

EXTRACT OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE PALINDROME SOCIETY ANNUAL CONVENTION

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Good evening, fellow palindromists. I am Professor Emord Nilap, the delegate from Albania, and I'll be your M.C. for this occasion. I'm happy to welcome you all to our event. The first part of our proceedings will involve the presentation of some works by a few members who will first explain the context in which their palindromes were composed, and then recite their compositions. Some members wish to be addressed by their membership number, while others don't mind having their names used. First on our list is member number 2002. Here he comes now.

Emord: Now, 2002, I understand that you were a proctologist to the stars back in the 1950s. That makes you pretty old now, eh?

2002: Yeah, I'm about 101 years old now. Well, I had one patient you've all heard of, lovely girl she was, Miss Turner. But I was a little indiscreet about her condition, and it happened that a reporter for the Enquirer chanced to hear me speak about it. It came out in the form of a big headline in the Enquirer:

Anal spasm saps Lana.

Emord: Yes, 2002, that was a real faux pas on your part. I bet she was mortified. Thanks for telling us. Next on the program is Emily Lime. Come on up here, Emily. They tell me you had an unusual means of finding your mate. They tell me a gun was involved, and even the police.

Emily: Yes, Emord. It was really a fun, harmless affair; not a real gun, and not real cops, either. Here's what I had to say about it palindromically.

No sign it's a nugatory trap to get a mate. Got party? Rot, a gun! A sting is on.

Emord: Yes, that's a choice one, Emily. Sounds like a real fun-loving crowd you run with. Thanks. Now we'd like to welcome member 4224, who wants to tell us about his long-gone relatives and their chance to meet President Taft, who as you all know, had a huge bathtub installed in the White House to accommodate his corpulence. Jokes and gibes followed Taft forever after.

4224: My family records show that Mike and Kim (two great uncles) were set to meet Taft at a function, according to another relative, who told me the story. He set it into a little palindrome.

Mike radios Taft tub-gibe: "Esteem, meet, see big-butt fatso." I dare Kim.

Emord: Not so complimentary for poor Taft, 4224. Did they even have radio in those days, I wonder? We'll call it artistic license, and welcome to the stage member 282, who has some comments and advice regarding having a good time. Here he is.

282: Hi, Emord. My last woman friend wasn't too pleased when I explained why I was going

away:

On I wander, Edna: Wino.

I told her palindromically my formula for a fun time.

Nightlife! Filth! Gin!

And when you're having a good time, why not accentuate the positive.

Elate! Get ale!

Emord: A bit of a hedonist, eh, 282? Maybe think about A. A.

Well, we have Otto here. Hi, Otto, how're you doing?

Otto: Enough of this chit chat, Emord. I'm here on serious business. I've been worrying about the vast right wing conspiracy that's been going on; and look at the neo-Nazis. They're making me crazy. I tried to interview one at a rally recently, and he had some real whoppers to tell!

Sell a lie:

Hi, zany Nazi!

Heil, alles!

Emord: Wow, I can see why you're fretting about all that. Those people are a *live evil*. Now as I understand it, another of our members was a contestant in a very unusual competition recently. It almost defies description. Member 6996 is here to tell us about it. Hi, 6996, are you ready to fill us in?

6996: You bet, Emord. And by the way, if you like, you can call me "Red" like my friends do. You see, I was at this very kinky affair where a few of us got to parade around in our underwear, while the others voted on who made the "best impression." My buddy Eros was there to cheer me on and help to keep my "morale" up. I didn't do so well in the first round, and felt crushed when the votes were in. But Eros was a real upper and restored my hopes, to the point that I could berate the leader (I called him a "b.s" and an "a.h." ... you know what that means, of course) and told him to "kiss end." If he didn't know what that meant, he should ask the nude gal who was one of the judges. I wound up telling Eros that I was ready to win this thing after all. Here comes the story.

"So rest, nap, Red. Nullify a miss, a gibe. Dunk sadness!"

"I knee b.s., a.h. has-been. Kiss end! (Ask nude). Big ass, I may fill underpants, Eros."

Emord: What an image your tale makes, here, 6996 ... oops, I mean Red.

6996: Well, Emord, as it turns out, another of the contestants mooned me during the event. His girlfriend Ida was impressed with my performance, so she asked me to stick around afterward, but the accommodations were not so ideal.

Buttocks, Alfonso? Ida, adios! No flask? Cot? Tub?

Emord: Well, thanks for these amusing anecdotes, Red. Good luck in any future competitions. And speaking of mooning, we have a member here who wants to tell us about his failed spiritual efforts. He's Otis Ito, and he's going to tell us his sad story. Step to the mike, here, Otis.

Otis: Yeah, Emord, I feel a bit sheepish here telling everyone about my failures. I went on a safari to heighten my awareness of the exotic animals of Africa, but all I could do was make a sad mockery of it all ... I can't seem to play anything straight, even after all my esoteric studies. I guess I'm still just a bombastic buffoon [sigh]. I'll summarize my spiritual journey in the form of a haiku.

*Turgid, I moon gnus.
Gnosis, Ra, Farsi song sung ...
No Om! I dig rut.*

Emord: Give me a moment to wipe away my tears, Otis [sniff, sniff]. But you have to keep trying. The journey is its own reward. Oh, by the way, our next member has a story to tell about another Ito, namely the judge. No relation to our Otis here, though.

Here he is. He'll tell us about how he tried to help Judge Ito overcome a difficulty with a gammy leg. He's number 303. Come up and tell us about it, 303.

303: Everyone remembers Judge Ito of O.J. infamy. It turns out that Ito and I were traveling together in South America when his leg problem popped up. Now I happen to know a Peruvian doctor named Rex who might have been able to help. He's a nasologist, but still knows about such things. I told Ito about Rex's cure plan, but faint-hearted soul he was, he decided to try his luck back in L.A. I chided him. Here's the story.

Otiose leg? Nasologist Rex exerts a cure plan: Anal Peru cast.

Rex? Exerts?! I go ... Los Angeles.

O, Ito.

Emord: I don't necessarily wish such misfortune on Judge Ito, but I can still fantasize. "Anal Peru cast?" Beggars the imagination!

Now we have a member who was present in Egypt for the Arab Spring. He is an Arab himself, and somewhat skeptical about those proceedings. His name is Barall Arab, and he was an aide to President Mubarak. Step up here, Barall, and tell us about it.

Barall: Yes, Emord, there were demonstrations going on against Mubarak's rule, and the President was

trying to sleep through it. You see, he had little use for Arab nationalism. His staff thought the best way to deal with the demonstrations was to make fun of them. But first we had to wake him up and get him dressed in order to work his magic. Here's the story:

Rise, garb, Mubarak! Come, we mock Arab umbrage, sir.

Sadly, we know how all that turned out.

Emord: Not so well. Now Barall, I understand that you'll be joined up here by a couple of other members to present some related compositions.

Barall: Yes, that's right. A couple of these palindromes require more than one speaker, and even have sound effects or other stage directions as part of the presentation. My friends here today are # 9119 and 1111. As they step up here, let me tell you all about what you'll see and hear. Our first 'drome is entitled "WTC! Act, W!" The first of three speakers starts with an introduction, followed by sound effects provided by Speaker Two ... that will be me. Then I, in the role of a Jihadist, let loose with some lunatic ravings. Finally, Speaker Three, in the role of a first responder, gives his defiant response to the 9/11 happenings. He'll give a hostile grimace which we call "a glare" in the stage directions. Here are my colleagues, and here comes the palindrome.

Evil. In a bilateral game, era died [ire ... dire drum roll].

I, kin, I shall aid a Moslem act. (I hide). Frets no man? I urge, beg: Ruin a monster. Fed, I hit camel, so mad, I. Allah, sin! I kill (or murder).

I deride, I dare 'em. [A glare] Taliban, I live!

Emord: Very dramatic, Barall. You and 9119 have another one on the same topic, I understand.

Barall: Yes. 9119 starts the 'drome by shouting epithets from offstage. Then I take the mike and shout that we're making war on terrorists, not Islam. Here it is.

Raw! Animal!

Sit, sir? Or retaliate! We tail a terrorist, Islam, in a war!

Emord: Let's hope our Muslim friends take this in the friendly light it's intended. So Barall, I believe you have one more for us, right?

Barall: Yes, that's right. I'm playing the role of a Jihadist who realizes that he's corrupted the whole concept. And maybe another deity has more to offer. Here it is.

Dog, evil ass! I misuse Jihad. O, nod a "hi," Jesus. I miss a live god.

Emord: Thanks for your very heartfelt presentations today, Barall and friends. We'll take a break now, and ready our next members for their presentations.

Second Session

Emord: Welcome back to The Palindrome Society meeting. During the break, a gentleman came in looking for a meeting of The Anagram Society, not realizing that we're The Palindrome Society. I straightened him out about what we're doing here and he took it all with good grace, so much so that he'd like to give us his take on our pastime.

Guest: Hi, folks. Here we go. I have an anagram for you on "The Palindrome Society."

Mad, poetic story line, eh?

So what do you think, Emord? Not bad for spur of the moment. Guess I'll thank you and head off to my meeting now.

Emord: Thanks for that, but while you were presenting your little gem, I was thinking of my own offerings to you. The Anagram Society *Notes a hearty magic*. Or how about *I act a rhyme on stage*?

Guest: Good ones, Emord; we may convert you one of these days. The world needs more anagrammatists. One more for you, then: *A magic art shone yet*. Be seeing you, Emord.

282, (Shouting from the audience) : Professor Nilap! I just worked out an anagram on my palindrome. You know, *On I wander, Edna: Wino?* Can I come up and recite it?

Emord: Oh, do we have to? Ugh, okay.

282: Thanks for indulging me. I'll tell it and then I'll be good.

Anon, we ride on a wind.

Emord: Right, 282. You want to take your seat down there now? Enough of this fluff. We'll return now to our program, members.

Bouncer: Hey Professor Nilap, we got a guy just came in wants us to hear his pangram. Want me to kick 'em out?

Emord: Show him the door. We do palindromes here! Out!

Bouncer: [Whispering to the intruder] Your meeting is in the third floor broom closet. And by the way, *Quartz bed glyphs mock VFW jinx*. You're out of here.

Emord: Finally! According to my card here, we have a member who thinks he recently had a near brush with mortality. Is it Leeky Keel? Step up here, please.

Leeky: Hi Emord. Yes, it was a scary thing. Kidney stones aren't such a small matter, you know. I went into the surgery with some real qualms, not sure I'd be coming out of it. When I was in

the recovery room afterward, I came up with this little meditation.

I'd a stone brood, no? Pee, kidney! My end? I keep on, do or ...! Be not sad, I.

I'm here to tell you that it turned out okay. And thanks for letting me vent.

Emord: Thanks for sharing, Leeky. Here's hopes for a happy recovery.

So now we have member # 123321. She's going to tell us about a couple of gastronomic and diet adventures and fantasies she's endured. Right?

123321: That's about it, Emord. First, I'll tell the members about a little garden party I, along with my friend Ben, threw for some luminaries. A big shot orange juice tycoon, Rambo, some country banjo player, all that. It was supposed to be a low trans-fat affair. If they wanted to imbibe, they could bring their own. You get it. But they still had to be reminded. So here it comes at you:

Boy, Ben. I rag Rambo, Banjo Bob, OJ nabob: Margarine, BYOB.

No butter served at that party, you can bet.

Emord:Sorry, 123321, but it doesn't sound like something I'd go to. Why don't you tell us about your other adventure?

123321: Glad to. I got on a fondue kick. The idea was that with my help, we could experience a whole new dietary paradigm. I called it "Ample." It almost became a religion for some. As the fervor died down, though, some of my followers started bickering. You can tell from my 'drome that I got a little manic. I even squeezed a little pun into it. See if you can spot it. Anyway, I didn't get into any cleansing fasts. I still love fondue, by the way. Here's my story:

It's a fondue fad, a fallacy named "Ample." Hymnal: "Pi, a Recipe." Epic era I plan. My help made many call a fad a feud. No fast, I.

Emord:From no butter to lots of fondue, that's quite a swing, there, 123321.

We now have a member, Raja Jar, who can tell us about his medical ministering to native societies. Apparently he dispenses advice to developed societies as well sometimes. Come up and tell us about your adventures, Raja.

Raja: Yes, Professor Nilap. I was working with a tribe that had a minor plague of skin breakouts and creeping crud. The chief was an old guy named Mo who was not so quick on the uptake, if you know what I mean. I tried to explain to him the miracle of a well known staple of the Western medical cabinet. And you can see how I worked my name into the palindrome, too. Here's my offering:

Raja: "O, mega-Vaseline stops a rot or a spot."

Senile Savage Mo: "A jar?"

Once they caught on, they thought I was a miracle worker. I didn't try to disillusion them, naturally. Back home, I was giving some advice to a gal, Nell by name, who was about to go to a job interview, but didn't want to seem a pushover to the employer. I recommended a strategy to her.

Nell, use B.O. Be sullen.

Sometimes these things work, and sometimes they don't. Moving on, I have a friend named Simon. Everyone calls him Si. He was trying to figure how he could be the life of the party. A nice guy, but a little obtuse, sadly. He thought he could talk about some of the old opera stars. My advice to him:

No, Si. Opera stars are poison.

Emord: You're a paragon of wisdom, Raja. Thanks for sharing with us today.

I see that our time for this part of our proceedings is running out, so we'll invite our last contributor to the stage. His offerings will be both interesting and bizarre, so I'm told. Everyone, let's welcome Stanley Elnats. So, Stanley, tell us about yourself and the experiences that bring you here today.

Stanley: Hi Emord. Well, I was a bit of a misfit all through life. Teachers thought I might be gifted. They didn't really know how to foster my growth. Listen to this:

Top award I.Q., I draw a pot.

It went on like that. As time passed, I got bored and alienated. I looked to illicit activities for stimulation: Substance abuse, loose women (that part wasn't so bad), anti-social behavior. And yes, sometimes I resorted to opera stars. I was in and out of the funny farm ... yes, they came and took me away, ha ha. The night that my crash started began with my being trapped for a few hours in an elevator which played nothing but Mantovani music. I finally got home; I was desperate, so I took some acid, thinking that would help. While I was tripping, I watched a few minutes of that Luis Bunuel movie ... "Andalusian Dog?" ... and then I stared for hours at a Salvador Dali poster while listening to The Rite of Spring. When that was over, I listened to some Anton Webern while still staring at the Dali poster. Oh, it was intense. And need I add, very surreal!

Emord: So was this the point where they came and took you away, Stanley?

Stanley: Yes it was. While I was in the nuthouse, I contrived a couple palindromes that can only be called psychotic. I think you'll see the connection to my meds and delusions and hallucinations. Here's the first one:

Repack licit- (an ultra-dose) Paxil, or pot. Nine men into prolix ape. Sod, art, lunatic ilk caper.

Emord: What?? I think I get the psychotic bit. It sounds like agony.

Stanley: Arggh! And they played Mantovani on the ward, thinking it would soothe us poor

schizos. I'd have preferred Monteverdi. So I got a few fellow lunatics together to see if we could share our delusions and incorporate them into another palindrome. So Tim and Eva and Dion and Rod worked with our obsession with bats and UFOs and tiny critters, among others. It's set near a cave. As you'll see, we invented a myth called "Guano." It requires two speakers: Tim and me. I'll speak the parenthetical voice which is sort of a muse or critic commenting on the story as it goes, and Tim will speak the narrative lines. It ends with Tim expressing his disappointment in the "myth." I'd encourage the more borderline audience members to ready their Thorazine pills. Tim, we're ready for you.

[Tim made myth: "Guano."]

O, by a site, open on a cave, notable crap, din; UFO (bats, mites?). A bog odor emanates, gags Eva. Save! Live!

[No idyll of lace, fecal folly!]

Dion, evil Eva saves gag. Set a name, Rod. O, go, base Tim, stab (o, fun!). I'd parcel bat on Eva.

[Can one poet, I, say "boo?"]

Naughty me, dammit.

Emord: Whoa. How did you ever get out of the asylum? Never mind, don't answer that. Bats and guano! I seem to remember that you mention guano in another of your works.

Stanley: Yes, it has to do with my distaste for the city of Pomona. After I escaped the loony bin, I managed to find a doctor's office janitor job in Pomona. I hated it.

Pomona? Ugh! Suppository rot I sop, push guano mop.

Emord: Well, Stanley, you shared some very bizarre and entertaining ravings with us today. Get better soon. And by the way, you really should try Beethoven. And never stare at a Dali poster when you're stoned. And keep taking your meds. Speaking of bat guano, did you ever see "Dr. Strangelove?" See it, but wait till your LSD wears down.

Bouncer: Hey Professor Nilap. I don't know much about Pomona, but Sonoma's a really great place, so how about:

Sonoma? Vamonos.

Emord: Hey, well done. Wow, the talent we have in our organization!

I'd like to conclude our meeting today by sharing a few thoughts with you.

So what is it we do, we palindromists? Is our art worthwhile, does it mean anything? Of course we

don't delude ourselves that we create great works of profound thought and scintillating artistry to compare with the best of poetry or other art forms. But knowing this, accepting this, our work can still make a difference. As I said in the first part of our meeting today, the journey is its own reward. Our aim is to please and to surprise the reader. A palindrome is an adventure where the unexpected lurks. We can see our art as a metaphor for life: We tell stories with our art. Palindromes and life share similar elements at their beginning and end. Surely a life well lived is a tale well told. At the risk of being pompous, I can't help but recall something that T. S. Eliot said in his "Four Quartets" that seems cognate to the palindromic process:

*What we call the beginning is often the end
And to make an end is to make a beginning.
The end is where we start from.*

.....

*[We will] arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.*

Thanks to everyone for your contributions and attention. In closing our program today, I'd like to offer my own composition, which I hope you'll find appropriate:

"Spirits astir," I.P.S.

