

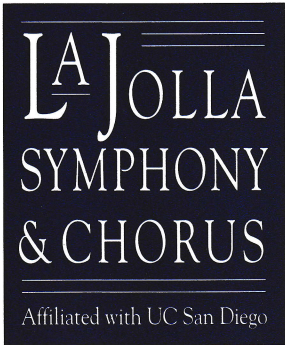
RAY

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Whimsical

Sensational Special –

A Season of Delight 1992-93





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The La Jolla Symphony and Chorus are non-profit organizations, administered by the La Jolla Symphony Association with generous assistance from the Music Department of UC, San Diego.
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Thomas Nee, Music Director David Chase, Choral Director

Mandeville Auditorium

Saturday, January 23, 1993, 8 P.M. Sunday, January 24, 1993, 3 P.M.

BooJum!

book and music	Martin Wesley-Smith
book and lyrics	Peter Wesley-Smith
musical director, conductor	David Chase
stage director	James A. Strait
costume designer	Dianne Holly
production assistant	Paul Taylor
property mistress	Barbara Krepps

CAST in order of appearance

Wal (Bellman, White King)	Patrick Nollet
Dodgson (Baker, White Knight)	Beau Palmer
Alice	Claire Chase
Lewis Carroll	Leon Natker
White Rabbit	Marie Nelson
Cora (Boots, White Pawn)	Rebecca Tañon
Al (American Banker, White Bishop)	Stewart Shaw
Carl (Russian Billiard-marker, White Bishop)	Charles Finn
Erroll (Chinese Barrister, White Rook)	Tom Leatham
Clarrie (Australian butcher, White Pawn)	Heidi Lynn
Mrs. Hargreaves (Beaver, White Queen)	Ann Chase
Tweedledee	Warren Hoffer
Tweedledum	Michael Morgan
Male Quartet	Colin Bloor, David Jorstad
Caterpillar of Society	Peter Jorgenson, Kenneth Bell
Eric (Conductor)	David J. Sidoni
	David Chase

CHORUS

The La Jolla Symphony Chorus
soloists

David Chase, director
Kenneth Bell, Brian Blackham,
Jay Sacks, Steven Sturk, Connie Venti

INSTRUMENTALISTS

keyboards
percussion

Victoria Heins-Shaw
John Flood

Boojum! was commissioned by the Adelaide Festival of Arts Inc
with financial assistance from the Australia Council

Boojum! is performed by arrangement with **Purple Ink**
22 Ryan St Lilyfield Sydney NSW 2040 Australia
tel: [61-2] 810 2238; fax: [61-2] 230 3747

SYNOPSIS

A set of White chess pieces galumphantly hunts for a Snark, even though they've been warned that if their quarry turns out to be a Boojum then they will 'softly and suddenly vanish away'. Indeed the Baker (a White Knight) already has, but our heroic crew, undeterred, recruits a new one - the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson - and ploughs on. With Lewis Carroll (Dodgson's alter-ego) and Alice personning HQ our Hunt moves inexorably towards its fateful conclusion, where we discover, in the end, that Nothing is quite what it seems . . .

AUTHORS' NOTES

When we first decided to write a musical comedy, back in 1979, the subject chose itself: Lewis Carroll and his little-known masterpiece, the epic poem *The Hunting of the Snark*. We had not been, as kids, great fans of Carroll's stories (preferring the likes of *Winnie the Pooh*, *The Wind in the Willows*, and Norman Lindsay's Australian classic *The Magic Pudding*), but as adults we both independently discovered Martin Gardner's *The Annotated Alice*, the fascinating book that first opened up for us Carroll's weird wonderlands of nonsense and logic with all their hidden references and meanings. Gardner's later *The Annotated Snark* became a major influence on what eventually became *Boojum!*

Lewis Carroll is best known as the author of the children's classics *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass - And What Alice Found There*. His real self was the Oxford mathematics don and deacon of the Church of England the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, who was born, in 1832, just five years before Victoria came to the throne of England. Vowed to celibacy, Dodgson passionately loved little girls, worshipping their beauty, innocence and purity. Yet one by one they all grew up, leaping that final brook of adolescence to become Queens on the chess board of Life while he, the White Knight, was still dithering about

taking two steps here, one step there. Towards the end of his life this respected churchman, successful academic, and lionised author sank into a 'purple period' of depression (all his letters at this time were written in purple ink) from which he painfully emerged not long before his death in 1898. He had a brilliant mind that steemed with ideas ('steemed' is a Carrollesque portmanteau word like 'Snark', meaning 'seemed to teem'): he created games and puzzles - the word-game 'Doublets', for example - and was an inventor (of, amongst other things, dust-jackets for books). He was a photographer of excellence (his portraits of children are regarded as some of the finest examples of Victorian portrait photography), a talented illustrator, a keen amateur magician, and a stern moralist who published a book of *Pillow Problems* (logical puzzles designed to be solved mentally in bed at night to prevent minds clouded by impure, sceptical and blasphemous thought from slipping down beneath bed-clothes).

Dodgson's personal world contained many incongruities and seeming opposites: shy and stuttering in the company of adults he was confident and relaxed - and his stutter disappeared - in the company of children; he was fastidious, pedantic, outwardly conventional, and a boring, uninspired teacher - yet his non-academic works are wildly original and are among the most entertaining works in all literature; a lot of what he wrote was nonsense - some of the finest nonsense ever written, in fact - but as a respected logician he was a master of sense; he planned to out-bowlerise Bowdler in protecting the sensibilities of 'British maidens' from the excesses in Shakespeare's plays - yet he defied Mrs Grundy by photographing naked little girls (albeit with, perhaps arguably, the purest motives); he loved the theatre at a time when this was frowned upon by his own Church; and although he was a devout and committed Christian, one who had preached against his church's doctrine of eternal torment for sinners, his *Snark* can readily be seen as an expression (unconscious, perhaps) of profound scepticism of the

very notion of eternal life. For a conservative cleric he came up with remarkable concepts that are seen today to have relevance in many fields, including particle physics - look at the chapter headings of any good book on contemporary science and you are almost certain to see quotations from Carroll illuminating the subject. He lived largely in his mind, having all sorts of adventures in the world of ideas while his imagination hunted for Snarks.

In *Boojum!* we examine the incongruities within Dodgson by splitting him, temporarily, into two parts: the shy, conservative, eccentric, flesh-and-blood Dodgson (his *persona*) and the urbane, confident Carroll (his *anima*). We send Dodgson off as a member (the Baker) of an expedition hunting for a Snark, not now in the fantasy world he himself created in *The Hunting of the Snark* but in the real world to which we must all some day return. The Bellman and his crew knew very little about Snarks, but had been warned that if they met one, and if it turned out to be a Boojum, then they would softly and suddenly vanish away. Eventually, of course, the Baker did meet one, it did seem to be not quite what it had previously seemed, and the inevitable occurred. As it must. That, the bare bones of *The Hunting of the Snark*, is also the skeleton of the biographical *Boojum!* Along the way, however, some of Dodgson's creations come back to taunt him (that's a portmanteau word that combines 'taunt' and 'haunt'): Dum and Dee Tweedle, for example, who remind him that being split into two ain't no fun, and our old friend that dope-smoking hippy, the lovable though cantankerous Caterpillar of Society (what could be more horrifying than to find that he is now a yuppie vegetarian and aerobics freak?). We meet the Alice of his dreams (or is she the real-life Alice Liddell, the great love of his life?), and we watch as she grows up and away while Dodgson sinks into purple despair.

Boojum!'s book and lyrics attempt to reflect the opposites in Dodgson's personal characteristics and in his nonsense writings: dream versus

reality, sense versus nonsense, the emotional versus the rational, the conventional versus the radical, religious faith versus existential despair . . . The contrast between these (and between other antithetical notions, such as sexual desire versus Victorian propriety) provides the vehicle with which to contemplate his ideas and preoccupations. Much inspiration has come from his collected writings: *Jubjubby*, for example is a sequel to the famous *Jabberwocky*; *For More Than Sixty Years* develops a fragment of verse written by Dodgson as a child; *The Question Is*: recalls Humpty Dumpty's attitude towards words but extends it in an unexpected direction. Carroll-esque concepts - the flexibility of time, for example - are frequently employed; characters from his own works make up most of the cast; and, as in *Through the Looking Glass*, a game of chess underlies the events of the play. The primary theme - the search for something, we're not sure what - is that of *The Hunting of the Snark*. But what is the Snark? And what is the Boojum? Did Dodgson devote his life to the pursuit of the

former in constant dread that he would discover only the latter? In short, Dodgson's immortal contributions to literature are used to ask questions about their author himself, in a manner designed to evoke his world, his life, his hopes and fears, his loves, his wit and whimsy, his intellectual vision: the human characteristics that are reflected in the charm and creative intelligence of his nonsense.

Dodgson liked to entertain his young girl-friends by tinkering with music boxes to make them play their music backwards and upside-down. In an attempt to portray Dodgson's world musically, therefore, some of the music for *Boojum!* consists of Victorian nursery rhymes backwards, some upside-down, some both. *The Question Is*, for example, is *Humpty Dumpty* backwards. *What is the Snark?* is *Rock-a-Bye Baby* backwards and upside-down. *Pat-a-Cake, Pat-a-Cake, Baker's Man* (a most Carroll-esque melody) appears in various guises in various songs, and provides the little motivic figure that musically characterises Dodgson. He

was not a composer, but if he had been his music would have abounded in such logical niceties as crab canons (there's one in *Mourn for the Baker*) and games of musical 'Doublets'.

The sheep in *Through the Looking Glass* said 'I never put things into people's hands - that would never do - you must get it for yourself.' T.S. Eliot, when asked about the meaning of *The Waste Land*, is supposed to have said: 'I can't possibly tell you that. I am only the poet who wrote it. You must find out what it means.' Carroll himself said about *The Hunting of the Snark*: 'As to the meaning of the Snark? I'm afraid I didn't mean anything but nonsense!' He went on to say: 'Still, if words mean more than we mean to express when we use them, and if there are some good meanings in the book, I'm very glad to accept them.' *Boojum!* is nonsense shaped to provide particular meanings while allowing many more - if there are some good meanings in the work then we're very glad to accept them.

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Peter Wesley-Smith

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The La Jolla Symphony Association gratefully acknowledges the generous assistance of the following in this production of *Boojum!*

Marjorie and Bill Henderson

Palomar College
Performing Arts Department

Beda Farrell

Miles Anderson

Erica Sharp

UPCOMING CONCERTS

ORCHESTRA CONCERT

Saturday, March 14, 1993, 8 P.M.

Sunday, March 15, 1993, 3 P.M.

Sheryl Renk, principal clarinetist of the San Diego Symphony, joins the La Jolla Symphony for a performance of Copland's charming and jazzy concerto. Also on the program are an exciting work by San Diego State composer David Ward-Steinman and Brahms' most elegiac symphony.

Ward-Steinman	<i>Antares</i>
Copland	<i>Clarinet Concerto</i>
Brahms	<i>Symphony No. 3 In F Major, Opus 90</i>

SPECIAL NON-SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT

Sunday, April 4, 1993, 3 P.M.

Mandeville Auditorium

The La Jolla Symphony and Chorus present a special non-subscription concert called "Bach Again," which features music of J.S. Bach and music based on Bach. Reserve tickets by calling the Association office at 534-4637.

Bach	<i>Brandenburg Concerto No. 2</i>
Bach	Cantata: <i>Christ Lag in Todesbanden</i>
Bach	Motet: <i>Lobet Dem Herrn</i>
Distler	Motet: <i>Singet Dem Herrn</i>
Parker	Cantata: <i>Shall I Praise My Lord Not Singing?</i>
London	Chorale: <i>Bach Again</i>

act one

- 1 Acroustic [acoustic acrostic]
2 Mourn for the Baker
3 What is the Snark?
4 The Hunt!
5 GOD NODS: Edgar U.C. Westhill
6 Good Evening!
7 What I Tell You Three Times Is True

Wal's Wallow (Wal's song)
Put in the Boots (Cora's song)
America, America (Al's song)
Yo Ho Heave Ho (Carl's song)

The 'How Can a Barrister Lose?' Blues (Errol's song)
The Butcher fromn Wagga bloody Wagga (Clarrie's song)
Alice All Growed (Ms Hargreave's song)
By Crook or by Hook (introducing the Baker)

- 8 This is a Mark of the Snark
9 ODD SONG: DEAF AGED CABBAGE DEAD
10 For More Than Sixty Years
11 It Ain't No Fun to be a Twin
12 Will We Return?
13 The Knight's Gambit
14 In Dodgson's Drawing-Room
15 Crew Review
16 Flash!
17 We Must Be Off

interval

act two

- 1 I'm a Caterpillar of Society
2 Jubjubby
3 This Curious, Spurious Fellow
4 The Crew Pops In
5 Nothing Is Quite What It Seems
6 The Question Is:
7 My Knight in Shining Armour
8 Ding Dong
9 Time After Time
10 Faces in the Fire
11 I'm old, like Father William
12 Where is the Snark
13 Who is to be Master?
14 Having Lived I Shrink Not Now From Death
15 End Game

Thrash the Trash (Cora's song)
Exterminate Him! (Errol's song)
That's Why We Have the Bomb
(Al 'n' Carl's song)

That Old Amber Fluid (Clarrie's song)
A Cucumber Sandwich (Ms Hargreave's song)
Ask Not for Whom the Bellman Tolls
Snark: Kiss Your Backside Goodbye!

act one

1 **Acroustic [acoustic acrostic]**

Behold the Bellman's tragic tale
Ode to mankind's Holy Grail
Open your hearts, your minds set free
Jaded through your spirits be
e **U**logise with us the Baker
e **M**barking on his agony

A White Knight:
AAAGH !!

D (Dodgson):
For the Snark **was** a Boojum, you see!

2 **Mourn for the Baker**

B [the 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)

D: DEAF AGED CABBAGE DEAD!

B: Eleven o'clock!

all: Tum (pat-a-pan, pat-a-pan)

D: DEAF AGED

B: And all's not well

all: Tum (pat-a-pan, pat-a-pan)

D: CABBAGE DEAD!

B: Eleven o'clock

all: Tum (pat-a-pan, pat-a-pan)

D: DEAF AGED CABBAGE DEAD!

B: Baker, old buddy, we bid you farewell

all: Tum (pat-a-cake man) . . .

The following two quatrains are sung simultaneously:

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

3 **What is the Snark?**

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?

4 **The Hunt!**

The Hunt!
The Hunting!
The Hunting of!
The Hunting of the!
The Hunting of the Snark!

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 marvelous mission
This grand expedition
The Hunting of the Snark!

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 we'd meet with eventual-
ly a Boojum disguised as a Snark

The Hunting of the Snark!

To capture a Snark almost whole re-
quires seizing him unawares
And some forks and 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 put him all in a lather
All this charm brings the Snark to his knees

The Hunting of the Snark!

Here we go round the mulb'ry bush
No whit of Snark, not tittle or jot
Here we go past the mulb'ry 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 char-
Coal 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 marvelous mission
This grand expedition
The Hunting of the Snark!

5 **GOD NODS: Edgar U.C. Westhill**

B: It is now my very great pleasure to introduce
to you the well-known Oxford Don and
gentleman of the cloth . . . the Rev'rend
Charles Lutwidge Dodgson.

D: Oh, dear, where are my gloves? I can't go on
without my gloves! Ah, yes, here they are. I knew
I had them somewhere. And my diary. Let me see
now . . . November 7, 1896: Life: a drama with
but few encores and no bouquets; we spend one
half of it regretting the things we did in the other
half! When people get weary of it they rush off to
the seaside - to see what bathing machines will
do for them . . . February 11, 1856: Wrote to my
publisher, Mr. Yates, sending him a list of
pseudonyms and asking him to choose one.
They were:

- 1 **Edgar Cuthwellis**, which is an anagram of
Charles Lutwidge;
- 2 **Edgar U.C. Westhill** - ditto; and
- 3

B: Lewis . . . **CARROLL!!**

6 **Good Evening!**

LC: Good evening!
How nice of you all to come!
I've got a feeling that this evening
We'll capture a Snark
Let's hope it's not a Boojum!

D: We're going to open my mind, open it wide

LC: Take a look! Step inside!
Though we jest we're on a serious quest

D: To stop the race from suicid-

all: Ding dong ding dong

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

LC: We will attack the blackness that's around us
Thrust at and cut the ties that ground us

D: We'll search the stars and investigate quarks

LC: In our hunt for elusive Snarks

all: Tick tock tick tock . . .

WR [White Rabbit]:
Nine o'clock! I shall be too late!

all: . . . kcot kciT kcot kciT
Tick tock tick tock . . .

He's a magician, with words and ideas /
He's a magician, and mathematician
This expedition is not what it appears /
A logician, and metaphysician

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

all: Tick tock tick tock . . .

LC: We've got a fantas-

all: Tick!

LC little crew, the aris-

all: Tock!-

LC: Racy of flair
And an eclec-

all: Tick!

LC: Point of view, sound the

all: Tock!-

D: Sin ev'rywhere

LC: With Time on our side
The Snark must be wary
Of the striking of the light

all: By GOD'S DON, DODGSON

D: Oh Lord, can you hear me?
Give me strength as I plan our foray
Give me courage in the thick of the fray

all: Oh Lord, can you hear him?

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

all: Amen amen!

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

To give encouragement to our adventurous crew
At appropriate times in the show let's hear
Some laughs, applause, the occasional cheer
Loud and clear, far and near
As we persevere in our hunt for the Snark!

Friends and neighbours, lend me your ears
And your arms and legs, your stout hearts
Your narrow chests, your knobbly knees
Come with your peers, your garden shears
Forget your fears, your sneers, your jeers
I tell you we need volunteers
We need YOU! Boojum-Fodder!

Roll up! Sign up! For a day, for years
Bring sawn-offs and sling-shots and spears
We need musketeers, engineers, mountaineers
and accountants

You too can be pioneers!
Push back the frontiers!
Be bold buccaneers - you'll never regret it
You'll never forget the beers and the cheers!
Folks: we've had a wonderful mourning
And a golden afternoon!
Now we're going to have - what are we going
to have?

all: A good evening!

LC: Yes, folks, that's right!

all: A good evening! A good evening! Oh yeah!

7 *What I Tell You Three Times Is True*

'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

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

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

all: What he tells us thrice is true
What he tells us thrice is true
What he tells us thrice
What he tells us thrice
What he tells us thrice is true

B: 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 a bell
What I tell you three times is true

all: What he tells us thrice is true . . .

Wal: There's Cora the Boots, who'll blacken your soul
And you heel and the top of your shoe
The chip on her shoulder's a thirty-foot pole
But she does what she's told to do

Cora: When we get down to deal with absolutes
There's always one who's the lowest of the low
It's me ev'rybody persecutes
Oh woe . . .

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
So go: put in the Boots!

Wal: The Banker's 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

all: America, America
Land of the free

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

all: In America, America

Al: 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

all: In the land of the three
Martini lunch!

Al: Commies, we don't need 'em

Praise the Lord and freedom
In the US, in the US
In the US of A

all: America, America

Wal: Next there's Carl - a Russian Billiard-
Marker - who hasn't a cue
For Tass he describes our Iliad
From a Marxist-Snarxist point of view

all: 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

Al: In the US

Carl: In the US

Al: In the USA

Carl: Back in the USSR

Wal: Next! There's Errol 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

For a charge
Oh, what a charge, oh yeah
That was *The How Can a Barrister Lose? Blues*

Wal: Next! There's the Butcher, who's late

Clar [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!

Clar: 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
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 callin' 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

Wal: One's as pure as a chalice, I could take her or
leave her
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

all: What he tells us thrice is true . . .

Ms H:
My night is almost over
I'm old Mrs. Hargreaves - I'm Alice all growed
Having lived in the wonder Uncle Dodgson
bestowed
Hither and thither I've to'd and I've fro'd
In make-believe
I'm the Baker's busy beaver

Wal: Last there's the Baker!

LC: But wait, I say
Hasn't he already carked?
Hasn't he already rued the day
When the Baker was suddenly snarked?

Wal: You're right, my friend. Now what can we do?
We have to have someone to cook
We must hire a new Baker to make up the crew
We must find one by hook or by crook

all: Yes! Cucumber sandwiches are swell
But we must have something else as well!

Wal: Is there a singer to take on the part?

Who can also cook up a broth?
 Who owns his own tea-towel and flannel?

LC: Take heart:
 Here's Dodgson - a man of the cloth!

all: Our man!

LC: Come come, sir, and join with the rest of
 the chaps

D: No never! I couldn't . . . Although . . . Um . . .
 Maybe, I don't really know . . . well, perhaps . . .

LC: That's wonderful! Welcome!

all: Let's go!

Wal: Wait!

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

What I don't say at all I can't tell you, I'm sorry
 Enough! As we're soon to embark
 Let's describe our unwary nefarious quarry
 Let's tell of the mark of the Snark:

8 ***This is a Mark of the Snark***

all: 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 is 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

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
 An 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

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

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
 fright'ly splendiferous
 Snark

Wal: 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 ***ODD SONG: DEAF AGED CABBAGE DEAD***

LC: Give me an **E** - a **G** - an **A** - and a **D** - EGAD!
 That's a word! Let's try another . . . say,
 "cabbage". Let's see . . . **C** - **A** - **B** - how many
 B's are there in CABBAGE? Two B's or not two
 B's? Another **B**, I think; and another **A** - a **G** -
 and finally, an **E** - Oh, of course: it's a *silent E*!
 So, there we have a **CABBAGE** . . . Let's have a

DEAF - AGED - CABBAGE - who dies - he's
DEAD - not a bad tune! We need some words
to it. Let's see now . . .

D: Fell asleep . . . had a funny dream . . .
Laughed . . . then beastly Boojum came . . .
It was . . . a . . . scream!

LC: Ah yes, I think I've got something . . .

Carroll and others sing Dodgson's ditty

D: There are sceptical thoughts which seem for the
moment to uproot the firmest faith; there are
blasphemous thoughts which dart un-bidden
into the most reverent soul; there are unholy
thoughts which torture, with their hateful
presence, the fancy that would fain be pure . . .

10 *For More Than Sixty Years*

Ms H:

On the 4th of July, 1862, the Reverend Charles
Lutwidge Dodgson, a young Oxford don who
was then Mathematical Lecturer of Christ Church,
went rowing with the three small daughters of the
Dean - my two sisters and me. The world has
subsequently made much of that magic moment
when I, Alice Liddell, asked:

Alice: Tell us a story, Uncle Charles

Ms H:

And Dodgson began:

**Dodgson sings from the Prologue to 'Alice's
Adventures in Wonderland':**

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

Ms H:

It was a tale about 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 . . .

D: For more than sixty years
Less than a hundred
I lived in hopes and fears
And often wondered
If I should ever find
Gentle and pure love

A Dulcinea God designed
A sweet mature love

For more than sixty years
Daydreams un-numbered
I lived in sighs and tears
An often wondered
If I should ever be
Cheery and breezy
Contented and full of glee
Taking it easy

D'n'LC:

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

all: Tick tock, tick tock . . .

D: Alice, wait! Alice!

LC: Time waits for no-one, he presses right on
Each magic moment is suddenly gone
The face in the fire reduces to ash
The wonder of childhood is gone in a flash!
She softly and suddenly vanish'd away
Time makes us pay!

WR: Hickory dock, I go tock tick tock
Dockory hick, I go tick tock tick

Wal: Ding dong ding dong ding dong ding
It's seven o'clock!

11 *It Ain't No Fun to be a Twin*

Dee [Tweedledee]:
Six o'clock!

Dum [Tweedledum]:
Six o'clock!

Both: Time for tea!

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

Dee: Very funny! Ditto!

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

Dee: Six o'clock

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

Dum: So it was and so it is

Dee: Vice Versa! So it is and so it was

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

Alice: Oh . . . What's that snoring sound?

Dum: Yes what?

A snoring sound is heard

Alice: *That* snoring sound

Alice: First boy!

Dee: Nohow!

Alice: Next boy!

Dum: Contrariwise!

Alice: Is it the Snark?

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

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

Dee: Vice versa! No screamin' or yellin'! If he wakes just where do you think you will be?

Alice: Right here

Dum: 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

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

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

Dum: Huh?

Dee: 'Huh?' is '?huH' backwards

Dum: Well '?huH' spelt backwards is 'Huh?' spelt backwards spelt backwards

Alice: ?huH

Dum: 'Vice versa' is 'versa Vice' vice versa

Dee: Well 'Versa vice vice versa' vice versa is 'versa vice 'versa vice vice Versa''

Dum: And "'Versa vice vice versa' vice versa is 'versa vice 'versa vice vice Versa'' vice versa is "'Versa vice vice versa' vice versa' is versa vice 'versa vice vice Versa''

Both: "'Versa vice vice versa' vice versa is 'versa vice 'versa vice vice Versa'' vice versa is "'Versa vice vice versa' vice versa' is versa vice 'versa vice

vice Versa'' vice versa is "'Versa vice vice versa' vice versa is 'versa vice 'versa vice vice Versa'' is versa vice "'Versa vice vice versa' vice versa' is versa vice 'versa vice vice Versa'' [or words to that effect]

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

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

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

Dum: 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

Dee: For he likes Lily

Dum: And he likes Millie

Both: And I like Willie! [Oops!]
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!

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

Dee: Funny!

Dum: Very funny! Off with his head!

LC: You can't take off my head

Dee: Why not?

Dum: Yes, why not, indeed?

LC: 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

Dee: Nonsense!

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

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

Dum: Yes, what?

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

Dee: What rot!

Dum: Pure poppycock! There'll be no more singing from us!

Dee: Nohow!

Dum: Contrariwise!

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

Dum: We are disgruntled though it's not a sin

Dee: Tillating thing to be a pair, aware
Of quand'ries we are in

Dum: Disputably there's lots of fun
Ny things in being a twin

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

Dee: It's very easy to be cyn -

Dum: lcal - It's strange we're no delin -

Dee: Quent - Really we've been rather swin -

Dum: Dled - We're the same in ev'ry wrin -

Dee: Kle - Really it's quite ignomin -

Dum: lous - It goes on ad infin -

Dee: Itum - We're most annoyed, fair din -

Dum: Kum - It's no fun to be a twin

Both: You know how much this on our pip gets/
But then, at least we're not triplets!

LC, D, Dum 'n' Dee:
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?

Dee 'n' Dum:
You may think we are being quite neurotic

It happens when you're monozygotic
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
That one must be a spare!
Perhaps it's worse to be a singleton like you
Are we perverse - should we be satisfied?

LC, D, Dum 'n' Dee:
If you only were a duo like us
Would you create a fuss?

Dee 'n' Dum:
Or would you say it's fun?

LC 'n' D:
Perhaps it's really fun?

all: We're sure it would be fun -

LC, D, Dum 'n' Dee:
Damentally no fun

all: To be a twin, a twin
So them's the outs and ins
Of being identical twins!

12 *Will We Return?*

all: 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?

D: I was walking on a hillside, alone, one bright
summer day, when suddenly ther came into my
head one line of verse - one solitary line - 'For the
Snark was a Boojum, you see'. I knew not what is
meant then; I know not what it means now; but I
wrote it down; and some time 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.

Alice: But Uncle Dodgson, what *does* it mean? What *is*
the Snark and what *is* the Boojum?

D: It doesn't mean anything. There's no sense to it

LC: It's just . . . nonsense!

all: Hope, fear and anguish -

D: Will we return?

13 *The Knight's Gambit*

D: Pawn to King Four
LC: Reply: Pawn to King Four
D: Pawn to King's Bishop Four
LC: Reply: Pawn takes pawn!
D: Knight to King's Bishop Three; Yippee:
The Knight's Gambit!
LC: Reply: Pawn to King's Knight Four
D: Bishop to Bishop Four
LC: Reply: Pawn to Knight Five
D: Castles!
all: Exclamation!
D: Attack, defend, retreat and harry
Lunge and cut and thrust and parry
Clear the board, swap off, and clarify
all: The Knight's Gambit!
LC: Stand and fight, engage with passion
Watch the back rank spring the Dragon
Aim to seize the long diagonal
all: The Knight's Gambit!
D: I've tussled to the death with a wily Ruy Lopez
LC: And I've been cornered and confined by a mean
Maroczy Bind
D: I've been ambushed
LC: I've been charged and stalked and I've been
skewered
D: And I've been pinned and forked
LC: I've wagered half a million on a Nimzovitch
Sicilian
D: Sometimes, in pensive manner, I've played the
Giucco Pianner
LC: I've not left it up to fate - I've gone looking for
a mate
D: I've battled pain and misery and strife
LC: When all about King's Indians were rife
D: I've struggled in the great chess game of life
all: The Knight's Gambit!

14 *In Dodgson's Drawing-Room*

Ms H:

I was once a pawn, but at last I reached the eighth square and became a queen. I remember being ever so excited. Now I'd like to be a pawn again - in Uncle Dodgson's rooms at Christ Church in Oxford. 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 inkpots . . . and a great old camera, with which he used to take portraits of his child-friends, sometimes un-draped (the 'nudities', he called them). After photography sessions he would entertain with word-games he'd devised like 'Doublets', and 'Lanrick', and 'Syzygies'.

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

Ms H:

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 . . .

D: When I say that 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

Ms H:

The smell of certain chemicals still brings back a vision of the mysterious dark cupboard where he developed his plates, of the dressing room where strange costumes had to be donned, and of the rather awe-inspiring ceremony of being posed, with fastidious care.

Dodgson is photographing Alice

Alice: *The Hunting of the Snark*, Uncle Dodgson - what does it mean?

D: What was that, my dear? I'm a little deaf,
you know

Alice: The meaning of the Snark

D: Oh yes. I'm afraid I didn't mean anything but
nonsense when I invented him. 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 intended. Now just move your head a little . . .

Alice: Have you ever met with a Snark?

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

Alice: But what if the Snark turns out to be a Boojum?

D: That's the risk one takes . . . Ah, there, perfect! Now I want you to hold very still . . .

Alice: But Uncle Dodgson . . .

D: Shush . . . Now, very still . . .

Ms H:

My knight in shining armour
How pleasant to enter his world of pretend
To wake in his dreamtime, his fancies attend
To make his acquaintance, to be his good friend
I cherish him . . .

15 *Crew Review*

LC: Ah, Mr Bellman - and how are preparations for the Hunt coming along?

Wal: Well, sir!

We're ready at last! As we pull up the anchor
Let's fondly remember the crew
There's Dodgson as Baker; there's Al - he's
the Banker
There's Errol the Barrister, too

And Clarrie and Cora - we didn't dare leave 'er -
And Carl - you'll be happy to see?
There's old Mrs. Hargreaves, who's playing
the Beaver
And last - but not least - there is me!

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

all: Fark!

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

D: I've set up the camera and . . .

16 *Flash!*

all: 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 pa-

Nache! 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 a-

Nalysis shows

What ev'ryone knows

That one day we'll cook a Snark stew

Or gou - lash!

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! him to a chair

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

Alice: And what if he sings 'Fee fie foo fum'?

Al: (Fum, foo fie fee?)

Wal: There'd be a

all: Flash! - sh . . .

D: We'd all be . . .

ash . . .

17 *We Must Be Off*

all: 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, soon . . . probably
Auf wiedersehen, a rivederci, au revoir, hooroo
And 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 !

interval

act two

1 *I'm a Caterpillar of Society*

Caterpillar:

I'm a (Cheshire) Cat -
Er . . . pillar 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
Cucumbers and beans
Here I go:
 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 'n' roll
Just read my reviews
Here I go:
 On tippy-toe!
 What a show!
 I can tap, I'm a clever kind of chap!
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, and fight, and ride a bike
'Cos I'm always pumping 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 a great exercise!
 See me flex all my splendid pecs!
 What condition!
 What definition!

I'm red, black and yellow
A fine-looking fellow
All because I eat my

all: Oh how much he loves his

Cat: All because I eat my greens

all: His greens: his caulies and beans
Banish the blues with a bowl of greens!

2 *Jubjubby*

all: Beep Beep! Beep Beep! Beep Beep!

Wal: Snark-Hunters to Mission Control: are we
through?

LC: Receiving you loud and clear
Mister Bellman, old chum. Do you have
 any clue?
Have you sighted a Snark? Are you near?

Wal: 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
But meanwhile we're sure having fun

Here where we're at we've just met a cat-
Erpillar, who hails from Cheshire
He turned out, by Jove, to be a talented cove
We saw him dance, in the flesh, here!

And I'm amusing the crew with a song or two
(All fit for the ears of a cleric)
Here's one they've heard - about a desperate bird
Called the Jubjub. Music please, Eric!

Wal: '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

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, desp'rate bird
Chicken-livered, pigeon-toed
Eagle-eyed and furred

And as it spread it 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

3 *This Curious, Spurious Fellow*

LC: Excellent, Wally! That's a fine voice, by golly
It would enrapture a Snark without doubt
But let's capture our foe without more to and fro
Tally-ho! Good hunting! Over and out!

all: This curious, spurious fellow
In whose honour we perform
He hasn't stepped in to say hellow
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've searched since the opening curtain
Will we ever find out what he is?

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

Alice: The Snark, Uncle Dodgson. What is it, and why
are you hunting it?

D: There are sceptical thoughts; there are

blasphemous thoughts; there are unholy thoughts
which torture, with their hateful presence, the
fancy that would fain be pure . . .

Ms H:

Uncle Dodgson invented lots of puzzles,
problems, and mathematical curiosities designed
to occupy minds that might otherwise stray
beneath bed-clothes . . .

4 *The Crew Pops In*

all: Forgive us our late night intrusion
We're weary but all in all
We're nearing a concrete conclusion
The Snark's got his back to the wall

But the Baker's got the fee fie foe fumbles
He's slowing, he's showing his age
He stumbles and grumbles and mumbles
and rumbles
And crumbles all over the stage
We are Hunting for the Snark . . .

Wal: 'T'is the season for Snarks! If I say it twice more
It is true! - But I fear it's all guff
We've hunted him high, low, far, near, aft
and fore

But perhaps it's all nonsense and stuff!

all: Perhaps it's all nonsense and stuff . . .
It's prob'ly all nonsense and stuff!

Wal: With lateral logic and ratiocination
Sweet reason that's good for the brain
Dialectical inf'rence and daft calculation
Perhaps we're completely insane!

Except Cora! Once lowly, submissive and spiteful
She's grown as she's hunted the Snark
Now eager, courageous, and positively frightful
A regular Joan of Arc

Cora: Soon we'll get down to deal with absolutes
And thrash the trash who's the lowest of the low
It's the Snark ev'rybody persecutes. Ho ho!

all: The Baker's depressed, we all need a rest
And ev'ryone's sure acting strange
While Beaver's as green as a bathing machine
And Wal's coming down with the mange

Young Errol believes in the force of the law
In elegant legal discourse
But if that doesn't work it's a sock to the jaw!
He believes in the law

Wal: He believes in the law

Errol: I believe in the law
Wal: Of force
all: How coarse!
Errol: When we've found the Snark the first thing is
 domesticate him
 Then we'll send him off to school to rehabilitate
 him
 If our efforts are in vain, if his teachers all
 complain
 Then we'll rather inhumanely just exterminate
 him
Carl: In the **USSR**
Al: In the **US of A**
Al 'n' Carl:
 In the country where I come from
 We seek to right the wrong
 A clique controls the throng
 But the weak are truly strong
 That's why we have the bomb!
all: This Russky and Yankee, they make us so cranky
 With each other they lunge and they parry
Wal: I fear they'll never be friends, and we'll all meet
 our ends
 We might have to rely on our Clarrie
Clar: Orstrylier - Jeez I miss it! It's sinful
 That I'm over here when all I want's a skinful
 Of that old amber fluid, the best anywhere!
 I just wanna go back home
all: But we won't let him Snark us
 Clarrie will butcher his carcass
 And take him home back to Wagga bloody
 Wagga !
Ms H:
 My knight, our Baker, is lowly
 He needs a good tonic, his depression to beat
 Pref'rably with gin, and something to eat
 A cucumber sandwich would go down a treat
 And a cup of tea from a working Beaver
Wal: In the shape of the Beaver we've a
 charming achiever
 We've a diva with a cleaver through the smooth
 and the rough
 The Bellman (that's me) has been a valiant
 believer in the truth
 But perhaps it's all nonsense and stuff
all: Perhaps it's all nonsense and stuff . . .
 It's prob'ly all nonsense and stuff!
Wal: You might think we were lost - I'll be
 perfectly frank
 No worries! We're here on the map
 You can see for yourselves . . .
Crew: It's perfectly blank!
Wal: Ah well, just a minor mishap . . .
LC: So the map, somewhat blank, is a trifle jejune
 There's a sense of dismay and distress/
 Is the Bellman a blundering, bungling buffoon?
 Perhaps . . .
Wal: No of course not
Crew: Yes yes!
Cora: Where are we?
Al: Yes where?
Wal: Near that tree over there
Carl: And where did we come from?
Wal: The start
Ms H:
 And where do we go?
Wal: To and fro, anywhere
 Right now, for it's time to depart
Errol: But Bellmen are s'posed to be clear and precise
 To lead us wherever we be
Clar: And yet we are lost! We need someone's advice
Wal: Just do as I say: follow me!
No-one moves
LC: Well well, Mister Bellman, you've called your
 own bluff
 Your're continuing on with your quest?
Wal: Mister Carroll, it may be all nonsense and stuff
 But we'll certainly give it our best!
all: Perhaps it's all nonsense and stuff . . .
 It's prob'ly all nonsense and stuff!
Wal: He's a foe you can walk to and fro on
 Or ascend and then get vertigo on
LC: He has all the aplomb of a nuclear bomb!
D: In the end is it nonsense and so on?
all: 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
For the question is: Which will be master?

Yes the question is: Which will be master?
As Dodgson was heard to remark
This is a mark
of the stringent and blunt
quite long-winded, full-front-
al, continuing hunt
For the Snark!

D: Ask not for whom the Bellman tolls
In ecstasy, in agony
He tolls for Snark where 'ere he strolls
Or does he toll for . . . *me*?

Wal: The tintinnabulation rings
It holds the tulgey world in thrall
The sense of destiny it brings
It rings for one and all!

There is a deep shivering inward breath of foreboding

all: So the thread of our story unravels
We're nearing the Snark's demise
We're off once again on our travels
Then home very soon with our prize

We're ready and eager for glory
For success we are willing to die
Our adventure is thus hunky-dory
So Snark kiss your backside goodbye!
The Hunting of the Snark, oh-ho
The Hunting of the Snark . . .

5 ***Nothing Is Quite What It Seems***

D: As to the meaning of the Snark? I'm afraid I didn't
mean anything but nonsense! Still, if words mean
more than we mean to express when we use
them, and if there are some good meanings in
the book, I'm very glad to accept them. The best
thing I've seen is that the whole book is an
allegory on the search for happiness - but it's
nonsense. I'm **sure** it's just nonsense

all: Beep beep! Beep beep! Beep beep! Beep beep!
Beep beep!

Wal: Snark-Hunters to Mission Control! Can you
hear us?

LC: Come in, Mister Bellman. What's up?

Wal: SUCCESS! Well almost - the Snark's very near us
We're sneaking around to abruptly surround him, astound him, confound him,
impound him

LC: Take care with your nets in the fray!
Beware, entre nous, fumbled ropes and
the Boojum
Lest all of you vanish away!

Wal (over choral backing):

We're terrified now, for the future is stark
Just what will we find at the end?
The Snark or the Boojum? The Boojum or Snark?
Implacable foe - or a friend?
Is he Love, is he Hate? Is he Free Will or Fate?
Is he likely to please or appal?
Is he Nonsense or Sense? Is he Truth or Pretence?
Or is he just Nothing At All?

all: (sing twice):

Raiding, crusading, evading the darkness
So far we're Snarkless - mustn't despair
Raging, rampaging, courageously hunting
Boldly upfronting, Snark must be where? / beware!

LC: Here's what I've heard: Life is absurd
Nonsense is more than its match

Al: Need not despair, only beware
Frumious bandersnatch

all: Nothing is quite what it seems . . .

Carl: Here's what I've seen: Life is obscene
Ev'ryone trying to please

Cora: Is it all bluff?

Clar: Is it enough?

Errol: Is life a terminal disease?

all: Nothing is quite what it seems . . .

LC: Here's what I claim: Life is a game
Find all the rules as you go

C 'n' D:

If you sit on the fence
Nothing makes sense
Those through the looking-glass know

all: Nothing is quite what it seems . . .

all: 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
LC: Nothing is quite what it seems
D: Nothing is quite what it seems
all: Nothing is quite what it seems . . .
And so says our bold gallant Snark-Hunting crew
You'd better believe it no doubt
What they tell you three times is quite
certainly true
Over!

LC: Over!
all: And out!

6 *The Question Is:*

Alice: Uncle Carroll, what is the Boojum? What does it mean?
LC: I have told you, my dear: it means nothing, and nothing is quite what it seems
Alice: Well if they find it how will they know? How will they see it? - you have to have very good eyes to be able to see nothing
D: I know what it means: it means Nothing. Godlessness. Infinite darkness, infinite Snarklessness. It's the black (k)night of eternal extinction. It means . . .
LC: Nothing - they're just words. They don't mean anything. It's just stuff and nonsense
D: 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 mean less
Alice: That's a nice tune!
LC: Lovely, isn't it? It's *Humpty Dumpty* backwards
Alice: Charming!
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
LC: Very sweet, my dear
D: 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
LC: 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:

Alice: Which is to be master?
D: I know what it means: Nothing. The void. Complete extinction. A giant rabbit hole in space devouring everything that falls into it, even Time itself. It means . . . The End
all: That's all

7 *My Knight in Shining Armour*

Alice: My knight in shining armour
How pleasant to enter his world of pretend
To wake in his dreamtime, his fancies attend
To make his acquaintance, to be his good friend
I honour him
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 'n' Ms H:
My kindly-hearted hero
Bewitching, enriching our ev'ry day lives
So clever whatever his dreaming contrives
Entrancing, enhancing the dreariest part
Demanding, commanding the weariest heart

Ms H:
With tender love

Alice: A gentle man

Ms H:
I cherish you

Alice: 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 twinkly in his eye

Ms H:
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

Alice now sings lovingly to Carroll

Alice: My knight, my noble charmer
Your whimsical magic, your wonderland
schemes
The genial nonsense pervading your dreams
The fantasy world which is more than it seems
The logic you take to extremes
The humour, the wisdom, the truth of
your dreams
I honour you
I cherish you
I love you

all: Tick tock, tick tock . . .

D: Alice, wait! Don't go! Alice . . . Alice!

**[Dodgson imagines that Alice loves just Carroll
the story-teller - not the flesh-and-blood
Dodgson underneath]**

My darling Alice! A happy little pawn who had to
leap that final brook and become a queen. Mrs
Hargreaves! Mrs *Reginald* Hargreaves!

Ms H:
For twenty years I did not see him again - when
we met once at his old rooms for tea we were . . .
strangers. It seems that this was a pattern to be
repeated a thousand times over: with the coming
of pubescence his child-friends became a threat
to his precious purity - so he discarded them.
There were many new, beautiful, innocent girl-
children, with whom there was no risk at all of
sexual pleasure, to replace the ones who had
insisted on growing up . . .

8 *Ding Dong*

LC: Time waits for no-one, he presses right on
Each magic moment is suddenly gone
The face in the fire reduces to ash
The wonder of childhood is gone in a flash!
She softly and suddenly vanished away
Time makes up pay!

WR: Hickory dock, I go tock tick tock
Dockory hick, I go tick tock tick

Wal: Ding dong ding
It's three o'clock!

Ms H:
Uncle Dodgson, try to remember long ago

LC: Once upon a time Rev'rend Dodgson came
to know

Ms H:
Alice was growing up, as Time did decree

LC: That he could only become immortal through
me, immortal through me

WR: I'm Time, I'm Time

LC: I'm time-less!

D: About nine out of ten of my child friendships
were shipwrecked at that critical point where
'stream and river meet'

Wal: The hithering, thithering River of Time

WR: Thithering, hithering, Liffeying, win - ding

Wal: - dong ding dong ding dong ding dong
ding dong ding

Ms H:
It was on just such a river, many years ago now,
that Time seemed suspended in the summer haze
of that golden afternoon

Wal: It's eleven o'clock!

LC: Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake Baker-man
Bake us some bridecake as fast as you can
Pat it and prick it and mark it with 'B'
And put it in the oven for the Beaver and me
We'll cut it and butter it and eat it for tea
Alice and me!

**The depressed Dodgson, seeing Alice and Carroll
clasping hands, looks away in despair**

9 *Time After Time*

**Dodgson is photographing one of his child models. She is
in his favourite costume - of nothing**

Ms H:
I don't think there was ever such a fairy-land for
children! He owned a great old camera, with
which he used to take portraits of his child-
friends, sometimes undraped (the 'nudities', he
called them). On the 18th of July, 1879, he wrote
in his diary: 'Mrs Henderson brought Annie and
Frances. I was agreeably surprised to find they
were ready for any amount of undress, and
seemed delighted at being allowed to run about
naked. It was a great privilege to have such a

model as Annie to take: a very pretty face, and
a good figure'

**Carroll and Dodgson sing the following two
verses simultaneously**

LC: Time waits for no-one, he presses right on
Just like a river, a Rubicon
Golden occasions in life never last
Time goes forever but always too fast
Remember the future, imagine the past
Time after time

D: Lead me not into temptation
And deliver me from evil
Forever, for Time everlasting
For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory
For ever and ever
Amen

Ms H:

May 31, 1880: Dear Mrs Henderson, (Annie's and
Frances's) innocent unconsciousness is very
beautiful, and gives one a feeling of reverence, as
at the presence of something sacred . . . I should
see no objection (in spite of 'Mrs Grundy') in their
repeating the performance . . . There are very few
amateur photographers so privileged as I am in
the way of subjects for nude studies, which I think
far prettier than dressed . . . I am thinking of
getting Miss Bond (of Southsea) to colour two or
three of the nudities . . .

**Carroll and Dodgson sing the following two
verses simultaneously**

LC: Time flows, love goes
Time flies, love dies
For more than sixty years
So many fancies have turned to tears
Time after time

D: Tortured my heart and tormented my soul
By un-holy thoughts beyond my control
So many fancies I'd gladly rescind
Sceptical notions that bend with the wind
Father forgive me, in thought I have sinned
Time after time

10 *Faces in the Fire*

[a poem written by the real Dodgson]

D: 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 he 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 his 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'.

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.

11 *I'm old, like Father William*

D: I'm old, like Father William
Long ago I awoke in the midst of a dream
In love with a princess, or so it did seem
But the wonderland went when she leapt that
last stream
My eyes have seen what 'might have been'

LC: He's old, like Father William
His hair has become quite excessively white
Like the Barrister's waistcoat it uffled in fright
When the Jabberwock came for the rusty
old knight
This weary sage was ill with stage-fright

D: I'm old, like Father William
And old Mrs Grundy, whose frumious glare
Snicker-snacked and whoofled, I hadn't a prayer
Dear Alice - her innocence too lovely to bear
I miss her so, the dream is over

I'm left alone with night, bereft, a DEAF OLD
CABBAGE with more than sixty pieces of
baggage, a poor old Baker, with nothing to bake
to take to my Maker, the Master that's All. I'm out
of Time - switch out the lime - light the fuse . . .

Alice: My Knight, my Lewis Carroll
How pleasant your nonsense, your logic at play

Ms H:
How painful to see Uncle Dodgson's dismay
When softly the wonderland vanished away

Alice: I honour you, I cherish you

Wal: It's nearly midnight! Heard a funny ding
dong bell!

all: Pat-a-pan, pat-a-pan, pat-a-Pat-a-Cake Man
Her vorpal sword is ev'rywhere
Attack the black night of the Black King!
There are sceptical thoughts
Blasphemous thoughts
Unholy thoughts . . .
Tick tock!
Nothing is quite what it seems
Fell asleep, had a funny . . .

Dodgson's dream erupts into a nightmare of unfulfilled hopes and desires. He awakens to the stark reality that he must discover his Snark and that it might, indeed, be a Boojum!

12 *Where is the Snark*

all: Where is the Snark and where is the Boojum!
Why are you hunting? What will you learn?
Is there a secret? Why do you yearn?
Hope, fear and anguish . . . will you return?

13 *Who is to be Master?*

Carroll attempts, unsuccessfully, to persuade the depressed Dodgson to sing 'The Knight's Gambit':

LC: Pawn to King Four . . . Pawn to King Four - Reply:
Pawn to King Four . . . Pawn to King's Bishop . . .

LC: I will attack the blackness that's within me

D: Thrust at and cut at and hack at the twin me

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

D: Who can understand the quand'ries I've been in?

LC: The question is: **Who is to be master?** - that's all

Ms H:
My knight, my dear Rev'rend Dodgson
A friend to integrity, foe to pretence
You are loyal to logic yet wary of sense
The question enralls you, the answer torments
I honour you, I cherish you

Alice: My knight, my dear Uncle Dodgson
How pleasant to enter your world of pretend

To wake in your dreamtime, your fancies attend
To make your acquaintance, to be your
good friend
I honour you, I cherish you

Alice 'n' Ms H:

I love you

The purple cloud of Dodgson's depression slowly starts to lift as he realises that Alice did indeed love him, his persona, his flesh-and-blood self - not just Carroll the celebrated nonsense author . . .

14 *Having Lived I Shrink Not Now From Death*

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

The following verse (by Margaret Fuller Ossoli) was copied out by Dodgson, in the last year of his life, for Hittie Rowell, one of his last child-friends:

D: Let me but gather from the earth one full-grown
fragrant flower:
Within my bosom let it bloom through its one
blooming hour:
Within by bosom let it die, and to its latest breath
My own shall answer 'Having lived I shrink not
now from death'

Dodgson has turned the corner, and is now ready to take again his place on the Chess Board of Life. Carroll's next attempt to encourage him to sing 'The Knight's Gambit' is successful!

LC: Pawn to King Four

D: Reply: Pawn to King Four . . .

LC: Pawn to King's Bishop Four

D: Reply: Pawn takes pawn . . .

LC: Knight to King's Bishop Three, Yippee:
The Knight's Gambit!

Dodgson girds his loins!

D: Reply: Pawn to King's Knight Four

LC: Bishop to Bishop Four

D: Reply: Pawn to Knight Five

LC: Castles!

all: Exclamation!

LC: Attack, defend, retreat and harry
Lunge and cut and thrust and parry

Clear the board, swap off, and clarify . . .

all: The Knight's Gambit!

D 'n' LC:

We've tussled to the death with a wily Ruy Lopez
We've been cornered and confined by a mean
Maroczy Bind

We've been ambushed, we've been charged
and stalked

And we've been skewered, we've been pinned
and forked

But we've not left it up to fate

We've gone looking for a mate

We've battled pain and misery and strife

When all about King's Indians were rife

We've been victorious in the glorious

Chess Game of Life

all: The Knight's Gambit!

15 **End Game**

The Snark-Hunters manoeuvre against their mysterious Black opponents. 'Tally-ho!' cries the White Knight, and with reckless abandon lands on a square next to the Black King. 'It's a Snark!', he cries. But suddenly the Black King stands revealed as the White Rabbit of Time, and Dodgson's cry, cut short, becomes his last:

'It's a **Boo** -'

He softly and suddenly vanishes away
For the Snark is a Boojum, you see

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Martin or Peter Wesley-Smith

MARTIN WESLEY-SMITH

Martin Wesley-Smith was born in Adelaide, South Australia, in 1945. He studied composition and electronic music at The University of Adelaide (with, amongst others, Peter Maxwell Davies and Peter Tahourdin) and, later at the University of York in England, returning to Australia to teach at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music. Although he is a computer music and audio-visual specialist, he has written many choral pieces, including the environmental piece *Who Killed Cock Robin?* (it wasn't the sparrow with his/her bow and arrow). As founder and director of the computer music group **watt**, he has presented many concerts and events in Australia and other countries; as musical director of the group TREE, he has created music for many large-scale performance events on beaches and at other outdoor locations. The work of Lewis Carroll has inspired many pieces (including *Dodgson's Dream* - composed for Virginian clarinetist F. Gerard Errante - and *Snark-Hunting*), as has the plights of the people of East Timor (the audio-visual pieces *Kdadalak [For the Children of Timor]*, *VENCEREMOS!* and *Silêncio* and the song cycle *Quito*). Other pieces include *For Marimba & Tape*, the recent *Balibo*, for flute & tape, and *Pip!*, a children's piece commissioned and performed by Californian duo (**trom-bown**) (Miles Anderson, trombone, and Erica Sharp, violin, who also commissioned, in 1985, *White Knight & Beaver*, which was a study for *Boojum!*). In 1986 he established the first computer music studio in China. In 1992 he was a prize-winner, with *Songs for Kids* (for SATB choir), in a composition competition run by the GALA Choruses Festival IV in Denver. He is currently working on a large music theatre piece about schizophrenia.

PETER WESLEY-SMITH

Peter Wesley-Smith was also born in Adelaide in 1945. After studying arts and law at the University of Adelaide he studied at the University of Hong Kong, where he is now Professor of Law. His publications range from collections of nonsense verses, such as *The Ombly-Gombley* [Angus & Robertson], to academic treatises, such as *Unequal Treaty 1898-1997* [Oxford University Press]. Many of his poems appear in *Putrid Poems*, *Petrifying Poems*, *Rattling in the Wind*, and *Vile Verse* [Omnibus Books], while numerous songs are available in the *Songs for Kids* series [Purple Ink]. Individual songs include *The Day We Found O'Reilly's Chook in Mrs Boon's Backyard*, *When We Are Old and Gay* and *I Got Him with a Googly* (a song about cricket). Libretti (music by Martin Wesley-Smith) include *Pi in the Sky* (a children's opera), *Noonday Gun* (a short musical about Noel Coward), *Songs of Australia* and *Quito*.



PATRICK NOLLET (WAL) has performed for San Diego's Starlight, Old Globe, Repertory Theatre, Symphony, and Opera. He has appeared in shows at the La Mirada Civic Theatre, San Bernardino Civic Light Opera, and with Bobby Gentry in Las Vegas. From chorus, to bit parts, to leading man, his roles include Bob Cratchit in *A Christmas Carol*, Al in *A Chorus Line*, Squire Dap in *Camelot*, and the title role in *The Chocolate Soldier* (Bumerli).

Patrick's television credits include *The John Wayne Special*, *America's Dance Honors*, *Take Three, Take Three More*, and *Swamp*. He has appeared in television commercials and industrials and has choreographed and performed in numerous live industrial shows.

Patrick started his career as a dancer and has an extensive background in modern dance, ballet, jazz, and musical theatre. Instead of moving to New York, he traveled abroad, becoming a soloist with the Bat-Dor Company in Israel and the Gothenburg Ballet in Sweden. He later returned to his hometown, San Diego, co-founding and directing Three's Company for 11 years and earning Principal Dancer status with the California Ballet Company.

Mr. Nollet received his MFA in drama at SDSU, majoring in musical theatre. While there, he wrote a one-man show entitled *Nijinsky: Diary of a Madman* and directed a chamber version of *Chess*. His paper, "*Chess*," *the Musical: A Hit in London and a Flop on Broadway*, was presented at the Western States Speech and Communication Conference in 1991.

BEAU PALMER (DODGSON) makes his debut with the La Jolla Symphony as Dodgson. A favorite of San Diego Opera, he will solo in his third season with the company in April as Schmidt in *Werther*, having won critical acclaim as Njegus in *The Merry Widow* last year. In that production, the Los Angeles Times praised his "pointed, polished performance" and "admirable singing." In 1994 he will return as Borsa in *Rigoletto*.

Palmer has also performed with the Aspen Opera Theater in Colorado as Monostatos in *The Magic Flute* and as Sir Philip in Britten's *Owen Wingrave*, with the Music Academy of the West in Santa Barbara as the comic Vasek in *The Bartered Bride*, and with the Los Angeles Music Theater Company as Nemorino in *Elixir of Love*.

In increasing demand as a concert soloist, Mr. Palmer appeared in three performances of the *Messiah* last month - with the Pacific Symphony, the Nevada Symphony, and the Antelope Valley Master Chorale. He has also recently sung in *Carmina Burana* with the San Marino Symphony, the Britten *Serenade for Tenor and Horn* with the Pacific Coast Chamber Orchestra, and Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* and Puccini's *Messa di Gloria* with the Glendale Symphony. In May Palmer will be featured in *Elijah* with the Valley Master Chorale, and then tour with the performance in China in June.



LEON NATKER (LEWIS CARROLL) began his career at the age of twelve performing in a children's Gilbert and Sullivan company in his native Chicago. Leon quickly became involved in many musical activities both secular and religious. College years saw Leon in New York studying music and drama at The Juilliard School. Following his studies he embarked on a performing career that has taken him across the country and to Europe. He has sung with such companies as Chicago Opera Theater, Lyric Opera of Chicago, the San Diego Symphony, and San Diego Civic Light Opera, the latter bringing him to San Diego for performances of *The Student Prince*. Among his favorite roles are Rudolfo in *La Boheme*, Canio in *Pagliacci*, and Eisenstein in *Die Fledermaus*.

He has been Cantorial soloist for Temple Beth Israel in Skokie, Beth El in Chicago and most recently for Congregation Beth Israel in San Diego as well as being a featured soloist with the Halevy Choral Society of Chicago. Currently Leon is General Director of the San Diego Comic Opera where he recently directed and sang the leading tenor role in *The Gypsy Baron*.

DAVID J. SIDONI (CATERPILLAR) trained at the Orange County High School of Arts, where he studied acting, dancing, and voice, and where he was named Musical Theatre Graduate "Performer of the Year." He has appeared in the films *Newsies* and *Encino Man*, on television in *Roundhouse* and the *Mickey Mouse Club*, and in such stage productions as *West Side Story* at the Starlight Dinner Theatre, *A Chorus Line* at the West Coast Musical Theatre, and *The Sound of Music* at the Margaret A. Webb Theatre.

CLAIRE CHASE (ALICE), age 14, has performed on numerous occasions with the San Diego Opera and has recently been cast in *Werther*, the final opera of the '93 season. Claire is a flutist in the San Diego Youth Symphony and was the Junior High School winner of the San Diego Flute Guild's 1992 competition. She spent last summer at Interlochen Arts Camp studying flute, acting and singing. She was soprano soloist in Schubert's Mass in G, performed the role of Malachi Stack in *The Matchmaker* and won several awards, including the Company Ensemble Award for Acting.

ANN CHASE (MRS. HARGREAVES) has performed and taught in the San Diego community since 1973. She performed in La Jolla Symphony's production of the *Mother Of Us All* last season, and has performed with this organization on several occasions: the role of Marie in *Excerpts From Wozzeck* by Alban Berg, the role of the Princess in *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges* by Ravel, along with several oratorio performances: Mozart's *Requiem Mass and C-Minor Mass*; Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*; Handel's *Messiah*, Britten's *Spring Symphony* and others. A particular interest in 20th century chamber music has led to performances of *Pierrot Lunaire* by Arnold Schoenberg with the Sacramento Chamber Music Society this past season, as well as in several San Diego sites; performing two new works for voice and chamber ensemble at the College Music Society's recent conference in San Diego, as well as performing the premiere of San Diego composer David Ward Steinman's *Voices From The Gallery*.

For the past two summers she has been a member of the Robert Shaw Festival Chamber Chorus in Quercy, France, recording the Grammy-nominated *Vespers* by Rachmaninoff, and singing in two Carnegie Hall concerts: Brahms *Requiem* and Beethoven *Missa Solemnis*. She is on the voice faculty at San Diego State University and also teaches in her private studio in Leucadia.

WARREN HOFFER (TWEEDLEDEE) has performed extensively in the United States, Canada and England, specializing in oratorio and art song recitals. During his military service he was a featured soloist with the United States Army Chorus in Washington, DC. Later he became a member of the Center for the Creative and Performing Arts, Buffalo, NY, a group organized by the composer and conductor Lukas Foss, which premiered avant garde vocal works.

Mr. Hoffer has sung with the Pittsburgh Symphony, Buffalo Philharmonic, Phoenix Symphony, Portland Symphony, Hartford Symphony, Las Vegas Symphony, and Orchestra of Santa Fe, and is active in various music festivals, including the New Hampshire Music Festival and the Festival at Deer Valley, Utah. He is also a member of the Bach West Chamber Ensemble, and a frequent soloist with the Phoenix-based groups Bach and Madrigal Society and Musica Dolce.

MICHAEL L. MORGAN (TWEEDLEDUM) is a graduate of Hampton Institute with a BS in Music Education. He has been a soloist with the Grossmont Symphony/Opera Workshop, the San Diego Civic Chorale, the West Coast Lyric Opera, the Bach Society (La Jolla), the La Jolla Symphony Orchestra and the San Diego Opera.

A frequent concert and oratorio soloist, Mr. Morgan is particularly known for his moving and inspiring renditions of African-America spirituals. He is often featured with San Diego Civic organist Robert Plimpton at the Spreckels Organ Pavillion in Balboa Park and has appeared on public radio with internationally acclaimed pianist Dr. Cecil Lytle.

Mr. Morgan teaches instrumental music at Francis Parker School and is the bass soloist at the First Presbyterian Church of San Diego.

JAMES A. STRAIT (STAGE DIRECTOR) is the former Producing Director of the Gaslamp Quarter Theatre Company where his directing credits included *The Wonder Years*, *Nite Club Confidential*, *The Melody Sisters*, *Solid Oak*, *Party Of One*, and *I'm Not Rappaport*. In addition, Jim wrote, produced, and appeared in *Tonite at 8:32*, the opening gala of the Hahn Cosmopolitan Theatre. Since leaving the Gaslamp, he formed T.S. Productions with partner Paul Taylor and produced the San Diego premiere of *Nunsense* at the Sixth Avenue Playhouse, which Jim directed. He directed a touring production of *The Wizard Of Oz* for the National Theatre for Children and has acted as stage director and performance coach for two seasons with the choral ensemble Musique Classique. As an actor/singer, Jim has been seen onstage at Starlight, San Diego Rep, the Fiesta Dinner Theatre, The Old Globe, the Gaslamp Quarter Theatre, and the Hahn Cosmopolitan Theatre. He was a featured vocalist in *The Lyceum Follies* at the original Lyceum Theatre, has performed with The Toppers in San Diego and Las Vegas, and was a vocalist with the Wayne Foster Orchestra.

DIANNE HOLLY (COSTUME DESIGNER) is a teacher of costume design, history, and construction at San Diego State University, where she also teaches Creative Dramatics and Directing. She recently designed *Damn Yankees* and *Stage Door* at Western Stage in Salinas and is scheduled to design costumes for the musical *Birds Of Paradise* at SDSU in February. For her costume design work, Ms. Holly has received the San Diego Critics Circle and Drama-Logue Awards and five Atlas Awards from the Old Globe Theatre. She has also appeared as an actress in many San Diego productions, the most recent appearance being her reign as Mother Superior in the San Diego premiere of *Nunsense*.

MARIE NELSON (THE WHITE RABBIT) has been a member of the La Jolla Symphony Chorus for the past six years. A founding member of Musique Classique vocal chamber ensemble, she was featured singing "I Hate Music," at a recent Bernstein revue. In addition, Marie has sung in choral ensembles with Robert Shaw and the San Diego Symphony Orchestra.

CHARLES FINN (CARL) has sung with the La Jolla Symphony Chorus for six years. His theatre credits include *Evita* (Che), *Yeomen of the Guard* (Sgt. Meryll), *Sweet Charity* (Big Daddy), and *A Little Night Music* (quintet). Locally, he has appeared in the Moonlight Amphitheater's productions of *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat* (Asher), *Brigadoon*, and *Annie Get Your Gun*.

HEIDI LYNN (CLARRIE) is a professional organist, pianist and vocalist. Heidi has been musical director for several Gaslamp Quarter Theatre productions, including *Nite Club Confidential* and *A Party of One*. Her choral ensemble, Musique Classique, has performed with the San Diego Symphony Orchestra, and she has been a featured soloist with the symphony's Nickelodeon Series. Heidi currently serves as choirmaster/organist at St. Andrew's-by-the-Sea Episcopal Church.

THOMAS LEATHEM (ERROL) is a singer and guitarist, originally from Los Angeles. He is a current member of the La Jolla Symphony Chorus and former member of the Glendale College Chamber Chorale. Tom has appeared in local theatre productions since 1989.

STEWART SHAW (AL) has been a member of the La Jolla Symphony Chorus for ten years, where he has also been a soloist. Previously he was a choral singer and soloist with the Amherst College and Smith College Glee Clubs, the U.S. Navy Chorus, and at La Jolla Congregational Church. He has had musical comedy roles with the Mark Twain Masquers and the Oval in the Grove in Hartford, CT.

REBECCA M. TANON (CORA) has appeared in several musical theatre productions in San Diego and Los Angeles, and as an actress in television commercials. She has been seen nationally, selling everything from beer to soapsuds! Now living in North County, Rebecca is happy to "come home" to the La Jolla Symphony Chorus after a ten-year absence.

LA JOLLA SYMPHONY CHORUS came under the auspices of the University of California, San Diego Music Department and a civic board of directors in 1967. The ensemble reflects the delicate balance of community and university life that makes it so unique.

The ensemble performs a mixture of musical styles that combine standard repertory with new or unusual works. Major projects have included a 1984 world premiere and CRI recording of Henry Brant's *Western Springs*, commissioned by the La Jolla Symphony Association, and a 1985 KPBS-TV broadcast of Bach's *Mass in B minor*.

In the summer of 1988 members of the chorus traveled to Europe where they gave performances in Germany, Austria and Italy. The ensemble was the only adult choir selected to represent the United States in the 1992 International Choral *Kathaumixw* held in Canada last summer.

DAVID CHASE has conducted the La Jolla Symphony Chorus at UCSD since 1973. He is a graduate of Ohio State University, and later received his doctorate at the University of Michigan. While living in Ann Arbor, he served as conductor of the Grand Rapids Symphonic Choir, the choral arm of the Grand Rapids Symphony.

Dr. Chase has been on the faculty of Palomar College, San Marcos, since 1974, serving variously as music department chair, conductor of choruses, and conductor of the Community Orchestra, as well as teaching music literature and theory courses.

In the summer of 1989, Dr. Chase performed with the Emory au Quercy Chamber Choir under Robert Shaw in Souillac, France. In 1990, he was a fellow in the Melodious Accord Fellowship with Alice Parker in New York City.

The La Jolla Symphony Chorus

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Victoria Heins-Shaw, Accompanist

Beda Farrell, Manager

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Alto

June Allen
Katherine Archibald
Katie Bjornson
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Kim Burton
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Helen De Stigter
Catherine Espinoza
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Eve Lewis
Jean Lowerison
Heidi Lynn
Wendy Miller
Valerie Rubins
Jan Sharpless
Carol Slaughter
Sue Ann Taggart
Dara Welty
Amee Wood*
Helen Woodward

Tenor

Brian Andersen
George Anderson
Douglas Aucoin
Brian Blackham
Colin Bloor

Bob Brislin
Charles Carver
James Daugherty
Walter Desmond*
Russell Glasser
Michael Goodman
Marcus Jeffry
David Jorstad
Tom Leathem
Joe Mundy
Jay Sacks
Stephen Sturk
Bill Ziefle

Bass

Kevin Adams
Kenneth Bell
Darren Chase
John Desch
Piotr Filipowski
Charles Finn
Paul Friedman
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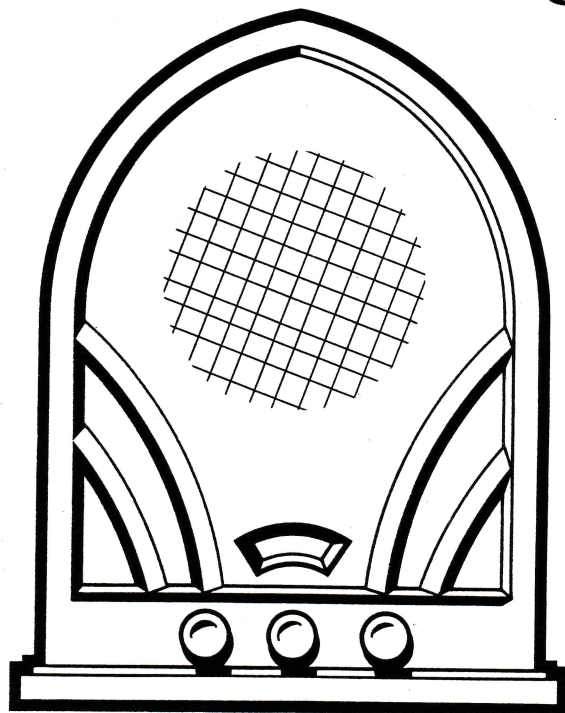
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