

This is the third and—*should be*—the last in the series on the Poling Prize in the Foreword. Each article builds upon the earlier one(s).

Prior articles posted to The Nabokovian Discussion Forum:

- 1) The Poling Prize in *Lolita*, 3 pp. – on April 11; and
- 2) Capital AiRs in the poling prize in *Lolita*, 6 pp. – on April 29th.

Lying in my lair and it was another Nabokov night. Two articles and nine pages in and still not done! And all about two words, in context of course.

A quick summary is in order regarding the first paragraph of the novel, as to the improper capitalizations noted from the second article above:

- 1) **Or**, as being the first word of a Subtitle, was not capitalized.

*“Lolita, **or** the Confession of a White Widowed Male,”*

- 2) **Bar**, as being part of an organizational name (a proper noun) was not capitalized.

*, now of the District of Columbia **bar**,*

[As noted before, this is technically correct, as no such organization existed prior to 1970. Yet this is an anomaly, an outlier. Inconsistent with the other titles.]

- 3-4) **Poling Prize**, as being capitalized when no such prize exists (not a proper noun).

*awarded the **Poling Prize** for a modest work,*

- 5) **Make**, as being part of a Title was not capitalized.

*(“Do the Senses **make** Sense?”)*

The inconsistency of the errors draw attention to them. Even if we grant the license of fiction, not everything will pass muster. For the fictional “*Poling Prize*,” as a proper noun would be fine. The fictional title of “*Do the Senses make Sense*” perhaps is but a typo for “*make*” not being capitalized, a slight error. Another error can be attributed to “*Lolita, or the Confession of a White*

*Widowed Male*,” as to improper capitalization regarding considering this as either a title with its subtitle (which it is) or as two titles (which John Ray, Jr. *claims*). Although now the errors are accumulating. Sloppy would be the word. And these errors never corrected since the original publication date in 1958, all the way up to Nabokov’s death in 1977? And how many editions of *Lolita* were personally translated or authorized and/or overseen by Vladimir Nabokov into other languages than English during those almost 20 years? Now incredulousness becomes apparent. Not a child. A definite a-parent. *Lolita* is no easy tome. *La somme de la somme*. *The sum of the sum*, by the son of a gun named *Chum*. Yes, some errors exist, but never on this scale. Such errors would be minor. Major errors are on porpoise to Flipper—or him.

The ultimate disconnect comes when regarding “*the District of Columbia bar*.” Can you accept this error as just another screw-up? Five in the first paragraph just on capitalization alone! Or consider another path, these are John Ray, Jr.’s errors and not the errors of Vladimir Nabokov. And I would agree! *Then what is the point here?*

The point is that these specific John Ray errors have a purpose. There is a design. That design comes from the ultimate creator of *Lolita*, designed by Vladimir Nabokov. All the Doubting Thomas and Thomasinas out there will still resist, because their formerly well-built foundations now shake Jonathan *Swiftly* as quick as a quicky on quicksilver. *How Humbertian*. Resist and dismiss, at all costs. *Can you find a concrete example from another part of the text to back up what you say?*

I say, “Yes, I can!” Sounds political.

Ladies and germs please go to page 225. Please, turn the page. Sneaky, what? Third paragraph in, gobsmack in the middle:

As the ass I was I had not memorized it. What remained of it in my mind were the initial letter and the closing figure as if the

whole amphitheatre of six signs receded concavely behind a tinted glass too opaque to allow the central series to be deciphered, but just translucent enough to make out its extreme edges—a capital P and a 6. I have to go into those details (which in themselves can interest only a professional psychologist) because otherwise the reader (ah, if I could visualize him as a blond-bearded scholar with rosy lips sucking *la pomme de sa canne* as he quaffs my manuscript!) might not understand the quality of the shock I experienced upon noticing that the P had acquired the bustle of a B and that the 6 had been deleted altogether. The rest, with erasures revealing the hurried shuttle smear of a pencil's rubber end, and with parts of numbers obliterated or reconstructed in a child's hand, presented a tangle of barbed wire to any logical interpretation. All I knew was the state—one adjacent to the state Beardsley was in.

[Emphasis added.]

A Capital P and a 6 turns into a Capital B with no 6. This is Quilty's license plate number and Humbert can't remember it. Note the other key operative word: *make*? Back in the Foreword, *make* needed to be capitalized. "*Do the Senses make Sense?*" Does this *make* sense? Poling, in order to be capitalized, needed "a capital P."

"Oh, come one," some still say. "Coincidence. Just coincidence. You are *making* this all fit."

Oh grasshopper, you need more. Don't you? Silence I hear. Will take that for a yes.

Poling has 6 letters. Six signs.

—*¡Ay, caramba!* Not buyin.?

Ricky and Lucy, I figured you were both two hard nuts to crack.

Let's try another.

An anagrammatic aside happens when I replace the capital P with the capital bustle B and Poling becomes Boling and Boling becomes Goblin. “*The caretakers of the various cemeteries involved report that no **ghosts** walk*” (4). Thus by following the directive on page 226 and applying them to Poling on page 3, the meaning of poling has been deleted altogether.

The real point here other than a ghostly anagram application is the exact directions of “to make . . . a capital P.” By doing so, poling prize became Poling Prize and many (most? some? survey needed) went around the corner, never seeing a thing.

Good?

“Nope. Remember, I am a tough nut.”

“Me too. We’re a pair.” [This Movie is Not Rated.]

Unless you can put your hands in the wounds you say. Such Thomas’s’s’! Well, my present wounds are healed. Soooooooooo, I’ll give you last one example—a final proof.

“Please do.” “Do please.” “It’s getting late.” “Alligator time.”

All right. What else can I say? *You know I got more*. Yeah, ’tis a given!

Let’s talk about love, let’s talk about S-E-X. Oops! Wrong song. But on point somewhat for *Lolita*. Let’s talk about the District of Columbia.

Washington, D.C., the official name for the District of Columbia. It’s a capital. Not just any capital. It’s the Capital of the Capitals. Ah! hence this article title. The capital of the United States of America—even when we ain’t so United sometimes. One of its names is the “Capital City.” It does all come down to a design. Like this:



The prior page was no mistake. Are the page(y)s smaller there? Not an error, when an error is part of the design.

Now doff and don, everyone. Please remove any head coverings to give honor and credit to Laurence Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* (*Pale Fire* enthusiasts would know Sterne's nod to *Nova Zembla*). Page 5 of this article has just duplicated page 331 in its entirety (Vol. VI, Chap. XXXVIII). Hope I proofed the text well. One more recheck. Think I got it.

Both the Capital of the USA and the Capital of Russia were designs imprinted upon their respective landscapes. Not a true tabula rasa, but Nero would have needed no fiddle had he had such an almost blank slate to work with.



Map of St. Petersburg, Russia 1744, founded by Tsar Peter the Great

It was in the capital of Russia where Vladimir was born at the family home on 47 *Bol'shaya Morskaya Ulitsa* / *Great Sea Street*. Saint Petersburg was where he mainly lived until he left on November 15, 1917. Summers were usually spent at the family's country estate, Vyra.

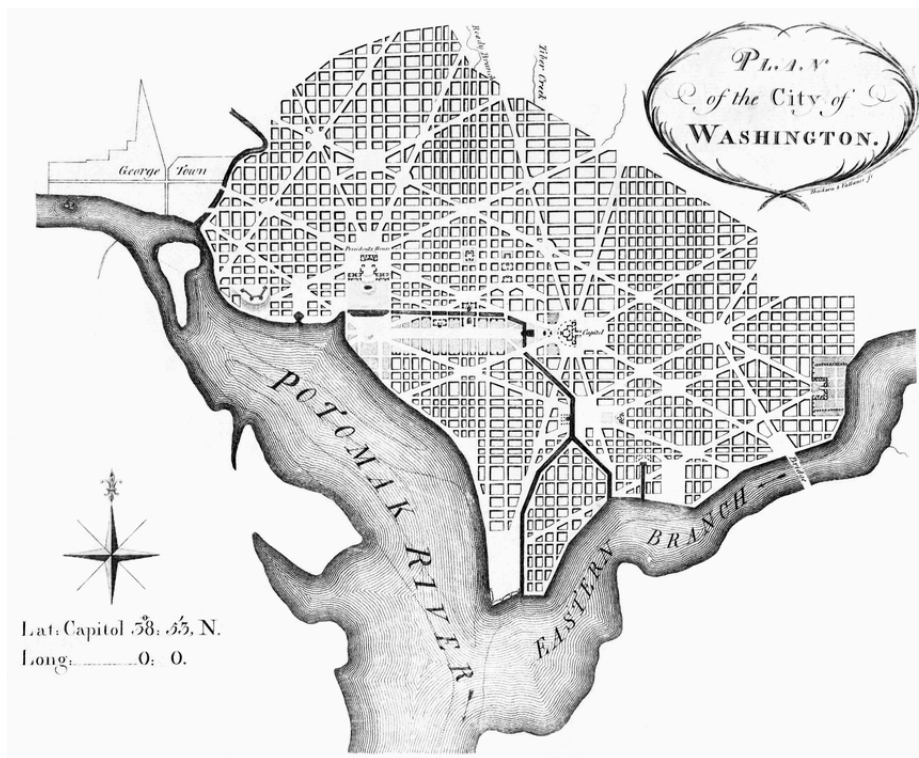
Like the main narrator in *Lolita*, on November 16th, Vladimir Vladimirovich Nabokov died from a coronary thrombosis, the crown over his heart clotted that day. The first full day of Vladimir's sentence of legal captivity, from which there was no escape. A legal captive of exile.

The Korean War wasn't the only war going on in 1952. A long, continuing war was the one of exile for Vladimir. Not a true death, but a death all the same. One for which there would never be a resurrection again. Without Russia, Nabokov would forever be a DP, a displaced person. A transient. Never owning a home. A renter by choice, since a physical home was erased.

**November 16th as the date of death on page 3, in the first paragraph, is no mistake.**

Oh Alfred Appel (Junior, no less), do rest in peace. But oh but butt but, how did you ever ever miss November 16th?

Two capitals, two planned cities, both by design. Make a Capital P = Poling Prize.



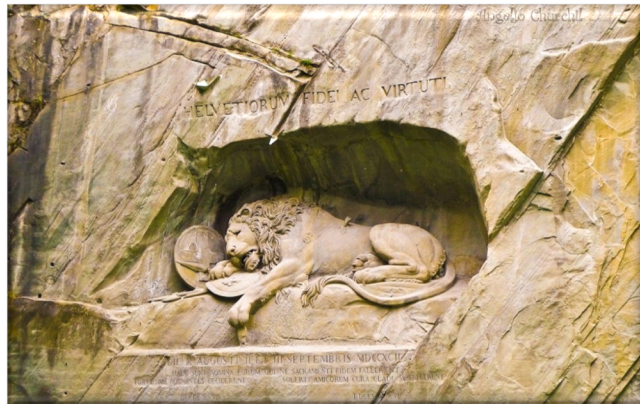
The L'Enfant Plan for Washington, D.C. designed by Pierre (PETER!) Charles L'Enfant for George Washington in 1791 and as revised by Andrew Ellicott in 1792.

Start with a Summary. End with a Summary.

- 1) **Or**, as being the first word of a Subtitle, was not capitalized, *make* it go up.  
*“Lolita, Or the Confession of a White Widowed Male,”*
- 2) **Bar**, as being part of an organizational name (a proper noun) was not capitalized.  
*, now of the District of Columbia bar,*  
[Will be left as is, since this was a purposeful Capital non-marker.]
- 3-4) **Poling Prize**, as being capitalized when no such prize exists (not a proper noun).  
*Make* it (the letters) go down, lower case.  
*awarded the poling prize for a modest work,*
- 5) **Make**, as being part of a Title was not capitalized. *Make* it go up, Uppercase.  
 *(“Do the Senses Make Sense?”)*

And that ends this argument. If after 17 pages on two words, you still do not believe, then Thomas-ina never can I change your name.

“Say good night, Gracie.” “Good night.”



—To Efendday to the Eathday  
(Qət Etdi-Ehdi, Effendi)

© 2019 by James H. Buckingham  
*The Lion of Lucernity*  
Sharon, Wisconsin USA