

*tulgey, burbled, vorpal, galumphing, beamish, frabjous, and chortled.* Some of these were inspired revivals rather than direct inventions, but as a practical innovator Dodgson was strikingly successful by the test of popular usage; the compounds *galumph* and *chortle* have been credited to his account in the Oxford English Dictionary, as has that "chimerical animal", the *snark*.

Thus a comparison between the Catholic religious poet and the Anglican nonsense-genius puts them at opposite ends of a Victorian see-saw, on a delicate balance of motive and conscience. They were both, we must recognize, lonely men of integrity who wore themselves to the bone, whose literary achievements reflected an inner tension between the creative urge and an imposed self-discipline, who used comparable material for entirely different purposes. As clergymen and teachers they were neither of them very effective. They were at the same time laborious scholars and creative artists.

But Dodgson, prickly, pedantic, conservative as he could appear, preserved a childlike simplicity; his rebellious humour asserted itself to the last. Hopkins's unsparing radical intellectuality tended to make his poetry dangerously refined, indeed obscure and precious — a tendency superbly transcended in his greatest poems. As is shown in his famous letter to Bridges in favour of Communism, Hopkins, had he lived later, might have been seen in the role of the Marxist Jesuit with a gift for confusing double-talk. Not so Dodgson, whose prophetic intuition nevertheless served him even in foreign affairs. On Dodgson's only trip outside England, in 1867, he went straight to Moscow and then came back again — and it seemed to him, watching "the lights at Dover, as they slowly broadened on the horizon, as if the old land were opening its arms to receive its homeward bound children."

## ROWING IN SLEEP

*James Tipton*

Rowing in sleep, my long hands heavy,  
I move, hollow as a dream,  
down into moonlight, into sea;  
to lost ballerinas on the sand, waves  
washing at their legs, their feet  
dancing in another land.