Introduction

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When Roald Dahl died in 1990 he was indisputably the most popular and best-known British children’s writer of his day. In a purely quantitative sense, his dominance is easy to demonstrate: in a survey of favourite books carried by the Young Telegraph section of the Telegraph newspaper in October 1993, for example, ‘8 of the top 10 titles, including all of the top 5’, were written by Dahl. Three years later, the National Centre for Research in Children’s Literature (NCRCL) at Roehampton surveyed 9,000 school pupils about their reading habits: Dahl accounted for the top six titles for 7–11-year-olds, and six out of the top ten for those aged 11 to 16. Nor was his popularity confined to Britain. He broke into the American market even before the UK one, and his first books for children were originally published in the USA. It was in the United States, too, that he found early big-screen success, with Mel Stuart’s Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory (1971).

Since those surveys of the 1990s J.K. Rowling’s success has dwarfed even that of Dahl, although as late as 2000 Dahl still topped a World Book Day survey to find Britain’s favourite author (polling 4.5% of the votes to Rowling’s 3.5%), and today he maintains sales that would by any other measure be spectacular. At the last count, Dahl’s books were available in 54 languages, from Afrikaans to Welsh, with combined sales of approximately 100 million worldwide. When the NCRCL conducted a second study in 2005, he remained as one of the top three authors for children in both the Key Stage 2 (aged 7–11) and Key Stages 3–4 (aged 11–16) groups, alongside Rowling and Jacqueline Wilson. The Roald Dahl Museum and Story Centre, an institution with no parallel in Britain, continues to thrive, and Dahl remains a staple of classrooms and of children’s bookshelves in Britain and across the world.

Dahl was not only popular and prolific: he was (and remains) controversial. His books have been widely praised, but they have also been criticised as vulgar, meretricious, racist, misogynistic, and as lacking in nutrition as the sugary confections that figure so large within their covers. His defenders have answered these criticisms in
various ways. They point to his wordplay as a mark of technical innovation; or defend his characterisation and plots as drawing on such stylised forms as cartoons or on folk tale traditions that have always dealt vividly in violence and moral extremes. At the very least, they argue, he has got children reading, with reluctant male readers in particular finding that Dahl’s humour and plot-driven stories satisfy them as relatively little other fiction does.

Considering Dahl’s importance and enduring international popularity as a writer, and the size and controversial nature of his output, probably the most striking thing about academic criticism of his work is that there is so little of it. His life is better served: there are two full-length biographies, by Jeremy Treglown (1994) and Donald Sturrock (2010), with a third by Michael Rosen due out in 2012.5 However, since Mark West’s short critical study published two years after Dahl’s death there has been no monograph or collection of critical essays devoted to him.6 Even the haul of individual articles and book chapters is relatively light, certainly by comparison with authors of comparable status; and although some of the existing criticism is excellent it has tended to cluster around a relatively small number of subjects, with Dahl’s suitability as a writer for children, the relationship between his life and work, and his status as a ‘phenomenon’ all being familiar topics. Dahl is a writer who tends to polarise opinion, dividing critics into detractors and defenders. It seems that the tools developed for the literary criticism of children’s fiction have had relatively little traction on his books, and in their place discussions tend to collapse into binary questions about whether he is a good writer or a bad one, honest or dishonest, authoritarian or subversive, moral or immoral. The present volume is in part an attempt to redress this situation, and to seed what we hope will be renewed critical discussion of Dahl in the future.

The question of controversy cannot, of course, be sidestepped. Dahl is perhaps unique in terms of the concentrated dislike displayed by his critics. Eleanor Cameron, David Rees and Michele Landsberg, amongst others, have seen in Dahl’s books a celebration of vulgariry, racism, sexism and violence, and these criticisms often appear to extend beyond the texts into ad hominem attacks on Dahl’s own character and motives. Dahl was equally forthright in his own defence, calling Cameron’s criticisms ‘insensitive and monstrous’ in their famous Horn Book exchange of the early 1970s.7 Many of the criticisms of Dahl are discussed at greater length elsewhere in this volume – for example, in Beverley Pennell’s essay on Dahl and feminism, and Heather Worthington’s discussion of violence in his novels. Here it may, however,
be appropriate to broach the question of Dahl’s treatment of race, since it finds a parallel in many other areas of controversy.

There is little doubt that Dahl shared the casual racism of many of his generation and background. Notoriously, his depiction of the Oompa-Loompas in *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* (1964) (as African pygmies delighted to be taken from their home and set to work in Willy Wonka’s factory in exchange for cacao beans) was altered after complaints from the NAACP (National Association for the Advancement of Colored People) about the early editions of that book. Obviously insulting as Dahl’s portrayal appears today, however, it is significant that until those complaints its offensiveness seems to have escaped not only Dahl and his publishers but all the book’s (white) reviewers – an indication not that racism was absent but that it was so ubiquitous as to be effectively invisible. Donald Sturrock reports that Dahl had originally intended the book’s hero, Charlie Bucket, to be a black child, and it seems unlikely that Dahl’s depiction was the result of a conscious intent to demean black people, but his easy resort to stereotype is still telling.

More insidious perhaps than any specific slur is Dahl’s habitual adoption of a kind of saloon-bar rhetoric which works to put readers in an affective arm lock, conscripting them to the views of the narrator in a way that can feel coercive. Jonathon Culley has convincingly analysed *The Twits* (1980) in these terms. That text begins with a passage that inculcates suspicion against men with beards:

> What a lot of hairy-faced men there are around nowadays.
> When a man grows hair all over his face it is impossible to tell what he really looks like.
> Perhaps that’s why he does it. He’d rather you didn’t know.
> Then there’s the problem of washing.
> When the very hairy ones wash their faces, it must be as big a job as when you or I wash the hair on our heads.
> So what I want to know is this. How often do all these hairy-faced men wash their faces? […]
> I don’t know. But next time you see a man with a hairy face (which will probably be as soon as you step out on to the street) maybe you will look at him more closely and start wondering about some of these things.

As Culley notes, the structure of Dahl’s text uncannily echoes that of some racist and other prejudiced discourses:

> Dahl idly muses on the frequency of men with facial hair. Why do they have facial hair? Is it a cover-up? Then he introduces one almost as an
example, as though this example will answer our musings. He elaborates on Mr. Twit, on his eating habits, the state of his beard, and ends with a statement of personality. There is no explicit connection. We are never told he is horrid because he is hairy. It is, however, heavily implied by the structure of the narrative.\textsuperscript{10}

To this analysis there is an obvious riposte, which is that, however much Dahl may in fact have disliked beards (and he seems to have done so quite intensely),\textsuperscript{11} he is here parodying his own intolerance by presenting it in absurdly inflated terms rather than seriously trying to incite childhood mistrust of the hirsute. Similarly, when he mischievously suggests in \textit{The Witches} that ‘even … your lovely school-teacher who is reading these words to you at this very moment’ may be a witch,\textsuperscript{12} it is in the service of humour and the ephemeral ‘making-strange’ of an everyday school situation, rather than misogyny. However, the ‘I’m only joking’ defence is also the familiar redoubt of challenged prejudice, and can even constitute a kind of counter-attack on critics reluctant to be thought lacking in humour. As so often with Dahl, pinning the text down (or the author through the text) is no easy task.

Dahl’s first two children’s books, \textit{James and the Giant Peach} (1961) and \textit{Charlie and the Chocolate Factory}, are in some ways atypical of his work as a whole, which usually centres on situations in which the powerless and oppressed defeat their oppressors (although that is an overly-simple formula, to which we shall return). This is not the case in either of these early books, at least once the atrocious Aunts Sponge and Spiker are killed by the giant peach, which happens quite early in \textit{James}. Both nevertheless present us with familiar story types: \textit{James} is a bizarre quest novel, featuring a cast of ill-assorted companions (mostly human-sized arthropods) all of whom are given the chance to prove themselves as they make the perilous journey from England to New York. \textit{Charlie and the Chocolate Factory} is a cautionary tale, and, as that label implies, it comes with a very explicit moral apparatus, including admonitory verses, punishments and warnings about greed, gum chewing, over-indulgent parents and addiction to television. More specifically, it is a parable of the strait gate, a secular \textit{Pilgrim’s Progress} in which many are called but only one – Charlie – is chosen.

The apparent surrealism of Dahl’s settings may seem designed to disguise the conventional forms of these two books, but from Hoffmann and Belloc through to Edward Gorey, the cautionary tale has always been a semi-subversive genre in which didacticism is balanced finely against self-parody. \textit{Charlie}, in particular, is a book that
is deceptive in its apparent simplicity of approach. As well as being a type of Pilgrim’s Progress, it is also a Divine Comedy, but one in which the roles of Virgil, God and Satan are combined in one overdetermined figure, Willy Wonka. Wonka moves in mysterious ways: he both tempts the children and punishes them for their infractions, while in the book’s prehistory he appears as vindictive as any Old Testament Nobodaddy, sacking all his workers because of rival chocolate makers’ industrial espionage. Yet the text absolves him: this is a being beyond blame, a magical dispenser of rewards whose final promise to make Charlie his heir is a blessing to the whole Bucket tribe.

The factory itself seems to invite allegorical reading, particularly in terms of the human body. Wonka’s industrial-age Castle of Alma is clearly not a place of emaciated asceticism, but neither is it bloated through excess nor warped through addiction: instead, it is a paradoxically superabundant, lurid and extravagant temple to the principles of temperance and moderation. The Oompa-Loompas act as the factory’s immune system, rejecting naughty children like viruses or expelling them like waste products. As if to underscore this reading one of the children is even named Veruca, while another (Mike Teavee) was Herpes Trout in an early draft of the story. The shared physicality of food and of those who consume it is emphasised as children are pushed down chutes, digested in juicing rooms or excreted via a chocolate-flavoured alimentary canal.

If the factory offers rich pickings for those who wish to see in it a parable about consumption, it also forms the second half of a Freudian diptych devoted to childhood sexuality. Where James’s peach offers a retreat from the cruelties and vicissitudes of the world in the form of a giant, edible womb, the chocolate factory leads Charlie on a bewildering voyage of polymorphous perversity that encompasses Augustus Gloop’s cloacal desires, Veruca Salt’s metamorphosis into a swollen purple berry, the oral fixation of gum-chewing Violet Beauregarde and Mike Teavee’s narcissism. All these contrast with Charlie’s own normatively healthy appetites, which culminate in his being propelled with orgasmic vigour through the very roof of the factory by Willy Wonka (a name one solitary vowel from obscenity), thence to continue the confectioner’s work into the next generation.

Whether Dahl would have endorsed these readings is debatable, but he was well aware of the power of double entendre in names (something in which he may have been encouraged by the example of his friend and role model Ian Fleming, creator of Pussy Galore), and in this book particularly he seems often to be taking pleasure in staying just on the right side of a line that has adult awareness and
lubricity one side, and candy and chaos on the other. Before becoming a children’s author Dahl had been a successful commercial writer for adults and, as Laura Viñas Valle has shown, in moving between those markets he made relatively little attempt to modify his narrative voice.¹⁴ Not only did he recycle plots from his adult stories for use as children’s books, but the cynical and even sadistic elements within his adult fiction sometimes find disguised expression in his books for children. Dahl once described his writing as a tightrope act,¹⁵ and in that remark lies a clue as to where much of its abiding fascination lies – in the sense that his control of his material is precarious, and that at any moment we may witness a disastrous fall.

Dahl was ambivalent about many things – authority, modern life, education, violence, growing up – and his writing is often at its most successful when it is poised on the fulcrum of that ambivalence. Eleanor Cameron, in excoriating *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, complained of ‘its hypocrisy which is epitomized in its moral stuck like a marshmallow in a lump of fudge – that TV is horrible and hateful and time-wasting and that children should read good books instead, when in fact the book itself is like nothing so much as one of the more specious television shows’.¹⁶ Cameron is right to spot a tension here, but hasty in identifying it as hypocrisy. Dahl was unrepentant in his wish to make a popular appeal to children and to do so on their terms, without needing to look for approval from parents or teachers, let alone critics. He was, however, equally driven by an instinctive dislike of modernity and automated mass culture. The difficulty lay in keeping these attitudes distinct. Similarly, Dahl’s attitude to formal education combined rebelliousness towards authority (and a particular loathing of corporal punishment) with an impatience of anything that smacked of the trendy or politically correct. The advent of new educational orthodoxies in the 1960s placed him in a particular dilemma. The 1967 Plowden Report, for example, not only recommended the banning of corporal punishment in primary schools, but also stressed the centrality of children in the education process.¹⁷ Peter Hunt notes in this volume that Dahl claimed a special affinity with children, based on his ability to see the world from their point of view: ‘If you want to remember what it’s like to live in a child’s world, you’ve got to get down on your hands and knees and live like that for a week. You find you have to look up at all these bloody giants around you who are always telling you what to do and what not to do.’¹⁸

As of 1967 Dahl was no longer the only person on all fours attempting to look at the world from a child’s viewpoint: rather, the nursery
floor was cluttered with psychologists, sociologists and educationalists, all representative of a left-leaning intelligentsia Dahl himself despised. His reaction was to distinguish himself from this group by stressing his belief in old-fashioned forms of learning and knowledge – ‘proper parsing and proper grammar’.19

Versions of this tension showed itself in other ways. Although desirous of establishment recognition, Dahl remained essentially unclubbable, lasting only one meeting when co-opted onto Professor Brian Cox’s 1988 government working party on English teaching.20 Instead, he cultivated a public persona as a curmudgeonly, plain-speaking, not-quite-respectable uncle who was nevertheless unambiguously on children’s side in a world of arbitrary adult restrictions, and who shared their enjoyment of the ridiculous and the scatological. (Matilda’s enfant terrible observation that her mother picks her nose is, whatever its value as humour, an effective Swiftian levelling tactic aimed squarely at adult pretensions.)21 Through interviews, audio recordings of his own books, narratorial digressions, and above all through his two autobiographical volumes, Boy (1984) and Going Solo (1986), Dahl made a direct and personal appeal to children, designed to fly below the radar of parental disapproval.

Despite this, in the opening pages of Matilda (1988) Dahl’s narrator fantasises about being a truculent teacher writing ‘scorchers’ of reports on his unsatisfactory charges. The ostensible targets of his indignation are the deluded, doting parents of these pupils rather than the children themselves (pp. 2–3), but the terms he uses – ‘total wash-out’, ‘grub’, ‘stinkers’ – are not far from the abusive language of Miss Trunchbull, the book’s child-hating head teacher. Matilda’s literary education, as described in the book’s early chapters, is highly traditional, consisting entirely of canonical or semi-canonical texts for adults (Dickens being especially prominent), only one of which was published in the second half of the twentieth century,22 while the librarian Mrs Phelps, whose judgement is implied to be trustworthy, omits more recent literature written for teenagers when considering her recommendations (p. 9). Even the saintly Miss Honey expects her charges to have memorised their multiplication tables up to 12 within a year of arriving at school, although this is primarily to protect them from punishment at Trunchbull’s hands (p. 63).

In Matilda Dahl accommodates this ambivalence by surreptitiously splicing two independent sets of generic rules. On the one hand, the book reads as a realist novel subject to real-world constraints, in which (for example) Miss Trunchbull is aware that corporal punishment is no longer permitted (p. 83), and Miss Honey is careful to obtain
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parental consent from the Wormwoods for Matilda to move in with her. In this mode Dahl is able to indulge his conservative beliefs by including such items as Mrs Phelps’s reading list – which is presumably also intended as a realistic (if aspirational) set of recommendations for his own readers. However, Matilda also presents us with a stylised world of cartoon violence, in which the same Miss Trunchbull feels no difficulty about swinging a girl around by her pigtails, or locking children in a home-made iron maiden lined with broken glass.

Dahl does not feel obliged to address the lack of fit between these two versions of Matilda consistently, although he implicitly acknowledges it at selected points. ‘Thank goodness we don’t meet many people like her in this world,’ the narrator says of Miss Trunchbull, half-admitting that she is a creature of storybook nightmare, only to take it immediately back: ‘although they do exist and all of us are likely to come across at least one of them in a lifetime’ (p. 61). A little later, Matilda’s friend Lavender asks how Miss Trunchbull’s regime survives: why don’t the children simply tell their parents? Matilda’s reply uses the incompatibility of the book’s two modes to advantage, pointing out that Miss Trunchbull’s continuance is due to the very fact that the parents think they are living in a world of realism: ‘No parent is going to believe this pigtails story, not in a million years’ (p. 111). Then there is the impoverished Miss Honey, who lives in a fairy-tale cottage (p. 180) on the obviously impossible sum of one pound per week, but who proceeds to give an almost plausible account of how this might actually be managed. The result of this generic soldering is that the reader is able simultaneously to hiss the tyranny of the caricature villain, while maintaining a more considered and indeed conservative view of the realistic issues raised by the story.

Matilda is perhaps the book in which Dahl negotiates the tension between his authoritarian and subversive sides with the greatest success, but his work is frequently at its most interesting when he creates characters who do not quite fit the narrative roles that seem to have been prepared for them. Mr Fox is (literally) an underdog; but he is also a predator, killing chickens without compunction. Danny’s father in Danny, the Champion of the World (1975) is a hero to his son, but a thief in the eyes of the law. The grandmother in The Witches is both an elderly invalid and a virile, cigar-smoking heroine. The BFG is at the same time a giant and a seven-stone weakling. The Twits are vile human beings, but the physical and spiritual squalor in which they live lends them a bleak pathos. Almost all of Dahl’s books after Charlie and the Chocolate Factory involve pitting the small against the large, the powerless against the powerful or the young against the
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old, but these are categories that do not always coincide exactly or straightforwardly, and in general this is much to the advantage of the resulting books.

Dahl’s sense of what would engross, amuse and delight children – or at least a large proportion of them – was an unusually assured one. He created a new realm within children’s fiction, the influence of which can be seen in books as diverse as Harry Potter and the Philosopher’s Stone and Andy Stanton’s Mr Gum series. ‘Dahlesque’ instantly conveys a recognisable style and approach, but Dahl was also a writer who worked at reinventing himself, who experimented with many different genres, and who was unafraid of taking artistic risks, often in the teeth of prevailing tradition within children’s writing. For example, in one of his early stories, The Magic Finger (1966), the unnamed narrator uses her magical gift to turn her teacher, Mrs Winter, into a cat, adding with relish: ‘if any of you are wondering whether Mrs Winter is quite all right again now, the answer is No. And she never will be.’

This gleeful gesture of defiance against the perceived obligation of children’s fiction to provide a reset button for the restoration of all losses and the righting of all wrongs is daring, but almost 20 years later in The Witches (1983) a similar move provides a moment unique in the risks it takes with customary assumptions about the plots of children’s books. At the end of that story, the narrator (again unnamed) has been turned into a mouse by the Grand High Witch. Conventional story logic would dictate that by the end of the book he must be made ‘quite all right again’ – and, indeed, when Nicholas Roeg came to film The Witches the studio insisted on just such a restoration.

Not only does Dahl’s protagonist remain a mouse but he is not even destined to live out his natural human span: as a boy-mouse he can expect only about nine more years of life at the end of the story. His calm acceptance of this fact, and his contentment at the prospect of dying at around the same time as his own grandmother, ought to be a disaster for the book. Indeed, there are many possible objections to it: that it is morbid, that it is cruel, that it is sentimental, that it idealises an unhealthy and static model of mutual dependency between young and old. However, it is also an image of love that speaks powerfully to many children, for whom the prospect of outliving their parents may indeed be as frightening as that of their own death. Perhaps only C. S. Lewis, in bringing his grown-up Pevensie siblings back from Narnia at the end of The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe (1950) and forcing them into the minds and bodies of young children again without any acknowledgement that this might be a traumatic experience, has shown so little regard for the conventions of psychological realism as understood by
adults, and at the same time so sure an instinct for what might make perfect psychological and emotional sense to a child.

The centrality of conflict and of resistance to oppression in Dahl’s work gave way only at the end of his career to a different pattern, in the benign whimsy of *Esio Trot* (1990) and *The Vicar of Niblewicke* (1991), children’s books notable amongst other things for the absence of children, and hence of child–adult antagonism. Instead, Dahl here gives pride of place to two of his other abiding interests: wordplay (an aspect of his work discussed elsewhere in this volume by David Rudd) and the detailed construction and execution of elaborate, implausibly successful solutions to formidable practical difficulties. Mr Hoppy’s wooing of Mrs Silver by means of a dangled tortoise harks all the way back to James’s elaborate plan to conscript seagulls to carry the giant peach across the Atlantic almost three decades earlier, or to the grandmother of *The Witches* lowering her grandson over her hotel balcony into the room of the Grand High Witch. The outwitting of Farmers Boggis, Bunce and Bean by Mr Fox; the upside-down room trick used by the animals against the Twits; the business model of the giraffe, monkey and pelican; Matilda’s scheme to bring down Miss Trunchbull using telekinesis, chalk and a fake ghost – all are described with an obvious and lingering satisfaction in ingenious detail. Diana Wynne Jones once remarked: ‘My feeling about most fantasy stories is that what they’re really doing is echoing the way your brain works, and your brain likes to come out with the solution – you like to jump out of your bath and run into the road shouting “Eureka!”’¹²⁵ Dissimilar as Jones and Dahl were in almost every way, a love of finding solutions, and an exuberant joy in their execution, are things that they have very much in common. Significantly, it a pleasure that is equally available to all generations, from toddlers building towers of bricks to retired stockbrokers finishing the *Times* crossword over breakfast. It is certainly a pleasure that Dahl shared with his readers.

The essays that follow explore a variety of aspects of Dahl’s writing. Some are devoted to the traditions within which his work is situated and his practice as an author: thus, Deborah Thacker considers his debt to folk tale, while Jackie E. Stallcup examines his use of humour and David Rudd his linguistic innovation. Drawing on the work of scholars such as Jack Zipes and Maria Tatar, Thacker’s essay places Dahl’s work at the interface between the mutable tradition of oral storytelling, and the more regulated form of the printed tale for children, which has often been fashioned so as to highlight a didactic point. Stallcup considers Dahl’s deployment of different styles of humour, based on incongruity, on the breaking of taboos and on
'derision', analysing the ways in which these may model and enforce systems of values and behaviour, but also subvert them. Rudd's essay complements this project, providing a tour of the various kinds of linguistic innovation employed by Dahl – lexical, phonological, typographical, syntactical and semantic – and arguing that his inventiveness functions as more than context-free 'playfulness', offering instead an exposure of and intervention in the power structures embodied in language.

Other essays address more overtly ideological aspects of Dahl's writing, in its representations of education (Pat Pinsent), the family (Ann Alston), women and girls (Beverley Pennell) and crime (Heather Worthington). Pinsent's essay explores in greater depth some of the issues raised in this Introduction, setting Dahl's views on education in the context of his personal experience of school, which was deeply formative and is repeatedly represented in his fiction and non-fiction. In her essay on Dahl and family Ann Alston places the child–adult relationships that lie at the heart of Dahl's books within the larger structure of the family unit, arguing that there is no straightforward correlation between conventional family structures and functional family dynamics in his books. Pennell, in her assessment of Dahl's treatment of girls and women, takes a more positive view of his achievement than many of his critics, and challenges those who would dismiss him as anti-feminist in his writing. Worthington, for her part, takes on another common criticism – that Dahl tends to glorify violence and even criminality – and contends that Dahl's provision of escapist and cathartic fantasy meets an emotional need in child readers to which few other writers are prepared to cater.

Dahl's associations with other media are explored in different ways by June Pulliam, in her discussion of the film adaptations of his work, and Carole Scott, who analyses his long-term collaboration with the artist Quentin Blake. Dahl's association with the screen (both large and small) is of long standing, and Pulliam considers how the various adaptations of his work reshape it both aesthetically and ideologically. Whereas most of the film adaptations of Dahl's books took place without the author's own involvement, Dahl's relationship with Blake was a close and symbiotic one, in which both men were careful to play to each other's strengths and tastes, as Scott's analyses of the inter-relation of word and picture in several key texts demonstrate.

Finally, Peter Hunt looks critically at Dahl as a writer who was able to exploit a moment of cultural change in order to establish a pivotal position within British children's literature, arguing that Dahl took advantage of 'a perfect storm' to create a product that simultaneously
flattered and manipulated its child readers. Although there are many areas of common concern within the essays contained in this book, Hunt’s more sceptical perspective is indicative of the fact that there is far from being a critical consensus as to the position of Dahl’s work within children’s literature. The argument is set to continue for some time to come.

Of course, there are other topics that deserve to be addressed: Dahl’s poetry, the relationship between his work for adults and for children, the uses he made of autobiography, and his power as a rhetorician being just a few examples. As noted above, the field of Dahl studies is an underpopulated one, and a single volume of essays can only begin the task of remedying that state of affairs. But we hope that it is a task well begun.

Notes

2. Maynard and McKnight: 3.
3. The Roald Dahl Museum and Story Centre (personal correspondence, 17 May 2011).