

Classics

Illustration from the Folio Society edition of *Ulysses* by James Joyce © John Vernon Lord 2017.



Editorial

Yes, *IBBYLink* 53 is arriving a little later than usual. However, I hope the wait will be worth it because in keeping with our new website we are launching a ‘new look’ *IBBYLink*. Our aim is to make it even more attractive – and more flexible. We would like you to feel a tingle when you hear that it is available to download. We would like you to be able to search for or select the articles you want to read if you should so want – and print them easily if you like to read in hard copy. We are also hoping to ensure it does not overwhelm. There will be the usual quota of excellent articles and *IBBYLink* will always feature some book reviews; we are looking to put most reviews onto the website.

What better theme to launch the new than a look at the classic. What do we mean by this? Can one identify a classic? Are there criteria? Perry Nodelman takes up these questions to present his thinking on the matter. It would seem that this is not as clear cut as might be expected. Indeed it may be that the concept of a classic is flawed. Not least by the assumption the ‘classic’ has universal appeal and should (note the imperative!) be read by everyone. We are all familiar with those interminable lists of 100 best books or books you or your child must read. Looking at these lists they rely almost exclusively on the literature of Western Europe or white America. What if that is not your culture or background? Debbie Reese as a member of the tribal nation, Nambé, offers a very salutary view – and one that will provoke thought.

What about new classics? Where will they come from? Lucy Pearson looks at the Carnegie Medal and its winners. Surely they must all be classics? Her conclusions may

surprise you. Classics may become accepted as such not because of perceived literary merit but, perhaps, through memory and use. This does not exclude those novels that do seem to be truly ‘classic’, acquiring an almost hallowed status. Jane Austen’s *Pride and Prejudice* (1813) might be one of those. Who would dare meddle with it? But this is not a creation carved in stone. It is a creation of the imagination and while the author may have chosen to focus on particular characters and events, these have been surrounded by a cast of others clearly with their own lives. What if Natasha Farrant tells us what it was like to create a whole new story around that most lively of Bennet sisters, Lydia. What cheek – but what fun!

How do such ‘classics’ travel? Well it seems that they do by finding new homes and new audiences through translation. It may be surprising to learn of some of their destinations; Slovenia for one. Darja Mazi-Leskover reveals that classics of English children’s literature have been available and enjoyed by young readers in Slovenia for over 100 years.

While the theme has mainly concentrated on the written text, June Hopper Swain’s review of the recent exhibition at House of Illustration of work by John Vernon Lord reminds us – as does Debbie Reese – that illustrations can be considered ‘classic’. In the case of John Vernon Lord this is doubly so; much of the exhibition was devoted to his work illustrating ‘classic’ works.

I hope you will enjoy our old wine in its new bottle.

Ferelith Hordon

In this issue

Editorial

- Deciding which Children's Books Are the Most **04**
Perry Nodelman
-

- An Indigenous Reader (and Mom, and Scholar)
Reflects on Classics **10**
Debbie Reese
-

- Canon or Classic? Carnegie Medal Winners and
'Instant Classic' Status **14**
Lucy Pearson
-

- Old English Classics in Slovenian Translation **18**
Darja Mazi-Leskovar
-

- On Writing *Lydia, The Wild Girl of Pride*
and Prejudice **22**
Natasha Farrant
-

- Illustrating Lewis Carroll and James Joyce: An
Exhibition of the Work of John Vernon Lord **26**
June Hopper Swain
-

- Reviews **31**

Deciding which Children's Books Are the Most

Professor Emeritus at the University of Winnipeg, Perry Nodelman is the author of four books about children's literature – most recently *Alternating Narratives in Fiction for Young Readers: Twice upon a Time* (Palgrave Macmillan, 2017). He was the recipient of the 2015 International Grimm Award for Research in Children's Literature.

What makes a children's book a classic? Once upon a time – almost 40 years ago, in fact – I was arrogant enough to think that I could answer that question, or that at least I could spend a little time with a few other people to figure it out. As a relatively young English professor new to the teaching and study of children's literature, I accepted an invitation to become a member of a committee of the US-based Children's Literature Association (ChLA) devoted to figuring out which children's books were the important ones. It was called the 'canon committee', and its task was to identify a list – no, the list – of the children's books that were most important. Or maybe they were the most essential, or most excellent, or most significant, or most enduring, or most true, or most artistic, or most beautiful, or most required as what experts in the field or children themselves ought to have read and to know about. We weren't exactly sure about what exactly these books were the most at being. We figured we could work that out once we'd identified the books that did whatever the most was the most.

It took a while, but we did eventually produce our list of what we ended up calling 'touchstones', referring to Matthew Arnold's idea about how we can use certain texts considered excellent to compare other texts with in order to identify their value, much as mineralogists use touchstones to determine the quality of gold. Once the list existed, ChLA asked me to edit a three-volume collection of essays, *Touchstones: Reflection on the Best in Children's Literature*, in which each of the essays is an attempt to explain what was excellent or important or otherwise most something about one of the listed books.

As I recently reread my introduction to the first volume of this series, the different person I've become in the almost four decades since I wrote it became painfully aware of assumptions I had once made about literature and literary study, about literary excellence, and canons and classics, that I no longer take for granted – that I now, in fact, actively disagree with. On the other hand, however, I found much that still makes sense to me – much of it critical of the whole idea of identifying canons or touchstones or classics.

I don't feel all that guilty about what I once believed about these matters. I can see now that what I blindly assumed in my old introduction was merely my unconscious acceptance of what were then still the mainstream values of my discipline, literary study: what I had been taught and what I was continuing to try to teach my own students. I can now be conscious of what I once took for granted because literary study has changed – especially in terms of ideas about literary excellence. And, I believe, changed for the better.

I once thought I knew what literary excellence was, or at least, knew that it existed and that I could train myself and others to find it. For instance, I identified the quest for a 'canon' by children's literature scholars as

our desire for what people interested in other sorts of literature could simply take for granted: a set of touchstones, a list of works everybody agreed were the important ones. ... Without that, there was really no such thing as 'children's literature' that could be discussed by a sizeable number of people, simply because there was no agreement about what children's literature could safely be assumed to consist of, and above all, about what especially mattered in it – what most needed to be discussed and studied and understood. (Nodelman, p.6)

What mattered most then were the texts that the most knowledgeable people recommended and discussed the most often: the 'canon'.

It's now startlingly clear to me that there are number of problems with this view. First, I simply took it for granted that there is such a thing as literary excellence; that some texts definitely and absolutely have it and that others don't,

without any consideration of who might be reading them; and that it made some texts more important than others, worthier of closer attention from human beings generally. I also assumed that the right people – i.e. me and my peers in English studies – were simply and absolutely right in our choices – that what we identified as excellence or good taste or significance was in fact excellent and in good taste and significant.

In doing so, I ignored the fact that, in addition to sharing ideas about excellence, most literary educators – and certainly all of the members of the canon committee – also shared matters like our exclusively Caucasian skin colour and our exclusively middle-class status – characteristics that might well have influenced our ideas about excellence. Indeed, I was blind enough to the significance of these matters to claim that the members of the canon committee were ‘a highly diverse group of librarians, educators, and English teachers’. So much for actual diversity. And so much for an awareness that literary excellence and significance shift not only as time passes and cultural values change, but also as different people of different backgrounds and with different histories consider what it is and how it does or does not reflect their own ideas about what matters about themselves and others.

I’m relieved to say that I was not completely unaware of the possibility of bias in the canon committee’s values. It was doing its work at exactly the same moment in history when feminists were beginning to have some success in drawing attention to the maleness of the canon and its classics and the anti-female bias of what the academic establishment considered to be excellent. While I insisted that my own focus remained on the inherent value of texts without consideration of their relationships with their readers, my introduction also announced that my recent immersion in children’s literature studies and their obsessive focus on how books do and should affect children had begun to teach me a new approach: ‘in the ivory tower of literary study I had hitherto inhabited, one certainly did not judge books by how they affected audiences; in fact, one often judged audiences by the extent to which they were affected by books, so that, for instance, anyone who wasn’t overwhelmed by Shakespeare was simply assumed to be an intransigent dummy’ (p.4).

I proudly declared myself to be becoming less snobby:

'By coming to understand something of the relationships between children and literature, I've come to realize the extent to which all literature must be understood and judged in terms of its effects on readers, real or imagined' (p.5).

Note, however, my ongoing insistence on judging, i.e. on the existence of excellence. I also attempted to deny that a canon was inherently restrictive by asserting that, despite the fact that teachers of literature use 'canon' to refer merely to the literature usually studied in English courses, the word has unfortunate implications of restrictiveness, of 'laying down the law' (p.7).

I now wonder if the use of 'canon' in literary study was ever anything but a matter of law making.

But despite my claim that the list wasn't restrictive, I did provide a surprisingly long description of its restrictive limitations. I pointed out that 'the books are mainly American or British, and most were written in the last hundred or so years; our ideas about significance are unfortunately parochial'. I also suggested that there were surprising absences. While the list included children's versions of significant landmarks of our culture such as the Greek and Norse myths, it made no mention of the Bible, I assume now because the mostly American liberal humanists on the canon committee believed that religions still being practised had no place in the public schools and libraries envisaged as the list's primary consumers. I also suggested that, in ignoring brilliantly simple picture-book texts by writers like Margaret Wise Brown, the list revealed a prejudice for linguistic complexity - a prejudice that now strikes me as especially odd in relation to choosing excellent books for young and inexperienced readers. Even more mysterious, I pointed out, was how the list completely ignored some of the most popular and influential writers for children 'for no clear reason (except, perhaps, the committee's distaste for them)'.

In addition to all that, furthermore, I went on to argue that

the books almost exclusively represent the European traditions of most well-off North Americans. These myths and legends and poems

and novels are the literary equipment of well-educated people, people destined for economic and social success – and so are the values they express. Taken as a whole in fact, these books are rather single-mindedly concerned with the joys of acceptance of one's lot – with coming to an accommodation with what already is. (p.10)

In our contemporary world of non-reading tech millionaires whose cultural life consists of playing video games and collecting My Little Pony toys, nothing more reveals the age of these comments than the idea that successful people are ones educated in classic literature and traditionally conformist values; and I did go on to suggest that a lot of the books 'qualify their message of acceptance with a celebration of childlike freedom and independence – even anarchy'. Bring on the video games.

But my awareness of the conservatism and establishment-confirming values of the books we identify as touchstones certainly suggests an ongoing problem with institutions and the powerful individuals within them that choose to identify classics or any other especially significant texts. In an age when library associations and educators are producing lists of recommended diverse books, for instance, we surely have to keep on asking both whose values those theoretically diverse books represent and to what extent they might be demanding a child reader's blind acceptance of them.

In other words: we all, children and adults, need to keep on asking questions – being critical readers both of classics and of the lists that name books as classics. After pointing out that the books on the touchstones list tended to be ones already recommended or unconsciously chosen as the subjects of closer critical attention – that, for instance, educators often 'talked about how children would like *Peter Rabbit* and what they would learn from it, but few talked about how children would like or learn from Potter's similar *Jeremy Fisher*' – I went on to claim that because the list represented 'a current consensus' about what constitutes excellence and importance in children's literature, its main usefulness might be its ability to allow us to ask questions about that consensus: 'In revealing what we believe to be significant, the list allows us to explore both the strengths and the weaknesses in our understanding of excellence'.

The idea that the most useful aspect of lists like the ChLA touchstones is the questions they allow us to ask ourselves about our values seems to me now to be the most positive aspect of what I wrote so long ago. What makes a classic? The answer, I now believe, is merely the act of naming a text as such by people and institutions with the kind of power to make it stick, at least for a little while. There is no such thing as a classic beyond the inevitably limited perceptions of whoever declares and insists the existence of them. The really important question then is who benefits from the identification of a classic, or a touchstone, or for that matter, a Man Booker or Carnegie Medal prize winner? Whose power does it sustain, and whose does it diminish? What can the texts we believe to be classics teach us about our ideas about what makes a classic and about the inevitable biases and restrictions inherent in what we believe to be the most? Child readers need to ask these questions as much as adult critics do.

Works cited and bibliography

Nodelman, Perry (ed.) *Touchstones: Reflections on the Best in Children's Literature*.
Baltimore, MD: Johns Hopkins University Press, Children's Literature
Association Publications. Vol. 1, 1986. Vol. 2, 1987. Vol. 3, 1989.

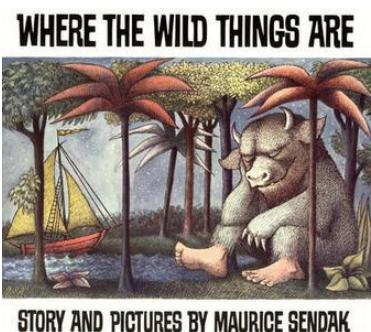
An Indigenous Reader (and Mom, and Scholar) Reflects on Classics

Tribally enrolled at Nambé Owingeh (a sovereign Native Nation in what is currently the United States), Dr Debbie Reese is the founder of American Indians in Children's Literature. Her book chapters, journal, and magazine articles are taught in English, Education, and Library Science courses in the United States and Canada.

In countless books and articles by scholars in children's literature, Maurice Sendak's *Where the Wild Things Are* is described as a classic. Published in 1963 by Harper & Row, Sendak's book won the Caldecott Medal, sold millions of copies, and is the book that President Obama chose to read to children at a White House event. I love that he read aloud to children! I'm a book lover, too, but I don't love Sendak's book.

I am tribally enrolled at Nambé Owingeh. Being tribally enrolled means that my tribal nation, Nambé, counts me amongst its members, or citizens. Indigenous nations are most often called 'tribes' and considered as one of the cultural groups. We are peoples with distinctive cultures, but our most significant attribute is our status as nations. We are sovereign nations with leaders who entered into diplomatic negotiations with leaders of other nations, going back several hundred years. That's why we have treaties and similar legal agreements. We have governments with a wide range of authority to determine things like the speed limit on our reservations to the criteria for determining citizenship in our nations.

Those treaties are also why there are federally funded schools for Native children. You may have learned about Carlisle and Jim Thorpe from reading Sheinkin's biography of Thorpe, *Undefeated: Jim Thorpe and the Carlisle Indian School Football Team* (Roaring Brook Press, 2017). The goal of these federally funded schools, established in the 1830s or thereabouts, was to 'Christianise' and 'civilise' Native people. In the late 1880s, the phrase 'kill the Indian and save



the man' became part of the framework of the schools.

My family went to those federally funded schools. In 1964, I went to the Nambé Pueblo Day School. My father and grandmother went to it when they were children. Nambe's day school opened in the early 1900s. By then, the government had stopped taking little children to the boarding schools hundreds of miles away from their homes. The schools weren't well funded. We did not, for example, have a library. Periodically, the librarian from a nearby public school would stop by with a box of library books, but I don't recall *Where the Wild Things Are* being in that box of books.

Some of the high schools had libraries, and taught the same sorts of book that were taught everywhere. I have no doubt that the literature taught in those schools included 'classics' like Louisa Alcott's *Little Women* (Roberts Brothers, 1868, 1869). I wonder, though, how a Native child responded to some of the Native content in the book. Do you recall Laurie and the 'Indian war whoop' on page 201? Or the passage on page 251 where Jo wonders about an illustration of 'an Indian in full war costume'?

I suspect I may have come across *Where the Wild Things Are* a few years later when my little sister went to Head Start. Head Start was part of President Lyndon Johnson's well-funded 'war on poverty'. I vividly remember the colourful blocks, child-sized play kitchen and the child-sized bookshelf, full of books. When (in time) I came across Sendak's book isn't important. What is important, however, is that I don't like it! I don't like Max. Or the wild things.

I never really sat down to think hard about why I don't like the book, but last year, I saw something that made me sit right up.

That something is a t-shirt by Steven Paul Jones. He is a Kiowa-Choctaw artist, and creates the most eye-catching art. He takes something from pop culture and puts a Native spin on it. The t-shirt I saw was one in which he'd made Max into a Native child who is telling a story to a buffalo that looks much like one of Sendak's wild things. In the word bubble over the Native child, there are two ships that look much like the Mayflower. Jones's buffalo has a look of fear on its face.

Seeing that t-shirt, I wondered if, at some hidden place in my head and heart, I never liked the book because I saw Sendak's Max as a European who had 'tamed' the 'wild' Indians he found when he got on his boat and sailed to that place where the wild things were.

Copyright © 2018 Debbie Reese (photography) and Steven Paul Jones (t-shirt image).



Lest you think I am reading too much into it, let me add that my wonderings were affirmed in May of 2018 when a friend sent me a link to an auction of 'Sendak Drawing on Wild Things Proof Sheet W/Photograph'. The item is a framed original ink drawing Sendak did in 1963 – but he did another sketch on it, of an 'Indian boy with feather inscribed' and a colour photograph of Sendak, Morton Schindel, and one other man who may be Tomi Ungerer. It was taken at the Children's Book Conference at the University of Utah, Park City, in 1960. All three men have a feather standing in their hair. [See the sketch and photograph on Debbie Reese's blog at <https://americanindiansinchidlrensliterature.blogspot.com/2018/10/hmmm-what-was-sendak-thinking-about.html>.]

In an interview, Sendak told Bill Moyers that he is Max and that the wild things are his Jewish relatives. Do the sketch and photograph tell us he had something else in mind, too? In the end, it doesn't matter. Once published, books belong to the reader.

Those that garner 'classic' status carry a lot of weight. They're in school and classroom libraries. Teachers and librarians read them aloud and do programming around them. Entire units are built around them. But so many of the books that become 'classics' are very White. Sometimes they – like *Little Women* – have content that denigrates Native peoples. Sometimes, their overall messages are not made explicit in word or illustration, but the content is there, discernible to some readers.

In the last few years, the publishing industry seemed to make a bit more of an effort to publish books by writers who

are outside the mainstream in race, ethnicity and sexuality. Some terrific books written by them have won the major literature prizes. Not all prize winners achieve classic status. Will, for example, Matt de la Peña and Christian Robinson's *Last Stop on Market Street* (Puffin, 2017) become a classic? What about Jacqueline Woodson's *Brown Girl Dreaming* (Penguin, 2014)? Time, of course, will tell us if these books become classics. I hope they do, but they won't get there without the help of parents, teachers, librarians and scholars in children's literature. As gorgeous as they are in text and illustration, odds are against them. Too many people see them as books that aren't meant for the White children in their classrooms or communities. Thinking that way is racist. Unintentional, perhaps, but racist nonetheless. People who think that way expect Native and Black children to read classics like *Little Women* and *Where the Wild Things Are*. I am not advocating for anyone to reject either one, but I do want people to think very hard about the books that they call classic so that the classics of the next 100 years are ones that are more inclusive of all children on planet earth.

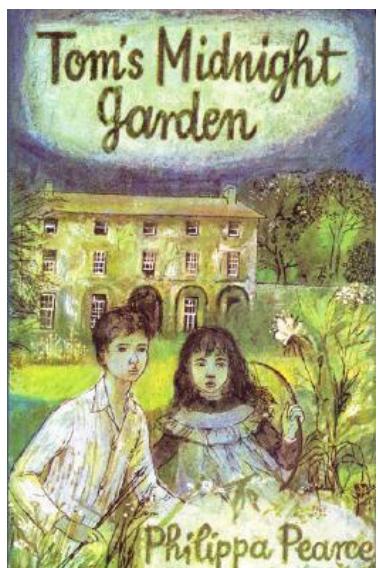
Works cited

- Alcott, Louisa (1868, 1867) *Little Women*. Boston, MA: Roberts Brothers.
- Sendak, Maurice (1963) *Where the Wild Things Are*. New York: Harper & Row.
- Sheinkin, Steve (2017) *Undefeated: Jim Thorpe and the Carlisle Indian School Football Team*. New York: Roaring Brook Press.
- Matt de la Peña and Christian Robinson (2017) *Last Stop on Market Street*. New York: Puffin.

Canon or Classic? Carnegie Medal Winners and ‘Instant Classic’ Status

Lucy Pearson is a lecturer in Children’s Literature at Newcastle University. She is the author of *The Making of Modern Children’s Literature: British Children’s Publishing in the 1960s and 1970s* (2013) and editor of *Jacqueline Wilson: A New Casebook* (2015). She is currently working on a major new history of the Carnegie Medal and its role in shaping British children’s literature.

At the end of Philippa Pearce’s *Tom’s Midnight Garden* (2008 [1958]), Tom realises that his night-time visits to the garden as it existed in the past have been part of a shared narrative. Learning that his playmate little Hatty and old Mrs Bartholomew are one and the same, he understands that ‘the weather in the garden had always been perfect’ because it had ‘depended upon what old Mrs Bartholomew had chosen to remember in her dreams’ (Pearce, p.222). In a similar way, ‘classic’ status depends on a shared reading of a text across generations, a collective pleasure which helps to imbue the narrative with a special quality. Like the garden, classics are in some sense timeless, made more perfect through the action of memory and the act of sharing.



Tom’s Midnight Garden was the winner of the 1958 Carnegie Medal, and is one of a number of Carnegie winners which are now widely accepted as ‘modern classics’. Other Carnegie winning titles from the ‘second golden age of children’s literature’ such as Mary Norton’s *The Borrowers* (1952) and Alan Garner’s *The Owl Service* (1967) firmly occupy ‘classic’ territory, and are often published as such in series such as Puffin’s Modern Classics. More recent Carnegie winners such as David Almond’s *Skellig* (1998) and Philip Pullman’s *Northern Lights* (1995) have also begun to be considered alongside these earlier winners. Indeed, all these titles appeared on the shortlist for the ‘Carnegie of Carnegies’, awarded in 2007 as part of the Chartered Institute of Library and Information Professionals (CILIP) celebrations of the medal’s 70th birthday (Pauli). But is the Carnegie Medal itself a maker of classics?

It is difficult to come up with a precise definition of ‘classic’, though we tend to feel that we ‘know it when we see it’. Deborah Stevenson suggests that the passage of time is a crucial component, resulting in a reluctance to brand recently published books as classics: ‘Ultimately, [classics] are classics because they are still here, just as much as they are still here because they are classics’ (Stevenson, p.115). Kenneth Kidd, writing about the Carnegie Medal’s US counterpart the Newbery Medal, suggests that literary prizes can help to bypass this route to classic status: ‘Medal winners are instant classics: the selection process an ostensible simulation of the test of time’ (Kidd, p.169). In part this ‘instant classic’ status is rooted in the claim of both the Newbery and the Carnegie Medals to judge literary quality, something which Stevenson suggests is another important component in defining a classic. It also derives from the reflected glory cast by winners which have genuinely stood the test of time: rubbing shoulders with these established classics confers some of their prestige on newer winners. If new winners have the status of ‘instant classics’, however, there is no guarantee that this will stick: the list of past winners includes plenty of titles which have sunk into obscurity. How many readers are familiar with Richard Armstrong’s *Sea Change* (1948), for example, or David Rees’ *The Exeter Blitz* (1978)? Even Kevin Crossley-Holland’s *Storm* (1985), selected by the expert panel who compiled the shortlist for the ‘Carnegie of Carnegies’, lacks the kind of general recognition which is attached to classic titles.

Winning the Carnegie Medal does increase a book’s chance of sticking around long enough to attain ‘full’ classic status. Of 79 winners to date, 57 are still in print, including more than half the titles chosen during the first two decades of the medal. This is in part because canon makers – academics, librarians, critics – are inclined to respect prize-winning status, if only because lists of medal winners are a convenient reference point for histories of children’s books. The critical and scholarly attention paid to Carnegie Medal winners has helped to establish them in the canon (albeit in some cases only as a footnote). But having a place in the canon is not the same as attaining classic status: classics are remembered not only by scholars, but by general readers. They must be read, or at the very least have secured a cultural position which makes them recognisable; the classic status of *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland* (1871) is secured

by the fact that children continue to encounter it in a variety of forms (even if relatively few read the original novel).

It is slightly discomfiting, then, to find that when CILIP commissioned a survey to find out which books from the last 80 years had stood the test of time, only one of the top 15 books chosen was a Carnegie winner, and one a winner of the sister award the Kate Greenaway Medal (CILIP, 2017). When parents were asked which books had made the most impact on their families, the top three books named were by an author who was never awarded the Carnegie Medal for any of his novels: Roald Dahl. The survey confirmed the role of intergenerational sharing of books in creating classics: 84% of parents surveyed said they actively encouraged their children to read their own favourite classics. The choice of Roald Dahl, who has consistently been one of the UK's most popular authors with children – but not with critics – highlights the fact that in identifying 'classic' titles parents had largely returned to books they had enjoyed reading during their own childhoods. Despite the fact that *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* (1964), *The BFG* (1982) and *Matilda* (1988) feature poverty, parental neglect and creative punishments of 'unpleasant' children, 76.84% of parents said they felt 'happy, nostalgic and comforted' when revisiting these classics with the children. Like Mrs Bartholomew's memories in *Tom's Midnight Garden*, the action of nostalgia works to highlight positive memories.

The results of this survey highlight the tension between the literary and the popular which has always been attached to the Carnegie Medal. The very notion of a children's book award invites the assumption that it should select books which children enjoy, but the Carnegie's credentials as an arbiter of literary quality rest in large part on the fact that the selection of winning titles is not based on the popular appeal of the books. Its distinctive identity is based on the fact that it represents the judgements of librarians, drawing on their professional expertise to select an 'outstanding' book. Furthermore, the medal's criteria do not direct judges to consider the likely appeal of the books to their intended audience; in fact they do not mention children at all. Child readers are invited to engage with the medal through CILIP's shadowing scheme, but it is rare for the popular choice of the shadowing groups to align with the winning title. In 2018, for example, the shadowing website displayed a 'reading barometer' measuring the response of shadowing groups on a scale from 'Cool' to 'Burning', ranking Angie

Thomas's *The Hate U Give* (2017) as the clear favourite of the shadowing groups (CILIP 2018). The actual winner, Geraldine McCaughrean's *Where the World Ends* (2017), did not even make it into this ranking.

The gap between the tastes of the Carnegie judges and those of reading children is not necessarily a problem in itself, since there are plenty of mechanisms for highlighting popular choice, not the least of which is sales figures. However, it does pose a problem for the Carnegie as maker (or at least identifier) of classics, which attain their cultural position in part by being read and passed on. In the case of children's classics, this longevity depends on adults: just as Tom can only access the garden through Mrs Bartholomew's memories, so too children access 'classics' through the adults in their lives. But among the most powerful actors in passing on these classics are parents, who – like Mrs Bartholomew – are acting primarily in their capacity as 'ex-children', passing on memories of their own childhoods. Since the Carnegie Medal has passed over many of the most popular children's authors of the last 80 years, including Roald Dahl, Enid Blyton, Jacqueline Wilson and J.K. Rowling, adults returning to their own childhood favourites will not necessarily find past Carnegie winners among them. Winning the Carnegie Medal does provide entry into the canon, attracting critical attention and entry onto school and university curricula. The 'instant classics' of today, however, may not become the lasting classics of tomorrow.

Works cited

CILIP (2017) 'Charlie and the Chocolate Factory beats Harry Potter as it tops list of children's books that have stood the test of time'. Carnegie Greenway website.

http://www.carnegiegreenaway.org.uk/press.php?release=pres_2017_anniversary_poll.html

CILIP (2018) 'Shadowing', Carnegie Greenaway website.
<http://www.carnegiegreenaway.org.uk/shadowing.php>

Kidd, Kenneth (2007) Prizing Children's Literature: The Case of Newbery Gold. *Children's Literature* 35, 166–90.

Pauli, Michelle (21 June 2007) 'Pullman wins "Carnegie of Carnegies"'. *The Guardian*.

<https://www.theguardian.com/books/2007/jun/21/carnegimedal2007.awardsandprizes>

Pearce, Philippa (2008 [1958]) *Tom's Midnight Garden*. Oxford University Press.

Stevenson, Deborah (2009) *Classics and canons. In The Cambridge Companion to Children's Literature*, ed. M.O. Grenby and Andrea Immel. Cambridge University Press pp.108–123.

Old English Classics in Slovenian Translation

Darja Mazi-Leskovar, PhD, is an associate professor, currently teaching English for Specific Purposes to university students at the MLC College/Management and Law College, Ljubljana, Slovenia. Her main research interests are related to literature, translation and culture; in particular to children's literature, to literature for dual audience, and to issues connecting culture and literature.

Slovenian literature has been traditionally open to translation, and generations of Slovenian children and young readers have been offered books from various cultures and traditions. These are even more numerous than the books written by Slovenian authors (as evident from the annual reports of the Central Institute for the Research of Slovenian Children's Literature). Nowadays, among the foreign books those with English as the source language are the most numerous – all in line with the position of English in the world system of languages and its impact on global translation trends. However, the tradition of translation of English books started long ago before English became world language number one. My research evidence shows that, for example, the international blockbuster Jonathan Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* (1726) was first translated in 1907, Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island* (1883) in 1920 and Daniel Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* (1719) in 1924.

In this article, I intend to illustrate how selected books, written in English and ranked as older classics of English children's literature, made their way into the realm of Slovenian children's literature and, later, through retranslations, conquered generations of target readers. Among the most popular retranslated texts that can still be borrowed in libraries or bought in bookstores, rank *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (Lewis Carroll, 1865), *Treasure Island* (Robert Louis Stevenson, 1883), *Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens* (James Matthew Barrie, 1906) and *The Secret Garden* (Frances Hodgson Burnett, 1911). My goal is to reveal the outlines of the Slovenian publication history of the translations of these, now generally acclaimed as international classics, all of which are highlighted in chronological overviews in

histories of children's literature, such as Peter Hunt's (ed) *Children's Literature: An Illustrated History* (1995, pp.352–358) and were also included last year in the 100 Best Children's Books of All Times <https://www.bing.com/search?q=most+popular+children%27s+books+2018>.

Additionally, I will focus on the basic paratextual features: checking if the author's name is printed on the front page and if the colophon contains all the standard information, such as the original title in English and the translator's name.

Translations of *Treasure Island* (Robert Louis Stevenson) have been present in the Slovenian book market since 1920. The book, translated as *Otok zakladov*, has retained this title, which is a transposition of the original title, in all 15 editions even though these have been the work of various translators, all but the first being named on the front cover. The second translation was published in 1950, thus 30 years after the first, and subsequently *Otok zakladov* became one of the classics for Slovenian children as the recommendation in school reading lists led to many following editions. All these books are illustrated and only four are adaptations. The adapted texts, targeting the audience that consists of younger readers, who prefer shorter texts, were translated from Italian, French and English. The most recent translations are the one published in 1997 and the Braille transcription published in 2017.

The famous children's classic *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* has been translated 15 times into Slovenian, even though the first translation was published as late as 1969. It was entitled *Alica v čudežni deželi* (1969), and most translations have retained this title which, translated into English, would read 'Alice in Wonderland'. However, the editions which also include the text of *Through the Looking-Glass* (1872) indicate this in their titles. Thus the 1990 edition, is entitled *Aličine dogodivščine v čudežni deželi in v ogledalu*, which would read in English as 'Alice in Wonderland and in Looking-Glass'. By now, the text has been translated into Slovenian by eight translators, all acknowledged on the front covers. All editions are illustrated but target different age groups.

In 1986 the story was adapted for the theatre as well as for the puppet stage so that the content thus addressed the youngest segment of the public as well as theatre goers. It is likely that these performances also contributed to the increasing popularity of the book: nine editions have been published since 2000.

In contrast, Barrie's *Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens* and *Peter Pan and Wendy* has been translated only three times in the present century – but altogether eleven times. All translations are entitled *Peter Pan* and they are all illustrated. The first translation was published in 1960. Its translator also adapted it for the stage but it was 40 years before it became part of the repertoire of the national theatre. Not surprisingly, the play has enjoyed a huge success. Several translations of this story are translations of adaptations of the source text. As a rule, these translations address younger children. The translation of the full text is worth special attention due to its translation and illustration. It has been translated and retranslated by one of the best Slovenian translators of all times, Janko Moder, the recipient of most prestigious national and international awards for translation, and illustrated by Marlenka Stupica, a distinguished and price-winning artist of painting and illustration.

Frances Hodgson Burnett's *The Secret Garden* is one of those English classics which, despite the popularity of the eponymous film which attracted a wide audience also among Slovenians, has not been translated many times. In fact, it was as late as 1994 that two translations were published – by two different publishers and two translators. They are also different in length and in paratextual material. The title of the novel, *Skrivnostni vrt*, a version of the title *Secret Garden*, stresses the aspect of mystery of the English term 'secret'; it is a translation of the English adaptation made by Arnold Keats and is illustrated. It is presumably addressing younger children in particular. The other translation, entitled *Skrivni vrt*, another version of the original title, highlights the idea of 'hiddenness' of the garden. It contains the full text and is not illustrated. It seems to be aiming at older children, teenagers and adults and it is the only Frances Hodgson Burnett book to be included on the school reading list

Conclusion

This outline of the Slovenian publication history of the translations of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, *Treasure Island*, *Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens* and *The Secret Garden* reveals how these children's classics have maintained their status within Slovenian children's literature as they have in its English counterpart. With the exception of *The Secret Garden*, which was translated twice in 1994 and not again subsequently, they have been retranslated

several times, to target specific age-groups or new generations of readers. *Treasure Island*, for example, has been present among Slovenian readers for almost 100 years in which period it was published 15 times.

The study also reveals that all the translations are presented in accordance with present-day bibliographic standards. The colophon includes the author's name and surname, with the original title in English; in the case of illustrations there is also the name of the artist and when the text is an adaptation, there is also the title of the adaptation the Slovenian edition is based on. The translator's name is omitted only in the first translation of *Treasure Island*, published in 1920. This is not a surprise since at that time translators were 'invisible storytellers' as Gillian Lathey claims in her book *The Role of Translators in Children's Literature: Invisible Storytellers* (2010).

It is also worth highlighting the presence of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Peter Pan* in the theatre. This phenomenon of adaptation for the stage contributes considerably to the integration of these English classics within the larger Slovenian cultural context.

Works cited

- Barrie, James Matthew (illus. Marlenka Stupica; trans. Janko Moder) (1960)
Peter Pan [A translation of *Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens*].
Ljubljana: Mladinska knjiga.
- Burnett, Frances Hodgson (illus. Jevrem Milanovič; trans. Lidija Novak) (1994)
Skrivnostni vrt [An adaptation by Arnold Keats' of *The Secret Garden*].
Ljubljana: Karantanija.
- (trans. Uroš Kalčič) (1994) *Skrivni vrt* [A translation of *The Secret Garden*].
Ljubljana: Karantanija.
- Carroll, Lewis (illus. Arthur Rackham; trans. Gitica Jakopin) (1969) *Alica v čudežni deželi* [A translation of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*].
Ljubljana: Mladinska knjiga.
- Stevenson, Robert Louis (1920) *Otok zakladov* [A translation of *Treasure Island*].
Celje: Omladina.
- (1997) *Otok zakladov* [A translation of *Treasure Island*].
Ljubljana: Mladinska.

On Writing *Lydia*, *The Wild Girl of Pride and Prejudice*

Natasha Farrant is the author of eight books for children and young people, including her latest novel, *The Children of Castle Rock* (Faber and Faber, 2018). She lives in London with her family, and is a member of the action group Authors4Oceans.

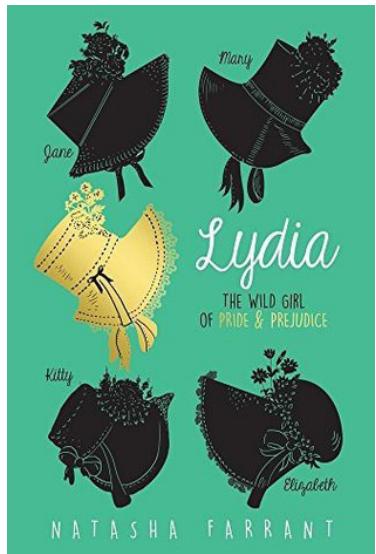
t was not my idea to write *Lydia*. The project came about as a result of a random conversation with a friend about Jo Baker's marvellous *Longbourn* (2014), who mentioned it to her publishing colleagues at Chicken House, who had had some success with previous retellings of classics and thought Lydia's story might be rather saleable. When Chicken House approached me about it, I said yes immediately, not because I had a burning love for Jane Austen, but because I thought it would be fun, I needed a new project and, frankly, I wanted the money.

Imagine my surprise, then, at what came next.

I signed the contract, and panic swept aside my cavalier assurance. Jane Austen! What was I thinking? I knew almost nothing about her. I had never studied her – I knew the TV adaptations better than the novels. And the world, I quickly discovered, was full not only of Austen scholars, but also of Austen super-fans, prepared (I was quite certain) to cross continents in period costume to pierce me with a darning needle if I got the slightest detail wrong I had been rash and impetuous.

I had behaved, in short, rather like Lydia herself.

Well, the contract was signed, and it was too late for hand wringing. My only option was to learn as much as possible in the little time I had (and did I mention the ridiculously short production schedule I had airily agreed to?). I threw myself into research with all the enthusiasm and determination of the youngest Miss Bennet in pursuit of a regimental officer. I visited museums, archives and libraries. I interviewed fans and academics. In an attempt to retrace Lydia's steps in Brighton, I toured an eighteenth-century theatre and took



mood walks along the beach. I reread everything Austen wrote, including *Love and Friendship* (1790) and even *Mansfield Park* (1814). I read articles and critics and fan-fiction and learned tomes. And lordy! (to coin a phrase) how much I learned!

First, about the wider context. It had never occurred to me to wonder how *twelve years* of war against Napoleon's France might impact on British society – the fear, the hardship, the uncertainty. And gosh, how little I knew about the role of the slave trade in shoring up British stately homes and cities and personal fortunes! And goodness me, inheritance and property law may seem a dry subject, but pre-welfare state, they were a matter of life and death, particularly for women. How glibly we use the phrase 'she married for money', as if in doing so women were prostituting themselves. In Austen's era, what those words often mean is 'she married him to keep a roof over her head so that she and sisters might not starve'.

Secondly, about Austen's works. To properly understand Austen is to understand all the above, and more. It is to understand that for servants to wear white is a sign that they are paid too much; that to dance more than once with the same partner at a public ball is indeed a sign of sure attachment; that far from the pretty idyll often represented on screen, her books are populated by people who are desperate; that it was normal in those times for children to be sent away from home for economic reasons.

The more I read about Austen, her world and times, the more the books themselves opened up to me. In them, I found not only the love stories which have inspired countless films and television series (and yes, Mr Darcy is *still* one of the sexiest antagonists in all of literature), not only the satire and irony for which she is so rightly famous, but something more: insight into the hopes and fears of her contemporaries.

Fears of war, of change, of poverty, of uncertainty.

Hopes for love, for children, for security, for a better life.

Not so very different, then, from what we fear and hope for today.

And so to Lydia herself, and the greatest surprise of all in the process of writing about her. Lydia who is 'vain, ignorant, idle and completely uncontrolled' and who I very quickly grew to adore.

It is a fact universally acknowledged that writers are a little mad. When I started to sketch out Lydia's story, I give you my solemn word that I heard her speak to me. I even heard her stamp her foot.

'Finally!' she cried (in my head), 'My turn!'

Her turn not to be eclipsed by those brilliant older sisters!
Her turn to prove she had just as many qualities as them!
Her turn to tell her story, to be understood, to be ... well,
loved.

I had not expected another writer's creation to inhabit me so completely. Lydia released something in me I didn't even know was there and became the closest to therapy writing has ever been for me. For various (private) reasons, I hated myself as a teenager, to the point where I had blocked out years of memories. Writing Lydia, those memories came flooding back. And guess what? I liked what I remembered. Sure, I had been selfish and thoughtless, not always kind. But I had been other things too. Good things.

And, like Lydia, I had been young.

I run a writing workshop based on *Lydia*, in which I invite participants to write from the point of view of a minor character in one of their favourite stories. It is amazing how different the same story can appear when told from a different point of view. As familiar as *Pride and Prejudice* (1813) may be, it takes on a whole new light if, instead of being dazzled by Lizzie and Darcy, you pay attention to the bit players. To Mrs Bennet, desperate to see her girls provided for, or Mr Collins and his harsh, unloving father, or Mary striving unguided to educate herself. They are all in turn ridiculous, feeble, petty and selfish, but they all have their reasons for being so, and they all have their story.

Do you know the first words Lydia speaks in Austen's novel?
I didn't.

'I am not afraid;'

I look at this now, at what I have written. I think of my fear of confronting my past self, my fears for the uncertain future, and I repeat Lydia's words like a mantra. It is true that she goes on to complete the sentence, somewhat ridiculously, by saying 'for although I am the youngest, I am also the tallest.' Well, that is Lydia, always looking for a way to measure up. The point here, surely – if you are rooting for her, rather than her sisters – is her refusal ever to be put down.

The whole exercise of retelling *Pride and Prejudice* shifted the light in which I saw so many things – Austen’s work, British history, the character of Lydia, myself. Perhaps that last point is a key to the enduring appeal of the great classics. They continue to tell us about ourselves, they whisper to us that though laws and customs change through the centuries, the human fundamentals of love and desire, courage and greed, selfishness and generosity, and, yes, fear and absurdity remain the same.

Writing *Lydia*, I rediscovered myself. And so I have another mantra, when fear and uncertainty loom:

Be more Lydia.

Be more ... me.

Works cited

Primary texts

Austen, Jane (1813) *Pride and Prejudice*. Whitehall: Thomas Egerton.

Farrant, Natasha (2016) *Lydia, The Wild Girl of Pride and Prejudice*. Frome: Chicken House.

Secondary texts

Austen, Jane (1790) *Love and Friendship*. [Unknown publisher].

-- (1814) *Mansfield Park*. Whitehall: Thomas Egerton.

Baker, Jo (2014) *Longbourn*. London: Black Swan.

Illustrating Lewis Carroll and James Joyce: An Exhibition of the Work of John Vernon Lord

June Hopper Swain had been writing articles on children's books for several years when she enrolled on the MA Children's Literature Distance Learning Course at Roehampton University with Pat Pinsent as her tutor. She gained her degree in 2004. She has since written papers that have been published in the Journal of Children's Literature Studies and the New Review of Children's Literature and Librarianship. For *IBBYLink* she has written short articles, reports on exhibitions and reviews of children's books

John Vernon Lord: Illustrating Carol and Joyce was on at House of Illustration, King's Cross, London, from 13 July to 4 November 2018.

John Vernon Lord (b. 1939), illustrator, author and teacher, was earlier this year named Moira Gemmill Illustrator of the Year 2018 at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and this well-mounted exhibition of illustration, 'about a hunt, three dreams, and a day in Dublin' at House of Illustration features some of the original artwork that Lord produced for five books along with his many notebooks and previously unpublished material. One wall is covered with tiny pen and ink drawings on paper entitled 'A Drawing a Day, carried out in 2016 "for the fun of drawing"'.

Uniquely, in Lord's illustrations for Carroll's Alice books, Alice herself is very conspicuous by her absence, although she does feature at the end of her dream in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (2009) and at the beginning of her dream in *Through the Looking-Glass and What Alice Found There* (2011) when she steps through the mirror.

For *Wonderland*, Lord's depiction on display of The Rabbit Hole 'filled with cupboards and book-shelves', in pen, ink and watercolour on paper, has a vertiginous perspective and one that the artist would use again very effectively in his illustrations for *The Hunting of the Snark* (2006) and *Finnegans Wake* (2014). At the end of her fall down the rabbit hole, Alice lands on a 'Heap of Sticks', arranged in Lord's pen, ink and watercolour illustration 'so that they loosely depict Australia and New Zealand to illustrate Alice's fear that she might "fall right through the earth" ... to the "antipathies" which is a pun on antipodes'.

FW

Eokwell p.97 refers to Lear's 'Turkey who lives on the hill' in the line: 'when Sharm eats "a pair of chips and thrown in from the silver grid by the proprietors of the roastery who lives on the hill" (FW 406:4-5) p.126. 'All the birds of the sea they trailed out rightfold when they smacked the big kuss of Tristan with Isolde' (FW 383:17-18). p.136 PAR 2 section 1 (p.295) Joyce told Harry Wexley (letter, 1.2.95) 'that the [piece] ... is the gayest and lightest thing I have done'. Joyce & the radio (Lewty) **RADIO** in FW.

It is likely that Joyce had a three-valve (possibly 5-valve) set with a radio wave tuner (consisting of 2 coils & a variable condenser) as it was difficult to reach long wave radio stations with a simple one-coil set.

Dunham portable sets, Pye portables, Lotus portables headphones. Book 2 Chapter 3 'most radiogenic section' of FW.

* FW 309:14-310:1 **The ear-picker** (FW 312:16) Peterson (carl

Marconi. 'Roff-rapped' (FW 330:20)

p.401 - how sound waves 'penetrate' and reverberate deep into the 'rubberendth' of his ear (FW 310:9, 21).

"He employs the radio (wires) for 'Historical learensdropping' (FW 564:31) and becomes 'the cluekey to a world room beyond the roomworld' (FW 100:18).

* 'for where the deiffel or when the finicking or why the finicking, who caused the scaffolding to be first removed'

[?] (FW 313:36 / 314:2) (405) 'marconi masts' (FW 407:20-22)

The ten thunderwords of Finnegans Wake - pages:

(3, 23, 44, 90, 113, 257, 314, 332, 414, 424)
Thunder, thunder, day, where ✓
✓ ✓ Glass cough, Nose, gods (11)
fall Cod (?) hen (?) (?) (?) S Y
onat

'Art is useless for the masses' (Debussy, heard on radio 3)

'One of the deep secrets of life [is] that all that is in us is really worth... doing is what we do for others.'

Duchamp's portmanteau word linking letters Vol 1 813
34 GHOST + GUEST = A GHOST (in Marcel Duchamp, Duchamp designs: Ecrits (Paris, Flammarion, 1975) p.162)

Finnegans Wake illustration timings



FW
Illustration Chapter 1
The Fall h:m

1. Wed 14 June 2012	- 3:37
2. Tue 19 June 2012	- 3:32 (3:09)
3. Wed 20 June 2012	- 4:28 (1:27)
4. Thur 21 June 2012	- 4:31 (1:58)
5. Fri 22 June 2012	- 5:46 (2:54)
6. Sat 23 June 2012	- 2:02 (23:56)
7. Sun 24 June 2012	- 3:17 (27:13)
8. Mon 25 June 2012	- 2:35 (29:48)
	(break) 2:48
9. Wed 10 Oct 2012	- 3:22 (33:20)
10. Tues 11 Oct 2012	- 4:33 (37:53)
11. Friday 12 Oct 2012	- 4:13 (42:09)
12. Saturday 13 Oct 2012	- 2:53 (45:02)
13. Wednesday 17 Oct 2012	- 0:32 (45:44)

FW Illustration Chapter 2 The Cook with a Pipe

1. Monday 22 Oct 2012	- 4:20
2. Tuesday 23 Oct 2012	- 4:28 (8:48)
3. Wednesday 24 Oct 2012	- 3:43 (2:31)
4. Thursday 25 Oct 2012	- 3:43 (16:13)
5. Saturday 27 Oct 2012	- 2:01 (18:15)
6. Sunday 28 Oct 2012	- 3:56 (22:11)
7. Monday 29 Oct 2012	- 6:17 (28:28)
8. Tuesday 30 Oct 2012	- 3:04 (31:32)
9. Wednesday 31 Oct 2012	- 5:09 (36:41)
10. Monday 12 Nov 2012	- 5:12 (41:53)

FW Illustration - Frontispiece

1. Earth's motion Thurs 17 Jan 2013	- 1:31 (part of
2. round the sun	

FW Illustration - Weather women

1. Saturday 8 Jan 2013	- 2:51 (2:51)
2. Monday 15 Jan 2013	- 2:12 (5:03)
3. Wednesday 23 January 2013	- 5:17 (10:20)
4. Thursday 24 January 2013	- 5:15 (5:35)
5. Friday 25 January 2013	- 6:17 (21:52)
6. Saturday 26 January 2013	- 1:47 (23:33)
7. Monday 28 January 2013	- 6:57 (24:33)
8. Tuesday 29 January 2013	- 3:46 (28:26)
9. Wednesday 30 January 2013	- 6:48 (35:08)
10. Thursday 31 January 2013	- 1:51 (36:21)

FW Illustration - Frontispiece

Earth's motion Fri 1 Feb 2013 - 1:05 (part of

Earths motion 2013 - 1:05 (part of

completing + assembling

At the opening of Bill Copley's paintings in Paris, Marcel Duchamp had inscribed these words on the wrapping paper of distributed candies: 'A guest + a host = a ghost'.

85

Lord's etching with watercolour on paper of 'The Hatter, Hare and Dormouse', the heads of the Hatter, whose face and bow tie are in blue, and Hare filling half of the picture area, has the quote in capital letters 'IT'S VERY EASY TO TAKE MORE THAN NOTHING'. The Hatter's eyes are fixedly focused, we might assume, on Alice, to whom he has spoken these words. These illustrations are brilliantly executed but I was disappointed not to see displayed Lord's particularly energetic and claustrophobic illustration of the cook going berserk in the kitchen in 'Pig and Pepper'.

For *Looking-Glass*, a narrative 'full of wordplay', Lord's quirky Humpty Dumpty, who would appear again in a tinier version of the illustration for *Finnegans Wake*, is drawn in pen, ink and watercolour. He sports a red and black check outfit and lime green cravat, his arms outspread and his hands overlapping beyond the picture on either side. This overlapping is used in many of Lord's illustrations and, particularly in Alice, often has the effect of suggesting the energetic liveliness of a character that refuses to be confined.

Spread from John Vernon Lord's Sketchbook. Copyright © 2016 John Vernon Lord. Reproduced permission the author and courtesy House of Illustration

Also for *Looking-Glass*, in pen, ink and watercolour, the fight between the Red Knight and the White Knight is a tangle of arms, legs and weapons as they tumble to the ground, this tangle echoing that of the branches above them in the wood. A smaller picture, in pen, ink, watercolour and collage on paper, of the bowing leg of mutton, to whom Alice has just been introduced, is beautifully observed, a piece of white paper or card having been applied to represent the joint of mutton's decorative frill.

On display also are Lord's superbly detailed pen and ink on paper drawings for *The Hunting of the Snark*, Carroll's dark, nonsense poem (1876), about the 'quest of nine men and a beaver in search of a mysterious creature called a "snark"'. One illustration in particular stands out, that in which 'The Baker plunges into the chasm' with the artist again using a Surreal perspective and meticulous draughtsmanship.

Ulysses (1922) and *Finnegans Wake* (1939) are James Joyce's Modernist, stream-of-consciousness novels set in Dublin. For Lord's illustrated editions, both published by the Folio Society, the artist selected elements from each novel and, with pen ink and collage on paper, neatly contained them within squares and rectangles.

Ulysses revolves around three characters, Stephen, Leopold and Molly, and for one fine illustration on display, in tones of green and grey, Lord depicts Leopold's 'internal monologue' as he walks the streets of Dublin. We see a profile, occupying two thirds of the picture area, of Stephen's head, wearing his 'Latin quarter hat'. Two sensorial beams, one issuing from his eye and the other from his ear, represent the sights seen and the sounds heard, perhaps unconsciously, during *his* walk. A silhouette of Stephen's hatted, walking figure with 'ashplant' walking stick, shows him with head down, preoccupied. That Leopold is also preoccupied is incorporated into the overall design: a passage of text seen through a magnifying-glass, waves breaking on the shore, Neptune and his trident, and a gallery of faces including Shakespeare and Homer. Lord's intention of 'casting light on the text' (Folio Society website link, see below) succeeds brilliantly, and all his illustrations give the text extra focus.

Linguistically innovative and often humorous and lyrical, *Finnegans Wake*, with its interwoven themes of the cultural and political history of Ireland was to be Joyce's final work. The 'Finnegan' of the book's title, Lord explains in his illustration note, 'is the name of an Irish hod carrier in an old vaudeville song, who falls to his death from a ladder while drunk'.

Finnegan's fall is skilfully reflected and executed in Lord's pen, ink and collage on paper illustration. Surreal is the vertiginous perspective from which the viewer is looking, from the top of the ladder from which Finnegan has just fallen and is plunging to the ground below. Finnegan is not alone in his fall: there too is Humpty Dumpty, of the nursery rhyme and *Alice*, taking his own tumble from the same wall. Buckets, trowel and brick hod, that Finnegan has been using to repair the wall, and bottles of liquor, the cause of his fall, are following in his wake. Despite the small rainbow at the top of the picture, a snake, or the biblical serpent, undulates its way near the bottom with a symbolic apple of temptation close by. Appearing below this main image, the map of Dublin Bay and its coastline provides a realistic touch and a firm setting for the fluidity of the text.

For more information about Lord's work, his book *Drawn to Drawing – 50 Years of Illustrating* (2013) is invaluable for it shows the sheer inventiveness and versatility of this most gifted of artists.

Some illustrations for the books can be viewed online. From *Ulysses* (2017) <https://www.creativeboom.com/inspiration/john-vernon-lord-named-illustrator-of-the-year-at-the-va-illustration-awards-2018/>; from *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (2009), *Through the Looking Glass* (2011) and *Drawn to Drawing* (2013) at <http://www.illustrationcupboard.com/artist.aspx?ald=283&page=0>; from *Finnegans Wake* (2014) at <https://www.brainpickings.org/2014/03/27/folio-society-finnegans-wake-john-vernon-lord/>.

Works cited

- Carroll, Lewis (1865) (illus. John Tenniel) *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* London: Macmillan
- (2009) (illus. John Vernon Lord) *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. Oxford: Artists' Choice Editions.
- (1876) (illus. Henry Holiday) *The Hunting of the Snark (An Agony in 8 Fits)*. London: Macmillan.
- (2006) (illus. John Vernon Lord) *The Hunting of the Snark, An Agony in Eight Fits*. Oxford: Artists' Choice Editions.
- (1871) (illus. John Tenniel) *Through the Looking-Glass and What Alice Found There*. London: Macmillan.
- (2011) (illus. John Vernon Lord) *Through the Looking-Glass and What Alice Found There*. Oxford: Artists' Choice Editions.

Joyce, James (1922) *Ulysses*. Paris: Shakespeare and Company.
[First published in the UK Bodley Head 1960.]

- (2017) (illus. John Vernon Lord) *Ulysses*. London: Folio Society.
- (1939) *Finnegans Wake*, London: Faber and Faber.
- (2014) (illus. John Vernon Lord) *Finnegans Wake*. London: Folio Society
- Lord, John Vernon (2013) *Drawn to Drawing – 50 Years of Illustrating*.
London: Nobrow Press.

Websites

John Vernon Lord on illustrating *Ulysses* for The Folio Society 2018.

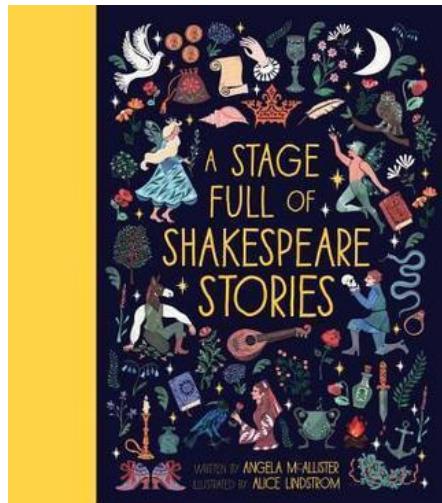
https://youtube.com/watch?v=QSb_Amkp--4

YouTube: John Vernon Lord on illustrating *Alice Through the Looking-Glass*,
Illustration Cupboard 2011.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VdCU1WwHFig>

Reviews

Storybook



Text ©Angela McAllister,
illustrations © Alice Lindstrom
2018.

A Stage Full of Shakespeare Stories

Angela McAllister (illus. Alice Lindstrom), London: Lincoln Children's Books, 978 1 7860 3114 3, 2018, £12.99, 128pp. [Stories, 8–10 years. Keywords: Shakespeare; illustrated; retellings; stage plays; well-known quotations.]

It is a notorious difficulty to get children interested in the works of William Shakespeare. They find the language of the plays archaic. The plots of the dramas often touch on subjects remote from the experience of young readers, such as political scheming. The length of the plays often strains young patience. Hamlet routinely takes three hours to enact.

This book takes on a valuable but tricky task, namely to break down the aforementioned barriers and to present 12 of the bard's plays in a form designed to interest young readers. Each of the stories of the plays is told in modern English covering no more than six pages. Each story is copiously illustrated in bright collage. This treatment is extended to 'Macbeth', 'Hamlet',

ROMEO AND JULIET

toward the door to fetch his sword, but Lord Capulet stopped him and asked what was wrong.
"Our enemy Romeo is here," thundered Tybalt.
Lord Capulet remembered the Prince's warning. "Let him stay," he told Tybalt. "Romeo isn't causing any trouble. Although he's a Montague, people speak well of him."
"If you won't watch that villain make a fool of us," Tybalt protested.
"If you won't obey me, then it's you who must leave," replied Lord Capulet sternly. "I don't want a fight to ruin this evening."
Angry and frustrated, Tybalt left. "I'll not forget this, Romeo," he muttered under his breath.
Unaware of the trouble he'd caused, Romeo waited for an opportunity to speak to the girl with the long red hair. When the dance was over, he removed his mask and stepped close beside her. Gently he took her hand. The girl turned so him and blushed a little, her eyes wide with wonder. Romeo knew that she felt as he did, for she left her hand in his to tell him so.
"Does my hand offend you?" asked Romeo. "If so, my lips will kiss its rough touch away."
"Hands may touch to pray, as lips do," she replied.
"Then let our lips touch like our hands," said Romeo, and he kissed her.
At that moment, an old woman interrupted them.
"Your mother wants to speak to you, madam," she said. "You must go at once."
The girl left Romeo's hand fast. She gave him a radiant smile, then disappeared into the crowd.
"Who is she?" asked Romeo, watching after her in a happy daze.
"Surely you don't need to ask, sir!" said the nurse with a frown. "That is Juliet, Lord Capulet's daughter!" And she hurried off after her.
"Juliet—a Capulet!" Romeo's heart sank. "She is my life, so my life belongs to my enemy!" Suddenly, Romeo felt somebody tugging him by the arm. "Time to leave!" whispered Benvolio.

ROMEO AND JULIET

who had seen Romeo kiss Juliet. He led his love-struck friend away, hoping that nobody else had noticed.
On the way home from the ball, Romeo slipped away from Benvolio and Mercutio and turned back to the Capulets' house, where he climbed over the garden wall into the moonlit orchard.
At that very moment, Juliet stepped out onto a balcony above. To her dismay, she'd just learned from her nurse that the handsome stranger at the ball was none other than Romeo, the son of her father's enemy.
"Oh, Romeo, my love, why must you be a Montague?" she murmured, unaware that he was listening below.
Romeo stepped out from the shadows. "I'll give up that name if it's your enemy," he whispered.
Juliet was astonished and thrilled to hear Romeo's voice. She warned him of the danger he was in, but Romeo wasn't afraid.
"I'd rather die now, at the hands of a Capulet, than live without your love," she told him. In hushed voices, they spoke of their feelings for each other, talking happily until the first glow of dawn appeared.
Romeo didn't want the night to end. "I'm afraid to wake up and find that our love is just a dream," he told her.
"My love for you is real, Romeo," said Juliet. "If yours is too, then let us be married so we'll never have to part."
They agreed to marry quickly, in secret, so their families couldn't prevent the wedding. And so they parted, with the promise to meet at the chapel the following day.
The next morning, accompanied by her nurse, Juliet went to the chapel, where she and Romeo were married by Friar Lawrence. However, until the priest could find a way to tell their families, it was not safe for the young lovers to be together. The nurse promised to hide a ladder in the orchard so that Romeo could climb up to Juliet's balcony after dark.
Romeo was the happiest man in Verona that day as he went in search of his friends Benvolio and Mercutio to tell them his secret news. But as he greeted them in the square, Tybalt appeared.
"I've been looking for you, villain!" Tybalt shouted at Romeo.
"How dare you enter the house of Capulets!"
"I'm no villain," replied Romeo breathily, "and I have every reason to love the name Capulet."
Tybalt drew his sword to fight.
"Let him be," cried Mercutio, "or I'll teach you a lesson."
But Tybalt was determined to punish the Montagues. He turned on Mercutio, and the two began to fight.

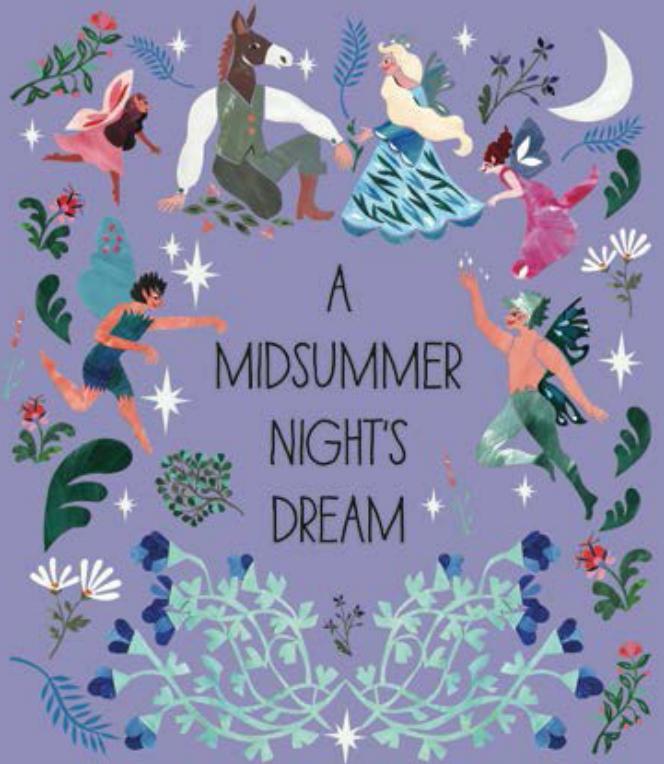
'The Tempest', 'Romeo and Juliet', 'A Midsummer Night's Dream', 'Othello',

'Julius Caesar', 'King Lear', 'As You Like It', 'Much Ado About Nothing' and 'The Merchant of Venice'. No one can accuse McAllister of shirking a challenge.

Interspersed with the modern English narrative we find selected quotations from the plays, each quotation explained within the context of the drama. Beatrice, for example, is asked whether Benedick is in her good books. 'If Benedick was in my good books,' answers Beatrice, 'I'd burn my library.' Lindstrom's illustrations add immeasurably to the vivacity of the book. For each play there is an illustrated cast of characters which bring these personalities to vivid life.

Text ©Angela McAllister,
illustrations © Alice Lindstrom
2018.

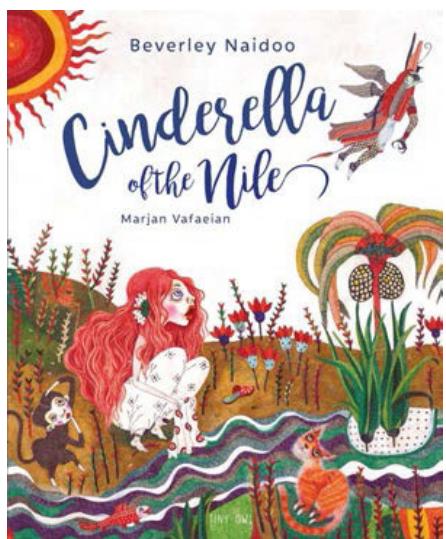
*"If we shadows have offended.
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumbered here
While these visions did appear..."*



A supplement at the back of the book gives a brief but informative biography of the playwright and a short synopsis of the plot of each of the plays. This book has an excellent prospect of introducing children in upper-primary or lower-secondary classes to the works of the great master. It is a hope, often expressed, that children will come to appreciate this key element in our national heritage. This book provides a practical way of encouraging them to do so.

Rebecca R. Butler

Folktales



Cinderella of the Nile

Beverley Naidoo, illus. Marjan Vafaeian, London: Tiny Owl, hb. 978 1 9103 2829 3, 2018, £12.99, 40pp. [Folktale; 6+ years. Keywords: Ancient Egypt; kidnaps; pirates; slave trade; Aesop; resilience.]

Tiny Owl's new series One Story, Many Voices explores well-known stories told from different perspectives all over the world. *Cinderella of the Nile* is one of the earliest versions of the Cinderella story. The Egyptian Cinderella was first written down 2000 years ago by a Greek historian and, before him, Herodotus.

Beverley Naidoo tells the story of a beautiful girl born in a village in Greece during a time when pirates roamed the surrounding seas. Her parents called her Rhodopis because she had rosy cheeks. However it was her chestnut-red hair, 'the colour of finest sunset' that drew attention more than her beautiful face. When news of the red-headed child reached a band of pirates they knew that 'A girl like this could be sold for a fat bags of coins.'

One day when herding the family goats up the mountain she is seized by a bandit and taken to a ship bound for Samos where she is sold as a slave. Her master's great friend is Aesop, who also befriends Rhodopis. However her master is displeased with her never smiling in his presence and sells her to a merchant travelling to Naukratis in Egypt. From there she is sold to a Greek merchant Charaxos who treats her more like a daughter after hearing of her kidnapping in northern Greece. However, the jealousy of the others in the household gives rise to ill treatment and unkindness.

I won't elaborate further but there are three sisters, a pair of slippers and a feast given by Pharaoh Amasis in Memphis. Does Rhodopis go to the feast or stay at home doing the chores? You may say there must be a missing slipper ... and a happy ending, but is there?

A wonderful retelling with some songs and fables in verse. There are many twists and turns in the story so nothing can be guessed in advance.

The stylised illustrations are bright and colourful and will certainly delight readers and listeners of all ages. However I didn't particularly like the depiction of

Rhodopis as her head seemed to me out of proportion to the rest of her body.

To make you own opinion of the illustrations, see the trailer on YouTube at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TZOxLeDebI&feature=youtu.be>.

Jennifer Harding



Illustrations © 2015 Emily Sutton From THE CHRISTMAS EVE TREE written by Delia Huddy & Illustrated by Emily Sutton.
Reproduced by permission of Walker Books Ltd, London SE11 5HJ
www.walker.co.uk

THE MAGIC OF CHRISTMAS

Buy your IBBY UK greetings cards now

Our beautiful card for Christmas this year is designed by Emily Sutton and taken from her book *The Christmas Eve Tree*, written by Delia Huddy and published by Walker Books.

These cards, and others from previous years by Jackie Morris, Carol Thompson and Jan Pienkowski, are all available through our website.

Do you have a favourite illustrator? Is there a recent picture book or illustrated book that you have loved?

Get involved in helping IBBY UK nominate illustrators for the Bratislava Biennale of Illustration (BIB) 2019, the largest open competition for published picture books in the world. IBBY UK is one of only two nominating bodies in the UK, the other being the International Centre for the Picture Book in Society at Worcester University.

We can nominate up to 15 artists.
All nominees will be included in the

international exhibition that takes place in Bratislava from 18 October to 15 December 2019 and will appear in the full-colour catalogue. An international jury will select 11 winners.

Please send your nomination ideas or the titles of specific books to pamdx29@gmail.com by 31 January 2019.

Read more about the competition and see the work of the illustrators nominated by the UK in 2015 and 2017 on the IBBY UK website at <https://ibby.org.uk/awards/biennial-of-illustration-bratislava/>



The International Board on Books for Young People

The next issue of *IBBYLink* is *IBBYLink* 54, Spring 2019 (copydate 31 December 2018), and will be on the conference theme of Crafts and Hobbies in Children's Books.

Articles on other subjects are also welcomed. Contributions to Ferelith Hordon: fhordon@aol.com.

If you are interested in becoming a reviewer for *IBBYLink*, contact Lina Iordanaki: linaiordanaki@gmail.com.

New reviewers are always welcome.

Titles for Review

Publishers and others with books to be reviewed in *IBBYLink* should send them to Lina Iordanaki at Campus London, (Code First Girls), 4-5 Bonhill Street, Shoreditch EC2A 4BX, London; linaiordanaki@gmail.com.

IBBYLink 53 Autumn 2018

The journal of the British section of the International Board for Books for Young People (IBBY UK), published three times a year.

Editor: Ferelith Hordon

Associate editor: Jennifer Harding

Reviews editor: Lina Iordanaki

To sponsor a future issue of *IBBYLink*, contact Ferelith Hordon, fhordon@aol.com.

8 Terrapin Court, Terrapin Road, London SW17 8QW.

All material in *IBBYLink* is copyright IBBY UK and of the authors of articles. No item may be reproduced without express permission. Contact the editor in the first instance. IBBY UK reserves the right to reproduce material in other media unless contributors specifically withhold permission.

IBBY UK Section is registered as a company in England and Wales, no. 7892957. Registered office: 71 Addiscombe Court Road, Croydon CR0 6TT. Registered charity no. 1145999.