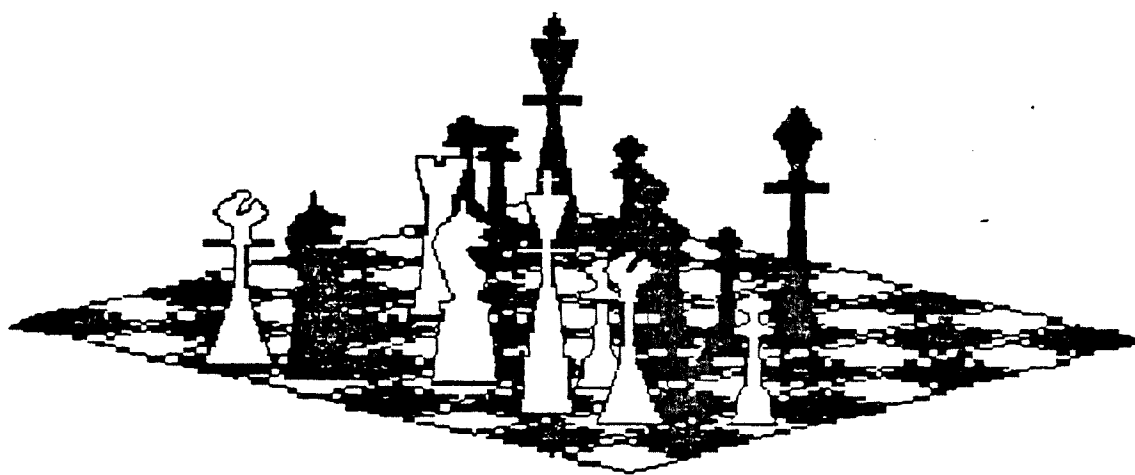


# BOOJUM



a musical mushroom in tribute to Lewis Carroll

by Martin Wesley-Smith & Peter Wesley-Smith

boojum 30/6/85 - third major draft

BOOJUM!

A musical mushroom  
in tribute to Lewis Carroll

by

Martin Wesley-Smith  
and  
Peter Wesley-Smith

Note: this is a working document; further  
revision is envisaged before the first  
performance of the work. Not to be quoted  
or reproduced without permission

Commissioned by  
the Adelaide Festival of Arts  
for performance by  
the State Opera Company of South Australia  
in March 1986

© 1985, Martin Wesley-Smith and Peter Wesley-Smith

Draft Synopsis (July 1, 1985)

Act 1

The members of an expedition that is hunting for the Snark gather with friends to extol the virtues of the Baker, who had softly and suddenly vanished away when the Snark turned out to be a Boojum. After proper obeisance has been made to the Baker's memory, the survivors excitedly make preparations to resume the Hunt. Their field commander, Wal the Bellman, introduces his crew: there's a Beaver, an Australian Butcher called Clarrie, an American Banker called Al, a Chinese Barrister called Errol, a Russian Billiard-marker called Carl, and a Boots called Cora, who is Jewish. The Beaver is played by Mrs Hargreaves (Alice all grown up). The commander-in-chief is Lewis Carroll, who is the alter-ego of the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, the main subject of this divertissement

While the crew are repacking personal belongings we meet a younger Alice and an eager White Knight, see some of Dodgson's fantastic collection of gadgets, games and music-boxes, and hear the Bellman describe what happened after brillig. When all is ready the crew nervously set off to search once again for the Snark

Act 2

The crew have resumed their marvellous mission. Dodgson is manning the nerve centre of the expedition: a complex electronic communications system he has set up in his Wonderland Cafe. Reports of the expedition's progress are regularly relayed by radio. Various seedy characters come into the cafe for sustenance, including a spaced-out Caterpillar, the bothersome Tweedle twins, and a few odd punctuation marks. The noble Humpty Dumpty imparts some words of wisdom about words, and we learn a little more about Charles Dodgson. The Act ends with the re-enactment of a dream that Dodgson might have had

Act 3

The search widens: our gallant crew peer down microscopes and gaze through telescopes. No boulder is left undisturbed. But suddenly trouble looms: one by one our heroes are savagely struck down by the mysterious guards that protect the Snark. Finally the White Knight, enraged by the loss of his beloved Beaver, makes a last desperate attack and meets his quarry face to face! But he suddenly vanishes away ("For the Snark was a Boojum, you see"). The Bellman, too, is doomed; facing unavoidable check-mate by the vicious Black Queen ("Off with his head!") he is frozen into permanent immobility, and the expedition ends in complete disaster. No-one lives happily ever after

Act One

- 1 Prelude
- 2 Between Us This Day
- 3 Mourn for the Baker
- 4 Chess Moves
- 5 What Is The Snark?
- 6 Hunting Song
- 7 What I Tell You Three Times Is True
- 8 This Is A Mark Of The Snark
- 9 Dodgson Anagram
- 10 For More Than Sixty Years
- 11 Good Evening
- 12 Letters
- 13 Time's Song
- 14 Mad Tea-party
- 15 Knight's Gambit
- 16 Dodgson's Drawing-room
- 17 Mrs Hargreaves Remembers
- 18 Doublets
- 19 Jubjubby
- 20 Bellman's Report
- 21 Flash
- 22 We Must Be Off

1 PRELUDE

The house lights fade as electronic music overture on tape fades in. The following acoustic acoustic (or, as Lewis Carroll would have described it, an "acoustic") is included on tape, accompanied by the first letter of each line projected on the screen:

Acoustic (Boojum)

Be-hold the Bellman's tragic tale  
O-de to mankind's Holy Grail  
O-pen your hearts, your minds set free  
Ja-ded though your spirits be  
eU-logise with us the Baker  
eM-inence grise of our agony

During the black-out the cast, dressed in chess-character garb, take up positions on a simulated chess board. The opening positions are as follows:

8; pkp5; 1p1p1q2; 4pp2; 2R5; 5P 1P; 3N1KB1; 2Bn4

A spot comes up on the Bellman (the White King)]

2 Song: BETWEEN US THIS DAY

In the moment between the end of the "Overture" and the beginning of the song a chilling scream is heard (this is the Baker, as a White Pawn, being taken by the Black Queen). A black-and-white slide of the opening chess position is projected beneath the Black Queen is a bloodied stain

Chess moves: Kg1 Qg5

(Note: these, and subsequent moves, are performed on cue to electronic music.)

Bellman: Between us this day we remember a true chum  
Vanished away when he met the Boojum  
Mourn for the Baker: they've rolled his last drum  
(-beat)

All: Tum (pat-a-pan, pat-a-pan)  
Tum (pat-a-pan, pat-a-pan) [etc]

3 Song: MOURN FOR THE BAKER

[Chess moves: Kh2 Nf2]

Bellman: Dearly departed, most martyred of heroes  
Quaking and shaking yet making his mark  
Mourn for the Baker in daylight and dark  
Mourn him: seeker of truth and the Snark

Bellman & White Knight:

Lately lamented, demented his spirit  
Frantic, romantic beyond all remark  
Baker whose bite turned out less than his bark  
Mourn him: hunter of love and the Snark

[Chess moves: h4 Qf7]

Bellman, White Knight and Alice:

Not lost or banished, just vanished completely  
Daring, unsparingly he persevered  
Meeting the doom his companions all feared  
Softly, suddenly he disappeared

[The following two verses are sung simultaneously as a crab canon  
by the whole cast].

All: Dearly departed, most martyred of heroes  
Quaking and shaking yet making his mark  
Mourn for the Baker in daylight and dark  
Mourn him: seeker of truth and the Snark

(Gone - Baker has gone to his maker  
Gone - softly and suddenly vanished a-  
Way - mourn him, don't scorn him: he boldly explored  
The dark, the unknown, the alarming Snark)

#### 4 SERIES OF CHESS MOVES

Ra4 Nd3  
Bg5 c5  
Ne3 d5  
Bh3 F4  
Ng4 Qd7  
Ra3 ...

5 WHAT IS THE SNARK?

Alice: What is the Snark  
And what is the Boojum?  
Why are we hunting?  
What will we learn?  
Is there a secret?  
Why do we yearn?  
Hope, fear and anguish -  
Will we return?

[During the introduction to the next song the cast remove their chess costumes to reveal long woollen underwear. As they sing they don their Snark-hunting garb]

6 Song: THE HUNTING SONG

All: The Hunt!  
The Hunting!  
The Hunting of ...  
The Hunting of the ...  
The Hunting of the Snark!

1 A frabjous and curious creature  
This thing called a Snark we hunt  
We know ev'ry sign, ev'ry feature  
Ev'ry trick, ev'ry skill, ev'ry stunt  
We know ev'ry Snarkish endeavour  
We can answer a Snark-hunter's quiz  
We know that a Snark is quite clever  
But we don't really know what it is

The Hunting of the Snark, oh-ho  
The Hunting of the Snark  
Our greatest ambition  
Our marvellous mission  
This grand expedition  
The Hunting of the Snark

2 A useful device is the thimble  
For protecting our flabby thumbs  
For Snarks are so agile and nimble  
As they snap with their frumious gums  
And meticulous care is essential  
As we start this incredible lark  
For without it we'd meet with eventual-  
Ly a Boojum disguised as a Snark

The Hunting of the Snark  
The Hunting of the Snark!

3 To capture a Snark almost whole re-  
Quires seizing him unawares  
And some forks and some hope and cajol'ry  
So of course we will need railway shares  
Our strategy now you will gather  
Our smiles put the Snark at his ease  
The soap puts him all in a lather  
All this charm brings the Snark to his knees

The Hunting of the Snark  
The Hunting of the Snark!

4 Here we go round the mulb'ry bush  
No whit of Snark, no tittle or jot  
Here we go past the mulberry bush  
We'll just drive on by, there's no parking spot  
The Snark's in our sights, we  
Will read him his rights, we  
Will track him, attack him  
We'll smack him, ransack him  
We'll boil him in oil and broil him on charc-  
Oal immediately that we find him  
The Hunting of the Snark!

The Hunting of the Snark, oh-ho  
The Hunting of the Snark  
Our greatest ambition  
Our marvellous mission  
This grand expedition  
The Hunting of the Snark

7 Spoken verse with songs: WHAT I TELL YOU THREE TIMES IS TRUE

Bellman:

1 'Tis the season for Snarks! Now take my advice  
If it's Snark you would wish to pursue  
'Tis the season for Snarks! I have said it twice  
That alone should encourage the crew  
'Tis the season for Snarks! I have said it thrice  
What I tell you three times is true  
What I tell you three times is true  
What I tell you three times is true  
What I tell you three times including "what I tell  
you three times is true" is true

2 We've hunted the Snark for a year  
But we ran very low on supplies  
We've ordered new gear, some cases of beer  
Designer pyjamas and pies



- 3 We have thimbles and soap and forks and hope  
And a railway-share ready on cue  
We'll smile as we dare to attack it with care  
What I tell you three times is true  
(What he tells us thrice is true etc)
- 4 Without further excuse let me now introduce  
My incredibly credulous crew  
First there's Wally, that's ME: am I in heaven or am I  
in hell? This damned elusive man with the bell  
What I tell you three times is true
- 5 Young Errol's the Barrister. He's come aboardship  
To escape from Hong Kong  
He plays mahjong

Errol:

If it pleases your Lordship  
I'll sing you an uplifting song

If you want to make a contract I'll negotiate it  
If you'd rather it were ended I will terminate it  
If your rights have been infringed  
If your sister's come unhinged  
The taxation man has swinged  
I will investigate it

If a company is needed I'll incorporate it  
If it soon becomes insolvent I will liquidate it  
If you've injured your big toe  
But your claim is touch-and-go  
If my fee is far too low  
I will exaggerate it

If a problem is too complex I'll manipulate it  
If it's really far too simple I will complicate it  
If socialists like Carl  
Or my clients start to snarl  
And berate me as a charl-  
Atan I'll litigate it  
Free of charge  
Free of charge, oh yeah  
[Tag line]

Bellman:

- 6 The Banker is Al - a wonderful pal  
Who's extending us credit facilities  
And gilt-edged debentures for all our adventures  
And war-bonds in case of hostilities

Al:

America, America  
Land of the free

[Spoken with choral backing]

Give me your poor, your sick, your homeless  
And I will give them freedom  
Freedom to be poor and sick and homeless

[Sung]

In America, America

Millionaires and guttersnipes  
Love the good old Stars and Stripes  
For it means liberty  
For the whole damn bunch  
Sound the banjos, horns and pipes  
For the good old Stars and Stripes  
In the land of the three  
(In the land of the three)  
Martini lunch

[Instrumental break]

Commies, we don't need 'em  
Praise the Lord and freedom  
In the US  
In the US  
In the US of A  
America, America

Bellman:

7 Now Carl - our specialist Billiard-  
Marker - he came on cue  
For Tass he inscribes our Iliad  
What I tell you three times is true

[All sing "Yo-ho heave ho"]

Carl: Each problem has a resolution  
I say try revolution  
In the land of the free, though, hold it steady  
Our revolution's here already  
In the US  
In the US  
In the US  
Back in the USSR

Bellman:

8 Next! There's the Butcher, who's late

Clarrie:

Hey mate

I've arrived - and I'm eager to shoulder and carry  
My weight - and if needed I'll tarry to harry  
The Snark to his grave

All:

That's Clarrie!

Orstrylier, jeez I love it - galahs, wombats and  
Dingoes while above it the stars from the South-  
Ern Cross are beaut, like the sheilas and that  
Reminds me of the pleasures of a mallee root  
Orstrylier, jeez it's great - wattle, blue gum-  
tree I

Want me little mate, not the Boojum; what'll  
Do for a bite for the crew? Muffins won't  
But maybe a great big jar of flamin' vegemite  
All the sheilas are calling me in vain, like Vio-  
Let Crumble and Salvation Jane - strike me  
Pink I want a floater with tomater sauce  
I'm the Butcher from Wagga bloody Wagga

[Optional second verse - encore?]

Orstrylier, she'll be Jake - chickos, pies,  
laming-  
Tons, goanna steak, bloody flies, lamb, hoggett  
Mutton, wool and wheat - more bloody flies  
And redbacks crouching underneath the dunny seat  
Orstrylier, Ginger Meggs, melanomas, fried  
Platypusses' eggs: take me home as the  
Frosties in the fridge make a true-bluey weep  
For I long once again to chunder off the Harbour  
Bridge  
It's the wide brown land, the sweeping plains  
Where the Geraldton wax but never wanes  
Stir the possum with the yabbie on the barbecue  
I'm the Butcher from Wagga bloody Wagga

Bellman:

9 .Well you may be a second-rate butcher of meat  
But you know how to butcher a song  
Now Cora the Boots has a ditty - not pretty  
But mournful and, you'll be pleased to hear, not too  
long

Cora:

When we get down to deal with absolutes  
There's always one at the bottom of the pile - ME!  
It's not you ev'rybody persecutes  
So smile!

(SEE) how the rest of the world is in cahoots  
Against the common working-man down below  
I'm just a lowly pawn - no-one salutes (me)

Oh woe so go put in the Boots!

Bellman:

- 10 One's as pure as a chalice, I could take her or leave  
'er  
But I'm taking her on with the crew  
She suffers no malice, her name is the Beaver  
What I tell you three times is true
- 11 And last Rev'rend Dodgson, who'll later appear  
Lewis Carroll to you  
He's staying behind to direct from the rear  
To keep our trajectory true
- 12 To rally our spirits when danger is near  
To ensure no problems ensue  
To berate us severely, praise us sincerely  
For doing so much by so few
- 13 To develop our strategy, write all our chatter  
He plans our astonishing coup  
Unseen, a deus ex machina

All: What he tells us thrice is true

Bellman:

- 14 What I tell you just twice leaves a lump in the throat  
In the spleen and intestinal tract  
What I tell you just once isn't true - but note  
I've informed you just once of the fact
- 15 What I don't say at all I can't tell you, I'm sorry  
Enough! As we're soon to embark  
I'll describe our unwary nefarious quarry  
I'll tell you the mark of the Snark

8 Song: THIS IS A MARK OF THE SNARK

Whole cast:

- 1 He's so innocent, pure and respectable  
He's the freshness of youth  
Squeaky clean, sweet sixteen, so delectable  
He is ultimate truth  
You may find this not easy to swallow  
From behind even harder to follow  
But he tastes rather crisp  
Like a Will-o'-the-Wisp  
Of his kind rather meagre and hollow
- (Of his kind rather meagre and hollow  
As the Bellman was heard to remark

This is a mark of the Snark)

- 2 He's so reas'nable, decent and sensible  
He is sombre and sound  
And his character's quite comprehensible  
Yet he's slightly profound  
You will learn it's a Snarkish tradition  
To spurn any comic condition  
Witticisms he'll shun  
He looks grave at a pun  
And he yearns to develop ambition

(Yes he yearns to develop ambition  
As the Bellman was heard to remark  
This is a mark of the Snark)

- 3 His behaviour is quite inspirational  
Though he lacks self-esteem  
He abhors all things hallucinational  
He's dismayed by a dream  
Like the wonders in men's magazin'ry  
Though it's fun to peruse the obscen'ry  
When it comes to the crunch  
He has breakfast for lunch  
And he's hungry for bathing machin'ry

(He is hungry for bathing machin'ry  
As the Bellman was heard to remark  
This is a mark of the Snark)

- 4 As a chap he's non-unorthodoxical  
Not all there when he's here  
Yet at times he can be paradoxical  
You can quite disappear  
It is right we should warn ev'ry hoodlum  
Who would smite him, your fate could be gruesome  
You'll be meeting your match  
If he comes up to scratch  
For he might in the end be a Boojum

(For he might in the end be a Boojum  
As the Bellman was heard to remark  
This is a mark of the  
quite unproliferous  
slightly pestiferous  
frightf'ly splendiferous  
Snark)

[The Bellman speaks the following while the rest of the cast hums the tune]

Now crew, get ready to set off again  
Go home, write a will: pack pies  
Pyjamas, clean knickers, a toothbrush - and then  
You must tenderly say your goodbyes

Then hurry back here with a bottle of rum  
And assemble before it gets dark  
Scrub your toes, pick your nose, write a postcard to  
mum  
For tomorrow we hunt for the Snark!

All: For tomorrow we hunt for the Snark  
From the South Pole to up in the Arc-  
Tic - we expect it'll be gory  
When we've trekked home in glory  
We'll erect a memorial plaque!

### 9 DODGSON ANAGRAM

[Blackout: live tympani roll: electronic introductory show music  
on tape: slides of the letters of the name DODGSON start flashing  
on the screen, very fast, at random: voice over (on tape):

And now ...

Letters clear to show the anagram GOD NODS, then flash again -  
presenting ... the star of our show ...

Letters clear to show GOD'S SON, then flash again -  
the Real Lewis Carroll ...  
the Rev'rend Charles Lutwidge ...  
DODGSON!!!

Letters clear to show DODGSSON! While this has been going on eight  
characters have put on free-standing ceremonial guard-type  
costumes and are carrying long imitation ceremonial trumpets; one  
by one they come on to form a line across the stage, winding the  
electronic fanfares on tape. On the word DODGSSON! they suddenly  
turn round to reveal their backs to the audience; on each back is  
one letter of the word DODGSSON! They slip out of their costumes,  
leaving them standing on stage, and exult. Simultaneously with  
all this the White Rabbit enters in a spot, wearing a top hat and  
looking for all the world like a magician. On the word DODGSSON!  
he gestures in an appropriate manner at the side of the stage  
-- a sudden bright flash of light and smoke clears to reveal  
Dodgson in a nightgown. He shyly and nervously walks forwards  
towards the audience; the White Rabbit exits

10 Song: FOR MORE THAN SIXTY YEARS

1 For more than sixty years  
Less than a hundred  
I lived in sighs and tears  
And often wondered  
If I should ever be  
Cheery and breezy  
Contented and full of glee  
Taking it easy

2 For more than sixty years  
I conquered and I blundered  
And lived in hopes and fears  
And often wondered  
If I should ever find  
My true vocation  
The role which the Lord assigned  
My proper station

3 For more than sixty years  
I studied and I plundered  
My dreams, my eyes, my ears  
And often wondered  
If I should ever know  
If what is seeming  
Is not what is in truth, and so  
This life is dreaming

11 Song and chat: GOOD EVENING

[Live tympant roll again, with voice over (on tape) announcing:  
And now, ladies and gentlemen, presenting ...  
Mister Lewis Carroll!!!!

Carroll enters through a puff of smoke and sings]

Good evening!  
How nice of you all to come!  
But I can't see you -  
LIGHTS UP, PLEASE LOIS!  
Ah ... that's better!

[Lights up: Carroll changes into his Dodgson persona]

Dodgson:

Hullo! My name is Charles D-Dodgson. Pleased to  
see you. Any children here? - I'm very fond of  
children (except boys) [leithers:] Ah, yes - there's  
one: you're a nice-looking little girl [gr:] None?  
Pity! Oh well ... [both:] Hope you enjoy the show!  
I must warn you though: I love puns and the snark

hates them, so we've included a few ... This is a pun-gent tale [chord] told by a pun-dit [chord] of a pun-itive expedition [chord] LIGHTS DOWN, PLEASE LOIS! [band picks up tempo as the house lights dim; Carroll sings]

Carroll: We're going to open our mind, open it wide  
Take a look, step inside!  
Though we jest we're on a serious quest  
To stop the race from suicid-

Backstage vocal group:

-Ding dong ding dong

Carroll: Time is getting on, there's still so much to do  
There are books to be written and a Snark to pursue

We will attack the blackness that's around us  
Thrust at and cut the ties that ground us  
We'll search the stars and investigate quarks  
In our hunt for elusive Snarks

Vocal group: Tick tock tick tock ...

[The character Time makes his first appearance, rapping in a mechanical wayt across stage. Meanwhile Carroll has been preparing to perform a magic trick himself: on a musical cue he suddenly produces a real live rabbit from the top hat just as Time reaches him. He gives the rabbit to Time, who puts it in his waistcoat pocket and exits]

Vocal group: He's a magician, with words and ideas  
This expedition is not what it appears

[These two lines are sung simultaneously with the following two lines]

He's a magician, and mathematician  
A logician, and metaphysician

Dodgson: My mission is to confront my fears  
It might take more than sixty years

Vocal group: Tick tock tick tock ...

[Time starts rapping back across stage]

Carroll: I've got a fantas-

Vocal group: -Tick!



[Turns to band and conducts them playing one last chord, this

We need beer [chord]  
Some pretzels [chord]  
Pavlovas [chord]  
Some gin [chord]  
And - just a moment - a tonic

[Dominant seventh chord again]

Loud and clear, as we continue our hunt for the  
Shark!

[Music stops on dominant seventh chord]

To give encouragement to our adventurous crew  
At appropriate times in the show let's hear  
Some laughs, applause, the occasional cheer

Carol: But now the show must go on - there's a lot we can  
do

All: Amen amen!

Dodson: Give me strength as I dip my pen  
If I fail let me try again

Vocal group: Oh Lord, can you hear him?

Give me strength as I plan our foray  
Give me courage in the thick of the fray

Dodson: Oh Lord, can you hear me?

[The Dodson persona is now kneeling, in prayer]

Vocal group: By God's don, Dodson

With time on our side the Shark must be wary  
Of the striking of the light

[By now time has reached Dodson's side]

Carol: -Sin bell ev'rywhere

Vocal group: Tick!

Carol: Point of view, sound the

Vocal group: -Tick!

Carol: -Ray of fair  
And an elec-

Vocal group: -Tick!

Carol: Little crew, the aris-

time the tonic of the previous dominant]

Ah ... that's better

[Carroll turns to the MD]

Give me an E, a G, A, D  
EGAD! That's a word! Let's try another ... say,  
CABBAGE. Let's see ...

[In spelling out and singing this word Carroll says the letter  
and the MD plays it]

C, A, B - how many Bs are there in cabbage? Two Bs  
or not two Bs? Another B, I think; and another A,  
a G, and finally an ...

[Mouths E; the MD looks quizzical]

A silent E  
So there we have a cabbage - CABBAGE - let's have  
a deaf - DEAF - aged - AGED - cabbage - CABBAGE -  
who dies - DEAD  
That's a nice little tune! If I sing "Deaf aged  
cabbage dead" it sounds like this: DEAF AGED  
CABBAGE DEAD.  
We need some words to it. Rev'rend Dodgson, any  
ideas?

Dodgson: Let's see [sings]:

Fell asleep, had a funny  
Dream. Laughed, then beastly  
Boojum came. It was  
A ... SCREAM!!

[This is sung as a four-part round by Carroll/Dodgson on tape and  
live. On the screen appears:

DODGSON:  
ODD SONG

or  
ODD SONG  
(DODGSON)

Underneath appear the words of the song. On the group's last  
SCREAM there's a sudden blackout, a horrific scream on tape, and  
the word "SCREAM" on the slide suddenly turns red and enlarges.  
Dodgson/Carroll exits. As the scream fades Mrs Hargreaves enters  
and walks across the stage, reading from a letter]

12    LETTERS

Mrs Hargreaves:

"My darling Isa, It's all very well for you to send me millions of hugs and kisses, but please consider the time it would take"

[A soft tick-tock of a clock fades in, and the character Time walks on, with rap-style mechanical movements, in a spot behind Mrs Hargreaves]

"We could only manage about 20 a minute, and I couldn't go on hugging and kissing more than 12 hours a day, and I wouldn't like to spend Sundays that way. So you see it would take 23 weeks of hard work. Really, my dear child, I cannot spare the time!"

[Mrs Hargreaves disappears off stage at the same time as Alice enters (from the same side of the stage), also reading from a letter from Dodgson. The tape suddenly goes backwards, and Time starts walking backwards away from Alice. Slide comes up of Dodgson's original backwards letter in his own handwriting. Alice reads ...]

"DLC, Uncle loving your! Instead grandson his to it give to had you that so, years 80 or 70 for it forgot you pity a what. 'Dodgson Uncle for pretty something make I'll now' it began you when, yourself to said you that know I. Grandfather my for made you Macassar-Anti pretty that me give to you of nice so was it"

[Alice turns abruptly, continuing reading without a break; tape goes forwards; Time starts walking forwards again, following Alice again; slide slowly fades]

"was so nice of you to give me that pretty Anti-Macassar you had made for my grandfather. I know you said to yourself, when you began it 'Now I'll make something pretty for Uncle Dodgson.' What a pity you forgot it for 70 or 80 years, so that you had to give it to his grandson instead! Your loving Uncle, CLD"

[Alice reaches side of stage as she gets to the end, and exits, leaving Time still on stage. The tape gets louder, serving as rhythmic basis for Time's song ...]

13 Song: TIME

Time, ladies and gentlemen, please

I'm a succession of instants, of moments leading  
on

A progression of intervals

The swings of a pendulum

The oscillations produced by spectral emission  
from caesium atoms

A mechanical series, a tyrannical predetermination

Chronons in an ordered line: Life to Death

I'm just one damn thing after another

Unidirectional: my arrow points forwards towards  
increasing entropy and decreasing  
differentiation

Ultimately I expire

Before and after, then and now are intimately  
connected with the here and there

What is Time but distance travelled?

What is duration but change?

What is distance but a changing journey over Time?

I'm a sequence of frequencies

Probably not linear, maybe cyclical and seasonal

Periodic, episodic

A steady rhythmic maturation, organic not manic

A measured tread ... a funeral march

Time is in the mind of the beholder

Time flows, Love goes

Time flies, Love dies

Time and Love are relative

Hithering, thithering ... withering

Magic ... tragic

Time, ladies and gentlemen, please

[Time continues bopping away with a chorus of ticks and beeps and so on while the following takes place, with Dodgson, Alice and Mrs Hargreaves in three different spots]

Dodgson: February 12, 1860. My darling Alice ...

Alice: It's all very well for you to send me millions of hugs and kisses, but please consider the time it would take ...

Dodgson: March 1, 1885. My dear Mrs Hargreaves ...

Mrs Hargreaves: I fancy this will come to you almost like a voice from the dead, after so many years of silence - and yet those years have made no difference ...

Dodgson: I am getting to feel what an old man's failing memory is, but my mental picture is as vivid as ever, of one who was, through so many years, my ideal child-friend. I have had scores of child-friends since your time: but they have been quite a different thing

[Time fades out; Alice pulls off her Victorian bonnet, loosens her hair and runs past Dodgson]

Dodgson: Wait, Alice! Take your time ... don't ever ... grow up too fast

[Alice runs into the next scene; Mrs Hargreaves fades out; slow fade on Dodgson, looking after Alice longingly]

#### 14 MAD TEA-PARTY

Tweedledee: Six o'clock!

Tweedledum: Six o'clock!

Both: Time for tea!

[Alice enters; they see her coming]

Tweedledee: No room!

Tweedledum: No room!

Alice: Nonsense! There's plenty of room! [She sits down]

Tweedledee: Nohow!

Tweedledum: Contrariwise!

Alice: Ah, look what we have here: twins! Tell me, is one of you a spare?

Tweedledee: Very funny! Very funny!

Tweedledum: Contrariwise! It ain't no fun to be a twin

Tweedledee: Six o'clock!

Alice: But it was six o'clock a minute ago

Tweedledum: So it was and so it is

Tweedledee: Vice versa! So it is and so it was

Tweedledum: Time's standing still - we can't do a thing with him

Alice: Oh ... What's that snoring sound? [The twins look at each other and shake their heads] First boy!

Tweedledee: Nohow!

Alice: Next boy!

Tweedledum: Contrariwise!

Alice: Is it the Snark?

Tweedledee: It's the Black King - he's dreamin'

Tweedledum: Don't wake him! No yellin' or screamin'!

Tweedledee: If he wakes just where do you think you will be?

Alice: Right here

Tweedledum: No-where! No way! He's dreamin' of you. If that there King were to wake you'd go out - PHUT! - just like a candle

Tweedledee: We're all of us things in his dream

Alice: Contrariwise! Nohow! Vice versa! I'm dreaming of him!

Tweedledum: Huh? [pause]

Tweedledee: Huh is huh backwards

Tweedledum: Well huh spelt backwards is huh spelt backwards spelt backwards

Alice: Huh?

Tweedledum [after a moment's silence ignoring Alice]: Vice versa is versa vice vice versa

Tweedledee: Versa vice vice versa vice versa is versa vice versa vice vice versa

Tweedledum: Versa vice vice versa vice vice versa is versa vice versa versa vice vice versa vice versa

is versa vice vice versa vice versa is versa vice  
versa vice versa

Alice: Be quiet! [The twins stop; after a pause Alice  
continues] What are you drinking?

Iweedledum: Punch - we're going to have a battle

Iweedledee: It's lovely. It sends you off to Wonderland.  
Would you like some?

Alice: Ooh, yes please!

Iweedledum: There isn't any

Alice: Well why did you offer me some?

Iweedledee: Oh ... just killing time

Iweedledee: Five past six!

[They prepare for battle, dressing up in saucerpan lids etc  
and striking belligerent poses. Suddenly they are interrupted by  
the White Knight crashing onto stage on a big white rocking horse  
being pulled by various weird characters. He sings all the while  
falling off his horse; others join in]

## 15 THE KNIGHT'S GAMBIT

White Knight, with others:

Pawn to King Four; reply

Pawn to King Four

Pawn to King's Bishop Four; reply

Pawn takes Pawn

Knight to King's Bishop Three: Yippee!

The Knight's Gambit! Reply

Pawn to King's Knight Four

Bishop to Bishop Four; reply

Pawn to Knight Five

Castles! Exclamation!

Attack, defend, retreat and hurray  
Lunge and cut and thrust and parry  
Clear the board, swap off and clari-  
fy ... The Knight's Gambit!

Stand and fight, engage with passion  
Watch the back rank, spring the Dragon  
Aim to seize the long diagonal  
Al ... The Knight's Gambit!

I've tussled to the death  
With a wily Ruy Lopez [pronounced Lopeth]  
I've been cornered and confined  
By a mean Maroczy Bind  
I've been ambushed, charged and stalked  
I've been skewered, pinned and forked  
I've wagered half a million  
On a Nimzovitch Sicilian  
Sometimes, in pensive manner  
I've played the Giucco Pianner  
I've not left it up to fate  
I've gone looking for a mate  
I've battled pain and misery and strife  
When all about King's Indians were rife  
I've struggled in the great chess game of life  
... The Knight's Gambit!

[He falls off once again, whereupon the horse gallops away;  
Iweedledum and Iweedledee dash off after it. Alice rushes to  
the White Knight's side]

Carroll: Practice! Practice! All I need is practice!

Alice: Practice at falling off?

Carroll: At becoming a perfectly balanced individual....  
Now, Alice, let me show you my drawing-room

[As they walk, hand-in-hand, towards the back, a spot comes  
up on Mrs Hargreaves, who is reading from Isa Bowman's book]

Mrs Hargreaves: I used to see a good deal of him at Oxford

[Music-boxes begin tinkling]

Those rooms of his! I don't think there was ever  
such a fairy-land for children. So many gadgets  
and things he'd invented - like the Nyctograph, so  
he could write things in bed at night, and his  
Wonderland postage-stamp case with a picture on it  
which changed when the case was opened. He owned a  
microscope, a telescope, a skeleton, travelling  
ink-pots ... and a great old camera, with which he  
used to take portraits of his child-friends,  
sometimes undraped (the "nudities", he called  
them). After photography sessions he would  
entertain with word games he'd devised like  
Doublets and Lanrick and Syzygies

[Dodgson sings, on tape,

When I use a word it means just what I choose  
It to mean, neither more nor less (no less)



and then hums the tune while Mrs Hargreaves continues. A spot fades up on Dodgson and Alice dancing formally as if on the top of a music box, gyrating slowly]

What I liked best were the music-boxes: big black ebony boxes with glass tops through which you could see all the works, and twenty or thirty little ones. He would amuse me by putting the cylinders into the music-boxes backwards and upside down, and the tunes they played were upside down and backwards, sometimes very funny, sometimes weirdly beautiful ...

[Dodgson's song is now heard full volume (still on tape) as he sings:

When I say I'm in love I specify  
The meaning all these simple words possess  
I love you means I love you  
More than any words can express

Mrs Hargreaves fades from view as Dodgson and Alice stop dancing and walk around the room]

Alice: Tell me about those strange words you used in Jabberwocky, like galumphing and frumious

Dodgson: Well, take the two words "fuming" and "furious". Make up your mind that you will say both words, but leave it unsettled which you will say first. Now open your mouth and speak. If your thoughts incline ever so little towards "fuming", you will say "fuming-furious"; if they turn towards "furious", you will say "furious-fuming"; but if you have that rarest of gifts, a perfectly balanced mind, you will say "frumious"

Alice: And the Snark: what does it mean?

Dodgson: Anything you like, really. I'm afraid I didn't mean anything but nonsense when I invented him - it doesn't even teach anything

Alice: Have you ever met with a Snark?

Dodgson: Not yet - but of course I'm looking. He's handy for striking a light, you know

Alice: He might be a Boojum

Dodgson: That's the risk one takes

[Spot fades up on Mrs Hargreaves, who is still reading]

17 MRS HARGREAVES REMEMBERS

Mrs Hargreaves: On Wednesday the eleventh of July, 1888, I happened to meet a friend at Paddington Station at half-past-ten. I can't remember his name, but he was an old old old gentleman, and he had invited me, I think, to go with him somewhere or other - can't remember where. I helped him pack his luggage, because he thought he would go away ...

Dodgson: He didn't know where ...

Alice: He didn't know when

Mrs Hargreaves: So I put a lot of things

Dodgson: She didn't know what

Mrs Hargreaves: Into boxes

Alice: She didn't know which ...

Mrs Hargreaves: After dinner we admired the large lawn at St John's College, where more than 150 ladies, dressed in robes of gold and silver, were not walking about. In Magdalene Meadow we met a lady "from Amurrica," as she told us, who wanted to know the way to "Addison's Walk," and particularly wanted to know if there would be "any danger" in going there. We told her the way, and that most of the lions and tigers and buffaloes, round the meadow, were quite gentle and hardly ever killed people. So she set off, pale and trembling, and we saw her no more; only we heard her screams in the distance, so we guessed what had happened to her ...

18 DOUBLET AV (SCREAM to JABBER)

[Spot fades. A distant scream is heard; slide of word SCREAM comes up on screen, then starts to change, quickly, into the word JABBER, as follows: SCREAM, CREAMS, CREAKS, CROAKS, CROCKS, CLOCKS, CLACKS, SLACKS, SNACKS, SNARKS, SPARKS, SPARES, STARES, STARED, SOARED, SOAPED, SAPPED, SIPPED, SIPPER, SIMPER, LIMPER, LIMBER, LUMBER, LUBBER, RUBBER, ROBBER, JOBBER, JABBER. Music: gradual change from scream to desperate jabbering sound - or The Jabber Wok is performed:

Deep-fried borogove  
Sauteed slithy tove  
No gimble now, no gyre  
The Jubjub's barely raw  
The rath is mome no more  
It frizzles on the fire  
All Bandersnatched  
And now despatched  
Upon the chopping block  
Every breed  
Fricaseed  
In the vorpal jabber wok

Meanwhile a grand piano is being pushed onto stage. Enter the Bellman with Eric trailing behind; they sing!

19 JUBJUBBY

'Twas after brillig, and the toves  
Were gimble slithing in the bath  
The borogoves were home in droves  
Where the raths had bagsed the hearth

"The Jabberwock is dead, my son  
We lie upon its downy fleece  
Now that the dregious deed is done  
The tulgey world's at peace"

Then down the road the Jubjub strode  
A whoofling, squuntish, desperate bird  
Chicken-livered, pigeon-toed  
Eagle-eyed and furred

And as it spread its groagley toes  
The forest shuddered with its squeak  
Its fiery breath, its smoking nose  
And ears, its flamin' beak

The vorpal sword was everywhere  
Attack! The Jubjub's doom was met  
Forlorn, it flew into the air  
A tantrum, and a net

"And hast thou caught the Jubjub bird?  
Come to my arms! Callay! Callooh!"  
The Jubjub, meanwhile, stretched and purred  
Inside the tulgey zoo

'Twas after brillig, and the toves  
Were gimble slithing in the bath  
The borogoves were home in droves  
Where the raths had bagged the hearth

[As the Bellman and Eric are taking their bows, Carroll enters,  
hand-in-hand with Alice, and shakes their hands]

Carroll: Excellent! Excellent! Now, Mr Bellman, how  
are preparations for the Hunt coming along?

## 20 BELLMAN'S REPORT

Bellman:

- 1 We're just about ready to set out again  
On our hair-raising hunt for the Shark  
It's best, I suggest, we resume now or then  
For the crew are afraid of the dark
- 2 You will want to inspect us: there's me - I'm the boss  
In the field, taking orders from you  
Reporting on progress, each gain, each loss  
While you're making plans at HQ
- 3 We'll be bagging the brute - and to help count the loot  
There's the Banker, old Al, splendid chap  
The Billiard-marker will join the pursuit  
And chalk up our kills in the scrap
- 4 And Clarrie stands ready to carve up the joint  
Comrade Carl simply loves this low-class sport  
Our Cora will certainly not disappoint  
While Errol will look for a passport
- 5 The Beaver is old Mrs Hargreaves, I'm told  
I know her as Alice, nee Liddell  
As charming as ever, as modest and clever  
She's there, sir - the one in the middle
- 6 And last is the band, a motley collection  
Of fellows who blow, pluck and scrape  
They play as we say, for they know on reflection  
If not we'll just put on a tape
- 7 I think that's the lot. Remember, all youse  
The adventure on which we embark  
Is a terrible journey, a hazardous cruise  
To the edge of a perilous precipice

Drew:

Fark!

[Dodgson makes a big production of setting up an old-fashioned camera on a tripod, with magnesium flash etc]

Carroll:

8       Okay! Many thanks, Captain Bellman. And now  
Before you all eagerly dash  
To your deaths I request that you stand at the bow

Dodgson: I've set up the camera and flash

9       To record this momentous occasion.

Carroll:

Hold still!

Very still! Hey Al! Move in closer  
And Cora, chin up! Duck your head! That's the drill  
Are we ready? And steady? No no, sir

10       Young Errol, look straight at the birdie, not Beaver  
And Carl, there's no need to look bash-  
ful and timid. Now Clarrie, please put down that  
cleaver

That's splendid! Hold still! Here's the - Dash

11       It all: Wally, control them! Stop bickering, Carl  
And Al: you should try a crash  
Course in friendship. Now Boots, try a smile, not a  
snarl

That's better. Now wait for the ...

[There's a sudden great magnesium flash and a slide of the  
photograph he just took, but in mirror image, comes up on  
the screen above their heads. The crew sings while erecting  
a sail on the piano]

21   FLASH!

Whole crew:

Flash! we'll be in the paper  
Flash! we'll be in the news  
Flash! we're off on a caper  
Flash! we'll give interviews

We'll tell ev'ryone what we will do  
Pass-ionately  
We will describe what we pursue  
Nat-ional ex-  
Posure will mean  
That we will be seen

As quite a remarkable crew  
Brash, but dash-  
ing, with pan-

Ache! telling our adventures (we'll make a)  
Splash! in all the magazines (we'll get)  
Cash! flashing our dentures (we'll be a)  
Smash! on television screens

Snark-hunting will be the new  
Fash-ion that  
Ev'ryone will be into  
Rat-ional an-  
Alysis shows  
What ev'ryone knows  
That one day we'll cook a Snark stew  
Or goulash  
We'll go to a haber-

Dash!-ery for the thimbles (the Snark will)  
Gnash! his teeth in despair (he might)  
Gash! himself when he gimbles (then we'll)  
Lash! the brute to a chair

Dodgson: And what if he turns out to be a Boojum?

Alice: And what if he sings "Fee Fie Foo Fum"?

Bellman: There'll be a

All: Flash! (sh .....

Bellman: We'll all be ... ash .....

[On the beat before each of the first four "Flash!"s a big flash-gun goes off. On the next beat a mirror image of the slide just taken comes up then starts to cross-fade with the stage lights. On the last "Flash!" at the end of the song, a slide of a nuclear flash comes up, then slowly fades to black --- This chilling moment is done away with by a long trombone glissando into, suddenly, a big, bright, snappy Dixieland dance number, the crew's last party before resuming the hunt. The next song follows immediately]

22 WE MUST BE OFF

[Whole crew]

Although the Snark might be a Boojum  
It's time we mosied on  
We're ready now, well almost  
And soon we must be gone  
We must be gone around the bend

But let's rip, tear, rend and sever  
Hark hark the Snark: he's doomed at last  
Let's hope we find him fast ... asleep

Good friends, goodbye  
Fair ladies, farewell  
We'll see you again (we hope)  
Soon ... probably

Auf wiedersehen, a rivederci  
Au revoir, hooroo  
We won't be long  
Actually

A journey through the long dark night  
Of existential angst  
To save us from the human plight  
Of goblin, ghost and gangst-  
Er ... um ... we mean

We must be off  
Bid us bon voyage  
We might never return  
(Gulp) ...

[With the Bellman sitting on the piano they set off on the  
Hunt, pushing the piano before them. Perhaps an outboard motor  
springs noisily into life, belching smoke and sparks. Dodgson and  
Alice wave goodbye]

\*\*\* End of Act I \*\*\*

Act Two

- 1 Anagramessagenerator
- 2 It Ain't No Fun To Be A Twin
- 3 Radio Report #1
- 4 Dodgson Interlude #1
- 5 Caterpillar
- 6 Alice/Mrs Hargreaves Interlude
- 7 Time's Running Out
- 8 Radio Report #2
- 9 Dodgson Interlude #2
- 10 The Question Is
- 11 Punctuation Marks
- 12 Magic Number
- 13 Sentence
- 14 Dodgson Interlude #3
- 15 Punctuation Marks (reprise)
- 16 Nothing Is Quite What It Seems (Radio Report #3)
- 17 Alice Nudities
- 18 Faces in the Fire (Dodgson Interlude #4)
- 19 My Knight in Shining Armour
- 20 Troubled Thoughts (Dodgson Interlude #4)
- 21 Dodgson's Dream



BOOJUM - ACT 2

[The set is divided into three portions: in the middle is the Wonderland Cafe, with Humpty Dumpty as the bartender and various weird characters sitting at tables drinking and talking animatedly; stage left is Dodgson's desk, where his interludes are played; stage right (prompt) are a computer terminal, a large radio with pop-art lips capable of mouthing in-coming messages, and a video screen. The Act begins with Carroll at the computer terminal typing in a program that generates anagrams from the name "Lewis Carroll". He is receiving messages from the crew and sending them advice and encouragement; he is addressed as, or signs his messages with, either [L.] or [L.C.].]

1 ANAGRAMGENERATOR

[Bright snappy electronic music, with band, is heard. Carroll singing each line as he types it in and it appears on the screen; a background choir takes it up. On EUN the program works - after a title graphic such as "ANAGRAMGENERATOR on the name LEWIS CARROLL." Letters pile up on the screen, and soon the program produces its first acceptable anagram]

[in red]

ALL WORRIES [L.C.]

CROWS RILE ALL

L: ALL COWER, SIR

L.C.: ERROL WAILS

L: CLARRIE 'OWLS

WORSE ... CARL ILL

[in blue]

ER ... 'OW'S ILL CARL?

CARL IS LOWER [L.]

[in red]

CLEAR SWILL OR

SLICE RAW ROLL!

SLOW RALL, ERIC ...

[Music does a slow ralla-tando]

'OW'S CARL? ILLER?

OR IS CARL WELL?

[in blue]

O, CARL WELL, SIR!

CROWS REAL ILL!

LC IS WELL ... ROAR!

[Sound of crowd cheering, which fades into Wonderland Cafe scene]

2 IT AIN'T NO FUN TO BE A TWIN

Tweedledum: Versa vice vice versa ...

Tweedledee [simultaneously with Tweedledum]: Vice versa versa vice ...

Caterpillar [over]: Wheee! Nothing seems quite what it is ...

Carroll: Be quiet!!

[The brothers stop, looking hurt, while the Caterpillar lapses back into his drug-induced stupor. Tweedledum and Tweedledee get up to sing]

Tweedledee: It ain't no fun to be a twin

Tweedledum: No fun at all, indeed it's rather grim

Tweedledee: I'm always known as just a clone of him  
We're deuce, a brace, the twain

Tweedledum: A random tandem, it's inane  
A pain to be a twin

Both: We're built compactly  
We know in fact we  
Are both exactly  
Symmetrical  
Theoretically  
Cosmetically  
Genetically  
Identical

We are two twins  
Here is the reason why  
We were two twin-  
Kles in our father's eye

Yet though each brother  
Is like the other  
We're like each other  
As chalk and cheese

Tweedledee: For he likes Lily  
Tweedledum: And he likes Millie  
Both: And I like Willie [pause]  
We're easy to please

We look the same, the blame  
Is shared when things go wrong  
And thus the shame continues twice as long  
If we only could be the only son  
We would be simply won-  
Derful - it ain't no fun to be a twin

Tweedledee: Drink!

Tweedledum: Drink! Drink!

Carroll: Ah, look what we have here: twins! Tell me: is one of you a spare?

Tweedledee: Funny!

Tweedledum: Very funny! Off with his head!

Carroll: You can't take off my head

Tweedledee: Why not?

Tweedledum: Yes, why not, indeed?

Carroll: Because if you took off my head then you wouldn't exist. You'd go out - PHUT! - just like a candle. You only exist in my imagination

Tweedledee: Nonsense!

Tweedledum: Yes, nonsense indeed! Never heard such a thing - it's just a figment of your imagination

Tweedledee: And just what do you think you're going to imagine next, eh?

Tweedledum: Yes, what?

Carroll: Ah, let me see ... I think I'll imagine ... that you're about to sing another verse of your song

[Eric starts the introduction]

Tweedledee [over]: What rot!

Tweedledum: Pure poppy-cock! There'll be no more singing from us!

Tweedledee: Nohow!

Tweedledum: Contrariwise!

[Both sing second verse]

Tweedledee: It ain't no fun to be a twin

Tweedledum: We are disgruntled though it's not a scin-

Tweedledee: Tillating thing to be a pair, aware

Of quand'ries we are in-

Tweedledum: Disputably there's lots of fun-

Ny things in being a twin

Tweedledee: Now I'm a front-ranker  
A sturdy sheet-anchor  
Tweedledum: A bloody great wanker  
All proper and prim  
Tweedledee: While he's ineffective  
A mental defective  
Tweedledum: What can you expect with  
A brother like him?

Both: We were two 'ap-  
Less little kids, rather shy  
We are two app-  
Les of our mother's eye

Although we are both kith and kin  
We're as alike as yang and yin  
Although we are both kin and kith  
We're not the same if you take the pith  
You know how much this on our pip gets  
But then at least we are not triplets  
There's one thing that doesn't displease  
We could have been Siamese

(Togetherness, togetherness  
We'll never live apart  
We're joined in love and friendship  
Through one great bleeding heart)

Tweedledee: It's very easy to be cyn-  
Ical  
Tweedledum: It's strange we're not delin-  
Quent  
Tweedledee: Really we've been rather swin-  
Dled  
Tweedledum: We're the same in ev'ry wrin-  
Kle  
Tweedledee: Really it's quite ignomin-  
Ious  
Tweedledum: It goes on ad infin-  
Itum  
Tweedledee: We're most annoyed, fair din-  
Kum  
Tweedledum: It's no fun to be a twin

Both: Our girl-friends compare us  
But don't want to share us  
Old maids try to snare us  
And tousle our hair  
It's awf'ly alarming  
They find us so charming  
And smirk while remarking  
One must be a spare!

And people ask us what it's like to be a twin  
But what's it like when not a twin at all?  
If we only could be the only son  
We would be simply won-  
Derful - it ain't no fun to be a twin

[Enter Carroll/Dodgson, who sings with the Iweedles]

Is each of us only a half?  
Are we one pea or two in the pod?  
Do both of us share an identity?  
Together are we even or odd?

Iweedles alone:

You may think we are being quite neurotic  
It happens when you're monozygotic

Perhaps it's worse to be a singleton like you  
Are we perverse, should we be satisfied?  
If you only were a duo like us  
Would you create a fuss?  
Or would you say it's fun  
(Perhaps it's really fun)  
We're sure it would be fun-  
Damentally no fun to be a twin!

So them's the outs and ins  
Of being identical twins!

[Full company is in final tableau; the applause is punctuated by

Beep! Beep! Beep beep!

Carroll rushes to the radio. The other characters show some  
interest, but not much; they resume their safe-style activities]

### 3 RADIO REPORT #1

[Message comes through on radio]

Bellman:  
Carroll:

Snark-hunters to Mission Control: are we through?  
Receiving you loud and clear  
Mister Bellman, old chum. Do you have any clue?  
Have you sighted a Snark? Are you near?

Bellman:

No sign of our quarry just yet - but don't worry  
We'll never give in till we've won  
The Snark will be sorry, we'll soon start to hurry  
And meanwhile we're sure having fun

[Crew sing]

This curious, spurious fellow  
In whose honour we perform  
He hasn't stepped in to say hello  
We hope we're at last getting warm  
We think we're persuaded we're certain  
Is that one of the virtues of his?  
We have searched since the opening curtain  
Will we ever find out what he is?  
The Hunting of the Snark etc

4 DODGSON INTERLUDE NO 1

[Beginning before the end of the chorus of the last song (on the radio). Dodgson speaks while seated at his desk]

Dodgson:

I was walking on a hillside, alone, one bright summer day, when suddenly there came into my head one line of verse - one solitary line - "For the Snark was a Boojum, you see." I knew not what it meant, then: I know not what it means, now; but I wrote it down: and, sometime afterwards, the rest of the stanza occurred to me, that being its last line: and so by degrees, at odd moments during the next year or two, the rest of the poem pieced itself together, that being its last stanza

5 SONG: CATERPILLAR

Humpty:

I know what it means. It means Nothing. The End. Complete egg-stinction. A black hole devouring everything, the final holocaust, the nuclear winter. The Big Crunch. It's the infinite void through which we float forever, revolving nonsensically, going nowhere

Caterpillar:

Nothing seems quite what it is, in my opinion

Carroll:

No doubt that stuff you're smoking induces an altered state of consciousness - like that dopehead the Dormouse

Caterpillar:

As you wish, man. You know, as one of your biographers will say, in the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed man is thought to be suffering from hallucinations

Carroll:

Does he suffer from hallucinations or does he  
just imagine he does?

Caterpillar:

I think all this funny smoke has muddled my mind

[sings]

I'm a Caterpillar of Society  
Not a social butterfly

I can run, jump, fight, wheel a barrow, ride a  
bike

Let me explain the reason why

I have a very healthy appetite

And I eat up all my greens

Such as cabbage, lettuce, peas and celery

Cucumber and beans

Here I go ... [eats celery etc]

Ah, delicious!

And so nutritious!

Here's a bean about to be a has-been

In you go ...

Ah, magnifico!

I'm red, black and yellow

A fine-looking fellow

All because I eat my greens

I'm a Caterpillar of Variety

I can juggle and sing and joke

As well as run, jump, fight, wheel a barrow, ride  
a bike

I am a clever kind of bloke

As a dancer I am dynamite

When I don my dancing shoes

I can disco, tango, jive and rock and roll

Just read my reviews

Here I go

[He dances around the stage. A couple of ballroom-dancing  
functionaries with numbers on their backs also dance around  
the stage before whisking each other off again]

On tippy toe!

Oh, what a show!

I can tap, I'm a clever kind of chap

Ah, magnifico!

I'm red, black and yellow

A fine-looking fellow

All because I eat my greens

I'm a Caterpillar of Virility

I'm as strong as any lion

I can run, jump, fight, wheel a barrow, ride a  
bike

'Cos I'm always pumpin' iron

Thirty press-ups? Easy! Thirty-five!  
Thirty-seven, that's no sweat!  
Why not buy my illustrated Caterpillar  
Work-out Cassette  
Aerobicise!  
Try this for thighs!  
It's great exercise!  
See me flex all my splendid rippling pecs  
What a condition!  
What definition!  
I'm red, black and yellow  
A fine-looking fellow  
All because I eat my  
(Oh how much I love my)

Humpty [who through the second half of this verse has been trying to exercise, and to flex his muscles]:

All because we eat our greens!

[Humpty slumps into a chair, exhausted. The Caterpillar, also exhausted, exits. Blackout]

#### 6 ALICE/MRS HARGREAVES INTERLUDE

[Snap up spot on Mrs Hargreaves (Alice, unseen, is standing behind her out of the light)]

Mrs Hargreaves: On the 4th of July, 1862, the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, a young Oxford Don who was then Mathematical Lecturer of Christchurch, took the day off and went rowing with the small daughters of the Dean. That eventful picnic was duly noted in his neat and interminable diary that night. The entry reads thus

Alice [stepping out from behind Mrs Hargreaves and reading from a book]:

I made an expedition up the river to Godstow with the three Liddells; we had tea on the bank there and did not reach Christchurch until half-past eight

Mrs Hargreaves: But at that time he did not deem one subsequently enhanced detail of the day sufficiently important to be worth chronic'ling. It was the moment when Alice Liddell asked

Alice: Tell us a story, Uncle Charles

Mrs Hargreaves: And Dodgson began



[Dodgson's voice comes over on tape:

All in the golden afternoon  
Full leisurely we glide  
For both our oars, with little skill  
By little arms are plied  
While little hands make vain pretence  
Our wanderings to guide ...]

Mrs Hargreaves [beginning underneath the tape]

... there in the shadow of the hayrick to which the  
four Argonauts retreated from the heat of the sun

[On tape, again, comes

Alice: And the Dodo, sir: who is that?

Dodgson: Why, that's the Reverend Do-Do-Dodgson

Male voice (Duckworth): I say, Dodgson, is this an extempore  
romance of yours?

Dodgson: Yes, I'm inventing as we go along ...]

Mrs Hargreaves: It was a tale about just such a little girl as the  
gravely attentive Alice Liddell who used to prod him  
whenever he lapsed for a time from his story of another  
Alice falling down a rabbit hole into the world of the  
unexpected ...

## 7 TIME'S RUNNING OUT

Carroll: Time's running out? How dare he? Where's  
Time?

Humpty: There he is! [leaps off stage and comes  
back immediately, holding Time by the scruff of the  
neck] I've got the little runt!

Carroll: What do you mean by running out?

Time: I'm not, sir. I was hiding - I heard Tweedledum  
say he was killing Time

Tweedledum: Contrariwise! It was him! [pointing at  
Tweedledee]

Tweedledee: Nohow!

Carroll: No-one wants to kill Time, my dear. On the  
contrary: we all want to save time. Now run along,  
but not too fast, do you hear?

Time: Yes, sir [Time bows and starts backing out] Sir, yes

Carroll: Hear you do fast too not but along run now [Time walks forwards] run along, but not too fast, do you hear?

Time: Yes, sir

Carroll: And don't go backwards again. And don't ever stop, do you hear?

Time: Yes, sir

Carroll: How's your father?

Time: Not a bad old tick

Carroll: And your wife Rosemary?

Time: She gives me the pips. She's always ticking me off. And she says I should only tock when I'm spoken to. Forgive me, but one day I'm going to clock her one

Tweedledum: Hooray! A battle!

Tweedledee: A real ding-dong! We'll supply the seconds!

Both Tweedles: Hooray! Hooray! [They rattle their rattles and prepare to fight again]

## 8 RADIO REPORT #2

[Beep Beep! on the radio again, but this time there's a video link as well. The characters in the Cafe show more excitement than last time]

Bellman: Snark-hunters to Mission Control: are you there?

Carroll: Receiving you loud and clear - we are eager  
To hear of your exploits, your devil-may-care  
Derring-do, no matter how meagre

Bellman: Well our bleeding great quest is proceeding out  
west  
And up south and out east and down north  
To the ends of the earth, to each valley, each  
firth  
And each ocean we all sally forth

The dread Jabberwock is deceased, and the Jubjub  
Is captured; the Snark won't be spared  
I'm expecting quite soon an astonishing hubbub  
Announcing the brute has been snared

But not yet: the Snark is a wily old beast  
And although our inquiries are zealous  
The show must go on till it's over, at least  
Mister Carroll, you've something to tell us?

Carroll: Just take care, railway shares, some more hope and  
your time  
And remember, this hunt is a serious  
matter. To fail would be hailed as a crime  
The results more or less deleterious

[Crew sing]  
Raiding, cru-  
Sading, e-  
Vading the darkness  
So far we're Snarkless  
Mustn't despair  
Raging, ram-  
Faging, cou-  
Rageously hunting  
Boldly upfronting  
Snark must beware

Carroll: Tally ho, then! Good hunting! Be stealthy, be bold  
And never admit any doubt  
Your deeds, if embellished a bit, can be sold  
To the newspapers. Over and out

## 9 DODGSON INTERLUDE #2

Humpty: I know what it means. Nothing. The End.  
Absobloodylute egg-stinction. A black hole  
devouring everything, the final holocaust, the  
nuclear winter. Space inside the atom. The Big  
Crunch, the infinite void, the ultimate  
apocalypse. Nothing

[Spot up on Dodgson at his desk. Alice's voice comes over on tape:

Alice: Uncle Dodgson: tell me about the Boojum. What does it  
mean?]

Dodgson: Oh, it's just a bit of nonsense - it doesn't even  
teach anything

[Tape again:

Alice: Have you ever met with a Boojum?]

Dodgson: Oh no, hardly - if I had I would have softly and suddenly vanished away. As you can see I'm still here

[Tape:

Alice: But Uncle Dodgson, what if the Snark turns out to be a Boojum?]

Dodgson: That's the risk one takes

## 10 THE QUESTION IS

[Flash focus back to Cafe]

Punk: You say Boojum means Nothing, the end, and so on. How can one little word mean as much as all that?

Humpty: Easy. When I use a word it means just what I choose it to mean - neither more nor less

Punk: That's nonsense

Humpty: The question is: which is to be master? That's all

Carroll: Excellent, Humpty - I couldn't've put it better if I'd written it myself!

[Humpty sings]

When I use a word it means just what I choose  
It to mean - neither more nor less (no less)  
Some words amuse, some confuse; more  
Seem to mean more than meaningless  
Some words have meaning you can only guess  
Verbs in particular I must confess  
The question is: Which is to be master? That's all  
When I say "When I use a word it means  
Just what I choose" these words cause much  
distress  
They work so hard I pay them  
More each Saturday night unless

[Carroll joins in]

Some words work so hard I give them double pay  
Some words do not - they get a reprimand  
Especially pronouns and such: they  
Make up an egocentric band  
While adjectives keep getting out of hand

At least most nouns are under my command  
The question is: Which is to be master? That's all  
Some words have far too many syllables  
Some words are too obscure to understand  
Some are as common as mud  
Some are absolutely mad and

Punk: Not a bad tune, Fatso

Humpty: Say what you like - it's my very own tune - only  
backwards

[Dodgson sings]

Words are sometimes honest, then they win a prize  
And sometimes liars: they conceal the truth  
They can be noble, perhaps wise  
Or cads and bounders, and uncouth  
Their meaning often changes with the wind  
They may be waffly and undisciplined  
The question is:

[Humpty sings]

Which is to be master? That's all

Punk: You say words can mean different things? My  
friends here say it all depends on ...  
punctuation!!

## 11 PUNCTUATION MARKS

[Punk and others sing]

- 1 You want to start a new sentence?  
Upper case! Upper case!  
That's capital!  
Block letter! Doo-eee!  
You've finished now the first locution  
Leave a space! Leave a space!  
There's nothing in it  
Gets better - doo-aah!  
  
Your second word can now begin  
Lower case! Lower case!  
Just take it slow  
Little letter! Doo-eee!  
Unless it is a proper name  
Retrace! About face!  
Use a capital  
Go-getter! Doo-aah!

Go-getter! Doo-aah!

Punctual and punctilious  
Smugly supercilious  
Graceful Punctuation Marks  
(Give in to that temptation  
A writer's obligation)  
Graceful Punctuation Marks!

2 Let's say you want to pause a moment  
Use a comma! Use a comma!  
Or semi-colon  
Pause longer! Doo-eee!  
Now here's a word to emphasise  
Underline, Big Momma!  
Or italics  
Even stronger! Doo-aah!

You want to use parentheses  
That's OK! That's OK!  
That's by the way  
Round bracket - doo-eee!  
And if you use a possessive  
Gotta pay! Gotta pay!  
Apostrophe  
Canya hack it? Doo-aah!

Elegant and gracious  
Servile and sagacious  
Humble Punctuation Marks  
(No exaggeration  
It adds sophistication)  
Marks

3 You want to start a paragraph  
Indent! Indent!  
You gotta laugh  
So easy! Doo-eee!  
You can't think what to write next sentence  
Invent! Invent!  
Just make it up  
Bright and breezy! Doo-aah!

Now someone writes an exclamation  
I say! I say! I say!  
Or asks a question  
Curious? Doo-eee!  
They fail to use the right indication  
Hey hey! No way!  
It makes you angry  
Furious! Doo-aah!

Careful and attentive  
Anally retentive  
Splendid Punctuation Marks

(It's insubordination  
To use no Punctuation)  
Marks  
(As famous as those others  
Groucho and his brothers)  
Marks

4     Dot dot dot dot dot dot dot  
       Expletive deleted!  
       [Zil, zil - zul, zul]  
       Quotation! Doo-eee!  
       [Runs sharply across stage]  
       Just a dash (repeated)  
       [Runs sharply across stage again]  
       Ovation! Doo-aah!

And now you've reached the end  
Full stop!!

Carroll:           That "anally retentive" line: bit close to the  
                  wind, isn't it? Good song, though. I like musical  
                  numbers - got any more?

A Punctuation Mark: Here's a musical number:

## 12    MAGIC NUMBER

[142857] Multiply by one, I always stay the same (Boo!)  
[285714] Multiply by two, I'm just another name  
[428571] Multiply by three, I shuffle round about  
[571428] Multiply by four, I pull my digit out  
[714285] Multiply by five, I re-arrange again  
[857142] Multiply by six - Ditto! Ditto ditto! But then  
[999999] Multiply by seven- I'm lost! In quick decline!  
          Emergency! Double emergency! (Nine nine nine nine  
          nine nine)

Carroll:           Excellent! Numero uno! Any more?

## 13    SENTENCE

Humpty:           I've got a song about a Full Stop

Carroll:           That's all?

Humpty:           About a Full Stop, period. Eric?!

[Eric plays introductory chord; Humpty sings]

A Paragraph asked a long Sentence (who tried  
To conceal she was pallid and grey)  
Just how she was feeling

Full Stop: Not good

Humpty: She replied

Full Stop: My Full Stop is coming today

#### 14 DODGSON INTERLUDE #3

[Snap spot on Dodgson at his desk]

Dodgson: As to the meaning of the Snark? I'm afraid I  
didn't mean anything but nonsense! Still, you  
know, words mean more than we mean to express when  
we use them: so a whole book ought to mean a great  
deal more than the writer meant. So, whatever good  
meanings are in the book, I'm very glad to accept  
as the meaning of the book. The best that I've  
seen is by a lady (she published it in a letter to  
a newspaper) - that the whole book is an allegory  
on the search after happiness. I think this fits  
beautifully in many ways - particularly about the  
bathing-machines: when the people get weary of  
life, and can't find happiness in town or in  
books, then they rush off to the seaside to see  
what bathing-machines will do for them

#### 15 PUNCTUATION MARKS (reprise)

Yunk: You want to search for happiness?  
All Punctuation Marks: Blue bird, blue bird  
Yunk: We've no objection  
All Punctuation Marks: Go catch it! Doo-eee!  
Yunk: You've got an itch to find a purpose  
All Punctuation Marks: Not absurd! Not absurd!  
Yunk: Well let's go!  
All Punctuation Marks: Go scratch it! Doo-ah!



Well here's the situation  
Go for consummation  
Go for Carroll's own creation  
Standard regulation  
Special preparation  
Extra-long duration  
Beware of imitation  
Real not simulation  
Go for Carroll's own creation  
SNARKS  
And don't forget us Punctuation Marks!

16 RADIO REPORT #3

[One of the Punctuation Marks opens a newspaper with the banner headline SNARK ALMOST CAPTURED! BELLMAN ENRAPTURED. The cafe characters excitedly rush over to the radio when they hear it go BEEP BEEP! ...]

Bellman: Snark-hunters to Mission Control! Can you hear us?  
Carroll: Come in, Mister Bellman. What's up?  
Bellman: SUCCESS! Well almost - the Snark's very near us  
We're sneaking around to abrupt-

Tly surround him, astound him, confound him,  
impound him  
Carroll: Take care with your nets in the fray!  
Beware, entre nous, fumbled ropes and the Boojum  
Lest all of you vanish away!

[Sings]

Here's what I've heard  
Life is absurd  
Nonsense is more than its match  
Need not despair  
Only beware  
Frumious Bandersnatch  
Nothing is quite what it seems

All: Nothing is quite what it seems

Carroll: Nothing is quite what it seems

Punk: Here's what I've seen  
Life is obscene  
Ev'ryone trying to please  
Is it all bluff?  
Is it enough?  
Life is a terminal disease

Nothing is quite what it seems

All: Nothing is quite what it seems

Punk: Nothing is quite what it seems

Humpty: Here's what I claim  
Life is a game  
Find all the rules as you go  
If you sit on the fence  
Nothing makes sense  
Those through the looking-glass know  
Nothing is quite what it seems

All: Nothing is quite what it seems

Humpty: Nothing is quite what it seems

Crew: Here's what we think  
We're on the brink  
High on yon neighbouring crag  
Nonsense knows why  
Laugh till you cry  
Life is a desperate wag  
Nothing is quite what it seems

Dodgson: Nothing is quite what it seems

All: Nothing is quite what it seems  
  
You'd better believe it, because  
What we tell you three times is true!

Crew: Over and out!

[Exeunt]

17 THE ALICE NUDITIES

[Dodgson is at his desk, reading]

Dodgson: Dear Mrs Mayhew, I would be very pleased if, when your three daughters come on Saturday afternoon, you could place no limits on the dress in which I may photograph them. Please consider my reasons for asking the favour. Here am I, an amateur photographer, with a deep sense of admiration for form, especially the human form, and one who believes it to be the most beautiful thing God has made on this earth - and who hardly ever gets a chance of photographing it! I could no

doubt hire professional models in town: but, first, they would be ugly, and, secondly, they would not be pleasant to deal with: so my only hope is with friends. Now your Ethel is beautiful, both in face and form; and is also a perfectly simple-minded child of Nature, who would have no sort of objection to serving as model for a friend she knows as well as she does me. So my humble petition is, that you will bring the 2 girls, and that you will allow me to try some groupings of them without any drapery or suggestion of it.

I fear you will reply that the one insuperable objection is "Mrs Grundy" - that people will be sure to hear that such pictures have been done, and that they will talk. As to their hearing of it, I say "of course. All the world are welcome to hear of it, and I would not on any account suggest to the children not to mention it - which would at once introduce an objectionable element" - but as to people talking about it ... well, let them talk.

It only remains for me to add that, though my theories are so out-of-the-way (as you may perhaps think them), my practice shall be strictly in accordance with whatever rules you like to lay down - so you may at any time send the children by themselves, in perfect confidence that I will try no experiments you have not previously sanctioned

[Throughout this monologue the screen shows slides of nuditias, beginning with the actual surviving photographs, some in black and white, some colourised etc, ending with an erotic slide of a nude Alice. This last slide stays on until after the first line of the second verse of "Faces in the Fire"]

## 18 FACES IN THE FIRE

Dodgson [in knight's armour]:

The night creeps onward, sad and slow  
In these red embers' dying glow  
The forms of fancy come and go

The picture fadeth in its place  
Amid the glow I seem to trace  
The shifting semblance of a face

Oh, Time was young, and Life was warm  
When first I saw the fairy-form  
Her dark hair tossing in the storm

And fast and free these pulses played  
When last I met that gentle maid  
When last her hand in mine was laid

Those locks of jet are turned to gray  
And she is strange and far away  
That might have been mine own today

That might have been mine own, my dear  
Through many and many a happy year  
That might have sat beside me here

'Ay, changeless through the changing scene  
The ghostly whisper rings between  
The dark refrain of "might have been"

The race is o'er I might have run  
The deeds are past I might have done  
And were the wreath I might have won

Sunk is the last faint flickering blaze  
The vision of departed days  
Is vanished even as I gaze

The pictures, with their ruddy light  
Are changed to dust and ashes white  
And I am left alone with night

## 19 MY KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOUR

[Snap spot off Dodgson and fade up on Alice]

Alice: My knight in shining armour  
How pleasant to enter his world of pretend  
To wake in his dream-time, his fancies attend  
To make his acquaintance, to be his good friend  
I honour him

[Spot fades up on Mrs Hargreaves, who sings the second verse]

My knight, my gallant dreamer  
He's tilting at windmills, a smile on his face  
Pursuing his dreams and enjoying the chase  
His soft mellow voice like a warming embrace  
How good to know him  
I want to show him  
He's my knight

[Alice and Mrs Hargreaves sing duet]

My kindly-hearted hero  
Bewitching, enriching our ev'ryday lives  
So clever whatever his dreaming contrives  
Entrancing, enhancing the dreariest part  
Demanding, commanding the weariest heart  
With tender love  
A gentle man  
I cherish him

[During the next section the White Knight comes on at the back and silently tilts at a few windmills etc. Mrs Hargreaves sings the following part of the middle bit]

My knight of the kindly countenance  
Upright, very proper and shy  
Eccentric and a treat  
Always a real pleasure to meet  
Through thick and thin  
There is a twin-  
Kle in his eye

[Alice takes over]

My knight of the kindly countenance  
A knight with a rickety knee  
And long silvery hair  
Often a pun, often a prayer  
Often a song, always so strong  
And loving to me

[The White Knight reaches for Mrs Hargreaves but she evades him and exits; he follows]

My knight, my noble charmer  
His whimsical magic, his wonderland schemes  
The genial nonsense pervading his themes  
The fantasy world which is more than it seems  
The logic he takes to extremes  
The humour, the wisdom, the truth of his dreams  
I honour him  
I cherish him  
I love him

## 20 TROUBLED THOUGHTS

[Dodgson (very troubled) is in spot, preparing for bed and perhaps getting into bed; on tape the music of "The Question Is" begins]

Dodgson: There are sceptical thoughts, which seem for the moment to uproot the firmest faith; there are

blasphemous thoughts, which dart unbidden into the most reverent souls; there are unholy thoughts, which torture with their hateful presence, the fancy that would fain be pure

[The music on tape wells up with Dodgson singing:

The question is: Which is to be master?

That's all

When I say I'm in love I specify

The meaning all these simple words possess

I love you means I love you

More than any words can express

The singing continues [lives]

Dodgson: Fell asleep, had a funny dream  
Laughed, then beastly Boojum came  
It was a ... SCREAM!!!

[Cloud, surdling electronic scream on tape serving as introduction to the dream]

## 21 DODGSON'S DREAM

[The cafe literally splits asunder and the furniture moves off. A fantastic, surreal dance and mime sequence ensues, representing the kind of dream Dodgson might have had: "Pillow Problems" (probability problems expressed in mathematical formulae) cloud his mind in an ultimately futile attempt to banish "impure thoughts"; other Carroll characters we've not seen before (such as the Mad Hatter, March Hare, Duchess, Cheshire Cat etc) swim into view, then vanish, and a naked Alice dances erotically by this is accompanied by film, perhaps, or video, certainly by slides, tapes, live band, and live electronics. Towards the end the characters start appearing as their chess pieces, till by the time the dream has faded away the cast is back on the chess board. They sing]

Alice:

Where is the Snark  
And where is the Boojum?  
Why are we hunting?  
What will we learn?  
Is there a secret?  
Why do we yearn?  
Hope, fear and anguish -  
Will we return?

All:

Snark-hunters know  
It could be a Boojum  
They who go hunting

Hearing the call  
Searching for answers  
Risking their all  
Suddenly, softly  
Could come the fall

[BLACK-OUT]

End of Act Two

1 THE FINAL PHASE

[A series of chess moves with slides illustrative of various themes of the show. The White pieces (the crew) all succumb to the Black pieces, the last to be captured is the White Knight, taken by the Black King. The music comes to an abrupt stop, and there is an awesome silence for a few seconds. Then we hear a fierce scream on tape while a single spot lights Dodgson's face looking intently into space. When the screen has died away (after about fifteen seconds) we hear a solitary live music-box on stage playing "Rock-a-bye Baby" in a flat, electric B flat accord. It fades in, and the crew, picking themselves up off the floor, join the black pieces to sing]

What was the Snark  
And what was the Boojum?  
What did we look for?  
What did we find?  
Is it the real world  
Or in the mind?  
Are we so helpless?  
Are we so blind?

[The band starts to play, the cast groups itself into a choir and sings]

2 FINALE

We'll go hunting again quite dementedly  
In our madness a scheme  
Till at last we arrive self-contentedly  
At the end of our dream  
Though we jest as the tempo gets faster  
We're distressed at the fear of disaster  
Yet we'll stand on our own  
All together, alone

Dodgson: For the question is: Which will be master?

All: Yes the question is: Which will be master?

As Dodgson was heard to remark

This is the mark

of the strin-gent and blunt, quite

long-win-ded, full-front-al

continuing Hunt for the

Snark!



[Black-out. Applause etc. This is the end of the show unless an encore is demanded, in which case the following is sung, the first letter of each line appearing on the screen]

Ludicrous, perhaps, but lucid  
Even-handed lines enthrall  
Wisdom wanders through the whimsy  
Inspiration over all  
Sense or nonsense? Hocus pocus

Carried on by shrewd design  
Anyone can find the meaning  
Redolent in ev'ry line  
Roll on Lewis Carroll! Strolling  
Out with Alice, hand in glove  
Long live Carroll's wit and humour  
Long live Lewis Carroll's love

\*\*\* End of Act 3 and of show \*\*\*