Editor's Note: Meaningful English pangrams -- the 26 letters of the alphabet rearranged into a sentence -- are almost impossible to construct. Howard Bergerson has come up with an idea which has apparently never been tried before: use the one hundred letters contained in the Greek letter-names alpha, beta, ..., omega instead. The following poems are the result, dealing with a wide variety of topics; note that several introduce a Greek theme. In one poem, Socrates' wife Xanthippe objects to the payment of a pig that Socrates promised to a friend before drinking the hemlock. In another, Howard Bergerson echoes the haunting lines of Sappho: "The silver moon is set / The Pleiades are gone."

I am an abominable termagant's daughter.
I'm a hip Zulu hick.
I -- Amapola (Papa's pet) -- am excited.
Moonlit aloha poppies?
Outasight!

A hip papa
Spooning the chambermaid in a taxi,
Spotted Mimi (ga-ga papoose!) in a muumuu
At the blackmailer's palatial Oz hotel.

I -- a pious lama -- tap a tattoo in gloom.
Papa Socrates imbibes the hemlock.
Adieu, haphazard Mama Xanthippe,
Ululating, "Pig mine!"

In Haiti
A high-zipping hoodoo drama
Let Tam -- a petite Tampa mama --
Lose her ox-like glum Pampa papa
To an insatiable succubus.

Hi! Sixteen Amapolas --
Gorgeous poppies mine --
At that ho-hum "Papa Plato" baccalaureate talk align!
I hid -- to zap a minimum.
I'm bad.

I be Mama Xanthippe's cat-like girl.
I met Papa Plato.
Unusual hoodoo poppies gleam: Shazam!
I get him a Tahiti-bound catamaran.
Abracadabra! Alacazam!
Poppies in a moonpool gleam.
Aha! Mimi -- a pup -- hid smoking hashish.
I -- Tia -- exult. Tut-tutting, a people team.

"Ha ha!" Tia giggled.
Mimi's zoom-lens photo-box snapped
As I -- mute Haiti Lulu --
Took a bacchanalian pepper-upper -- Mama mia!
Ta-ta Tia.

"I -- Hazel -- am a child," I piped.
"A tabula rasa.
Is Plato's too engaging mathematical tone
A pox, or the Summum Bonum?"
Aha, a tike! Pip-pip.

Imagine Amapola:
Bikini-clad at a bazaar, purloining a teepee!
That's pop mood music at the maximum
At the hag's pupil's hoopla.

I am Mimi, a Papal pupil.
I long to head a catamaran
To azure skies and gala Popocatepetl.
Bosh, Mimi! -- hex me not!
Ah, I's but a hut-pig.

Poppies in Xanadu must pale
To Schipa's Amapola.
Alack, Pa, high in Miami moonlight
Blue automata gape!
Tito hid the mare Zebra.

I ail!
Mimi -- a lax Samoan --
Got Papa no hot alphabet pottage.
I see Dian baked him some zilch anagrammatical pie!
Put up or shut up.

Sappho, the moon has set.
The Pleiades I -- Baal -- put up are gone,
Maximizing inimical gloom
To aid a cat.
Baa, ram. Hulk, puma -- pit-a-pat!

I think a purple passage
Salaaming Mammon, Moloch,
A cute sex tabu, a pimp I help
And a zap at a pit boa
Got him the Editorial Oui.
(I expatiate:
A too aged Tahitian Zimbalist
Strumming a hula girl's epitaph on a ukulele ...)
A mop! A mop! He camps in a damp coop!
Bah!

Ah, Mama,
Petite hip mammalian lalapalooza
Methinks too much unctuous propaganda appalls.
l -- Igor -- be aghast, be pitied!
l exit.

l -- a hip galoot -- act hip, plot hip,
Main a papa Zeno, a mama Sappho,
Tilt at a Miami Eudoxus.
Ancient Greeks built god Number, eh?
Alas!

Mama stole a cheap militia bazooka
And hit an ox big as a hippopotamus.
That Mimi, uglier,
Let her tame anaconda gulp puppies.

THE LANGUAGE OF HUMOR, THE HUMOR OF LANGUAGE

This paperback book of more than 412 pages contains the proceedings of the 1982 WHIM (Western Humor and Irony Membership) Conference at Tempe, Arizona. Obviously, it was impossible for editor Don Nilsen to print the 300+ papers in full; instead, he selected excerpts which retained the flavor of the original paper, illustrated with the type of humor being discussed, as well as the methods used to treat the humor samples. The papers cover a wide variety of subjects: American and foreign literature, children's literature, education, feminist studies, philosophy, poetry, popular culture, psychology, religion and science.

The book is available for $10 from Don Nilsen, Department of English, Arizona State University, Tempe AZ 85281.