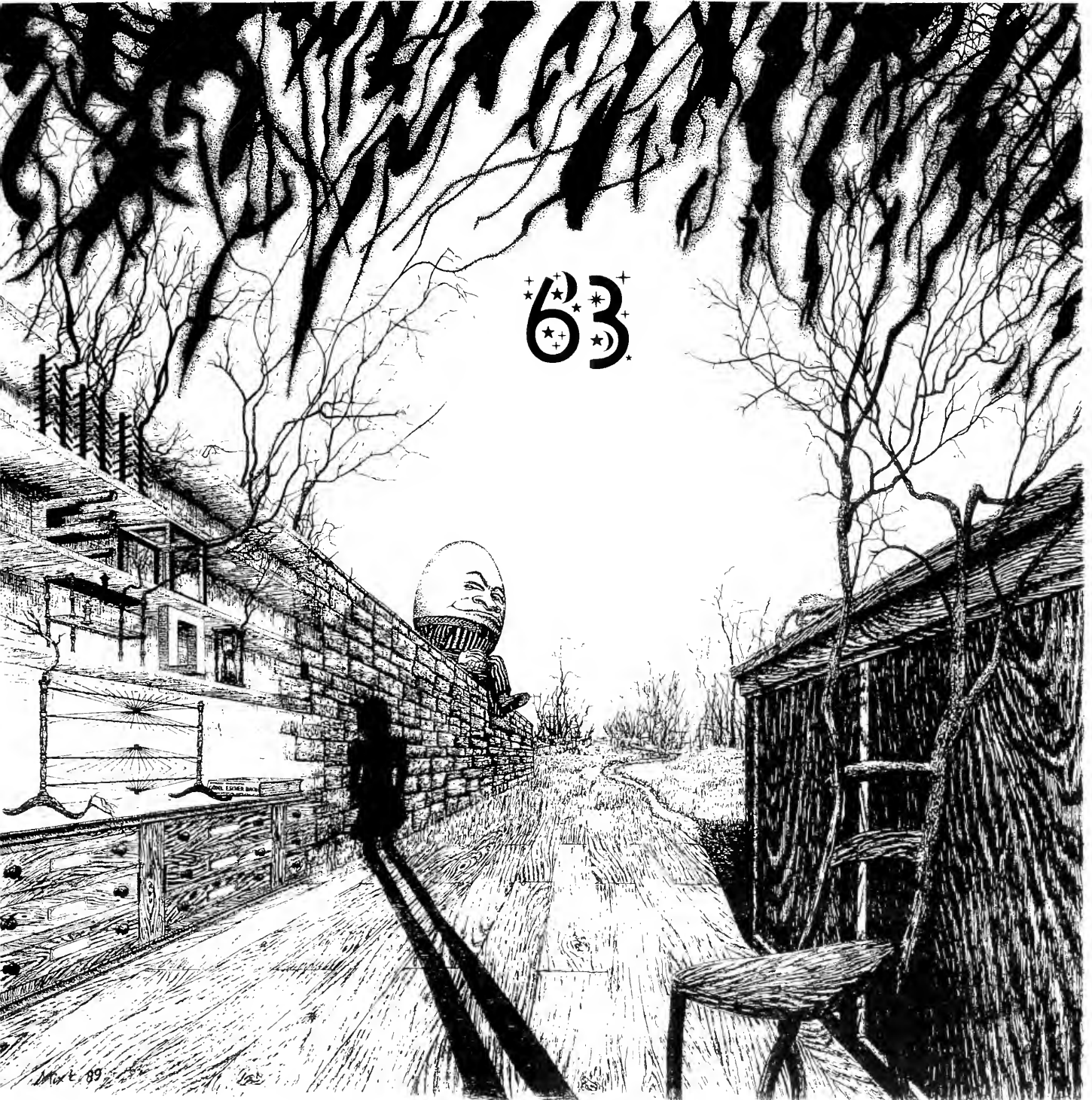


KNIGHT LETTER

THE LEWIS CARROLL SOCIETY OF NORTH AMERICA

NUMBER 63 SPRING 2000



63

Silver Linings on a Cloudy Day

It is of great credit to the membership of our Society, and in particular our President, Stephanie Stoffel, that on a cool Spring day in New York, not only Tax Day (April 15) and one day after the stock market suffered its greatest dive in recent memory, but having had *three* of our scheduled speakers forced to cancel for various reasons with very little notice, we were able to put on such an engaging and memorable program. (For the record, the scheduled speakers had been Karoline Leach, Hugues Lebailly, and Abelardo Morrel, and we hope to hear from them at later meetings.)

After a publications committee meeting, a board meeting, and a nice lunch at the Cornell Club, we began with a few announcements and a cheery report by Lena and Mickey Salins on the Maxine Schaeffer reading.

First up was a live (and exhilarating) performance of songs – in their first public presentation – from the musical “Dreams for Alice” by its composer, Gilbert Hetherwick, accompanying himself on synthesized acoustic guitar and harmonica. Louisiana native Hetherwick is from a musical family and although he has a degree in architecture, has chosen music as his life’s work, both as a performer in clubs around the South and eventually an executive in the business end, currently serving as the Senior Vice President and General Manager of Angel Records.

Eleven years ago, living in “an English Gothic gate house”, he happened to be reading a biography of John Lennon and “awoke to find the television on with a BBC broadcast of *AW*”, managing to watch only the “down the rabbit-hole” scene before falling back asleep. In the morning, he had an epiphany and began writing “as if Lennon were collaborating with Carroll” – morphing the Lennon style and texture from his “psychedelic” period with Carroll’s life and writings – and described to us how in the next few months he would sit in a park with “a tablet, a pen, and a copy of *AW*” to draft the work. (A subsequent question period made it clear this was a *writing* tablet.)

He has written and re-written the work several times, incorporating scenes from the book into an extended musical which moves in and out of Carroll’s life and the *Alice* books, and the loving friendship of Dodgson and Alice. The songs have been recorded on a non-commercial CD intended to demo the show to anyone interested in backing a stage production or film.

Gilbert brought along two performers from his CD to accompany him – the talented Irish folksinger Sheila Noonan and the fine actor who portrayed Lewis Carroll,

David Foil. The voices he has chosen were a mixture of singing actors and the musically very gifted. Gilbert, portraying the White Rabbit, tends toward a “blues holler” style, with Nixonian timbre and heartfelt growls, groans, and histrionics; David to a more *recitativo* mode; with Sheila’s lovely, liltily youthful soprano tying it all together as Alice.

Words cannot do justice to a live performance; fortunately the next best thing is available. Gilbert generously distributed copies of his CD to those in attendance, and is happy to make them available to the rest of us.¹ Incidentally, another result of his joining us is that Thea Connors, the young woman who is producing and directing “*AW: A Nice Madness*” (see *Far-flung*, p.22) decided to use his “Cheshire Cat” song as a curtain call piece.



Henry George Liddell is known to popular culture as Alice’s father, but his immortality in the scholastic world resides in his *Greek-English Lexicon*, written with Robert Scott. August Imholtz, in our first lecture, added liveliness and humor to what could have been a dry dissertation on the history of lexicons and the position and importance of the Liddell-Scott.

Beginning in the first century B.C. with the Alexandrian grammarian Didymus, nicknamed Chalkenteros (roughly, “buns of bronze” for his prolific output), August got as far as Anticlides when a Bellman’s shout of “Stop all that!”

– Charlie Lovett was the “shill” – took us forward 1600 years to Henri Estienne, or Stephanus, whose *Thesaurus Græcæ Linguae* (1572) of definitions (in Latin, of course) was a monument in the renaissance of Greek learning to the Western world. Johann Scapula’s pirated abridgement, published seven years later, became for centuries the standard student text (it was referred to twice in Carroll’s “Ligniad”).

August led us through a “delicatessen” of German lexicographers and a few American and English, bringing us to David Talboy’s proposition to Robert Scott that he write a lexicon, to which he agreed as long as Liddell was brought into it. Lexicons do not rise Athena-like from the brows of their authors, but are based upon others’ work, in this case mainly Franz Passow’s. From the early 1830s to its 1843 publication, the Liddell and Scott worked in “monastic” regimen. (After Talboy’s death in 1840, the Oxford University Press took over the publishing responsibility.)

In 1846, an American Classics Professor at Columbia named Henry Drisler edited Harper Brothers’ first

American printing of the work, and this went through eight subsequent editions. An example of one of Drisler's voluminous revisions, marked with obelisks, is "ἀγκύλη is not the *leash*, but something on it".

So "why was it found necessary and economically feasible to issue revisions of a dictionary of a dead, ancient language?" inquired August. He answered by demonstrating how it was not the language, but our knowledge of it which was changing radically. New methods of textual criticism, new inscriptions and discoveries of papyri yielded new words or new examples of their usage. Furthermore, lexicographical standards were becoming more scientific, under the leadership of the Brothers Grimm (yes, them). Their *Deutsches Wörterbuch*, attempting to show each word's variants, etymology, and development, began in 1838, and was not considered complete until 1960[!]. Before their time, etymology had been called by Voltaire an inexact exercise "in which the consonants are of very little importance and the vowels of none at all."

Imholtz demonstrated that the innovations of the Liddell-Scott lexicon went far beyond the fact that the definitions were in English instead of Latin or German; rather that, in the words of Liddell's biographer, "the uses of each word were traced from its simplest and most rudimentary meaning to its various derivative and metaphorical applications, the steps which connected these different shades of meaning were clearly marked; and each gradation was illustrated as far as possible historically by apt quotations from authors of successive dates."

August has set himself the task of investigating the incorporation of Drisler's revisions back into the British printings, and believes he will have access to the Drisler-Liddell correspondence, hoping not to "get too carried away by the excitement of it all." We wish him well.



A short intermezzo was provided by 4th-generation Carrollian Lena Salins (*aet.* 9½, granddaughter of the Schaeffers) and 2nd-generation Lucy Lovett, *aet.* 8, who performed a jaunty skit of Alice and the White Rabbit.



Four years ago, Charlie Lovett purchased the collection of Philip Blackburn, which led him to investigate the nature and character of this little-known Carrollian, who is only familiar to us as one of the editors of *Logical Nonsense* (1934), a compendium of Carroll's works. This was the subject of his fascinating and well-received talk.

The collection of nearly five hundred items which was put together in the late 1920s and throughout the 1930s appears to be intact. Blackburn's Carrollian career can only be described as "short and brilliant". During the same years, he published biographies of Washington Irving and James Fenimore Cooper, but Charlie has been unable to ferret out any details of his earlier, or subsequent, life. But in those few years, Blackburn's activities brought him close to many well-known Carrollians, such as Morris Parrish, Arthur Houghton, Enrique Zanetti, Falconer Madan, Florence

Becker Lennon, and even Alice Hargreaves herself.

He apparently helped Lennon on her biography and also lent material to the Centenary celebrations at Columbia in 1932, where he sat on the speaker's platform with Mrs. Hargreaves and presumably met her at one or more of the private ceremonies, invitations to which remain in the collection. It must have been an unimaginable thrill for a young man, only three or four years after having begun a Carroll collection.

"Alice has probably had more astonishing experiences than any other heroine in the English language. She has tripped her way blithely around the world ignoring immigration laws, tariffs, and the complexes of unreasoned nationalism. She has become the heritage and property of the world."

~ Philip Conklin Blackburn

Blackburn probably met Morris Parrish at one of these gatherings as well, eventually living in Parrish's house in Pine Valley, New Jersey, and collaborating with him on *A Supplementary List of the Writings of Lewis Carroll*, describing additions to the Parrish collection since his 1928 volume.

The *List* was published in an edition of 66 copies intended to go with the subscribers to the first volume – leaving Blackburn himself no copy of the 1928 predecessor. Eventually, with Parrish's help, he made a deal with the Library of Congress, and acquired a copy in 1934. Charlie's research has uncovered that, in fact, there was a total of 73 copies.

"These give one a certain feeling of intimacy with the author; he here, so to speak, grants us a private audience before making his public bow. As a collection of an author nears some semblance of completeness, there is a certain satisfaction in seeing the body literary whole and perfect before us: there stands a man whose life in print is displayed in unity. But there is also the joy of knowing that always some new shading and growth is possible, and in the perpetual rounding out of the picture is continuing pleasure."

– Morris Parrish, in manuscript

Blackburn apparently then moved on to work with the Houghton collection, but there have been no results of that collaboration uncovered. In 1934, he signed a contract with Putnam to put out a one-volume compendium of the works of Lewis Carroll, and thus *Logical Nonsense* came out in 1934 in both a trade and a deluxe edition, with Blackburn's introduction, bibliography, and notes.

Much of Blackburn's passion for collecting was for the translations, and he had nearly fifty volumes in fourteen foreign tongues. He had clearly intended to compile a bibliography of all translations, as his collection contains a manuscript titled "Introduction" dealing with the

nuances of idiomatic translation, and investigating how this “cultural chameleon” can be appreciated by minds as different as the French and the Chinese. His book promised to provide commentary on the various translations, something even the excellent works by Warren Weaver and Nina Demurova have not done.

Charlie then shared with us (via slides) examples of rarities and highlights from the Blackburn collection. One of the more interesting was a collection of commemorative envelopes which he sent to postmasters of towns with Carroll-related names, and asked them cancel them “neatly and lightly” and send back to him, dated July 3, 1935, the 70th anniversary of the publication of *AW*. Postmarks (“cachets”) were received from, among other places, Mock, MT; Turtle, MI; Cheshire, MA; Alice, ND; both Lewis and Carroll, IA; Wonderland, CA; and Looking-Glass OR. Lovett has not been able to find any trace of Blackburn after 1936. Perhaps he met up with a Boo-...



We then made our way uptown to Janet Jurist’s apartment, where much schmoozing, networking, and old-fashioned chatting took place in an atmosphere of great bonhomie. Charlie shared a scrapbook from the Blackburn collection, and Mickey Salins, *aet.* 11½, delivered a “Jabberwocky” in a reading in which, he reported, he “scared himself”. Janet’s legendary hospitality was much appreciated.



1. Gilbert Hetherwick can be reached at 350 West 50th St #17F, New York NY 10019; 212.581.4210; or hetherwick@aol.com. The CD is \$15, including p&h. He expects www.GilbertHetherwick.com to be up and running “within a month or so”.



Mystery Illustrator

Can you tell from the style of this unpublished drawing the name of the artist? Another hint appears on p.11.



For the Snark Was a Будем, You See

Charles W. Johnson and Louise A. Griffiths

A solitary line of verse, “For the Snark *was* a Boojum, you see.” popped into Lewis Carroll’s head while he went for a walk on July 18, 1874 in Guildford. He had just left the bedside of a cousin, who was very ill. Carroll later insisted, “I knew not what it meant then: I know not what it means, now; but I wrote it down...”¹ This was seven years after his tour of Russia in 1867. Carroll anticipated Anthony Burgess’ Nadsat slang language in *A Clockwork Orange*, most of which consists of Russian derivatives. ‘Boojum’ may also be derived from a Russian word which means ‘we will be’.

When Carroll toured Russia in 1867, he took some interest in the Russian language. While he did not study Russian, he had a tourist’s acquaintance with Russian words to the extent that he made lists of them and included English transcriptions in his *Russian Journal*. His interest continued more than twenty years later. In a letter written to Maud Standen in 1890, apparently when she was making a trip to Russia, Carroll asked her to write him some girl’s names:

In Russ – (in printed capitals, please: the *written* Russ bothers me) with the pronunciation. I used to know the alphabet pretty well, but that was when I went to Russia in 1867, and I’m beginning to forget now.²

Though his proficiency in languages other than English may have been minimal, Russian pronunciation and parts of speech interested Carroll. In his *Russian Journal*, he mentioned a conversation with an English gentleman who knew Russian:

The other gentleman we found to be an Englishman, who had lived in Petersburg for 15 years, & was returning from a visit to Paris & London. He was most kind in answering our questions, & in giving us a great many hints as to seeing Petersburg, pronouncing the language, &c. but gave us rather dismal prospects of what is before us, as he says very few speak any language but Russian. As an instance of the extraordinary long words which the language contains, he spelt for me the following: – ЗАЩИЩАЮЩИХСЯ – which, written in English letters is Zashsheeshshayoushtsheekhsya:—this alarming word is the genitive plural of a participle, and means “of persons defending themselves.”³

Carroll was interested in (and able to identify) the grammar of this Russian word. In spite of his limited pronunciation skills Carroll made some attempts to communicate orally with Russians. Consider, for example, his playful bartering with a taxi driver:

JULY 29. (M.) [1867] I began the day by buying a map of Petersburg, & a little dictionary & vocabulary. The latter seems pretty sure to be of great use to us—in the course of a day (a good deal of which went in ineffectual calls) we took 4 in droshkies—2 of them from the hotel, when we got the hall-porter to arrange with the driver for us, but the other 2 we had to arrange for ourselves. I give one of the preliminary conversations as a specimen:—

MYSELF. Gostonitia Klec—(Klees Hotel)

DRIVER. (utters a sentence rapidly of which we can only catch the words) Tri groshen—(Three groshen—30 kopecks?)

M. Doatzat kopeccki? (20 kopeccks?)
 D. (indignantly) Trizat! (30).
 M. (resolutely) Doazat.
 D. (Coaxingly) Doazat pait? (25?)
 M. (with the air of one who has said his say, & wishes to be rid of the thing) Doatzat. (Here I take Liddon's arm, & we walk off together, entirely disregarding the shouts of the driver. When we have gone a few yards, we hear the droshky lumbering after us: he draws up alongside, & hails us).
 M. (gravely) Doatzat?
 D. (with a delighted grin). Da! Da! Doatzat! (and in we get).
 This sort of thing is amusing for once in a way, but if it were a necessary process in hiring cabs in London, it would become a little tedious in time.⁴

Carroll had considerable interest in the Russian names for objects; this is evident from his journal entry concerning a meal he had while on tour:

AUG. 14. (W.) [1867] The morning went in a visit to the Bank & the Dvor. We dined at the "Moskow Traktir" on a genuine Russian dinner, with Russian wine... Here is the bill of fare.

Супъ и пирошки	(soop ee pirashkée)
Поросенокъ	(parasainok)
Асетрина	(acetrina)
Котпеты	(kotletee)
Мороженое	(marojenoi)
Крымское	(krimskoe)
Кофе	(kofe) ⁵

Carroll's *Russian Journal* reveals that he learned some Russian vocabulary (at least enough for the purposes of touring), he was able to understand the grammar of words he learned, and he took pleasure in being able to engage in simple conversations. His nonsense verse reveals that he listened to phonetic language sounds and amused himself by playing with them. While in Russia, Carroll must have learned, or at least heard, the Russian equivalent to the English verb, 'to be,' and learned how to conjugate it. So, it is likely that he encountered the first-person, plural, indicative, future tense form of 'to be' in Russian; the English counterpart is "we will be." For example, he was probably acquainted with the Russian equivalent of "We will be returning to our hotel after supper this evening."

In the Cyrillic alphabet, the Russian verb 'we will be' is Будем. The pronunciation of this verb can be represented as follows:

CYRILLIC CHARACTER	APPROXIMATE ENGLISH PHONEMES
Б	<i>b</i> in bit
у	<i>oo</i> in boot
д	<i>d</i> in do
е	<i>ye</i> in yet
м	<i>m</i> in men

Carroll probably heard the word 'Будем' during his Russian tour. Thereafter he could have (consciously or unconsciously) used it creatively in his work. His transformation of the Russian word, 'Будем', into the nonsense word, 'boojum', could have been the result of his hearing impairment, or it may simply have been that, as a native English speaker, he naturally heard the palatal consonant "d"

phoneme in Russian as a "j". Our colleague, Professor Suprunowitz, conducted an experiment in a German language class, which consisted of native English speakers. She spoke the unfamiliar Russian word 'Будем' and asked the students to spell it phonetically as they heard it. Most of the students produced a spelling similar to Carroll's 'boojum'; they generally used a "j" to represent the Russian soft "d".

Carroll's misconstrual of some Russian phonemes is evident from his diary entries:

English	Russian	Carroll	Transliteration
twenty	Двадцать	doazat	dvatsat
ice cream	Мороженое	marojenoi	marozhinaye
cutlets	Котпеты	kotletec	katlyety
sturgeon	Асетрина	acetrina	acitrina
pork	Поросенокъ	parasainok	parasyonak
we will be	Будем	Boojum	boodyem

If he was consistent, he probably made a similar pronunciation error with 'Будем':

Considering Carroll's pronunciations of Russian consonants, the similarity between his word, 'Boojum,' and the Russian verb, 'Будем' is probably not coincidental. Most likely Carroll simply heard this interesting-sounding Russian word, and retained it subliminally. If there is any semantic significance to his poetic invention of Boojums, it could be related to both his interest in grammar (Russian grammar, in this case) and his concerns about death (the cessation of *being*). While walking on that hillside in Guildford after sitting with a very sick cousin, Lewis Carroll may have thought about death, invented his line of poetry concerning Boojum Snarks, and wondered whether "we will be".⁶



1. Lewis Carroll. *The Annotated Snark*. Introduction and notes by Martin Gardner. Simon and Schuster. New York: 1962. p. 12.
2. Florence Becker Lennon, *The Life of Lewis Carroll* [1962], p. 184.
3. Lewis Carroll. *The Russian Journal*. John Francis McDermott (ed.) E.P. Dutton & Co., Inc. New York: 1935. p. 85.
4. Lewis Carroll. *The Russian Journal*. *loc. cit.* p. 88.
5. Lewis Carroll. *The Russian Journal*. *loc. cit.* pp. 102-103.
6. We must thank our good friend, Professor Valentine Suprunowitz, for her generous help with Russian translation and phonetics. We are grateful to Ms. Stacey Patchett for her assistance. We also thank our friend and colleague, Professor John Lackstrom, for his help regarding phonetics.

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Contemporary Reviews of *Sylvie and Bruno* and *Sylvie and Bruno Concluded*, continued

In the last issue, August Imholtz collected and introduced five contemporary reviews of S&B. He has since uncovered two more which are reprinted here, followed by those of S&B Concluded.

New York Daily Tribune, Mar. 15, 1890

Lewis Carroll's "Sylvie and Bruno" is a sad disappointment to the lovers of the Alice in Wonderland. Here are reminders of the two books that made Mr. Dodgson's fame – two irresistible children as winning in their way as Alice; a fantastic Gardener; a blundering old bumble-bee of a Professor; and a verse or two almost as whimsical as the Jabberwock rhyme, or that of the "Walrus and the Carpenter." But alas! these faint suggestions of its predecessors only serve to deepen the disappointment with which the book is read. The author intimates in his preface that his work has been done with serious intentions in the way of setting forth morals for youngsters; but he does not explain why he blends with his fairy fantasies a grown up love story. Mr. Harry Furniss's forty-six illustrations are delicately beautiful.

New York Times, Feb. 3, 1890

It is quite certain that "Alice in Wonderland" appeared to the world some years ago and yet it seems that Mr. Carroll must have employed one of his elfish contrivances and managed to grow younger with his years. Youth is overready to explain sentiment and so we fear is Mr. Carroll. It is this that makes his new book less delightful reading than the ones that preceded it. He has not been so content with suggestion – with allowing his motives to be inferred. The grown people in "Sylvie and Bruno" are such earnest, simple-minded folk that one feels half reluctant to regret their presence. Still they are supernumeraries. If they are introduced to give weight to the reader's enjoyment of the book, they accompany their object by dragging it down to the level of depression. Take them as creations, they are so much younger than the children (who are always just the right age) that they have about them a disturbing suggestion that perhaps they are infant prodigies – which the children never are. Yet they preach some practical sermons with a confiding affectionateness that disarms criticism, and there is a genuine charm in the daring of their almost unrelieved sentimentality, for the reason that brave and honest sentimentality is as much a rarity as Christian charity under the sun. There are also happy passages, such as one in which Arthur parries the March of Mind, that are wholly blithe and clever.

The double sentiment in the book is very obvious and is indicated in the preface, where the author says:

Hence it is that in 'Sylvie and Bruno' I have striven – with I know not what success – to strike out yet another path; be it bad or good. It is the best that I can do. It is written not for money and not for fame, but in the hope of supplying for the children whom I love, some thoughts that may suit those hours of innocent merriment which are the very life of childhood, and

also in the hope of suggesting to them and to others some thoughts that may prove, I would fain hope, not wholly of harmony with the graver cadences of life.

In this sincere spirit the book has been written, and is certainly partially successful, though it appears at times that the success lies in hidden recesses, the grave within the gay, rather than where the flags are set to mark it.

Were the whole of the undreamed portion cut out, leaving only the child element, the wild caprice, the tender subtle suggestions that one is very proud to catch in the net of intuition, it would be all the more a work for the middle-aged, for the sick, for the sad, for every one who through experience or nature can appreciate a pathos that finds its honored kin in King Lear's Jester sobbing in cap and bells over the dethroned reason of his dethroned master. Not that Mr. Carroll by any means continually sobs in cap and bells, his infectious laughter fills the joyous pages, but through the innocent eyes of the fanciful children is seen an older tenant's vision of the world. The reader forgets and laughs, and remembers and would weep, all the time loving the fond, protecting little sister and the sweet, perverse baby brother as he loves the memory of his own child self upon his father's knee, or of those lost children whose playhouse stands in garret dust and whose dolls have mouse-benibbled noses.

He thought he saw an elephant

That practiced on a fife;

He looked again and found it was

A letter from his wife.

'At length I realize,' he said

'The bitterness of life.'

Mr. Carroll rides lightly on the crest of such mad nonsense as this, but we feel there are sober depths beneath without his saying so.

Bruno speaks it out with a franker grace than his elders can command, asserting: "Sometimes when I's too happy I wants to be a little miserable," and the chiefest beauty of Mr. Carroll's delicious appreciative humor is the quiet background of older thought that does not gain by impersonation in the characters of Muriel, Arthur, and Eric. In the chapter called "Bruno's Revenge," where, in a storm of passion, the fairy child has tried to spoil his sister's garden, and is persuaded by the "Human" to sweeten his revenge by building it up more than ever with fresh flowers and colored pebbles, no written text is needed to demand the reader's reminiscent sympathy as he waits with Bruno for Sylvie's surprise and dear approval. His heart lightens with Bruno's at sight of her joy; he feels with Bruno that all is incomplete till the sobbing confession is made to claim her fond forgiveness, and with the "Human" he is sure "it must be raining a little" to account for the drop or two upon his cheek.

What matter if Mr. Carroll does not very deeply know his men and women when he so surely knows his children! The illustrations through the book – the designer having caught the swing of the author's style – help the imagination rather than hinder it, which is a rare merit.

Sylvie and Bruno Concluded

The Critic, vol. 21, no. 633. Apr. 7, 1894

"Sylvie and Bruno Concluded" leaves the reader in a conflicting state of mind after he has finished it. To be sure, there are the Professor, Mein Herr, the Gardener's song and the nonsense that means so much, but yet, this is no longer the Lewis Carroll of "Alice in Wonderland." He has grown more serious in his attacks on what in his opinion are abuses, and he discusses them with less disguise. There are pages of dinner-table conversation that is cleverer and much more brilliant than anything found in "Dodo," but the book does not even pretend to appeal to children, if we except "Bruno's Picnic," and the ballad of "The little Man that had a little Gun." Mein Herr's government with many kings and one subject – "you see the Kings would be sure to make laws contradicting each other, so the Subject could never be punished" – and all the paradoxical cleverness are meant for grown folks only. Mr. Harry Furniss's illustrations are remarkably good, even for that accomplished artist. The frontispiece is one of the most delicate things he has ever done.

The Athenaeum, No. 3457, Jan. 27, 1894

TOPSY-TURVYNNESS was always the main feature in every story of Mr. Lewis Carroll's, and so it is in *Sylvie and Bruno Concluded*. Where is the wit; where the "flashes of merriment"? The story—if story "it can be called which shape has none"—has, however, been constructed on a theory, and is "an attempt to show what might possibly happen supposing that fairies really existed." The various psychical states, with varying degrees of consciousness, of "human beings" are carefully set forth and differentiated, and the various psychical states of fairies have had the same service performed for them. That done, the passages in which abnormal states occur in vols. i. and ii. of 'Sylvie and Bruno' are tabulated, and an account of the "origination" of some of the ideas embodied in these two books is given in a long preface. Surely this is taking a child's book very seriously! Query, is 'Sylvie and Bruno' intended as a child's book? If so, will any child ever read the long preface or require the index? There are many good things in the book, of course, but it is much too long. That was, perhaps, inevitable when so many questions of the day are discussed in it, even though the author had the power, and has sometimes used it, of cutting discussion short by a sudden irruption from fairyland. Among the amusing features of the story is a learned foreign professor, who explains how in his country, by means of artificial selection practised for centuries, not only has a race of men been obtained who, being lighter than water, can never be drowned, but also

'We have gone on selecting *cotton-wool* till we have got some lighter than air! You've no idea what a useful material it is! We call it "Imponderal."'

'What do you use it for?'

'Well, chiefly for *packing* articles, to go by Parcel-Post. It makes them weigh less than nothing, you know.'

'And how do the Post-Office people know what you have to pay?'

'That's the beauty of the new system!' Mein Herr cried, exultingly. 'They pay *us*: we don't pay them! I've often got as much as five shillings for sending a parcel!'

'But doesn't your Government object?'

'Well, they *do* object, a little. They say it comes so expensive, in the long run. But the thing's as clear as daylight, by their own rules. If I send a parcel that weighs a pound *more* than nothing, I pay threepence; so, of course, if it weighs a pound *less* than nothing, I ought to *receive* threepence.'

The next extract is less satisfactory:—

"Don't-care" came to a bad end,' Sylvie whispered to Bruno. 'I'm not sure, but I believe he was hanged.'

The Professor overheard her. 'That result,' he blandly remarked, 'was merely a case of mistaken identity.'

Both children looked puzzled. 'Permit me to explain. "Don't-care" and "Care" were twin-brothers. "Care," you know, killed the Cat. And they caught "Don't-care" by mistake, and hanged him instead. And so "Care" is alive still. But he's very unhappy without his brother. That's why they say "Begone, dull Care!"'

The Spectator, March 24, 1894

WHAT a loss the world had when Lewis Carroll took to writing sense! That is a reflection which must have been made a hundred times by all persons capable of forming an opinion on the subject. The author of *Alice in Wonderland* writes nonsense supremely well. His sense is but indifferent. Who then will fail to regret that his new book is more than half sense? If the power of writing nonsense had finally departed from him, those who owe an infinity of pleasure to Alice's creator would offer no complaint. A man is not to be blamed because inspiration deserts him, and gratitude for past services demands that the fact shall not be flung in his face. But Lewis Carroll shows us that the power of saying wise and witty things without sense is still his, and that the filling of half his two last books with the trivialities of reason and convention was deliberate. That being so, we have a good ground for a grievance. He has still the power of making good nonsense, but he has not chosen to use it to the full, or rather, he has chosen so to mingle and dilute his nonsense with sense that the mixture is, for the most part, stale, flat, and we should also fear, unprofitable; though this would, we are well aware, be the last thing which Lewis Carroll would consider. There is a story that a Magistrate once addressed a criminal as follows: — "Prisoner, a bountiful Providence has endowed you with health and strength, instead of which you go about the country stealing hens!" That is how we should like to address Lewis Carroll. Providence has given him grace and imagination, humour and fancy, the power of fluent verse and unequalled felicity in the language of nonsense, "instead of which he goes about fairyland giving us disquisitions fit for a tract or a sermon."

In noticing *Sylvie and Bruno Concluded*, we propose to ignore altogether that portion of the book which

is not nonsense. Let it be as if it were not. Let a cloud rest upon it, and blot it out forever. In the new volume, Sylvie and Bruno, the fairy children, act much the same parts that they acted in the first volume, and the Professor, the other Professor, and the Gardener also appear. There is besides a new wonderland character—"Mein Herr"—a University Professor, who comes from a land where they have the habit of pressing things to their logical conclusion. In this land they have done away with the evils of drowning by "constantly selecting the lightest people, so that now everybody is lighter than water." The same method was pursued with walking-sticks:—

'We have gone on selecting walking-sticks—always keeping those that walked best—till we have obtained some that can walk by themselves! We have gone on selecting cotton-wool, till we have got some lighter than air! You've no idea what a useful material it is! We call it "Imponderal."—"What do you use it for?"—"Well, chiefly for packing articles, to go by Parcel-Post. It makes them weigh less than nothing, you know.'—"And how do the Post-Office people know what you have to pay?"—"That's the beauty of the new system!" Mein Herr cried exultingly. "They pay us: we don't pay them! I've often got as much as five shillings for sending a parcel."—"But doesn't your Government object?"—"Well, they do object, a little. They say it comes so expensive, in the long run. But the thing's as clear as daylight, by their own rules. If I send a parcel, that weighs a pound more than nothing, I pay three-pence: so, of course, if it weighs a pound less than nothing, I ought to receive three-pence."—"It is indeed a useful article," I said.—"Yet even "Imponderal" has its disadvantages," he resumed. "I bought some, a few days ago, and put it into my hat, to carry it home, and the hat simply floated away!"

As delightful is the account of the map on a scale of a mile to a mile, and of the application of the system of party and of an opposition not only to Government, but to all the operations of life:—

"The next step (after reducing our Government to impotence, and putting a stop to all useful legislation, which did not take us long to do) was to introduce what we called "the glorious British Principle of Dichotomy" into *Agriculture*. We persuaded many of the well-to-do farmers to divide their staff of labourers into two Parties, and to set them one against the other. They were called, like our political Parties, the "Ins" and the "Outs": the business of the "Ins" was to do as much of ploughing, sowing, or whatever might be needed, as they could manage in a day, and at night they were paid according to the amount they had *done*: the business of the "Outs" was to hinder them, and they were paid for the amount they had *hindered*. The farmers found they had to pay only half as much wages as they did before, and they didn't observe that the amount of work done was only a quarter as much as was done before: so they took it up quite enthusiastically, at first."—"And afterwards—?" I inquired.—"Well, afterwards they didn't like it quite so well. In a very short time, things settled down into a regular routine. No work at all was done. So the "Ins" got no wages, and the "Outs" got full pay. And the farmers never discovered, till most of them were ruined, that the rascals had agreed to manage it so, and had shared the pay between them! While the thing lasted, there were funny sights to be

seen! Why, I've often watched a ploughman, with two horses harnessed to the plough, doing his best to get it *forwards*; while the opposition-ploughman, with three donkeys harnessed at the *other* end, was doing his best to get it *backwards*! And the plough never moving an inch, *either way!*' ... "Did the Dichotomy-Principle succeed in any direction?" I inquired.—"In none," Mein Herr candidly confessed. "It had a very short trial in Commerce. The shop-keepers wouldn't take it up, after once trying the plan of having half the attendants busy in folding up and carrying away the goods which the other half were trying to spread out upon the counters. They said the Public didn't like it!"

There is a great deal of verse scattered up and down the pages of *Sylvie and Bruno*; but though all is pleasant to read, and some quite good, none of it is up to the Alice level. Perhaps the best is a poem called "To the Rescue," which is a variant of the nursery rhyme, "There was a little man and he had a little gun." The best thing is the account of the man of whom "they" said, "let us drench him from toplet to toelet with nursery rhymes":—

He shall muse upon 'Hey! Diddle! Diddle!'
 On the Cow that surmounted the Moon:
 He shall rave of the Cat and the Fiddle,
 And the Dish that eloped with the Spoon:
 And his soul shall be sad for the Spider,
 When Miss Muffet was sipping her whey,
 That so tenderly sat down beside her,
 And scared her away!
 The music of Midsummer-madness
 Shall sting him with many a bite,
 Till, in rapture of rollicking sadness,
 He shall groan with a gloomy delight:
 He shall swathe him, like mists of the morning,
 In platitudes luscious and limp,
 Such as deck, with a deathless adorning,
 The Song of the Shrimp!

Another excellent piece of fooling is the Professor's lecture, illustrated by experiments, in making "black light," and in getting a weight so used to being held up that it cannot fall any more. Here is a taste of its quality:—"For this concluding Experiment, I will take a certain Alkali, or Acid—I forget which. Now you'll see what will happen when I mix it with Some—" here he took up a bottle, and looked at it doubtfully,—"when I mix it with— with Something—."

We must not leave Mr. Lewis Carroll's book without saying a word or two about Mr. Harry Furniss's illustrations. As in the first part, the characterisations of the grown-up and ordinary people are disgusting. There is no other word for them. The pictures of Lady Muriel—as the books of domestic medicine put it—"produce nausea." The male characters are persons one would "kick at sight." On the other hand, it would be difficult to give too much credit to Mr. Harry Furniss for the fantastic portion of his work. The picture of Mein Herr on p. 163 is, in its kind, quite perfect. Admirable, too, in their way are the silhouettes illustrating "The Pig Tale;" while the pictures of the elephant and the porcupine are also full of imagination, and drawn with very great skill. Let us hope that Mr. Lewis Carroll's

next book will be all fancy and nonsense, and that he will not by writing sense lure Mr. Furniss into such vulgarities as his Lady Muriel and "the old man." That is a sin which ought to lie heavy on his conscience, and make him repent that he was ever unwise enough to stoop to real people.

New York Times, Feb. 11, 1894

There are no works more realistic than those which Lewis Carroll writes, with the care, the love, and the fidelity of an artist to whom men, women, and scenes of nature are not merely pretexts for symphonies in color.

The exterior and the picturesque aspect of manners is essentially absurd and caricatural, and Lewis Carroll reflects them in his style; but the complex modern life has its flights of science, of poetry, of genius, and Lewis Carroll conveys their subtle impression.

His works are emblems of our time, which is too wise for an epopee, and the lyricism of which has heavy, grimacing, and astonishingly incisive bits of prose. The veil has been lifted which covers in the sand, the earth, a drop of water, the bark of trees, or the lineaments of leaves, an infinity of living creatures, horned monsters, dragons, hydras with ferocious teeth, and, above them, thoughts, souls, and minds, mixed with all atoms and, higher still, a graded ladder of creatures more and more perfect.

Vivian, Nimue, Titania, Morgana, the great Melusine, and all the world of elves, spirits, gnomes, hobgoblins, and fairies have doubtless protested against their revelation. They were formerly permitted to talk and murmur, but in the flow of crystal springs; to smile, but within the sunrays; to be confounded with the tremor of foliage, but never to appear in their eerie forms. Lewis Carroll has simply followed in his very personal description of Sylvie, Bruno, Mein Herr, and the Professors, the naturalistic tendencies of the age.

If men knew they were living under the constant examination of so many eyes, they could not think of doing many things that they do. Perhaps it is necessary to the established order that they should think themselves isolated in creation, as is the obelisk in Central Park, and imagine that lions and doves are for their personal use. This is probably the reason for the following explanation which Mr. Carroll gives of his work:

It may interest some of my readers to know the theory on which this story is constructed. It is an attempt to show what might possibly happen, supposing that fairies really existed; and that they were sometime visible to us and we to them; and that they were sometimes able to assume human form; and supposing, also, that human beings might sometimes become conscious of what goes on in the fairy world by actual transference of their immaterial essence, such as we meet with in Esoteric Buddhism.

I have supposed a human being capable of various psychical states with varying degrees of consciousness, as follows: (a) the ordinary state, with no consciousness of the presence of fairies; (b) the eerie state, in which, while conscious of actual surroundings, he is also conscious of the presence of fairies; (c) a form of trance in which, while unconscious of actual

surroundings, and apparently asleep, his immaterial essence migrates to other scenes in the actual world or in Fairyland, and is conscious of the presence of fairies.

I have also supposed a fairy to be capable of migrating from Fairyland into the actual world and of assuming at pleasure a human form, and also to be capable of various psychical states, viz.: (a) the ordinary state with no consciousness of the presence of human beings; (b) a sort of eerie state in which he is conscious, if in the actual world, of the presence of actual human beings; if in Fairyland, of the presence of the immaterial essences of human beings.

Of course, this is only an apparent concession to skepticism. The author walked into Kensington Gardens, and then:

Cautiously kneeling down, and making an extempore cage of my two hands, I imprisoned the little wanderer and felt a sudden thrill of surprise and delight on discovering that my prisoner was no other than Bruno himself.

'Does oo know what the rule is?' he inquired, 'when oo catches a fairy withouten it's having told oo where it was?' (Bruno's notions of English grammar had certainly not improved since our last meeting.)

'No,' I said, 'I didn't know there was any rule about it.'

'I think oo've got a right to eat me,' said the little fellow, looking up into my face with a winning smile. 'But I'm not pruffickly sure. Oo'd better not doe it without asking.'

It did seem reasonable not to take so irrevocable a step as that without due inquiry. 'I'll certainly ask about it first,' I said, 'besides, I don't know yet whether you will be worth eating.'

'I guess I'm deliciously good to eat,' Bruno remarked in a satisfied tone, as if it were something to be rather proud of.'

This is undoubtedly absolutely faithful. In conversation with Sylvie:

'Well, anyhow you needn't got to sleep over them, you lazy-lazy!' for Bruno had curled himself up on the largest lesson and was arranging another as a pillow.

'If I wasn't asleep,' said Bruno, in a deeply-injured tone.

'When I shuts mine eyes it's to show that I'm awake.'

'Well, how much have you learned then?'

'I've learned a little, tiny bit,' said Bruno, modestly, being evidently afraid of overstating his achievement. 'Can't learn no more.'

'Oh, Bruno! You know you can if you like.'

'Course I can if I like,' the pale student replied; 'but I can't if I don't like.'

The puns are new and interesting.

'He went more far than he'd never been before,' said Bruno.

'You should never say "more far,"' Sylvia [*sic*] corrected him. 'you should say farther.'

'Then you shouldn't say more broth when we are at dinner,' Bruno retorted; 'oo should say brother.'

The moral economy is orthodox but not commonplace:

'Then what is your test of a good act?'

'That it shall be our best,' Arthur confidently replied, 'and even then we are unprofitable servants. But let me illustrate the two fallacies. Nothing illustrates a fallacy so well as an extreme case which fairly comes under it. Suppose I find

two children drowning in a pond. I rush in and save one of the children and then walk away, leaving the other to drown. Clearly I have done good in saving a child's life. But, again, supposing I meet an inoffensive stranger and knock him down and walk on. Clearly that is better than if I had proceeded to trap upon him and break his ribs. But—' 'Those buts are quite unanswerable,' I said. 'But I should like an instance from real life.'

The fantasy is profoundly thoughtful:

Sylvie hastily pulled me out of his way. 'Thanks, child,' I said. 'I had forgotten he couldn't see us. What would have happened if I had staid in his way?'

'I don't know,' Sylvie said, gravely. 'It wouldn't matter to us, but you may be different.' She said this in her usual voice, but the man took no sort of notice, though she was standing close in front of him and looking up into his face as she spoke.

The satire is penetrating:

'In your country,' Mein Herr began with a startling abruptness, 'what becomes of all the wasted time?'

Lady Muriel looked grave, 'Who can tell?' she half whispered to herself, 'All one knows is that it is gone—past recall.'

'Well, in my— I mean in a country I have visited,' said the old man, 'they store it up, and it comes in very useful years afterward. For example, suppose you have a long, tedious evening before you—nobody to talk to, nothing you care to do, and yet hours too soon to go to bed. How do you behave then?'

'I get very cross,' she frankly admitted, 'and I want to throw things about the room.'

'When that happens to—the people I have visited—they never get so. By a short and simple process—which I cannot explain to you—they store up the useless hours, and on some other occasion when they happen to need extra time they get them out again.'

The Earl was listening with a slightly incredulous smile, 'Why cannot you explain the process?' he inquired.

Mein Herr was ready with a quite unanswerable reason: 'Because you have no words in your language to convey the ideas which are needed. I could explain it in—in—but you would not understand it.'

* * * * *

Arthur became serious again. 'I'm afraid I can't take that view,' he said. 'I consider that the introduction of small stakes for card playing was one of the most moral acts society ever did as society.'

'How is it so?' asked Lady Muriel.

'Because it once and for all took cards out of the category of games at which cheating is impossible. Look at the way croquet is demoralizing society. Ladies are beginning to cheat at it terribly, and if they are found out they only laugh and call it fun. But when there is money at stake, that is out of the question. The swindler is not accounted as a wit. When a man sits down to cards and cheats his friends out of their money he doesn't get much fun out of it—unless he thinks it fun to be kicked down stairs.'

If we seek a fine example of the relative spirit of moral criticism, about which Mr. Le Gallienne has written an enchanting chapter, we may consider the following:

The red-faced man scowled, but evidently considered Arthur

beneath his notice, so Lady Muriel took up the cudgels. 'Do you hold the theory,' she inquired, 'that people can preach teetotalism more effectually by being teetotalers themselves?'

'Certainly I do,' replied the red-faced man. 'Now here is a case in point,' unfolding a newspaper cutting. 'Let me read you this letter from a teetotaler: "'To the editor—Sir: I was once a moderate drinker and knew a man who drank to excess. I went to him. 'Give up this drink,' I said; 'it will ruin your health.' 'You drink,' he said, 'why shouldn't I?' 'Yes,' I said, 'but I know when to leave off.' He turned away from me. 'You drink in your way,' he said; 'let me drink in mine. Be off!' Then I saw that to do any good with him I must forswear drink. From that hour I haven't touched a drop.'"' 'There, what do you say to that?' He looked triumphantly while the cutting was handed around for inspection.

'How very curious,' exclaimed Arthur, when it had reached him. 'Did you happen to see a letter last week about early rising: It was strangely like this one.'

The red-faced man's curiosity was aroused. 'Where did it appear?' he asked.

'Let me read it to you,' said Arthur. He took some papers from his pocket, opened one of them, and read as follows: "'To the editor—Sir: I was once a moderate sleeper, and knew a man who slept to excess. I pleaded with him. 'Give up this lying in bed.' I said: 'it will ruin your health.' 'You go to bed,' he said, 'why shouldn't I?' 'Yes,' I said, 'but I know when to get up in the morning.' He turned away from me. 'You sleep in your way,' he said, 'let me sleep in mine. Be off!' Then I saw that to do any good with him I must forswear sleep. From that hour I haven't been to bed.'"'

Arthur folded and pocketed his paper, and passed on the newspaper cutting. None of us dared to laugh, the red-faced man was evidently so angry. 'Your parallel doesn't run on all fours,' he snarled.

'Moderate drinkers never do so,' Arthur quietly replied. Even the stern old lady laughed at this.

Musical criticism is at its best in the following:

She was one of those players whom society talks of as brilliant and she dashed into the loveliest of Haydn's symphonies in a style that was clearly the outcome of years of patient study under the best masters. At first it seemed to be the perfection of piano-forte playing, but in a few minutes I began to ask myself wearily what is it that is wanting; why does one get no pleasure from it? Then I set myself to listen intently to every note, and the mystery explained itself. There was an almost perfect mechanical correctness, and there was nothing else.

Lady Muriel joined us for a moment. 'Isn't it beautiful?' she whispered to Arthur, with a mischievous smile. 'Such execution, you know,' she persisted.

'That's what she deserves,' Arthur doggedly replied, 'but people are so prejudiced against capital—'

In this book there are double plays upon words without a suggestion of artifice. There are pretty, charming phrases that are fresh as dew and strikingly natural. The author explains that he has heard some of them from children, and it would be miraculous if he had not; but, between his observation and his expression, there were a quantity of thoughts, an accumulation of experiences, a training in the absorption of ideas in his environment, and

an artistic workmanship in their application, which defy analysis. At times he is in pure fantasy, wherein the intrusion of phrases of plain sense would have ordinarily the incongruous effect of wildly-enthusiastic lyricism in a lawyer's brief—yet the plain sense follows the extravagance without a sign of artificiality.

Everybody who has thought on the subject has felt, but nobody has expressed as clearly, the following sentiment:

'I felt obliged to admit that we generally admired most the teachers we couldn't quite understand.'

'Just so,' said Mein Herr, 'That's the way it begins. Well, we were at that stage some eighty year ago—or was it ninety? Our favorite teacher got more obscure every year, and every year we admired him more, just as your art fanciers call mist the fairest feature in a landscape, and admire a view with frantic delight when they can see nothing. Now, I'll tell you how it ended. It was moral philosophy that our idol lectured on. Well, his pupils couldn't make head or tail of it, but they got it all by heart, and when examination time came they wrote it down, and the examiners said: "Beautiful! What depth!"'

'But what good was it to the young men afterward?'

'Why don't you see?' replied Mein Herr, 'they became teachers in their turn, and they said all these things over again, and their pupils wrote it all down and the examiners accepted it, and nobody had the ghost of an idea what it all meant.'

The chapter devoted to "Bruno's Picnic" is, in itself, a masterpiece. The author says:

One story in this volume I can vouch for as suitable for telling to children, having tested it again and again; and, whether my audience has been a dozen little girls in a village school or some thirty or forty in a London drawing room, or a hundred in a high school, I have always found them earnestly attentive and keenly appreciative of such fun as the story supplied.

The author's faith is not obtrusively, but not the less persuasively, declared in direct words:

I believe that there is life everywhere, not material only, not merely what is palpable to our senses, but immaterial and invisible as well. We believe in our own immaterial essence—call it soul, or spirit, or what you will. Why should not other similar essences exist around us, not linked on to a visible and material body? Did not God make the swarm of happy insects to dance in the sunbeam for one hour of bliss for no other object that we can imagine than to swell the sum or conscious happiness? And where shall we dare to draw the line and say: 'He has made all these and no more'?

There are no more dramatic situations in Lewis Carroll's book than there are in life. The world is full of conscious writers of phrases. They write them as Mr. Carroll writes his nonsense rhymes for the pleasure of it, to force words to tintinnabulate like golden bells, to sport like colored bits of glass in a kaleidoscope. These phrases are learned, complicated, labored, and inspired by the wish not to be natural; they give the illusion of reality because they are palpitating with life. Common nouns in revolution, turbulent adjectives, verbs bitten by tarantulas, obstinate prepositions, interjections that are like marks and

buffoons—all this folly regulated and made rhythmical in Lewis Carroll's work becomes nature to its readers. The poets of the epoch of Romanticism could produce the same exultation. But Lewis Carroll is a greater realist.

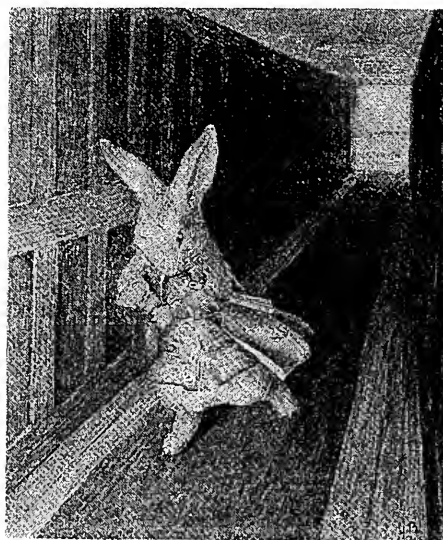
Notes and Queries, No. 107, Jan. 13, 1894

THE only part of this book we do not like is the preface. This may, perhaps, be described as vapouring. After thanking his critics, who have noticed, either favourably or unfavourably, his previous volume, Lewis Carroll declares that he has carefully forbore from reading any. He holds that in the case of an author unfavourable criticisms are almost certain to make him cross and the favourable ones conceited. In the case of Lewis Carroll this alternative scarcely seems to present itself. Very much of the new volume is delightful. There are passages that excite cheerfulness, and there are others that elicit tears. Again and again the writer's witchery has asserted itself, and a delighted response has been accorded to his demands upon us. There are long quasi-controversial passages, however, which should be skipped, and there are periods when the humour appears forced and the sentiment jejune. The writer seems, indeed, to have substituted appeals to sentimentality for the frank drollery of his early work, and to be less anxious to amuse than to instruct. Here is a lamentable decadence. Lewis Carroll has always been fortunate in his artists. Mr. Furniss's designs are marvels of ingenuity and humour.



Mystery Illustrator, part II

Hint: this is not the only well-known Rabbit she has drawn. Answer on p.21.



Received a delightful package from the LCSNA this week and have absolutely enjoyed reading the various recollections and pieces in the 25th Anniversary book. Very well done. I really like the cover art! And for a newcomer like me, it gives me a wider and quite endearing view of what the society is about and a great appreciation for what founding and succeeding officers and members have contributed. Very glad that I joined! The pin is very lovely. I shall treasure it and wear it.

All the best,
Julie Weiler



What a wonderful writeup on the Toronto weekend in *Knight Letter* #62. It was like being there all over. I really enjoyed meeting so many people and seeing friends again. I had a great time.

I have one correction to your report – Christina was [*Dante Gabriel*] Rossetti's sister, not his daughter as I mentioned. I was a bit (OK, very) nervous and hopefully I made no other mistakes.

Happy Anniversary to the Society and many, many more.

Dayna (McCausland)



I'm sure the slip was inadvertent, and mea culpa for not noticing the error or checking up on it before publishing. When someone called Gabriele names his son Gabriel confusion is bound to ensue. (Dante was one of the son's middle names, which he later adopted as his first.) And a nod to Bea Sidaway, Sandor Burstein, Peter Heath, etc. for also observing the error.

You may have already posted this fact, but I'm only now processing my notes from autumn in London. For sale at the National Gallery gift shop I saw a mask of Matsys' "The Ugly Duchess", Tenniel's supposed model for the "Pig and Pepper" Duchess. The portrait is in the museum's collection.

Gary Brockman



If you're not in London, mail order enquiries can be placed by telephoning +44.20.7747.2870 or mailorder@nationalgallery.co.uk. There's also a great soft sculpture doll of the Duchess by Dawn Albright available. See Farflung, p.23.

Many thanks for the write-up of my video in *KL* 62. Too flattering by half, but the final reference to poor Mrs. Johnston was just right, and fully deserved, since the whole thing was her idea. The 42-minute running-time is, so far as I know, a pure coincidence, as I dare say also is the double occurrence of that fateful figure in Francine's article on p.8.

By way of a *quid pro quo*, I offer you the following:

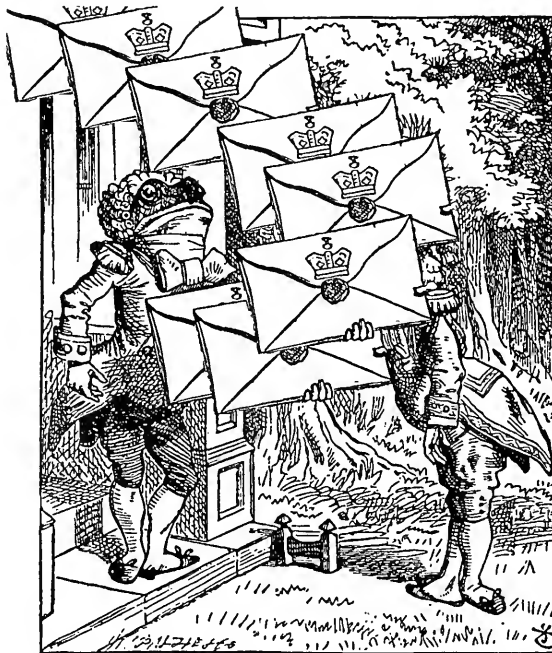
1. In addition to the Edmund Wilson references supplied by your correspondents on p.12, there is also a page-long disquisition on *Alice* in his *Europe without Baedeker*, pp. 24-5 – mostly quotation in fact.

2. The statement on p.5 that Christina Rossetti was the daughter of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, is mistaken. She was his sister, a shy spinster poetess and friend of Carroll's, and her *Speaking Likenesses* – as she freely acknowledged – is an imitation of *Alice*, not a parody.

3. The BBC Antiques Road Show, on PBS, January 24th, was set in the Deanery Garden at Christ Church, and began with a brief but quite well-done introductory sequence on Carroll. More remarkable still was the appearance among the patrons of an elderly geezer, who had brought along a dozen or so obviously authentic Carroll photographs of children – signed and dated, and at least one of them a nude – which he

claimed to have inherited from two uncles. He seemed stunned to hear that they were worth about £5000 apiece. The appraiser – pretty stunned himself, I think – got most of his facts right, though he wrongly said that Carroll had requested all nude studies to be returned, at his death, to the subject's relatives. (The truth, of course, is that he wanted them destroyed.) No names were given in all this, and the showing went by so rapidly that little detail could be made out; but it looks like the accidental discovery of a private hoard, naively preserved by the owner, and till now unknown to the experts. Since the cat was let out of the bag on TV, it is public property, I suppose, and no breach of confidence would be involved in recording these facts, which are certainly of interest to the likes of us.

I should before now have expressed appreciation of the way *La Guida di Bragia* was presented in *KL* 61. Quite a surprise to me to see it there, and a relief to find it virtually mistake-



THE TUMTUM TREE

(FOR YOUNG LEWIS CARROLL ENTHUSIASTS)



...And rested he by the Tumtum Tree and stood awhile in thought...

What did he think about?

DOUBLETS!

How to play: The rule of this Lewis Carroll game, is to change one letter at a time of the starting word. Leave all other letters in their same position. Each change should be a real word.

Example

CAT
COT
DOT
DOG

Now you try these:

1) TEARS 2) SMILE
to to

SMILE FROWN

Please e-mail your answers to
TumtumTree42@aol.com.

i^RT I^VI^A!

1) Who talks about an "un-birthday"?

- a) Mad Hatter
- b) Humpty Dumpty
- c) Dormouse
- d) March Hare

2) Which one of the following was

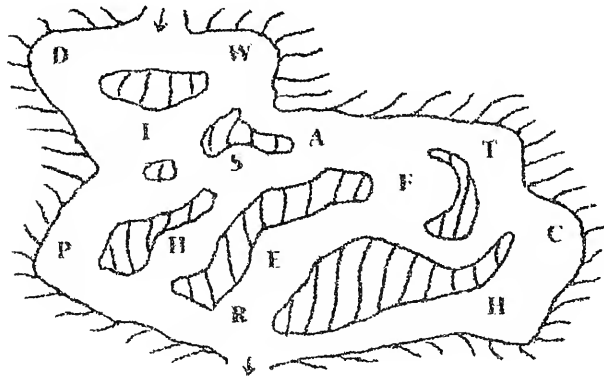
NOT a character from Alice's
Adventures in Wonderland?

- a) Mock Turtle
- b) Tweedle Dee
- c) Fish Footman
- d) Alice

Puzzle!

From Alice in Wonderland Puzzle and Game Book by Edward Wakeling.

Alice followed the White Rabbit to his hole. When she followed him inside she found this puzzle in his burrow! Lewis Carroll made this puzzle too. Go through the burrow and find words you can make by using letters along the way. For example: DISH



Answers: DISH, WISH, DIP, WASH, WASP, WAFER, WATER, WATCH

P^et_ry

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

By Mickey Salins

Carroll, Dodgson, I don't care
In my house they're everywhere.
Rabbit, Humpty, either book
They are everywhere you look.
In Wonderland or through a mirror
Carroll's books are very queer.
Growing, Shrinking, any size
All this stuff I've memorized.
I know the characters and events
Although none of it makes much sense

NOTE: Feel free to send any puzzles, poems, word games or any other things that are fun and relate to Lewis Carroll in any way. Also I am looking for a picture for the top of this page. Please send a Tumtum Tree in, if you have one. My e-mail is

TumtumTree42@aol.com.

Editor: Mickey Salins

free, and intelligently laid out. The illustrations, too, of high quality, and well-matched to the text, without any cuteness, silliness or showing-off. Considering how many ways there were of coming to grief on this one, I think all concerned deserve a pat on the back.

As ever,

Peter Heath



I have in the past published several volumes of Sherlockiana with the Canadian publisher Dr. George Vanderburgh's Battered Silicon Dispatch Box. I was surprised to note that he also puts out several items of interest to Carrollians. While there has been some report of these in the pages of *KL*, I thought an update on the available items might be of interest to your readers.

Meanwhile, *KL* just keeps getting better. Congratulations.

Pat Accardo



See "*Of Books and Things*", p.18 for the full report.

I'm in the middle of reading Martin Gardner's new "Definitive Edition" of his *Annotated Alice*, and I heartily concur with Morton Cohen and other reviewers on the handsome volume. May I point out one small factual error on the back flap of the dust jacket? The date of death for Dodgson is stated as "July 14, 1898"; all good Carrollians know it was actually January 14, 1898. (Apologies for being a compulsive proofreader!)

By the way, thank you, thank you, thank you for the absolutely beautiful LCSNA pin – I shall treasure it always.

Regards,

Margaret Quiett



I'm sure Mr. Gardner had no chance to review the jacket copy prior to publication, so an "Off with their heads!" to the anonymous copywriter and editor.

In *AW*, Lewis Carroll created a wonderful story for Alice Liddell, who spent her childhood summers here in Llandudno. She first visited in the summer of 1861. Alice's father built a house, Penmorfa, here and Alice spent the next 11 summers there until the house was sold in 1872.

We have many items of treasured memorabilia and collectibles in our Victorian town, much of it housed in 'The Rabbit Hole', a walk through Wonderland with life-size tableaux of scenes from the book. On our West Shore there is a statue of The White Rabbit - forever late - and each springtime, a little girl is chosen from our town to be 'Alice' for a year.

Here at the All Seasons Hotel we carry on the theme of Alice in Wonderland throughout all our public rooms, having a Looking Glass Lounge, The Rabbit Hole Bar (complete with carrots peeping through the ceiling), The Alice Lounge and the Mad Hatter's Restaurant.

If you would like to stay in the hotel or would like to know more information about the area or have any suggestions you would like to make, please do not hesitate to get in touch. Visit us on our virtual brochure / website at www.allseasons-hotel.co.uk.

We would love to hear from you.

Regards,

Ann & Neville Yates, Proprietors
All Seasons Hotel, Hill Terrace, Llandudno,
North Wales, LL30 2LS, U.K.



I am a LCSNA member, and an artist. I have done a unique portrait of Lewis Carroll that I would like you to see. The image is an anamorphosis made of a collage of images from Lewis Carroll's life.

When a cylindrical mirror is placed on the Cheshire cat in the center of the picture, Lewis Carroll's image appears in the reflection. I have attached a link to this piece including details with and without the mirror in place.

My idea is to have a set of lithographs made of this piece, and offer them for sale. You can find more information at <http://www.kellyhoule.com>

Thank you for your wonderful work.

Kelly M. Houle
khoule@worldnet.att.net



I have seen this piece and it is truly fabulous and will be staying in touch with Ms. Houle.

I was reading *Thrones, Dominations*, a Lord Peter Wimsey novel that was put together with bits of stuff left behind by the deceased Dorothy Sayers. In it, the wonderful Bunter tells his boss that he has "secured the *Alice in Wonderland* first edition." For £945! The only thing is, Bunter was always very precise, and I am sure he would have referred to the book as "*Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*".

Meanwhile, *KL* 62 just came today, and it's a hoot. Britney Spears as Alice! As if popular culture isn't bad enough! She goes from one disreputable triumph to another – implants, jail bait music videos, and a date with Prince William on Valentine's Day. Yecch! I think I will send my daughter to a convent school.

In France.

So I can visit.

Best,

Cindy Watters



Queries

Please Touch Museum®, the Children's Museum of Philadelphia, is seeking donations of objects relating to *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* for its permanent collections. The museum's *Alice* exhibit has been a roaring success since its opening in June, 1999. [KL 61, p.22]

Through the generosity of a loan made by Philadelphia's own Kitty Minehart, the museum has complemented its hands-on exhibit with display cases of wonderful Wonderland material. The White Rabbit, March Hare, Queen of Hearts, Cheshire Cat and others are represented in stacking dolls, tea pots, pillows, ornaments, pewter figures, "jack-in-the-box"es, card games, puzzlers, books, costumes, theatrical props, mirrors, tins, plush toys, banners and stained glass windows.

The exhibit has been so warmly received that Please Touch has decided to reinstall another version when the museum relocates to its expanded site in 2002. To prepare for that *Alice* exhibit, we need your help to acquire new materials as part of our permanent collections.

It is very easy, I have been told, to have more than nothing. Right now, the museum has no *Alice* objects of its own. With your help, we *can* have more. If you have duplicates in your collection, or other items which you would care to donate or have questions about the exhibit, please contact

Matthew Rowley
Curator of Collections
Please Touch Museum
210 N. 21st Street
Philadelphia, PA 19147
215.963.0667 x 3114
MBRowley@aol.com
www.pleasetouchmuseum.com



Dayna McCausland has asked me to do a chapbook for LCSCanada, an anthology of parodies of *Jabberwocky*, and to that end I'm scouting the files of collectors hoping to turn up some unknown gems. Do you have anything you would care to share? Do you think an appeal in the *Knight Letter* would be productive?

Yours,
Hilda (Bohem)



Readers – please contact Hilda at phoebe@ucla.edu or 1629 N. Crescent Heights, Los Angeles, CA 90069.



Illustration by our cover artist, Mixt Villars - see "Of Books" p.18

Pop Quiz

Carroll's *Alice's Adventures under Ground*, his handwritten Christmas present to young Miss Liddell, is about half the length of the expanded version published as *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, which contained many revisions, "important and un-". Can you name the *underGround* equivalents of these *Wonderland* notions?

1. The White Rabbit's fan
2. Ada and Mabel
3. A caucus race
4. One side and the other side of the mushroom
5. The Duchess and the Queen of Hearts
6. Flamingoes

Answers on p.21

Serendipity

The house seemed fairly pleasant with its well kept garden and budding chestnut trees.... The hotel manager was a grey-haired man with a trimmed beard and velvet black eyes. I proceeded very carefully. ...

"Let me be frank," I said off-handedly, "I am trying to find the address of a lady, my brother's friend, who had stayed here at the same time as he."

The hotel manager lifted his eyebrows slightly, and I had the uneasy feeling that I had committed some blunder.

"Why?" he said. ...

"I was wondering," I went on patiently, "whether you would be so very, very kind as to help me to find the address of a lady who stayed here at the same time as Mr. Knight, that is in June, 1929?"

"What lady?" he asked in the elenctic* tones of Lewis Carroll's caterpillar.

"I'm not sure of her name," I said nervously.

"Then how do you expect me to find her?" he said with a shrug.

"She was Russian," I said. "Perhaps you remember a Russian lady, — a *young* lady, — and well ... good looking?"

"*Nous avons eu beaucoup de jolies dames,*" he replied getting more and more distant. "How should I remember?"

"Well," said I, "the simplest way would be to have a look at your books and sort out the Russian names for June, 1929."

"There are sure to be several," he said. "How will you pick out the one you need, if you do not know it?"

"Give me the names and addresses," I said desperately, "and leave the rest to me."

He sighed deeply and shook his head.

"No," he said.

"Do you mean to say you don't keep books?" I asked trying to speak quietly.

"Oh, I keep them all right," he said. "My business requires great order in these matters. Oh, yes, I have got the names all right..."

He wandered away to the back of the room and produced a large black volume.

"Here," he said. "First week of July, 1935... Professor Ott with his wife, Colonel Samain..."

"Look here," I said, "I'm not interested in July, 1935. What I want..." He shut his book and

carried it away.

"I only wanted to show you," he said with his back turned to me, — "to show you [a lock clicked] that I keep my books in good order."

He came back to his desk and folded a letter that was lying on the blotting-pad.

"Summer, 1929," I pleaded. "Why don't you want to show me the pages I want?"

"Well," he said, "the thing is not done. Firstly, because I don't want a person who is a complete stranger to me to bother people who were and will be my clients. Secondly, because I cannot understand why you should be so eager to find a woman whom you do not want to name. And thirdly — I do not want to get into any kind of trouble." ...

"Is that your last word?" I asked.

He nodded and looked at his watch. I turned on my heel and slammed the door after me.

~ from Chapter 13

The Real Life of Sebastian Knight

Vladimir Nabokov, 1941

* Adj. of *elenchus*: a refutation, particularly in syllogistic form (Gk: ἔλεγχος)



S. Zalshupin's illustration for *Аня въ странѣ чудесъ: АW*, translated by В. Сирин "V.Sirin" (*pseud.* V. Nabokov), Berlin, 1923

In Memoriam

Alexander Dallas Wainwright

It is with great sadness that I pass this along. Alexander Wainwright was from a class of gentlemen that seems of an age gone by. He was a great resource to all Carrollians who visited Princeton. He is a friend who will be missed, but I think à la Lou Gehrig he would have stood in the middle of the Firestone Library and said, "I am the luckiest man in the world".

~ Joel Birenbaum



On January 5, 2000, Alexander Dallas Wainwright died at the age of 82 and the Lewis Carroll Society of North America sadly mourned another of its founding members. The Society's inaugural meeting was held at Princeton in 1974, owing to Mr. Wainwright's generous hospitality. During the following quarter of a century Alec Wainwright became a friend to many of us. As Curator of the Morris Parrish Collection of Victorian Novelists at Princeton, he offered invaluable assistance to the Society in a number of its publishing projects, hosted our three formal meetings at Princeton (including our tenth and twentieth anniversary meetings), and always most graciously offered bibliographical assistance to those of us who traveled to Princeton for research.

Alexander Wainwright (I almost wrote "Dr." because he impressed all who knew him with his lightly worn but deep learning) was born in Ventnor, New Jersey on June 26, 1917. He was graduated from Princeton University with a B.A. in 1939 and received his B.S. in librarianship from Columbia University in 1941. After four years of service with the U.S. Army, he returned to Princeton where he remained for the rest of his life, indeed working at his desk in Princeton's Firestone up till the day before he died.

He began his career as a cataloguer but in 1948 assumed responsibility for the Parrish Collection. From 1949-62 he edited the *Princeton Library Chronicle*, and in 1962 he was appointed Assistant University Library for Acquisitions with the rank of Associate Professor. As a former University Librarian wrote in 1981: "Perhaps no other university

library in this country manages to thank every donor of a gift with as much care and warmth as does Princeton under Mr. Wainwright's general supervision. He formally retired in 1982 but continued working on what would become his all but completed *magnum opus*, a new 700-page catalog of the Parrish Collection.

To Mr. Wainwright's lasting credit, he saw to it that under his curatorship the Parrish Collection continued to grow – quite a rarity among collections deposited in academic libraries. And he was thoroughly catholic in his tastes. Not only was an 1865 *Alice* added to the collection thanks to the generosity of Mr. Scheide, but also things like the original art for the Mad Tea Party scene from Wallace Tripp's *Marguerite, Go Wash Your Feet*. I remember Mr. Wainwright gleefully showing it to me.

Joel Birenbaum had it just right when he wrote that he could imagine Alec Wainwright standing in the middle of the Firestone Library and saying, "I am the luckiest man in the world." He loved what he did.

Often during my visits with him, Mr. Wainwright would speak of Morris Parrish as though he were still just beyond the door. As future generations come to Princeton to admire and study the treasures of the Parrish Collection, I am sure its curator will speak of Alexander Wainwright as if he were just on the other side of the door.

~August A. Imholtz, Jr.



Marc Davis

Animator Marc Davis (1914-Jan 13), one of the "Nine Old Men", designed many characters for Disney's films, including Alice herself.



Edward Gorey

Author and artist of the macabre Edward Gorey (1925-Apr 15), according to his obituary in the *New York Times* on 17 April, read *AW* as a very young child and credits Alice with "haunt[ing] his dreams and dominating his art."



Carrollian Notes

A Subcontinental Parody

August A. Imholtz, Jr.

The annual meeting of the foreign ministers of the Association of Southeast Asian Nations does not usually attract my attention, but the headline of the Associated Press wire story following the July 1999 conference in Singapore caught my eye: "The Russians sing only Russian songs and India's top diplomat recites a mock poem in tribute to Lewis Carroll." [KL 61, p.21]

According to the AP story, after Madeleine Albright departed the conference for Kosovo, thereby missing the concluding formal dinner and entertainment, the ministers, as is their custom, spent the late after-dinner hours in songs and political skits. This has become something of a conference tradition: in the previous year's meeting Mrs. Albright and Russia's Yevgeny Primakov teamed up to sing their rendition of "West Side Story"—"East-West Story."

In any event, last July at the conference India's Foreign Minister, Mr. Jaswant Singh, parodied Lewis Carroll's "You are old, father William." After reading the AP piece, I wrote to Mr. Singh in New Delhi requesting a copy of his parody. About a month later the Under Secretary of the Ministry of External Affairs kindly sent me a copy of Mr. Singh's parody, which is titled "A Dialogue Partnership with an Indian Minister." The parody is a little better than the title. Here is a sample:

You are moderate and peaceful, Sir
With no great taste for a fight
Yet you chewed up the northern intruder
Pray, what gave you such appetite?
In my youth, I had learnt me
That war is the diplomacy that some seek.
And I knew that the mighty Indian army
Will recapture, our land, peak by peak!

One presumes delivery also played a role in the success of Mr. Singh's verses.

It is a pity that the Russians, presumably bowing to a nationalist mood, sang only Russian folk songs. I would like to have heard from Mr. Primakov's successor a Russian parody of a Carroll poem, say "How doth the little crocodile...."

The New Theory of Relativity

A review in *The Times* (London), February 1, 2000 by Hilary Finch of a CD of piano sonatas by the distinguished English composer Stephen Dodgson contained the remarkable sentence "Not for nothing, it seems, is this composer – a descendant of Lewis Carroll – best known for his guitar and harpsichord music."

In a fit of curiosity, I wrote to Mr. Dodgson, who was kind enough to reply. His letter reads, in part, "...expressing your surprise (and no wonder) at my being styled a 'descendant' of Lewis Carroll. Even the 'distant

relative' which you suggested as a more accurate description is stretching things a bit. It is necessary to go back to the end of the 17th century to arrive at a common ancestor. He was John Dodgson, of Paythorne, Gisburn, Yorkshire, born circa 1643.

This was going back five generations in the case of Lewis Carroll, as against seven in my case. That branch of the family moved through the generations faster than did mine evidently; perhaps it was the habit of marriage between cousins. When Lewis Carroll's mother – a Lutwidge by birth – married a Dodgson, it was only restoring what an earlier marriage between cousins had upset. He was descended from John Dodgson of Gisburn twice over.

I would not know anything about all this if it hadn't been for an amateur genealogist I met at a concert a few years back. She'd been doing research on behalf of a close friend of hers, a genuine distant relation (whom I'd never heard of) and involved me in her comprehensive family tree and in return provided me with a copy.

My father used to claim (for simplicity's sake, I now perceive) that he was no relation whatever. Somehow or other I always knew there was a link, but remote, and have had the rash habit of saying so sometimes.

Hilary Finch did not invent it. She'd read the programme booklet for the first volume of the piano sonatas she'd been listening to, written with tremendous enthusiasm by the well known English composer and musicologist, Wilfrid Mellers, whose imagination had taken wing. Very effectively, it turns out; for it keeps generating the same fiction. I deny it when I get the chance, but the chance doesn't come my way often enough."

AfterMath

"'What is the use of a book,' thought Alice, 'without pictures or conversation?' Thorne's book had plenty of pictures and conversation. In fact, it's very good reading. But this Alice is a mathematician and my thought was, 'What is the use of a book in science without equations or formulas?'" - Catherine Sygne Morawets in "Variations on Conservation Laws for the Wave Equation", *Bulletin of the American Mathematical Society*, Vol. 37 No. 2.

"Replying to Martin Davis's query whether Wittgenstein was the first to define and use truth tables, John Conway wrote on 20 April that Lewis Carroll had a logic game that employed similar ideas. The reference is to *The Game of Logic* (1886) in which Carroll used counter diagrams. More recently, A. Macula, author of 'Lewis Carroll and the Enumeration of Minimal Covers' in *Mathematics Magazine* (68) 1995, 269-74, showed that these diagrams can be used to draw all possible intersections in Venn diagrams involving 10 or more sets. (Conway also remarked that Venn diagrams are essentially equivalent to truth tables.) Carroll explicitly used truth tables, but in incomplete form, in 'A Logical Puzzle' (1894), a version of his 'Barber-Shop Paradox', reprinted in W.W. Bartley, *Lewis Carroll's Symbolic Logic* (1977), 460-5." – Fran Abeles, in eMail correspondence

OF BOOKS & THINGS



Hellfire and Dalmatians

From *Dear Dodie, The Life of Dodie Smith* by Valerie Grove (Chatto & Windus, 1996): “Meanwhile in Hollywood, the filming of [Smith’s] *The Hundred and One Dalmatians* was completed. In July [1959], Walt Disney and his wife, who happened to be in England, drove over for lunch...He assured her that he had really had to change and cut very little of her story – ‘You should have seen what we did to *Peter Pan* and *Alice in Wonderland*.’”

A Joyous “Mixt”ure

One of the most delightful sets of illustrations I have seen in a very long time is from a generously talented artist named Michel (a.k.a. “Mixt”) Villars. This issue’s cover (and p.14) are graced with his drawings, which always are from Alice’s perspective – quite literally seeing through her eyes.

Michel was the director and designer of a “spectacle” called “*Alice, ou le miroir des merveilles*” involving musicians, dancers, and *comédiens* created for the Théâtre de Bienne (Switzerland) in 1988. An oversize hardcover of his and other participants’ reflections on the world of Lewis Carroll, based in part on the show and mixing in photography, quotations, descriptions and these fabulous illustrations is available for U.S. \$40 (incl. p&h, cash preferred) from Michel Villars / 58, rue Basse / CH - 2502 Bienne / Switzerland. He can also be reached by eMail through his friend Catherine Fayant (fayant@uni2a.unige.ch). Some of his original drawings for this work are also available, at very reasonable prices (\$200-500).

On the Holmes Front

The Battered Silicon Dispatch Box is a Canadian publishing venture that specializes in Sherlockiana, including the collected works of the famous Canadian Sherlockian and bookman Vincent Starrett. Volume 7 in the Vincent Starrett Memorial Library Series is *The Escape of Alice and Other Fantasies* (collected and introduced by Peter Ruber, Metropolitan Toronto Reference Library, 1995). This volume’s opening and title story is a 13 page tale of Alice’s escape from a copy of *Alice in Wonderland* into the Toyland of a Christmas shopping season *circa* 1919, when the tale was first written.[sic] The story identifies the book as “Alice – the ageless child! It is one of the greatest compendiums of wit and sense in our literature. There are only two books in the world to match it.” The other two are later identified as *Don Quixote* and *The Pickwick Papers*.

In 1997 the story was reprinted by BSDB as a separate chapbook for the new Lewis Carroll Society of

Canada in honour of their first meeting on May 4 of that year (KL 55, KL 56). This edition had an introduction by Dayna McCausland, (modified) illustrations by Tenniel, and reprinted Starrett’s “Alice, Where Art Thou?” from his *Brillig Sonnets and Other Verse* (Chicago: The Dierkes Press, 1949).

In 1998 BSDB printed for the Lewis Carroll Society of Canada *Portraits of Alice*, a chapbook edition of selected poems from Stephanie Bolster’s *White Stone: the Alice poems* (KL 54, 57, etc.), and one poem, “Where’s Alice?” not in that collection. There are six full page illustrations by Craig Burnett to highlight the text.

In 1999 we printed “The Walrus and the Carpenter” edited by Dayna McCausland, with a foreword by Charles Lovett, an introduction by Joel Birenbaum and an afterword by Fernando Soto. The text is an alternate version of the poem written by Carroll for the play *Alice in Wonderland – A Dream Play for Children* by Henry Savile Clarke. The changes were to reduce the quantity of oysters to a number that could be managed on stage and to allow one survivor to narrate the punishment that follows. This edition, published in celebration of the 25th anniversary of the Lewis Carroll Society of North America, includes 9 full page illustrations by Gene King and additional decorations.

All these items are available through The Battered Silicon Dispatch Box, George A. Vanderburgh, Publisher; 420 Owen Sound Street; P.O. Box 204, Shelburne, Ontario Canada, L0N 1S0, Canada; gav@bmts.com; fax: 519.925.3482.

Save the Wales

An article in *The Times* (London) on 1 April (but presumably serious) details the “Welsh Wonderland Wars” for tourist dollars between Llandudno, with which our readers are quite familiar, and Whitby, 150 miles to the north-east, which CLD visited half a dozen times between 1854 and 1871. “His first published work, a poem unpromisingly called “The Lady of the Ladle”, was set in Whitby and appeared in the *Whitby Gazette*. With those minimal facts, The White Rabbit Trail weaves its fanciful way round winding back streets and steep cobbled alleys.” The house where he stayed, described as “blue-plaques, solidly 1840s and with grand views over the harbour”, is now Barnards Hotel (+01947 606167). A brochure on the White Rabbit Trail costs £1.50 from Whitby Tourist Information Centre (+01947 602674).

Everything that Begins with an M

Orders are now being accepted for *The Mad Hatter's Tea Book*, written and illustrated by Matt Ceolin (a student of George Walker and the Cheshire Cat Press). It's a handbound edition of 25 from the Corosae Vespes Press, taking the form of the Hatter's journal and containing recipes, anecdotes and observations plus 10 full page colour illustrations. It should be available by late June, 2000. \$60 Canadian plus postage. vespes@hotmail.com; RR#2 Desbaretts ON P0R 1E0 Canada.

A Tiny Treasure: Алиса в стране чудес

Collectors will not want to miss the fine miniature book of Nina Demourova's superb Russian translation of *AW* with color illustrations by E. Shishlova (Tomsk, Tomsk Souvenir, 1998). Measuring a diminutive 5½ by 7 cm, but containing 319 pages in hardcover (black with gold) with a pink paper jacket, and limited to 500 copies, it can be purchased from Janet Jurist, 510 E. 86th St., New York, NY 10028; janet124@earthlink.net. The price is \$40.

Ravings from the Writing Desk Of Stephanie Stoffel

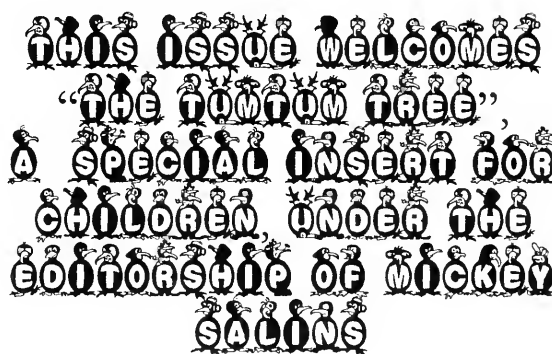
The goal of any parent or administrator is to make oneself superfluous, and so David Schaefer, Ellie Schaefer-Salins, and I are happy to find ourselves *de trop*. This spring's Maxine Schaefer Memorial Outreach Fund reading was a great success without us, "one of the very best" to date, says Mickey Salins. Young Mickey and Lena Salins very ably took David's and Ellie's place to introduce the program, and my reading was replaced to enormous advantage by Patt Griffin's and Paul Hamilton's performance of the Humpty Dumpty scene. Happy to be there as the "brawn" behind the maneuvering of a cart full of giveaway books six blocks to P.S. 290, I was privileged to meet Judy Davis, a dynamic and creative fifth-grade teacher and friend of Janet Jurist, whose classroom was the site of our event.

We gave away 59 copies of *Through the Looking-Glass* to a group of bright, interested, and well-prepared students, as well as twelve more copies for classrooms. I am sure all of you can imagine the paths these books might wend through many people's lives over future decades, and I also wish you could see the thank-you note I received from children in Toronto who received books last fall and followed up with a study unit on *Alice*. If you haven't yet sent in your dues and want to include a donation, if there's someone you want to honor or memorialize, or if you simply want to be part of the Johnny-Appleseed effect as we travel around seeding the country with *Alice* books, the Maxine Schaefer Fund will be available for your contributions indefinitely.

As you know from reading the meeting report in this issue (and print certainly cannot replicate the experience of meeting composer Gilbert Hetherwick and hearing his songs), we had a marvelously entertaining and informative program in New York this spring, but not entirely the program expected. Please join me in thanking August Imholtz and Charlie Lovett for preparing on short notice two talks that our British friends had heard but we had not.

How wonderful for us all that we have so many people with so many talents in the Society. It seems that at every gathering I learn something astonishing about someone I already knew, as well as meeting new people with fascinating abilities and interests. Thanks from all of us are also due Stan Bershod, who has undertaken mailing out books ordered from us; Bea Sidaway, who bravely plunged into the Carroll world at someone else's behest and now mails out the *Knight Letter*; and Mark Burstein, under whose hand the *KL* has only gotten better and better. Those of you who did not make it to New York have much to regret, I assure you, in not being able to join me in thanking Janet Jurist for yet another stellar evening at her apartment after the meeting.

When I joined the LCSNA in 1985, the first meeting I heard about was to be held in Austin, Texas. Why, oh why would I want to go to Austin, I asked myself, and did not go. This choice I shortly came to regret, as have many Carrollians who did not avail themselves of the opportunity to visit the famous Harry Ransom Humanities Center and its storied Carroll holdings. We are all fortunate to have now a second chance: the fall meeting will be on October 28 in Austin at the HRHC. We have a full day's program lined up, so be sure to make arrangements to arrive the day before. We expect to welcome as speakers Edward Wakeling; Roy Flukinger, curator of the Gernsheim archive of Carroll photographs; and the distinguished poet William Jay Smith. As Texas has the Warren Weaver collection and Byron Sewell's archive, we will also have a presentation on the achievements of Warren Weaver, brought to us by Fran Abeles, August Imholtz, and Charlie Lovett, and some remarks on Byron Sewell and keepsake bibliographies of these two Carrollian writers. So by all means, redeem your past negligence as I shall do, and save yourself a lifetime of regret, and make plans now to be with us in Austin in October.



Pillow Problem

(given to me by my niece, Anna Gersten, *aet.* 10)

Find a ten-digit number in which:

- The first digit is evenly divisible by 1, the first two by 2, the first three by 3, *etc.*
- Each digit is used only once.

A solution is available from the editor

Fun with Microsoft Word 97

The text of the first edition of *AW* (not counting introductory poems, titles and without the extra verses in two of the poems) contains 929 paragraphs, 26,449 words, 115,095 characters and 25,310 spaces. The text of *TTLG* contains 1,189 paragraphs, 29,359 words, 127,964 characters and 28,526 spaces. Total: 2,118 paragraphs; 55,808 words; 243,059 letters; 53,836 spaces.

I next ran "Autosummarize" choosing "100 words or less" and got the following Zen synopses:

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

ALICE'S RIGHT FOOT, ESQ.

(WITH ALICE'S LOVE).

Poor Alice! Alice folded her hands, and began: —

'Exactly so,' said Alice.

Alice felt dreadfully puzzled. Alice sighed wearily. Alice asked.

Alice ventured to ask.

Alice was silent.

'Yes!' shouted Alice.

'What for?' said Alice.

Alice gave a little scream of laughter. Alice thought to herself.

'No,' said Alice. Alice asked.

Alice went on eagerly.

'No, indeed,' said Alice. Alice was thoroughly puzzled.

Alice whispered to the Gryphon. 'Nothing,' said Alice.

'Nothing whatever,' said Alice.

Everybody looked at Alice.

'I won't!' said Alice.

Through the Looking-Glass

Alice began. Alice asked.

Alice did so. Alice said rather impatiently. Alice inquired a little anxiously. Alice asked. Alice - Alice - I won't forget it again. Alice said indignantly. Alice exclaimed indignantly. Alice laughed. Alice remarked. Alice ventured to ask.

Alice laughed. Alice pleaded. Alice asked doubtfully.

Alice said very gently. Alice explained.

Alice suddenly remarked.

Alice considered a little. Alice interrupted.

Alice was silent.

Alice timidly asked.

Alice ventured to remark.

Alice shook her head.

Alice enquired.

Alice corrected herself.

Alice considered. Alice cried eagerly. Alice was puzzled.

Alice said impatiently. 'Alice - Mutton; Mutton - Alice.'

Dormouse Corner

British animal lovers have launched a "save the dormouse" campaign as they struggle to survive. The tiny mammals, once common in the South of England, are now endangered as their natural woodland habitat is being destroyed for building. They have been especially hard hit in Kent, where fields have been cleared to make way for the Channel Tunnel route.

Campaigner Ken West, chairman of the Kent Mammals charity, said: "Children know about them because of *Alice In Wonderland*. They think they are terrific and we should do everything to protect them."

Campaigners hope to increase the number of woodland sites where nesting boxes for the elusive animals can live free from fear of predators, theft or vandalism. See www.wildlifetrust.org.uk/kent/.

A fine writeup on dormice can be found at www.mammal.org.uk/dormouse.htm.

In honor of the little creatures and their human friends, we present two verses:

Olympia lap in slumber so profound,
No sheltered bear or dormouse sleeps more
sound.

~ *Orlando Furioso*, Canto 10.XVIII
Ludovico Ariosto (1474 - 1533)
translation by William Stewart Rose

There once was a Dormouse who lived in a bed
Of delphiniums (blue) and geraniums (red),
And all day long he'd a wonderful view
Of geraniums (red) and delphiniums (blue)

~ "The Dormouse and the Doctor"
A.A.Milne in "Merry-Go-Round" (1923),
reprinted in *When We Were Very Young*



1 May

My dearest Alice,
I have just awoken from a most perplexing dream. I dreamed that in the distant future, my friend Babbage's mechanical "calculating machines" had become items as common on one's desk as blotting paper! Can you imagine? And that they were all hooked up together somehow, like a spider's web as wide as the world! And here's the strangest thing of all: someone had taken the time to make a "font" which counterfeits my very own hand! His name sounded like "Jaz" (what a peculiar word!) and then, clear as day, a most nonsensical phrase came to me: <http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Pantheon/5812/carrollfont/> and a funny word, "download". I suppose You would know what that means after your Adventures, but as for me, I'm very much afraid I haven't a clue.

Your affectionate friend,



The Mystery Illustrator

Our Mystery Illustrator is none other than Beatrix Potter (1866-1943). In 1893-5, she tried her hand at a half-dozen "designs" for *AW*, producing some lovely drawings in which, characteristically, no humans appear. Four of these illustrations appear in full color in *Beatrix Potter: The Artist and Her World*, a spectacular 222-page catalog for the eponymous 1987/8 exhibition at the Tate Gallery. A 1995 reprint, published by F. Warne/The National Trust, is still available (\$23). 0-7232-3561-9.

Answers to Pop Quiz, p.14

1. The White Rabbit was carrying a *nosegay* (a small bunch of flowers) along with his white kid gloves.
2. Gertrude and Florence
3. They dried off by a fire in a nearby house
4. The top and stalk of the mushroom
5. They were one character, the "Queen of Hearts and Marchioness of Mock Turtles"
6. Croquet mallets were ostriches

From Our Far-flung

Books

Oxford Figures: 800 Years of the Mathematical Sciences, Oxford University Press, 0-19-852309-2, £35, celebrates eight centuries of mathematics at Oxford, including a chapter by Keith Hannabuss positively re-evaluating Dodgson's contributions. +44.1536.454534 or www.oup-usa.org (U.S.) or www.oup.co.uk. (U.K.)

Underground by Tobias Hill (Faber, 2000, £9.99) portrays London's "tube" as a refuge for ragged people on the edges of society. Its alcoves are the grounds of a murderer and a strange tunnel dwelling girl called Alice. Many other Carrollian references. Available from Amazon.co.uk, but not yet from the American one. 0571194508.

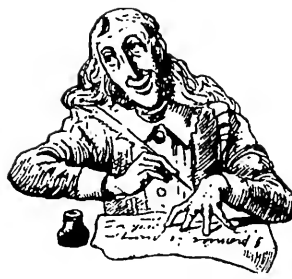
Alice in Wonderland Jigsaw Book, Macmillan \$35. A gorgeous hardback featuring seven excerpts with one illustration (Theaker/Wallis-colored Tenniels) from each enlarged and made into a 48-piece jigsaw puzzle. 0 333 76291 6.

Tagebuch einer Reise nach Rußland (A Russian Journal in German) with contemporary lithographic illustrations, in paperback by Insel Verlag. 3-458-34289-3.

A different copy of the mimeographed storyboard/screenplay for the 1933 Paramount Pictures movie with 642 drawings by William Cameron Menzies described by Hilda Bohem [KL 59, p.5] was offered for sale for \$3,500 by George Robert Minkoff Rare Books, 413.528.4575; 26 Rowe Road, Alford, MA 01230.

A Town Like Alice's by Michael Bute, Heritage Publications, 0 953111504, £10, a nicely illustrated oversize paperback posits that Sunderland, its sites and citizens, greatly influenced *Wonderland*.

Alice in Many Tongues by Warren Weaver (1964) has been reprinted by Martino Fine Books and is available through Oak Knoll, whose catalog is a treasure-trove for bibliophiles. Get on their mailing list, and you will also receive a catalog from their antiquarian



Correspondents

(Horowitz) is in Hollywood in 1946, assistant to an animator working on Disney's film. Salvador Dali is in the next office.

Helena Walmann's multimedia *AW* dance presentation in Hamburg, Germany, January 19-23; *AW* at Stage West in Toronto Jan. 22; *AW* at Little General Playhouse, Marietta GA, Jan. 29.; Festival Ballet's "Dance Me a Classic: *AW*", Rhode Island School of Design, Jan. 30 – Feb. 13; Bits 'N Pieces Puppet Theater, Tampa FL, Feb. 2-4 (nine-foot puppets!); English National Ballet, touring through 18 March, choreography by Derek Deane to music by Tchaikovsky; *AW* at the Luther Burbank Center, Santa Rosa CA, February 17th; "Alice in Cyberland" at Young Performers Theatre, San Francisco, March 4 – April 2, 2000 ("When young web designer Alice Liddell falls down a manhole in New York's Silicon Alley, she finds herself in Cyberland, a place of magical internet fantasies and technological flights of fancy") - www.aliceincyberland.com; *AW* on the weekend of March 24th at La Guardia Community College, Queens, NY; "Alice" at the Young Peoples Theatre in Toronto March 23 through May 15 ("Actor David Jansen performs the role of scat-singing, jazz bunny Louie Rabbit, etc."); *AW* at U.C. Irvine School of the Arts April 21–29 (multimedia, interweaving live theater with computer-generated animation); *AW: A Nice Madness* produced and directed by Thea Connors at the Musical Theatre Works in New York, May 5 –6.

Maria Bodmann's Balinese shadow-puppet "Alice in the Shadows", June 3rd in San Pedro CA. <http://www.pacificnet.net/gamelan/aliceperf.html>
The Rich Forum, part of the Stamford Center for the Arts, presented a work-in-progress staged reading (by member Andrew Sellon, among others) of "Elephant & Castle" by Society member Rick Lake, on April 17th. "Elephant & Castle" is a new musical inspired by *TTLG* but set during the blitz in WWII London.

books division. 310 Delaware St., New Castle DE 19720; 800.996.2556; oakknoll@oakknoll.com; www.oakknoll.com.

Media

French director Marc Caro (*City of Lost Children*) is filming a new sci-fi adventure film *Snark* for Pathe Pictures, according to *Variety*. The film is "loosely based on the poem" and reportedly uses some new 3-D technology for its special effects.

The "Mentors" program on the Family Channel [KL 62, p.20] presented "Lewis in Wonderland" on February 20th and 25th.

Exhibitions and Events

A Very Happy Birthday to our older sibling, the Lewis Carroll Society of the U.K., whose annual Christmas party (12/17/99) was also the 30th anniversary of their founding.

Visitors to Thermopolis, Wyoming, should not miss a stop at the Dancing Bear Folk Center, which includes a Teddy Bear Museum featuring two scenes from *Wonderland*. 20" tall bears in Tenniel-based costumes and backdrops make up the dioramas, and the center (several educational museums for children) includes some 600 "artist bears". 119 S. 6th Street, P.O. Box 71, Thermopolis, WY 82443; 307.864.9396; www.dancingbear.org; dancingbear@dancingbear.org.

A panel discussion, "Reflecting on the Life and Art of Lewis Carroll", moderated by Dianne Waggoner of the Yale University Art Gallery was offered Feb. 27th in conjunction with the "Reflections in a Looking-Glass" exhibition, which ran through March 26 in the Hyde Collection in Glen Falls, NY.

Performances

"Lobster Alice" December '99 – January '00 (a "highly literary affair" – Vince Lanza) in which Alice

Merchant House Museum (New York city) hosted a CLD birthday celebration Jan 27.

Graham Kostic, a Senior, is producing *AW* for Neuqua Valley High School (Naperville IL) this spring, and is looking for support. See www.angel.fire.com/stars/Wonderland/index.html.

Circle Players will present a non-musical stage adaptation in November, 2000 at the Tennessee Performing Arts Center. P.O. Box 190592, Nashville, TN 37219; www.circleplayers.org.

Articles

"He spoke their language" by J.Venkateswaran in *The Hindu*, January 29, 2000.

"Child's Play: With Her Eerie Reworkings of *AW*, Anna Gaskell is One of the Hottest Contenders for This Year's Citibank Prize" by Robin Muir in *The Independent* (London), February 12, 2000, discusses photographer Gaskell's "By Proxy", her third series devoted to Alice (the first two were "Wonder" and "Hide"). They could be seen at The Photographers' Gallery through 25 March.

"Shashthi's land: folk nursery rhyme in Abanindranath Tagore's *The condensed-milk doll*" by Sanjay Sircar, *Asian Folklore Studies* v. 57 no. 1 (1998) suggests that Tagore may have learned his technique of incorporating traditional nursery rhymes into this tale from Carroll.

"Gangsters in Wonderland: Rene Clement's *And Hope To Die* as a reading of Lewis Carroll's *Alice* stories" by Guy Austin. *Literature Film Quarterly*, 1998, Vol. 26 Issue 4.

"Adventuring with Alice" by Monica Edinger was "the teacher's art" column in *Riverbank Review*, Spring 2000.

"A Literary Examination of Electronic Meeting System Use in Everyday Organizational Life" by Poppy Lauretta McLeod. *Journal of Applied Behavioral Science*, June '99, Vol. 35 Issue 2 examines the Mad Hatter's Tea Party as a case study of group dynamics.

"Mirror writing: Allen's self observations, Lewis Carroll's 'looking-glass' letters, and Leonardo da Vinci's maps" by G.D. Schott. *Lancet*, Vol. 354 Issue 9196, 12/18/-12/25/99.

"Plato in Wonderland, or 'Beautiful Soup' and Other More Philosophical Ideas" by August A. Imholtz, Jr. in *Classics Ireland* 2000, Volume 7.

"The history of the future" in *International Defense Review*, February 1, 2000, reminds us that "the USAF [*U.S. Air Force*]'s only operational intercontinental cruise missile was called the Snark, and talks about DARPA [*Department of Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency*]'s plan for the next generation of cruise missiles, which never got funded and therefore "ought to have been called the Boojum."

"First Loves: From 'Jabberwocky' to 'After Apple-Picking'" by Joyce Carol Oates. *American Poetry Review*, Nov/Dec 99, Vol. 28 Issue 6.

Doll Crafters magazine, March 2000, features as its cover story "Alice & Friends" by Gwen Ross and Mary Kelly.

Contemporary Doll Collector, January 2000 features as its cover story "Dollmakers in Wonderland" by Jill Sanders.

"19th Century Logic Between Philosophy and Mathematics" by Volker Peckhaus in *The Bulletin of Symbolic Logic*, Vol. 5, No. 4, Dec. '99.

"Systems get an English lesson" in *The Irish Times*, November 15, 1999, discusses Dr. Julie Berndsen (University College Dublin) and her computational linguistics research team's new directions in speech recognition with references to interpreting "Jabberwocky". "This could mean that the frumious Bandersnatch will be treated no differently from the indigenous boarfish in speech recognitions systems of the future."

"Talking to Strangers" by Steve Silberman in *Wired*, May 2000 contains a long section on the "father of machine translation", Warren Weaver, author of the classic *Alice in Many Tongues*.

The Lion and the Unicorn, Vol. 24, No.1, reviews *The Red King's Dream*, *The Alice Companion*, and *Lewis Carroll in Wonderland*.

Kevin Sweeney's "Alice's Discriminating Palate" in *Philosophy and Literature* 23.1, April 1999. E-text for "Project Muse" subscribers: http://muse.jhu.edu/journals/philosophy_and_literature/toc/phl23.1.html. Or order a printed version from Johns Hopkins University Press, 800.548.1784.

Academia

On March 12th in Santa Barbara at a meeting of the American Mathematical Society, Dr. Fran Abeles presented a paper in a special session on the History of Mathematics titled "Fair Representation, Apportionment, and Proportional Representation: Charles L. Dodgson's Approach".

Art and Artifacts

"There is a new Limoges Alice series if you have money to burn. The Queen of Hearts is truly hideous." -Joel B. \$150 - \$265 at www.groundstrike.com/limoges/dubarry/ldubarry.html - the "Myth and Legends" section or www.collectibleboxes.com/limoges.html. A much more affordable set of three Cheshire Cat boxes can be seen at www.teleport.com/~tyberk/katz15.html. These are Grinski boxes which are considerably larger than the pricey Limoges.

The site for Alice jewelry based on Tenniel (*KL* 61, p.23) has moved to www.bergamot.net/collect/alice/main.htm.

Naxos AudioBooks presents abridged readings of *AW* by Fiona Shaw (2½ hrs on two cassettes, \$14, or two CDs, \$16), music by Delius, Parry, Quilter, and Bruckner. Ditto *TTLG*.

A set of figurines based on the Angel Dominguez illustrations will be manufactured in England later this year. The set includes Alice, the Queen of Hearts holding a flamingo, the Cheshire Cat, the White Rabbit, and the Mad Hatter. As of yet the company has no US distributor, so Joel Birenbaum has taken on that rôle, and will be selling them for about \$25, but he has

to buy in lots of 10. Contact him at birenbau@netwave.net or 2765 Shellingham Drive, Lisle, IL 60532.

A set of 10 candle snuffers by Bronte of England is shown at www.english-channel.com/rf/wonderland.html. These are porcelain and \$125 each from Joel, *above*.

Dawn Albright's fabulous handmade soft-sculpture doll (7", \$300) of Margarethe Maultasch "Margaret Pocket Mouth", Duchess of Tyrol and Princess of Carinthia (1318-1369), the purported model for the Ugly Duchess, from www.dawnwich.com/dolls/gallery5; Zelgstrasse 2, Adliswil 8134 Switzerland; +41.1.7090837. She is also working on a doll based on Alice Pleasance Liddell.

Eight 3" figurines (\$28 the set), card games, etc. from Gypsy Rose, 1.888.30-GYPSY; www.gypsyrose.com.

Lawn ornaments, a "bas-relief" Mad Hatter's Tea Party Wall Plaque (\$30) "a hoot" – Andrew Sellon, 12" high polyresin figures (\$35), and the book *Arthur Rackham: A Life with Illustration* (\$30) from Past Times, 1.800.621.6020; www.pasttimes.com.

Tiffany's is selling an 18 karat hedgehog with ruby eyes for a mere \$1,850 according to their latest catalogue. "It's very dowager-y." – Cindy Watter

A lovely set of porcelain figurines (2 WRs, 1 Alice, 1 "book"; \$180 – 200 each) from Rochard is available in selected stores. Contact Carol Mauriello, Rochard, Inc., 225 Fifth Ave., New York NY 10010; 212.679.4615 for local retailers; or digital pictures via eMail (cmauriello@syratech.com).

The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York has some new scarves with multicolored-squares containing Tenniel characters, based on an American design *circa* 1900. \$65. 800.468.7386.

A set of six "fantastic rabbits", including the White Rabbit, rather crudely drawn on "collector plates", can be had for \$400 the set from the Good Catalog, www.goodcatalog.com; 800.225.3870.

"Lewis Carroll's Guildford. A centenary fantasy" by Jonathan Tatlow. A charming 12 x 16 inches matted original print with figures from Alice in the trees, out of the window and chimney and on the ground. Limited to 1000 numbered copies. "Well worth the \$40" – Janet Jurist. Orders and checks should be sent to Paul Garner, P.O. Box 147, Roslyn, NY 11576.

Cyberspace

The home page of the Lewis Carroll Society (U.K.) has moved to www.aznet.co.uk/LCS/. Join their eMail list while you're there!

Welcome Deborah Caputo's Lewis Carroll Society of Australia to cyberspace! A fine website is at www.the-readersvine.com/~TheBellman_Carroll/Carroll.html; pigbaby@bigpond.com.au.

Alice's Shop Oxford has moved to www.sheepshop.u-net.com/.

Graham Piggott's wonderful character sculptures (*KL* 57 p.16; 58 p.11) have their own website now: <http://www.piggottsculpture.co.uk/>

The Looking Glass cybermagazine from The Toronto Centre for the Study of Children's Literature provides "new perspectives on children's books" in an academic, yet often humorous setting with an Alice motif. http://gopher.fis.utoronto.ca/~easun/looking_glass/

A short film of "Jabberwocky" by 15-year-old Tom Hulse can be viewed at http://www.ifilm.com/films.taf?film_id=104487

Join the Wonderland eGroup: <http://www.egroups.com/group/MadTeaParty> promoting Wonderland Press <http://www.geocities.com/zonezeroind/wonderland/>

For help in preparing this issue thanks are due to Fran Abeles, Earl Abbe, Gary Brockman, Sandor Burstein, Lliisa Demetrios Burstein, Angelica Carpenter, Matt Demakos, Eames Demetrios, Sarah Ellis, Johanna Hurwitz, August Imholtz, Clare Imholtz, Janet Jurist, Vince Lanza, Dayna McCausland, Horst Muggenburg, Lucille Posner, Andrew Sellon, Bea Sidaway, Stephanie Stoffel, Alan Tannenbaum, and Cindy Watter.

Knight Letter is the official newsletter of the Lewis Carroll Society of North America. It is published several times a year and is distributed free to all members. Subscriptions, business correspondence, and inquiries should be addressed to the Secretary, 18 Fitzharding Place, Owing Mills MD 21117. Annual membership dues are U.S. \$20 (regular) and \$50 (sustaining). Submissions and editorial correspondence should be sent to the Editor, Box 2006, Mill Valley CA 94942.

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