō- drink
leubh- care, desire, love	porko- pig
	pōu- little, few



prāi-	love	tem-	cut
preu-	hop	ten-	(1) thunder
reg-	move in a straight line, rule	ten-	(2) stretch
rei-	scratch, tear, cut	ter-	(1) rub, turn, drill, thresh
reu-	snatch	ter-	(2) cross over
reudh-	red	ters-	dry
sā-	satisfy	tēu-	swell
sāg-	seek out	treud-	squeeze
sāwel-	sun	ud-	up, out
se-	self	upo-	under, up from under, over
sēi-	sow	wadh-	pledge
sed-	sit	wal-	strong
sek-	cut	wedi-	see
sekw-	follow, see, say	weg-	strong, lively
sel-	good mood, favour	wegh-	go, transport in a vehicle
sent-	head for, go	wei-	twist, bend
skel-	cut	weip-	vacillate, tremble ecstatically
sker-	(1) sieve, discriminate	wel-	(1) will, wish
sker-	(2) cut	wel-	(2) turn, roll, enclosing object
skeu-	cover, conceal	wel-	(3) wild, woods
smei-	laugh, smile	wel-	(4) tear, wool
solo-	whole	wen-	desire, strive for
spek-	observe	weng-	bend, curve
spen-	draw, stretch, spin	wer-	(1) turn, bend
sper-	strew	wer-	(2) cover
stā-	stand	wer-	(3) speak
steig-	stick, pointed	wer-	(4) true
ster-	(1) stiff	werād-	root, branch
ster-	(2) spread	werg-	do
steu-	push, knock, stick out	wers-	confuse, mix up
swei-	turn	wīro-	man
swen-	sound	yē-	throw
teg-	cover	yeu-	join
teks-	weave, fabricate		
tel-	lift, support, weigh		





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