As a class, we will typeset the entire poem, including the repeated verse-first and last (otherwise we'd have to print in two runs).

The poem lends itself to bizarre, experimental, distorted typography. While we will not break the line, we will break with conventions of consistency in face, size, spacing, etc. within the line.

## Certain restrictions will apply:

The total length of a line must be set so that our form is a uniform rectangle. If we set the line length at 40 picas, your line, spacing included (including a large em or quad on both ends) must be exactly 40 picas.

You must decide if there is any need to predetermine the look of the left-hand margin. The spacing of the copy on the right mimics the look of the original: line $1 \& 3$ of each stanza are aligned, while line 2 is indented " X " spaces, and line four appears to be indented " 2 X " spaces. The initial letter of each line is capitalized in the original. Need we adhere to these strictures?

## The challenge.

Any time you break "the rules" of traditional typography, you are in some sense working against the originating logic of the technology. Type was designed to produce newspaper and book pages quickly, efficiently, and legibly.

When you alter the size of a typeface or dramatically shift faces within a line, you run into a few challenges, mostly involving spacing, and usually, therefore, . . . MATH.

> TAKE NOTES on EVERYTHING YOU SET... you WILL bave to put it AWAY!
'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves Did gyre and gimble in the wabe; All mimsy were the borogroves, 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 hast 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<br>Did gyre and gimble in the wabe; All mimsy were the borogroves, And the mome raths outgrabe

...the disruption of this tradition seems particularly appropriate when faced with this poem. If we, for a moment, equate "legibililty" with "readability" (sense-making), the poem is clearly toying with what we mean by legibility. There is a way in which we all know exactly what Carroll is saying, yet the words bave no fised meaning. They are nonsense, but bave all the sound and feeling of sense that words can bave. As printers, we can translate Carroll's play with language into play with typography: the type can be as obstructive to meaning as it is suggestive... instead of transparently conveying images, we can draw attention to the material of language.

the slight space at the base of the " $w$ " and the larger gap at its top will need to be precisely filled. sometimes, material from the hellbox can be cut to fit


If this is a 48 point "T," you might use some 12 point spacing to fill in this gap. Check the width of the " T " first, though: if it were 24 points wide, you could use a 12 point quad OR a 24 point en!!


