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Alice in OZ - 'Please, Ma'am, is this New Zealand? Or Australia?': The Lewis Carroll Alice in Wonderland books in Australia

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Abstract

There is no obvious connection between Australia and the very English Alice in Wonderland stories written by the Reverend Charles Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) in the latter half of the nineteenth century, apart from a few brief words uttered by Alice at the beginning of her adventures - 'Please, Ma'am, is this New Zealand? Or Australia?' - suggesting that, upon falling down a rabbit hole, she had been transported to the Antipodes ('Antipathies'), just as Lemuel Gulliver had found himself lost in Lilliput a century earlier. Yet the ongoing popularity and influence of these works in the former British colony is reflected in their rich and varied publication history and having remained in print since first offered for sale by local booksellers.

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Alice in Oz

"Please, Ma'am, is this New Zealand? Or Australia?"

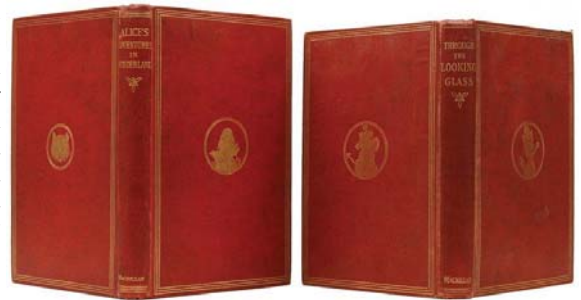
The Lewis Carroll Alice in Wonderland books in Australia

Michael Organ

Introduction

There is no obvious connection between Australia and the very English *Alice in Wonderland* stories written by the Reverend Charles Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) in the latter half of the nineteenth century, apart from a few brief words uttered by Alice at the beginning of her adventures - *"Please, Ma'am, is this New Zealand? Or Australia?"* - suggesting that, upon falling down a rabbit hole, she had been transported to the Antipodes ("Antipathies"), just as Lemuel Gulliver had found himself lost in Lilliput more than a century before. Yet the ongoing popularity and influence of these works in the former British colony is reflected in their rich and varied publication history and having remained in print since first offered for sale by local booksellers.

Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland* stories were originally published in two volumes at the end of 1865 and 1871. The first - *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (Macmillan & Co., London, 1866, octavo 8mo), with 42 illustrations by [John Tenniel](#) - went on sale in Britain during December 1865 and bore an 1866 imprint on the title page. An earlier (July) print run, financed by Carroll, had been withdrawn due to quality issues and Tenniel's dissatisfaction with the presentation of his drawings. The second book - *Through the looking glass, and what Alice found there* (Macmillan & Co., London, 1872, octavo, with 50 illustrations by Tenniel) - was available for purchase and review in December 1871. It also displayed the following year (1872) on the title page.



The popularity of the works and Wonderland's multi-faceted universe resulted in numerous reprints, translations and releases in the United States, Europe and elsewhere, with the definitive editions issued by Macmillan of London and New York and subject to amendment and correction by the author up to 1897, just prior to his death. Initial British print runs were of the octavo '6 shillings' (or 'half crown') edition in red cloth covers (green cloth in the United States, blue in France, dark green in Germany) with gilt trim and embossed Wonderland characters featured on the front and rear covers. Carroll, in a letter to the real Alice, noted that by 1885 some 125,000 had been printed. A smaller duo decimo (12to) *People's Edition* of both books, with illustrated covers, was issued in 1887 to continue the success of the series for Macmillan and the author. The 183,000th copy of the *People's Edition* of *Alice in Wonderland* appeared in 1928, by which time miniature, pocket and children's versions were also available, featuring the Tenniel drawings both coloured and uncoloured. A similar mix of printings in the United States reflected the continuing strong sales in that country, supplemented by illustrated editions from amateur and run-of-the-mill graphic designers through to highly skilled professional artists such as Arthur Rackham, Ralph Steadman and Salvadore Dali. Nevertheless, Tenniel's work remained definitive. As principal political cartoonist for *Punch* of London, he was very much in his prime when undertaking the work on Carroll's two books between 1864 and 1871. His drawings were wonderfully expressive, of their time and hugely influential. They added a descriptive and visual layer to the books characters beyond that conveyed by the author's words alone.

Australian release

Notice of the late 1865 London publication of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* appeared in Australian newspapers during February 1866, with, for example, the Brisbane *Courier* on 27 February 1866 reproducing a London newspaper correspondent's December 1865 'New Books' notice thus: *"Alice's Adventures in Wonderland", with 42 drawings by Tenniel, a beautiful and attractive book (Macmillan)*. The three month delay between UK publication and the Australian notice reflected the average time taken to ship copies of British newspapers and journals to Australia. The book's arrival in the country did not occur until two months later, with an advertisement in the Melbourne *Argus* of 28 April 1866 announcing that copies of the original UK Macmillan edition - the only one then in print - had "just landed" and were available for purchase from George Robertson's bookshop, Collins Street, for 8s 6d. This was a substantial sum of money at the time, with the average wage less than £1 or 20 shillings per week. No Sydney newspaper advertisements for *Alice in Wonderland* are known prior to a front page item in the *Empire* on 13 September 1867, though the book was likely available in that city around the same time as Melbourne. By the end of 1867 copies could be purchased from W.R. Piddington - "importer of books and stationary" - George Street, Sydney, for 7s 6d.

Carroll's second Wonderland adventure - *Through the looking glass, and what Alice found there* - was, according to the Melbourne *Argus* of 16 February 1872, available from local bookseller Samuel Mullen, just three months after the British release. Two months later, the *Sydney Morning Herald* on 15 April advertised Piddington's sale of the edition for 7s 6d. Notice of its intended publication had appeared in the *Launceston Examiner* on 8 November 1870, indicative of anticipation surrounding the release both in Britain and Australia, and of delays in the final production. By the end of the year the *Sydney Morning Herald* of 26 November 1872 was advertising Piddington's sale of the "33rd edition" (actually part of the print run which included the 33,000th copy) of *Alice in Wonderland* for 7s 6d, with the recently released *Through the looking glass* also available and similarly priced.

Reviews and commentary

Reviews of the Alice books and commentaries referring to them, often in the context of developments in the area of children's literature, are known in Australian newspapers from 1868 onwards. They derive from both local and overseas sources, and are in many instances published anonymously. These items played an important role in promoting the Carroll books, with newspapers - in the absence of established, literary serial publications - a significant avenue of communication and entertainment in the colony prior to the arrival of film (1900s), radio (1920s) and television (1950s). The reviews as published often included substantial extracts from the books. For example, 'Lilliput Literature' by 'Laureate' from the *Sydney Morning Herald* of 16 March 1868 - the earliest identified review to appear in Australia - makes reference to the popularity of *Alice's Adventures in*

Wonderland just two years after the Australian release. It also includes substantial extracts describing the Mad Hatter's tea party and an encounter between a Mock Turtle and Gryphon. Whether this very English piece was authored by a local or sourced from an overseas publication is not known, though the former is possible due to the allocation of the 'Laureate' attribution as against a specific reference such as 'Cornish Times' etc.:

Liliput Literature

It is the privilege of us elders to grumble, in some cases perhaps without much cause, at the superior advantages enjoyed by growing youth, and to contrast them with the hard times we had in our own boyhood. But as regards the nursery epoch - the period that precedes school-life, and into which no shadow of coming "competitive examinations" can cast themselves - there is not a doubt that our young folks are now catered for in a manner that was never dreamed of in our day, nor, indeed, in any day before the present. Instead of dull, starched "Moral Tales," with nothing but their morality to recommend them, which was of old the staple literature of Liliput, the juveniles have now a library of their own, almost as varied as that of their seniors; while, instead of having a few hack scribblers, and one or two respectable old ladies, of the Trimmer type, to provide their mental pabulum, they now employ the pens of half our men of genius. Dickens has written for them more than once (only we like his Liliput stories so much ourselves that we contend that they are for us, just as when that cream chocolate arrives from Paris, from dear Aunt Charlotte, we maintain it is for the drawing-room, and not the nursery); Thackeray wrote Dr. Birch and his Young Friends, to make them grin; Ruskin gave them The King of the Golden River; nay, the land having been sufficiently ransacked for their pleasure, Kingsley gave them The Water Babies. The very best arithesis of modern times have worked for them; one of the latest works of the most humourous of them all, poor Bennett, was dedicated solely to them - The Stories that Little Breeches Told. For droll drawing, perhaps there is no book in the world that excels that; but, besides the drollery, such art, and sense, and grace! And of still later years - indeed, quite recently there have appeared two other children's books, which are, in their way, equally unrivalled. As they lie before me, and I contrast them, in my mind, with the foolish little books which were all that were provided for me in my childhood, in the way of fun, I positively feel jealous of my own children. Why was there no Lewis Carroll in my time to write Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, and (even more especially) no John Tenniel to illustrate them?

I do not intend to make any ungracious comparison here between author and artist, but it is marvellous to think that the same pencil which has furnished so many years those cartoons in Punch, some of which, in their grandeur of conception, have an almost epic sublimity which stir the pulses while you look on them - should illustrate a child's book with such marvellous humour. Mr. Carroll, in whom there is so much to praise, is un-equal, whereas his illustrator is uniformly excellent. In his portraiture of the beauty of Alice, the helplessness of the Mad Hatter, or the bad temper of the Queen of Hearts, one knows not which to admire most. Never, surely was author's fantastic humour more faithfully interpreted by draughtsman. It may be supposed, perhaps, that the fun is too grotesque and wild to be appreciated by little folks in the nursery, but this I know, by practical experience, is not the case. Children have far brighter wits than they are given credit for, let them only be supplied with the proper sort of metal to reflect them in; one ought not to be disappointed with them (but rather the contrary) if they are not interested in Sandford and Milton. On the other hand, I can easily believe that there are many grown-up people who will see nothing to laugh at in Alice in Wonderland at all. Even Tenniel and Carroll combined cannot supply dull folks with the sense of humour. Chapter seven (it does not matter where one begins in this book) is entitled, and very justly, *A Mad Tea Party*.

There was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it: a Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. 'Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse,' thought Alice; 'only, as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind.'

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it: 'No room! No room!' they cried out when they saw Alice coming. 'There's *plenty* of room!' said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

'Have some wine,' the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. 'I don't see any wine,' she remarked.

'There isn't any,' said the March Hare.

'Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it,' said Alice angrily.

'It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited,' said the March Hare.

'I didn't know it was *your* table,' said Alice; 'it's laid for a great many more than three.'

'Your hair wants cutting,' said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

'You should learn not to make personal remarks,' Alice said with some severity; 'it's very rude.'

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he *said* was, 'Why is a raven like a writing-desk?'

'Come, we shall have some fun now!' thought Alice. 'I'm glad they've begun asking riddles.--I believe I can guess that,' she added aloud.

'Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?' said the March Hare.

'Exactly so,' said Alice.

'Then you should say what you mean,' the March Hare went on.

'I do,' Alice hastily replied; 'at least--at least I mean what I say--that's the same thing, you know.'

'Not the same thing a bit!' said the Hatter. 'You might just as well say that "I see what I eat" is the same thing as "I eat what I see"!'!

'You might just as well say,' added the March Hare, 'that "I like what I get" is the same thing as "I get what I like"!'!

'You might just as well say,' added the Dormouse, who seemed to be talking in his sleep, 'that "I breathe when I sleep" is the same thing as "I sleep when I breathe"!'!



'It is the same thing with you,' said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which wasn't much.

The Hatter was the first to break the silence. 'What day of the month is it?' he said, turning to Alice: he had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and then said 'The fourth.'

'Two days wrong!' sighed the Hatter. 'I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!' he added looking angrily at the March Hare.

'It was the *best* butter,' the March Hare meekly replied.

'Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well,' the Hatter grumbled: 'you shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife.'

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily: then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again: but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, 'It was the *best* butter, you know.'

Among other persons, not to be found in Mr. Trollope's novels, that Alice (always delightfully at her ease) becomes acquainted with in the course of her adventures are a Chinese Cat (grinning); a Dodo, who makes her a present of her own thimble at a public meeting of feathered fowl, and in suitable terms; a Mouse, who will tell dull stories about the Heptarchy, and Stigand, the patriotic Archbishop of Canterbury; a Gryphon, not to be described in words, but who makes a sweet picture; and a Mock Turtle.

So they went up to the Mock Turtle, who looked at them with large eyes full of tears, but said nothing.

'This here young lady,' said the Gryphon, 'she wants for to know your history, she do.' 'I'll tell it her,' said the Mock Turtle in a deep, hollow tone: 'sit down, both of you, and don't speak a word till I've finished.'

So they sat down, and nobody spoke for some minutes. Alice thought to herself, 'I don't see how he can **even** finish, if he doesn't begin.' But she waited patiently.

'Once,' said the Mock Turtle at last, with a deep sigh, 'I was a real Turtle.'

These words were followed by a very long silence, broken only by an occasional exclamation of 'Hjckrrh!' from the Gryphon, and the constant heavy sobbing of the Mock Turtle. Alice was very nearly getting up and saying, 'Thank you, sir, for your interesting story,' but she could not help thinking there **must** be more to come, so she sat still and said nothing.

'When we were little,' the Mock Turtle went on at last, more calmly, though still sobbing a little now and then, 'we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle - we used to call him Tortoise - '

'Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn't one?' Alice asked.

'We called him Tortoise because he taught us,' said the Mock Turtle angrily: 'really you are very dull!'

'You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question,' added the Gryphon; and then they both sat silent and looked at poor Alice, who felt ready to sink into the earth. At last the Gryphon said to the Mock Turtle, 'Drive on, old fellow! Don't be all day about it!' and he went on in these words:

'Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you mayn't believe it - '

'I never said I didn't!' interrupted Alice.

'You did,' said the Mock Turtle.

'Hold your tongue!' added the Gryphon, before Alice could speak again. The Mock Turtle went on.

'We had the best of educations - in fact, we went to school every day - '

'I've been to a day-school, too,' said Alice; 'you needn't be so proud as all that.'

'With extras?' asked the Mock Turtle a little anxiously.

'Yes,' said Alice, 'we learned French and music.'

'And washing?' said the Mock Turtle.

'Certainly not!' said Alice indignantly.

'Ah! then yours wasn't a really good school,' said the Mock Turtle in a tone of great relief. 'Now at **ours** they had at the end of the bill, "French, music, **and washing** - extra."'

'You couldn't have wanted it much,' said Alice; 'living at the bottom of the sea.'

'I couldn't afford to learn it.' said the Mock Turtle with a sigh. 'I only took the regular course.'

'What was that?' inquired Alice.

'Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with,' the Mock Turtle replied; 'and then the different branches of Arithmetic - Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision.'

'I never heard of "Uglification,"' Alice ventured to say. 'What is it?'

The Gryphon lifted up both its paws in surprise. 'What! Never heard of uglifying!' it exclaimed. 'You know what to beautify is, I suppose?'

'Yes,' said Alice doubtfully: 'it means - to - make - anything - prettier.'

'Well, then,' the Gryphon went on, 'if you don't know what to uglify is, you **are** a simpleton.'

Alice did not feel encouraged to ask any more questions about it, so she turned to the Mock Turtle, and said 'What else had you to learn?'

'Well, there was Mystery,' the Mock Turtle replied, counting off the subjects on his flappers, '- Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography: then Drawing - the Drawing-master was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week: **he** taught us Drawing, Stretching, and Fainting in Coils.'

'What was **that** like?' said Alice.

'Well, I can't show it you myself,' the Mock Turtle said: 'I'm too stiff. And the Gryphon never learnt it.'

'Hadn't time,' said the Gryphon: 'I went to the Classics master, though. He was an old crab, HE was.'

'I never went to him,' the Mock Turtle said with a sigh: 'he taught Laughing and Grief, they used to say.'

'So he did, so he did,' said the Gryphon, sighing in his turn; and both creatures hid their faces in their paws.

'And how many hours a day did you do lessons?' said Alice, in a hurry to change the subject.

'Ten hours the first day,' said the Mock Turtle: 'nine the next, and so on.'

'What a curious plan!' exclaimed Alice.

'That's the reason they're called lessons,' the Gryphon remarked: 'because they lessen from day to day.'

This was quite a new idea to Alice, and she thought it over a little before she made her next remark. 'Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday?'

'Of course it was,' said the Mock Turtle.

'And how did you manage on the twelfth?' Alice went on eagerly.

'That's enough about lessons,' the Gryphon interrupted in a very decided tone: 'tell her something about the games now.'

Laureate.

The Hobart *Mercury* of 23 October 1868 reproduced a fulsome review of *Alice in Wonderland* copied from the *Times* of London's 13 August edition. It also included an extract from the Mad Hatter's tea party, discussed various dream elements of the book and noted its attraction to both juvenile and adult audiences. It is not known why the *Times* waited 18 months to review the book, for a large number of similar pieces appeared in British serials and newspapers upon the initial release in December 1865. However one recent commentator has noted that it was 'slow to take off' and this perhaps explains their delayed notice:

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND (* Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. By Lewis Carroll, London ; Macmillan and Co., 1866)

(From the Times.)

Some people are remarkably fond of telling their dreams, and, indeed, can often become quite animated in the recital of them. They like to relate at breakfast the odd adventures and escapes and sights and marvellous experiences of all sorts which befell them in the night, and the happy or painful unreality of which was only gently or roughly broken to them by the tap at the door or the opening of the shutters. And others like to listen to these heroes, and then become heroes, too, in their turn. Dreams, indeed, will ever be held in honour. They are our gratifying "stretches of imagination," which we are forbidden to indulge in daily life. Often, certainly, do they sorely try us, yet often, too, enchant. Perhaps this morning some member of the House of Commons awoke from the last row in the House to the sound of the horn on the summit of the Righi, and his ecstasy when his eyes opened upon the glorious sunrise made him more than half doubt whether he was not, after all, still dozing under Mr. Ayrton, and only dreaming of the mountain tops he hoped to climb. Or did he one day go off in the House, while thinking of his trip to Switzerland in store, to gaze upon the Alps from Westminster Tower?

There are two books which have been sadly wanting to the world - the one, a good selection of dreams, and the other, its sister volume, of the dream-like reflections and sayings of children. Such books could not fail to be attractive and popular; more so, a good deal, than half the story-books and most of the novels in the world. And especially would the latter be delightful, not only to mammas and grandmammas and aunts, but to many a man, steeped head and ears in dull realities who finds his best treat and beguilement in playing his leisure hour away with children, and becoming himself a child again, as he tells them a story, or answers their quaint guesses, or listens to them soberly fraternizing with a bird, or a cat, or a fly.

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland is neither the one nor the other of the books we speak of; but it is akin to both, and is a very charming production. It is the picture of a child's simple and unreasoning imaginations illustrated in a dream, and is extremely well and pleasantly written. What more happy place than that chosen for the scene of these adventures? What child does not wonder when it looks down a rabbit-hole and fancy to itself all sorts of odd things going on at the bottom? - all the uncongenial creatures of the world in perfect harmony together there. "Down, down, down." . . . "Curiouser and curiouser." Who will say that it was not the supreme aspiration of his childhood's ambition - perhaps it is his ambition still - to find some fine day something - of course in the shape of a delicious eatable - which would at once enable him to shoot up or expand like a telescope, to pop through the keyhole, or stride over a house?

Down below, little Alice, naturally enough, forms a wide acquaintance with all the animals and insects that be, whether of the land or the sea - a Cheshire Puss, a March Hare, a Dodo, a Mock Turtle, &c, - and the little disputatious conversations and philosophic reflections of the dream-child among these strange companions she meets are most droll. Now and then, perhaps, the drollery is excessive, and somewhat mars the natural, simplicity of what lies beneath; but the vein below is always attractive. The child identifies itself with all things that breathe: human beings, animals,

and insects are all in companionship - this is the beautiful idea of the childish mind. Alice may grow larger and smaller, so as not to be able to "explain herself," "because I'm not myself, you see;" and may find that "being so many different sizes in a day is very confusing." But it is all proper enough. The caterpillar changes, too, and is probably likewise confused at his transformation. "When you have to turn into a chrysalis - you will some day, you know - and then after that into a butterfly, I should think you feel a little queer, won't you?"

A great merit of this book is the novelty of its character, seen, perhaps, with best advantage at the Mad Tea Party. Here is the opening of the Dormouse's story at that entertainment :-

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry; "and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well--"

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked; "they'd have been ill."

"So they were," said the Dormouse; "VERY ill."

Alice tried to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary ways of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much, so she went on: "But why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."

"You mean you can't take LESS," said the Hatter: "it's very easy to take MORE than nothing."

"Nobody asked YOUR opinion," said Alice.

"Who's making personal remarks now?" the Hatter asked triumphantly.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this: so she helped herself to some tea and bread-and-butter, and then turned to the Dormouse, and repeated her question. "Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

Refraining from quoting further from these quaint discussions, which were better read in the original, we think the account of the Caucus race will serve as well as anything else to show the interesting style of the writing:

"What I was going to say," said the Dodo in an offended tone, "was, that the best thing to get us dry would be a Caucus-race."

"What IS a Caucus-race?" said Alice; not that she wanted much to know, but the Dodo had paused as if it thought that SOMEBODY ought to speak, and no one else seemed inclined to say anything.

"Why," said the Dodo, "the best way to explain it is to do it." (And, as you might like to try the thing yourself, some winter day, I will tell you how the Dodo managed it.)

First it marked out a race-course, in a sort of circle, ("the exact shape doesn't matter," it said,) and then all the party were placed along the course, here and there. There was no "One, two, three, and away," but they began running when they liked, and left off when they liked, so that it was not easy to know when the race was over. However, when they had been running half an hour or so, and were quite dry again, the Dodo suddenly called out "The race is over!" and they all crowded round it, panting, and asking, "But who has won?"

Certainly we enjoy the walk with Alice through Wonderland, though now and then, perhaps, something disturbing almost causes us to wake from our dream. That it is a little bit too clever every here and there seems to us to be the fault of a very pretty and highly original book, sure to delight the little world of wondering minds, and which may well please those who have, unfortunately, passed the years of wondering.

Whilst there was a two year delay in the appearance of reviews of *Alice in Wonderland* in Australian newspapers - perhaps brought about by the limited release and availability of copies until the beginning of 1868 - the same did not apply to Carroll's second book in the series. On 7 March 1872 the *Pall Mall Gazette* (London) review of *Through the looking glass* was published in the *South Australian Register*, barely four months after its English release. This review notably included the Jabberwocky verses and a conversation between Alice and the bumbling White Knight:

Looking-Glass Land.

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*.]

Through the Looking-Glass, and what Alice Found there. By Lewis Carroll. With 50 illustrations, by Tenniel (London: Macmillan & Co. 1871.)

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland is known far and wide as one of the most original and charming stories ever written for children, and it had the good fortune of being illustrated with as much humour and delicacy as distinguished the tale itself. The author of that book has now written another called 'Through the Looking Glass.' It is founded upon a very pretty and fanciful notion. Alice - never mind how - passes through a looking-glass into Looking Glass Land beyond; a land remarkable, as its chief characteristic, for having everything the contrary way - thus, going toward a gate is the very way never to get out at it; you have to walk in the other direction to pass through gates in Looking Glass Land. And so books are printed with all the letters of the words running from right to left, as anybody may see is perfectly natural by holding a book to a looking-glass, and observing how it appears therein. Alice becomes acquainted with at least one looking-glass ballad written in this style, and in a perfectly new and delightful dialect. It is entitled Jabberwocky, and runs as follows:

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;



All mimsy were the borogoves,

And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought --
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And, has thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

The vigour of this ballad in some places is as remarkable as its tender gravity in others. We are reminded of Campbell's 'Hohenlinden' as we read those terse and heart-stirring lines :

The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

But what pleases us most is the stanza with which the ballad begins and ends. Anything more affecting than those lines we rarely meet in the poetry of our day. Once admitted to memory, they will forever maintain a place, to rise spontaneously to the lips whenever we stand alone in the sad, grave presence of Autumn. Thus it is that the poet, in his diviner moments, gives language to those deeper yearnings which other wise would never find voice in many a dumbly worshipping soul! There are some other poems in the book - one called 'The Walrus and the Carpenter,' and another introduced by the following conversation between Alice and the White Knight, who offers to sing the song :

"You are sad," the Knight said in an anxious tone: "let me sing you a song to comfort you."

"Is it very long?" Alice asked, for she had heard a good deal of poetry that day.

"It's long," said the Knight, "but it's very, *very* beautiful. Everybody that hears me sing it -- either it brings the *tears* into their eyes, or else --"

"Or else what?" said Alice, for the Knight had made a sudden pause.

"Or else it doesn't, you know. The name of the song is called '*Haddock's Eyes*.'"

"Oh, that's the name of the song, is it?" Alice said, trying to feel interested.

"No, you don't understand," the Knight said, looking a little vexed. "That's what the name is *called*. The name really is '*The Aged Aged Man*.'"

"Then I ought to have said, 'That's what the *song* is called?'" Alice corrected herself.

"No, you oughtn't: that's another thing. The *song* is called '*Ways and Means*': but that's only what it's *called*, you know!"

"Well, what *is* the song, then?" said Alice, who was by this time completely bewildered.

"I was coming to that," the Knight said. "The song really *is* '*A sitting on a Gate*': and the tune's my own invention."

This is a very good specimen of the sort of fun with which the book abounds. It is not, perhaps, quite so good, as a whole, as, 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland' but there is not much to choose between them. The artist who illustrated that charming story has added much to the excellence of this. Those who remember his picture of the grin of the Cheshire Cat (not the cat, but the grin) will find a similar exercise of his skill in the woodcut representing Alice as she fades through the looking-glass.



Another example of a review, though this time rather brief, is from the *South Australian Register* of 6 April 1872 and its 'New Books' columns:

New Books

.....Arthur Lear has another volume of 'Nonsense Pictures and Rhymes,' which nearly keeps up the reputation of his last. And in a far higher walk, both of writing and illustration, 'Through the Looking-glass' is a worthy successor of that most enchanting of all children's books, 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.' Alice is a little older now, and the incidents and conversations are more advanced, though they are still as far removed from actual life as before. Dream-like as the first book was throughout, this is more dream-like still. Who does not recollect floating down stairs with a finger-tip on the banisters - whose confused notions of identity and substantial existence when about to wake have not a strong affinity to the dialogue between Alice and Tweedledum and Tweedledee, as to whether, when the Red King, who is dreaming about her, wakes, she will go out bang! like a candle, or continue to exist independently of him? But if we were to mention half the curious questions in Dreamland suggested by these two books we should never come to an end, so must break off, only saying that the sale of this last has been unprecedentedly large.

On 24 June 1872 the *South Australian Register* published an article from the 16 March edition of London *Punch* which included a reproduction of the Jabberwocky verses and a variant entitled 'Waggawocky'. It commented upon the infamous Australian 'Tichborne Claimant' and his trial which had just ended in London after 102 sitting days. The Tichborne Claimant had been discovered by an attorney in Wagga Wagga, southern New South Wales, and lay claim to the substantial fortune of the late Lord Tichborne. The original article featured a magnificent cartoon by *Punch* artist and original Jabberwocky illustrator John Tenniel.

Pickings from London Punch

The Waggawock

Firstly, behold the cartoon opposite! As Quarles asks - "Is not this type well cut, with Zeuxian art; Filled with rich cunning?" Of course it is. "That goes without to say," as the French elegantly put it. But there is something which Mr. Punch means to say. He makes his best acknowledgements to Lewis Carroll, author of the delightfulest fairy lore extant, for the idea of a mysterious monster. Everybody worth thinking about has read the sequel to "Alice in Wonderland," the new book called "Through the Looking-Glass." Everybody can recite the marvellous poem therein, entitled "Jabberwocky." It is a household hymn among the cultivated classes, and its new and Chattertonian words are the delight of society. Mr Punch very nearly cried out to the Prince of Wales, on meeting H.R.H. again, "Come to my arms, my Beamish Boy!" But poets are also prophets, vide Mr. Carlyle, *passim*. The author of "Jabberwocky," when long ago revolving that grand idea in his scholarly seclusion, was preparing a type, the full merit and value of which now bursts upon the world at a touch from Mr. Punch's magic wand. The Jabberwock meant the Waggawock, over whose merited overthrow all honest persons are rejoicing. The poem sets forth the story of the slaying of the Australian Monster. Listen to a dream, and to the interpretation thereof:-

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought --
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And, has thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths out grabe.

Merely interpolating the note that the word "wabe" is explained by the poet to mean "a grassplot round a sun-dial," but that it also means a Court of Justice, being derived from the Saxon waube, a wig-shop, Mr Punch proceeds to dress the prophetic ode in plain English :-

WAGGAWOCKY.

'Twas Maytime, and the lawyer coves
Did gibe and jabber in the wabe,
All menaced were the Tichborne groves,
And their true lord, the Babe.

"Beware the Waggawock, my son.
The eyelid twitch, the knees incline,



Beware the Baigent network, spun

For gallant Ballantine."

He took his ton-weight brief in hand,
Long time the hidden clue he sought,
Then rested he by the Hawkins tree,
And sat awhile in thought.

And as in toughish thought he rocks,
The Waggawock, sans ruth or shame,
Came lumbering to the witness-box,
And perjured out his Claim.

"Untrue ! untrue !"
Then through and through
The weary weeks he worked the rack ;
But March had youth, ere with the Truth
He dealt the final whack.

"And hast thou slain the Waggawock?
Come to my arms, my Beamish Boy!
O Coleridge, J.! Hoorah! hooray!"
Punch chortled in his joy.



Tenniel's drawing depicts the Tichborne Claimant's attorney as the dead monster Waggawock, slain by Truth and Justice. Though it is a variant of Carroll's original Jabberwocky the image is also similar to the artist's depiction of the sleeping Gryphon from *Alice in Wonderland*. It is also interesting to note that Carroll's creation is actually referred to by the *Punch* writer as "the Australian monster" and use of the term 'Wagga' derives from the original Aboriginal phrase Wagga Wagga - a term whose musicality obviously resonated with *Punch*. Tenniel's superb drawing reflects both his skill as a political cartoonist and the then current notoriety of Carroll's *Through the looking glass, and what Alice found there*.

Not long after it published the Waggawock piece, on 9 August 1872 the *South Australian Register* printed a letter from 'Lexicographer' to the editor which featured a Carroll quote highlighting the variety of word-play available to readers in the Alice books for use as quote and lesson-giving:

Names and their meaning.

To the editor. Sir - I observe that Mr. Magarey, at a meeting recently reported in your paper, complained that people would not respect the modest desire of the Church to which he belongs to be called simply Christians, and nothing else. May I ask Mr. Magarey whether he is prepared to affirm that there is but one public place of Christian worship in Adelaide? If so, I can understand his complaint ; but if not, it is clear that the public are right in declining to use a term which does not convey the meaning Mr. Magarey desires to impose upon it. Words are used to describe things, and when new varieties of old things arise, fresh terms have to be invented to describe them. I commend to Mr. Magarey's consideration the following choice morsel of dialogue from Lewis Carroll's delightful story-book, 'Through the Looking-Glass :' - "There's Glory for you," said Humpty Dumpty. "I don't know what you mean by glory," Alice said. Humpty Dumpty smiled contemptuously. "Of course you don't - till I tell you. I meant - there's a nice knock-down argument for you." "But glory doesn't mean a nice knock-down argument," Alice objected. "When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said, in rather a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean- neither more nor less." "The question is," said Alice, "whether you can make words mean so many different things." I am, Sir, &c., Lexicographer.

The slow but steady success of the Alice books, and the subtle but significant infiltration of Wonderland into the colonial consciousness through word, music and performance is also reflected in the notices of related adaptations which began appearing shortly after their initial publication. For example, the Sydney-based *Town and Country Journal* of 8 April 1871 included reference to a recently released *Alice in Wonderland* score. The *Sydney Morning Herald* of 11 August 1871 described and reviewed the item in the following terms:

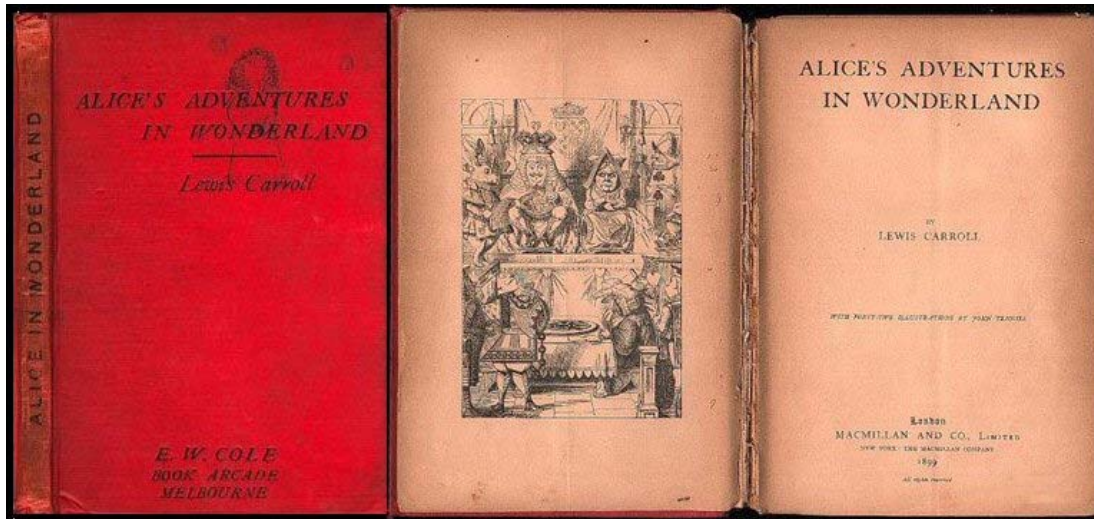
The songs from "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" are a collection of seven songs written by Lewis Carroll, and composed by William Boyd. The words of these are delightfully absurd, and they are fitted to elegant and simple little melodies that are adapted to children's voices. Some of them would become the lips of a grown-up sister, if she were inclined for fun with a baby-brother. The first number which consists of a dialogue between a whiting and a snail, has a chorus harmonised in four parts. The accompaniments in each case are simple, and so is the setting of the songs. An intelligent child could master them easily. We look upon them as a good contribution to the music of the nursery, written in kindness and composed with good taste.

By 21 August 1871 the Melbourne *Argus* was citing *Alice in Wonderland* as 'the chiefest and best' in regards to 'those elegant and beautifully illustrated children's storybooks' that were becoming more common. Correspondent 'Biron' in the *Town and Country Journal* of 4 June 1873 noted 'what a glorious pantomime could be made of "Alice in Wonderland"'. His comments were prophetic, for a number of plays and performance pieces based on the Alice novels were produced in Australia from the 1870s, and related publications and ephemera exist for these events. In 1880 the English publication *Alice and other fairy plays for children*, by playwright Kate Freiligrath-Kroeker, was released locally to support the performances which were to take place over coming decades, ranging from school and amateur productions through to full touring companies with long runs in capital city venues.

On 20 November 1876 the Tasmanian *Cornwall Chronicle* reviewed a local art exhibiton which included an "aquagraph" reproduction of Samuel Sidley's famous work entitled 'Alice in Wonderland'. An item in the Brisbane *Queenlander* on 7 January 1882 noted that many people in the far flung corners of the state would not be aware of Lewis Carroll's work and encouraged their reading. From these examples and the numerous advertisements and reviews that appeared in newspapers and serial publications throughout Australia during the nineteenth century it is clear that Alice's Wonderland adventures were increasingly well known and popular with local audiences.

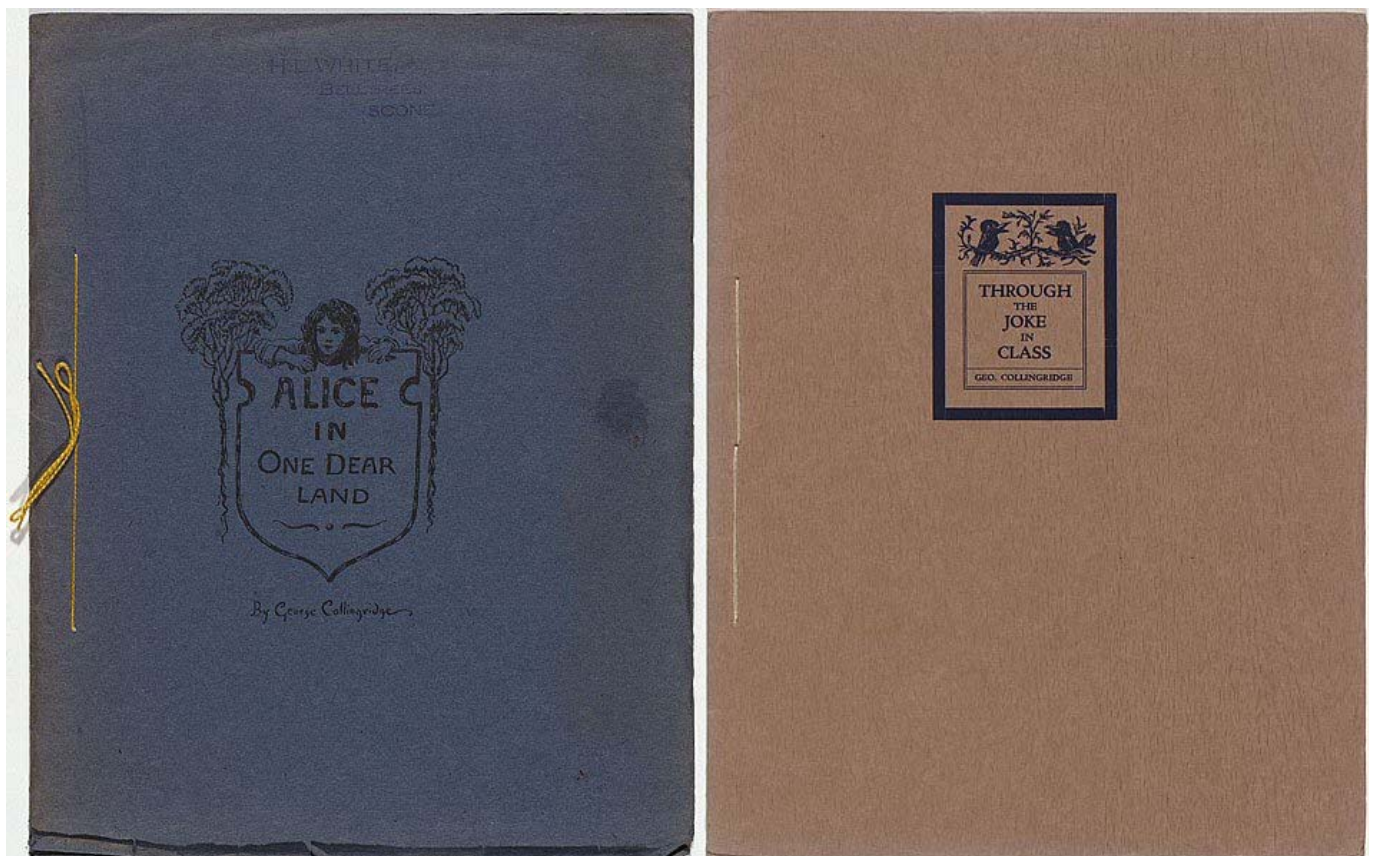
Australian editions

From 1866 through to the 1940s the Australian market sourced copies of the Alice books primarily from UK and US publishers, thus obviating the need for an Australian printing during a period when quality book presses were not readily available. Local variants were slow to appear, even after the expiration of UK copyright for *Alice in Wonderland* in 1907 which saw a plethora of newly illustrated volumes appear in markets such as the US. The first was the Adelaide *Observer* Christmas issue of December 1869 which included an edited version of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* written 'expressly for this paper'. This very early adaptation is the only known instance of a local printing, in any form, prior to 1889 when Melbourne bookseller E.W. Cole offered for sale a 94 page edition of *Alice in Wonderland* bearing the note "Printed in England for E.W. Cole" on the title page. It was published by Ward, Lock & Co. and illustrated by American artist Blanche McManus. Another edition from that year, printed by Macmillan & Co., London and containing the Tenniel drawings, included the inscription *E. W. Cole, Book Arcade, Melbourne* on the front cover.



This latter work was specially prepared for the Melbourne bookseller by Macmillan and printed in the UK prior to export. As one of Macmillan's small (12mo) '6 penny' editions, it was issued on inferior quality paper, as against the better quality 'half crown' version. It is interesting that Cole you two different publishers to source his local variants. Separate Ward, Lock & Co. editions from the turn of the century and through to the 1920s are known with the imprint 'London and Melbourne', though it is likely they were printed in the UK for export. The appearance of these local variants marked both the ongoing popularity of the Alice stories and their increasing accessibility in a range of variably priced formats.

Not an actual reprint of the Carroll books, but a significant variant nevertheless, appeared in 1922 when local author and artist George Collingridge published the first Australianised version of Alice's adventures in Wonderland, entitled *Alice in One Dear Land*. This was followed by *Through the Joke in Class* in 1923, a parody of *Through the looking glass*.



These two smallish, limited edition works were issued by the author in association with publisher W.C. Penfold & Co. They included illustrations by Collingridge and made use of the artificial language Esperanto. Alice is presented in a distinctly Australian setting with kangaroos, emus and other local fauna accompanying her on a journey from Alice Springs. Collingridge's illustrations appeared as engraved plates, vignettes and a frontispiece

reproduction of one of his original watercolours. Both works are now extremely rare. The *Sydney Morning Herald* of 14 April 1923 reviewed the second book in the following brief notice:

"Through the Joke in Class"

In "Alice In One Dear Land," published not long ago, Mr. George Collingridge told us of a visit which his small heroine paid to Australia. When she went away she announced that she would not return until the North Shore Bridge was built. Little did she guess what was in store for her. She was recalled, shortly after, on a highly important mission in connection with the bridge, which is described in "Through the Joke in Class." First of all a mysterious message in a sealed parchment is brought by a Sea-Maid to Hole In the Wall, near Newport. This she hands to an obliging platypus, who, in turn, gives it to a flying fox for transmission to headquarters. On the last stage on the road to Mount Unapproachable, in Central Australia, it is entrusted to an emu. When opened it is found to contain the stern command that Alice and no one else is to lay the foundation-stone of the bridge. In due course, Alice arrives. She meets various queer and argumentative creatures, who hold vigorous debate. In the discussions an ancient Spanish chart figures largely. And then Alice awakes, noticing from the paper that the bridge was still in the air, and realising that she might have to visit Australia a third time unless she gave up dreaming. (Published by the author.)



In 1924 New Zealand publishing house Whitcombe & Tombs, based in Auckland, issued a version of *Alice in Wonderland* for the Australasian education market. This 68 page primary school reader was edited by E.A Stewart and featured an original cover design by the Carlton Studio of Melbourne plus eleven internal black and white illustrations by talented young Australian artist Christian Yandell (Waller). Intended 'for children aged 9 to 10 years', it was number 415 in the Whitcome Story Books series and marked the first known illustration of *Alice in Wonderland* by Australian artists. Nine editions appeared through to 1960, with the majority printed in Christchurch, New Zealand. No extant copy of the original 1924 edition is known, though the print run numbered 10,000. Yandell went on to work with distinction in book illustration, book plate design and the creation of large mosaic windows for churches. Her fine line drawings show pre-Raphaelite influences, whilst the figure of Alice was based on her niece Klytie Pate - an artist who worked with pottery. Yandell's illustrations are perhaps the finest by an Australian artist in this area for half a century. It is unfortunate that they did not appear in a publication of higher quality, as they were deserving of such. They remain little known and have never been reproduced, apart from a single illustration of the slender Klytie Pate in the *Alice 125* exhibition catalogue. Whitcombe & Tombs also issued an edition of *Through the Looking Glass* in 1924, illustrated by New Zealander Gwyneth Richardson. It was reprinted in five editions through to 1949.



"The chief difficulty Alice found at first was in managing her flamingo."

The ephemeral nature of this and other school readers - whereby they were often smallish items printed on low quality paper with simple cardboard covers and glued bindings, discarded by children after heavy use in the classroom, and not widely available for purchase in bookshops or seen as collectable - meant they did not always find their way into public and institutional collections or archives. It was also common for the illustrations within school readers - especially line drawings - to be coloured in by their amateur young owners.

Between 1904-35 Daily Express Publications in the UK released a large format, 447 page compendium volume entitled *Children's Treasury of Great Stories* which included an illustrated version of *Alice in Wonderland*, alongside *Tales from Shakespeare*, *Gulliver in Lilliput* and *Tales from the Arabian Nights*. An Australian edition was printed by United Press, Sun Building, Melbourne during this period (?1930s) and must rank as the first Australian printing of Carroll's work in book format.

It was not until the 1940s that locally produced and printed editions appeared, brought on by difficulties experienced in securing material from a war ravaged Britain, which had been Australia's major supplier of books. In 1942 the Herald and Weekly Times Ltd. of Melbourne, through its publication arm Colorgravure Press, issued a combined edition of *Alice in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass*, illustrated by local artist Donald Glue. Part of the 'Herald Classic' series, it was listed as an 'Australian War Economy Publication'. A watercolour from the series is illustrated below, along with various elements of the original edition, such as dustjacket, internal vignette drawing and a three colour plate.



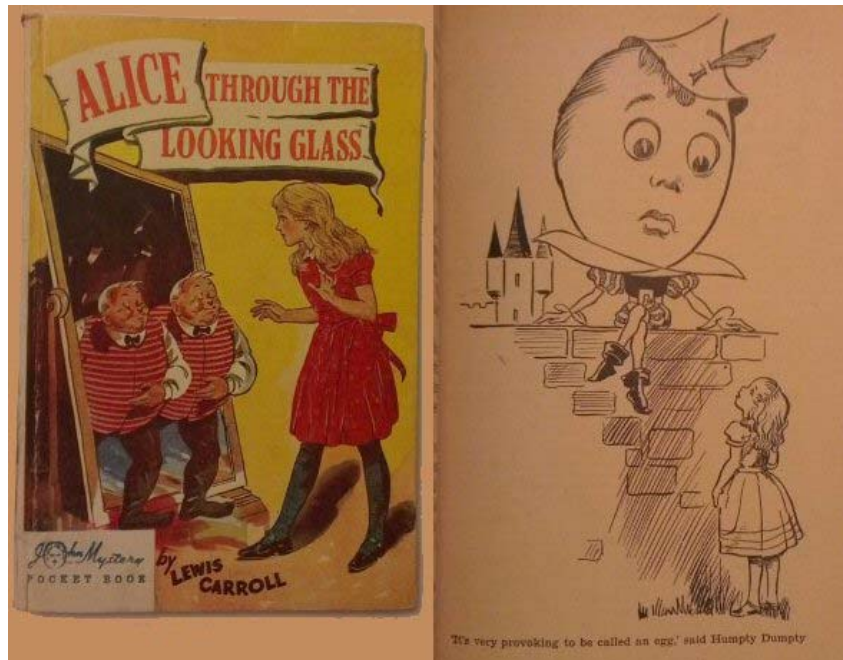


Glue's artwork was a mixture of line drawings based on Tenniel's original engravings, though softer in line, and stylised coloured prints which were not at all derivative. Not to be outdone, in 1943 Sydney publisher Consolidated Press, owner of the *Daily Telegraph*, also issued a combined version of the two Alice books, illustrated throughout and with a dustjacket by local artist [Kate O'Brien](#).



Reprinted in 1944, 1946 and 1947, this edition contained eleven full page black and white images along with a number of small vignettes of Alice and animals such as an owl. The dustjacket featured a humorous three colour (black / grey / yellow) drawing of Alice extracting the hapless White Knight from a swamp which he had fallen head first into. O'Brien's Alice was very Australian - older than Tenniel's 7 year old by about 5 years, with pigtailed and dressed in the short sleeve top and short skirt appropriate for the antipodean summer.

During this period versions of *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the looking glass* were also issued by Publicity Press, Sydney as part of the John Mystery Pocket Book series. Edited and compiled by local song writer and children's book author [John Mystery](#) (aka. Lester Sinclair), they first appeared in 1938, and whilst many editions in the series bore this date on the title page, initial publication often occurred through to the late 1940s. The John Mystery Pocket Books comprised a variety of local stories such as *The Woolly Sisters Get Well Book* and *Puppy Smut at the Dentist* alongside literary classics including *The Count of Monte Christo*, *Little Women*, Dickens' *A Christmas Carol* and Carroll's two works.



Cheaply produced due to wartime supply shortages and with illustrated cardboard covers, they sold in large numbers through department stores such as Woolworths. Despite this, or perhaps because of it, they are now scarce. For example, the *Alice in Wonderland* edition is not known in any public collections nor listed in the Australian National Bibliography database, though it was referred to in the *Alice 125* exhibition catalogue and the cover reproduced therein (Paul, 1990).



Local illustrators were used throughout the series, with the unidentified 'C.L.' responsible for *Alice in Wonderland*. No name is attached to the drawings in the 140 page *Through the looking glass* edition.

Another interesting local printing from the immediate post-war years was compiled by English author Herbert Strang (actually George Herbert Ely and Charles James L'Estrange) who, since 1920, had issued an edited version of *Alice in Wonderland* in association with Oxford University Press. Illustrated by A.E. Jackson, an Australian edition was first published in Melbourne around 1946 and reprinted in 1947 and 1949. It did not feature any local content.

Not a book publication as such, but nevertheless significant, was the *Alice in Wonderland* comic strip which appeared in the *Sydney Sunday Herald* from 23 January 1949. Illustrated by Australian artist [Nan Fullarton](#), it comprised 18 parts covering a full half page, with each panel text heavy. Its appearance was perhaps spurred on by publication the previous year in the US of Alex Blum's *Classics Illustrated* comic book *Alice in Wonderland*. This work also appeared in newspaper comic strip form.

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND" by LEWIS CARROLL
Adapted & Illustrated by Nan Fullarton

ALICE WAS BEGINNING TO GET VERY TIRED OF SITTING BY HER SISTER ON THE BANK AND OF HAVING NOTHING TO DO. SHE WAS WONDERING WHETHER THE PLEASURE OF MAKING A DAISY-CHAIN WOULD BE WORTH THE TROUBLE, WHEN SUDDENLY A WHITE RABBIT WITH PINK EYES RAN CLOSE BY HER.

THERE WAS NOTHING SO VERY REMARKABLE IN THAT BUT WHEN THE RABBIT ACTUALLY TOOK A WATCH OUT OF ITS WAIST-COAT POCKET AND LOOKED AT IT AND THEN HURRIED ON.

ALICE STARTED TO HER FEET AND, BUSYING WITH CURIOSITY, RAN ACROSS THE FIELD AFTER IT. SHE WAS JUST IN TIME TO SEE IT POP DOWN A LARGE HOLE UNDER THE HEDGE. IN ANOTHER MOMENT, DOWN WENT ALICE AFTER IT.

THE RABBIT-HOLE WENT STRAIGHT ON LIKE A TUNNEL FOR SOME WAY AND THEN DIPPED SUDDENLY DOWN, SO SUDDENLY THAT ALICE FOUND HERSELF FALLING DOWN WHAT SEEMED TO BE A VERY DEEP WELL. SHE HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO LOOK ABOUT HER AS SHE FELL.

OH MY EARS AND WHISKERS, HOW LATE IT'S GETTING

THE SIDES OF THE WELL WERE FILLED WITH CURSARDS AND BOOGYMIES. ALICE TOOK DOWN A JAR LABELED "ORANGE MARMALADE". SHE DID NOT LIKE TO DROP THE JAR FOR FEAR OF KILLING SOMEBODY UNDERNEATH, SO MANAGED TO PUT IT BACK AS SHE FELL PAST.

DOWN, DOWN, DOWN. ALICE BEGAN TALKING TO HERSELF. "OH MY! MY DEAR (DEAR!) WAS THE RAT! I WISH YOU WERE DOWN HERE WITH ME! THERE ARE NO MICE IN THE AIR, I'M AFRAID, BUT YOU MIGHT CATCH A BAT. DO CATS EAT BATS, I WONDER?" SHE FELT SHE WAS BOZING OFF AND HAD JUST BEGUN TO DREAM WHEN SUB- DENLY THUMP! THUMP! DOWN SHE CAME UPON A HEAP OF STICKS AND DRIED LEAVES, AND THE FALL WAS OVER.

ALICE WAS NOT A BIT HURT, AND SHE JUMPED UP ON TO HER FEET IN A MOMENT. THE WHITE RABBIT WAS STILL IN SIGHT, HURRYING DOWN ANOTHER LONG PASSAGE. THERE WAS NOT A MOMENT TO BE LOST. AWAY WENT ALICE LIKE THE WIND AND WAS JUST IN TIME TO HEAR IT SAY, "OH MY EARS AND WHISKERS HOW LATE IT'S GETTING." (TO BE CONTINUED)

Fullarton's *Through the Looking Glass* strip was published in the *Sunday Herald* between July and October 1950. Both the Australian and American strips were early examples of the post war proliferation of illustrated versions of Alice, appearing as comic books and strips and later as the graphic novelisations and manga so common today.

THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS
by LEWIS CARROLL
Adapted & Illustrated by NAN FULLARTON

AND THIS WAS THE POEM THAT ALICE READ.

JABBERWOCKY

"Two knaves, and the sly toves
Do sit and gossip to the woves
All round the forenoon,
And the moon eaves the noon."
"Where the Jabberwock, he was?
The tree she sits, the place that was?
Beware the Frabjuous, and thee,
The Janssonian Handkerchiefs!"
He took the carpet under to hand,
Some time the woveless for the wackles,
He rested her by the Frazzles tree,
And stood awhile on thistles.
And so on slyly through the wood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came snuffling through the fern wood,
And hunched on its nose!
Oho, oho! Oho, too! And through and through
The rapid blade went underwack!
He ate its head, and took its head,
He went palumphing back.
"And how does thee the Jabberwock?
"Come to see me, on Monday,
If thou'rt alive!" Callab! Callab!
He chattered on his nose.

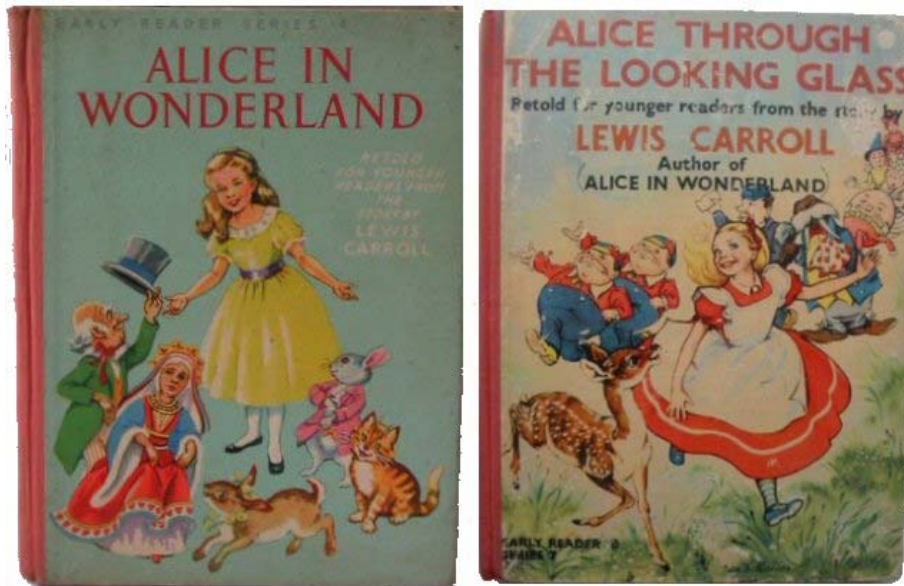
"IT SEEMS VERY PRETTY, BUT RATHER HARD TO UNDERSTAND," SAID ALICE. "YOU SEE, SHE DIDN'T USE SO COARSE, EVEN TO HERSELF, THAT SHE COULDN'T MAKE IT OUT AT ALL. 'SOMEBODY' KILLED SOMETHING — THAT'S CLEAR ENOUGH."

BUT OH! THOUGHT ALICE, SUDDENLY JUMPING UP. "IF I DON'T HURRY I SHALL HAVE TO GO BACK WITHOUT SEEING THE BEST OF THE LOOKING-GLASS HOUSE! LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THE GARDEN FIRST. AND SHE RAN DOWN THE AISLE, OR RATHER SHE JUST KEPT THE TIPS OF HER FINGERS ON THE HANDRAIL, AND FLOATED GENTLY DOWN.

THEN SHE FLOATED ON THROUGH THE HALL, SHE WAS GETTING A LITTLE GIDDY WITH SO MUCH FLOATING IN HER, AND WAS BATHING HER TO FIND HERSELF WALKING IN THE NATURAL WAY.

TO BE CONTINUED

Fullarton's simple but attractive illustrations also featured in school reader versions of the two Alice books published by Spring Press and Hamster Books, London, in various editions from 1950 through to the 1960s (illustrated below). It is likely they were used in Australian primary schools along with the other school readers cited above.



The Alice stories first appeared on film in England in 1903 (cf. [Alice in Wonderland - film, tv and video presentations](#)). The numerous adaptations thereafter often were accompanied by photoplay editions featuring Carroll's original text interspersed with movie stills. These live action features added greatly to the popularity and notoriety of the works, however it was the 1951 production of Walt Disney's animated version of *Alice in Wonderland* which was to have the biggest impact. Its release and subsequent re-release on a regular basis over the years - alongside an increasing variety of film, television and animated variants - sustained interest in Lewis Carroll's books. Disney's film was also accompanied by a variety of related material, ranging from Little Golden Books for children through to unedited editions featuring selected Disney illustrations from the film. These books were both imported and printed locally. The Disney version of the Alice universe remains in print and common to the present day, pointing to the significant increase in interest in, and awareness of, Carroll's work since the 1950s.

At the end of the decade (1959) Golden Press, Sydney, published an edition of *Through the Looking Glass* for W.H. Allen, London. Illustrated by Maraja, it was No.10 in the Splendour Series and had first appeared in England during 1957. It was an example of an increasingly common occurrence i.e. local printings using proofs prepared in the UK or US.

Numerous versions of the Alice adventures were available in Australian bookshops during the 1960s and 1970s, however from the 1980s onwards Australian editions illustrated by local artists became more common. Examples include:

- *Alice in Wonderland* (1982) featuring illustrations by the famous Australian artist Charles Blackman, taken from his series of artworks on that theme which had appeared irregularly since 1956;
- Carroll Foundation publications from 1990 featuring artwork by [Pixie O'Harris](#) and Gavin O'Keefe.
- *Alitji in Dreamland - Alitjinya ngura tjukurmankuntjala : an aboriginal version of Lewis Carroll's Alice's adventures in Wonderland* - in 1992 Carroll's work was translated into an Australian Aboriginal language and accompanied by original Indigenous artwork.
- Versions of *Alice in Wonderland* illustrated by local artists Alice B. Woodward and Sue Shields (1985), Atelier Phillippe Harchy (1998), Eric Kincaid (2006), Rodney Matthews (2008), Robert Ingpen (2009) and Cinzia Ratto (2010).

A large number of Alice-related illustrations by Australian artists were included in the Carroll Foundation exhibition which toured nationally during 1990-1 in connection with the 125th anniversary of the original Macmillan publication. A fully illustrated catalogue was printed and highlights the varied responses to Wonderland by local artists since the time of Collingridge in the 1920s.

The numerous Alice films, cartoons, television programs and documentaries that have been released locally have also generated items such as posters, program guides and stories in local media, the most recent of these being Tim Burton's filmic adaptation of *Alice in Wonderland* (2010) featuring Australian actress Mia Wasikowska as Alice.

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