

Jabberwocky

Page 2: **English:** The poem Jabberwocky, from Alice in Wonderland, by Lewis Carroll.

Page 3: **French:** from Martin Gardner's "The Annotated Alice" where it is attributed to Frank L. Warrin in The New Yorker of 10 Jan 1931. The book also contains the German version, Der Jammermoch.

Page 4: **Latin:** There are apparently two Latin versions. One by Augustus A. Vansittart, fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, was issued as a pamphlet by the Oxford University Press in 1881 and will be found on page 144 of Stuart Collingwood's biography of Carroll. The other version, by Carroll's uncle, Hassard H. Dodgson, is in "The Lewis Carroll Picture Book" on page 364. (The Gaberbocchus Press, a whimsical London publishing house, derives its name from Uncle Hassard's Latin word for Jabberwock.

Pages 5 and 6: **German:** The Jabberwock traced to its true source. (reproduced here by kind permission of the proprietors of Macmillan's Magazine.

Pages 7 and 8: As transcribed by the **Apple Newton**, which is a computer that recognizes handwriting.

JABBERWOCK

'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 Jujub 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 gree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wook,
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.

LE JASEROQUE

Il brilgue: les tôves lubricilleux
Se gyrent et vrillant dans le guave,
Enmême's sont les gougebosqueux,
Et le momerade horsgrave.

Garde-toi du Jaseroque, mon fils!
La gueule qui mord; la griffe qui prend!
Garde-toi de l'oiseau Jube, évite
Le frumieux Band-à-prend.

Son glaive vorpal en main il va-
T-à la recherche du fauve manscant;
Puis arrivé a' l'arbre Té-Té,
Il y reste, réfléchissant.

Pendant qu'il pense, tout uffusé
Le Jaseroque, à l'oeil flambant,
Vient sibilant par le bois tullegeais,
Et burbule en venant.

Un deux, un deux, par le milieu,
Le glaive vorpal fait pat-à-pan!
La bête défaite, avec sa tête,
Il rentre gallomphant.

As-tu tué le Jaseroque?
Viens à mon coeur, fils rayonnais!
O jour frabbejais! Calleau! Callai!
It cortule dans sa joie.

Il brilgue: les tôves lubricilleux
Se gyrent et vrillant dans le guave,
Enmême's sont les gougebosqueux,
Et le momerade horsgrave.

GABBERBOCCHUS

Hora aderat briligi. Nunc et Slythaeia Tova
Plurima gyabant gymbolitare vabo;
Et Borogovororum mimzebant undique formae,
Momiferique omnes exgrabuere Rathi.

“Cave, Gaberbocchum momeo tibi, nate cavendum
(Unguibus ille rapit. Dentibus ille necat.)
Et guge Jubbubbum, quo non infestior ales,
et Bandersnatcham, quae fremit usque, cave.”

Ille autem gladium vorpalem cepit, et hostem
Manxonium longa sedulitate petit;
Tum sub tumtummi requiescens arboris umbra
Stabat tranquillus, multa animo meditans.

Dum requiescebat meditans uffisha, monstrum
Praesens ecce! oculis cui fera flamma micat,
Ipse Gaberbocchus dumeta per horrida sifflans
Ibat, et horrendum burbuliat iens!

Ter, quater, atque iterum cito vorpalissimus ensis
Snicsnaccans penitus viscera dissecuit.
Exanimus corpus linquens caput abstulit heros
Quocum galumphat multa, domumque redit.

“Tune Gaberbocchum potuisti, nate, necare?
Bemiscens puer! ad brachia nostra veni.
Oh! frabiusce dies! iterumque caloque calaque
Laetus eo” ut chortlet chortla superba senex.

Hora aderat briligi. Nunc et Slythaeia Tova
Plurima gyabant gymbolitare vabo;
Et Borogovororum mimzebant undique formae,
Momiferique omnes exgrabuere Rathi.

MacMillan's Magazine, Feb 1872.

By Thomas Chatterton

To the Editor of Macmillan's Magazine.

Sir, --- I was invited by a friend, one evening last week, to a *séance* of Spiritualists; and having been reading "Through the Looking-Glass" before I left home, I was much astonished to find that the first "communication" made to the party was on the subject of that work. How it had reached the Spirits, was not clearly made out. Among many indistinct rappings, only the words *Post-Obit* and *Dead Letters* were distinguishable.

The Spirit announced himself as Hermann von Schwindel --- a name doubtless known to many of your readers; and he complained that the celebrated *Jabberwock* was taken from a German ballad by the well-known author of the *Lyre* (he spelt it *Lyar*; but this is not surprising in a German ghost using the English language) and *Sword*. And he proceeded, with great fluency, to tap out the following verses :--

(...Der Jammerwock inserted here...)

On my return home I thought the matter over, and am inclined to agree with the lamented Von Schwindel, for various reasons, which may be summed up as follows:-- The *jabberwock* is only a *Jammerwock* with a cold in its head, like "the young Babood" for "the young May moon." And this name, "the week of woe," is a mythical expression for the Seven Years' War, and hence for other devastations of the Fatherland. Humpty Dumpty's interpretation I of course utterly repudiate. He is a mere rationalising Euhemerist.

My theory is that the ballad is the product of the war against Napoleon I., and the Jammerwock, of course, is "the Corsican Fiend" himself. Now, apply this to the first stanza, which indicates the patriotic combination against him of the "Burggoven" (*Burggrafen*, the nobility in general); the "Raethe" (whether "Hof" or "Geheim"), the Bureaucracy, and the "schlichte Toven," the simple coves of the lower class, neither noble nor official. And note the touch of irony with which in the end the aristos leave these in the lurch, "wirrend und wimmelnd," and only "dig out" (*aus-graben*) the bureaucracy for their own purposes, keeping them "mum" (*mohme*) and voiceless. There is something strikingly Teutonic in the attitude of the hero under the tree, where, after seeking for the Jammerwock, he "took to thinking!" "Auf" also must be original, for "uffish thought" is manifestly intended as a translation of it! But who is the hero? I think that the sixth stanza will reveal this to any one possessed of a historico-critical sense. If it had been a North German who wrote the ballad, no doubt the hero would have been Scharnhorst, or Bluecher, or some of the other Prussian heroes.

But the language is rather Austrian (speaking of the Austrian Empire as it was at that date, with- out reference to nationalities); and no North German would have celebrated the "Boehm'sches kind," which is, not as the English copy so strangely translates it, "beamish," nor even (which would have been happier) "my bumptious boy," but "my young Bohemian." And, therefore, I think that Von Schwindel's memory must have failed him. Doubtless he was acquainted with other *Lyres* and other *Swords*, as well as Koerner's, and he may have confused them. We may safely identify the hero with the Arch- duke Charles; who (it is true) did *not* slay the Jammerwock, but did his best to do it, and was a genuine hero of the Austrian Empire.

DER JAMMERWOCH

Es brillig war. Die schlichte Toven
Wirrten und wimmelten in Waben;
Und aller-mümsige Burggoven
Die mohmen Räth ausgraben.

Bewahre doch vor Jammerwoch!
Die Zähne knirschen, Krallen kratzen!
Bewahr vor Jubjub – Vogel, vor
Frumiösen Banderschnätzchen!

Er griff sein vorpals Schwertchen zu,
Er suchte lang dan manchsam Ding;
Dann, stehend unten Tumtum Baum,
Er au-zu-denken-fing.

Als stand er tief in Andacht auf,
Des Jammerwochen's Augen-feuer
Durch tulgen Wald mit wiffek kam
Ein burbelnd ungeheuer!

Eins, Zwei! Eins, Zwei! Und durch und durch
Sein vorpals Schwert zerschnifer-schnück,
Da blieb es todt! Er, Kopf in Hand,
Geläumfig zog zurück.

Und schlugst Du ja den den Jammerwoch?
Umarme mich, mien Böhmshees Kind!
O Freuden-Tag! O Hallloo-Schlag!
Er chortelt froh-gesinnt.

Es brillig war. Die schlichte Toven
Wirrten und wimmelten in Waben;
Und aller-mümsige Burggoven
Die mohmen Räth ausgraben.

From: Peter Langston <pucl!psl@bellcore.bellcore.com>
Subject: The Apple Newton & Serious Bandwidth

Have you experimented with an Apple Newton yet? Well, I haven't, so I was interested to hear of other people's experiences with it. At the recent Hacker's conference I collected both a short and a long Newton anecdote.

The short anecdote involves the preparation of some promotion for or with the publisher Random House, during which the publisher (or some agent thereof) tried entering "Random House" only to get "Condom Nose" recognized.

The long anecdote consists of the new lyric poem generated by entering Lewis Carroll's poem Jabberwocky from "Through The Looking Glass" into the Newton. Of course, to get the full effect you should really see the faraway look in Talin's eye as he recites it, but as a poor second I'll include a comment from Lewis Carroll (about Alice) at the end that might easily have been written about the Newton.

Notes from Talin: Nonsense words were each written three times to get the most consistent match. The result makes an interesting kind of sense, almost metaphorical at times.

Lewis Carroll's JABBERWOCKY as "recognized" by the Apple Newton, (c) 1993 Robert McNally. Permission is granted to reproduce this if the copyright remains intact. ["It seems very pretty," she said when she had finished it, "but it's rather hard to understand!" (You see she didn't like to confess even to herself, that she couldn't make it out at all.) --Lewis Carroll]

TABLESPOONS

Teas Willis, and the sticky tours
Did gym and Gibbs in the wake.
All mimes were the borrowers,
And the moderate Belgrade.

“Beware the tablespoon my son,
The teeth that bite, the Claus that catch.
Beware the Subjects bird, and shred
The serious Bandwidth!”

He took his Verbal sword in hand:
Long time the monitors fog he sought,
So rested he by the Tumbled tree,
And stood a while in thought.

And as in selfish thought he stood,
The tablespoon, with eyes of Flame,
Came stifling through the trigger wood,
And troubled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and though,
The Verbal blade went thicker shade.
He left it dead, and with its head,
He went gambling back.

“And host Thai slash the tablespoon?
Come to my arms my bearish boy.
Oh various day! Cartoon! Cathay!”
He charted in his joy.

Teas Willis, and the sticky tours
Did gym and Gibbs in the wake.
All mimes were the borrowers,
And the moderate Belgrade.