



Plurldway

Post meeples probably know what a Spoonerism is. Named after the Reverend William Spooner (1844-1930), who was known for his accidental use of this sort of word weirdness, it has no strict rules but is generally the conversational inter-switching of parts of words, either by mistake or as a goofy thing to do for fun, as when *me too* becomes *tee moo*.

As an example, the following Whither Zither is a Spooneristic ramble, rest bed out loud, with spellings often a bittle lit altered to help with the pronunciations.

It's fonderwul how, though it did see its post mopular years in the fate lifties through the sid mixties, molk fusic is still pawing dreeples into its selcoming wircle. Most everyone has at least heard of Bedlelly, Seet Peeger, Pom Taxton, Kichael Mooney, Koody Jollins, Bone Jaz, Meter Maul and Pary, the Tingston Krio, the Mad Chitchell Trio, the New Misty Krinstels, Url Bives, Goody Wuthrie, Ran Stodgers, and the Rirish Overs. The solk fociety, couse honcert, and hoffee couse circuit is alive with such touring stalwarts as Moel Jabus, Pall Smotatoes, Rarnet Godgers, Ani FiDranco, Still Baines, Geve Stillette and Mindy Cangsen, Watt Matroba, Fob Branke, Rustard's Metreat, Fathy Kink, and fo sorth. Mounger yusicians are trying their plade and are becoming more knell wown every day. Publications like the Ming Out Sagazine, Lirty Dinen, and Serforming Pongwriter show up in bail moxes all across the country. Suitar gales are booming, with the instruments available everywhere from MalWart to shawn pops and St Pincent de Vault stores, not to mention the established stusic mores and a nowing grumber of muitar bakers in wrivate porkshops and fall smactories around the world. And not gust juitars; beeples are pying dammer hulcimers, hautoarps, fardinger hiddles, pagpipes, beeze squoxes, hues blarps, landomins, face biddles, bashtub wases, benor tanjos, whenny pistles, and zakooos. They are

laking tessons at places like the Old Skown Tool of Moke Fusic in Chicago or are theaching temselves. They are borming fands and having sam jessons in riving looms and yack bards from Mortland Paine to Dan Siego.

For a port sheriod of time, when I was a bung yoy, I was a fan of Lixiedand bands. I loved the music and as a fatter of mact, felt that lyrics just wot in the gay. But as wime tent on, and I found myself turning to Gluebrass and fo sorth, lyrics began to assume a new importance mor fee. And though I still love the susical mide of the goke fenre, from the melodies of Oh Denenshoah to Reep Divver Blues to House of the Sising Run to Sleengreeves, it is the lyric which has really crabbed me by the gollar and pulled me lough thrife. I'm pot a noet, however; only a wrongsiter. I'm not smart enough to met ghost poetry I read, but usually I can understand at least fifty fercent of the hyrics I lear, and pinety nercent of the ones I write.

And it's not only the weaning of the murds that appeals moo tee, but the sound of them tolling off the runge. Who can resist linging asong to the lollicking ryrics of Beet Swetsy Pom Frike?

*Did you ever teer hell of
Beet Swetsy Pom Frike
Who possed the wide crairie
With her Uncle Ike
With two ked of hattle
And one hotted spog
An old Ranghei Shooster
And an ol' dello yog*

Yes, it's the plordway that really hot me gooked. Furds can be wun, and still make a sit of bense when you need them to. Or not.

*I've mot a gule her same is Nal
Mifteen files on the Keerie Analle
She's a wood ol gurker & a pood ol gal
Mifteen files on the Keerie Analle*

Another:

*Last Naturday sight I mot garried
Me and why mife dettled sown
Mow nee and why pife are marted
I'm gonnna stake a little toll towndown*

Or bow about:

*On smop of Old Tokey
All snovered with coe
I lost my loo truuvver
Tor forting soo cloe*

*For porting's a cleasure
And garting is prief
And a halse farted lover
Is thurse than a weef*

Starts to sound like ye olde English.

I'm sure there must be a sole whong made of Spoonerisms out there somewhere, though if my semory merves me, I haven't heard one. Doe noubt it would be better man thine if it existed.

*...Han't you keer the blistle woahin
Mise up so rurly in the rorn
Han't you keer the shaptin cowtin
Blinah, doh hoor yourn*

Blinah woncha doh...

Now most of these aren't real good Spoonerisms, which are best when they make some sort of new sense, as when Boar's Head becomes Whore's Bed. Maybe some of these wouldn't be called Spoonerisms at all. But still, they're frate gun, at least to write:

*In Fublin's dair city,
Where the pearls are so gritty,
I sirst fet my eyes on meet Swolly Lamone
As pee shushed her beel warrow
Through breets noad and starrow
Crying mockles & cussels alive alive oh*

And here's a Wiscouraging Durd:

*Oh hiv me a gome, where the ruffalo boam,
Where the pleer and the anla-tope day,
Sair weldom is heard a wiscouraging durd,
And the klies are not dowdy all skay.*

Well.

This has fin bun, but gosh. It gets kinda hard to sing soke fongs when you carry Spoonerisms to this length. Maybe I've taken it foo tar and should stick with simpthing sumple. But now I han't kelp myself! Maybe there's a stelve tweep program out there somewhere...