MIXED-UP CLASSICS

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In his article "No Gnus Is Good Gnus" in the February 2002 Word Ways, Jim Puder showed what might have happened to some famous palindromes if their authors had been "suffering from the gnus", for example, *A man, a pung, a gnu—Panama.*

Taking this appalling concept a step further, what if the master palindrome constructors had muddled their words, or worse resorted to indiscriminate use of proper names or cheater palindromes? It's painful to even think about the sort of aberrations that could have resulted. To give you an idea, here is a collection of near-classics from the pen of Welsh palindromist Neddy Lyddon, whose work isn't seen much nowadays. A pity, because he came so close to palindromic greatness!

Lana, Cam, an ape—Panama Canal!  
I was able ere I saw Wasiere el-Basawi  
Report so pacific a post, Roper.  
Otis, sit on a potato pan o' Tissito!  
Suns are not set at a test on Erasus

Evil I dwelt, Uboko, but lewd I live  
Was it a cud Ducati saw?  
Top step's a pupa's pet spot  
God, note I disagree. Bast never prevents a beer gas. I diet on dog  
Sex at midday? Add I.M. taxes

A cat! A panic in a pataca!  
Do not deliver evilness, Essen, live reviled to nod  
An old order bred Rodlona  
Yawn it a Latin way  
Mademoiselle, I'm Mielle Siom-Edam

Retractable Melba T. Carter  
Draw no toof a foot onward  
De Wercs and Edna screwed  
Grampus motto: Bottoms up, Marg!  
No oranges, no monsegnaroon

Anne, I vote lines reverse Nile to Vienna  
Won't lepers repel now?  
Ten anierans I snare in a net  
L.A. dirt, upside-rot stored, is putrid, Al

Harvard ran a Nadrav (rah!)  
R.E. Lee for a taro-feeler  
Rethgual's nam, sir, is manslaughter