A palindrome that contains every letter of the alphabet is called a palindromic pangram. In Dmitri Borgmann's book *Language on Vacation* (Scribner's, 1965) there appears the following example by Howard Bergerson:

Oh, wet Alex -- a jar, a fag! Up, disk, curve by! Man Oz, Iraq, Arizona, my Bev? Ruck's id-pug, a far Ajax, elate? Who?

As mentioned in the book, this 77-letter specimen offers three distinct challenges:

1. To relate the sentence unambiguously to its purported subject, that of ancient Mesopotamian basket-weaving.
2. To devise a palindromic pangram exhibiting more grammatical and logical unity.
3. To devise, if possible, a shorter palindromic pangram.

The first challenge would appear to be impossible, as the sentence cannot conceivably be related unambiguously to ancient Mesopotamian basket-weaving. However, there is at least one connection, in the form of the following anagram:

Jew hub had Rif; a crux gave a quick apex -- a jazzy array of old rural Mesopotamian basket-weaving.

'Rif' is a variant of 'Riff', a Berber of the Rif district of Morocco, found in the OED.

The second challenge is answered by the following 85-letter palindromic pangram, which has the feature of not resorting to proper nouns. It tells of a 'monk' chiding someone for his timidness and distrust; and of that person's reaction to this and subsequent 'cajoling':

Bewareth gifts; a pyre -- vex a tide; Lo! Jack no mazes ... "You quoy!" sez a monk. Cajoled, I tax every past fighter -- a web!

'Quoy' is a variant of 'quey' -- a young cow, a heifer (OED) used here to symbolize timidity. For another answer to this challenge, see James Rambo's 157-letter palindromic pangram in the November 1976 *Word Ways*. It is interesting to note that his palindrome, as well as the two given above, all pivot on the letter Q.
And finally, to the third challenge. Devising a shorter palindromic pangram than Mr. Berge’s original effort is no mean task. However, it is possible, with a bit of imagination, to achieve the ultimate of a 51-letter composition. First we must set the scene.

Dr. Angus McCullum, a Glasgow physician specializing in gastric disorders, is settled in his favourite armchair reading the newspaper. Lying asleep on a nearby couch is his humorously-named, but highly intelligent Scotch terrier ‘Pylorus’ — called ‘Pyl’ for short. Dr. McCullum notices an unusual headline in the paper, describing the distress of an eccentric runologist on being unable to interpret the sculptured symbols found both in a rounded valley in Wales, and on a small knob rising out of the sea in a Norwegian fjord. He reads it out aloud, and starts to say something like ‘I don’t wonder!’ but is interrupted by the arrival of his heart’s desire, the attractive Lady Jean-Francis Stewart, known affectionately to him as ‘J-F’. Unfortunately for our good doctor, Lady Stewart is married. However, not to be put off, he extols her beauty and asks her to renounce her husband, Evan. All the noise has awakened Pylorus, who lets out a playful yelp. Dr. McCullum tells him to be quiet, but the dog grows more excited and knocks a ‘human skull off a small table — it lands on the floor with a hollow thud. To quiet the dog down, and impress Lady Stewart with the intelligence of the animal, he asks it to draw her a picture of his water-closet.

’Cwm, fjard-knob glyphs vex quiz’. I -- U QT, ’x’ Ev! Sh, Pyl! (G’bonk!) Dra’ J-F m’ W.C."

(To be spoken in a Scottish accent)

This final palindromic pangram is truly a journey into the esoteric outer realms of linguistic creativeness.