

UNIVERSIDADE DO ALGARVE
FACULDADE DE CIÊNCIAS HUMANAS E SOCIAIS

Contributos para a história da tradução de *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* e *Through the Looking Glass and What Alice Found There*
em Portugal

Maria José Conceição Rodrigues Marques

DOUTORAMENTO EM LITERATURA
(Estudos de Tradução)

Trabalho efetuado sob a orientação de:

Professora Doutora Maria da Conceição Bravo
Professora Doutora Vivina Almeida Carreira

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Para o meu pai

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Resumo

Os livros de Alice (*Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* e *Through the Looking Glass and What Alice Found There*) têm sido alvo de diversas discussões, por exemplo, sob o prisma da apreciação psicanalítica ou da análise semântica. Têm sido interpretados de diversas formas, nas quais se incluem considerações filosóficas sobre o Tempo, uma alegoria da sociedade vitoriana, uma paródia à educação e moral da época. Coloca-se aqui uma primeira questão: será que uma obra que se presta a tantas e diferentes interpretações pode ser classificada como literatura para crianças?

Este parece ser o principal problema com que se defrontam os tradutores de Alice para português. As estratégias de tradução adotadas sofrem alterações consideráveis à medida que o público-alvo dos seus textos oscila entre a criança e o adulto. O destinatário das traduções torna-se, assim, no fator determinante na elaboração do texto de chegada, verificando-se uma correspondência entre a problemática que os livros de Alice desde sempre têm criado e as dificuldades encontradas pelos tradutores na definição de estratégias coerentes ao longo das suas reescritas. A resposta a estas e outras questões é fundamentada na análise das várias reescritas para a língua portuguesa, e no confronto com o(s) texto(s) original(ais) de Carroll, onde os jogos de palavras, a subversão das convenções e outros artificios linguísticos são largamente utilizados e contribuem decisivamente para a construção de um texto ambivalente - um texto que pode simultaneamente pertencer aos sistemas literários do adulto e da criança. O objetivo é, por isso, também, tentar analisar como normas, convenções e restrições de várias ordens se impõem ao tradutor português, direcionando e condicionando a produção do seu texto de chegada.

Palavras-chave: Estudos Descritivos de Tradução, livros de Alice, texto ambivalente, reescrita.

Abstract

The Alice books (*Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* e *Through the Looking Glass and What Alice Found There*) have been the subject of several discussions, for example, from the perspective of psychoanalytic assessment or semantic analysis. They have been interpreted in various ways, including philosophical considerations on Time, an allegory of Victorian society, a parody on Education and Morals of the day. This raises an initial question: can a work that lends itself to so many different interpretations be classified as literature for children?

This seems to be the main problem the Portuguese translators of Alice had to face. The chosen translation strategies suffer considerable changes as the target audience of their texts varies between child and adult. The addressee of the translations thus becomes the determining factor for the writing of the target text, and there is a correspondence between the issues the Alice books have always raised and the difficulties found by translators in the definition of coherent strategies for their rewritings. In an attempt to answer these questions, we based our study on an analysis of several rewritings into Portuguese, and the confrontation with Carroll's original texts, in which word games, subversion of conventions and other linguistic devices are widely used and contribute decisively to the building of an ambivalent text - a text that can simultaneously belong to the literary systems of the adult and the child. The aim was, simultaneously, to try to analyze how norms, conventions and restrictions of various kinds have imposed on Portuguese translators, directing and constraining the production of their target texts.

Keywords: Descriptive Translation Studies, the Alice books, ambivalent text, rewriting.

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Introdução

Children's literature is an amorphous, ambiguous creature; its relationship to its audience is difficult; its relationship to the rest of the literature, problematic" (Hunt, 1992:1).

A natureza problemática da relação entre a literatura para crianças e o seu público-alvo, e entre o resto da literatura, é algo que só mais recentemente começou a ser discutido e estudado de um ponto de vista crítico. No entanto, parece razoável afirmar que os livros para crianças desde sempre obedeceram a critérios relativamente rigorosos, que são determinados pelos valores estéticos e morais predominantes numa dada sociedade num determinado período de tempo. Dentro destes critérios, a classificação de *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* e *Through the Looking Glass and What Alice Found There*¹ como literatura para crianças parece ter sido um processo relativamente consensual².

De facto, quando falamos de *Alice*, falamos geralmente de literatura para crianças. Ao nosso imaginário de criança pertencem as histórias de Alice e lembramo-nos, sobretudo, de ter visionado uma e outra vez o filme com a chancela Disney, que nos transportava a um mundo maravilhoso de canções e que nos apresentava uma menina aprumada, educada, e de traços claros.

¹ Doravante iremos utilizar títulos abreviados para estas obras: AW para *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* e TLG para *Through the Looking Glass and What Alice Found There*. Para nos referirmos ao conjunto das duas obras, utilizaremos a designação livros de Alice, ou simplesmente *Alice*.

² Todas as referências aos livros de *Alice* são retiradas de Gardner, Martin (ed), *The Annotated Alice – The Definite Edition*, (2000), London: The Penguin Press.

Mas se observarmos uma prateleira de uma qualquer livraria, e procurarmos por *Alice* em português, encontramos a história da Disney de que nos recordávamos, mas também, e para nossa surpresa, muitas outros livros de *Alice*, de variados tamanhos e formatos. Se, por um lado, será para nós natural que as encontremos catalogadas na literatura para crianças, por outro talvez nos pareça estranho encontrar *Alice* em coleções de clássicos.

Surge assim a vontade de tentar entender o que aconteceu ao longo da história da tradução de *Alice* em Portugal, o porquê de tantos e diferentes livros de *Alice*. Parte da resposta que procurávamos surgiu logo após a leitura do texto original. Mas não se revelou ser o suficiente.

Com efeito, um estudo mais aprofundado do processo de classificação de *Alice* demonstra que este não tem sido tão evidente como poderia à primeira vista parecer. Desde o momento da publicação dos textos originais tem havido alguma discussão sobre como se deverá classificar estas obras. Além disso, se analisarmos os livros de *Alice* à luz das características definidas para a literatura para crianças, percebemos que, se considerarmos as opções do autor ao nível linguístico e ao nível de valores morais e estéticos, não é possível classificar, sem margem para dúvidas, *Alice* como literatura para crianças.

Procedeu-se então à constituição do *corpus* deste estudo, através de pesquisas nas editoras e na catalogação da Biblioteca Nacional, e de visitas a alfarrabistas. Procurou-se encontrar todas as edições existentes, quer através da compra de exemplares ou, caso isso não fosse possível, através da aquisição de cópias dos textos originais.

Assim, após uma primeira leitura dos textos de chegada em português, torna-se desde logo evidente que a maioria dos textos portugueses que são claramente dirigidos a crianças são reescritas simplificadas, que sofreram inúmeras modificações para que se enquadrassem nas características definidas para esta literatura. Outras reescritas que procuram ser traduções integrais dos originais, revelam a natureza problemática dos textos de partida, pois as opções dos tradutores são muito diversas e por vezes até inconsistentes, e o seu público-alvo varia entre o jovem adolescente, o adulto, ou toda a família.

Os livros de *Alice* têm, de facto, sido alvo de diversas discussões, sob o prisma da apreciação psicanalítica ou da análise semântica. Têm sido interpretados de diversas formas, nas quais se incluem considerações filosóficas sobre o Tempo, uma alegoria da sociedade vitoriana, uma paródia à educação e moral da época. Coloca-se aqui uma primeira questão: **será que uma obra que se presta a tantas e diferentes interpretações pode ser classificada somente numa categoria, a da literatura para crianças?**

Após a referida leitura dos textos de chegada, parece-nos possível levantar hipóteses de trabalho para este estudo de caso: **será que a definição *a priori* destes textos traduzidos como literatura para crianças condiciona (se é que de facto o faz) o trabalho do tradutor? Esta definição advém de uma política editorial que resulta do facto de os livros de *Alice* terem sido canonizados como literatura para crianças (se é que, de facto, o foram)? Será que estas condicionantes resultam em opções de escolha idênticas para todos os textos?**

As reescritas parciais parecem à partida manipular mais livremente o texto original, pelo que também não parecem considerar relevante a

existência de notas de tradução. Será que isto corresponde à convenção de que **não se diz explicitamente que um texto é uma tradução quando o público-alvo é a criança? E será esta manipulação textual**, aliada por vezes a uma ausência de referências a quem traduziu ou adaptou e a datas de edição, **um sinal da posição periférica que a literatura para crianças (e a literatura traduzida) ocupa no polissistema literário?**

As traduções integrais parecem tratar o texto e a edição no seu conjunto de uma forma diferente. **Será que isto corresponde a diferentes opções de tradução ou continuará a definição do público-alvo a ser a grande condicionante das escolhas enfrentadas pelos tradutores? E será possível determinar quais os mecanismos de controlo interno e externo, de que fala Lefevere, que atuam sobre os livros de *Alice* em português?**

Estes parecem ser os principais problemas com que se defrontam os tradutores de *Alice* para português. As estratégias por si adotadas sofrem alterações consideráveis à medida que o público-alvo dos seus textos oscila entre a criança e o adulto. O destinatário das traduções torna-se, assim, no fator determinante na elaboração do texto de chegada, verificando-se uma correspondência entre a problemática que os livros de *Alice* desde sempre têm criado e as dificuldades encontradas pelos tradutores na definição de estratégias de tradução ao longo das suas reescritas.

Procurámos responder a estas questões a partir da análise das várias reescritas para a língua portuguesa, e do confronto com o(s) texto(s) original(ais) de Carroll, nos quais os jogos de palavras, a subversão das convenções e outros artifícios linguísticos são largamente utilizados e contribuem decisivamente para a construção de um texto ambivalente -

um texto que pode simultaneamente pertencer aos sistemas literários do adulto e da criança. O objetivo é também tentar analisar como normas, convenções e restrições de várias ordens se impõem ao tradutor português, direcionando e condicionando a produção do seu texto de chegada.

Este estudo implica, portanto, uma percepção da literatura como um sistema complexo e dinâmico (baseado nas premissas de Itamar Even-Zohar), uma aplicação deste modelo teórico a um estudo de caso (a tradução dos livros de *Alice* para português), para o que utilizaremos parte do modelo proposto por Lambert e van Gorp. Implica, igualmente, uma perspectiva fundamentalmente descritiva dos problemas dos Estudos de Tradução e da literatura traduzida, e uma tentativa de explicitação das normas e condicionantes que estão subjacentes à produção dos textos traduzidos e à sua receção, neste caso em relação com os textos originais e também com a literatura para crianças.

Por os Estudos Descritivos de Tradução representarem uma abordagem essencialmente orientada para o texto de chegada (*target-oriented*), não esqueceremos naturalmente os textos originais, mas o nosso estudo centrar-se-á fundamentalmente nos textos de chegada. Este trabalho é, portanto, o resultado de uma investigação que procura respostas às perguntas de partida, e que procura sobretudo clarificar onde, afinal, se situa *Alice*, e por isso organizámos os nossos dados e a nossa investigação sob a forma de uma história da tradução dos livros de *Alice* em Portugal.

O presente estudo encontra-se dividido em cinco capítulos. O primeiro capítulo é dedicado à revisão da literatura sobre os Estudos Descritivos de Tradução. O objetivo é o de encontrar um enquadramento teórico sobre os principais investigadores e conceitos desta área de estudo,

nomeadamente no que diz respeito à visão da tradução como um processo de decisão, à teoria dos polissistemas de Itamar Even Zohar, à *Manipulation School* de Theo Hermans, às normas de Gideon Toury, Christiane Nord e Andrew Chesterman, às reescritas de André Lefevere, à invisibilidade do tradutor de Lawrence Venuti. Neste capítulo explicamos mais detalhadamente o modelo proposto por José Lambert e van Gorp, por considerarmos que é o mais útil para utilizarmos na observação preliminar dos dados de que dispomos. Estes autores consideram uma metodologia detalhada para o estudo das traduções. Baseiam-se na definição de tradução como um processo de comunicação que ocorre dentro de um sistema de chegada, e que se relaciona com um processo semelhante que ocorre no sistema de partida. Não existe nenhuma classificação *a priori* de quais serão estas relações entre os dois sistemas, nem dentro de cada sistema em si. Esta metodologia pretende ajudar o investigador a descobrir quais os aspetos mais relevantes numa comunicação translatória num dado período de tempo e num dado sistema literário. O artigo inclui uma espécie de guia prático de procedimentos para a análise da tradução, propondo um número de etapas e *check-lists* sucessivas, que ajudam o investigador a relacionar e a descrever dados preliminares, aspetos estruturais do texto ao nível macro e micro, e contextos sistémicos mais alargados.

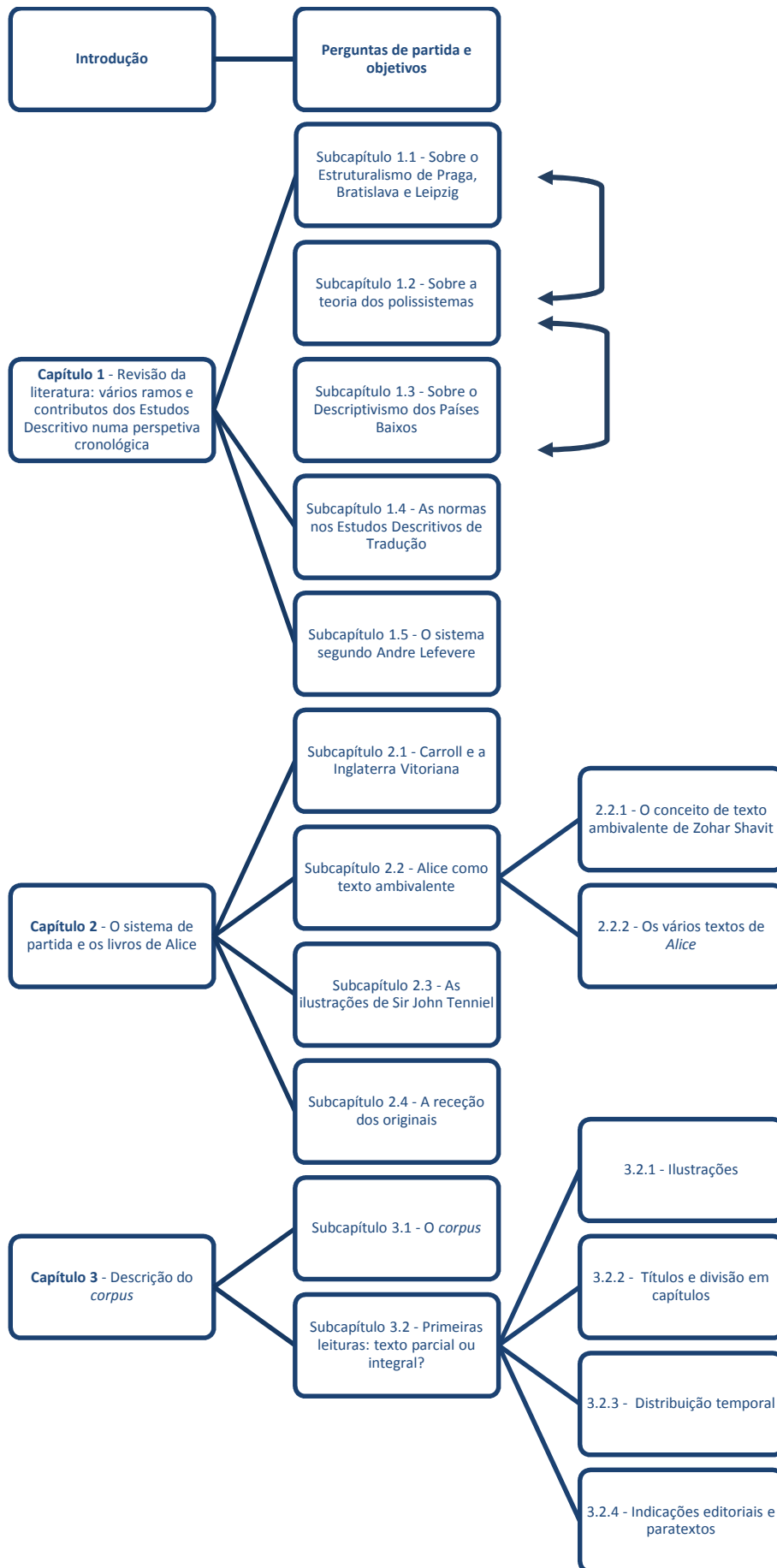
O segundo capítulo é dedicado aos textos originais de *Alice* e, sobretudo, ao seu contexto sistémico. Assim, procuramos enquadrar as obras na vida do autor e na época vitoriana em Inglaterra. Este capítulo explica mais detalhadamente o conceito de texto ambivalente de Zohar Shavit, que permite esclarecer grande parte das nossas questões de partida, ao definir como destinatário dos livros de *Alice* um público-alvo simultaneamente infantil e adulto. Para que este conceito fique mais claro e contextualizado, comparámos também os três

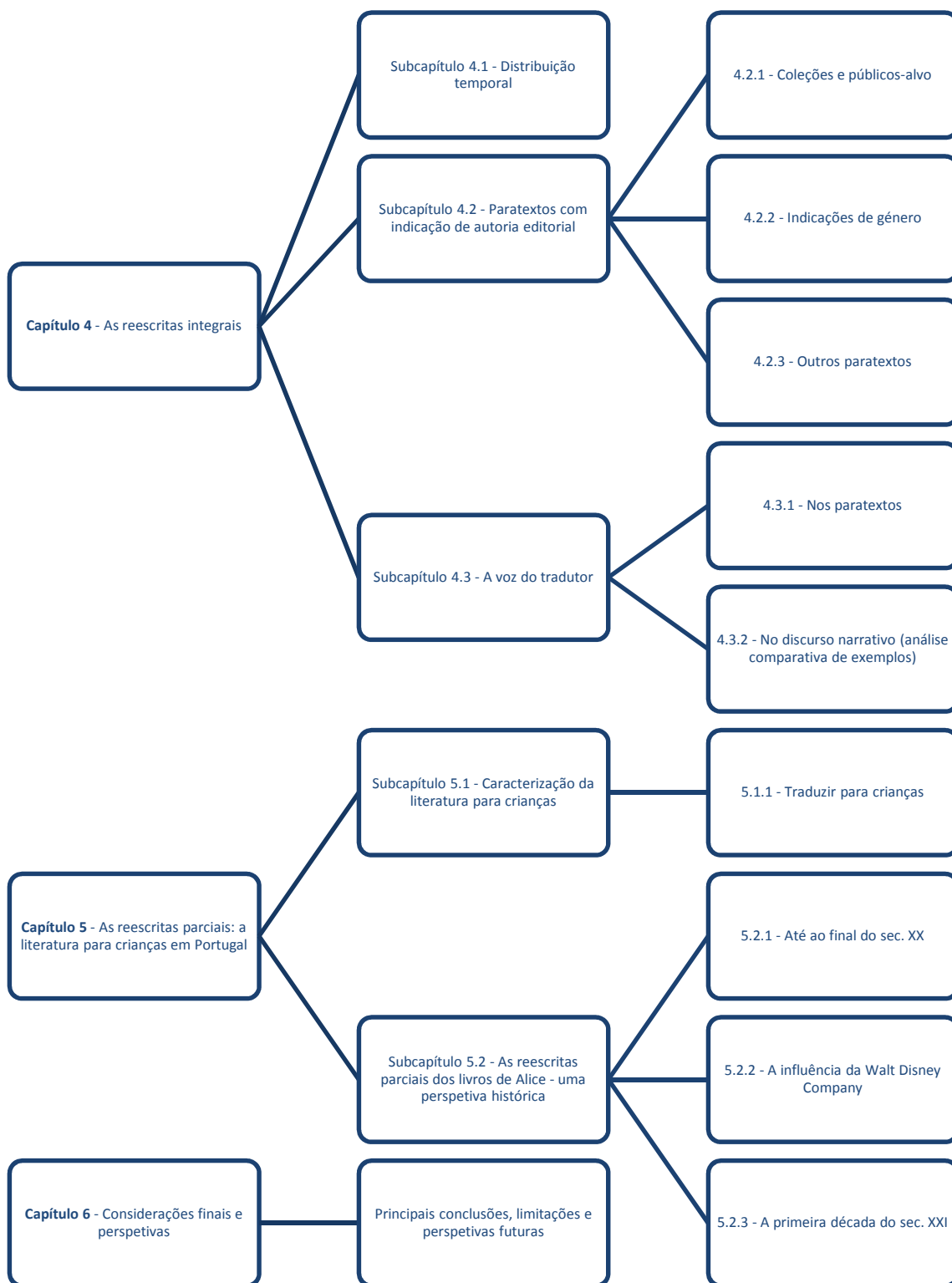
diferentes textos de *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* que Lewis Carroll escreveu, e transcrevemos alguma da crítica literária da época.

O terceiro capítulo dedica-se à descrição do *corpus*. Porque os nossos dados se traduzem em 92 edições de ambos os livros de *Alice*, dedicamos um capítulo à descrição destes textos, organizados por ordem cronológica. Desde logo que o modelo de Lambert e van Gorp, que descrevemos no primeiro capítulo, permite uma análise preliminar dos dados, o que dá origem a uma primeira grande classificação das reescritas em textos integrais (aos quais dedicámos o capítulo quatro) e parciais (aos quais dedicámos o capítulo cinco).

O capítulo quatro é, portanto, dedicado às traduções integrais. Procurámos aqui de alguma forma classificar ou agrupar, as reescritas existentes, por ordem cronológica, para que seja possível traçar um panorama editorial ao longo do tempo, e posteriormente integrar os dados em coleções, indicações de género e público-alvo. Empreendemos também uma descrição dos paratextos, procurando neles, e no corpo dos textos em questão, encontrar a voz do tradutor de que falam Theo Hermans e Emer O'Sullivan.

As traduções parciais representam cerca de 65 % do nosso *corpus* e são dirigidas às crianças. Por isso, o capítulo cinco inicia-se com a definição das características da literatura para crianças. As diferentes reescritas parciais estão aqui inseridas numa breve história da literatura para crianças em Portugal, na qual é possível verificar que os textos de chegada vão revelando características diferentes à medida que avançamos no tempo, pois muda também o contexto sistémico no qual estão inseridas. Parte deste capítulo é dedicado à influência da Walt Disney Company na produção e receção dos textos de *Alice* em Portugal. O nosso trabalho está, então, organizado da seguinte forma:





1 - Os Estudos Descritivos de Tradução: revisão da literatura

Em 1953, no ensaio “Modes of Translation”, John McFarlane preconizava já vários conceitos que mais tarde vieram a ser desenvolvidos nos Estudos de Tradução (por exemplo, no modelo funcional de Katarina Reiss) e vários pontos-chave do paradigma descritivo. A tradução envolve comunicação e é mais uma questão de atos de fala do que um conjunto de sistemas abstratos de linguagem. A noção de “translation is as translation does” (McFarlane, 1953:93) implica uma visão da tradução como um conceito relativo e histórico. O estudo da tradução torna-se assim numa tentativa de entender e explicar o que a tradução é e não o que ela deveria ser, mas nunca, de facto, é. Isto torna possível decidir o que está ao alcance do tradutor, e o que não está, considerando o meio linguístico, social e outros fatores contextuais. Com efeito, a investigação em tradução é, por natureza, interdisciplinar, e ainda que esta afirmação seja hoje um lugar-comum, quando McFarlane escreve em 1953, esta abordagem da tradução foi inovadora.

A partir dos anos 60 a tradução passa a ser encarada como um processo de comunicação e a literatura sobre equivalência é fundamentalmente normativa, tendo como objetivo fornecer ferramentas analíticas que permitam enquadrar a tradução. Também a noção de equivalência é alvo de sucessivos estudos teóricos que se complementam, contradizem e produzem alterações constantes na terminologia. Para o paradigma descritivo, trata-se essencialmente de traçar uma oposição entre a tradução que valoriza a equivalência pragmática (que é imediatamente acessível ao leitor) e a que valoriza a equivalência formal, que tem como objetivo a domesticação³ de características linguísticas e culturais do universo do discurso da

³ *Domestication e foreignization*, terminologia de Lawrence Venuti.

cultura de partida para a cultura de chegada. Exemplos deste debate sobre equivalência são os trabalhos de Eugene Nida e o seu conceito amplamente divulgado e estudado de equivalência dinâmica⁴ e o estudo de Catford⁵ sobre os inevitáveis desvios (*shifts*) que ocorrem no processo translatório que privilegia a equivalência.

Nos Estudos de Tradução, a partir dos anos 70, começa a delinear-se uma abordagem que passou a ser designada por descritiva. É assim denominada pela sua oposição consciente aos chamados estudos prescritivos de tradução, e, de um modo geral, o seu objeto de estudo é a tradução como ela existe, no presente e no passado, como parte integrante de uma história cultural (Hermans, 1999:7-9). Os Estudos Descritivos possibilitam um conhecimento do texto traduzido, nomeadamente no que diz respeito às escolhas do tradutor, mas devem servir um propósito mais global: o de tentar responder de uma forma mais abrangente às questões de partida do investigador.

Na mesma altura, e igualmente numa perspetiva descritiva, Itamar Even-Zohar desenvolve a sua teoria dos polissistemas, contribuindo com uma abordagem essencialmente sistémica para os Estudos Literários em geral e para os Estudos de Tradução em particular.

Iremos também encontrar a designação “Manipulation School” associada aos Estudos Descritivos. Esta designação deriva de uma coletânea de ensaios denominada *The Manipulation of Literature* (título sugerido por André Lefevere), cuja introdução escrita por Theo Hermans se tornou num dos textos mais citados para explicar uma visão da literatura como um sistema complexo e dinâmico; a convicção

⁴ (1964) *Toward a Science of Translating*, Leiden: E.J. Brill.

⁵ (1965) *A Linguistic Theory of Translation: An Essay in Applied Linguistics*, Oxford: Oxford University Press.

de que deve existir uma interação contínua entre teoria e prática, numa perspectiva sistêmica, funcional, orientada para o texto de chegada (*target-oriented*) e descritiva. Hermans explica ainda que o estudo da tradução se deve centrar nas normas e nas condicionantes que estão presentes nos processos de produção e recepção, na relação entre a tradução e outros processos de reescrita, e no papel da tradução numa literatura e entre literaturas (Hermans, 1985: 10-11).

Em *Exploring Translation Studies* (2010), Anthony Pym explica os vários ramos e contributos dos Estudos Descritivos de Tradução, a partir do que denomina a "genealogia intelectual do paradigma descritivo". As primeiras ideias base podem ser encontradas nos trabalhos dos Formalistas Russos e foram depois desenvolvidas através de três percursos distintos, mas que a dado momento se sobrepõem no tempo. Quando os investigadores de cada um destes três ramos se encontram e discutem os seus projetos, os Estudos de Tradução começam a ganhar a forma de uma disciplina académica. Estes três ramos são o estruturalismo de Praga, Bratislava e Leipzig, com os trabalhos de Roman Jakobson, Jiri Levý, Anton Popovic, Albrecht Neubert e Christina Schäffner; a teoria do polissistemas, com Itamar Even-Zohar; e o Descriptivismo dos Países Baixos, com James Holmes, José Lambert, Raymond van den Broeck, André Lefevere e Theo Hermans.

1.1 - Sobre o Estruturalismo de Praga, Bratislava e Leipzig

Jiri Levý é um dos investigadores mais estudados neste ramo dos Estudos Descritivos. O seu importante contributo tem como exemplo o livro *Die literarische Übersetzung* (Frankfurt: Anthenäu, tradução alemã do original de 1963, em língua checa). As suas ideias opunham-se à natureza pouco sistematizada e ensaística da maior parte do trabalho sobre tradução literária do seu tempo, e também à abordagem

linguística que tratava a tradução simplesmente em termos de diferenças entre sistemas linguísticos. Levý chama a atenção para o papel do tradutor enquanto agente histórico e social, para a tradução como expressão das diferenças nas poéticas de tradição nacional ou períodos literários, e para os métodos de tradução como resultados de dadas normas e atitudes face à tradução. Por isso, cada tradução tem que ser vista em contexto. A compreensão da tradução literária deve ser enquadrada nas convenções estéticas vigentes, nos trabalhos originais de literatura e no desenvolvimento histórico da crítica da tradução: a tradução reflete, portanto, o texto original e o *input* do tradutor.

Em 1967, Levý publica o seu ensaio mais divulgado, “Translation as a Decision Process”, no qual descreve a tradução como uma série de passos (*moves*), e cada um deles envolve uma escolha de entre um leque de alternativas possíveis. Mas os termos à escolha do tradutor não são equivalentes, pois não têm exatamente o mesmo significado; a escolha não é feita ao acaso pois depende dos padrões estéticos do tradutor. Cada escolha que é levada a cabo no eixo paradigmático torna-se parte das condicionantes para fazer a escolha seguinte – o processo tem assim, também, um aspeto sintagmático. Por isto, quando estudamos traduções, só podemos ver o resultado das escolhas do tradutor: os motivos que levaram a essas escolhas podem apenas ser inferidos. No início do referido artigo, Levý define estes conceitos claramente:

From the theological point of view, translation is a process of communication: the objective of translating is to impart the knowledge of the original to the foreign text. From the point of view of the working situation of the translator at any moment of his work (that is from the pragmatic point of view), translating is a decision

process: a series of a certain number of consecutive situations – moves, as in a game - situations imposing on the translator the necessity of choosing among a certain (and very often exactly definable) number of alternatives (1967:149).

A ideia da tradução como um processo de decisão, tal como Levý a formula, tem as suas bases na denominada *game theory*, inicialmente desenvolvida pelo matemático John von Neumann. O que Levý sugere é, no fundo, a aplicação da chamada *minimax strategy* – a tradução é um processo simultâneo de interpretação e criação e, como todos os processos semióticos, tem uma dimensão pragmática. O tradutor opta pela solução que possibilita o máximo de efeito com o mínimo de esforço (Levý, 1967:156). Levý refere o problema translatório como uma ‘situação’, definindo seguidamente dois tipos de instruções que permitem lidar com estas situações: as instruções ‘definicionais’ (*definitional instructions*), que são as instruções semânticas que definem o paradigma, isto é, a classe das possíveis soluções para um problema. O segundo tipo de instrução é seletiva, pois direciona a escolha para uma das alternativas possíveis, o que, obviamente, depende essencialmente do contexto. Os elementos que constituem o paradigma não são completamente equivalentes (pois isso tornaria o processo de escolha impossível), mas diferem em questões, por exemplo, de registo, conotação ou extensão semântica. O conjunto de tomadas de decisão do tradutor evidencia a estratégia de tradução por ele escolhida, e assim o tradutor é, antes de mais, também um leitor (o que também implica questões de hermenêutica, que não iremos abordar). Cada passo é influenciado pelas decisões anteriores e pela situação que resultou dessas mesmas decisões. Isto tornar-se-á particularmente evidente na descrição de alguns textos do *corpus* deste trabalho, que empreendemos a partir do capítulo três, uma vez que muitos destes textos de chegada derivam do que Gideon Toury chama

mediating translations, textos que, antes de traduzidos, são claramente alvo de uma interpretação que implica, antes de mais, uma estratégia de leitura antes da escrita. Toury vem afirmar a legitimidade destes textos intermédios como textos de direito próprio, pois são igualmente representativos de uma determinada poética, e também eles deverão ser vistos como originais, ou textos de partida, que serão posteriormente alvo de uma estratégia de tradução:

A [mediating] translation can easily function as a proper source [and] this text should be compared to the target one which is found to have proceeded from it (Toury, 1995:75).

No nosso *corpus* encontramos textos que podemos classificar como *mediating translations*, que serão considerados da mesma forma que outras reescritas do texto original. Não será possível, no entanto, identificar claramente o texto que lhes deu origem, pois trata-se sobretudo de reescritas cujo destinatário é a criança e, talvez por isso, as indicações editoriais não incluem esse tipo de informação.

No processo de decisão do tradutor é ainda importante distinguir entre macrotexto e microtexto. Para as tomadas de decisão ao nível do macrotexto, o tradutor precisa de uma estratégia que englobe a totalidade do texto, de modo a evitar inconsistências ao longo do seu trabalho, pois pode haver diferenças na perceção do texto por parte dos seus intervenientes – o emissor do texto de partida, o tradutor e o destinatário do texto de chegada. Ao nível do microtexto, os problemas são de mais difícil resolução, pois englobam questões de ironia, jogos de palavras, ambiguidade semântica, estratégias de retórica ou metáforas. Também Lambert e van Gorp (1985) utilizarão a ideia da análise de características estruturais, ao nível macro e micro, como parte integrante das diversas fases do processo descritivo da tradução.

Nas teorias funcionalistas, Katharina Reiss apresenta uma metodologia que se aplica sobretudo a textos que, na sua própria terminologia, são sobretudo informativos: documentos oficiais, manuais de instruções e relatórios, por exemplo (1981:161). No desenvolvimento teórico desta metodologia considera igualmente a tradução como um processo de comunicação (mas uma comunicação de tipo secundário, uma vez que o tradutor se apresenta como um *medium*, a *secondary sender*) (1981:160) e que por isso acontecem alterações no entendimento que temos de um dado texto. Além disso, não é possível haver certezas sobre a intenção inicial do autor, o texto tem que verbalizar aspetos não-verbais (gestos, tons de voz, etc), a língua é um fenómeno cultural e temporal e os contextos e o público-alvo podem variar. Reiss dá o exemplo de *Gulliver's Travels* (1981:161): inicialmente escrito como uma sátira aos males da sociedade da época, só é assim entendida nos dias de hoje pelos estudiosos desse período da literatura. Para o comum leitor atual, trata-se meramente de uma fantástica história de aventuras. Um processo semelhante acontece em relação aos livros de *Alice*, como veremos.

Assim, se há diferenças entre a função do original e a função da tradução, a questão de partida também se altera: já não se trata de responder à questão “para que fim e para quem foi este texto escrito?”, mas sim “para que fim e para quem é este texto traduzido?” (Reiss, 1981:170). Esta abordagem põe então em evidência a função do texto de chegada como o fator mais importante a ter em conta pelo tradutor, e que condicionará as suas escolhas e tomadas de decisão. Esta é a *Skopostheorie* desenvolvida inicialmente por Hans Vermeer em 1978, e posteriormente detalhada em coautoria com Katharina Reiss (em (1984) *Grundlegung einer allgemeinen Translationstheorie*, Tübingen: Niemeyer), que nos diz que se o texto de chegada tem a intenção de preencher a mesma função que o texto de partida pode eventualmente

haver uma coerência intertextual ou fidelidade entre os dois textos. Mas se o objetivo do texto de chegada exige uma mudança da função do texto de partida, o que se obtém já não é a intertextualidade, mas a adequação ao objetivo do texto de partida, isto é, a procura da fidelidade submete-se sempre à regra de *skopos*. *Skopos* é, portanto, uma intenção complexa, cuja realização textual pode divergir amplamente do texto de partida, para que seja possível chegar a um dado conjunto de leitores na cultura de chegada. O êxito da tradução depende então da coerência do texto em relação à situação dos seus leitores-alvo:

Every translation is directed at an intended audience, since to translate means to produce a target text in a target setting for a target purpose and target addressees in target circumstances (Vermeer, cit em Nord, 1997:129).

Para além disso, o significado de um texto é relevante em função do seu recetor. Leitores-alvo diferentes, ou até um mesmo leitor em alturas diferentes, atribuirão diferentes significados ao mesmo material linguístico que constitui o texto de partida (sendo que a língua é parte da cultura, portanto a tradução é um processo cultural e não apenas linguístico). Podemos até acrescentar que “a text is as many texts as there are receivers” (Nord, 1997:31).

O objetivo de dada tradução é normalmente fixado por quem encomendou a tarefa ao tradutor, e este não tem, por vezes, a liberdade de escolher a função que deseja, mesmo que esta seja coincidente com a do seu cliente. As decisões tomadas baseiam-se sempre no que as culturas envolvidas no processo consideram formas legítimas ou, pelo contrário, impossíveis. O leitor do texto traduzido lê apenas esse texto e não o compara com o texto de partida, tendo assim que acreditar que o

trabalho do tradutor foi desenvolvido com base no conceito tradicional de tradução. A esta responsabilidade do tradutor chama Christiane Nord *lealdade*: “a moral principle indispensable in the relationships between human beings who are partners in a communication process” (1991:94). Este processo de comunicação acontece tendo também em consideração as normas e convenções vigentes nas culturas em questão.

1.2 - Sobre a teoria dos polissistemas

O conceito de polissistema tem vindo a ser profusamente debatido e estudado desde os anos 70. Trata-se de um modelo que ajuda a entender, analisar e descrever o funcionamento e evolução dos sistemas literários e completa os Estudos Descritivos. Isto porque, para se entender plenamente um determinado fenómeno literário, as ferramentas descritivas são fundamentais mas por vezes incompletas, pois a descrição deve servir um propósito explicativo, que muitas vezes só se consegue se os textos em questão forem colocados em contexto.

Poder-se-á certamente estudar um único texto traduzido ou um único tradutor, mas uma análise mais completa significa termos em consideração o facto de que essa tradução ou esse tradutor têm ligações com outras traduções e tradutores (Lambert e van Gorp, 1985:51). Desta mesma premissa parte Itamar Even-Zohar quando constrói a sua teoria dos polissistemas.

Itamar Even-Zohar é um investigador de Tel Aviv que, no início dos anos 70, desenvolveu este modelo com base no seu trabalho sobre literatura hebraica. As suas raízes estão nos escritos dos Formalistas Russos, sendo que:

The driving force of literary evolution, in the Formalist concept, lies in its constant urge to replace the familiar with the unfamiliar, the traditional with the innovative. The literary series thus possesses its own momentum and obeys its autonomous laws. And just as individual works and genres are structured wholes, literature in its entirety is a hierarchically organized, self-renewing whole (Hermans, 1999:104).

A teoria dos polissistemas de Even-Zohar deve muito aos trabalhos de Yuri Tynjanov. Para este último, o que designamos por “obra literária” representa um aglomerado de características cujo valor deriva das suas inter-relações com outros elementos da rede, isto é, do sistema. Este termo, originalmente definido por Tynjanov em 1929⁶, foi usado para significar uma estrutura constituída por várias camadas de elementos que se relacionam e interagem uns com os outros. Enquanto conceito, é suficientemente flexível para que Even-Zohar o usasse para tentar resolver alguns problemas da sua investigação em teoria da tradução e na estrutura histórica da literatura hebraica. O objetivo é o de tentar encontrar as leis que governam a diversidade e complexidade dos fenómenos em vez de somente registar e classificar esses fenómenos (Hermans, 1999:103-104).

O sistema está em constante mudança e, por isso, os fenómenos literários têm que ser estudados de uma forma relacional, tanto a nível diacrónico como sincrónico. Cada um destes eixos considerados separadamente é também um sistema. Um sistema semiótico deve assim ser concebido como uma estrutura heterogénea e aberta. Como tal, raramente estamos em presença de um só sistema, mas sim de um polissistema, isto é:

⁶ Segundo Shuttleworth, Mark (2001) “Polysystem Theory”, in Baker, Mona (ed) *Routledge Encyclopedia of Translation Studies*, London and New York: Routledge, p. 178.

(...) a system of various systems which intersect with each other and partly overlap, using concurrently different options, yet functioning as one structured whole, whose members are interdependent (Even-Zohar, 1990:11).

Even-Zohar explica também que o termo sistema seria igualmente adequado, mas que sentiu a necessidade de criar uma nova designação uma vez que “established terms tend to preserve older notions” (1990:12).

Aquilo que é distinto numa obra, período, gênero ou literatura, só pode ser determinado num contexto relacional. Um sistema literário pode ser concebido como tendo um centro dominante, prestigiado e canônico que, ao longo do tempo, cede o seu lugar central a formas que vêm da periferia do sistema. Esta oposição centro/periferia é, aliás, um dos conceitos-chave de Even-Zohar.

Para Even Zohar a teoria dos polissistemas faz parte de uma corrente de pensamento mais vasta, que designa por funcionalismo dinâmico, e que enfatiza a complexidade e flexibilidade dos sistemas culturais inseridos num *continuum* histórico. O autor considera este conceito como oposto à linguística de Saussure, pois esta última apresenta-se-lhe estática e um obstáculo para a descoberta de como a linguagem difere em vários períodos no tempo (1990: 10).

A ideia principal da teoria dos polissistemas (como de todas as teorias de sistemas) é relacional. Os elementos que a compõem são sempre encarados em relação a outros elementos e o seu valor é atribuído de acordo com a posição que ocupam na rede. Neste sentido, estas teorias são funcionalistas. São também construtivistas, na medida em que reconhecem que a rede e as relações dentro da rede acontecem se o

investigador partir do pressuposto que há, de facto, uma rede. Even-Zohar descreve o conceito de sistema como:

The complex of activities, or any section thereof, for which systemic relations can be hypothesized to support the option of considering them “literary” (1990:27-8).

As ferramentas que o investigador vai utilizar para observar o funcionamento do sistema consistem em oposições binárias que assentam nas teorias Formalistas. São particularmente úteis as oposições entre formas canónicas e não-canónicas⁷, e centro e periferia do sistema, sendo o centro do sistema um lugar de poder, mais forte, mais organizado e constituído pelo repertório canónico e mais prestigiado. Os diferentes estratos e subdivisões que constituem o polissistema estão constantemente a competir entre si pela posição dominante. Ainda que algumas formas tendam a permanecer na periferia, os estímulos que dão às formas canonizadas que ocupam o centro é um dos principais fatores que determina a evolução do polissistema. Isto inclui textos que tradicionalmente não faziam parte do objeto dos estudos literários, como a literatura para crianças e a literatura traduzida. Esta é, por isso, uma abordagem não prescritiva e sem juízos de valor *a priori*, pois estes muitas vezes atuam como critério para a seleção dos objetos de estudo. Para Even-Zohar, a evolução literária não é impelida por um objetivo específico, mas acontece como consequência de uma inevitável competição gerada por esse estado de heterogeneidade (1990:15).

⁷ Sendo que formas canónicas são definidas como: “those literary norms and works which are accepted as legitimate by the dominant circles within a culture and whose conspicuous products are preserved by the community to become part of its historical heritage”. As formas não-canónicas são: “those norms and texts which are rejected by these circles as illegitimate and whose products are often forgotten in the long run by the community” (Even-Zohar, 1990:15).

Os polissistemas podem servir para estudar fenómenos existentes a vários níveis. Por exemplo, o sistema de uma dada literatura nacional é um dos elementos que faz parte de um sistema social mais amplo, que por sua vez engloba outros sistemas para além do literário, como o artístico e o religioso. Ao ser colocada num contexto, a literatura passa a ser vista não como uma coleção de textos, mas como uma série de fatores que governam a produção, promoção e receção desses mesmos textos.

Apesar de Even-Zohar enfatizar o facto de a sua teoria não apresentar juízos de valor, as suas referências à literatura traduzida como podendo ser mais nova ou mais fraca têm gerado contestação, nomeadamente por Theo Hermans e Susan Bassnett, precisamente por, na sua opinião, implicarem um juízo moral. De qualquer forma, a teoria dos polissistemas veio beneficiar a investigação nos Estudos de Tradução, pois coloca-a num campo cultural muito mais abrangente. Mesmo tendo em conta que este conceito opera sobretudo a um nível teórico, tem o mérito de chamar a atenção para questões práticas, sendo um meio de ligar as traduções a um sem número de outros fatores, para além do texto de partida. A teoria dos polissistemas permite integrar a tradução em práticas e processos socioculturais, abrindo caminho para o que se viria a designar por *the cultural turn* nos Estudos de Tradução.

Tal como Toury, também Even-Zohar procura leis e princípios universais que são, por vezes problemáticos, por exemplo, as suas leis de interferência literária (1990:53-72). É um facto que a abordagem sistémica permite que alguns textos que até então tinham sido negligenciados sejam notados e estudados. A teoria dos polissistemas opera segundo um padrão de oposições binárias, formando-se um padrão de sistemas altamente estruturados. Isto pode tornar-se

reduzidor, na medida em que poderá ser difícil reconhecer seja o que for que esteja fora dessa estrutura binária. Ao desenvolver a sua teoria dos polissistemas, Even-Zohar constrói as diversas categorias sempre através de uma oposição. Por exemplo, formas canônicas *versus* não canônicas; estático *versus* dinâmico; tipos primários de texto *versus* tipos secundários (1990). A investigação em tradução que trabalha com o modelo dos polissistemas pode, então, eventualmente, deixar de lado o que é ambivalente ou instável, pois opera em termos mutuamente exclusivos.

Toury também propôs uma análise binária da tradução, na qual uma determinada solução translatória corresponderia a um dado problema de tradução encontrado no texto de partida. Ou seja, as relações de tradução podem ser estabelecidas tendo por base pares de problema+solução:

Within the descriptive Framework, a target 'solution' does not merely *imply* a corresponding source 'problem'. Rather, the two are *mutually* established in the course of the comparative analysis. They inevitably present themselves as a *coupled pair* (1985:25).

Even Zohar virá a alterar a base da sua investigação da tradução para o papel desempenhado pela cultura (da qual a literatura faz naturalmente parte) no estabelecimento e manutenção de entidades, pelas ligações que se estabelecem e difundem através do que designa por *culture repertoire* (2008:277). Estes e outros conceitos têm vindo a ser utilizados, nomeadamente por Nam Chang (2008:135-148) para revitalizar a teoria dos polissistemas e providenciar uma explicação mais detalhada a algumas das hipóteses inicialmente formuladas por Even-Zohar (que a literatura traduzida tende a ocupar uma posição periférica no polissistema literário, e a tradução tende para a aceitação

quando se encontra na periferia e para a adequação quando está no centro).

1.2.1 - Teoria de sistemas e tradução

O conceito de polissistema foi inicialmente concebido para resolver um certo número de problemas relacionados com a tradução, gerando discussão em torno de, essencialmente, dois aspetos:

a) O papel desempenhado pela literatura traduzida num dado sistema literário;

b) As implicações da teoria dos polissistemas para os Estudos de Tradução em geral.

Verificamos muitas vezes que a literatura traduzida ocupa uma posição periférica no sistema. Todavia, não é possível generalizar. Even-Zohar identifica várias situações (ou circunstâncias) em que a literatura traduzida pode ocupar uma posição mais central, nomeadamente se se tratar de uma literatura jovem, que se encontra em fase de estabilização no polissistema ou se a literatura original do sistema é “fraca”. Em momentos de viragem ou evolução brusca do sistema, novas ideias que substituem os modelos mais antigos chegam, muitas vezes, pela via da tradução (1990:27-8).

A literatura traduzida pode ter vários papéis a desempenhar no polissistema de chegada. Isto quer também dizer que a prática da tradução é muitas vezes ditada pela posição que a literatura traduzida ocupa nessa altura no polissistema. Ou seja:

(...) not only is the socio-literary status of translation dependent upon its position within the polysystem, but the very practice of translation is also strongly subordinated to that position. And even

the question of what is a translated work cannot be answered a priori in terms of a a-historical out-of-context idealized state: it must be determined on the grounds of the operations governing the polysystem. Seen from this point of view, translation is no longer a phenomenon whose nature and borders are given once and for all, but an activity dependent on the relations within a certain cultural system (Even-Zohar, 1990:51).

Esta nova visão leva a uma redefinição do conceito de tradução. O trabalho de Even-Zohar sugere que as questões colocadas até então não terão sido as mais corretas, e que o objetivo deverá ser uma nova definição da disciplina, tendo em conta que o processo de tradução é levado a cabo dentro de parâmetros que são ditados pelos modelos que estão na altura a operar dentro do polissistema literário. Em vez de limitarmos a discussão à natureza da equivalência que existe entre texto de partida e texto de chegada, a investigação pode agora encarar o texto traduzido como uma entidade de direito próprio, que existe no polissistema de chegada:

Translated texts cease to be viewed as isolated phenomena, but are rather thought of as manifestations of general translation 'procedures' which are determined by the conditions currently prevalent in the target polysystem (Even-Zohar, 1990:74-5).

Esta questão tem ainda a ver com o facto de a tradução poder ser explicitamente apresentada como tal (visível) ou ser apresentada como um original (invisível)⁸, o que explica que a maioria dos leitores não tenha consciência de que existe um texto original escrito numa língua que para si é estrangeira:

⁸ Terminologia de Lawrence Venuti.

A translated text (...) is judged acceptable by most publishers, reviewers, and readers when it reads fluently, when the absence of any linguistic or stylistic peculiarities makes it seem transparent, giving the appearance that it reflects the foreign writer's personality or intention or the essential meaning of the foreign text. (...) The more fluent the translation, the more invisible the translator, and, presumably, the more visible the writer or meaning of the foreign text (Venuti, 2002:1-2).

Isto acontece com frequência na literatura para crianças: o texto traduzido cria, por vezes, uma espécie de imagem da sua fonte, imagem essa que é, evidentemente, sempre manipulada (domesticada). Trata-se de uma forma de reescrita⁹ que tem o poder de muitas vezes, pura e simplesmente substituir o original – para muitas crianças, a história de *Alice* que lhes é contada pelos livros e filmes da Disney transformou-se no original de *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. Por outro lado, grande parte das traduções integrais do *corpus* deste estudo privilegiam a estrangeirização, como veremos.

Even-Zohar diz-nos que a tradução tem um papel a desempenhar nos sistemas culturais. Esta constitui um sistema dentro do polissistema literário, com o seu centro e periferia, com os seus modelos inovadores e conservadores. A tradução é, assim, essencialmente uma interferência, o que Even-Zohar formula do seguinte modo:

In a target system B, either within the same polysystem or in a different polysystem – depending on whether it is stable or in crisis, and whether it is strong or weak, *vis-à-vis* a source system A - a target text b will be produced according to transfer procedures plus the constraints imposed upon them by the intra-target-polysystem

⁹ Terminologia de André Lefevere.

relations, both governing and governed by the target-polysystem repertoire of existing and non-existing functions (1990:78).

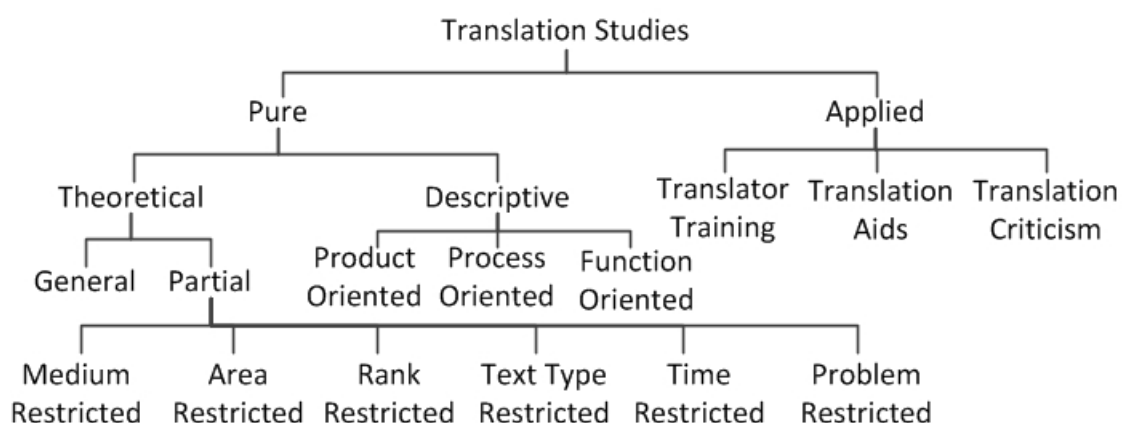
O modelo proposto por Toury, baseado no conceito de norma (que, por sua vez, deriva da sociolinguística e das ciências sociais) é uma extensão da teoria dos polissistemas de Even-Zohar. Ambos assumem que as traduções não funcionam como textos totalmente independentes e que, de uma maneira ou de outra, pertencem a uma dada envolvente cultural/literária.

Muitas vezes a tradução é um tipo de comunicação que aponta para um outro processo de comunicação que aconteceu numa outra língua. Isto quer dizer que de alguma forma houve uma “equivalência”, conceito de difícil definição ou aplicação prática. Este conceito, no entanto, é essencial para descrever a posição da literatura traduzida: as normas, os modelos e as estratégias empregues numa dada tradução não podem ser compreendidas sem que essa tradução seja inserida num contexto cultural dominante ou periférico. Assim, o estudo da tradução literária é também o estudo das normas, modelos e valores que prevalecem numa dada sociedade num dado momento. Voltamos a estes conceitos no ponto 1.4.

1.3 - Sobre o Descritivismo dos Países Baixos

James Holmes partilha da visão da tradução literária como metaliteratura. Ao considerar a relação entre o texto traduzido e a sua fonte, Holmes elabora sobre a ideia de Levý da tradução como processo de decisão, argumentando que o procedimento do tradutor é feito em série, pois a uma tomada de decisão segue-se outra, à medida que se trabalha o texto de partida. É também um processo estrutural, que se baseia num mapa mental do texto de chegada que se perspetiva. O

tradutor trabalha sobre uma base onde se interligam fatores como a linguagem, a tradição literária e a situação sociocultural. A combinação destes diversos eixos e níveis gera ferramentas descritivas altamente flexíveis e complexas, que Holmes explicita através de diagramas em *Translated!*, publicado em 1988. Esta obra inclui o conhecido ensaio “The Name and Nature of Translation Studies”, no qual se discute o estatuto e a posição dos Estudos de Tradução enquanto disciplina. Discute-se também o problema da designação “translation studies” e do seu objeto de estudo, concluindo-se que se trata de uma disciplina marcadamente empírica (1988:71). Esta disciplina tem dois grandes objetivos: descrever os fenômenos de traduzir e da tradução tal como eles se apresentam e manifestam e estabelecer princípios gerais que permitam explicar e prever esses fenômenos. Estes objetivos traduzem-se em dois ramos para os Estudos de Tradução, respectivamente o descritivo e o teórico (1988:72). Mais tarde, no ensaio “Translational Norms and Correct Translations”, Theo Hermans introduz um terceiro ramo para os Estudos de Tradução, que denomina Estudos de Tradução aplicados e que, como o nome sugere, se destina a aplicações práticas tais como a formação de tradutores (in van Leuven-Zwart, Kitty and Ton Naaijken (eds), 1991, pp. 155-169):



Na opinião de James Holmes, os Estudos Descritivos são os que permitem manter um maior contacto com os aspetos empíricos da tradução, e distingue entre *product-oriented*, *function oriented* e *process-oriented descriptive translation studies* (1988:71-72). O primeiro tipo tem a ver com a descrição de traduções individuais, ou seja, centra-se no texto. O segundo, tem como objetivo entender qual a função que os textos traduzidos desempenham na situação sociocultural de chegada. O terceiro interessa-se sobretudo pelo processo de tradução, isto é, a forma como a mente do tradutor processa o texto enquanto se dá o processo de reescrita. Este objetivo é, de facto, muito difícil de alcançar. No fundo, o que está em jogo são as relações entre a teoria e a investigação descritiva:

A theory deprived of its descriptive component is a vain and sterile enterprise, as the two have to be seen as complementary components, with empirical descriptive research having to test the validity of translation theory (Delabastita, Dirk, D'hulst, Lieven, Meylaerts, Reine (eds) (2006:xiv, introduction).

Noutro ensaio, de 1977,¹⁰ igualmente incluído em *Translated!*, o autor explicita que para cada um destes ramos é necessária uma teoria do processo, do produto e da função da tradução, às quais se acrescenta uma teoria da didática da tradução, que denomina sociologia da tradução (1988:95). Holmes defende ainda que a investigação em Estudos Descritivos deve ser levada a cabo através de testes e verificação de hipóteses previamente estabelecidas, em situações devidamente controladas (1988:97). Em “The Name and Nature of Translated Studies”, Holmes já havia explicado esta metodologia de trabalho, através do estabelecimento dos três tipos de Estudos

¹⁰ Trata-se de “Translation Theory, Translation Theories, Translation Studies and the Translator”, pp. 93-98.

Descritivos de Tradução referidos, orientados para o produto, para a função ou para o processo (1988:72).

Os estudos de James Holmes viriam a ser particularmente influentes para um novo ponto de vista nos Estudos de Tradução, sobretudo para os Estudos Descritivos. Num simpósio em sua homenagem, Mary Snell-Hornby salienta justamente a relevância desses estudos:

We are now rather concerned with a constellation of assessment, with a process of decision making and with creating strategies, as determined by the purpose of the translation and its specific situation, and there is now more linking us to Holmes' s concept of translation studies than his essays would have us believe (1991:18).

Nos anos 70 uma nova abordagem começa a delinear-se. Os três ramos e os seus autores encontram-se na conferência de Bratislava e começam a produzir investigação conjunta. Como já referimos, é particularmente importante a introdução de Theo Hermans a *The Manipulation of Literature* de 1985, na qual se anuncia um novo paradigma, que opera, simultaneamente, numa base de uma teoria abrangente e de uma investigação prática. Esta abordagem foi elaborada por um grupo de investigadores que partilham de uma mesma visão da tradução:

What they have in common is, briefly, a view of translation as a complex and dynamic system; a conviction that there should be a continual interplay between theoretical models and practical case studies; an approach to literary translation which is descriptive, target-oriented, functional and systemic; and an interest in the norms and constraints that govern the production and reception of translations, in the relations between translation and other types of

text processing, and in the place and role of translation both within a given literature and in the interaction between literatures (Hermans, 1985:10-11).

É nesta visão que se baseia o estudo que empreendemos neste trabalho.

1.3.1 – Modelos práticos: Lambert e van Gorp

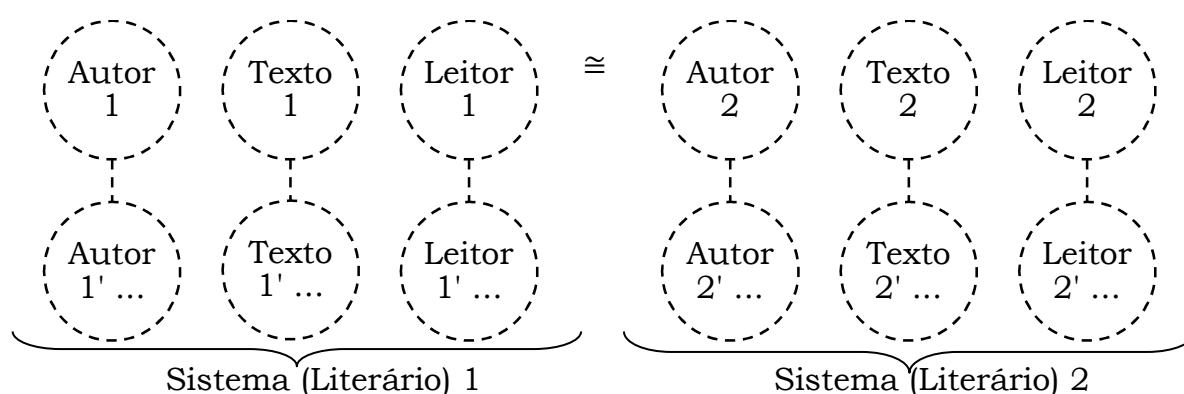
Os investigadores em tradução deparam-se por vezes com o problema de enfrentarem um texto de partida e uma ou várias traduções do mesmo. Interrogam-se então sobre o que dizer a propósito das relações que se estabelecem entre os textos e para responder a estas questões têm sido levadas a cabo várias tentativas. Uma delas é o modelo criado por Gideon Toury em *In Search of a Theory of Translation* (1980). O próprio Toury abandonará mais tarde este modelo em *Descriptive Translation Studies and Beyond* (1995). Toury mostra como a ênfase no texto de chegada transforma o conceito de equivalência. A ideia de que a tradução deve ser adequada em relação ao texto de partida torna-se de aplicação impossível, não só porque há sempre a ocorrência de desvios (*shifts*), mas também porque este processo envolve sempre a aplicação de uma norma pertencente ao sistema de chegada. Assim, Toury tenta explicar a aceitação do texto traduzido na cultura de chegada, e o modo como os desvios constituem um tipo de equivalência que reflete normas¹¹ do sistema de chegada num dado momento histórico. No ensaio “The Nature and Role of Norms in Translation”, revisto para publicação em 1995, Toury redefine alguns conceitos e explicita o papel desempenhado por essas normas na elaboração de um texto traduzido. Porque este modelo permitia a fundamentação para a avaliação de desvios e normas, e subsequentemente a reconstrução do

¹¹ Enquanto termo operativo, e não prescritivo.

conceito de tradução adjacente a dados textos individuais ou *corpora*, a sua rejeição deixou um vazio que foi preenchido por Kitty van Leuven-Zwart nos anos 80, que elaborou outro modelo baseado na ideia de um *tertium comparationis*. (Hermans, 1999:58). O autor compara originais e traduções a um mesmo nível, sem privilegiar nenhuma delas. Baseia-se na gramática funcional, na semântica estrutural e na narratologia de Mieke Bal. O seu objetivo é descrever e catalogar desvios na tradução e deduzir daí a norma ou estratégia do tradutor. Ou seja, este modelo procura construir uma base sólida para afirmar quais são as “tendências” numa dada tradução. Sugere-se que, ao compararmos um texto de partida e o respetivo texto de chegada, podem constatar-se, nalguns casos, um acumular de diferenças a um nível micro (a parte comparativa do modelo), que irão provocar uma diferença qualitativa a um nível macro (a parte descritiva do modelo). O primeiro passo a dar é a identificação e classificação dos desvios a um nível micro, considerando apenas aqueles que são de natureza semântica, estilística e pragmática e que afetem substancialmente o significado. A unidade base sobre a qual este modelo opera é denominada “transeme”, descrita como “a comprehensive textual unit” (Hermans, 1999:589), o que levanta problemas óbvios de definição do próprio conceito. O modelo descritivo é complementar do comparativo. O seu objeto são as estruturas do enredo e da ação, a construção das personagens e a relação entre elas, a atitude do narrador e questões de pontos de vista.

O modelo que se apresenta mais útil para uma primeira fase do nosso trabalho é desenvolvido por José Lambert e Hendrik van Gorp, cujas primeiras versões datam dos anos 70. Este modelo começou com uma série de programas de investigação sobre a literatura traduzida em França na primeira metade do século XIX. Surgiu daqui a necessidade de estudar a tradução como um fenómeno cultural, que se desenvolve num contexto mais lato do que a simples comparação entre dois textos

isolados. Outros elementos, que não os estritamente textuais, tinham que ser considerados, ampliando e direcionando a escala do projeto para o enquadramento histórico e cultural das traduções e para além das traduções, ou seja, a análise em tradução envolve a exploração de dois processos de comunicação e não apenas dois textos. Este modelo, na sua versão final, é um modelo contextual, profundamente baseado na teoria dos polissistemas. Os autores propõem então o seguinte esquema:



no qual:

- texto 1 – texto de partida;
- texto 2 – texto de chegada;
- autor 1 e leitor 1 pertencem ao sistema do texto de partida;
- autor 1 deve ser situado entre os autores do sistema de partida;
- texto 1' e leitor 1' devem ser situados no sistema de partida;
- sistema 1 refere-se ao sistema do texto de partida, autor de partida, e leitor de partida (este sistema não tem de ser estritamente literário, uma vez que os sistemas literários não podem ser isolados de sistemas sociais, religiosos ou outros);
- autor 2, texto 2, leitor 2, etc, devem ser situados dentro do sistema de chegada;
- -----: todos os elementos deste esquema de comunicação são complexos e dinâmicos;

- o símbolo \cong indica que o elo entre a comunicação de partida e a de chegada não pode ser previsto; é uma relação aberta, cuja natureza exata depende das prioridades do tradutor – o que, por seu turno, tem que ser encarado em função das normas dominantes no sistema de chegada (1985:43).

Segundo os autores, as relações que se estabelecem entre os sistemas literários das culturas de partida e de chegada são o grande objetivo deste esquema (1985:44). Ambos são sistemas abertos que interagem com outros sistemas e este esquema permite estudar, por exemplo, as relações que se estabelecem entre o original e a(s) sua(s) traduções, entre os autores, entre os leitores, a pragmática e a receção do texto nos dois sistemas, a situação do autor face a outros autores e a do texto face a outros textos. Caberá ao investigador determinar quais as relações mais importantes a estudar. De qualquer forma, segundo este modelo, uma primeira divisão dos textos a estudar pode ser elaborada (tendo em conta o facto de que nenhuma tradução é inteiramente coerente com esta divisão): as traduções orientadas para o texto de chegada (*target-oriented*), que os autores denominam também de “aceitáveis” – ou seja, as que sofreram um processo de domesticação - e as traduções orientadas para o texto de partida (*source-oriented*), também designadas por “adequadas” – isto é, traduções estrangeirizadas. Há também a questão de tentar determinar qual o tipo de equivalência que pode ser observada entre os dois esquemas de comunicação, ou entre cada um dos seus parâmetros (o que, obviamente, implica primeiro encontrar uma definição para o conceito de equivalência). Os autores definem e sumarizam as vantagens deste esquema da seguinte forma:

Being no more than a heuristic tool, the scheme obviously has no ontological status. Nevertheless, it comprises all functionally

relevant aspects of a given translational activity in its historical context, including the process of translation, its textual features, its reception, and even sociological aspects like distribution and translation criticism (1985:43).

Trata-se também de estudar as prioridades (normas e modelos dominantes) que determinam as estratégias do tradutor, tendo em conta que o tradutor pode, numa dada situação, usar o sistema de partida como modelo, mas o seu trabalho terá sempre interferências do sistema de chegada. Sendo impossível estabelecer todas as relações envolvidas na atividade translatória, cabe ao investigador estabelecer prioridades, sendo sistemático e evitando teses *a priori*, passando ao largo de noções como fidelidade ou qualidade da tradução. Todas as questões a que o investigador procura dar resposta são parte de um programa aberto, que visa a tradução como um instrumento de mediação entre sistemas (1985:49). Os autores admitem que o seu esquema é uma ferramenta que permite sobretudo o levantamento de inúmeras questões que, apesar das suas críticas a abordagens mais redutoras, muitas vezes encontram parte das respostas na comparação de texto de partida e texto de chegada. O texto pode ser, por si só, uma fonte de evidências que nos permitem inferir as diferentes estratégias translatórias que, por seu turno, são um importante objeto de estudo dos conflitos e paralelismos que se estabelecem entre os sistemas de partida e de chegada e entre a teoria e prática da tradução.

O modelo de Lambert e van Gorp desenvolve-se por fases. Para cada uma delas é dada uma série de indicações que, progressivamente vão conduzindo o investigador ao contexto sistémico global dos textos em confronto, através de um caminho de formulação de hipóteses, que depois são confirmadas (ou não) através de testes (1985:48,49 e 52). Por exemplo, são sugeridas uma série de perguntas cuja resposta

permitirá ao investigador desde logo uma primeira divisão e catalogação dos textos: o livro é identificado como uma tradução? Existem indicações de género? O nome do tradutor é mencionado?

Este caminho é muito útil para um projeto de investigação em Estudos Descritivos de Tradução e iremos utilizá-lo neste trabalho. No entanto, o objetivo final apontado pelos autores é demasiado abrangente e, por isso, não nos parece possível a sua concretização:

Our object is translated literature, that is to say, translational norms, models, behaviour and systems. The specific T1 and T2 analysis should be part of a larger research programme focusing on all aspects of translation (1985:51, nosso sublinhado).

Ainda na mesma coletânea de ensaios (*The Manipulation of Literature*), Raymond van den Broeck, apresenta um modelo semelhante ao descrito anteriormente. Este modelo tem igualmente em conta dois sistemas literários, o de partida e o de chegada, para que a descrição das traduções tenha em consideração as relações que se estabelecem entre o texto e os seus processos de produção e receção. Numa análise comparativa de *corpora* mais vastos, a ênfase do investigador deve recair sobre o como e o porquê esses textos funcionam (ou não) como textos (1989:59).

1.4 - As normas nos Estudos Descritivos de Tradução

As normas desempenham um papel importante nos Estudos de Tradução, tanto em descrições como na formulação de princípios gerais e aplicações práticas. Estão ligadas ao que assumimos como correto e/ou apropriado e desenvolvem-se no processo de socialização, funcionando como modelos de comportamento.

Inicialmente, o debate sobre as normas era encarado do ponto de vista linguístico. Ou seja, entende-se que a língua e o seu uso podem ser avaliados por noções de correção de um ponto de vista fonológico, morfológico, sintático, semântico e pragmático. Isto quer ainda dizer que:

There is also a difference between what is possible in a language, regardless of context (described by rules), and what is considered appropriate in a given context (described by conventions and norms) (Schäffner, 1999:1-2).

No paradigma descritivo, as normas providenciam um primeiro nível de abstração e um passo em direção à explicação das escolhas e decisões do tradutor. O aparelho teórico acerca das normas no contexto da tradução é constituído sobretudo pelos trabalhos de Gideon Toury, Andrew Chesterman, Theo Hermans e Christiane Nord, não havendo unanimidade entre eles nas definições da terminologia “norma”, “convenção”, “regra”, “condicionante”. Podemos, no entanto, dizer que o termo “norma” se refere tanto a um dado padrão regular de comportamento como ao mecanismo que lhe dá origem. Este mecanismo é uma entidade social, que medeia entre as intenções, escolhas e ações de um indivíduo, e crenças, valores e preferências vigentes/aceites pelo coletivo (Hermans, 1999:80). Esta perspetiva implica também uma visão da tradução como interação social, sendo a principal premissa que a tradução, como ato de comunicação, constitui uma forma de comportamento social, “a communicative practice, and therefore a form of social behaviour” (Hermans, 1991:156). E por isso mesmo, Toury conclui que “translation is basically a sociocultural, and hence norm-oriented activity” (1999:13). Nos Estudos de Tradução, as normas não são vistas como um objetivo, mas sim como hipóteses que podem permitir uma melhor compreensão do fenómeno que é a tradução (Chesterman, 1999:90).

A noção de “norma” foi introduzida por Gideon Toury no final dos anos 70¹², referindo-se a um conjunto de ocorrências que são regulares no comportamento da tradução, numa dada situação sociocultural. Esta noção influencia, ainda hoje, muita da produção teórica levada a cabo nos Estudos de Tradução, sobretudo no que diz respeito ao paradigma descritivo e sistémico. A partir de Toury, tornou-se possível deixar de lado toda a problemática da definição de equivalência, sendo esta agora encarada simplesmente como “the name given to the translational relation that exists between two texts, one of which is a translation of the other” (Hermans, 1991:157). Admite-se assim a existência desta relação translatória, colocando-se a ênfase no estudo do tipo de relação em causa e no porquê da sua existência.

O conceito de equivalência é, então, uma designação usada para referir uma relação translatória que existe entre dois textos, relação essa por sua vez determinada pelas normas:

It is norms that determine the (type and extent of) equivalence manifested by actual translations. The study of norms thus constitutes a vital step towards establishing how the functional-relational postulate of equivalence has been realized (Toury, 1995:203).

Toury propõe um modelo tripartido, no qual as normas representam um nível intermédio entre a competência – o nível descritivo que permite estabelecer um inventário das opções disponíveis num determinado contexto, e o desempenho – que corresponde a uma sublista de opções que os tradutores de facto escolhem. As normas são, assim, um outro subconjunto de opções: as que os tradutores escolhem de uma forma sistemática e regular. Assume-se, portanto, que o

¹² in *In Search of a Theory of Translation* (1980) pp. 51-60.

tradutor está essencialmente envolvido num processo de tomada de decisão. Por isso, Toury sugere que o tradutor também desempenha um papel social, uma função que lhe é especificada pela comunidade, e que tem a ver com o que é considerado apropriado nessa comunidade. Quando se trata de fazer uma escolha, os tradutores decidem a favor de uma opção, excluindo as outras, e estão conscientes de que respondem a certas exigências que derivam da leitura que fazem do texto de partida e das expectativas e preferências do seu público-alvo.

Toury explica ainda que a sua noção de norma é uma categoria da análise descritiva e não, como o termo poderá sugerir, um leque de opções prescritivas cuja aplicação se pensa ser desejável. O processo é inverso: as normas de um determinado comportamento translatório são identificadas ao estudarmos um *corpus* de traduções autênticas, através do estabelecimento de padrões e de estratégias que são típicas dos tradutores que fazem parte desse *corpus*. Se o tradutor tem, antes de mais, uma função social (que é exercida dentro dos termos de referência de uma dada sociedade), a adequação do seu comportamento pressupõe a aquisição de uma série de normas e de como exercer o seu trabalho a partir de todas as condicionantes que se lhe apresentam (Toury, 1995:198). Entre as condicionantes situam-se o texto de partida e as diferenças sistémicas entre as línguas e respetivas tradições textuais, até porque a tradução é uma atividade que inevitavelmente envolve pelo menos duas línguas e duas tradições culturais, ou seja, pelo menos dois conjuntos de sistemas normativos inevitavelmente diferentes e por vezes até incompatíveis (Toury, 1995:200).

Como as normas têm uma grande capacidade regulativa, o comportamento da tradução tende a apresentar certos padrões. A primeira escolha do tradutor tem a ver com o que Toury designa por

norma inicial (1995:201): o tradutor pode sujeitar-se mais ativamente às normas do texto de partida, o que levará à produção de um texto mais estrangeirizado ou, como diria Schleiermacher¹³, levando o leitor ao autor. Pelo contrário, uma decisão por parte do tradutor de se sujeitar mais ativamente às normas do texto e cultura de chegada levará à produção de um texto mais domesticado, levando o autor ao leitor. Segundo Christiane Nord, a escolha da primeira hipótese determina a *adequação* da tradução e a escolha da segunda a sua *aceitabilidade*. Nord, com exemplos retirados de *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (o modo como são ou não traduzidos os nomes próprios nas traduções para a língua alemã), complementa esta ideia, constatando que se o texto é estrangeirizado, ou seja, não traduz os nomes próprios, o seu público-alvo será o adulto; se há uma domesticação, ou seja, a tradução dos nomes próprios para equivalentes na língua de chegada, o texto destina-se certamente a crianças (1991:102). Nord distingue entre normas (ou convenções) constitutivas ou reguladoras:

[the first] determine what a particular culture community accepts as a translation (as opposed to adaptation or version or other forms of intercultural transfer); [the second] govern the generally accepted forms of handling certain translation below the text rank (1991:100).

¹³ Em *Methoden des Übersetzens* de 1938, traduzido para Inglês em Schulte, R. e Biguenet, J. (1992), *Theories of Translation*, Press, Chicago and London: The University of Chicago, pp. 36-54. De acordo com Schleiermacher, a questão fundamental centra-se em tentar entender como deve o tradutor proceder para aproximar leitor e autor. Para tal, dois caminhos são possíveis: “either the translator leaves the writer alone as much as possible and moves the reader toward the writer, or he leaves the reader alone as much as possible and moves the writer toward the reader”, pp. 41-42.

O conceito de norma dá, também, prioridade ao texto de chegada e tem vindo a substituir a equivalência como termo operativo nos Estudos de Tradução, ou pelo menos a reavaliá-la sob um prisma inteiramente novo. A tradução é vista pelas abordagens descritivas como o resultado de uma atividade que é comportamental e socialmente contextualizada, implicando um certo grau de manipulação de um texto de partida para um determinado fim:

The act of translating is a matter of adjusting and (yes) manipulating a source text so as to bring the target text into line with a particular model and hence a particular correctness notion, and in so doing secure social acceptance, even acclaim (Hermans, 1991:166).

Ao efetuar as suas escolhas, o tradutor deixa mais claro, não só o caminho que decidiu seguir, mas também aquele(s) que considerou excluir, procurando dar resposta à expectativas pré-existentes, condicionantes e pressões, individuais ou editoriais (Hermans, 1999b:51).

Andrew Chesterman corrobora muitas das ideias de Hermans e Toury sobre as normas e o papel que podem desempenhar nos Estudos de Tradução. Mas deixa também uma questão em aberto: a teoria da tradução deve ajudar os tradutores a desempenharem melhor a sua tarefa. Mas será que efetivamente o faz?

There is a real danger that Translation Studies (...) [could be] too concerned with its own status as an academic discipline and not concerned enough with the real problems at the messy grassroots of life in a big translation company, for instance. (...) Professional translators would [rather know]: should we translate differently?

How? Examples? What would be the effects of a different kind of translation? How do we know? Evidence? (...) (1999: 97).

Não parece, no entanto, haver qualquer dúvida de que a tradução deve ser vista num contexto sistémico, pois nem o texto de partida nem o de chegada acontecem de uma forma isolada. Devemos ter sempre em mente que todos os sistemas socioculturais são complexos e não é fácil para o investigador estabelecer as relações exatas entre as normas translatórias individuais e as noções de correção que lhes estão subjacentes. As noções de correção, por seu turno, refletem atitudes que vão para além do campo da tradução: são as estruturas epistemológicas e ideológicas de uma dada sociedade numa determinada época da sua história. De qualquer forma:

Norms allow the translator who is faced with a contingent, unpredictable and potentially destabilizing input – the Source text – to reduce the number of potential solutions for this array of translational problems by adopting only those solutions suggested by the norms as being likely to result in a Target text that accords with a given model, and thus with a certain notion of correctness, and hence with the values and attitudes that lie behind these models and correctness notions (Hermans, 1991:165).

1.5 - O sistema segundo André Lefevere

Translation, History and Culture (1990) é uma coleção de ensaios que marca o designado *cultural turn* nos Estudos de Tradução, publicado em Londres pela editora Pinter. Na introdução, Susan Bassnett e André Lefevere distanciam-se das teorias linguísticas da tradução e de todo o tipo de análise comparativa entre originais e tradução que não considere o texto no seu envolvimento cultural. Bassnet acrescenta ainda que:

There is no such thing as the fixed, unchanging aesthetic, readings change as the production of texts changes, we cannot prioritize an original or a sacred text, because that object is subject to continuous change in the unending flux of time (Bassnett, 1994:172).

Os Estudos de Tradução têm assim vindo a ser influenciados desde o início dos anos 90, sobretudo em três áreas: tradução como reescrita, tradução e género, tradução e pós colonialismo. No caso do presente trabalho interessa-nos essencialmente os estudos de Lefevere e a sua visão da tradução como reescrita.

Nos anos 80, Lefevere começa a estar recetivo à teoria dos polissistemas de Even-Zohar, para depois se demarcar dela com uma visão algo crítica. Lefevere desenvolve as suas próprias categorias e terminologia, sendo as mais importantes o mecenato (*patronage*), a ideologia (*ideology*), a poética (*poetics*) e o universo do discurso (*universe of discourse*). A grande diferença entre as conceções de sistema de Lefevere e Even-Zohar consiste no facto de o primeiro colocar uma maior ênfase na interação entre o sistema e a sua envolvente, na organização interna do sistema e nos seus mecanismos de controlo.

Lefevere vê a tradução como um dos aspetos particulares de uma prática inserida numa sociedade que deve ser encarada como um aglomerado de sistemas. A literatura é um destes sistemas, e consiste num conjunto, não só de textos, mas também das pessoas que os escrevem, leem e divulgam. Ou seja:

a literature is not just a collection of (more or less sacred) texts, it also comprises the people who do things to these texts, who write them and, to coin a phrase, refract them (1983:71).

Lefevere define o termo “refração” como: “any text produced on the basis of another, with the intention of adapting that other text to a certain ideology” (1983:71). Mais tarde (1985), este termo é substituído por “reescrita” (*rewriting*). A tradução é, então, uma forma de reescrita de um texto de partida, e todas as reescritas refletem uma dada ideologia, uma manipulação ao serviço dos poderes instituídos. Mas também pode introduzir conceitos novos ou novos gêneros, pois a história da tradução é também a história da inovação literária (1992a:vii).

No ensaio “Why Waste our Time on Rewrites?”, Lefevere começa por analisar o papel do leitor ou do escritor enquanto sujeitos que interpretam um texto. Fala também da figura do intérprete, que parte do princípio que existe algo que servirá de base ao seu trabalho, ou seja: “(...) something ‘out there’, which would (...) serve as guarantee for their interpretation” (1985:216).

Na opinião de Lefevere, a interpretação ou crítica têm levado a uma proliferação de verdades, pois a interpretação é sempre feita à luz de uma ideologia e de uma poética e por isso é transitória, não sendo possível alcançar uma verdade total e única. A interpretação é, assim, apenas parte do processo pelo qual uma obra literária é absorvida pelo leitor, mental e emocionalmente (1985:217). Porque esta interpretação não é isenta, poder-se-á encarar o estudo da literatura de uma outra forma, tendo em consideração, não só a escrita, mas também os modos em como é reescrita, ao serviço de que ideologia e de que poética. Lefevere propõe então que o objeto da teoria da literatura seja:

To explain how both the writing and the rewriting of literature are subject to certain constraints, and how the interaction of writing and rewriting is ultimately responsible, not just for the

canonization of specific authors or specific works and the rejection of others, but also for the evolution of a given literature, since rewritings are often designed precisely to push a given literature in a certain direction (1985:219).

Lefevere considera que a literatura é um dos sistemas que constitui um mega-sistema chamado sociedade, ou então, em alternativa, a sociedade e a cultura fazem parte da envolvente do sistema literário e influenciam-se mutuamente (1992a:14). Esta influência é também condicionada por dois mecanismos de controlo, que atuam no sentido da estabilidade do sistema, sendo um deles interno ao sistema literário e o outro externo. O primeiro é representado por intérpretes, críticos, tradutores ou professores de literatura. Estes agentes irão por vezes suprimir certas obras ou características de uma obra por considerarem que elas estão em oposição ao conceito dominante que define o que a literatura deve ou pode ser (a poética) e o que a sociedade deve ou pode ser (a ideologia) (1985:226). Mas são também eles (os reescritores) os responsáveis pela divulgação de obras literárias para leitores que não leriam os textos originais:

the non-professional reader increasingly does not read literature as it is written by its writers, but as rewritten by its rewriters. It has always been that way, but it has never appeared as obvious as it does today” (1992a: 4).

Outro fator de controlo, que é exterior ao sistema literário, é o mecenato (*patronage*), que Lefevere define da seguinte forma: “the powers (persons, institutions) which help or hinder the writing, reading and rewriting of literature” (1985:227). O mecenato compõe-se de três elementos fundamentais: o ideológico, o económico e o de *status*, que podem estar ou não presentes em simultâneo. Isto quer dizer, por exemplo, que a viabilidade económica pode ser o fator predominante na

decisão de se editar ou não um determinado texto, o que pode não ter a ver necessariamente com a obtenção de *status*. Os que estão no poder são responsáveis pela longevidade dos serviços do perito e do seu estatuto social. Este, por sua vez, trabalha dentro dos parâmetros estabelecidos pelo poder e pela cultura subjacente ao subsistema (1992a:17).

A comunicação entre autor e leitor deve ser, ainda, e pelo menos teoricamente, possível, o que significa que ambos devem partilhar um mesmo código. A este código chama Lefevere poética (*poetics*). A poética dominante ocupa uma posição central no sistema. Os seus contestatários são relegados para a periferia e tentam ocupar o centro. A poética dominante tentará manter a sua posição central durante tanto tempo quanto possível e tem essa tarefa facilitada, pois os textos que nela se baseiam estão mais acessíveis e disponíveis, até porque os editores têm mais confiança na sua publicação. É por tudo isto que:

The classics taught will be the classics which remain in print, and therefore the classics which remain in print will be the classics known to the majority of people in a given culture (1989:39 e 1992a:20).

Nos Estudos de Tradução, o termo *poetics* refere-se ao papel que um sistema literário desempenha num sistema social mais abrangente e também a como interage com outros sistemas literários ou semióticos. Tradicionalmente (antes de Jakobson), os Estudos de Tradução tentaram definir o que a tradução deveria ser. Comparavam-se os textos de partida e de chegada para avaliar a “qualidade” da tradução: se uma dada forma só pudesse existir dentro dos limites da sua própria língua, então o objetivo da tradução deveria ser tentar captar o sentido

do original, para que o texto de chegada funcionasse de uma forma idêntica na cultura de chegada.

Hoje há um esforço consciente por parte dos teóricos da tradução em tentar compreender o que a tradução é em vez de o que ela deveria ser (os Estudos Descritivos são disto um excelente exemplo). Uma vez que, de um modo geral, os tradutores pretendem que os seus textos sejam aceites na cultura de chegada, estes textos são produzidos em conformidade com as condicionantes da poética da cultura de chegada.

Apesar da existência de diversos modelos prescritivos, o facto é que poucas são as traduções que realmente são produzidas de acordo com esses modelos. Na aceção de Lefevere, a poética é um inventário de dispositivos literários (géneros, motivos, temas, símbolos, personagens-tipo) que tem a noção do papel que a literatura desempenha (ou deve desempenhar) na sociedade (1985:229 e 1992a:26). Como tal, é de grande importância na seleção de temas que serão em princípio relevantes para a sociedade, para que uma dada obra literária seja aceite e reconhecida. Trata-se obviamente de influências ideológicas geradas pelo contexto do sistema literário. Isto faz com que:

(...) the principle of formative preference applies, which means that only certain possibilities which exist at a given time are, in fact, actualized (Lefevere, 1985:230).

A codificação da poética leva a que certos autores, cuja obra está em conformidade com a poética dominante, sejam canonizados. As obras destes autores são, por sua vez, utilizadas como modelo para outros escritores e também para o ensino da literatura, pois o sistema tende a preservar o seu equilíbrio e tem uma natureza conservadora:

(...) certain works of literature will be elevated to the level of classics within a relatively short period of time, while others are rejected, some to reach the exalted position of a classic later, when the dominant poetics has changed. [However], works of literature canonized a sufficient number of years, or centuries ago, tend to remain secure in their position, no matter how often the dominant poetics itself is subject to change – a clear indication of the conservative bias of the system itself (...) (Lefevere, 1989:38-9).

Tudo isto controla o sistema literário, ou seja, a produção e a distribuição da literatura. Tanto os textos literários como as reescritas são produzidas sob estas condicionantes. A reescrita inclui tradução, crítica, resumo, adaptação para crianças, antologias, passagem a filme, isto é, todo o processamento de um texto, quer na mesma língua quer noutra, quer pelo mesmo meio quer por outro. Grande parte do nosso conhecimento cultural baseia-se, assim, não no contacto direto com os “originais”, mas sim com as várias reescritas em circulação (que é obviamente o caso dos textos traduzidos dos livros de *Alice*).

Lefevere acrescenta ainda mais duas condicionantes, sendo a primeira o universo do discurso: “the knowledge, the learning, but also the objects and the customs of a certain time, to which writers are free to allude in their work” (1985:232-3).

Por último, para aqueles que reescrevem textos, a condicionante língua é a que vem em último lugar. De facto, a maior parte dos exemplos de Lefevere demonstram como o mecenato, a ideologia e a poética são importantes, deixando a língua para segundo plano. Como pode evidenciar mais claramente o modo como estas condicionantes atuam, a tradução é, na opinião de Lefevere, um objeto de estudo privilegiado. De todas as formas de reescrita, a tradução é talvez a mais óbvia, até

porque opera dentro de todas as condicionantes por si definidas. Além disso,

Translation operates first of all under the constraint of the original, itself the product of constraints belonging to a certain time. Second, the language changes, quite dramatically. Third, the universe of discourse very often poses insuperable problems for any kind of so-called 'faithful' translation. Universe of discourse features are those features particular to a given culture, and they are, almost by definition, untranslatable or at very least very hard to translate (Lefevere, 1985:235).

Assim, a tradução é estudada como um processo de comunicação em contexto, e por isso, como um produto que resulta da negociação das diferentes variáveis que pertencem também ao contexto sociocultural da cultura de chegada (Rosa, 2006:100).

Estes são alguns dos problemas com que se deparam os tradutores dos livros de *Alice*. É preciso, portanto, considerar os textos originais de Carroll e respetivo sistema literário também como condicionantes nos processos de tradução.

Tal como já referimos, no paradigma descritivo o texto de partida não assume a importância que lhe é dada pelas teorias que têm por base o conceito de equivalência, sendo o texto de chegada o alvo primordial do investigador:

(...) one of the most important factors determining the importance of a translation is the addressee, who is the intended receiver or audience of the target text with their culture-specific world-knowledge, their expectations and their communicative needs. Every translation is directed at an intended audience, since to

translate means to produce a text in a target setting for a target purpose and target addressees in target circumstances (Vermeer, cit em Nord, 1997:12).

Este problema foi, no entanto, prontamente ultrapassado pelos tradutores que fazem parte do *corpus* deste trabalho e que empreenderam as reescritas que denominaremos parciais. Ao estabelecerem a criança como público-alvo, estão a delinear um modelo de tradução convencional, que segue regras pré-definidas. Para além disso, muitos destes tradutores estão em presença de textos intermédios, isto é, o seu trabalho de tradução é feito a partir de um texto de partida que não é o original de Carroll, mas uma reescrita que, por sua vez, já foi elaborada com o pressuposto de um leitor-alvo infantil.

Para os tradutores dos textos a que chamaremos integrais, no entanto, e apesar de algumas indicações editoriais claras, a questão do destinatário do texto aparenta não ter sido respondida satisfatoriamente e talvez por isso também não são imediatamente evidentes as estratégias por si seguidas, como veremos. Estes tradutores constroem as suas reescritas a partir dos originais de Carroll que, por seu turno, estão envolvidos na mesma problemática e, por isso, não poderíamos ignorar este aspeto particular da produção dos textos de *Alice*, que é por demais evidente e influencia claramente, e desde sempre, os tradutores portugueses nas suas tomadas de decisão:

Despite having been written down, arrested, fixed in type, the *Alice* stories continue to undergo transformation, like Alice herself in her first adventures; they will not be constrained, even within the relaxed framework of reading-aloud. Carroll encouraged their proliferation of forms: he supervised the translation of *Alice's*

Adventures into French, German, and Italian; he rewrote the book in language intended for the nursery; he arranged for separate publication of the preliminary version that he had inscribed as the gift manuscript for Alice Liddell. (...) The fact is that Alice's audience is very much larger than the select group – children *or* adults – who have actually read what Carroll wrote. Like Mickey Mouse, Alice lives in the popular culture; she does not need books to survive. She has escaped her narration and narrator. (...) The threatened disintegration of Alice's personal identity in Wonderland prefigures her actual dispersal, and renewal, among her audiences (Hancher, 1991:202).

2 – O sistema de partida: Lewis Carroll e os livros de *Alice*

Dodgson holds his unique place in mid-Victorian history because he employed a mathematical mind and a logician's precision to crystallize a poetic genius that might not, of itself, have had the force for survival (Hudson, 1982:84).

Lewis Carroll, cujo nome era Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, tinha uma personalidade extraordinariamente complexa. Era receptivo a novas descobertas e tecnologias mas resistente à mudança. Naturalmente influenciado pelos outros e pelos inúmeros livros que lia, era sensível às artes, culturas, religião e cultivava o debate. As suas obras de ficção são caracterizadas por uma escrita manipuladora do fenómeno linguístico, que usava para criar situações de humor e de comentário sobre a natureza da própria linguagem. A sua escrita é construída sobre uma paródia à cultura vitoriana, numa época de transição em que o desenvolvimento tecnológico revolucionava a vida económica inglesa, ao mesmo tempo que os valores morais profundamente enraizados deixavam transparecer alguma insegurança. É normalmente descrito como um homem formal, académico, trabalhador e profundamente religioso.

A maior parte da informação biográfica de que dispomos sobre Lewis Carroll chega-nos através da publicação póstuma de dois volumes de cartas compiladas pelo seu sobrinho, em 1899 (sendo a edição mais referenciada a editada posteriormente por Morton Cohen, em 1979), e dos seus diários, editados por Roger Green, em 1953 e, mais recentemente, uma edição completa comentada, em nove volumes, publicada pela Lewis Carroll Society, entre 1993 e 2005.

Dodgson nasceu a 27 de janeiro de 1832, em Daresbury, vindo a fazer parte de uma família numerosa com onze irmãos e irmãs. Descendia de duas famílias da região Norte do país, e herdou, dos Dodgson, uma tradição de serviço à Igreja, e dos Lutwidge, uma tradição de serviço ao Estado. O seu pai, o Reverendo Charles Dodgson, era um distinto académico com particular interesse pelas matemáticas, que combinava uma austeridade puritana com uma generosidade pessoal que lhe era reconhecida. A sua mãe era descrita como uma mulher de uma doçura invulgar e um carácter muito generoso. Todas estas qualidades se viriam a refletir em Dodgson.

Desde muito novo gostava de inventar jogos, *puzzles* e histórias para entreter, sobretudo as suas irmãs, por quem se sentia particularmente responsável no seu papel de irmão mais velho. Terá então desde aí desenvolvido a sua apetência para contar histórias nas suas diversas formas: oral, escrita e também através da ilustração. Era um artista visual e gráfico quase por instinto e nunca deixou de tentar aperfeiçoar a sua técnica de desenho.

A sua ligação especial às irmãs terá sido a base da sua ligação futura a raparigas muito jovens, que gostava de fotografar, nos moldes que eram, aliás, comuns à arte da fotografia do período vitoriano (Carroll foi considerado um dos melhores fotógrafos da sua época). Por outro lado, a sua suposta antipatia por rapazes terá tido origem nos seus anos como professor de matemática, tarefa que acreditava ser uma simples perda de tempo, pois, na sua opinião, os seus alunos não eram suficientemente aplicados e, sobretudo, não tinham qualquer desejo de aprender.

A sua mãe viria a falecer quando tinha apenas treze anos, pelo que criou uma ligação muito forte com o pai, a quem se refere

constantemente nas suas cartas. Após a morte deste, em 1868, tornou-se responsável pelos seus irmãos e irmãs, por quem sempre zelou, moral e financeiramente. Aos dezoito anos matriculou-se em Oxford, onde se especializou no ensino da Matemática. Tornou-se *deacon* para a Christ Church aos vinte e nove anos. Acabou por não seguir a profissão religiosa pois, para além do seu problema de gaguez, não encontrava realização pessoal suficiente numa vida de paróquia. Não foi, por isso, ordenado padre.

O seu pseudónimo foi escolhido pelo editor do *journal* Train (para o qual contribuía regularmente), em 1856, de entre três sugestões feitas pelo próprio Carroll, e baseia-se numa tradução latina dos seus nomes próprios. Foi também nesta mesma altura que se iniciou o seu gosto pela fotografia. Esta última propiciava contactos regulares com raparigas que fotografava, entre as quais se encontrava Alice Liddell. Segundo Hudson (1982:112), a primeira entrada no diário de Carroll sobre Alice é de 25 de abril de 1856. Alice tinha então quatro anos e foi fotografada com as suas irmãs Edith e Lorina¹⁴.

Os diários que respeitam ao período 1858-1862 desapareceram, mas retomam para contar o início da história das aventuras de *Alice*. A 4 de julho de 1862 viria a acontecer o histórico passeio de barco com as três irmãs Liddell e o amigo Robinson Duckworth, no qual Carroll teria sido repetidamente encorajado pelas meninas a contar uma história,

¹⁴ Após o êxito dos livros de *Alice*, surgiu naturalmente a curiosidade de conhecer melhor a heroína “verdadeira” da história. *The Real Alice* (1982), escrita por Anne Clark Amor, é talvez a biografia mais completa e pormenorizada sobre Alice Liddell (Hargreaves). Veja-se também Björk, Christina (1993), *The Other Alice – The story of Alice Liddell and Alice in Wonderland*, New York: R&S Books.

surgindo assim um primeiro esboço do que viria a ser *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*.

Lewis Carroll escrevia frequentemente e publicou inúmeros tratados de matemática e lógica¹⁵, bem como obras de ficção, coletâneas de poesia, panfletos e vários artigos para a imprensa local. Podemos encontrar as suas cartas, diários, biografia e bibliografia catalogados e comentados por vários autores¹⁶, entre os quais salientamos Morton Cohen¹⁷ (“who

¹⁵ Veja-se, por exemplo, o estudo de Abeles, Francine (1994) “Algorithms and Mechanical Processes in the Work of Charles Dodgson”, in Lovett, Charles (ed) *Proceedings of the Second International Lewis Carroll Conference*, Lewis Carroll Society of North America, pp. 97-106.

¹⁶ Veja-se, por exemplo:

The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll (1898) Collingwood, Stuart Dodgson (ed), London: T. Fisher Unwin.

The Letters of Lewis Carroll (1979) Cohen, Morton (ed), London: Macmillan, 2 vols.

The Diaries of Lewis Carroll (1953) Green, Roger (ed), London: Cassell, 2 vols.

Lewis Carroll's Diaries (1993-2005) Wakeling, Edward (ed). Luton: The Lewis Carroll Society, 1993-2007, 9 vols.

Bakewell, Michael (1996) *Lewis Carroll: a Biography*, London: Heinemann.

Clark, Anne (1979) *Lewis Carroll: a Biography*, London: Dent.

Cohen, Morton (1995) *Lewis Carroll: a Biography*, London: Macmillan.

Cohen, Morton (ed) (1989) *Lewis Carroll: Interviews and Recollections*, Iowa: Univ. of Iowa Press.

Gattegno, Jean (1976) *Lewis Carroll: Fragments of a Looking-Glass*, New York: Crowell.

Gernsheim, Helmut (1969) *Lewis Carroll, Photographer*, New York: Dover.

Guiliano, Edward (1980) *Lewis Carroll: An Annotated International Bibliography 1960-1970*, The Lewis Carroll Society of North America.

Hudson, Derek (1976) *Lewis Carroll: an Illustrated Biography*, London: Constable.

Lennon, Florence Becker (1947) *Lewis Carroll*, London: Cassell.

Phillips, Robert (ed) *Aspects of Alice*, London: Gollancz.

Shaberman, Raphael (1995) *In Pursuit of Lewis Carroll*, London: Greenwich Exchange.

Thomas, Donald (1996) *Lewis Carroll: a Portrait with Background*, London: John Murray.

knows more about Dodgson than any other living person” (Gardner, 2000:xxvi) e Edward Guillianio (que escreveu a mais extensa e completa biografia de Carroll até aos dias de hoje (1980)). De referir também que a produção literária de Carroll teve o seu início e também a sua conclusão com contribuições para *periodicals*. Com treze anos foi o editor de uma série de *magazines* na família, para os quais contribuía com histórias, poemas e ilustrações. Noutras publicações periódicas foram surgindo textos e poemas que viriam a fazer parte de obras posteriormente publicadas, como por exemplo “She’s All My Fancy Painted Him”, no número 5 de *Comic Times* (setembro 1855), texto que seria revisto e incluído em *Wonderland* (Lovett, 1999:18). Ainda durante a sua vida, foram editadas coletâneas dos seus textos de poesia, de que são exemplo *Phantasmagoria* (1869) e *Rhyme and Reason* (1883) (que inclui *The Hunting of the Snark*). Mais tarde foi publicado *Collected Verse* (1932), que inclui praticamente todos os textos poéticos que Carroll escreveu nos mais variados contextos. Após a publicação de AW, o teatro continuou a ser um dos grandes interesses de Carroll. Nos anos 1886, 1887 e 1888 a história de Alice foi apresentada em vários palcos em formato de *operetta*, numa dramatização de Saville Clarke. Carroll supervisionou a produção e assistiu por várias vezes aos espetáculos¹⁸. Até 1880 continuou a

¹⁷ Em “Reeling and Writhing with Lewis Carroll” (1994) in Lovett, Charles (ed,) *Proceedings of the Second International Lewis Carroll Conference*, Lewis Carroll Society of North America, pp. 20-31, o próprio Cohen explica o caminho que percorreu para chegar efetivamente à escrita da biografia de Lewis Carroll, e as razões pelas quais o seu trabalho é diferente de outras biografias até então publicadas.

¹⁸ Encontramos na maioria das biografias mencionadas uma listagem das diversas produções teatrais de *Alice*. Para um resumo das mesmas, veja-se Philips, Robert (1981), pp.15-17.

trabalhar no seu *hobby* de fotografia. Saiu do país apenas uma vez, numa viagem à Rússia, com Charles Liddon¹⁹.

Sylvie and Bruno foi a sua última grande obra de *nonsense*. No final da sua vida, ainda se ocupava de jogos de lógica e *puzzles* matemáticos. O seu livro final foi *Part I of Symbolic Logic*, publicado em 1896, que teve quatro edições nesse ano.

2.1 -Carroll e a Inglaterra Vitoriana

Não será certamente a intenção deste trabalho analisar este período da história de Inglaterra, uma vez que existem já estudos que resultaram de longa reflexão e que se encontram amplamente documentados²⁰. Mas uma leitura da época permite-nos entender que a questão do destinatário dos textos originais de Carroll surge desde a sua publicação, em parte devido ao facto de o público leitor vitoriano ser ainda um tanto indefinido, o que levava os autores a dirigirem-se muitas vezes a uma audiência não específica, isto é, simultaneamente ao leitor adulto e à criança. De igual modo a própria noção de criança era diferente do entendimento que hoje fazemos e por isso nos parece pertinente contextualizar os textos originais de Carroll.

Até ao período Vitoriano não se fazia uma distinção evidente entre criança, adolescente e adulto, sendo que a criança era encarada como

¹⁹ Para uma descrição completa desta viagem veja-se Amor, Anne Clark (1994), “C. L. Dodgson: an Englishman abroad” in Lovett, Charles (ed,) *Proceedings of the Second International Lewis Carroll Conference*, Lewis Carroll Society of North America, pp. 176-177.

²⁰ Por exemplo Houghton, Walter (1985), *The Victorian Frame of Mind*, New Haven and London: Yale University Press, e Guy, Josephine (ed) (2002) *The Victorian Age*, London and New York: Routledge.

um adulto imperfeito e por isso não teria necessidades particulares à sua condição de criança. À medida que essa distinção se vai tornando mais clara, os autores de literatura para crianças tomam progressivamente consciência do seu papel de mediadores entre a infância e a maturidade. Os diferentes pontos de vista da criança e do adulto levaram a que estes autores desenvolvessem estruturas ficcionais sofisticadas que resultam num apelo simultâneo a dois tipos de leitor-alvo:

(...) Victorian writers of fantasies for children (...) address a double readership, the young child (...) who sets out on the road from innocence to experience and the adult who wants to travel back to, yet cannot remain arrested within, the pleasurable realm of magical thinking and wishfulness (Knoepflmacher, 1983:500).

No período Vitoriano, o entendimento que se faz do conceito de criança é mais semelhante ao que hoje fazemos. Mas essa abordagem era ainda muito recente e eram ainda visíveis as marcas deixadas por séculos anteriores, nos quais a infância se reduzia ao período de maior fragilidade física, pois mal a criança se começava a desenvolver logo se misturava com os adultos, para com eles partilhar todo o tipo de tarefas. Philippe Ariès designa esta atitude como o *primeiro sentimento da infância*, que corresponde à *criança-brinquedo*, entendida apenas como algo pequeno e engraçado:

Os adultos brincavam com ela como brincariam com um animal, um macaquinho impúdico. Se morresse nesse período, como tantas vezes acontecia, algumas pessoas poderiam ficar desoladas, mas a regra geral era não se prestar grande atenção ao facto, já que em breve outra criança viria substituir aquela, que não chegava a sair de uma espécie de anonimato (Ariès, 1988:10).

A partir do final do século XVII esta situação começou lentamente a modificar-se, para o que contribuiu, sobretudo, a substituição do aprendizado como meio de educação, pela escola. Cria-se assim um lugar à parte para a criança, que lhe permite viver separada dos adultos. A educação cada vez mais passa a ser assegurada pela escola, deixou de estar reservada aos clérigos, e tornou-se no meio natural da passagem de criança a adulto²¹. Esta evolução corresponde também a um novo rigor moral por parte dos educadores que tinham a preocupação de isolar os alunos do mundo corrupto dos adultos para lhes preservar a inocência. Na segunda metade do século XIX, a alteração de atitudes face à criança já se encontra amplamente generalizada. A ênfase já não é colocada no papel que elas poderiam desempenhar na economia como trabalhadores e prestadores de serviços, mas sim no reconhecimento de que as crianças têm direito à aprendizagem e ao gozo de tempos livres. Ainda assim estas atitudes variavam necessariamente em função dos rendimentos de cada família, pois as crianças mais pobres saíam mais rapidamente do sistema escolar para se dedicarem a um emprego, se não a tempo inteiro, pelo menos a tempo parcial.

Simultaneamente, a família passou a ser um lugar de afeição, que se exprime através da importância agora dada à educação. A família começa a organizar-se em função e em torno da criança, que ganha uma identidade própria, e que já não é passível de ser facilmente substituída por outra. Isto é visível, por exemplo, na representação pictórica da época, na qual a criança ocupa frequentemente o centro da composição. Também no vestuário surgem alterações representativas deste distanciamento entre criança e adulto – se a Idade Média vestia indiferentemente todos os escalões etários, a partir do século XVII a

²¹ Refira-se que o alargamento da escolaridade às raparigas se verifica mais tardiamente. Não se generalizou antes dos finais do século XVIII/ inícios do século XIX.

criança passa a ter um traje reservado para a sua idade. Esta adoção de um vestuário próprio marca, assim, uma data importante na formação do *segundo sentimento de infância* (Ariès, 1988:89) que “expressava a tomada de consciência da inocência e da fraqueza da Infância” (Ariès, 1988:212).

Podemos ver, de igual modo, esta construção progressiva da ideia de infância através da atitude moral face ao jogo e outras brincadeiras que ocupavam um lugar privilegiado nas antigas sociedades. Por um lado, estes eram admitidos sem reservas nem discriminações pela maioria. Por outro lado, e simultaneamente, uma minoria mais purista e rigorosa denunciava-os como imorais. Esta coexistência de atitudes opostas permaneceria ao longo dos séculos XVII e XVIII, para depois anunciar a atitude mais moderna perante o jogo. Isto é também indício de um novo sentimento relativo à infância:

(...) uma preocupação, antes desconhecida, de preservar a sua moralidade [a da criança] e também de a educar, proibindo os jogos doravante classificados como maus e recomendando-lhe os jogos doravante reconhecidos como bons (Ariès, 1988:121).

Esta preocupação com a moral, a saúde e o bem comum levará mais tarde à passagem dos jogos violentos dos antigos costumes à ginástica e à preparação militar.

Igualmente alvo de evolução ao longo do tempo é a divisão entre infância, adolescência, idade adulta e velhice. As *idades da vida* dividem-se entre uma infância que dura até aos sete anos, uma segunda idade que vai até aos catorze e uma adolescência que pode chegar aos vinte e oito anos de idade (Ariès, 1988:41), na Idade Média. No século XVIII encontramos escritos que fazem referência a crianças

de vinte e quatro anos, pois a ideia de infância estava então ligada, não a fatores biológicos, mas associada a relações de dependência (Ariès, 1988:49). A partir dos anos de 1900, a juventude, que é então a adolescência, vai tornar-se um tema literário e político, cuja importância se intensifica com a Guerra de 1914. Estas variações de século para século dependem essencialmente do equilíbrio demográfico e as designações para cada uma destas idades sofrem também alterações e oscilações:

A ausência da adolescência e o desprezo pela velhice ou, pelo contrário, o desaparecimento da velhice, pelo menos enquanto degradação, e a introdução da adolescência, exprimem a reacção da sociedade perante a duração da vida. O prolongamento da vida retirou da não-existência anterior espaços de vida a que os eruditos do Baixo Império e da Idade Média tinham dado nome, embora não existissem nos costumes; e a linguagem moderna serviu-se desses velhos vocábulos, originalmente apenas teóricos, para designar realidades novas (...). (Ariès, 1988:57).

A noção de criança e esta nova consciência de família limitaram-se por muito tempo ainda às classes mais abastadas. No século XIX a maior parte da população, a mais pobre, vivia ainda como as famílias medievais²².

Como seria de esperar, há uma forte ligação entre a evolução do conceito de criança e de infância e o surgimento de uma literatura especificamente destinada a este público-alvo, para o que contribuiu em grande medida um novo entendimento da educação e do sistema escolar que lhe está diretamente associado. Cria-se assim um mercado

²² Para uma descrição detalhada das condições de vida da criança urbana no período vitoriano veja-se, por exemplo, Pamela Horn (1997) *The Victorian Child*, Sutton: Sutton Publishing.

sem precedentes para a literatura para crianças que, como ainda hoje se verifica, é escrita sob diversas condicionantes relacionadas com a época cultural e literária, ou seja,

From its inception children's books were written with a certain idea of the child in mind; when this idea changed, the texts for children changed as well (Shavit, 1986:7).

Do mesmo modo que se assume que a criança necessita de brinquedos, jogos ou vestuário próprio e diferenciado dos adultos, também se assume que a criança leitor é diferente do adulto leitor, tanto na sua capacidade de compreensão do texto como nas suas necessidades educacionais. A ideia que está subjacente na produção de textos para crianças, ou seja, que os livros para crianças devem ser escritos por e sob a supervisão de adultos, e contribuir para o bem-estar geral da criança, não se alterará até meados do século XVIII. O que de facto se altera são as ideias que prevalecem em cada período sobre a educação e a infância. No entanto, o pressuposto de que os livros para crianças devem ser adequados do ponto de vista pedagógico e devem de alguma forma contribuir para um desenvolvimento harmonioso da criança tem sido, e permanece ainda hoje, uma força dominante na produção da literatura para crianças (Shavit, 1986:27).

Os primórdios da literatura dirigida especificamente a crianças podem ser encontrados na Inglaterra puritana do século XVII. Nessa altura, o objetivo era o de transmitir às crianças, através da leitura, uma preparação moral e religiosa que assegurasse a sua entrada no Céu. Como a taxa de mortalidade infantil da época era extraordinariamente elevada, os puritanos pensavam ser essencial preparar a criança para essa eventualidade. Por outro lado, as crianças começaram também a apropriar-se de algumas obras que não lhes eram especificamente

dirigidas, como por exemplo, *Robinson Crusoe* ou *Gulliver's Travels*, ambas do século XVIII. Surge mais tarde uma literatura pedagógica (livros de boas maneiras, por exemplo) na qual não é possível distinguir o que se dirige aos adultos e o que tem a criança como destinatário. Já em pleno século XIX, com o aparecimento de um leque mais alargado de material de leitura, as classes mais elevadas perceberam que era do seu interesse manter restrita a natureza do que se escrevia para crianças. Os contos de fadas, por exemplo, não eram considerados apropriados para transmitir os ensinamentos que se consideravam adequados (até porque estes muitas vezes incluíam ideias como a mobilidade social entre as várias classes) e os poucos que eram efetivamente publicados sofriam profundas modificações, que os transformavam em histórias que transmitiam a importância do trabalho árduo ou de um comportamento baseado em premissas religiosas:

Close to two centuries of British educators, writers and publishers debated the merits of fairy tales and they were found (...) useless and dangerous for the moral education of young and old alike. Writers argued (...) that fairy tales depraved and turned them against the sacred institutions of society (Zipes, 1987: xvi).

No século XIX escritores, editores e pais começam gradualmente a aperceber-se que esta literatura era demasiado rígida e que não deixava lugar para a criatividade e para a imaginação. Assim, escrever um conto de fadas começa a ser considerado um ato social simbólico com implicações na educação das crianças e, conseqüentemente, no futuro da sociedade:

The Victorian writers, who always had two implied readers in mind (the middle-class parent *and* child), would take a noble and ethical stand against forces of intolerance and authoritarianism. (...) The

stimulation of the imagination became just as important as the cultivation of reason for moral improvement (Zipes, 1987:xix, nosso sublinhado).

Os contos de fadas eram já diferentes das histórias realistas e alegóricas que tinham sido dadas a ler às crianças na primeira metade do século XIX, mas eram ainda profundamente marcadas pelos aspetos didáticos²³. Mantém-se, assim, uma dupla audiência para estas histórias.

De salientar ainda que o público leitor do século XIX é muito mais diversificado e heterogêneo do que nos dois séculos anteriores. Devido ao grande aumento da literacia, incluía já muitos elementos das classes trabalhadoras. Assim, a literatura produzida para crianças ao longo do século XVIII e até aos anos 60 do século XIX pode ser caracterizada como uma espécie de batalha entre dois tipos de literatura: religiosa, moral e informativa de um lado, e imaginativa do outro (Reichertz, 2000:21).

Até aos dias de hoje não se chegou a um consenso sobre a classificação de género de *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. Jan Susina (2010:25 e seguintes) argumenta que os livros de *Alice* foram desenvolvidos seguindo de perto o desenvolvimento da ironia típica das *fairy tale* inglesas deste período, ilustrando o seu ponto de vista com passagens das cartas e dos diários do próprio Carroll, nos quais se referia ao texto de AW como um conto de fadas. Mas Carroll terá ido muito além do que os seus contemporâneos escreviam (Demerova,

²³ Exceção para os textos de Dickens, MacDonald e, mais tarde, Carroll, que conseguem usar as suas capacidades artísticas sem sucumbirem ao didatismo, o que explica talvez o êxito das suas obras na época.

1982:76). As histórias de Carroll incorporam uma extensa tradição literária, desde algumas formas convencionais da literatura para crianças (lições de moral e didática informativa – que Carroll parodia), *nursery rhymes*, e contos de fadas, até outros *topoi* literários como “o mundo ao contrário” e a *dream vision* (um enquadramento onírico para um mundo de fantasia) (Demurova, (1982:75 e seguintes); Rackin, Donald (1991:3-19); Reichertz, (2000:4)). Carroll tem igualmente sido considerado um precursor do surrealismo (Stern, 1982) e, embora não seja esse o ponto principal do seu artigo, Nina Demurova avança com uma ideia ainda pouco explorada pelos investigadores: a de estabelecer um paralelo entre a personagem Alice e o herói solitário da literatura do Romantismo, que deambula por terras estranhas repletas de mistérios (1982:75).

O autor e a obra têm, de facto, sido alvo de inúmeras interpretações e especulações²⁴. Investigadores das mais variadas áreas de estudo têm afirmado descobrir ligações à vida pessoal de Carroll e múltiplos significados nos livros que escreveu:

Philosophers, logicians, mathematicians, physicists, psychologists, folklorists, as well as literary critics and armchair readers, all find

²⁴ De entre as inúmeras obras publicadas com as mais divergentes interpretações, destacamos as notas de Martin Gardner (2000), nas quais o autor faz um resumo crítico das mais variadas interpretações que têm vindo a ser avançadas para os livros de *Alice*, o que inclui uma extensa lista bibliográfica na qual podem ser encontradas essas mesmas interpretações. Uma coletânea representativa destas interpretações foi editada por Robert Phillips em 1971: *Aspects of Alice: Lewis Carroll's Dreamchild as Seen Through the Critics' Looking Glasses 1865-1971*, que procura juntar “the most interesting, if not only the most illuminating, interpretations by many men”, sendo que “some are thoroughly outrageous; others are in themselves finely wrought works of literature about a work of literature” (1971:20).

material for thought and interpretation of the Alices (Demurova, 1982:86).

Adam Gopnik (2000), a propósito da edição de *The Annotated Alice – The Definite Edition* de Martin Gardner, comenta/satiriza para o New York Times as interpretações do tipo pós moderno dos livros de *Alice*:

The postmodern reading of "Alice" is so easy that, like Alice herself, one can shut one's eyes and find oneself reciting from it: Victorian bourgeois society rests on the inculcated language of pious verse and moral literature, which, turned on its head, reveals a counteruniverse, a matriarchy where the kings are weaklings and young girls can become wild women, queens; this threatening woman-Alice is, though, forced back by the sexually threatened narrator into her "girlish" identity within patriarchal-hegemonic-logocentric society, having learned that the possibility of existence outside the hegemony can always be pushed away as mad (in www.nytimes.com/books).

Jan Susina (2010:2) sumariza da seguinte forma a sua opinião acerca do que se tem vindo a investigar e a escrever sobre os livros de *Alice* e Lewis Carroll, opinião que, aliás, subscrevemos:

Following the King of hearts' lead, scholars have taken a critical eye and discovered a great deal of meaning in the Alice books and Carroll's life. Some of the resulting scholarship has been quite good, others' has been pretty bad, and some of it has been surprisingly ugly.(...) This scholarly conversation seems, at times, to be an extended version of *Wonderland's* Mad Tea Party, with interpretations of Carroll's texts resembling the Mad Hatter famous riddle why a raven is like a writing-desk. When the Mad Hatter is pressed for its solution, he replies "I haven't the slightest idea".

Carroll was good at posing curious questions with his books rather than providing answers. *Wonderland* seems appropriately titled, in that it leaves readers wondering about what they have read. Perhaps critical responses to *Looking Glass* reflect what a reader brings to the text as well as how the book serves as a mirror (2010:2).

Da mesma forma, já Derek Hudson, em 1982, afirmava:

Carroll has been the victim of misplaced ingenuity from critics who have taken not only themselves but the Alice books far too seriously. He did not send Alice down the rabbit-hole on a summer's afternoon for the benefit of a future generation of Freudians but for the present pleasure of three small Victorians (1982:24).

Também Martin Gardner, na introdução de *The Annotated Alice – The Definite Edition* (2000) manifesta o mesmo ponto de vista:

Like Homer, the Bible, and all great works of fantasy, the *Alice* books readily lend themselves to any type of interpretation – political, metaphysical, or Freudian. Some learned commentaries of this sort are hilarious. (...) Any work of nonsense abounds with so many inviting symbols that you can start with any assumption you please about the author and easily build up an impressive case for it (2000: xiv –xv).

Na verdade, para um leitor que se encontre fora do contexto da Inglaterra vitoriana, torna-se problemático compreender totalmente um universo tão rico em paródias²⁵, *nonsense* e jogos de palavras²⁶:

²⁵ Uma exaustiva explicação das paródias de Carroll e dos textos que lhes deram origem pode ser encontrada nas edições dos livros de Alice com introdução e notas de Martin

It is impossible for an American reader today, so far removed from Victorian England, to appreciate fully the hundreds of hidden jokes in the Alice books without the aid of footnotes (Gardner, 1996: ix).

Os livros de *Alice* estão, de facto, repletos de transformações e acontecimentos inesperados. No entanto, a maior transformação parece ter sido levada a cabo pelo próprio autor:

The stuttering, reserved and awkward lecturer, Mr. Dodgson, became the clever and witty man of words, Lewis Carroll. [Like the Dodo, he presents himself as somewhat pompous, (...) an odd bird whose trusted nature helped hasten its own extinction. [Like the White Knight, a foolish, but heroic figure, (...) constantly inventing games, math problems, and puzzles (Susina, 2010:9).

Edward Lear e Lewis Carroll levaram a arte do *nonsense* ao mais alto nível²⁷. Apesar de não ser uma invenção do período vitoriano, o facto é que não há nenhum estilo que se lhe compare no resto da literatura europeia. Apesar de existir uma longa tradição de tradução dos textos de Carroll, os leitores poderão não abarcar totalmente o significado da sua obra, pois:

Gardner: *The Annotated Alice* (1960), *More Annotated Alice* (1990) e *The Annotated Alice – the Definitive Edition* (2000), todas publicadas pela Penguin. Esta última é a que utilizamos como texto primário para este estudo.

²⁶ Para uma análise dos textos de Carroll sob o ponto de vista da utilização das diversas funções da linguagem, veja-se Fordyce, Rachel and Marello, Carla (eds) (1994), *Semiotics and Linguistics in Alice's Worlds* e Sutherland, Robert (1970), *Language and Lewis Carroll*,

²⁷ Para um estudo detalhado das obras de Carroll sob o ponto de vista do *nonsense*, veja-se Elisabeth Sewell (1952) *The Field of Nonsense*.

Inspired word-play, mixed with judicious slapstick, and set within the frame-work of an idiosyncratic view of the human situation is the essence of Alice (Hudson, 1982:38).

Ao mesmo tempo que muitos especulam significados e leituras sobre a vida e obra de Carroll, outros tentam cada vez mais repor a “verdade”, voltando às fontes primárias de informação disponíveis, sobretudo através de uma nova leitura das cartas e dos diários. A este respeito Edward Wakeling, responsável pela mais recente reedição dos diários de Carroll pela Lewis Carroll Society, descreve e refuta o que denomina “os dez mitos mais frequentes acerca de Dodgson” (2003: lewiscarroll-site.com). Ao concluir, o autor avança com algumas ideias que podem ajudar a justificar, do ponto de vista biográfico, as diferentes e contraditórias leituras que se têm vindo a empreender acerca de Dodgson. Transcrevemos o parágrafo final:

Allow me to finish by giving you an analysis of some of the early biographies from "whence cometh" many of the myths. I have great respect for many biographers and a high regard for a few. But some just didn't do their homework. Dodgson himself must take some of the blame. His rigorous attempts to protect his privacy and to shun all forms of publicity made successive generations suspect that he had something to hide (...). He had a public name but not a public face. After his death, the custodians of his literary estate did little to release the truth. They followed the social sensitivities of the late Victorian and early Edwardian age – the private life of Lewis Carroll was not for public consumption. His literary legacy fared badly – many of his papers and personal effects were destroyed in the name of haste and expediency, but other motives were in play. Highly important documents were removed from the scope of future research – his 24 volume letter register containing summaries of all correspondence received and sent since 1860, his complete photographic catalogue of all pictures taken from 1856 to 1880, the

drafts and proofs of many publications, and parts of his thirteen volume diary. So biographers are bereft of key primary source material. But to indulge in highly spurious speculation is not the way forward.

2.2 – Alice como texto ambivalente

Quando AW foi finalmente publicado, Carroll ofereceu uma cópia a Alice Liddell e a muitas outras crianças, e durante o resto da sua vida continuou a fazê-lo. Talvez do seu ponto de vista a sua história de Alice fosse inequivocamente uma história para crianças. Mas o facto é que, como veremos, a crítica da época não parece pensar de igual modo, e esta discussão continuaria sobre, por exemplo, as traduções para a língua alemã. Da mesma forma, quanto mais nos afastamos no tempo e da época vitoriana, tanto mais os livros de *Alice* parecem fazer sentido para um público adulto, e não só para crianças. Talvez por isso, em todas as línguas para as quais foram reescritas, inclusive em inglês, muito cedo começaram a surgir diversas versões das histórias de Alice, mais extensas ou reduzidas a poucas páginas.

2.2.1 – O conceito de texto ambivalente de Zohar Shavit

Alice in Wonderland is, in effect, two books: a book for children and a book for adults. Its interest, its fantasy, its humor, and its logic, all operate at two levels. I know that adults often wonder why and how Alice can appeal to children. I suspect that children wonder why adults like it (Weaver, 1964:7).

Os diferentes textos de *Alice* servem como exemplo a Zohar Shavit para formular o conceito de *texto ambivalente*. Este conceito baseia-se no facto de os textos da literatura para crianças terem que apelar também ao adulto, já que é este quem habitualmente compra ou recomenda

determinado livro em detrimento de outro. Em *Poetics of Children's Literature* (1986), Shavit desenvolve e explicita este conceito²⁸, que é fundamental para os problemas de definição do público-alvo que os tradutores dos textos integrais do nosso *corpus* enfrentam, oferecendo uma explicação a partir da construção dos originais de Carroll.

Shavit começa por constatar que o surgimento de uma literatura especificamente destinada a crianças só foi possível após a noção de criança e de infância se terem desenvolvido nos termos em que referimos no ponto anterior, de acordo com os estudos de Ariès. Livros dirigidos às crianças só muito raramente foram publicados antes do século XVIII: esta indústria só se encontrará desenvolvida na segunda metade do século XIX. Shavit também afirma que a posição da literatura para crianças no polissistema literário tende a ser periférica, uma vez que

(...) most children's books are not considered part of the cultural heritage, and hence national histories of literature barely mention children's books, if at all (1986:35).

Quando um texto é produzido, tende a ocupar um determinado lugar no sistema literário. Apesar de os sistemas serem dinâmicos e se encontrarem em constantes mudanças, sofrendo pressões internas e externas, a um dado momento haverá a tendência para que o texto se estabilize em termos de oposições binárias: ou se trata de um texto para crianças ou se trata de um texto para adultos. Mas há textos cujo estatuto permanece *difuso* (Shavit, 1986:64) e é precisamente a

²⁸ Mais tarde, em 2006, Shavit escreve um resumo desta obra ("Translation of Children's Literature", in Lathey, Gillian (ed), *The Translation of Children's Literature – A Reader*, Clevedon: Multilingual Matters), baseando-se em *Gulliver's Travels* e *Robinson Crusoe* como estudos de caso.

conceção de um modelo sistémico aberto e em movimento, como entendeu Even-Zohar, que permite a existência teórica dessas fronteiras difusas. Porque o sistema não é homogéneo, pode ser composto por modelos ou funções contraditórias. Assim, existem textos que são lidos por adultos e, simultaneamente, considerados clássicos no sistema da literatura para crianças, ou seja,

(...) texts which formally belong to one system (the children's) and still are read by the reading public of another system (the adult), yet their system attribution is based on the criterion of audience change (children versus adults). Moreover, these texts officially and originally labelled as children's literature and occupying a dominant position at the center of the canonized system for children, often have to be rewritten (abridged and simplified) in order to become comprehensible and fully realized by children (Shavit, 1986:65).

Assim, um texto é ambivalente se o seu estatuto permanece difuso no sistema literário, sendo por isso lido por pelo menos dois grupos de leitores diferentes que diferem entre si não só na idade, mas sobretudo no modo como irão compreender e interpretar o texto. Shavit defende que um texto ambivalente é concebido como tal pelo escritor, sendo que a problemática do seu estatuto se situa não só ao nível da receção como também da produção, e assim, a criança, “the official reader of the text, is not meant to realize it fully and is much more an excuse for the text than its genuine addressee” (1986:71).

Um escritor que se dirige às crianças elabora o seu trabalho utilizando as normas do sistema literário para crianças, ao qual corresponde um modelo convencionado e mais estável, como veremos. Um texto ambivalente possibilita mais hipóteses de manipulação por parte do escritor. Por isso, o resultado final não está de acordo com as condicionantes de nenhum dos dois sistemas, e é esse facto que

permite que seja aceite por ambos. Os adultos aprovam o texto devido ao seu nível de sofisticação e isso faz com que seja aceite no sistema literário infantil, ainda que haja a consciência de que as crianças não serão capazes de o entender completamente:

Only by addressing the text both to children and to adults and pretending it is for children can the writer make possible the dual acceptance of the text (Shavit, 1986:67).

Essa aceitação é fundamental para que determinado texto possa ser bem-sucedido no panorama editorial. O autor que escreve para crianças é talvez o único a quem é pedido que se dirija a uma audiência em particular ao mesmo tempo que tem que apelar a outro público-alvo. No entanto,

(...) this demand is both complex and even contradictory by nature because of the different and even incompatible tastes of children and adults. But one thing is clear: in order for a children's book to be accepted by adults, it is not enough for it to be accepted by children (id, 1986:37).

A preferência do leitor adulto pelo texto mais sofisticado manifesta-se também na existência de versões anotadas²⁹, tal como a preferência das crianças por um texto menos sofisticado se traduz na existência de versões simplificadas (*abridged*).

²⁹ A edição anotada por Martin Gardner (2000) que utilizamos como texto primário na elaboração deste estudo é um bom exemplo disto, facto que é reconhecido pelo próprio desde logo na introdução: "It is only because adults (...) continue to relish the *Alice* books that they are assured of immortality. It is only to such adults that the notes of this volume are addressed." (p.xiv)

Os textos ambivalentes tendem a manipular modelos que foram rejeitados pelo sistema literário adulto mas não foram ainda aceites pelo sistema literário infantil. Mas estes textos, uma vez aceites pelos adultos, podem ocupar o centro do sistema literário para crianças, abrindo assim o caminho para a aceitação de um novo modelo. Desta forma, tornam-se sujeitos a imitações e são geralmente descritos como pontos de viragem na história da literatura, ocupando o centro do cânone (Shavit, 1986:67 e 69), como é claramente o caso dos livros de *Alice*. Isto torna possível que, no polissistema literário, exista

(...) a text that maintains a high status in one system (the children's) but is still simultaneously, and often primarily, read by the reading public of the other system (the adult) (Shavit, 1986:70).

2.2.2- Os vários textos de Alice

Lewis Carroll terminou o manuscrito de *Alice's Adventures under Ground* em fevereiro de 1863. Entregou-o ao amigo George MacDonald para que este lhe desse a sua opinião. Pelo que hoje sabemos através da publicação de cartas e dos diários de Lewis Carroll, nas obras já mencionadas, George MacDonald terá lido o manuscrito a toda a sua família, que acolhe este texto com entusiasmo, surgindo assim a ideia de uma possível publicação. Mas este manuscrito estava prometido, e Carroll empreende a tarefa de o ilustrar, para finalmente o oferecer a Alice Liddell no dia 26 de novembro de 1864. Ao mesmo tempo que se dedicava a ilustrar o manuscrito, Carroll mostra-o a várias pessoas, acolhe muitas sugestões, e assim chega à versão final, apresentando *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* com cerca de 35000 palavras, mais 17000 do que o texto de *Alice's Adventures under Ground*. Esta versão mais extensa viria a ser ilustrada por Sir John Tenniel a pedido de Carroll e publicada pela Macmillan em 1866.

Carroll ponderou, entre várias hipóteses, sobre o nome a dar a esta obra. Numa carta de 10 de junho de 1864, pediu um conselho ao amigo Tom Taylor, sugerindo para isso vários títulos possíveis. Ao mesmo tempo fornece uma descrição sumária da história:

The heroine spends an hour underground, and meets various birds, beasts, etc (no fairies), endowed with speech. The whole thing is a dream, but I don't want that revealed till the end. I first thought of "Alice's Adventures Under Ground", but that was pronounced too like a lesson-book, in which instruction about mines would be administered in the form of a grill; then I took "Alice's Golden Hour", but that I gave up, having a dark suspicion that there is already a book called "Lily's Golden Hours"³⁰. Here are the other names I have thought of:

Alice among the	}	elves goblins	}	Alice's	}	hour doings adventures	}	in elf – land wonderland
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Of all of these I at present prefer "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland". (...) I want something sensational. Perhaps you can suggest a better name than any of these (in Cohen, 1979: 65).

A história da publicação das primeiras edições de *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* é algo confusa. A qualidade da primeira edição não foi satisfatória para Tenniel, pelo que foi enviada para a editora Appleton em New York, que a publica como segunda edição. A verdadeira segunda edição, no entanto, foi publicada em Inglaterra, em novembro de 1865, com data de 1866. Esta segunda edição tinha um custo de 6

³⁰ Tratava-se de *Lilan's Golden Hours* de Eliza Meteyard.

shilling, mais barata do que a anterior (7 *shilling* e 6 *pence*), a pedido do próprio Carroll, que pretendia assim que um maior número de crianças tivesse acesso ao texto de AW.³¹

Vinte anos depois, Carroll pede emprestado a Alice Liddell o manuscrito original de *Alice's Adventures under Ground*. Este texto seria publicado, numa edição *facsimile*, em 1886. Quatro anos mais tarde, surge *The Nursery Alice*, outra reescrita da história de *Wonderland*, que contem 20 das ilustrações de Tenniel, aumentadas e a cores, e com um texto adaptado a pequenos leitores (indicações na folha de rosto da edição de 1890 publicada pela Macmillan), e capa de Gertrude Thomson. A ideia de escrever *The Nursery Alice* parece ter surgido ainda antes do pedido que fez do manuscrito a Alice Liddell, como se pode constatar pela carta que escreve em 21 de abril de 1881 à sua amiga Helen Feilden (Cohen, 1979:418). Carroll menciona que teve conhecimento de uma versão de *Alice* em Holandês que incluía oito das ilustrações de Tenniel aumentadas e a cores, e por isso interrogasse se não deveria fazer o mesmo. Uma vez mais, a história da publicação é longa. Tal como tinha acontecido para AW, Carroll e Tenniel não ficaram satisfeitos com a qualidade da impressão. Dessas primeiras 10000 cópias de 1889, uma parte (4000) é publicada pela Mcmillan americana. Das restantes 6000, uma parte é vendida em 1891 numa *people's edition* pelo preço de 2 *shilling* cada, e o restante numa edição de 1897 a 1 *shilling* cada. A nova edição foi então publicada em 1890, mas como as vendas foram menores do que o esperado, em 1896 o preço do livro é reduzido de 4 *shilling* para 1 (Goodacre, 1975).

³¹ As biografias já mencionadas incluem uma descrição mais detalhada deste processo. Acrescentamos ainda, a este respeito, Goodacre, Selwyn (1982), "The 1865 Alice: A New Appraisal And A Revised Census", in *English Language Notes*, vol. 20 (2).

Por tudo isto parece evidente a importância de salientar o papel ativo de Carroll na publicação das suas próprias obras. Foi também um excelente gestor (e iniciador) da “indústria *Alice*”, pois compreendia que a literatura para crianças era, não só uma forma de arte, como também um negócio. Por exemplo, foi responsável pela produção de mais material relacionado com os livros de *Alice*, como “Puzzles from Wonderland”, publicado no número 9 de *Aunt Judy’s Magazine* em dezembro de 1870 ou “The Wonderland Postage-Stamp Case” (Lovett, 1999: 38).

The *Alice* industry remains a significant component of contemporary children’s literature, but is also an early example of a children’s entertainment supersystem that was initiated when Carroll chose to expand the artistic and commercial boundaries of *Wonderland* beyond that of a single text (Susina, 2010:68).

O consumo de livros para crianças florescia em Inglaterra no século XIX e Carroll soube reconhecer a importância de fornecer livros de qualidade à classe média. Digno de nota é também o facto de a publicação dos livros de *Alice* tenha sido acordada à comissão com a editora Mcmillan, ou seja, Carroll suportou todos os custos de produção, ilustração e divulgação dos livros (e teve a preocupação de contratar apenas os melhores do seu ramo), como se prova pelas cartas publicadas por Morton Cohen em *Lewis Carroll and the House of Mcmillan* (1987) (London, New York: Cambridge University Press).

Nove meses depois de *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland*, Carroll manifesta a intenção de escrever uma continuação da história:

Carroll was not immune to the impulse of imitating his initial success. Nine months after the publication of *Wonderland*, in the midst of negotiating the translation rights for the German and

French editions of *Wonderland*, Carroll began to consider the possibility of writing a sequel (Susina, 2010:65).

Mas ainda demoraria algum tempo até que essa continuação fosse publicada, sobretudo devido à recusa sistemática de Sir John Tenniel em colaborar uma vez mais na ilustração. *Through the Looking Glass and What Alice Found There* veio finalmente a público no Natal de 1871, com data de 1872. Apesar da crítica positiva que recebeu, não viria a alcançar o mesmo êxito do primeiro livro de *Alice*, nem foi imediatamente traduzido para alemão e francês como acontecera com *AW*³². Apesar de inúmeros exemplos de tradução do poema *Jabberwocky* para diversas línguas, TLG na íntegra viria a ser muito menos traduzido, como é também o caso do *corpus* no presente trabalho. Se excluirmos os textos de influência Disney que combinam as duas histórias, registamos apenas dez reescritas de TLG.

Mais do que notas de índole biográfica, interessa para o nosso estudo o facto de o próprio Carroll ter escrito três versões diferentes da primeira história de *Alice*, dirigindo-as conscientemente a públicos diferentes, inserindo-as no modelo mais convencional do sistema literário infantil ou noutra menos convencional, o do sistema literário adulto. Apesar de terem sido canonizados como literatura para crianças, o modo como os livros de *Alice* foram concebidos contribui significativamente para a indefinição do seu público-alvo ou de classificação de género: para a publicação de *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* Carroll decide empreender várias alterações ao seu texto inicial, talvez porque o terá considerado demasiado sofisticado para crianças, mas não o suficiente

³² A primeira tradução de *Alice*, supervisionada pelo próprio Carroll, foi em língua alemã, publicada pela Johann Friedrich em Leipzig, com texto de Antonie Zimmerman (1869). Foi o próprio Carroll que escolheu o tradutor, como viria também a fazer para as edições francesa (Henri Bue - 1869) e italiana (Teodorico Pietrocola-Rossetti - 1872).

para adultos (Shavit, 1986:72). Carroll reescreve partes do seu texto e acrescenta-lhes outras totalmente novas. Para escrever *The Nursery Alice*, Carroll eliminou o que tinha elaborado para a segunda versão, nomeadamente a maior parte dos diálogos e os jogos de palavras, escrevendo deliberadamente um texto apelativo apenas para crianças, pelo que este perde o seu estatuto de ambivalente. O narrador de *The Nursery Alice* simplifica e explicita mais do que os de *Alice's Adventures under Ground* ou *AW*. Por exemplo, no quarto parágrafo³³, clarifica porque é que um coelho com um relógio e um bolso é uma imagem pouco usual.

Wasn't that a funny thing? Did you ever see a Rabbit that had a watch, and a pocket to put it in? Of course, when a Rabbit has a watch, it must have a pocket to put it in: it would never do to carry it about in its mouth and it wants its hands sometimes, to run about with (p.2).

O narrador certifica-se também que os seus leitores não se sentirão amedrontados por tudo o que sucede a Alice:

It was just like a very deep well: only there was no water in it. If anybody really had such a fall as that, it would kill them, most likely: but you know it doesn't hurt a bit to fall in a dream, because, you really are lying somewhere, safe and sound, and fast asleep! (p.3).

Mais um exemplo de didatismo do narrador pode ser encontrado no facto de este se referir várias vezes ao longo do texto às ilustrações de Tenniel,

³³ As referências a *The Nursery Alice* são retiradas da edição de 1890, publicada por Mcmillan.

([in which] large parts (...) seem to be more a guided tour of selected Tenniel pictures than redactions of Carroll's original story (Clark, 1986:30),

ao contrário do que acontece com o texto de AW, como veremos adiante. Por exemplo:

I'll tell you, soon, what Alice and the Caterpillar talked about: but first let us have a good look at the picture.

That curious thing, standing in front of the Caterpillar, is called a "hookah": and it's used for smoking. The smoke comes through that long tube, that winds round and round like a serpent.

And do you see its long nose and chin? At least, they *look* exactly like a nose and chin, don't they? But they really are two of its legs. You know a Caterpillar has got *quantities* of legs: you can see some more of them, further down (p.27).

The Nursery Alice enquadra-se assim perfeitamente nas características que definiremos para a literatura para crianças, como poderemos verificar nos exemplos que ilustram o capítulo cinco. Shavit resume da seguinte forma as profundas modificações que deram origem a esta reescrita:

Carroll made it a simple fantasy story, like any other fantasy story in his days, reminding the child almost in each chapter that it is a dream, and that such a thing could not happen in reality; (...) Carroll has totally changed the tone of the text and thereby made it a conventional didactic story; (...) the confusion of reality and fantasy is transformed into a clear distinction between them. (...) Carroll omitted all the elements of parody and satire (nosso sublinhado) (1980:85).

Parece-nos importante salientar ainda que os tradutores responsáveis pelas reescritas parciais do nosso *corpus*, embora aparentemente desconhecedores da existência de *The Nursery Alice*³⁴, atuaram no mesmo sentido que Carroll, baseando os seus textos nos modelos estabelecidos da literatura para crianças. De um modo geral, estes retiram todos os elementos mais complexos (como a paródia ou a sátira), até porque, na opinião de Shavit, a sua omissão não é difícil, pois não contribuem para o enredo da história (1986:125), ou baseiam-se em textos intermédios que por sua vez haviam já retirado esses elementos considerados mais sofisticados.

Em anexo (anexo 1) comparamos os textos de *Alice's Adventures under Ground*, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* e *The Nursery Alice*. Importa salientar as significativas diferenças entre os dois primeiros textos mencionados, que permitem verificar que Carroll, de facto, constrói, conscientemente, um texto ambivalente, ao reforçar os aspetos paródicos e de *nonsense*, quer pela alteração de alguns elementos que surgem já em *Alice's Adventures under Ground*, quer pela introdução de outros totalmente novos. A diferença mais evidente entre estes dois textos é a sua extensão, até porque o que Carroll havia já escrito para Alice Liddell não é retirado, embora tenha sido nalguns casos modificado. No entanto, o que é acrescentado é significativo. Os dois primeiros capítulos são praticamente idênticos e a primeira grande distinção surge no capítulo três³⁵: toda a “*caucus-race*”, que em AW é utilizada pelos seus participantes para se secarem (refira-se que se trata de uma corrida sem início, sem meta e, portanto, sem vencedor), substitui a ideia do pássaro Dodo de se recolherem a uma casa ali

³⁴ Registamos apenas uma tradução de *The Nursery Alice* para português: *Alice para os mais Pequenos*, com tradução de Manuela Agostinho, publicada pela Vega em 1993.

³⁵ Referimo-nos à nomeação e divisão de capítulos do texto de AW, pois os três textos não são coincidentes na nomeação dos capítulos nem na sua divisão.

perto para se secarem e ouvirem contar uma história. Antes da corrida, a primeira tentativa empreendida pelo grupo para se secar é ouvir a personagem Mouse contar a história mais secante que conhece. Em *Alice's Adventures under Ground*, a história é narrada sem interrupções. Em AW, é motivo para a introdução de mais um jogo de palavras:

(...) Stigand, the patriotic archbishop of Canterbury, found it advisable—

'Found *what?* said the Duck.

'Found *it*', the Mouse replied rather crossly: 'of course you know what "it" means.'

'I know what "it" means well enough, when I find a thing,' said the Duck: 'it's generally a frog or a worm. The question is, what did the archbishop find?' (p.31)

Outra diferença fundamental entre estes dois textos é a história da personagem Mouse: primeiro Carroll escreveu um poema que de certa forma explica a razão pela qual ele não gosta de cães e gatos; o mesmo poema em AW não oferece qualquer explicação e antecipa a cena final do julgamento, com o réu sentenciado à pena de morte.

O capítulo cinco, "*Advice from a Caterpillar*" é quase idêntico nos dois textos. Há, no entanto, a registrar uma diferença importante: o conselho final da lagarta, já de si confuso para Alice, torna-se mais complexo em AW. Assim, em vez de comer da parte de cima ou do caule do cogumelo para ficar, respetivamente, maior ou mais pequena, a lagarta diz a Alice que um dos lados do cogumelo a fará crescer e outro a fará diminuir. Isto representa um acréscimo de dificuldade para Alice e mais um apontamento de *nonsense* para o texto:

Alice remained looking thoughtfully at the mushroom for a minute, trying to make out which were the two sides of it; and as it was perfectly round, she found this a very difficult question. (p.55)

Outra alteração evidente é a completa ausência dos capítulos seis e sete (“*Pig and Pepper*” e “*A Mad Tea-Party*”), e grande parte dos capítulos oito e nove (“*The Queen’s Croquet-Ground*” e “*The Mock Turtle’s Story*”) do primeiro manuscrito de Carroll. Em AW o capítulo seis tem uma importância fulcral para a história: introduz as personagens Cheshire Cat e Duchess que, mais adiante, será a responsável pela introdução de uma moral muito particular ao texto (“everything’s got a moral, if only you can find it”), mesmo que esta não faça, pelo menos aparentemente, qualquer sentido:

‘I dare say you’re wondering why I don’t put my arm around your waist,’ the Duchess said after a pause: ‘the reason is, that I’m doubtful about the temper of your flamingo. Shall I try the experiment?’

‘He might bite,’ Alice cautiously replied (...)

‘Very true,’ said the Duchess: ‘flamingos and mustard both bite. And the moral of that is ---“Birds of a feather flock together.”’

‘Only mustard isn’t a bird,’ Alice remarked.

‘Right, as usual,’ said the Duchess: ‘what a clear way you have of putting things!’

‘It’s a mineral, I *think*,’ said Alice.

‘Of course it is,’ said the Duchess (...); ‘there’s a large mustard-mine near here. And the moral of that is--- “The more there is of mine, the less there is of yours”’. (p.96)

Assim, Carroll não introduz lições de moral, como era quase obrigatório na literatura para crianças no seu tempo. Além disso, como já referimos, os versos que Carroll inclui são paródias a textos

considerados modelares para a aprendizagem das crianças na época vitoriana.

A personagem Cheshire Cat não está igualmente presente no manuscrito de Carroll. Este gato peculiar é capaz de aparecer e desaparecer sem deixar rasto, ou de o fazer de uma forma extraordinária:

“Well! I’ve often seen a cat without a grin, (...) but a grin without a cat! It’s the most curious thing I ever saw in my life!” (p.69).

Esta sua capacidade vai gerar uma curiosa discussão, no final do capítulo oito, também ausente de *Alice’s Adventures under Ground*. Como sempre, a personagem Queen of Hearts ordena que uma cabeça seja cortada (a do gato, neste caso), mas esta não é uma ordem fácil de cumprir:

The executioner’s argument was, that you couldn’t cut off a head unless there was a body to cut it off from (...). The King’s argument was, that anything that had a head could be beheaded, and that you weren’t to talk nonsense. The Queen’s argument was, that if something wasn’t done about it in less than no time she’d had everybody executed, all round. (p.93)

“*A Mad Tea-Party*” é, sem dúvida, um dos capítulos em que Carroll mais explora as particularidades da língua inglesa, construindo um texto inteiramente suportado por jogos de palavras e *nonsense*, que exemplificamos com a história das três irmãs Elsie, Lacie e Tillie:

‘Once upon a time there were three little sisters (...) and their names were Elsie, Lacie and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well--‘

'What did they live on?' said Alice (...)

'They lived on treacle' said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

'They couldn't have done that, you know,' Alice gently remarked; 'they 'd been ill'.

'So they were,' said the Dormouse; '*very* ill.' (...)

'Why did they live at the bottom of a well?'

The Dormouse (...) then said, 'It was a treacle-well.' (...) And so these three little sisters--they were learning to draw, you know--'

'What did they draw?' said Alice (...)

'Treacle,' said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

'But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?'

'You can draw water out of a water-well,' said the Hatter; 'so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well--eh, stupid?'

'But they were *in* the well,' said Alice to the Dormouse (...).

'Of course they were,' said the Dormouse; '--well in'. (p.78-79)

Do mesmo modo, a história contada pela Mock Turtle sobre a sua educação não faz parte do primeiro texto de Carroll:

(...) 'I only took the regular course.'

'What was that?' inquired Alice.

'Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with,' the Mock Turtle replied; 'and then the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification and Derision.'

'I never heard of "Uglification"' Alice ventured to say. 'What is it?'

The Gryphon lifted up both paws in surprise. 'What! Never heard of Uglification!' it exclaimed. 'You know what to beautify is, I suppose?'

'Yes,' said Alice doubtfully: 'it means—to—make—anything—prettier.'

‘Well, then,’ the Gryphon went on, ‘if you don’t know what to uglify is, you *are* a simpleton.’ (p.102)

O décimo capítulo de AW (“The Lobster-Quadrille”) é quase todo escrito de novo. Mantém-se a ideia da canção triste da personagem Mock Turtle, mas o texto de *Alice’s Adventures under Ground* “Beneath the waters of a sea/ are lobsters thick as can be/ they love to dance with you and me/ my own, gentle salmon!” dá lugar a uma paródia do texto de Mary Howitt “The Spider and the Fly”³⁶. Também os capítulos onze e doze são, quase na íntegra, uma novidade. Mantém-se idêntica a acusação que pesa sobre a personagem Knave of Hearts, mas Carroll acrescenta todo o julgamento: os depoimentos incompreensíveis das testemunhas, as regras absurdas do tribunal, o improvável júri, a carta anónima sem sentido. É importante ainda o facto de que, em *Alice’s Adventures under Ground*, Alice não é convocada como testemunha deste processo.

Os dois textos reencontram-se quando Alice acorda, e manter-se-ão idênticos até ao final, recordando os dias felizes do verão, numa inequívoca alusão a Alice Liddell e aos passeios de barco que terão inspirado estas aventuras.

2.3 - As ilustrações de Sir John Tenniel

A ilustração é também um aspeto a considerar, pois faz parte integrante dos livros, é referenciada no texto, e contribui para que o livro seja encarado como uma obra de arte, também no aspeto visual. *Layout*, capa, ilustrações, qualidade de impressão, tudo contribui para o êxito ou não de determinado livro. Para além disso, as ilustrações ajudam (e direcionam) a compreensão do texto por parte do leitor:

³⁶ Segundo nota de Martin Gardner (2000) em *The Annotated Alice*, p.107.

(...) illustrations concretize: that is, they represent acts of concretization that the illustrator has performed in reading the text; and they strongly control the reader's own work (Hancher, 1981:195).

O aspecto visual do livro é importante, e isso inclui não só as ilustrações selecionadas mas também a capa, o tipo e tamanho da letra, ou seja, o *layout* geral da obra (Oittinen, 2006:94). Os livros de *Alice* foram particularmente cuidados neste aspecto. John Tenniel era já um artista conceituado quando Carroll o convidou para ilustrar AW. Era sobretudo conhecido pelos seus *cartoons* políticos que desenhava semanalmente para a revista *Punch*, e os seus desenhos já tinham ilustrado e ajudado a vender com sucesso mais de uma dezena de livros na década anterior³⁷.

Nos livros de *Alice*, imagem e texto estão sincronizados. Além disso, se compararmos as ilustrações de Tenniel com as que Carroll havia feito para *Alice's Adventures under Ground*, verificamos que a maioria ilustra os mesmos momentos. Apenas onze das ilustrações originais de Carroll não têm correspondência nas finais de Tenniel (Hancher, 1985:28). Mas, apesar de ser evidente que Tenniel teve acesso ao texto de *Alice's Adventures under Ground* e aos desenhos iniciais de Carroll, foi a partir do texto de AW que Tenniel elaborou o seu trabalho final. *The Nursery Alice* dá mais ênfase à ilustração. Como já referimos, o livro é especificamente dirigido a crianças muito pequenas ("Children aged

³⁷ Para uma explicação detalhada da carreira de Tenniel, das suas técnicas de ilustração e do que influenciava as suas criações, veja-se Hancher, Michael (1985), *The Tenniel Illustrations to the Alice Books*, Ohio: Ohio University Press.

from Nought to Five"³⁸). O texto é, por isso, mais simplificado e, sobretudo, as ilustrações (desta vez a cores) ajudam de uma forma muito mais ativa a concretizar a e explicitar a história.

O pouco que se sabe sobre a relação profissional entre Tenniel e Carroll chega-nos sobretudo através dos diários deste último. Ambos eram exigentes com o seu trabalho e a sua colaboração não foi pacífica, mas foi sem dúvida produtiva:

Taken together, all the evidence suggests that the Carroll-Tenniel collaboration was by no means one-sided. Both men could be demanding, and both sensibly found ways to accommodate the other's demands (Hancher, 1985:105).

Tal como explicámos anteriormente, a primeira edição de AW foi retirada do mercado a pedido de Tenniel, por considerar insuficiente a qualidade da impressão das ilustrações. Hancher explica que, na opinião de Tenniel, as imperfeições nessa edição eram subtis mas perceptíveis, pois o deficiente trabalho de impressão terá diminuído claramente o contraste claro/escuro que queria obter (1985:99). Carroll terá sido, desde sempre, muito rigoroso com o trabalho de Tenniel, tendo sempre uma opinião muito marcada acerca do tipo, tamanho e lugar da ilustração na página, mas o próprio Tenniel foi ainda mais exigente:

Tenniel was not being captious in objecting to the printing, and Carroll was not being over-finicky in commissioning (at his own expense) a wholly new printing of the book. However, the defects of the first printing were subtle enough that Carroll, inexperienced in

³⁸ Prefácio de Lewis Carrol em *The Nursery Alice*.

such matters, would not have objected if it weren't for Tenniel's objections (Hancher, 1985:100).

As ilustrações de Sir John Tenniel são interpretações pessoais das criaturas de Carroll³⁹ e contribuíram também para a classificação da obra como literatura para crianças. Foi Tenniel que fixou para sempre o modo como *Alice* viria a ser visionada e interpretada, como é patente nas adaptações cinematográficas⁴⁰ ou teatrais. A personagem Alice surge em vinte e três das quarenta e duas ilustrações de AW, mas Carroll fornece muito poucos detalhes da sua descrição física no texto. A mesma ausência de pormenores acontece, por exemplo, com a personagem Mad Hatter, e de um modo geral, com quase todas as personagens da história, deixando a Tenniel a responsabilidade de criar as características físicas para cada uma delas.

Podemos inferir algumas razões para esta ausência de pormenores no texto em favor da ilustração. Se nos reportarmos à tradição de livros para crianças editados por contemporâneos de Carroll, facilmente podemos verificar que há uma grande tendência para livros ilustrados no século XIX, por exemplo os contos dos Irmãos Grimm ou *The Book of Nonsense* de Edward Lear. Da mesma forma, eram igualmente publicados em Inglaterra *magazines* ilustrados para crianças, como *Aunt Judy's Magazine* que já mencionámos. Por outro lado, como AW

³⁹ Em “The Animals of Wonderland: Tenniel as Carroll’s Reader” (2004), Rose Lovett-Smith estabelece a interpretação de Tenniel das criaturas de Carroll através da influência dos conceitos da época em história natural e as teorias da evolução de Darwin. Richard Kelly (1982), em “If you don’t know what a Gryphon is”, explicita pormenorizadamente a relação entre a interpretação de Tenniel, as (parcas) indicações para a descrição física das personagens que se podem encontrar no texto e os desenhos originais de Carroll.

⁴⁰ Para uma lista das adaptações cinematográficas de Alice, veja-se Schaefer, David, “Alice on the Screen”, in Gardner (2000), *The Annotated Alice: the Definitive Edition*.

foi originalmente escrito para uma criança, há razão de que as crianças simplesmente gostam de ilustrações: “what is the use of a book without pictures or conversations?”, diz a personagem Alice no início de AW. Por isso, interesses editoriais deverão também ter sido tidos em consideração:

There is the obvious reason that children simply enjoy looking at pictures. Illustrations help to win a child’s interest in a book, and publishers demanded drawings to enhance the sales appeal of their volumes (Kelly, 1982:72).

Adicionalmente, os textos de Carroll são construídos sobre a própria linguagem. As personagens definem-se através dos diálogos, do modo como utilizam os jogos de palavras. São criaturas intelectuais sofisticadas. Ao separar a sua linguagem (o texto) das suas características físicas (as ilustrações), Carroll reforça a essência do *nonsense*, e em vez de personagens humanas que demonstram emoções complexas, Carroll criou personagens que representam tipos ou classes de uma forma objetiva (Kelly, 1982:73):

If people are things in the Nonsense game, they must, when they meet, treat one another as such, and this involves detachment from any form of affection or kindness. Relations between them will be matter-of-fact but not matter for feeling (Sewell, 1952:111-112).

Outros autores empreenderam a tarefa de ilustrar os livros de *Alice*, mas poucos alcançaram o sucesso dos originais de Tenniel. Uma das exceções foi Peter Newell. Em 1901 e 1902, a Harper and Brothers publicou estes textos de Carroll com a assinatura de Newell na ilustração. Não foi o primeiro a ilustrar os textos de Carroll, mas

(...) he was the first to do so in a memorable way. Both volumes are now costly collector's items. Whatever readers may think of Newell's art, I believe they will find it refreshing to see Alice and her friends through another artist's imagination (Gardner, 2000:xxvii)⁴¹.

Talvez o maior "rival" de Tenniel seja, até hoje, Walt Disney. É através dos seus filmes (e dos seus livros, como veremos) e consequentemente, através da sua interpretação, que a maioria das crianças tem vindo a contactar com as aventuras de Alice: "The manner in which a Picture shares information changes the information" (Oittinen, 2000:111).

Apesar de Disney e os seus ilustradores se terem inspirado nos desenhos de Tenniel,

(...) they have softened and sentimentalized the original drawings and rendered them rather bland. One hesitates to guess what future generations will see when they think about Alice and her mad acquaintances, but one would like to hope that Tenniel's masterful rendition of Carroll's rather abstract wonders will continue to anchor the imagination in the ground of nonsense (Kelly, 1982:74).

2.4 - A receção dos originais

Ao consultarmos a crítica da época da publicação dos textos originais de Carroll são desde logo evidentes dois aspetos: o primeiro prende-se com o facto de que AW é, na maioria das críticas, alvo de recensões positivas tanto em relação ao texto como em relação às ilustrações de

⁴¹ Em anexo (anexo 2) incluímos 4 das 20 ilustrações que desenhou para o texto de *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* e a crítica publicada pelo New York Times em 1902 sobre o seu trabalho.

Sir John Tenniel. A segunda característica comum é que a questão do duplo destinatário do texto de Carroll não é uma problemática recente, tendo sido desde logo colocada em evidência nas críticas das publicações dos anos 60.

It is a piece of delicious nonsense - the story of a simple loving child, who allows her imagination to paint fairy-like pictures of a white rabbit with pink eyes (...). Mr Tenniel has helped little Alice with his best pencil, and has produced for her the most humorous set of pictures which we have seen for many a day (*The Publishers' Circular*, 8 December 1865)⁴².

The story, or dream, is absolute nonsense; but nonsense so graceful and so full of humour that one can hardly help reading it through. The illustrations, by Tenniel, are, if anything, still better than the story; together they furnish children with materials for many a hearty laugh, which older children may very easily share (*The Guardian*, 13 December 1865, nosso sublinhado).

(...) regarding the book in the more genial light in which the younger generation would wish to view it, there can be little question that it will bear favourable comparison with many of those eccentric flights of fancy which enrich our literature at Christmas time. The illustrations [will] certainly constitute the best guarantee for the success of the book (*Illustrated Times*, 16 December 1865).

This is the book for little folks, and big folks who take it home to their little folks will find themselves reading more than they intended, and laughing more than they had the right to expect (*The Spectator*, 23 December 1865, nosso sublinhado).

⁴² Consultámos a lista completa de recensões publicada pela Lewis Carroll Society na sua revista *Jabberwocky*, publicada na edição de 1980, Winter vol.9 (1) (2) (3) e (4).

“Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland” is a delightful book for children – or, for the matter of that, for grown-up people, provided they have wisdom and sympathy enough to enjoy a piece of downright hearty drollery and fanciful humour. (...) Exquisite are the illustrations by Mr. Tenniel – a most charming contrast (...) to the ugly phantasmagoria in which so many of the artists of the present day indulge (*The London Review*, 23 December 1865, nosso sublinhado).

É importante salientar que estes exemplos, escolhidos de entre outros semelhantes, são excertos de críticas que, no seu conjunto, se dedicavam a apreciar uma lista relativamente extensa de livros publicados para crianças no Natal. Mesmo assim, começa já a haver a constatação de que esta história, embora dirigida a crianças, é também apelativa para crianças mais velhas e adultos. Com a exceção do excerto que seguidamente reproduzimos, a crítica é positiva, mas de facto as recensões ao texto de Carroll não são particularmente extraordinárias, como mais tarde viria a acontecer, sobretudo após a constatação editorial do seu sucesso.

This is a dream-story; but who can, in cold blood, manufacture a dream, with all its loops and ties, and loose threads, and entanglements, and inconsistencies, and passages which lead to nothing, at the end of which Sleep’s most diligent pilgrim never arrives? Mr. Carroll has laboured hard to heap together strange adventures, and heterogeneous combinations; and we acknowledge the hard labour. Mr. Tenniel, again, is square, and grim, and uncouth in his illustrations, howbeit clever, even sometimes to the verge of grandeur, as it is the artist’s habit. We fancy that any child might be more puzzled than enchanted by this stiff, over-wrought story (*The Athenaeum*, 16 December 1865).

Nos anos seguintes à sua publicação, a crítica continua a ser positiva, mas elogia mais expressivamente o trabalho de Lewis Carroll. A relação entre o texto e o seu público-alvo permanece instável:

The result is a nursery tale, which, like Kingley's *Water Babies*, or one of Hans Christian Andersen's stories, combines so much meaning and method with its racy broad humour – which it is a great mistake to describe, as we have seen it done in some review or other, as absolute and unmitigated nonsense – that it supplies a fund of almost equal amusement to the juvenile and young reader. We freely confessed to have indulged (despite our editorial gravity and decorum) in many a peal of loud laughter and a continuous irrepressible titter carried along irresistibly through its two hundred pages of unceasing fun (...) (*John Bull*, January 1866, nosso sublinhado).

This very pretty and funny book ought to become a great favourite with children. It has this advantage, that it has no moral, and that it does not teach anything. It is, in fact, pure sugar throughout, and is without any of that bitter foundation of fact which some people imagine ought to be at the bottom of all children's books. It is certainly nonsense from beginning to end, but is just that nonsense which no one but a clever man could have written (*The Sunderland Herald*, 25 May 1866).

(...) If there be such a thing as perfection in children's tales, we should be tempted to say that Mr. Carroll had reached it (*The Court Circular*, 22 December 1866).

“Alice's Adventures in Wonderland” has reached a fifth edition – not at all to our surprise. It is one of the cleverest and most charming books ever composed for a child's reading. It is full of point, and is quite remarkable for a rollicking innocent humour which never fails

of effect, whether the reader be young or old (*Pall Mall Gazette*, 19 January 1867, nosso sublinhado).

Pensamos ser relevante incluir nestes exemplos um extrato da crítica publicada pelo *The Spectator*, em 1869, pois esta é a primeira a ser publicada acerca das traduções de *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* para alemão e francês. Há desde logo a impressão inicial de que a tarefa de tradução deste texto se viria a revelar impossível, mas ela é, no entanto, exequível, desde que se tenha em consideração as características que um livro dirigido a crianças deve ter:

Alice in Wonderland is, beyond question, supreme among modern books for children. (...) We find, then, that Alice, having already made all English-speaking children her subjects is about to extend her dominion to the nurseries of France and Germany. We confess that our first hasty impulse was to exclaim, "Translate *Alice*? Impossible!" But we were straightway rebuked by the philosophical rejoinder of the caterpillar, "Why not?" And presently reason added, when the shock of surprise had passed off, "Not only it may be, but it must be." For what are in fact the qualities which are the marks of a really good child's book? Imprimis, it must amuse children; item, it must have no obvious moral; but this is not enough. The best children's tales, the tales which have already lived among the people, address themselves to all ages (...). But further, not only is the true child-mind of no age in particular; it is also cosmopolitan (...). It follows that a child's book of genuine worth ought to suffer less by translation than any other kind of book; and the volumes now before us may to that extend be considered a further test of the excellence of the original (*The Spectator*, 7 August 1869, nosso sublinhado).

De um modo geral, a crítica é unânime em afirmar que TLG não é tão apelativo como AW tinha sido. Várias são as razões evocadas para

fundamentar esta opinião, nomeadamente o uso excessivo das regras do jogo de xadrez ou o facto de ser considerado menos imaginativo. Por outro lado, talvez as expectativas fossem demasiado elevadas, face ao êxito de AW:

A continuation of a book that has proved very popular seldom is successful, and we cannot think Alice's last adventures by any means equal to her previous ones. Making every allowance for the lack of novelty, and our own more highly raised expectation, it seems to us that the parodies are somewhat less delightfully absurd, the nonsense not so quaint, the transitions rather more forced (*Illustrated London News*, December 1871, cit. em Cripps, 1983: 41).

Críticos têm interpretado TLG como uma obra mais controlada e menos espontânea do que a sua antecessora, escrita por um Carroll mais lógico e matemático do que contador de histórias (Cripps, 1983:41). A este respeito diz-nos Harold Bloom:

The movement from "you're nothing but a pack of cards!" to "I can't stand this any longer!" is a fair representation of the relative aesthetic decline the reader experiences as she goes from *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* to *Through the Looking Glass*. Had the first book never existed, our regard for the second would be unique and immense, which is another way of admiring how the first *Alice* narrative is able to avoid the human affect as mundane as bitterness (1987:5-6).

Carroll terá baseado AW na combinação e manipulação de três modelos existentes na sua época: o da história de aventuras, o das histórias de fantasia e o do *nonsense*. Deste modo, modifica, por exemplo, as regras que dizem respeito ao espaço e ao tempo e às relações entre realidade e

fantasia. Esta é descrita como real e vice-versa, tornando a distinção entre elas muito difícil. De uma maneira geral, a manipulação consciente destes modelos levada a cabo por Carroll não se traduz na eliminação de características de cada um dos modelos, mas na alteração das funções dessas características (Shavit, 1980: 84). Deste modo, Carroll deixa em aberto a possibilidade de ler o texto de *Wonderland* como uma história de fantasia ou como uma história de aventuras.

Esta mistura de diferentes gêneros é bem visível nos textos integrais que constituem o nosso *corpus*, desde logo ao nível das indicações editoriais, que inserem os livros de *Alice* em coleções representativas de vários gêneros, como veremos. Às editoras e aos tradutores portugueses acresce ainda a dificuldade da utilização do *nonsense*, uma vez que este género não tem correspondência no sistema literário português.

3 - Descrição do corpus

Prosseguimos a nossa análise pela descrição e tentativa de classificação das reescritas que fazem parte do *corpus* deste trabalho, e fá-lo-emos sobretudo em função da identificação do público-alvo, pois numa primeira leitura parenta ser esse o principal problema enfrentado pelos tradutores dos livros de *Alice*. A quem se dirigem, afinal, os livros de *Alice*? E, sobretudo, a quem se dirigem as reescritas portuguesas destes mesmos textos? Ao responder a esta questão preliminar, os tradutores estão a impor a si próprios uma série de condicionantes que irão direcionar o seu trabalho. Isto é, o processo das sucessivas tomadas de decisão dos tradutores submete-se, antes de mais, à função que o texto traduzido irá desempenhar no sistema literário de chegada (como já referimos a propósito da *Skopostheorie*).

O modelo de Lambert e van Gorp sugere uma primeira divisão dos textos em traduções parciais ou integrais. Isto implica, naturalmente, que o *corpus* primário para um estudo de caso não diferencie entre várias formas de tradução. De facto, a linha que separa, por exemplo, a tradução da adaptação é muito ténue, e muitas vezes é impossível determinar claramente onde a devemos traçar. Além disso, a adaptação pode também ser entendida como um conjunto de operações translatórias, levadas a cabo com o objetivo de tornar o texto apropriado a determinado fim, que têm como resultado um texto de alguma forma representativo do original, mas que pode não ser reconhecido como tradução (Baker, 2001:5-8). Isso implicaria, claramente, encarar a adaptação a partir de um prisma negativo, e juízos de valor *a priori* é algo que os Estudos Descritos de Tradução combatem por princípio. Por outro lado, poder-se-ia correr o risco de isolar os textos traduzidos de outros textos classificados como não-

traduções, em vez de os contextualizar. Devemos então considerar relevantes os produtos que resultam de um transfer interlingual (Even-Zohar, 1990:74-6). Por isso, utilizamos a terminologia de Lefevere, que permite que todos os textos que fazem parte do *corpus* deste estudo estejam sob a designação de reescritas.

3.1 - O corpus

De acordo com o modelo proposto por Lambert e van Gorp, iniciamos a descrição dos textos de chegada através de uma compilação dos textos que constituem o nosso objeto de estudo, salientando desde já alguns elementos que estes autores propõem para uma primeira fase de um estudo de caso: títulos, datas, editoras, presença ou ausência de indicações de gênero, nome do tradutor e/ou do autor, e/ou de quem adapta, existência ou não de paratextos, e uma primeira apreciação da estratégia geral seguida (tradução integral ou parcial). A isto chamam Lambert e van Gorp dados preliminares (1985:52), que deverão conduzir ao levantamento de hipóteses de trabalho. Podemos igualmente, desde já, proceder ao levantamento de elementos que funcionam a um nível macro (1985:52), como por exemplo, o modo como o texto está dividido (presença ou ausência de capítulos e respetivos títulos), ou a relação entre as formas narrativa, descritiva, poética ou diálogos. Ao mesmo tempo, um contexto sistémico está igualmente presente, uma vez que são sempre consideradas as relações intertextuais (1985:53) que existem entre as diversas reescritas que seguidamente descrevemos.

Assim, apresentamos uma listagem de textos traduzidos a partir de *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* e *Through the Looking Glass and What Alice Found There*, ordenados pela data da primeira edição de cada texto. Agrupamos sob a mesma designação numérica todas as

edições de um mesmo texto, com o mesmo ilustrador. Os termos ‘tradução’, ‘adaptação’ ou ‘versão’ reproduzem a indicação da editora. As reescritas que têm como texto de partida *Through the Looking Glass And What Alice Found There* estão devidamente assinaladas. Na ausência de referência ao texto original, trata-se de um texto de chegada que resultou de *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland*. Outros casos encontram-se devidamente identificados de acordo com as indicações das editoras. Para uma outra leitura apresentamos também a mesma informação, por ordem cronológica de edições, nos quadros das páginas 108 a 116.

1 - Texto (e prefácio) de Henrique Marques Júnior, com D.L. de **1936**, para as Edições Romano Torres em Lisboa, que incluem esta obra num livro intitulado *Alice no País das Fadas e Outros Contos*. As ilustrações são de Alfredo Morais.

2 - O mesmo texto é publicado pela mesma editora em **1942** (D.L.), integrado na “Colecção Manecas”. Desta vez as ilustrações são de Amorim. É posteriormente publicada uma segunda edição em 1946 e uma terceira em 1951.

3 – Em **1943**, a Portugália publica um texto da autoria de Maria de Meneses, com ilustrações de Figueiredo Sobral, na coleção “Os Pioneiros”. Este texto terá mais 2 edições: em 1965 e 1966. Muito mais tarde, em 2008, o mesmo texto e as mesmas ilustrações são publicadas pela Editora Vega.

4 – Em **1946** a editora Romano Torres publica também *Alice no Mundo do Espelho*. É inserida na “Colecção Manecas”, e tem tradução de Leyguarda Ferreira. As ilustrações são de José Félix.

5 – Em **1951**, Henrique Marques Júnior escreve uma nova tradução para a Guimarães Editores. As ilustrações estão a cargo de René Bour.

6 - Com tradução de Miguel Serrano de um texto de Maria Marti, a Bertrand publica a sua primeira edição com D.L. de **1960**, na “Colecção Histórias”. Uma segunda edição é publicada em 1966 (D.L.). O mesmo texto aparece novamente, mas incluído na “Série Selecção”, em 1974.

7 – Publicada pela Ibis, Amadora, uma adaptação com D.L. de **1961**.

8 – Na coleção “Contos Recortados”, a Majora publica duas edições com adaptação de Costa Barreto e ilustrações de Laura Costa: D.L. de **1962** e D.L. de 1980. Na contra-capla pode ler-se a indicação “livro infantil”.

9 - As Edições Afrodite publicam duas edições desta obra (em **1971** e 1976), com tradução de José Pereira e Manuel João Gomes e os desenhos de John Tenniel. Estas edições têm notas, prefácio e introdução de Manuel João Gomes.

10 – A Editorial Estampa publica, em **1971**, *Alice Do Outro Lado do Espelho*, um texto de Yolanda Artiaga, Nina Videira e Luís Lobo, integrada na coleção “Livro B”. As segunda e terceira edições tem D.L. de 1977 e uma quarta edição é publicada em 1998.

11 – Com D.L. de **1975**, publicada pela Electrolíber.

12 – Incluída na sua coleção de clássicos, as Publicações Europa-América editam, em **1977**, com 2ª edição em 1993, uma tradução de Vera Anzancot e os desenhos originais de John Tenniel. Na sub-capla, ao lado do título, aparece a indicação “um livro para miúdos e graúdos”. O mesmo texto (mas sem ilustrações) é publicado em março de 2000 pela Abril/Controljornal, incluído na Biblioteca Visão, edição de venda conjunta com a revista do mesmo nome. Em março de 2010, é editada novamente a tradução de Vera Anzancot. Esta última edição inclui uma nota histórica e biográfica sobre Lewis Carroll e John Tenniel.

13 – A Europa América publica, em **1978**, e mais tarde em 1996, mais um texto de Vera Azancot. *Alice Do Outro Lado do Espelho* é o nº 181 da coleção “Clássicos (Grandes Obras)” e tem na sub-capa a indicação “um livro para miúdos e graúdos”. Em Março de 2010, surge novamente esta tradução de Vera Anzancot. Esta última edição inclui uma nota histórica e biográfica sobre Lewis Carroll e John Tenniel.

14 – De **1981**, com segunda edição em 1987, é publicada pela Europa - América. É adaptada do filme da Walt Disney por Ann Spano, com tradução portuguesa de Maria do Pilar Delvaux. Insere-se na coleção “Clássicos Walt Disney”, Livro de Bolso nº2. O *copyright* é de 1977 da Walt Disney Company.

15 - Ilustrada por Simone Baudoin e adaptada por Jeanne Cappe, a Verbo Infantil publica, com D.L. de **1982**, uma versão de Maria Isabel Mendonça Soares. O *copyright* é da editora Casterman. Inclui um prefácio sobre Carroll.

16 – Adaptada e traduzida por Soledade Martinho da Costa, Rui Pimentel ilustra a edição da Europa América com D.L. de **1983**. Insere-se na coleção “Os Grandes Clássicos Infantis”.

17 – Em **1986** e, depois, em 1993, a Presença publica uma tradução de Carlos Grifo Babo, com ilustrações de Tenniel. O livro integra-se na coleção de literatura juvenil “À Descoberta”. Inclui prefácio com notas biográficas sobre Carroll e uma breve explicação das opções de tradução utilizadas. A 3ª edição é publicada em 2010.

18 – Publicada pela Difusão Cultural em **1987**, na coleção “Clássicos Disney”, com texto em português de António Avelar de Pinho.

19 – Também de **1987**, com adaptação de Isabel Barbosa e Martins da Rocha, traduzida por Isabel Patrícia e publicada pela Edinter, com ilustrações da Walt Disney.

20 - Com tradução de Maria Filomena Duarte e ilustrações de Tenniel, uma publicação D. Quixote, de **1988**, com 2ª edição em 1990,

e 3ª em 1997. A obra integra-se na coleção “Biblioteca Juvenil D. Quixote”. O mesmo texto é publicado em novembro de 2000 na “Biblioteca de Bolso Clássicos”.

O *copyright* deste texto passa posteriormente para a editora Leya, SA, que publica mais duas edições de *Alice no País das Maravilhas*: 2009 e 2010.

21 – A “Biblioteca Juvenil” da editora D. Quixote apresenta em **1988**, *Alice do Outro Lado do Espelho*, numa tradução de Maria Filomena Duarte.

22 - Do Círculo de Leitores, publicada em **1988**, uma tradução do espanhol de Maria Eduarda Correia, de um texto de F. Capdevilla (Alicia en el Pais de las Maravillas). As ilustrações são da Walt Disney.

23 - Na coleção “Clássicos de Sempre”, a Verbo apresenta em **1991** uma tradução de Maria das Mercês e Maria Isabel Soares, com ilustrações de Eric Kincaid. O texto de partida é *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland*, com *copyright* da Brimax Books Ltd, de 1990. Inclui uma pequena introdução sobre Lewis Carroll.

24 - A Ulisseia Infantil publica em **1994** uma edição com ilustrações de Cláudio Cemuschi e Maria De Filippo s/ Walt Disney. É traduzida do italiano (*copyright* da editora Edibimbi Legnano) e inserida na coleção “Contos de Encantar”.

25 – A Impala, em **1995** publica um texto adaptado do espanhol (*copyright* da Editorial LIBSA), na coleção “Os Meus Contos Clássicos Favoritos”.

26- Publicação da Everest Editora, em **1995**, na coleção Mini-livros Disney. Na contra-capa pode ler-se “recomendado para crianças a partir dos seis anos”.

27 – Nova adaptação da Everest Editora, também de **1995**, na coleção “Nova Antologia Disney”. A adaptação e a tradução são de Ana Maria Guedes e de Rui Guedes. Este texto tem segunda edição em 2000 e terceira em 2001.

28 – Em **1996**, na coleção “Contos da Avozinha”, a Moderna Editorial Laves inclui *Alice no País das Maravilhas* no mesmo volume de Pinóquio e de O Pequeno Polegar. As ilustrações da coleção são de Andreia Costa.

29 – Nova adaptação do filme da Walt Disney, de Teddy Slater, traduzida para português por Margarida Vale de Gato e publicada pela Editorial Notícias em **1997**.

30 – Em julho de **1998**, as edições ASA publicam, na coleção “Clássicos ASA”, uma adaptação de Lucy Kincaid, com ilustrações de Gill Guile. A tradução é de Álvaro Garcia Fernandes. O texto de partida é AW (incluído na coleção “Classics for 8 and under”), com *copyright* da editora Brimax Books de 1997. É publicada uma segunda edição em 2000 e uma terceira em 2005.

31 – Na coleção “Classic Animations”, a Trisan Editores publica em **1998**. A adaptação e a tradução são de Pedro Lopes e as ilustrações de Ana Vaz, Carla Montalvão e Sara le Chevaistier.

32 - A Civilização Editora publica em outubro de **1998** uma tradução de Alexandrina Bento para as ilustrações de Teresa Lima. O livro insere-se na coleção “As Palavras Emboscadas”.

33 – A editora Girassol publica na sua coleção “Mini-Clássicos”, uma edição de **1999**, que inclui um pequeno posfácio. Em 2000, o mesmo texto é inserido numa coleção de dois volumes intitulada “Os Clássicos Dourados”.

34 – Nova publicação da Everest Editora, em **1999**, desta vez na coleção “Os Clássicos Disney”.

35 – A Everest Editora, em setembro de **2000**, edita uma tradução de Maria João Rodrigues, com ilustrações de Belén Eizaguine Alvear, Maria Isabel Nadal Romero e Juan Pablo Navas Rosco (coleção “Cometa Azul”). Podemos também encontrar uma reedição com data de março de 2007.

36 – A Relógio d'Água publica em maio de **2000** uma tradução dos dois livros de *Alice. As Aventuras de Alice no País das Maravilhas e Do Outro Lado do Espelho* têm tradução e notas de Margarida Vale de Gato. É publicada uma segunda edição em 2007 e uma terceira em 2009.

37 – No n° 7 da coleção “Clássicos Juvenis”, a Civilização Editora publica, em março de **2000**, uma adaptação de Jane Fior, com tradução de Maria Teresa Amaral e ilustrações de Greg Becker (*copyright* de Dorling Kindersley Limited). O posfácio inclui informação sobre Carroll e a Inglaterra vitoriana e as personagens da história.

38 – Publicada pela Ambar em **2001**, surge uma tradução de *Alice im Wunderland* (*copyright* Michael Neugebauer Verlag) da autoria de Isabel Ramalhete e Maria Teresa Silva. As ilustrações são de Lisbeth Zwerger. O livro inclui ainda em posfácio uma nota biográfica sobre a ilustradora.

39- Nova edição da Impala, que desta vez inclui o texto na coleção “Platina”. A edição é de **2001** e tem tradução e adaptação de F. Sobral.

40 – Virgínia Barros e Esther de la Paz adaptam para a Cultural SA um texto com ilustrações de Esther Curiel. Insere-se na colecção Diverticontos e é publicada em **2002**. Esta coleção tem doze títulos, e cada história pretende ilustrar um determinado princípio moral. No caso da história de Alice, trata-se de “cumprir as obrigações”.

41 – Num só volume intitulado Contos Maravilhosos insere-se o primeiro dos livros de *Alice*, com tradução a partir do francês (texto de Nathalie Monnin) de Rita Vanez. É publicado em **2002**, igualmente pela Civilização Editora.

42 – As Edições Gailivro publicam em **2003** “uma adaptação dinâmica do conto de Lewis Carroll” por Robert Sabuda, com tradução para português de Andreia Silva.

43 – Nova tradução de Maria das Mercês e Maria Isabel Mendonça Soares, desta vez para a coleção “Geração Público”, publicada em **2004** com *copyright* da Mediasat Rights/Promoway Portugal. Esta edição não tem ilustrações.

44 - Em conjunto com outras histórias, num volume intitulado “Jóias Clássicas”, a Asa publica em **2005** uma tradução de Sara Costa a partir de um texto intermédio em espanhol.

45 - Também em **2005**, pela Majora, a reescrita de AW pertence à “Colecção Clássicos Universais”.

46 - Em **2006**, nova edição da Verbo, para a coleção “Ler é Crescer”.

47 - Em **2007** surge uma edição da Porto Editora na coleção “Eu sei ler”.

48 - Numa tradução de Ana Ribeiro e revisão de Lino Palmeira, surge uma reescrita de AW em **2008**, pela mão da Editora QuidNovi. Esta edição não contém ilustrações.

49 - A Everest publica, em **2008**, mais uma edição Disney, a partir de um texto intermédio em língua espanhola, com tradução de Teresa Figueira.

50 - Também da Everest, no mesmo ano (**2008**) e da mesma tradutora, AW surge reescrita e adaptada para a “Colecção Clássicos”.

51 - Em **2008**, uma nova edição Disney da Everest, com tradução de Maria João Rodrigues. O livro integra a coleção “Nova Antologia”.

52 - Em **2010** a editora QuidNovi recupera o texto das Edições Afrodite de 1971, numa edição revista por José Vaz Pereira. O prefácio inclui uma homenagem a Manuel João Gomes.

53 - As Edições Nelson de Matos recuperam os textos que Maria Filomena Duarte traduziu para a editora D. Quixote, e publicam os livros de *Alice* em **2010** na coleção “Biblioteca Juvenil”. O nº 8 dessa coleção é *Alice no País das Maravilhas*.

54 – O nº 9 da coleção a que se refere o número anterior é *Alice do Outro Lado do Espelho*.

55 - Igualmente em **2010**, a editora Zero a Oito publica para o *Expresso* os dois textos que Margarida Vale de Gato tinha traduzido para a editora Relógio d'Água. Esta edição de *Alice no País das Maravilhas* e *Alice do Outro Lado do Espelho* tem 4 volumes, ilustrações de Diogo Muñoz e posfácio de Miguel Esteves Cardoso.

56 - Neste mesmo ano, **2010**, a Arte Plural Edições apresenta uma “edição dinâmica”, com ilustrações de Zdenko Basic e tradução de Irene e Nuno Daun de Lorena, a partir de uma original de Harriet Castor com *copyright* da Carlton Book.

57 - Pela mão da Bertrand, também em **2010**, o texto de Maria Filomena Duarte é revisto por Rosa Amorim e publicado no nº 84 da coleção “Biblioteca”.

Data	Editora	Edição	Coleção	Adaptação	Tradução	Ilustrações	Texto de partida	Observações	nº texto
1 DL 1936	J. Romano Torres		Manecas	Henrique Marques Jr.		Alfredo Morais	Alice in Wonderland	prefácio	1 parcial
2 DL 1942	J. Romano Torres	1ª	Manecas	Henrique Marques Jr.		Amorim	Alice in Wonderland	indicação na capa "novela contada às crianças"	2 parcial
3 1943	Portugália	1ª	Os Pioneiros, nº 3		Mª de Menezes	Figueiredo Sobral			3 integral
4 1946	J. Romano Torres		Manecas		Leyguarda Ferreira	José Felix		<i>Alice no Mundo do Espelho</i> indicação na capa: contada às crianças	4 parcial
5 1946	J. Romano Torres	2ª	Manecas	Henrique Marques Jr.		Amorim		indicação na capa "novela contada às crianças"	2 parcial
6 1951	Guimarães Editores			Henrique Marques Jr.		René Bour			5 parcial
7 1951	J. Romano Torres	3ª	Manecas	Henrique Marques Jr.		Amorim		indicação na capa: "novela contada às crianças"	2 parcial
8 DL 1960	Bertrand	1ª	Histórias, nº 21	Maria Marti	Miguel Serrano	Maria Barrera	Alice in the Wonderful Land	Copyright Editorial Bruguera	6 parcial
9 DL 1961	Ibis								7 parcial
10 DL 1962	Majora	1ª	Contos Recortados, nº 7	Costa Barreto		Laura Costa		Subtítulo: conto infantil	8 parcial
11 1965	Portugália	2ª	Os Pioneiros, nº 3		Mª de Menezes	Figueiredo Sobral			3 integral
12 DL 1966	Bertrand	2ª	Histórias, nº 21	Maria Marti	Miguel Serrano	Maria Barrera	Alice in the Wonderful Land	Copyright Editorial Bruguera	6 parcial

Data	Editora	Edição	Coleção	Adaptação	Tradução	Ilustrações	Texto de partida	Observações	nº texto
13	Portugália	3ª	Os Pioneiros, nº 3		Mª de Menezes	Figueiredo Sobral			3 integral
14	Afrodite	1ª			José Pereira e Manuel João Gomes	John Tenniel		Introdução, notas e posfácio	9 integral
15	Estampa	1ª	Livro B, nº 7		Yolanda Artiaga, Nina Videira e Luis Lobo	John Tenniel		<i>Alice do Outro Lado do Espelho</i> notas de tradução	10 integral
16	Bertrand		Série Seleção, nº 21	Mania Marti	Miguel Serrano	Maria Barrera	Alice in the Wonderful Land	Copyright Editorial Bruguera	6 parcial
17	Electroliber								11 parcial
18	Afrodite	2ª			José Pereira e Manuel João Gomes	John Tenniel		Introdução, notas e posfácio	9 integral
19	Estampa	2ª	Livro B, nº 7		Yolanda Artiaga, Nina Videira e Luis Lobo	John Tenniel		<i>Alice do Outro Lado do Espelho</i> notas de tradução	10 integral
20	Estampa	3ª	Livro B, nº 7		Yolanda Artiaga, Nina Videira e Luis Lobo	John Tenniel		<i>Alice do Outro Lado do Espelho</i> notas de tradução	10 integral
21	Europa-América	1ª	Grandes Obras, nº 162		Vera Azancot	John Tenniel		Subtítulo: "Um livro para miúdos e graúdos" notas de tradução	12 integral

Data	Editora	Edição	Coleção	Adaptação	Tradução	Ilustrações	Texto de partida	Observações	nº texto
22	Europa-América	1ª	Clássicos Grandes Obras, nº 181		Vera Azancot	John Tenniel		<i>Alice do Outro Lado do Espelho</i> Subtítulo: "Um livro para miúdos e graúdos" notas de tradução	13 integral
23	Majora	2ª	Contos Recortados, nº 7	Costa Barreto		Laura Costa		Subtítulo: conto infantil	8 parcial
24	Europa-América	1ª	Clássicos W. Disney Livros de Bolso, nº 2	Ann Spano (do filme)	Maria do Pilar Delvaux	Walt Disney	Alice in Wonderland	copyright Walt Disney Company 1977	14 parcial
25	Verbo Infantil		Verbo Infantil Gigante, nº 2	Jeanne Cappe	Mª Isabel Mendonça Soares	Simonne Baudoin		copyright Casterman prefácio	15 parcial
26	Europa -América		Os Grandes Clássicos Infantis	Soledade da Costa		Rui Pimentel			16 parcial
27	Presença	1ª	de Literatura Juvenil "A Descoberta"		Carlos Grifo Babo	John Tenniel		nota introdutória	17 integral
28	Europa-América	2ª	Clássicos W. Disney Livros de bolso, nº 2	Ann Spano	Maria do Pilar Delvaux	Walt Disney	Alice in Wonderland	copyright Walt Disney Company	14 parcial
29	Difusão Cultural		Clássicos Disney	António Avelar de Pinho		Walt Disney		em conjunto com "Os Jacarés de Estimação"	18 parcial
30	Edinter		Contos Maravilhosos	Isabel Barbosa Martins da Rocha	Isabel Patrícia	Walt Disney			19 parcial
31	D. Quixote	1ª	Biblioteca Juvenil D. Quixote, nº 1		Mª Filomena Duarte	John Tenniel		apêndice	20 integral
32	D. Quixote	1ª	Biblioteca Juvenil D. Quixote, nº 3		Mª Filomena Duarte	John Tenniel		<i>Alice do Outro Lado do Espelho</i> apêndice	21 integral

Data	Editora	Edição	Coleção	Adaptação	Tradução	Ilustrações	Texto de partida	Observações	nº texto
33	Círculo de Leitores		Antologia Disney	F. Capdevilla	M ^a Eduarda Correia	Walt Disney	Alicia en el Pais de las Maravillas	em conjunto com "Bambi"	22 parcial
34	Estampa	4 ^a	Livro B, nº 7		Yolanda Artiaga, Nina Videira e Luis Lobo	John Tenniel		notas de tradução	10 integral
35	D. Quixote	2 ^a	Biblioteca Juvenil D. Quixote, nº 1		M ^a Filomena Duarte	John Tenniel		apêndice	20 integral
36	Editorial Verbo		Clássicos de Sempre, nº 1		M ^a das Mercês e M ^a Isabel Soares	Eric Kincaid		Pequena introdução copyright Brimax Books, Ltd	23 integral
37	Europa-América	2 ^a	Grandes Obras, nº 162		Vera Azancot	John Tenniel		Subtítulo: "Um livro para miúdos e grátidos" notas de tradução	12 integral
38	Presença	2 ^a	Literatura Juvenil "À Descoberta", nº 8		Carlos Grifo Babo	John Tenniel		Nota introdutória	17 integral
39	Ulisseia Infantil		Contos de encantar			Claudio Cernuschi e M ^a De Filippo	em italiano	copyright Edibimbi	24 parcial
40	Impala		Os Meus Contos Favoritos	Impala			em espanhol	copyright LIBSA	25 parcial
41	Everest		Mini-ívroos Disney					Indicação na contracapa: recomendados para crianças a partir dos 6 anos	26 parcial
42	Everest	1 ^a	Nova Antologia Disney	Ana M ^a Guedes e Rui Guedes	Ana M ^a Guedes e Rui Guedes	Walt Disney			27 parcial
43	Moderna Editorial Lavoros		Contos da Avozinha			Andreia Costa		em conjunto com "Pinóquio" e "O Pequeno Polegar"	28 parcial

Data	Editora	Edição	Coleção	Adaptação	Tradução	Ilustrações	Texto de partida	Observações	nº texto
44	Europa-América	2ª	Clássicos Grandes Obras, nº 181		Vera Azancot	John Tenniel		<i>Alice do Outro Lado do Espelho</i> Subtítulo: "Um livro para miúdos e graúdos"	13 integral
45	D. Quixote	3ª	Biblioteca Juvenil D. Quixote, nº 1		Mª Filomena Duarte	John Tenniel		apêndice	20 integral
46	Editorial Noticias			Teddy Slater	Margarida Vale de Gato	Walt Disney	Alice in Wonderland	ilustrações centrais são <i>frames</i> do filme	29 parcial
47	ASA	1ª	Clássicos ASA, nº 3	Lucy Kincaid	Álvaro Fernandes	Gill Guile	Alice in Wonderland	copyright Brimax Books 1997 na coleção "classics for 8 and under"	30 parcial
48	Estampa	4ª	Livro B, nº 7		Yolanda Artiaga, Nina Videira e Luis Lobo	John Tenniel		<i>Alice do Outro Lado do Espelho</i> notas de tradução	10 integral
49	Trisan Editores		Classic Animations	Pedro Lopes	Pedro Lopes	Ana Vaz, Sara le Chevaistrier e Carla Montalvão			31 parcial
50	Civilização		As Palavras Emboscadas		Alexandrina Bento	Teresa Lima			32 integral
51	Girassol		Mini-Clássicos					pequeno postácio	33 parcial
52	Everest		Clássicos Disney			Walt Disney			34 parcial
53	Abril/Controljournal		Biblioteca Visão Colecção Novis		Vera Azancot	John Tenniel		Edição de venda conjunta c/ revista Visão	12 integral

Data	Editora	Edição	Coleção	Adaptação	Tradução	Ilustrações	Texto de partida	Observações	nº texto	
54	2000	ASA	2ª	Clássicos ASA	Lucy Kincaid	Álvaro Fernandes	Gill Guile	Alice in Wonderland	copyright Brimax Books, na coleção "classics for 8 and under"	30 parcial
55	2000	D. Quixote		Biblioteca de Bolso Clássicos, nº 7		Mª Filomena Duarte	John Tenniel		20 integral	
56	2000	Everest	2ª	Nova Antologia Disney	Ana Mª Guedes e Rui Guedes	Ana Mª Guedes e Rui Guedes	Walt Disney		27 parcial	
57	2000	Girassol		Clássicos Dourados (incluída no vol.2)				pequeno postácio	33 parcial	
58	2000	Everest		Cometa Azul		Mª João Rodrigues	Belén Alvear, Mª Isabel Romero e Juan Pablo Rosco		35 parcial	
59	2000	Relógio d'Água	1ª			Margarida Vale de Gato	John Tenniel	notas de tradução; edição dupla: inclui ambos os livros de Alice	36 integral	
60	2000	Civilização		Clássicos Juvenis, nº7	Jane Fior	Mª Teresa Amaral	Greg Becker	postácio copyright Dorling Kindersley	37 parcial	
61	2001	Everest	3ª	Nova Antologia Disney	Ana Mª Guedes e Rui Guedes	Ana Mª Guedes e Rui Guedes	Walt Disney		27 parcial	
62	2001	Ambar				Isabel Ramalhete e Mª Teresa Silva	Lisbeth Zwerger	postácio e nota bibliográfica sobre a ilustradora	38 integral	
63	2001	Impala		Colecção Platina	F. Sobral	F. Sobral	Em Espanhol	Copyright LIBSA 2000	39 parcial	
64	2002	Cultural SA		Divertimentos	Virgínia Barros e Esther de la Paz		Esther Curriel		40 parcial	

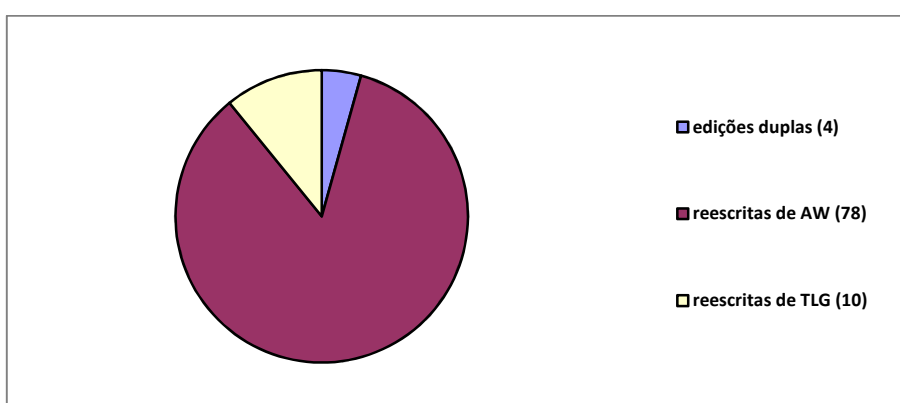
Data	Editora	Edição	Coleção	Adaptação	Tradução	Ilustrações	Texto de partida	Observações	nº texto
65	2002 Civilização		Contos Maravilhosos		Rita Vanez		de Nathalie Monnin em francês		41 parcial
66	2003 Edições Gailivro			Robert Sabuda	Andrea Silva	Robert Sabuda		"edição dinâmica"	42 parcial
67	2004 Público		Geração Público		M ^a Isabel Mendonça Soares e M ^a das Mercês	sem ilustrações		venda conjunta com o jornal Público	43 integral
68	2005 ASA	3 ^a	Clássicos ASA	Lucy Kincaid	Álvaro Fernandes	Gill Guile	Alice in Wonderland	copyright Brimax Books, na coleção "classics for 8 and under"	30 parcial
69	2005 ASA		Jóias Clássicas		Sara Costa		em espanhol		44 parcial
71	2005 Majora		Clássicos Universais						45 parcial
72	2006 Verbo		Ler é Crescer, n.º 11			Disney			46 parcial
73	2007 Everest	2 ^a	Cometa Azul		M ^a João Rodrigues	Belén Alvear, M ^a Isabel Romero e Juan Pablo Rosco			35 parcial
74	2007 Relógio d'Água	2 ^a			Margarida Vale de Gato	John Tenniel		notas de tradução; edição dupla: inclui ambos os livros de Alice	36 integral
75	2007 Porto Editora		Eu sei ler "dos 7 aos 9"						47 parcial

Data	Editora	Edição	Coleção	Adaptação	Tradução	Ilustrações	Texto de partida	Observações	nº texto
76	Vega				Maria de Meneses	Figueiredo Sobral		com alterações mínimas em relação ao texto de 1943 publicado pela Portugália	3 integral
77	Quid Novi				Ana Ribeiro revisão de Lino Palmeira	sem ilustrações			48 integral
78	Everest		Nova Antologia		Maria João Rodrigues	Disney			51 parcial
79	Everest		Multieducativa		Teresa Figueira	Disney	em espanhol	livro com actividades "multieducativas"	49 parcial
80	Everest		Clássicos		Teresa Figueira	Disney			50 parcial
81	Leya, SA	1ª			Maria Filomena Duarte	John Tenniel	copyright D. Quixote		20 integral
82	Relógio d'Água	3ª			Margarida Vale de Gato	John Tenniel		notas de tradução; edição dupla: inclui ambos os livros de Alice	36 integral
83	Arte Plural				Irene e Nuno Daun de Lorena	Zdenko Basic	copyright Carlton Books texto de partida de Harriet Castor	"edição dinâmica"	56 parcial
84	Europa-América	3º	Clássicos Grandes Obras, nº 162		Vera Azancot	John Tenniel		Subtítulo: "Um livro para miúdos e graúdos"	12 integral

Data	Editora	Edição	Coleção	Adaptação	Tradução	Ilustrações	Texto de partida	Observações	nº texto
85	Europa-América	3ª	Clássicos Grandes Obras, nº 181		Vera Azancot	John Tenniel		<i>Alice do Outro Lado do Espelho</i> Subtítulo: "Um livro para miúdos e graúdos"	13 integral
86	Bertrand		Biblioteca, nº84		Maria Filomena Duarte com revisão de Rosa Amorim	John Tenniel			57 integral
87	Leya, SA	2ª			Maria Filomena Duarte	John Tenniel	copyright D. Quixote		20 integral
88	Presença	3ª	de Literatura Juvenil "À Descoberta"		Carlos Grifo Babo	John Tenniel		nota introdutória	17 integral
89	QuidNovi				José Pereira e Manuel João Gomes	John Tenniel		edição revista por José Vaz Pereira homenagem a Manuel João Gomes Introdução, notas e posfácio	52 integral
90	Expresso				Margarida Vale de Gato	Diogo Muñoz		inclui os 2 livros de Alice notas de tradução notas finais de Miguel Esteves Cardoso	55 integral
91	Nelson de Matos		Biblioteca Juvenil, nº8		Maria Filomena Duarte	John Tenniel			53 integral
92	Nelson de Matos		Biblioteca Juvenil, nº9		Maria Filomena Duarte	John Tenniel		<i>Alice do Outro Lado do Espelho</i>	54 integral

Podemos desde já constatar que o número de reescritas de AW é largamente superior ao de TLG: o mesmo sucedeu com os textos originais de Carroll, como já referimos. Assim, para um total de 92 edições que registámos, apenas 10 são reescritas do segundo livro de *Alice*, sendo que devemos também incluir mais 4 reescritas conjuntas dos dois livros de *Alice*, como é o caso das edições da Relógio d'Água e Zero a Oito para o Expresso.

Figura 1 – Comparação entre o número de reescritas de AW e TLG



3.2 - Tradução parcial ou integral?

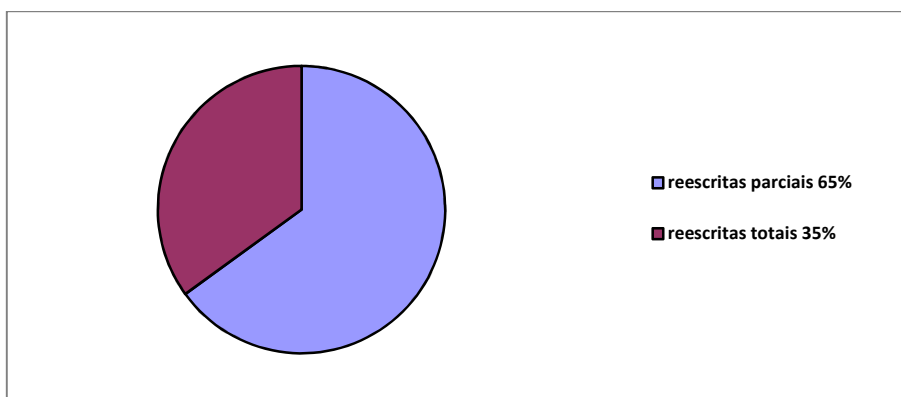
São trinta e sete o total de textos que têm tradução parcial: trata-se dos textos identificados com os números 1, 2,4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 22, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 33, 34, 35, 37, 39, 40, 41, 42, 44, 45, 46, 47, 49, 50, 51 e 56, o que representa cerca de 67% do total. É de referir também que estes textos podem variar entre pequenas edições de quatro páginas até textos mais extensos com um total de 144 páginas, como é o caso do texto 14. Ainda assim, na nossa opinião, estamos em presença de traduções parciais, uma vez que a extensão de informação narrativa que é omitida é considerável, nomeadamente no que diz respeito às paródias, que estão, na sua quase totalidade, ausentes destes textos.

É importante salientar que os textos 14, 18, 19, 22, 26, 27, 29, 34, 46, 49, 50 e 51 (um total de doze) têm *copyright* da Walt Disney Company. Estes textos funcionam também em conjunto com o filme de *Alice* e, mais do que traduções parciais, estes textos são sobretudo narrativas inspiradas pelos originais, uma vez que a(s) história(s) são contadas de uma forma particular: a história de AW, embora simplificada e reinventada, está presente quase na íntegra, e inclui episódios de TLG: o jardim das flores, a festa de desaniversário e os gémeos Tweedledum e Tweedledee.

Outros textos seguem esta linha narrativa proposta pelas adaptações da Walt Disney: os números 8, 15, 25 e 39. Os textos 40 e 41 incluem também o episódio do desaniversário.

Os restantes textos (20) foram considerados traduções integrais. Estas reescritas representam cerca de 35% de um total de 57 textos.

Figura 2 - Comparação entre o número de reescritas parciais e integrais



3.2.1- Ilustrações

As ilustrações das reescritas parciais são todas a cores e nenhuma reproduz os desenhos originais de John Tenniel. Na maioria dos casos, a ilustração ocupa a maior parte da página em detrimento do texto,

exceção feita para os textos 1, 2, 3, 4 e 8 (que, cronologicamente, estão entre os mais antigos). Os textos Disney são profusamente ilustrados, com exceção dos textos 14 e 29, cujas poucas ilustrações são reproduções de imagens do filme Disney. Este último texto é o único que inclui vários textos paródicos que procuram ocupar, de alguma forma, o lugar das paródias do original, numa proposta de reescrita de Margarida Vale de Gato.

Consideramos que os textos 3, 9, 10, 12, 13, 17, 20, 21, 23, 32, 36, 38, 43, 48, 52, 53, 54, 55 e 57 são reescritas integrais dos originais de Lewis Carroll. A maioria destes textos inclui as ilustrações originais de John Tenniel, com as exceções dos textos 10, 43 e 48 (sem ilustrações) e dos textos 23, 32, 38 e 55, com ilustrações de, respetivamente, Eric Kincaid, Teresa Lima, Lisbeth Zwerger e Diogo Muñoz. Talvez devido ao facto de os textos de Carroll terem já alcançado um estatuto de clássicos, ocupando uma posição central no polissistema literário, as ilustrações das edições mencionadas estão assim a cargo de figuras de renome internacional, artistas já consagrados ou em franca ascensão. Por exemplo, Eric Kincaid tem já uma longa carreira (pelo menos desde 1973), Teresa Lima ganhou o Prémio Nacional de Ilustração em 1998, precisamente com as ilustrações para *Alice no País das Maravilhas*. Também Lisbeth Zwerger é uma ilustradora premiada. Entre tantos outros prémios, recebeu a Medalha Hans Christian Andersen em 1990 e, desde 1975, tem ilustrado autores como os irmãos Grimm e Charles Dickens. Diogo Muñoz é um artista mais jovem, mas conta já com algumas exposições importantes na sua carreira.

3.2.2 – Títulos dos textos e divisão em capítulos

No que diz respeito aos títulos, há uma enorme coincidência de estratégias. A maioria traduz *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* para

Alice no País das Maravilhas. Registamos algumas exceções, pouco significativas, para os textos 1 e 36 e 54, cuja proposta de tradução é, respetivamente, *Alice no País das Fadas* e *Aventuras de Alice no País das Maravilhas*. O texto 45 denomina-se simplesmente *Alice*. Quanto a *Through the Looking Glass And What Alice Found There*, encontramos apenas um texto de chegada intitulado *Alice no Mundo do Espelho* (texto 5). As restantes reescritas denominam-se *Alice do Outro Lado do Espelho*.

No que diz respeito à divisão em capítulos, para as reescritas que considerámos integrais, a estratégia é uma só: a divisão e a nomeação dos capítulos são coincidentes com os textos de Lewis Carroll.

No caso das reescritas parciais, a divisão em capítulos é muito diferenciada, o que sugere desde logo estratégias de tradução mais ou menos definidas. A estratégia mais frequentemente adotada é da não divisão em capítulos, o que faz com que a narrativa flua sem interrupções, contrariando, de certa forma, o aspeto mais episódico do texto original. Encontram-se neste caso os textos 1, 7, 8, 11, 15, 18, 19, 22, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 31, 33, 34, 39, 40, 41, 42, 44, 45, 46, 47, 49, 50, 51 e 56. Por outro lado, o único texto que segue de perto a divisão e a nomeação dos capítulos do texto de Carroll é o texto 3. Os restantes seguem uma divisão que, embora por vezes obviamente inspirada pelo original, não é coincidente com ele:

- Os textos 14 e 29 dividem-se em 14 capítulos não coincidentes com o original;

- O texto 30 nomeia parte dos capítulos a partir do original. Há a omissão na nomeação dos capítulos “The Lobster Quadrille” e “Alice’s Evidence”, mas partes do seu conteúdo são incluídos na narrativa. O mesmo sucede para o texto 2, no qual é também omitido o capítulo “Who Stole the Tarts?”.

- O texto 37 divide a história em oito capítulos, não coincidentes com o original.

- O texto 16 faz a divisão da narrativa em apenas três capítulos.

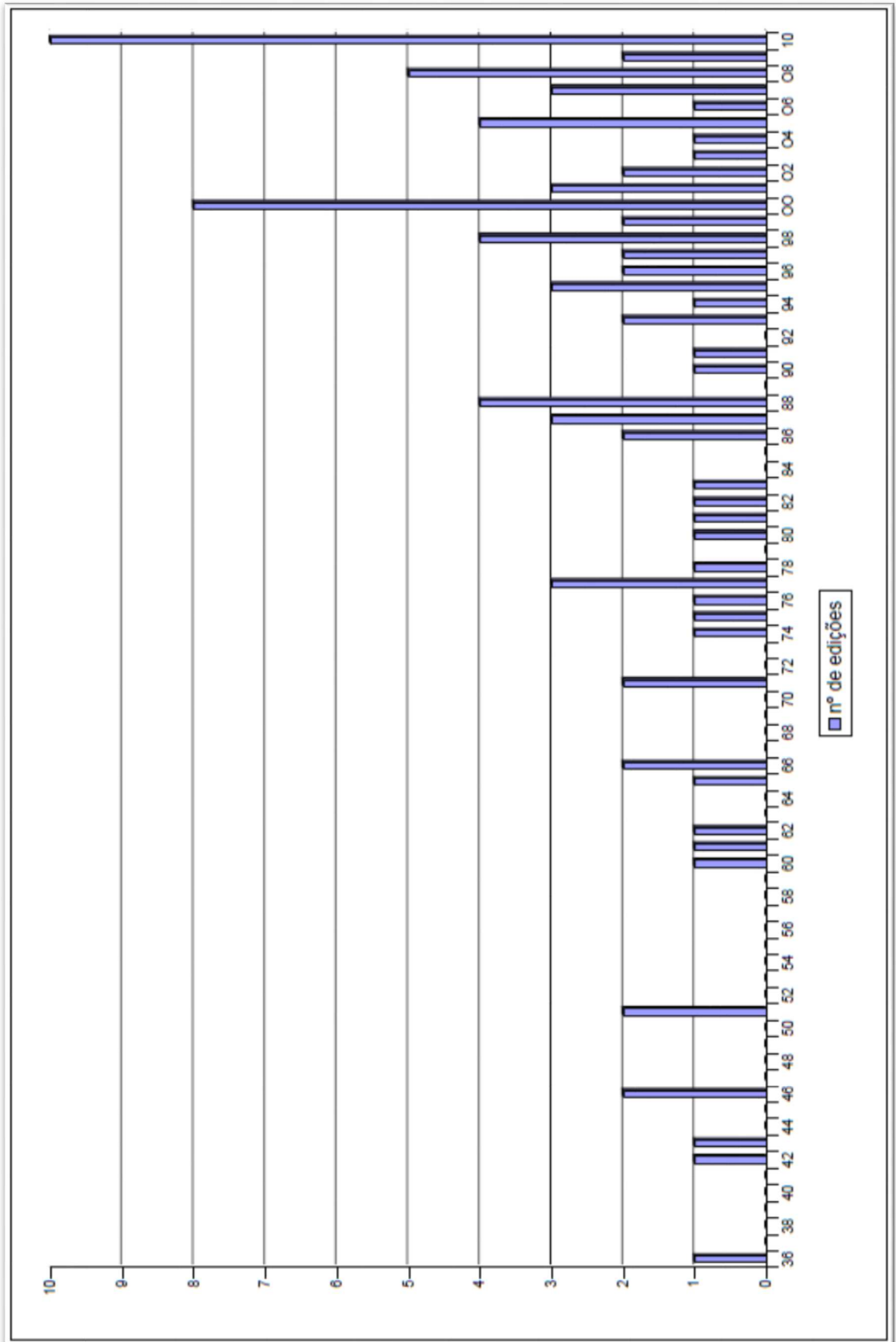
Salientamos desde já as grandes diferenças no tratamento destes textos, que apresentam uma narrativa claramente manipulada em relação ao texto original, por omissão quase completa das paródias e do *nonsense* e pelo acrescentar de elementos totalmente novos, como, por exemplo, uma caracterização física pormenorizada de Alice, como podemos encontrar em alguns textos da Disney.

3.2.3 - Distribuição temporal

A produção de reescritas dos livros de *Alice* começou em 1936, tendo-se mantido modesta até 1974 (num total de 16 edições). A partir de 1975, a produção intensifica-se, sendo publicada uma média de uma reescrita por ano até 1983 (com a exceção de 1977, com três traduções). A partir de 1986 há um renovado interesse por estes textos, com um total de 25 reescritas até 1999. O ano 2000 revela-se particularmente produtivo com 8 reescritas. Até 2009 registamos mais 22 edições. 2010 é o ano com o maior número de edições de sempre (10), o que parece indicar que os leitores continuam a manifestar interesse na leitura destes textos.

A figura seguinte pode ajudar a uma visão de conjunto mais clara da distribuição das reescritas dos livros de *Alice* desde 1936 até ao ano de 2010.

Figura 3 – Cronologia do número de reescritas de AW e TLG



É para já evidente uma alteração nas estratégias de publicação a partir de 1975, ao que certamente não terá sido alheia a Revolução do 25 de Abril de 1974. Se consultarmos novamente os quadros das páginas anteriores, verificamos também uma clara influência dos textos Disney a partir dos anos 80. O início do século XXI traz uma nova forma de encarar os textos de Carroll: a par das traduções Disney (publicadas desde sempre pela editora Everest), há uma nova preocupação em recuperar integralmente os textos originais, dando-lhes uma dimensão canónica, como é o caso das traduções reescritas pela Relógio d'Água e Civilização, em 2000, e pela Âmbar, em 2001. Em 2010, esta mesma tendência volta a verificar-se, por exemplo com a edição da Zero a Oito para o *Expresso*.

3.2.4 - Indicações editoriais e paratextos

No caso das reescritas parciais, de um modo geral, não encontramos notas de tradução, limitando-se os paratextos (quando os há) a pequenas biografias sobre Lewis Carroll e/ou sobre aspetos culturais da Inglaterra vitoriana (textos 33 e 37). Os textos 2, 4, 7, 8, 11, 14, 16, 18, 19, 22, 24, 25, 26, 28, 29, 30, 31, 34, 35, 39, 40, 41, 42, 44, 45, 46, 49, 50, 51 e 55 não incluem metatextos.

O texto 1 inclui um prefácio cujos quatro primeiros parágrafos são essencialmente biográficos. Depois, Henrique Marques Júnior explica a sua estratégia de tradução. Vale a pena transcrevermos parte deste prefácio: “O meu trabalho de adaptação foge um pouco aos paradoxos e absurdos que não seriam compreensíveis aos cérebros das crianças portuguesas que, embora inteligentes, não conseguiriam percebê-los.”

O texto 15 inicia o prefácio com uma série de notas biográficas sobre Carroll e a concepção das histórias de Alice. Dirige-se diretamente às crianças que lerão o livro, explicando que se esta não fosse uma história aparentemente disparatada, não teria graça nenhuma. Além disso, “(...) a fantasia é preciosa. Porque põe alegria no coração e imprevisto nos pensamentos. (...) É a fantasia que faz o encanto e a originalidade da história de “Alice no País das Maravilhas”. (...) Há lá aventura mais bonita do que um sonho? E essa aventura não se torna real no momento em que a sonhamos? (...) Procurei fazer de Alice uma amiga que os leve consigo para o reino da fantasia, (...) [pois] o País das Maravilhas pertence a todos os meninos e àquelas pessoas que, tal como eles, simples e sem complicações, utilizaram como deve ser o dom divino da imaginação”.

O texto 47 inicia-se com uma “nota aos pais”, nas quais se explica que esta reescrita tem “uma estrutura muito simples e palavras fáceis de ler. As frases são curtas, para encorajar os jovens leitores”.

De um modo geral, são visíveis essencialmente três estratégias: a completa ausência de indicações, indicações que dizem estarmos em presença de um livro para crianças, ou que informam tratar-se de um livro que pode ser dirigido tanto a crianças como a adultos. Este tipo de indicações está muitas vezes também presente em pequenas notas, prefácios ou posfácios, que fornecem informação adicional acerca da estratégia que foi seguida por cada tradutor ou editor. No que diz respeito às reescritas integrais, voltaremos a este ponto, mais detalhadamente, no capítulo seguinte.

Em suma, os dados preliminares de que dispomos permitem-nos, desde já, verificar que:

1 – A primeira tradução integral que registámos data de 1943, mas é durante alguns anos um caso isolado. As traduções integrais começam a ser produzidas em 1971, precisamente com a edição publicada pela Afrodite. A partir daqui várias reescritas são publicadas, e representam fundamentalmente edições e reedições que chegam ao leitor pela mão da Europa América, D. Quixote e Presença. O final do século XX vê renascer algum interesse pelos originais de Carroll, quer através de traduções anotadas, como a da Relógio d'Água, quer através de ilustrações a cargo de figuras de renome, como Teresa Lima e Lisbeth Zwerger, que substituem os desenhos originais de John Tenniel. Voltamos a verificar um novo acréscimo de edições em 2010, ao que não será certamente alheio o lançamento do filme homónimo de Tim Burton. A estas reescritas dedicamos o capítulo seguinte.

2 – As traduções parciais têm vindo a ser produzidas a um ritmo escasso mas regular, desde o primeiro texto que listamos, em 1936, até ao final dos anos oitenta. Desde então essa produção aumenta consideravelmente, tendo-se mantido até ao presente. Estas reescritas enquadram-se na literatura para crianças e estão ligadas à sua história, a que dedicamos o capítulo cinco.

4 - As reescritas integrais

The best way to show respect to the readers of translation, and to raise the value of translation, is to stress the importance of the translator's role as a reader and writer and, especially, as an interpreter of the text (Oittinen, 2000:97).

Como já referimos, as normas desempenham um papel importante nos Estudos Descritivos de Tradução, referindo-se a um conjunto de ocorrências que são regulares no comportamento da tradução numa dada situação sociocultural. No capítulo seguinte, ao estudarmos as reescritas parciais, é possível identificar claramente as normas utilizadas pelos tradutores e o contexto cultural a elas associado. Os pressupostos teóricos da literatura para crianças e a evolução histórica ao longo do tempo revelam-se as condicionantes principais do trabalho dos tradutores.

No presente capítulo empreendemos uma descrição das reescritas integrais, que se integram num contexto diferente, uma vez que o público-alvo destas reescritas é o jovem leitor e/ou o adulto, apesar de algumas delas continuarmos a encontrar referência editoriais a um público-alvo infantil, pondo uma vez mais em evidência o carácter de texto ambivalente a que já nos referimos.

4.1 - Distribuição temporal

Para os textos que classificámos como reescritas integrais, entre edições novas e reedições, registámos um total de 31 reescritas de *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* e 14 reescritas de *Through the*

Looking Glass and What Alice Found There. No primeiro caso, trata-se de 15 novos textos; no segundo de 6.

Figura 4 - Reescritas integrais: cronologia do número total de textos

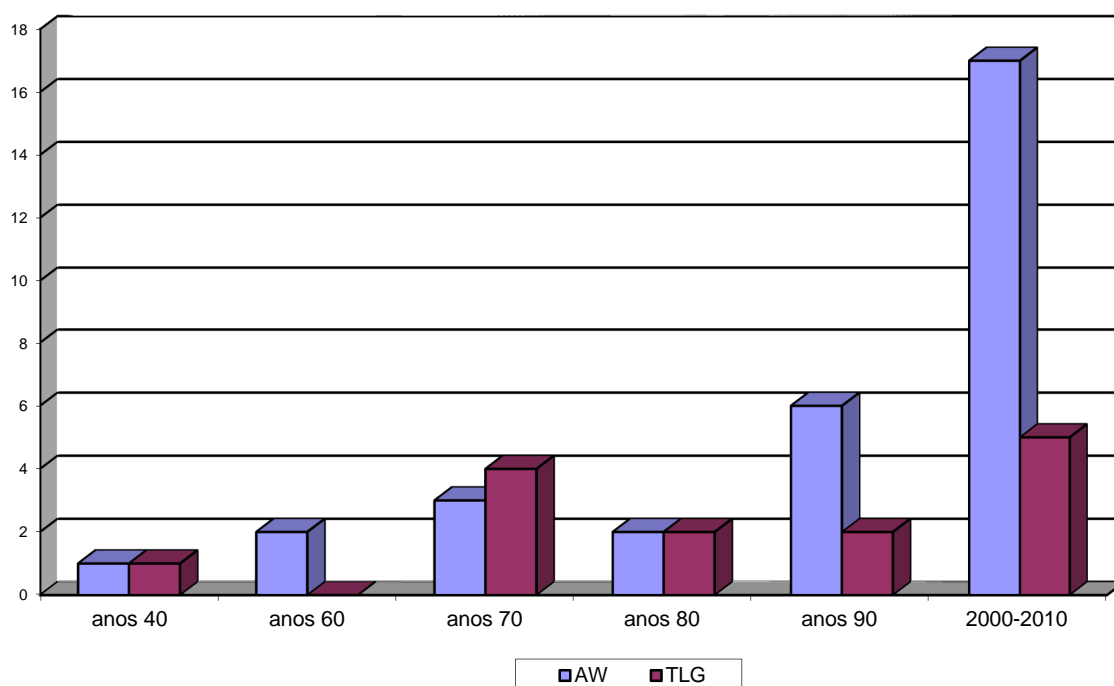
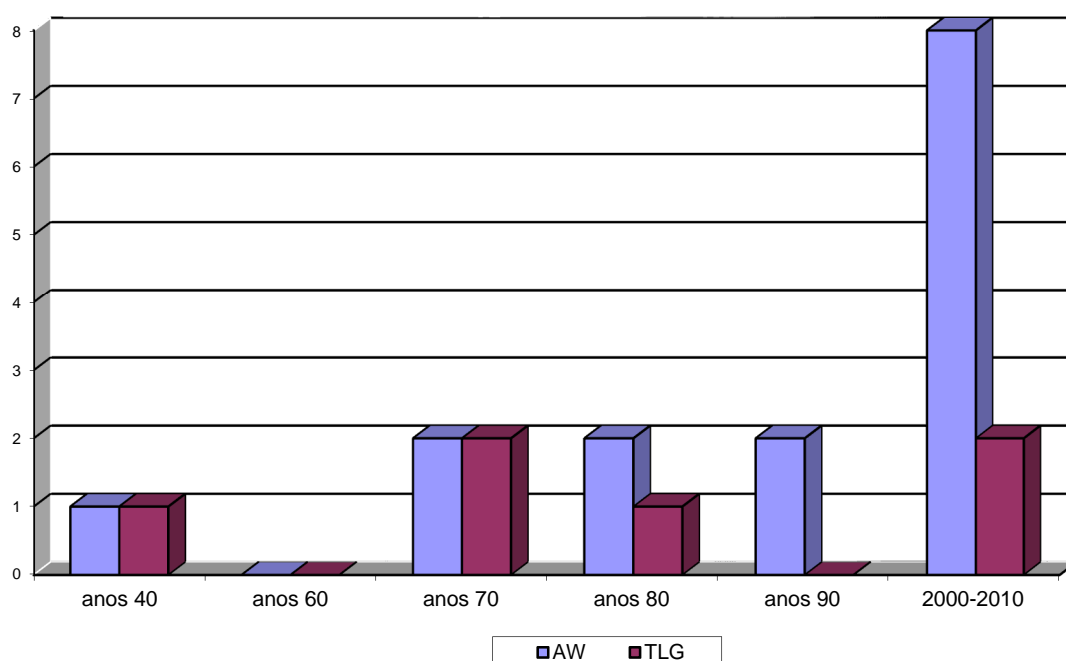


Figura 5 - Reescritas integrais: cronologia do número total de novos textos



Tal como acontece para as reescritas parciais, o número de edições de AW é superior ao de *TLG*, representando cerca de 55%/60% do total. A década de 2000-2010 anuncia um renovado interesse por estas obras de Lewis Carroll, tendência que também se verifica para as reescritas parciais, como veremos.

As reescritas do segundo dos livros de *Alice* representam, portanto, menos de metade do total. Por condicionantes de tempo e espaço, centramos a nossa análise apenas na amostra mais representativa, ou seja, no conjunto de reescritas de AW.

No que diz respeito às reescritas integrais, não é visível que a evolução temporal seja uma marca diferenciadora destas reescritas, como acontece com as reescritas parciais. É também de salientar que uma dada reescrita produzida por um dado tradutor é publicada várias vezes, por editoras diferentes, em coleções diferentes, com um intervalo de tempo significativo, mas o texto não sofre qualquer alteração. Como exemplo, veja-se o texto produzido por Maria Filomena Duarte, publicado pela primeira vez em 1988 pela D.Quixote (texto 20) e que volta a surgir em 1990, 1997, 2000, 2009 e 2010, perfazendo um intervalo temporal de 22 anos sem que o texto sofra qualquer alteração. A diferença temporal mais significativa acontece em relação ao texto 3, publicado pela Portugália, em 1943, numa tradução de Maria de Meneses que ressurgirá, inalterada, pela mão da editora Veja, 65 anos depois, em 2008.

Procuramos, então, encontrar as características destas edições fundamentalmente através da descrição de mais dois aspetos: as indicações de autoria editorial, nomeadamente os paratextos, e as tomadas de decisão dos tradutores.

Urpo Kovala (1996:119) diz-nos que um texto traduzido não é apenas um texto que foi traduzido. É um texto que foi filtrado através de vários processos de seleção e modificação antes de chegar ao leitor. E, nesse processo, o tradutor é apenas um dos mediadores entre o texto de partida e o leitor do texto de chegada. Este processo de mediação pode exercer uma influência, mais ou menos considerável, no processo de receção do texto de chegada, e pode tomar a forma de paratextos. Os paratextos incluem vários elementos heterogêneos (Kovala, 1996:123), mas a sua descrição e análise pode ajudar a estabelecer um contexto no qual as reescritas são produzidas e recebidas, contribuindo assim para enriquecer um projeto ou um estudo de caso que se desenvolva no âmbito da história da tradução (Tahir-Gürçaglar, 2002:44). Diferentes tipos de paratextos incluem informação sobre as coleções, prefácios e/ou posfácios, notas, indicações na capa e/ou contracapa, ilustrações (Kovala, 1996:124; Tahir-Gürçaglar, 2002:49) e podem ter origem editorial (a que dedicamos o ponto seguinte) ou serem escritas pelo tradutor (que designaremos adiante por a voz do tradutor).

4.2 - Paratextos com indicações de autoria editorial

4.2.1 - Coleções e público-alvo

Os textos integrais estão catalogados de diferentes formas pelas editoras, e inseridos em coleções que apresentam diferentes objetivos. De acordo com o público-alvo por elas definido, podemos apresentar uma classificação que se divide sobretudo em “clássicos universais”, que se destinam a um público adulto e “clássicos da literatura juvenil”, que se destinam, naturalmente, a jovens adolescentes. Outras editoras optam por não definir nem género nem público-alvo e inserem *Alice* em coleções de obras muito variadas.

4.2.1.1 Clássicos universais

Neste caso registamos os textos 12, 20 (apenas nas edições de 2000 e subsequentes), 48, 52, 55 e 57. Estas edições são publicitadas pelas respetivas editoras simplesmente sob a designação de clássicos da literatura universal e incluídas em coleções de livros de bolso, normalmente bastante extensas. Por exemplo, acerca do texto 52, a editora QuidNovi escreve no seu *site* a seguinte informação: “A editora QuidNovi regressa (...) com uma colecção que irá dedicar-se exclusivamente à edição de clássicos da literatura portuguesa e estrangeira (...) Terá grandes livros a preço e tamanho pequenos” (in www.quidnovi.pt). A reescrita de AW é o segundo volume desta coleção, depois de *A Cidade e as Serras*.

4.2.1.2 Clássicos da literatura juvenil

Neste caso registamos os textos 17, 20, 23, 32, 36, 38, 43 e 53. O texto 17 pertence à coleção “À Descoberta”, juntamente com, por exemplo, *Queres Ouvir Um Conto?* De Irene Lisboa; o texto 20 é o nº 3 da coleção “Biblioteca Juvenil D. Quixote”. No caso do texto 36, a reescrita de AW é o nº 18 da coleção “Universos Mágicos”, ao lado de títulos dos irmãos Grimm, Hans Christian Andersen e Rudyard Kipling. O texto 43 pertence à coleção “Geração Público”, que pretende editar “aventuras e histórias de fazer sonhar” (indicação nas páginas do jornal *Público*, na edição de 13 de outubro de 2004, nas quais se publicita a colecção pela primeira vez). Esta coleção inclui títulos como *As 20000 Léguas Submarinas*, de Júlio Verne ou *Os Três Mosqueteiros*, de Alexandre Dumas.

O texto 53 é o nº 8 da “Coleção Biblioteca Juvenil”, uma coleção dedicada “à grande literatura que nos ensina o mundo, enraizando e consolidando hábitos de leitura” (informação no *site* da editora, in <http://www.edicoes-nelsondematos.com/?cat=10>). Incluem-se títulos como *As Aventuras de Tom Sawyer* de Mark Twain.

Entre os clássicos da literatura juvenil, encontramos também edições cujos livros são em formato A4, nos quais a ilustração ganha um espaço de relevo, não só por ocupar uma posição relevante na página, mas sobretudo por estar a cargo, não de John Tenniel, mas de outros ilustradores consagrados como Eric Kincaid (texto 23), Teresa Lima (texto 32) ou Lisbeth Zwerger (texto 38), como já referimos no ponto 3.2.1.

O texto 23 é o nº 3 da coleção “Clássicos de Sempre”, coleção que é toda ilustrada por Eric Kincaid. Inclui, por exemplo, *Peter Pan*, de J. M. Barrie ou *Oliver Twist*, de Charles Dickens. O texto 32 pertence à coleção juvenil “As Palavras Emboscadas”. Nesta coleção edita-se também, por exemplo, *As Fadas Verdes*, de Matilde Rosa Araújo, para as ilustrações de Manuela Bacelar. O texto 38 integra a coleção “Grandes Clássicos”, que pretende divulgar em “edições de luxo, alguns dos textos mais importantes dos clássicos da literatura infanto-juvenil” (informação no *site* da editora Ambar, encerrada em 2010). Inclui *O Feiticeiro de Oz*, também ilustrado por Lisbeth Zwerger.

Ainda a propósito de ilustrações, realçamos também o facto de, ao contrário do que acontece com a quase totalidade dos outros textos, a edição do texto 38 é publicitada, na contracapa, em função do trabalho da ilustradora Lisbeth Zwerger e não do texto de Carroll. Esta edição inclui uma nota biográfica sobre a ilustradora mas não inclui nenhuma informação sobre Carroll:

E para que serve um livro para crianças”, pensou Alice, “sem ilustrações?” Esta nova edição das suas Aventuras no País das Maravilhas não deixaria certamente de agradar à própria Alice, cheia que está de fantásticas e belas ilustrações da autoria da famosa ilustradora austríaca, Lisbeth Zwerger.

Da mesma forma, o texto 3, na edição de 2008, para além de enaltecer as qualidades do texto de Carroll, também explica o porquê de esta edição em particular se diferenciar das outras: “A presente edição tem a particularidade de ser ilustrada por um grande artista português, Figueiredo Sobral, que se distinguiu em vários domínios das artes plásticas, nomeadamente no da ilustração de obras poéticas e literárias.” (indicação na contrapaca).

4.2.1.3 Outros

No caso do texto 3, a reescrita de AW é o n.º3 da coleção “Os Pioneiros”. Quando este texto é publicado novamente em 2008 pela editora Vega, é integrado na coleção “Outras Obras”, com *O Espanta Pardais*, de Maria Rosa Colaço ou *Jardim Poético da Infância*, de Robert Louis Stevenson. O texto 9 faz parte da coleção “Extra-Colecção”, que se caracteriza por “um plano gráfico flexível e inteiramente adaptável. (...) Nesta colecção têm tido lugar textos clássicos ou não, sem quaisquer limites de género ou assunto e com amplitude capaz de abranger mesmo documentos de expressão não convencional.” (indicação na contracapa). Refira-se, como exemplo, outro título desta coleção: *Apocalipse do Apóstolo João*, de 1972. O texto 17 faz parte da coleção “Diversos”. Com 214 títulos no total, esta coleção integra títulos da literatura para crianças como as histórias de Gerónimo Stilton, livros de receitas ou *Hamlet*, de Shakespeare.

Verificamos, portanto, que metade das reescritas integrais é classificada como literatura juvenil, uma vez que dos 16 textos integrais em estudo, 8 são, de acordo com as indicações das editoras, representativos da literatura para jovens.

Ainda assim, e apesar de estes textos serem editados em coleções de literatura juvenil ou para um público adulto, continua a haver indicações de que estes textos se destinam a um público-alvo ambivalente. Por exemplo: “A primeira edição data de 1865 e desde então tem sido lida por inúmeras gerações de crianças e adultos” (texto 17); “[A obra tem um] fascínio intemporal que exerce sobre leitores de todas as idades” (texto 12, edição de 2010); “um clássico [que] tem encantado leitores de todas as idades e gerações” (texto 3, edição de 2008).

São, portanto, diversas as informações e reflexões que encontramos: desde a inexistência de paratextos (texto 32), a notas de tradução que explicitam os trocadilhos do texto original em inglês (caso dos textos 10, 12, 13 e 36). Os textos 20 e 21 incluem um apêndice biográfico sobre Carroll e Tenniel. Explicitam, também, o panorama da literatura para crianças em Portugal na altura da primeira publicação de *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, inserindo o seu texto traduzido na designação literatura para crianças: “Literatura para crianças era coisa que ninguém sabia ainda muito bem o que era. Liam-se traduções e não muitas. A literatura infantil portuguesa irá começar a vislumbrar-se apenas nos finais do século XIX, com o Tesouro Poético para a Infância, de Antero, Os Contos para a Infância de Guerra Junqueiro. (...) Mas ainda faltam alguns anos para que isso aconteça.” (texto 20)

Algumas traduções são mais exaustivas na informação que fornecem, quer sobre o(s) autor(es), quer sobre estratégias de tradução adotadas. Na introdução do texto 23, após uma nota biográfica sobre Carroll, há uma chamada de atenção para as ilustrações de Eric Kincaid e a definição clara de público-alvo para esta história: “(...) Com o seu estilo de ilustração muito próprio, Eric Kincaid inspirou-se no retrato de Alice e deu a este clássico para a infância uma bela e surpreendente apresentação que certamente deliciará todas as crianças que lerem as aventuras de Alice no País das Maravilhas pela primeira vez.”

Este apelo a um público-alvo que é simultaneamente adulto e infantil pode também ser encontrado no sítio da editora Zero a Oito, que publicita assim os livros de *Alice*: “esta colecção ímpar é feita a pensar na criança que tem dentro de si”. (in

<http://www.zeroaoito.pt/cgi-bin/getfromdb.pl?menu=EkZppukplphBAswbMJ&lang=pt>)

No seu longo posfácio a esta edição, Miguel Esteves Cardoso partilha de uma ideia que já anteriormente referimos: “É um erro adulto considerar Lewis Carroll e a obra e a vida dele quando se lê Alice. Alice lê-se a si mesma. Presta-se a isso, permitindo e até buscando a nossa colaboração, porque é essa a sua grandeza: a envolvimento. (...) As muitas maneiras adultas de ler Alice são intromissões. Confundem as coisas. Estragam tudo.” E refere também a importância de um público-alvo simultaneamente adulto e infantil: “a melhor maneira de ler a Alice (...) é lê-la em voz alta a alguém que não tenha mais de dez anos. (...) É através das reações dessas crianças que podemos, por procuração, voltar ao País das Maravilhas”.

4.2.2 Indicações de gênero

Outro tipo de paratextos pode muitas vezes ser responsável por introduzir um ponto de vista ideológico, pois guiam a recepção do texto de chegada, com o objetivo de criar um determinado efeito emotivo no leitor (Tahir-Gürçaglar, 2002:52). A interpretação do editor transparece nalguns prefácios e nas indicações de gênero literário que são dadas. Por exemplo, uma classificação de “a novel” não significa “this book is a novel” mas sim “please look on this book as a novel” (Tahir-Gürçaglar, 2002:56).

Nalgumas edições encontramos indicações de gênero. Por exemplo: “[Este é] um dos mais famosos e extraordinários contos de fadas de sempre” (texto 20, edições de 1988 e 2000); “Provavelmente o livro de fantasia mais famoso do mundo” (texto 48); “Diferente dos contos tradicionais (...) recorrendo inteligentemente à fantasia e ao nonsense” (texto 3, edição de 2008); “Provavelmente o livro de fantasia mais famoso de todos os tempos” (texto 57); “É um deslumbrante conto de fadas onde tudo se torna possível graças ao poder da imaginação, do absurdo, do nonsense delirante” (texto 53).

4.2.3 Outros paratextos

Muitas das edições em estudo incluem paratextos de vários tipos, como indicações biográficas sobre o autor ou informação meramente publicitária. Por exemplo, os textos 3 (edição de 2008), 9,12, 17, 20 (edição de 2009), 23, 32, 43, 48, 52, 53 contextualizam o autor e/ou fornecem um contexto histórico para a sociedade vitoriana (os textos 3 (edição de 1943), 20, 36, 57 não têm qualquer indicação deste tipo). Os textos 3 (edição de 2008), 12, 20 (edições de 2000 e 2009), 23, 36, 53,

57 incluem indicações que têm o propósito comercial de publicitar outros títulos da mesma coleção.

Outras edições optam por realçar, também, as qualidades do trabalho de tradução. Por exemplo, indicações como “ numa cuidada tradução que respeita a intenção do original inglês” (texto 17).

Algumas das indicações em contracapa têm como finalidade destacar as qualidades do texto de Carroll, procurando cativar os leitores para a compra e leitura do livro. Por exemplo: “A espontaneidade, a frescura e a graça das histórias que aqui se contam conseguem recriar, com rara felicidade, o mundo dos sonhos e de fantasia que, afinal, não é exclusivo das crianças” (texto 12); “Dizer que *Alice no País das Maravilhas* é uma obra-prima não chega [pois] continua a fascinar-nos todos os dias por razões que ultrapassam em muito a estética literária” (texto 52); “Viajar com Alice por este país, imaginário e real ao mesmo tempo, não pode deixar de constituir um encantamento” (texto 3, edição de 1943); “(...) ficando a certeza de que esta ficção insólita, além de proporcionar uma leitura divertida, suscita profundas interrogações” (texto 12, edição de 2000); “Cem anos depois da morte do seu autor, Alice continua, sem rugas, a arrancar gargalhadas” (texto 32); “Esta louca extravagância de Lewis Carroll é puro entretenimento do princípio ao fim” (texto 43).

4.3 - A voz do tradutor

A maior parte das obras de ficção traduzida de que hoje dispomos tem, na ficha técnica, a indicação do nome do tradutor. Simultaneamente, espera-se que o leitor não tenha plena consciência de que está a ler uma reescrita e não um original. Enquanto leitores, podemos dizer que estamos a ler uma obra de Lewis Carroll, quando na realidade não estamos a ler em inglês, mas sim a sua correspondente reescrita em

português. Por isso, o discurso narrativo traduzido contém sempre também uma voz adicional àquelas que encontramos no texto de partida: essa é a voz do tradutor (Hermans, 1996:27). Assim, no discurso narrativo de um texto traduzido estão presentes pelo menos duas vozes: a do narrador do texto de partida e a do tradutor (O'Sullivan, 2003:202). A voz do tradutor pode ser impercetível ou estar presente de várias formas e a vários níveis:

The Translator [is] constantly co-producing the discourse, shadowing, mimicking and, as it were, counterfeiting the Narrator's words, but occasionally – caught in the text's disparities and interstices; and paratextually – emerging into the open as a separate discursive presence (Hermans, 1996:43).

Theo Hermans identifica três casos em que esta voz é visível:

- 1) cases where the text's orientation towards an Implied Reader and hence its ability to function as a medium of communication is directly at issue;
- 2) cases of self-reflexiveness and self referentiality involving the medium of communication itself;
- 3) certain cases of what, for want of a better term, I will refer to as 'contextual overdetermination' (Hermans, 1996:27).

O que Hermans descreve em 1) corresponde, no nosso estudo de caso, às tomadas de decisão dos tradutores que têm como público-alvo do texto de chegada o leitor infantil, tomadas de decisão essas que descreveremos no capítulo seguinte. Em 2) Hermans refere-se a informação paratextual, como prefácios ou notas:

(...) information composed for readers of the target text by the translator and proffered in his/her own voice (O'Sullivan, 2003:202).

Esta é especialmente utilizada pelos tradutores em casos de textos que, pela sua própria natureza, exploram o idioma através de polissemias, jogos de palavras e outros artificios semelhantes (Hermans, 1996:29), como é claramente o caso dos textos de *Alice*. No que se refere a 3), a voz do tradutor pode ser identificada num outro nível do discurso, ou seja, ao nível da própria narração. O'Sullivan dá como exemplo uma explicação sobre a personagem Mock Turtle e a respetiva sopa (Mock Turtle soup) que um dado tradutor alemão de *Alice* introduz no próprio corpo da narrativa (2003:203), distinguindo-se desta forma a sua voz da voz do narrador do texto de partida. Dedicamos os dois pontos seguintes à voz de alguns dos tradutores portugueses de *Alice*, nos paratextos e no discurso narrativo.

4.3.1 – A voz do tradutor nos paratextos

Os paratextos de autoria do tradutor tornam visível o facto de que um determinado texto é uma reescrita e não um original. As notas de tradução podem surgir no corpo do próprio texto, serem de rodapé ou finais, e geralmente têm o propósito de explicitar passagens que o tradutor julga que o leitor poderia não compreender de outra forma. Nalguns casos, o prefácio ou o posfácio podem ser utilizados também para explicar qual a estratégia de tradução que foi seguida. No caso do nosso *corpus* de reescritas integrais encontramos vários exemplos deste tipo de paratextos:

Texto 17 – Neste texto, após informação sobre a época vitoriana, as opções de tradução são explícitas: “Na presente tradução, tentou-se e,

em muitos casos, conseguiu-se, encontrar a correspondência em português para esses múltiplos jogos⁸⁴ [paródias, trocadilhos]. Alguns, porém, teimaram em não se deixar traduzir, pelo que se tornou necessário explicá-los.” Interessante é também a conclusão do prefácio: “Lewis Carroll, o amigo das crianças, acreditava que a infância era o verdadeiro País das Maravilhas e foi isso que ele quis de certo modo transmitir e perpetuar nas suas narrativas: um pouco a infância da pequena Alice Liddell e das suas irmãzinhas, um pouco a de todos nós... a recordar aos adultos que já foram gente miúda”.

O tradutor explica que a sua estratégia de tradução para as passagens “que teimaram em não se deixar traduzir”, é introduzir uma explicação, no corpo da própria narrativa, em itálico e entre dois traços horizontais, como um aparte, e dirigir-se diretamente ao leitor. O tradutor justifica esta opção com o próprio Carroll, que “não poucas vezes se intromete na narrativa para falar com os seus leitores”.

Por exemplo, a propósito de *A Caucus-Race and a Long Tale*, o tradutor Carlos Grifo Babo escreve (texto 17:37):

Vai haver agora uma grande confusão entre Alice e o Rato, confusão que só se explica porque esta história foi escrita em inglês. Nessa língua, as palavras *tale* (história, conto) e *tail* (rabo, cauda) soam da mesma maneira. E daí que, quando o Rato se refere à sua história (*tale*), Alice julgue que ele está a falar da cauda (*tail*).

A confusão continua quando, mais adiante, o Rato diz “Tinha nada”, que é como se traduz aqui a frase “*I had not*”. Mas *not* soa

⁸⁴ Discordamos, pois não se trata de uma correspondência em português (o que implicaria um texto paródico), mas de uma tradução cuidada em termos de métrica e de rima.

como knot (nó) e aí temos Alice convencida que o Rato se queixa de ter um nó na cauda. Entendidos estes mal entendidos, vejamos em que deu a conversa entre Alice e o Rato.

Texto 36 – Margarida Vale de Gato introduz notas finais, algumas bastante extensas. Referem-se mais a questões culturais, e a explicações de índole linguístico, até porque a tradução de jogos de palavras ou *nonsense* é geralmente resolvida na narrativa do texto de chegada, ao contrário do que faz Carlos Grifo Babo. Os seus paratextos remetem por vezes para notas de outras traduções já existentes, como a do texto 9, e para bibliografia de consulta. As paródias são traduzidas no texto e depois em notas são traduzidos os originais que deram origem às paródias.

As notas de Margarida Vale de Gato não são simplesmente explicativas, mas também interpretativas, pois elas sugerem significados que poderiam não ter sido óbvios para o leitor. Por exemplo, a propósito de “and the moral of that is--"Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves”, esta tradutora escreve o seguinte:

Como as outras “morais” da Duquesa, denunciando a convencionalidade esvaziada de sentido dos clichés literários e ditados populares, esta assenta num provérbio corrente desde o século XVII: “Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves (corresponde, em português, a “tostão a tostão se faz um milhão”) (texto 36:321).

Texto 48 – A tradutora Ana Ribeiro apenas insere pequeníssimas anotações no próprio texto, nas quais, entre parêntesis retos e itálico, inclui a palavra do texto original em inglês que está a traduzir. Por exemplo:

- O meu conto [*tale*] é comprido e triste! – disse o Rato, virando-se para Alice, suspirando.
- É um rabo [*tail*] comprido, não há dúvida – replicou Alice, olhando para o rabo do Rato com admiração -, mas porque dizes que é triste? (texto 48:28)

Noutras situações semelhantes, a tradutora esclarece o jogo de palavras na sua própria narrativa:

- Peço imensas desculpas – respondeu Alice humildemente -, já estavas na quinta volta do rabo...ou do conto, não era?
- Eu não! – gritou o Rato com uma voz aguda, já irritado. Nós não merecemos atenção?
- Nós! – disse Alice, sempre pronta a ajudar, olhando ansiosamente à volta. – Deixa-me ajudar a desfazer esses nós. (texto 48:29)

Texto 9 – Claramente com um entendimento diverso dos livros de *Alice* é o texto 9. O posfácio da segunda edição (que é, de resto, tal como a primeira, profusamente anotada) é particularmente explícito numa interpretação essencialmente psicanalítica: “É, apesar de tudo, mais ou menos consistente o que as notas da nossa 1ª edição propõem no campo da interpretação erótica deste texto; mas ficam muito aquém de esclarecer cada um dos paradoxos psicológico-filosófico-linguísticos que o texto de Carroll (o seu inconsciente) apresenta a Alice e ao leitor no caminho de Wonderland.” Os autores procuram também realçar as qualidades do texto original. “Basta dizer-se que Alice é um livro que, mais talvez do que nenhum outro na História da Literatura, consegue estar acima da própria época que o viu escrever, por se situar à margem do senso comum epocal, por colher os seus materiais num País de Palavras, num Tempo em que a Frase é inconsistente, em que a Personagem sai de uma cantiga ou expressão idiomática, sem nada que na realidade lhe corresponda (...)”. Também a opção de género dos

autores é muito clara: “É claro que Alice não pode, antes de mais, ser lida como uma história (não dizemos sequer história-para-crianças): impossível resumi-la, impossível contá-la num filme, como o têm feito produtores do reles calibre de Walt Disney”.

Os tradutores Manuel João Gomes e José Vaz Pereira escrevem:

Bom é ver no livro de Alice as aventuras de Carroll no País conquistado da linguagem; melhor é ver nele as Aventuras Amorasas de um Diácono da Christ Church, Proibidas pelas Leis e Regulamentos mas Conseguidas Sádica e Sabiamente pela Via do Sonho.

Esta interpretação do texto de Carroll é visível ao longo de toda a tradução, desde logo pelo título do primeiro capítulo. “Down the Rabbit Hole” é aqui traduzido por “No buraco de um Coelho” no texto, e as notas correspondentes a este capítulo intitulam-se “À procura de um buraco para amar”. Todos os capítulos são precedidos de 4 a 8 páginas de anotações manuscritas que visam explicitar, por um lado, algumas referências culturais e as muitas manifestações de *nonsense* e trocadilhos do original; e por outro atribuem uma interpretação de cariz essencialmente sexual às cenas e às personagens da história.

Quando este texto é recuperado na edição da Quidnovi em 2010 (texto 52), o referido posfácio é retirado e substituído por um prefácio da autoria de José Vaz Pereira, numa homenagem a Manuel João Gomes. As notas são eliminadas, mas “a riqueza do trabalho [de Manuel João Gomes], está no entanto presente em todo o texto, nos achados vocabulares e poéticos” (prefácio, texto 52:12). Este prefácio, escrito por José Vaz Pereira, é muito diferente do da edição a que anteriormente nos referimos. O tradutor apela a um público-alvo ambivalente (“As

crianças gostam de viagens cheias de surpresa. Os adultos estão longe de as desdenhar”), descreve Carrol como um homem profundamente inteligente e sábio escritor de *nonsense*, e adverte: “à força de procurar tanto sentido oculto, corre-se o risco de perder a frescura da primeira inspiração”. *Alice* tem sido e continuará a ser, uma obra intemporal: “Toca a meditar, a descobrir, a pensar. O universo de Lewis Carroll dá para cada um puxar a brasa à sua sardinha. *Alice* é para a vida.”

4.3.2 – A voz do tradutor no discurso narrativo

Quando deixamos de lado os paratextos e nos centramos apenas na narrativa do texto de chegada, torna-se mais difícil identificar esta voz do tradutor, uma vez que, por vezes, ela não é, aparentemente, tão visível. Na opinião de Theo Hermans, isso acontece porque nós, enquanto leitores, preferimos ignorar esta presença discursiva (1996: 43). E razão pela qual o fazemos é a seguinte:

The reason (...) lies in the cultural and therefore ideological construct which is translation (...): translation as transparency and duplicate, as not only consonant but coincident and hence to all intents and purposes identical with its source text. (...) Translators are good translators if and when they have become transparent, invisible (1996:43-44).

Mas por mais que a queiramos ignorar, essa presença discursiva é inevitável (Hermans, 1996:45). Assim, vamos escolher, por um lado, uma amostra que represente os tradutores portugueses de *Alice* e, por outro, uma seleção de passagens que seja representativa do texto de Carroll e das suas reescritas integrais em português.

No que diz respeito à escolha dos tradutores, selecionamos os tradutores cujo número de edições é igual ou superior a 3: Maria

Filomena Duarte (9 edições), Vera Azancot (6 edições), Maria de Meneses (4 edições), Margarida Vale de Gato (4 edições) e Carlos Grifo Babo (3 edições). Temos assim uma amostra de 5 tradutores (para um total de 10) que são responsáveis por cerca de 87% das edições de reescritas integrais (27 num total de 31 edições).

Em todos os tradutores, os textos não sofrem alterações ao longo das sucessivas edições, por isso consideramos o texto da primeira publicação de cada tradutor, ou seja, o texto 3, de Maria de Meneses (1943), o texto 12 de Vera Azancot (1977), o texto 17 de Carlos Grifo Babo (1986), o texto 20 de Maria Filomena Duarte e o texto 36 de Margarida Vale de Gato (2000).

No que diz respeito à escolha de passagens do texto de Carroll, baseamo-nos na opinião de Warren Weaver, que se pronuncia do seguinte modo acerca de traduzir *Alice*:

For the adult point of view, the principal problems involved in translating *Alice* relate to:

- A) The verses, which in almost all of the cases are parodies of English poems, well known to Dodgson contemporaries.
- B) The puns.
- C) The use of specially manufactured words or nonsense words, which occasionally occur in the text and often occur in the verses. (ex: muchness)
- D) The jokes which involve logic.
- E) The otherwise unclassifiable Carroll twists of meaning with underlying humor, always unexpected and disarming, sometimes gentle, and sometimes very abrupt. (Weaver, 1964:81)

Assim, escolhemos para análise as seguintes passagens:

- 1)

‘Curiouser and curiouser!’ cried Alice (she was so much surprised, that for the moment she quite forgot how to speak good English). (p. 20)

2)

‘Once upon a time there were three little sisters,’ the Dormouse began in a great hurry; ‘and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well--’

‘What did they live on?’ said Alice (...).

‘They lived on treacle,’ said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

‘They couldn’t have done that, you know,’ Alice gently remarked; ‘they’d have been ill.’

‘So they were,’ said the Dormouse; ‘very ill.’

(...)

[Alice] repeated her question. ‘Why did they live at the bottom of a well?’

(...) ‘It was a treacle-well.’

(...) He consented to go on. ‘And so these three little sisters--they were learning to draw, you know--’

‘What did they draw?’ said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

‘Treacle,’ said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

(...)

‘But I don’t understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?’

‘You can draw water out of a water-well,’ said the Hatter; ‘so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well--eh, stupid?’

‘But they were in the well,’ Alice said to the Dormouse (...)

‘Of course they were,’ said the Dormouse; ‘--well in.’

(...)

‘They were learning to draw,’ the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; ‘and they drew all manner of things--everything that begins with an M--’

‘Why with an M?’ said Alice.

‘Why not?’ said the March Hare.

Alice was silent. (p. 78-80)

3)

"Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!

How I wonder what you're at!"

"Up above the world you fly,

Like a tea-tray in the sky.

Twinkle, twinkle--" (p.76/77)

4)

I'm doubtful about the temper of your flamingo. Shall I try the experiment?'

‘He might bite,’ Alice cautiously replied (...)

‘Very true,’ said the Duchess: ‘flamingoes and mustard both bite. And the moral of that is--"Birds of a feather flock together.'"

‘Only mustard isn't a bird,’ Alice remarked. (...)

‘It's a mineral, I think,’ said Alice.

‘Of course it is,’ said the Duchess, (...) there's a large mustard-mine near here. And the moral of that is--"The more there is of mine, the less there is of yours.'"

5)

“What else had you to learn?”

“Well, there was Mystery,” the Mock Turtle replied, counting off the subjects on his flappers, - “Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seography: the Drawling – the Drawling master was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week. He taught us Drawling, Stretching and Fainting in Coils.” (p. 102)

Apresentamos a seguir as propostas de tradução dos tradutores portugueses Maria de Meneses, Vera Azancot, Carlos Grifo Babo, Maria Filomena Duarte e Margarida Vale de Gato.

	Maria de Meneses	Vera Azancot	Carlos Grifo Babo	Maria Filomena Duarte	Margarida Vale de Gato
1)	- Curiosismos e mais curiosismos! – exclamou Alice. (Estava tão desconcertada que já nem atinava com os substantivos correctos.) (p.19)	“Isto vai cada vez mais mal”, exclamou Alice (estava tão espantada que, naquela momento esqueceu-se de todo como é que se falava correctamente em inglês). (p.19)	- Cada vez mais curioso! – exclamou Alice (estava de tal maneira surpreendida que, de momento, esqueceu totalmente as regras da gramática). (p.22)	- Cada vez maior estranho! – exclamou Alice. (Ficou tão admirada que, naquele momento, quase se esquecera por completo como se falava.) (p.13)	- Que estranho, que estranhosíssimo! – exclamou Alice (estava de tal modo espantada que nesse momento se esqueceu de como se falava bom inglês). (p.19)
2)	-Era uma vez três irmãs – começou o Arganaz a contar a toda a pressa – que se chamavam Elsie, Lacie e Tillie. Viviam no fundo de um poço... -E de que se sustentavam elas? – perguntou Alice (...). - Sustentavam-se de	- Era uma vez três irmãszinhas – começou muito depressa o Arganaz – que se chamavam Elsie, Lacie e Tillie e que viviam no fundo dum poço... - E de que é que elas se alimentavam? – disse Alice (...). - Alimentavam-se de melão – disse o	- Era uma vez três irmãszinhas – começou o Arganaz a toda a pressa – e os seus nomes eram Elsie, Lacie e Tillie, e viviam no fundo de um poço... - E de que viviam elas? – perguntou Alice (...). - Viviam de melão –	- Era uma vez três irmãszinhas – começou o Arganaz, à pressa –que se chamavam Elsie, Lacie e Tillie e viviam no fundo de um poço... -E de que viviam elas? - perguntou Alice (...). - Alimentavam-se de	- Era uma vez três irmãszinhas – começou muito depressa o Arganaz – chamadas Elsie, Lacie e Tillie, e viviam no fundo de um poço... - De que viviam elas? – perguntou Alice (...). - Viviam de melão – disse o Arganaz, depois de reflectir um

Maria de Meneses	Vera Azancot	Carlos Grifo Babo	Maria Filomena Duarte	Margarida Vale de Gato
<p>melaço –retorquiu o Arganaz, depois de pensar um minuto ou dois.</p> <p>- Isso não podia ser, bem vê – comentou Alice com muita brandura. –Ficavam todas doentes.</p> <p>- Mas é que ficaram – disse o Arganaz – muito doentes.</p> <p>[Alice] repetiu a pergunta:</p> <p>- Porque viviam elas no fundo de um poço?</p> <p>-Era um poço de melaço.</p> <p>(...) [O Arganaz]</p>	<p>Arganaz, depois de pensar um minuto ou dois.</p> <p>- Elas não podiam alimentar-se só disso, sabes? – observou Alice , delicadamente -, senão ficavam doentes.</p> <p>- E ficaram! – disse o Arganaz. – Ficaram mesmo muito doentes!</p> <p>[Alice] repetiu a pergunta:</p> <p>- Porque viviam elas no fundo do poço?</p> <p>- Porque era um poço de melaço.(...)</p> <p>[O Arganaz]concordou em continuar: - E então as três</p>	<p>respondeu o Arganaz, depois de reflectir durante um ou dois minutos.</p> <p>- Não podiam fazer uma coisas dessas, sabes? – comentou Alice delicadamente. – É que ficavam doentes!</p> <p>- E ficaram mesmo – disse o Arganaz. – <i>Muito</i> doentes.</p> <p>[Alice] fez a mesma pergunta:</p> <p>- Porque viviam elas no fundo de um poço?</p> <p>- Era um poço de melaço.</p> <p>[O Arganaz] lá</p>	<p>me!- respondeu o Arganaz, depois de pensar um minuto ou dois.</p> <p>- Isso é impossível – atalho Alice com delicadeza. Teriam adoecido.</p> <p>- E foi o que aconteceu. Ficaram <i>muito</i> doentes.</p> <p>[Alice] repetiu a pergunta:</p> <p>- Mas porque viviam elas no fundo de um poço?</p> <p>- Era um poço de melaço. (...)</p> <p>[O Arganaz] dispôs-se a continuar. – E então estas três irmãzinhas estavam a aprender a</p>	<p>ou dois minutos.</p> <p>- Mas sabes que assim não podia ser – lembrou Alice, delicadamente. – Ficavam doentes.</p> <p>- Pois ficaram – disse o Arganaz – ... <i>muito</i> doentes.</p> <p>[Alice] repetiu a pergunta:</p> <p>-Porque é que elas viviam no fundo de um poço?</p> <p>- Era um poço de melaço. (...)</p> <p>[O Arganaz] dispôs-se a continuar. – E então estas três irmãzinhas estavam a aprender a</p>

Maria de Meneses	Vera Azancot	Carlos Grifo Babo	Maria Filomena Duarte	Margarida Vale de Gato
<p>consentiu em prosseguir: - E assim as três irmãs aprendiam a tirar...</p> <p>- E que tiravam elas? - interrompeu de novo a Menina, esquecendo de todo a sua promessa.</p> <p>- Melaço - respondeu o Arganaz, desta vez sem reflectir. (...)</p> <p>-Mas eu não percebo donde é que tiravam o melaço...</p> <p>- Pois se pode tirar-se água de um poço de água - respondeu o Chapelheiro - será também fácil pensar</p>	<p>irmãzinhas...estavam a aprender a desenhar, percebem?</p> <p>- A chupar o quê? - disse Alice, esquecendo-se por completo da sua promessa.</p> <p>- Melaço - disse o Arganaz, desta vez sem parar para pensar. (...)</p> <p>- Mas eu não percebo. De que sítio é que elas chupavam o melaço?</p> <p>- Se tu podes chupar água de um poço de água - disse o Chapelheiro -, acho que também podes chupar melaço de um poço de</p>	<p>consentiu em prosseguir a história.</p> <p>- E, então, essas tais três irmãzinhas...não sei se sabes que elas andavam a aprender a extrair...</p> <p>- O que é que elas extraíam? - perguntou Alice, completamente esquecida da promessa feita.</p> <p>- Melaço - disse o Arganaz, desta vez sem precisar de pensar no assunto. (...)</p> <p>- Desculpa, mas não percebo muito bem. De onde é que elas</p>	<p>- E as três irmãzinhas estavam a aprender a desenhar...</p> <p>- O que desenhavam elas? Perguntou Alice, esquecendo a promessa.</p> <p>- Mel - respondeu o Arganaz, desta vez sem pensar. (...)</p> <p>- Mas eu não compreendo. Onde tiravam elas o mel?</p> <p>- Se podes tirar água de um poço de cheio de água, creio que também poderás tirar mel de um poço cheio de mel, não</p>	<p>coser, sabem...</p> <p>- O que é que elas coziaram? - perguntou Alice, esquecendo-se completamente da sua promessa.</p> <p>- Melaço - respondeu o Arganaz, sem sequer pensar nisso desta vez. (...)</p> <p>- Mas eu não estou a entender de onde tiravam elas o melaço?</p> <p>- Então, se se vai tirar água a um poço de água, parece-me que podemos ir tirar melaço a um poço de melaço, não achas, minha estúpida? -</p>

Maria de Meneses	Vera Azancot	Carlos Grifo Babo	Maria Filomena Duarte	Margarida Vale de Gato
<p>que se possa tirar melão de um poço de melão, sua pateta!</p> <p>- Mas elas estavam dentro do poço – Alice ao Arganaz (...).</p> <p>- Claro que estavam – afirmou o Arganaz -, estavam bem lá dentro. (...)</p> <p>Elas estavam a aprender a desenhar – continuou o Arganaz, abrindo a boca e esfregando os olhos, pois estava a ficar com muito sono -, e desenhavam toda a espécie de coisas, tudo o que começasse por um M.</p> <p>-E porque um M? –</p>	<p>melão, não é assim, minha parva?</p> <p>- Mas elas estavam dentro do poço – disse Alice ao Arganaz (...).</p> <p>- Claro que estavam – afirmou o Arganaz -, estavam bem lá dentro. (...)</p> <p>Elas estavam a aprender a desenhar – continuou o Arganaz, abrindo a boca e esfregando os olhos, pois estava a ficar com muito sono -, e desenhavam toda a espécie de coisas, tudo o que começasse por um M.</p> <p>-E porque um M? –</p>	<p>extraíam o melão?</p> <p>- Pode-se extrair água de um poço de água, não pode? Portanto, acho que se pode muito bem extrair melão de um poço de melão, há, minha pateta?</p> <p>- Mas elas estavam dentro do poço!</p> <p>- Claro que estavam! – disse o Arganaz – Estavam completamente empoçadas. (...) – Estavam a aprender a extrair e extraíam toda a espécie de coisas...tudo o que</p>	<p>achas, minha estúpida?</p> <p>- Mas elas estavam dentro do poço.</p> <p>- Claro que estavam. Bem lá dentro. (...)</p> <p>Estavam a aprender a desenhar – prosseguiu o Arganaz, bocejando e esfregando os olhos (estava a ficar muito sonolento) – e desenhavam toda a espécie de coisas...Todas as coisas que começavam por um M...</p> <p>- Porquê por um M?</p>	<p>interveio o Chapeleiro.</p> <p>- Mas elas estavam lá no fundo – disse Alice ao Arganaz. (...)</p> <p>- Evidentemente, afundadas de todo. (...)</p> <p>Estavam a aprender a coser e a bordar – continuou o Arganaz, bocejando e esfregando os olhos, porque já estava a cair de sono – e bordavam toda a espécie de coisas, todas as coisas começaram por M...</p> <p>-Porquê por M? – perguntou Alice.</p> <p>- E porque não? – ripostou a Lebre de</p>

Maria de Meneses	Vera Azancot	Carlos Grifo Babo	Maria Filomena Duarte	Margarida Vale de Gato
<p>muitas, muitas coisas, tudo o que principiava por R. -E porque era só com R –perguntou Alice. - E porque não havia de ser com R? – interveio a Lebre. (pp.85-90)</p>	<p>perguntou Alice. - E porque não? – disse a Lebre de Março. (pp.81-84)</p>	<p>começa por um R... - Porquê por um R? – perguntou Alice. - E porque não? – disse a Lebre de Março. (pp. 84-87)</p>	<p>– perguntou Alice. - E porque não? – respondeu a Lebre de Março. (pp.</p>	<p>Março. (pp. 84-86)</p>
<p>3) Pisca o olho, sombrio morcego/ Diz-me onde tens o teu aconchego!/ Pelo céu vais a voar/És capaz de lá ficar/Pisca, pisca, pisca... (p.84)</p>	<p>Pisca os olhos morceguinho/Pisca, pisca/Para onde vais tu /tão direitinho?/Lá no alto do mundo/A voar/És um tabuleiro de chá a passar/No céu.../Pisca os olhos...etc (p.80)</p>	<p>Pisca, pisca, morceguito!/Oh! Quem me dera saber o teu fito!/Voas alto por sobre o mundo/ Como um bule no céu profundo/ Pisca, pisca... (p.83/4)</p>	<p>Brilha, brilha, morceguinho!/Como te invejo!/Voa pelo céu/ Como um tabuleiro de chá./brilha, brilha... (p.73/4)</p>	<p>Pisca, pisca, morceguinho!/Onde está o meu bichinho?/Vais voando pelo mundo/Como o chá no azul profundo/ Pisca, pisca... (p.82)</p>
<p>4) - A razão é eu não</p>	<p>- Ê porque não sei se o</p>	<p>-Ê que tenho as</p>	<p>- A verdade é que</p>	<p>- Ê porque duvido da</p>

Maria de Meneses	Vera Azancot	Carlos Grifo Babo	Maria Filomena Duarte	Margarida Vale de Gato
conhecer bem o temperamento do seu flamingo. Acha que experimente? -Ele pode picar-lhe – respondeu prudentemente Alice (...). - É verdade – disse a Duquesa. – Os flamingos e a mostarda picam. E a moral disso é: “Pássaros de igual plumagem voam sempre juntos.” - Só que a mostarda não é um pássaro – comentou Alice (...) É um mineral, <i>acho eu</i> – disse Alice.	teu flamingo tem bom feito...posso fazer a experiência? - Ele pode picar – disse prudentemente Alice (...). - Isso é bem verdade – disse a Duquesa -; tanto os flamingos como a mostarda picam. E a moral disto é: “Pássaros de igual plumagem voam sempre juntos.” - Só que a mostarda não é um pássaro – comentou Alice (...) É um mineral, <i>acho eu</i> – disse Alice. - Claro que é – disse a	minhas dúvidas em relação ao temperamento do teu flamingo. Achas que tente a experiência? - Ele é capaz de picar – replicou prudentemente Alice (...). - Tens toda a razão – disse a Duquesa. – flamingos e mostarda picam ambos. E a moral disso é: “Pássaros da mesma espécie voam juntos.” - Só que a mostarda não é um pássaro – comentou Alice (...) É um mineral, creio eu –	desconfio do feitio do teu flamingo. Achas que tente? - Ele pode morder-lhe – advertiu Alice (...) - Lá isso é verdade – concordou a Duquesa. – Os flamingos mordem, tal como a mostarda. E a moral disso é: “Os pássaros de uma só pena voam no mesmo bando.” - Mas a mostarda não é um pássaro! – replicou Alice (...) <i>Creio</i> que é um mineral – acrescentou Alice.	natureza do teu flamingo. Será de tentar? - Pode picá-la – retorquiu Alice, prudentemente (...) - Ora aí está! – exclamou a Duquesa. - Os flamingos e a mostarda costumam picar. E a moral disso é: “quem sai aos seus não degenera.” - Só que a mostarda não é uma ave – fez notar Alice (...) <i>Acho</i> que é um mineral... - disse Alice. - Claro que é – confirmou a Duquesa

Maria de Meneses	Vera Azancot	Carlos Grifo Babo	Maria Filomena Duarte	Margarida Vale de Gato
<p>- Está claro que é – confirmou a Duquesa (...) Há justamente aqui perto uma grande mina de mostarda. E a moral disso é “uma mina e outra é tua mas a minha é a maior”. (p.111)</p>	<p>Duquesa (...) Há até uma grande <i>mina</i> de mostarda perto daqui. E a mora disto é: “Quanto mais encho a <i>minha</i>, menos enches a <i>tua</i>”. (p.101)</p>	<p>prosseguiu Alice. - Claro que é – disse a Duquesa (...) Até há uma grande mina de mostarda perto daqui. E a moral disso é: “Quanto maior é a <i>mina</i>, mais pequena é a <i>tua</i>.” (p.105)</p>	<p>- Claro que é – respondeu a Duquesa (...). Perto da minha casa existe uma grande mina de mostarda. E a moral disso é: “quanto mais eu tenho, menos tu tens.” (p.93)</p>	<p>(...) Há uma grande mina de mostarda aqui perto. E a moral disso é: “por se acabar uma mina, não se acaba a lapiseira”. (p. 102-104)</p>
<p>5) - E que mais tinha de aprender? - Olhe, havia também astória, antiga e moderna, ancianografia e também ginástica. O professor de ginástica era um</p>	<p>- Que mais é que vocês aprendiam? - Bem, havia as disciplinas de Mistério... respondeu a Falsa Tartaruga, contando as disciplinas com os dedos das patas. – Havia os</p>	<p>- Que mais é que tinhas para aprender? - Bem, havia escória – replicou a Tartaruga, contando as disciplinas pelas barbatanas – escória Antiga e Escória Moderna, e também</p>	<p>- E que mais aprendeste? - Bem, tínhamos aulas de Mistério – prosseguiu a Tartaruga, contando pelos dedos. – Mistério Antigo e Moderno, com</p>	<p>- Que mais tinham de aprender? - Bem, havia a Histeria – respondeu a Tartaruga Fingida, contando as disciplinas com as barbatanas. – a Histeria Antioaga e</p>

Maria de Meneses	Vera Azancot	Carlos Grifo Babo	Maria Filomena Duarte	Margarida Vale de Gato
<p>velho Congro, que costumava ir uma vez por semana; ensinava-nos ginástica ou estiração. (p.117)</p>	<p>Mistérios Antigos e Modernos; havia também a Oceanografia; depois havia o Tartaruguelar; o professor de Tartaruguelar era um velho congro, que costumava dar aulas uma vez por semana; ele ensinou-nos a Tartaruguelar, a Extorsionar e a Cair em Espiral. (p.108)</p>	<p>Marografia. Depois o Desdenho... o professor de Desdenho era um velho Congro que costumava aparecer uma vez por semana. Ensinava-nos a Desdenhar, a Esbocejar e a Pinchar com Fintas. (p.113)</p>	<p>Aquariografia, Rabiscar... O professor era um velho congro, que costumava aparecer uma vez por semana. Ensinava-nos Rabiscar, Espreguiçar e Desmaiar. (p.99/100)</p>	<p>Moderna, mais Mareografia; depois Despenho... o professor de Despenho era um congro, que vinha uma vez por semana: ensinava-nos Despenho, Destroço e Tintura a Carvão. (p.111)</p>

Exemplo 1

Este primeiro extrato evidencia uma das diferenças nas estratégias adotadas pelos vários tradutores – a de manter ou não as referências explícitas à língua original dos textos de partida, o inglês. Neste exemplo concreto, as tradutoras Vera Azancot e Margarida Vale de Gato traduzem do original, *how to speak good English*, por “como se falava bom inglês). Pelo contrário, os restantes tradutores preferem substituir essa referência, não diretamente por “como falar bom português”, mas utilizando estratégias semelhantes entre si: “já nem atinava com os substantivos correctos”, esqueceu totalmente as regras da gramática”, “quase se esquecera por completo como se falava”. De referir ainda que a utilização destas duas estratégias diferentes é visível noutros exemplos dos textos em estudo, e por vezes, numa mesma reescrita, ambas são usadas.

Exemplo 2

Um aspeto diferencia a tradução de Maria de Meneses das restantes: o tratamento por “você” entre as personagens, o que já não acontece em nenhuma das restantes traduções.

No que diz respeito aos nomes das personagens da história, eles são, de um modo geral, traduzidos para português. Considerando que os autores usam nomes próprios não só para nomear as suas personagens mas também para lhes atribuir um conjunto de características, as estratégias de tradução adotadas diferem. Num caso, os tradutores optam por manter a totalidade da designação atribuída pelo autor às personagens (neste exemplo, March Hare), e nomeiam esta personagem Lebre de Março. Exceção para Maria de Meneses, que opta por traduzir simplesmente por Lebre.

Curiosamente, no caso da outra personagem que encontramos neste extrato, Mad Hatter, os tradutores são unânimes em traduzir simplesmente por Chapeleiro. Ainda sobre os nomes próprios, é de salientar que Maria de Meneses é a única que se refere a Alice por vezes como a Menina.

O duplo significado do verbo *draw* em inglês não é, de um modo geral, visível nas reescritas que analisamos. As estratégias de resolução são diversas. Os tradutores optam por não reconhecer no texto este duplo significado (Maria de Meneses traduz por “tirar”, Carlos Grifo Babo por “extrair”), por substituir *draw* por dois verbos distintos em português, sendo que não é muito clara qual a ligação dos mesmos ao contexto (desenhar/chupar – Vera Azancot), por utilizar dois verbos distintos em português com alguma ligação ao resto do contexto (desenhar/tirar). Margarida Vale de Gato também utiliza um par de verbos (coser/tirar) mas para além disso introduz a palavra homófona “cozer” para confrontar com “coser”.

De salientar ainda a tendência dos tradutores Maria de Meneses e Carlos Grifo Babo para suavizar “-well--eh, stupid?” e traduzir por “sua pateta/minha pateta”, ao passo que os restantes tradutores utilizam “minha estúpida” ou “minha parva”.

Exemplo 3

Não existe, nem neste exemplo, nem noutros ao longo de todas estas reescritas, qualquer tentativa de paródia dos poemas escritos por Carroll que, como já explicitamos, eram por sua vez, paródias a poemas da época. De registar, no entanto, que a tradução proposta por Margarida Vale de Gato é a única que pode, efetivamente, ser enquadrada na melodia de *Twinkle, twinkle, little star*, que é o original

da paródia de Carroll. Como veremos, esta tradutora utilizará uma estratégia diferente na tradução do texto 29 pois, supomos, são também diferentes as indicações editoriais e é certamente diferente o seu público-alvo.

Com efeito, a paródia é talvez a maior dificuldade que se pode apresentar aos tradutores, pois encontram-se com a tarefa de traduzir dois textos num só (Lefevere, 1992:44). Uma vez que, sem o original, a paródia perde a sua razão de existir, uma tradução bem sucedida está, normalmente, fora do alcance do tradutor. Resta muitas vezes ao tradutor apenas o uso de notas explicativas que podem representar uma resposta satisfatória a este problema translatório, mas quase sempre imprimem um cunho mais formal (*scholarly*) ao texto (Lefevere, 1992:45). Este facto pode causar alguma distância em relação a determinados públicos-alvo. No nosso caso, como veremos, e salvo raras exceções, ao traduzir para crianças os textos paródicos são simplesmente omitidos. Nas reescritas integrais, há a tradução para português, sem paródia, sendo que apenas os tradutores Margarida Vale de Gato e Carlos Grifo Babo introduzem notas explicativas das mesmas.

Exemplo 4

Neste estrato são visíveis as estratégias adotadas pelos diferentes tradutores em relação à tradução de expressões idiomáticas:

Birds of a feather flock together é traduzido mais ou menos à letra por Vera Azancot, Carlos Grifo Babo e Maria Filomena Duarte (por exemplo, “Os pássaros de uma só pena voam no mesmo bando”), e transformado numa expressão idiomática correspondente em

português por Maria de Meneses (“Deus os fez, Deus os juntou”) e Margarida Vale de Gato (“Quem sai aos seus não degenera”).

No caso de *The more there is of mine, the less there is of yours*, que vem na sequência de um jogo de palavras com *mine* (mina e minha, em português), trata-se de mais um *pun*, ou seja dois significados de uma mesma palavra que estão em jogo simultaneamente (Lefevere, 1992:53), um confronto entre formas linguísticas e significados (Delabastita, 1993:58). Neste caso, as estratégias adotadas não são, nalguns casos, inteiramente coincidentes com as adotadas anteriormente, ou seja, apenas Maria Filomena Duarte e Vera Azancot continuam a traduzir mais ou menos à letra. Carlos Grifo Babo traduz “quanto maior é a *mina*, mais pequena é a *tua*”. Maria de Meneses e Margarida Vale de Gato continuam a reescrever empregando como base uma expressão idiomática correspondente em português, respetivamente “Uma é minha e outra é tua mas a minha é maior”, ou “por se acabar uma mina, não se acaba a lapiseira”.

Exemplo 5

Neste extrato está em causa uma série de jogos de palavras com disciplinas que se ensinam na escola. Vera Azancot e Maria Filomena Duarte optam por traduzir *Mystery* por *Mistério*, ao passo que os restantes tradutores optam por tornar visível o trocadilho do original com *History*, e traduzem por *Astória*, *Escória* ou *Histeria*.

No final deste extrato as estratégias mudam. Maria de Meneses traduz as disciplinas ensinadas pelo velho congro simplesmente por *Ginástica* e *Estiração*, ao passo que todos os outros tradutores introduzem mais jogos de palavras, quer criando palavras novas (*tartaruguelar*,

esboçar), quer introduzindo nomes para novas disciplinas de estudo (Espreguiçar e Desmaiar, Tintura a Carvão).

Ainda em relação aos nomes das personagens, uns tradutores optam por manter a totalidade da designação atribuída pelo autor às personagens (neste exemplo, Mock Turtle), e traduzem por Falsa Tartaruga (Vera Azancot) e Tartaruga Fingida (Margarida Vale de Gato). Os restantes tradutores nomeiam esta personagem simplesmente Tartaruga.

Sendo certo que os tradutores estão sempre sujeitos a condicionantes sistémicas de ordem vária ao produzirem as suas reescritas, fica evidente pela análise destes extratos que, de um modo geral, não há uma definição clara de quais as estratégias adotadas pelos tradutores, quais as normas pelas quais se regem para produzirem os seus textos, à exceção do trabalho de Margarida Vale de Gato.

Como vimos, dentro de uma mesma reescrita, coexistem, por exemplo, estratégias de domesticação e de estrangeirização. Supomos que esta indefinição esteja relacionada com a classificação de *Alice* como um texto ambivalente e que, portanto, a maior dificuldade encontrada pelos tradutores portugueses é a definição do público-alvo a que se destinam os seus textos, desde logo pelas indicações editoriais que incluem os livros de *Alice* em coleções de clássicos, ou de literatura juvenil, ou a classificam como adequada a todas as idades.

A dificuldade em definir o público-alvo a que se destina o texto de chegada não é evidenciada pelos tradutores das reescritas parciais, como podemos constatar no capítulo que se segue.

5 - As reescritas parciais - Literatura para Crianças em Portugal

Não é naturalmente nossa intenção estabelecer aqui uma história completa da literatura para crianças em Portugal, até porque esse trabalho tem vindo a ser desenvolvido exaustivamente por vários autores⁴⁴ e não pretendemos, de forma alguma, sobrepor-nos a essa investigação. Todavia o nosso estudo de caso, do ponto de vista da abordagem sistémica a que nos propusemos, conduz-nos inevitavelmente à literatura para crianças produzida em Portugal e aos seus autores, de modo a definirmos um contexto para a publicação dos livros de *Alice* no nosso país. Assumimos assim, tal como faz Shavit, que a literatura para crianças faz parte do polissistema literário, cuja posição ocupada é determinada por condicionantes sócioliterárias (1986:x). Temos igualmente sempre presente, também como refere Shavit sobre os textos ambivalentes, que:

[A] key characteristic is that the communication in children's literature is fundamentally asymmetrical (...). Within the text the asymmetrical communication can manifest itself as the implied (adult) author addressing an implied (child) reader. But the asymmetry accounts for other diverse forms of address to be observed in children's literature - single address (to the child reader alone), dual or even multiple address, which can include implicit adult readers and child readers at different stages (O'Sullivan, 2002:38).

⁴⁴ Veja-se, por exemplo, os estudos de Esther de Lemos (1972), Maria Laura Bettencourt Pires (1981), Natércia Rocha (1984 e 2001), Garcia Barreto (1998) e José António Gomes (1996 e 1998), cujas referências constam da bibliografia.

É esse contexto que tentamos estabelecer no presente capítulo, para que uma melhor compreensão das diferentes características que encontramos no *corpus* deste trabalho seja possível.

5.1 - Caracterização da literatura para crianças

Os estudos sobre literatura para crianças têm vindo a defrontar-se, antes de mais, com o problema da sua própria definição. Parte desta problemática deve-se à designação “literatura infantil”, pois este adjetivo sugere muitas vezes que se trata de textos pouco elaborados, concebidos de uma forma pouco cuidada. Como o que realmente distingue e caracteriza esta literatura é o facto de, além de ser elaborada de acordo com determinadas poéticas culturais e sociais, ser dirigida a um público-alvo muito específico, preferimos utilizar a designação “literatura para crianças”, considerando-se o processo de produção da obra, mas colocando-se em evidência a sua receção. Subscreveremos assim a opinião de Riitta Oittiinen que igualmente afirma fazer muito mais sentido falar de traduzir para crianças do que tradução de literatura infantil:

Translating for children rather refers to translating for a certain audience and respecting this audience through taking the audience’s will and abilities into consideration (2000:69).

A literatura para crianças tem sido simultaneamente considerada uma literatura menor e um género literário de direito próprio, até porque os estudos críticos sobre esta literatura só recentemente começaram a ter um carácter mais sistemático. Por exemplo, Eithne O’Connel afirma mesmo que esta é uma área que ainda hoje permanece demasiado ignorada por investigadores, editores e até mesmo instituições académicas ligadas ao estudo e ao ensino da tradução (2006:15). Como

já referimos, alguns dos autores que estudamos neste trabalho incluem, em diferentes formas de paratexto, breves discussões sobre a posição que estes textos ocupam no sistema literário, reforçando a ideia que esta literatura tem vindo a evoluir para características particulares que a diferenciam e demarcam de outros géneros literários. Não é, por ora, nosso objetivo contribuir para esta discussão, mas sim efetuar um levantamento dessas características, que nos será útil particularmente para a compreensão destas traduções parciais.

De um modo geral, a questão da caracterização da literatura para crianças tem sido levada a cabo a partir de um dos seguintes pontos de vista, nos quais, uma vez mais, se sublinha a importância dos processos de produção ou de receção:

- Literatura para crianças é aquela que as crianças leem;
- Literatura para crianças é aquela que é escrita para crianças.

Autores como Cecília Meireles (1984) manifestam-se pela primeira hipótese. Pode acontecer que a criança prefira um livro que não foi escrito para si a um outro que lhe foi dirigido. Só em função da sua preferência se poderá decidir o que é literatura para crianças e o que não é. Outros autores, como Américo Diogo (1994), chamam a atenção para a problemática que esta opinião pode fazer surgir. O facto de uma criança gostar de determinada obra não faz dela imediatamente um livro para crianças. Por outro lado, é possível que livros que foram escritos para crianças não venham a ser lidos por elas, mas “o mesmo acontece em regime de literatura adulta – e não parece legítima a identificação entre literatura e sucesso” (Diogo, 1994:12). Além disso, esta é uma literatura produzida e editada por adultos e são normalmente estes que escolhem os livros que a criança irá ler. A criança não intervém, portanto, na produção, nem muitas vezes na seleção, das suas leituras.

Lúcia Goês propõe uma solução de compromisso entre as duas alternativas: a literatura para crianças é uma mensagem literária que pode ou não ser dirigida às crianças, mas que corresponde às suas exigências (1984:17). Isto é,

Para que possam destinar-se às crianças, [os textos] têm que possuir um certo número de qualidades literárias que, em certo número e configuração, em certos contextos e situações convencionais atraem leitores infantis (Diogo, 1994:11).

Trata-se, por conseguinte, de um conjunto de convenções destinadas a um leitor implícito, que levam um adulto a escolher determinado livro e a criança a gostar dele. Assim temos:

1) A construção de convenções das histórias para crianças passa pelas características da literatura oral. Como explicam Tiina Puurtinen (1997:322) e Riitta Oittinen (2000:33), os textos para crianças devem ter em atenção as capacidades de leitura e de compreensão da criança (*readability*) mas devem também ser próprios para uma leitura em voz alta (*speakability*). Esta influência da literatura oral é visível, e também inspirada na forma como as crianças falam. Estas utilizam como que uma linguagem própria que os adultos tentam imitar com o objetivo de uma comunicação mais eficaz. O resultado é a redução dos campos semânticos e número de itens lexicais utilizados. Estas escolhas pressupõem uma maior facilidade de articulação dos sons, com recurso a onomatopeias, a aliterações e à simplificação de estruturas frásicas de modo a evitar duplos sentidos. Por exemplo, o narrador de uma história pode encurtar e simplificar parágrafos, usar locuções que são mais familiares às crianças e reforçar outras, aproximando-se do

discurso que as próprias crianças utilizam. Em *The Nursery Alice* de Lewis Carroll encontramos vários exemplos⁴⁵:

She grew, and she grew, and she grew. Taller than she was before!
Taller than any child! Taller than any grown-up person! Taller, and
taller, and taller! (p.7-8).

So she cried and she cried. And her tears ran down the middle of
the hall (...) (p.10).

A influência do contador de histórias reflete-se na construção da literatura para crianças. Assim, o enredo deverá ser fácil de memorizar e interessante para a criança. Para que isso aconteça, o narrador envolve constantemente o leitor na história, dirigindo-se diretamente a ele, de modo a criar a ideia de uma situação de comunicação oral efetiva:

“Well, I think that was rather lucky, too: don’t you?” (p.19).

“Did you ever hear how the Queen of Hearts made some tarts? And
can you tell me what become of them? Why, of course you can!”
(p.49).

2) Para que a comunicação ocorra de uma forma clara, a história deverá ser isenta de ambiguidades, da possibilidade de diferentes interpretações:

⁴⁵ Escolhemos *The Nursery Alice* para retirar exemplos ilustrativos das características da literatura para crianças, na edição *facsimile* da Macmillan de 1979 [1890]. Como já referimos, trata-se um texto que Lewis Carroll sentiu necessidade de escrever, após a publicação de *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland*, no qual se leva a cabo uma grande simplificação narrativa, à qual se retiraram as paródias, os jogos de palavras e quase todo o *nonsense*. É, assim, um texto concebido de acordo com as características que apontamos para a literatura para crianças.

Wasn't that a funny thing? Did you ever see a Rabbit that had a watch, and a pocket to put it in? Of course, when a Rabbit has a watch, it must have a pocket to put it in: it would never do to carry it about in its mouth – and it wants its hands sometimes, to run about with. (p.2).

That was what the Queen of hearts used to do, when she was angry with people (you'll see a picture of her soon): at least she always thought it was done, though they never really did it. (p.3).

3) Torna-se também necessário que a distinção entre fantasia e realidade seja evidente, ainda que se trate de um mundo fantástico e diferente, e esta distinção deve ficar clara desde o início:

Once upon a time, there was a little girl called Alice: and she had a very curious dream. (p.1).

And so that was the beginning of Alice's curious dream. (p.4).

4) Os autores de literatura para crianças manifestam uma especial preocupação pelos aspetos didáticos e pelo ensinamento de valores morais, até porque estes textos têm também que agradar ao adulto, pai ou educador que os compra ou recomenda:

Belonging simultaneously to the literary and the socio-educational systems, it is the only cultural field whose products purposefully address two antithetical audiences, catering to the needs and expectations of both" (Shavit, 1992:3).

A função lúdica tem vindo a ganhar cada vez mais importância, mas continuamos a registar, já no século XXI, edições que assumem claramente a função educativa como a principal razão para a produção

do texto de chegada. É o caso do texto 40, que pertence à coleção “Diverticontos”. Nesta coleção cada um dos contos serve para ensinar uma determinada lição: AW é reescrita para ensinar que se deve cumprir as nossas obrigações. O adulto tem, assim, um papel de mediador, que muitas vezes usa como mecanismo de controlo, pois a criança não age sozinha no mercado literário.

Adult authors write, adult translators translate, adult publishers issue, adult critics judge, adult librarians and teachers select and recommend books for child readers. Adults act on behalf of children at every turn (O’ Sullivan, 2002:38).

Em *The Nursery Alice* o narrador ensina, por exemplo, as cores ao leitor (as ilustrações de Sir John Tenniel são a cores e o texto refere-as amplamente), ou os números, ao contar as chávenas sobre a mesa de chá ou os jurados no julgamento:

Let’s try if we can make out the twelve. You know there ought to be twelve to make up a jury. I see the Frog, and the Dormouse, and the Rat and the Ferret, and the Hedgehog, and the Lizard, and the Bantam-Cock, and the Mole, and the Duck, and the Squirrel, and a screaming bird, with a long beak, just behind the Mole. But that only makes eleven: we must find one more creature (p.52-3).

As facetas didática e moralizadora transmitem ensinamentos que passam através do discurso pois este, particularmente na ficção destinada às crianças, raramente se separa de pressupostos ideológicos que ensinam à criança o que deve valorizar e rejeitar na sua relação com a sociedade. Uma vez que

Children's fiction belongs firmly within the domain of cultural practices which exist for the purpose of socializing their target audience (Stephens 1992:8),

estes valores são por vezes transmitidos de forma óbvia, mas também de um modo quase impercetível. São estes últimos, na opinião de John Stephens (1992:9), os que atuam de forma mais eficaz. Transcrevemos mais exemplos de *The Nursery Alice*, que ilustram estas duas situações:

That wasn't at all fair, was it? Because, you know, supposing he never took the Tarts, then of course he oughtn't to be punished. Would you like to be punished for something you hadn't done? (p.54)

Would you like to hear about Alice's visit to the Duchess? (...) Of course she knocked at the door to begin with (p.29).

A expressão "of course", que quase passa despercebida, é de grande importância, indicando que se trata de um comportamento esperado e adequado à situação. Esta regra, porque implícita, e ainda segundo Stephens, pode ser um poderoso veículo de uma ideologia, pois

(...) invisible, ideological positions are invested with legitimacy through the implication that things are simply 'so'. (1992:9).

Em suma, a literatura para crianças distingue-se da literatura destinada a um público adulto por:

a) the inclusion of concrete events rather than abstract discussion; b) the use of happy ending; c) firm moral frameworks; d) a distinctive style and vocabulary (Hannabuss, 1996:423).

Acrescentamos ainda os aspetos económicos, também relevantes, pois são eles que muitas vezes permitem ou não a entrada de um dado livro para um determinado sistema literário. Por exemplo o êxito de John Newberry deve-se em boa parte ao seu profundo entendimento do mercado do livro para crianças: desenvolver um tipo de livro que seja apelativo tanto para crianças como para pais e educadores inclui um preço convidativo à sua escolha e compra. Dessa compra resulta o facto de esses serem os livros que mais facilmente se encontram disponíveis nas escolas e em casa de cada família, e por isso são naturalmente aqueles que são mais vezes lidos. Como já vimos, Lewis Carroll era um profundo conhecedor desta estratégia.

5.1.1 - Traduzir para crianças

As características que apontamos para a literatura para crianças são tanto mais óbvias quanto mais avançamos na história desta literatura. No início do século XX, como veremos, esta era uma literatura que ainda não tinha o seu estatuto próprio, nem sequer o reconhecimento de que a criança poderia ser um leitor-alvo específico. Após a obtenção deste reconhecimento, a literatura para crianças teve e tem ainda que lutar por uma validação que lhe permita deixar de ser caracterizada como uma literatura menor, presente na periferia do sistema literário, e sem grandes perspectivas de alterar essa posição. O mesmo acontece para a literatura traduzida, sendo que esta possui características específicas quando se trata de textos de chegada cujo destinatário é a criança. Estes textos, mais uma vez, são não só dirigidos às crianças, como também têm que ser apelativos a uma dada audiência adulta, da qual pais, educadores e críticos fazem parte, constituindo estes um dos mecanismos de controlo de que fala Lefevere.

Por outro lado, a literatura para crianças é governada por princípios didáticos, ideológicos e morais, e normas que variam conforme o período histórico e cultural. Os textos de chegada são produzidos em conformidade com as condicionantes da poética da cultura de chegada. As reescritas dos livros de *Alice* acompanham, em grande parte, a evolução da literatura nacional para crianças:

The basic idea about writing for children, that is, that children's books should be written under the supervision of adults and should contribute to the child's spiritual welfare, has not changed since the middle of the eighteenth century. What has changed are the specific ideas prevalent in each period about education and childhood (Shavit, 1986:26).

Aos tradutores de literatura para crianças permite-se (e espera-se) que reescrevam o texto de partida de várias formas, para que possam produzir um texto de chegada compatível com os requisitos literários, culturais, ideológicos, do sistema literário de chegada: os da literatura para crianças propriamente dita, que já explicitámos, e os que pertencem à história desta literatura em Portugal, que explicitamos a seguir.

The translator of children's literature can permit himself great liberties regarding the text, as a result of the peripheral position of children's literature within the literary polysystem (...), an adjustment of the text to make it appropriate and useful to the child, in accordance with what society regards at a certain point in time as educationally "good for the child"; and an adjustment of plot, characterization, and language to prevailing society's perceptions of the child's ability to read and comprehend (Shavit, 1986:112-113).

The translator is permitted to manipulate the text in various ways by changing, enlarging, or abridging it or by deleting or adding to it (Shavit, 2006:26).

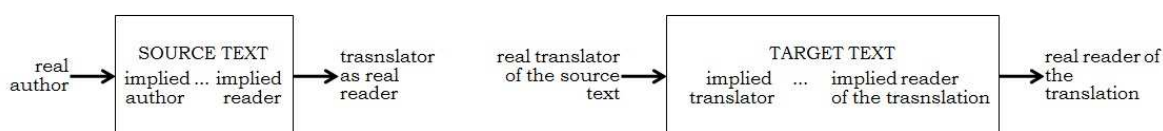
Podemos dizer que este tradutor é assim muito mais visível do que o tradutor de literatura para adultos, no sentido em que o seu trabalho por vezes implica uma “reinterpretação cultural” (Oittinen, 2000:78) que é condicionada por diferentes interpretações acerca da natureza de um dado trabalho de tradução, o que resulta na aplicação de diversas estratégias, por exemplo “additions, deletions, harmonization, added explanations, corrections and embellishments” (Oittinen, 2000:78). Ao empregar estas estratégias, o tradutor muitas vezes procura também compensar a inevitável falta de experiência de vida do leitor infantil, ou tenta encontrar um equilíbrio entre a necessidade de estimular a imaginação e o grau de tolerância da criança ao que lhe não é familiar (Lathey, 2010:7). Traduzir para crianças é, assim, diferente de traduzir para adultos, fundamentalmente em dois aspetos:

Firstly, there is the social position of children and the resulting status of literature written for them, and secondly, the developmental aspects of childhood that determine the unique qualities of successful writing for children and that make translating for them an imaginative, challenging and frequently underestimating task (Lathey, 2006:4).

Por tudo isto, O’Sullivan (2005: 89-109 e 2006: 98-109) analisa a presença do tradutor na literatura para crianças e constrói um modelo de “comunicação narrativa” que inclui a mediação de um tradutor implícito, que ajusta os valores e a informação contextual do texto de partida para o leitor alvo do texto de chegada. Trata-se de um modelo que se aplica exclusivamente a textos narrativos, e

Owing to the asymmetrical nature of the communication in and around children's literature where adults act on behalf of children at every turn, the translator is often more tangible in translated children's literature than in literature for adults (O'Sullivan, 2006:99).

O'Sullivan propõe um modelo que distingue entre a criança como leitor implícito no texto de partida e no texto de chegada. Através de alguns exemplos ilustrativos, O'Sullivan explica que, como os tradutores inserem material adicional ou explicações para as crianças leitores da cultura de chegada, estão a criar um leitor implícito com diferentes características, e que necessita de informação adicional que não foi prevista pelo autor do texto de partida. A existência desta informação adicional demonstra também a presença de um tradutor implícito cuja voz pode ser detetada no texto de chegada (2005: 89-109 e 2006: 98-109). Este modelo é apresentado esquematicamente da seguinte forma (2006:103):



De facto, os tradutores portugueses das reescritas parciais do *corpus* em estudo são, nesse sentido, mais visíveis (como diria Venuti) ou mais audíveis (na terminologia de O'Sullivan, 2006: 99) do que os tradutores para um público-alvo jovem ou adulto, como já verificámos no capítulo anterior.

5.2 – As traduções parciais dos livros de Alice

Atualmente sabemos que é preciso recuar no tempo para encontrar as origens da literatura para crianças e que havia uma coincidência entre o que era escrito para crianças e para os adultos. É necessário, aliás, que a própria noção de criança se desenvolva, para o que o período compreendido entre os séculos XVII e XIX é fundamental⁴⁶. Até então as crianças não eram consideradas diferentes dos adultos e por isso não se reconhecia a necessidade de um sistema de educação, e menos ainda a de uma literatura específica. Esta indefinição do público-alvo para esta literatura é visível ainda nos textos que constituem o *corpus* do nosso estudo de caso que, como outros textos canonizados como literatura para crianças, são herdeiros da tradição dos contos de fadas, contados e reescritos ao longo do tempo, para um público que inclui adultos e crianças⁴⁷. Estes textos, originais e traduções em diferentes línguas, têm vindo a ser analisados sob diversos prismas e interpretações, mas o facto é que foram canonizados como literatura para crianças, não só em Portugal, como também noutros países. Esta é, no entanto, uma questão em aberto e ainda em discussão, que tem produzido reescritas que obedecem a critérios muito distintos, como veremos.

De qualquer forma, a história da publicação dos livros de *Alice* em Portugal está ligada desde sempre à história da literatura para crianças. As constantes reescritas deste texto são certamente

⁴⁶ Para um estudo da evolução da noção de criança veja-se os estudos de Phillipe Ariès: *L'Enfant et la vie familiale sous l'Ancien Régime*, Editions du Seuil, 1960; *Histoire de la vie privée*, (ed. com Georges Duby) Editions du Seuil, 1985-1986-1987.

⁴⁷ Sobre esta temática veja-se Shavit, em *Poetics of Children's Literature*, que utiliza a história do *Capuchinho Vermelho* de Perrault como estudo de caso (pp 8-32).

encorajadas pelo seu estatuto de clássico, o que à partida garante aos editores um certo êxito comercial.

A literatura para crianças em Portugal seguiu uma evolução muito semelhante à que ocorreu noutros países da Europa, sendo por estes influenciada e integrando, por isso, quer textos originais em língua portuguesa, quer textos traduzidos.

5.2.1 - Até ao século XXI

A invenção da imprensa foi um dos acontecimentos mais importantes para a história da literatura em geral. Até então, o contacto com os livros era reservado a um número restrito de pessoas e por isso a transmissão de cultura tinha como base a oralidade. Nos séculos XVI e XVII, não há obras destinadas especialmente ao público infantil, até porque a criança não era encarada como tal, mas como uma espécie de adulto em miniatura, um ser ainda imperfeito, que teria os mesmos interesses que os mais velhos.

Na origem da literatura para crianças portuguesa encontram-se os contos tradicionais da literatura oral e os romances de cavalaria, e também as cartilhas (de que a obra de João de Barros é um exemplo), que através de abecedários, imagens e rimas ajudam a criança a aprender a ler.

As primeiras obras destinadas especificamente às crianças surgem a partir de intenções pedagógicas e as fábulas são também material de leitura levado às crianças. Encontram-se fábulas nas literaturas de praticamente todos os países, aliando ao entretenimento a função de educação. As fábulas tiveram um grande impacto e a sua presença torna-se uma constante que viria até aos nossos dias, pela mão de nomes como Fedro (cujos textos originais são do século VI a.C.), Esopo

(que escreveu no século I d.C.), La Fontaine (que publicou o seu livro de fábulas em 1668) e, mais tarde, no século XIX, os Irmãos Grimm. Digna de registo é também a publicação, em 1699 das *Aventuras de Telémaco*, de François Fénelon, autor interessado nas questões da educação, tendo sido, inclusive, preceptor do rei Luís XIV.

Após uma grande escassez literária que caracterizou o século anterior, o século XVIII é particularmente produtivo, para o que sem dúvida terá contribuído o espírito do Iluminismo, e as influências marcantes de Locke, Rosseau e Pestalozzi.

Em Inglaterra, *Robinson Crusoe*, de Daniel Defoe e *Gulliver's Travels*, de Johnatan Swift obtêm um êxito considerável junto do público infantil, o mesmo acontecendo com as suas traduções francesas. Também a tradução para português e para outras línguas dos textos d'As *1001 Noites* foram muito populares junto das crianças, embora todas sejam obras originalmente destinadas a um público adulto. John Newbery abre em Londres a primeira livraria destinada às crianças, publicando o primeiro livro do género, *A Little Pretty Pocket Book*, em 1744. Nesse mesmo ano publica-se em Portugal a tradução de *Magazin des Enfants* (Tesouro de Meninas) de Mme. Leprince de Beaumont, que havia sido editado em 1757 em França. Assiste-se também a mais traduções das obras de Esopo e Fedro. Durante o século XVIII, portanto, a participação de autores portugueses para a literatura para crianças não é significativa. São sobretudo as traduções que marcam presença no panorama editorial português.

No século XIX, após as Invasões Francesas e as convulsões políticas que lhes sucederam, diminui gradualmente o isolamento de Portugal em relação ao resto da Europa, sobretudo a partir dos anos vinte. Dão-se vários acontecimentos importantes para o desenvolvimento de uma

literatura para crianças – a criação do Ministério da Educação e a instituição das classes infantis em 1896, por exemplo. Nos prefácios dos livros faz-se a apologia da moral e da virtude. O tom geral é didático, de transmissão de valores e educação, apoiado no uso de vocabulário formal e de frases de construção complexa, refletindo um ponto de vista adulto sobre o que deveria ser um livro para crianças. Predomina o conto tradicional, a fábula e as histórias essencialmente moralizantes. Surgem traduções dos contos de Perrault (escritos originalmente entre 1691 e 1697) como *O Capuchinho Vermelho* e *O Gato das Botas* integrados numa colecção que se intitulava “Livraria do Povo” (o que evidencia uma vez mais a indefinição do público-alvo e o estatuto periférico destes textos). Em 1883 publicam-se traduções de alguns contos dos Irmãos Grimm. As intenções didáticas e moralizantes desta literatura não serão facilmente abandonadas, muito embora

(...) a presença das obras de Andersen na produção editorial portuguesa no fim do século XIX abra caminho para concepções pedagógicas que defendem a necessidade de uma adequação dos livros aos interesses naturais da criança, mais do que às suas obrigações, impostas estas pelo desejo do adulto de modelar e dominar a criança (Rocha, 1984:47).

A partir dos anos oitenta, surgem obras que já conseguem evidenciar alguma capacidade crítica. Os primeiros grandes clássicos da literatura para crianças em Portugal são os trabalhos de Ana Castro Osório (que, a partir de 1897 publica, em fascículos, contos tradicionais sob o título “Para as Crianças”) e as primeiras obras de Virgínia de Castro e Almeida (*A Fada Tentadora*, de 1895, por exemplo). Quando termina o século XIX, é já patente uma atividade literária específica, dirigida à

criança, que abre caminho ao crescimento da produção nacional que se verificará no século seguinte.

A maior parte dos autores que escreveram sobre literatura para crianças em Portugal é da opinião que foi neste século (sobretudo com Antero de Quental, Eça de Queirós e Guerra Junqueiro) que de facto surge uma verdadeira literatura que se destina a um público-alvo infantil. Esta chamada “Geração de 70” é já detentora de uma consciência relativamente à necessidade de se escrever especificamente para a infância, muito embora o propósito que os movia parece ter sido mais “uma preocupação social e política, que o propósito de produzir obra própria” (Barreto, 1998:26). Em todo o caso, o que é facto é que o número de publicações destinadas à criança começa a crescer progressivamente – são muitas as traduções, mas também os textos originais de autores portugueses.

No início do século XX, apesar das reformas, o analfabetismo é ainda um problema que existe em larga escala. Apesar disso, a presença do livro no seio das famílias burguesas é já uma constante, o que dá origem, no final do século anterior e até 1926, ao aparecimento de colecções de contos e pequenos romances como a “Biblioteca de Educação e Ensino” e a “Biblioteca Rosa Ilustrada” (Gomes, 1998:13).

A legislação que deriva da Constituição de 1911 define objetivos para a educação, o ensino primário obrigatório e outros projectos importantes como as bibliotecas escolares. Na literatura há o reconhecimento de que a criança é um forte consumidor de leitura, até porque a revolução republicana

(...) imbuiu de um novo espírito a incipiente literatura infantil portuguesa. Era a hora das crianças (...); urgia despertar nos

espíritos o sentimento cívico, que substituísse as velhas ideias de fidelidade e obediência (...) [pelas] de Progresso, Trabalho, Instrução, Liberdade e Pátria (Lemos, 1972:19).

Tudo isto motiva, por exemplo, o aparecimento de jornais para as crianças, que viriam a conhecer o seu período áureo nos anos trinta, altura em que entram em declínio, motivado sobretudo pela concorrência dos *comics* americanos. Alternando com reedições de Grimm, Andersen, Perrault e Condessa de Ségur, os autores portugueses marcam já a sua presença de uma forma considerável, dos quais se destacam Ana de Castro Osório e Henrique Marques Júnior.

O trabalho deste último é particularmente importante. Henrique Marques Júnior dedicou-se a organizar coleções, selecionar, escrever e traduzir contos e também a registar todas as publicações que até então, e no seu entender, se destinavam a crianças. Este trabalho tem como produto final a primeira bibliografia para crianças⁴⁸. Trata-se de “Algumas Acheegas para uma Bibliografia Infantil”, publicado em 1928 pela Biblioteca Nacional. Esta bibliografia representa um levantamento exaustivo das publicações de livros para crianças até à data, não sendo dada qualquer referência aos livros de *Alice*. Podemos, pois, afirmar, que até 1928 não foi certamente publicada nenhuma reescrita portuguesa destes textos de Carroll.

Através da coleção “Biblioteca das Crianças”, Henrique Marques Júnior promove os contos dos Irmãos Grimm, de Perrault e da Condessa de Ségur, em reescritas que, na época, são consideradas excelentes. Dirige

⁴⁸ Para uma biografia mais detalhada do trabalho desenvolvido por Henrique Marques Júnior, veja-se Cortez, Maria (2007), “Henrique Marques Júnior e as bibliotecas infantis e juvenis”, *Estudos de Tradução em Portugal*, Lisboa: Universidade Católica Portuguesa, pp. 169-181.

ainda a “Colecção Manecas”, editada pela Romano Torres, na qual se publicam alguns textos originais seus, as reescritas de *D. Quixote de la Mancha* e *As Viagens de Gulliver*, e mais tarde, em 1936 e 1946, os livros de *Alice*. Estas são as primeiras reescritas de que encontramos registo em Portugal dos textos de *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland* e *Through the Looking Glass and What Alice Found There*.

Os últimos anos da segunda década deste século registam uma comercialização já bastante marcada, que impõe critérios e que tenta conquistar um público-alvo que até então tinha ignorado. Prova disto são os suplementos infantis presentes em quase todos os jornais diários⁴⁹. Estas revistas e suplementos têm características próprias: apresentam adivinhas e charadas, contos, poemas, canções e desenhos. Este tipo de apresentação será substituído, a partir dos finais dos anos trinta, pelas séries estrangeiras.

Outras formas de leitura surgem nos anos trinta, devido às pressões exercidas pelo regime de Salazar, que reduz o tempo da escolaridade obrigatória e encerra as Escolas do Magistério Primário. Além disso, “os conteúdos do ensino são simplificados e ideologizados, impondo-se, assim, concepções elitistas, tradicionalistas e obscurantistas que, durante os anos trinta, vão marcar a política educativa portuguesa” (Gomes, 1998:27). Ao mesmo tempo, Portugal sofre ecos da guerra civil de Espanha e do clima de tensão pré-guerra do resto da Europa. Além de um menor contacto com a escola e, por isso, com a leitura, as condicionantes de carácter político fazem editar obras que são sobretudo

⁴⁹ Para uma listagem mais completa destas publicações e de outras ao longo da história da literatura para crianças, veja-se o trabalho de Natércia Rocha em *Breve História da Literatura para Crianças em Portugal*, editado pelo Instituto de Língua e Cultura Portuguesa em 1984 e o de Maria Laura Bettencourt Pires em *História da Literatura Infantil Portuguesa*, publicada em 1981 pela Vega.

de carácter histórico e apologético, reforçando novamente a tendência moralizante em detrimento do lúdico. Neste período não há, pois, um enriquecimento significativo da nossa literatura. A par destes textos, continuam os contos de Perrault e Grimm, não se distinguindo, para efeitos de elaboração de bibliografias, entre textos originais e reescritas. A produção literária para crianças tem, nesta altura, pouca qualidade:

Se poucos anos antes as obras que os adultos destinavam às crianças eram dificilmente compreendidas pela complexidade da arquitectura - da história ou do poema - e também do vocabulário, nos anos 30 envereda-se pelo excessivo simplismo, pela infantilidade caricata que chega a ser ofensa às capacidades intelectuais das crianças. As histórias são geralmente mal alinhavadas e o estilo pouco aprimorado. Era assim que se pensava atrair os pequenos leitores (Rocha, 1984:77).

Este período coincide também com a expansão da rádio e do cinema, que atrai significativamente mais as crianças para um mundo de novos temas que vêm substituir as fadas e as bruxas: as aventuras de *cowboys*, índios ou piratas. Os anos trinta marcam assim a “americanização” das histórias para crianças, da qual se destaca o jornal *Mickey*, preenchido na quase totalidade pelas histórias da King Feature.

Os anos quarenta são anos de muito escassa produção de textos originais, o que Esther de Lemos explica da seguinte forma:

O facto deve-se, porventura, em parte a uma questão de moda: tornara-se trivial, corrente, e já sem grandeza de missão, escrever para crianças: proliferam então as colecções de pequenos volumes de histórias que não primam pelo nível literário e cujo objectivo comercial parece por demais visível; e em parte devido à montagem

de uma máquina internacional, que principia a divulgar a preços de concorrência uma literatura infantil atraente (1972:27).

Esta é uma década sobretudo caracterizada pelas reedições sucessivas dos mesmos textos em diversas coleções. Estas têm, de qualquer forma, a virtude de consolidar hábitos de leitura, pois tanto o formato como o preço destes livros são atraentes. Nestas coleções surgem com frequência nomes que assinam tanto textos originais como traduções. Como as condições editoriais portuguesas eram bastante modestas, torna-se economicamente mais viável lançar no mercado livros profusamente ilustrados que derivam das grandes tiragens estrangeiras. Quanto ao texto “tudo pode acontecer, desde a melhor adaptação à tradução mais aviltante” (Rocha, 1984:82). Nos anos quarenta são editadas quatro reescritas dos livros de *Alice*, três das quais pela editora Romano Torres, que reedita o texto que Henrique Marques Júnior havia escrito para a edição de 1936. Incluímos aqui ainda a terceira edição, em 1951, do primeiro livro de *Alice*, novamente na “Colecção Manecas”, com texto de Henrique Marques Júnior.

Neste período que vai até 1950 fazem parte do *corpus* em estudo apenas os textos que identificámos com os números 1, 2 e 3. Os dois primeiros referem-se a textos de Henrique Marques Júnior, praticamente idênticos, à exceção de algumas atualizações de ortografia (por exemplo, deminuía/diminuía; cousas/coisas; desconsertada/desconcertada; cêdo/cedo). De facto, e de acordo com o explicitado no prefácio do texto 1 (em parte transcrito em ponto anterior), este autor retira todos os textos paródicos, substancial parte dos jogos de palavras e *nonsense*, e domestica a maioria das convenções, como o sistema métrico e alguns nomes próprios. Os textos 1 e 2 seguem de perto as características que apontámos para a literatura para crianças, dirigindo-se por vezes diretamente ao leitor,

apostando numa narrativa clara e pouco ambígua. As passagens que são efetivamente traduzidas dão origem a um texto de chegada bastante próximo do original, sendo por isso estes textos caracterizados mais por aquilo que omitem do que pelo que reescrevem.

Estas duas edições diferem, no entanto, nalguns aspetos. O mais evidente é a ilustração, a cargo de Alfredo Morais para o texto 1 e de Amorim para o texto 2. O mais significativo, na nossa opinião, é o facto de o primeiro se denominar *Alice no País das Fadas*, ser considerado um conto, e apresentar um texto que não se encontra dividido em capítulos; o segundo é *Alice no País das Maravilhas*, é considerada “uma novela contada às crianças”, e já apresenta uma divisão em capítulos. O texto de 1936 tenta, assim, inserir-se na tradição das fábulas e dos contos de fadas que vinha do século anterior, juntando-se às várias reescritas de Grimm, Andersen e Perrault, como forma de procurar uma melhor aceitação por parte do seu público. A sua estratégia de tradução, explicitada no prefácio, não só procura conscientemente a domesticação do texto, para que os leitores o identifiquem como seu, mas também a sua aceitação:

Alice no País das Fadas já foi filmada e exibida em dois cinemas de Lisboa. Creio, porém, que a fita não agradou lá muito. Vamos a ver se a imprensa terá a sorte de agradar mais, pois eu amenizei o melhor que me foi possível a história destas aventuras, e, se andei mal, que me seja levado em conta pelas boas intenções (texto 1:6).

Não sabemos se este texto agradou mais, mas pensamos que talvez assim não tenha sido, como veremos.

O conto é um género narrativo simples, enraizado em tradições culturais de oralidade, nas quais o autor da reescrita se tentou

integrar, apresentando um texto de uma única narrativa que de facto representa “uma fracção dramática, a mais importante e decisiva numa continuidade em que o passado e o futuro possuem significado menor ou nulo” (Reis e Lopes, 2011:80). Esta concentração narrativa de fio único linear é abandonada no texto editado em 1942, que se apresenta já dividido em capítulos, aproximando-se nesse aspeto do texto original de Carroll. Introduce-se também um novo ilustrador, Amorim, para um texto que desta vez é apresentado como novela, o que evidencia uma vontade de apresentar algo de diferente do seu trabalho anterior, desde logo pela etimologia do próprio conceito, que significa “o que é novo, o que traz notícia de eventos desconhecidos” (Reis e Lopes, 2011:303). Pensamos ter sido esta segunda opção de Henrique Marques Júnior a que terá tido melhor aceitação por parte dos seus leitores-alvo, uma vez que é este texto que é reeditado em 1946 e 1951.

Esta indefinição em relação ao género a que pertencem os livros de *Alice* estende-se a todo o *corpus* deste trabalho. No caso das traduções parciais encontramos as designações novela, conto, conto fantástico, conto maravilhoso e clássico. Os textos integrais são classificados como história de aventuras, literatura fantástica ou clássico. A esta múltipla classificação não será certamente alheio o facto de o texto original ser usualmente incluído no género *nonsense* que não tem correspondência na literatura portuguesa.

A “Colecção Manecas” edita ainda a única reescrita parcial do segundo livro de *Alice*⁵⁰, com texto de Leyguarda Ferreira, que evidencia uma

⁵⁰ De facto, não encontramos traduções que designámos parciais do segundo dos livros de *Alice*. A partir dos anos oitenta estabelece-se a tendência de incorporar as duas histórias numa só, para o que contribuíram largamente as produções Disney, como veremos.

faceta mais marcadamente pedagógica e moralista do que Henriques Marques Júnior havia mostrado. Por exemplo:

Assim como um simples peão, pudera arrostar com os perigos e trabalhos e chegar a ser rainha, também na vida, quem tenha força de vontade e coragem, pode vencer as dificuldades e chegar a ser alguém (texto 4:47).

Nas reescritas publicadas neste período, a ilustração ocupa já um papel relevante, mas é ainda o texto que domina cada edição. Esta situação inverter-se-á mais tarde, sobretudo após a influência da Walt Disney Company.

A partir de 1956 o tempo de escolaridade primária volta a ser de quatro anos e nesta década há um grande desenvolvimento da literatura de autores nacionais. É também nesta altura que Sophia de Mello Breyner Andersen publica *A Fada Oriana* (1958), *A Menina do Mar* (1959) e *O Cavaleiro da Dinamarca* (1960), marcos inquestionáveis na história da literatura para crianças em Portugal. Também Matilde Rosa Araújo se inicia na literatura para crianças, sendo inclusive galardoada com o Grande Prémio Gulbenkian, então atribuído pela primeira vez⁵¹. Outros nomes se destacam nesta altura, como Esther de Lemos, Ricardo Alberty, Alves Redol e Alice Gomes. Alguns escritores são simultaneamente autores de textos originais e de traduções, como Costa Barreto que assina, aliás, uma das traduções de AW que registamos de novo neste período, numa edição da Majora ilustrada por Laura Costa que, juntamente com César Abott constitui um dos nomes relevantes da ilustração nestas duas décadas.

⁵¹ Para uma listagem completa dos prémios nacionais de literatura para crianças veja-se Rocha, 2001:187-195.

Em 1958 entram em funcionamento as bibliotecas da Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian. São bibliotecas itinerantes que percorrem pequenas e grandes povoações e colocam o livro ao alcance de todos os leitores e muitos têm assim a sua primeira experiência de leitura para além dos livros escolares.

Em 1960 a escolaridade obrigatória passa também a sê-lo para as raparigas e quatro anos depois, esse período alarga-se para seis anos. Em 1968 inicia-se o funcionamento do Ciclo Preparatório do Ensino Secundário. Tudo isto não pode deixar de ter implicações na leitura e na literatura para crianças. Desenvolvem-se condições adequadas para uma maior oferta e procura, continuando a aposta das editoras na produção de autores nacionais, por exemplo em nomes como Maria Alberta Meneses, Maria Rosa Colaço e Maria Isabel Mendonça Soares, esta última profunda conhecedora e divulgadora da literatura para crianças. É de registar também que nesta altura a Acção Católica Portuguesa inicia a publicação de fichas, nas quais são apreciados livros e revistas, por uma equipa de que Maria Isabel Mendonça Soares faz parte⁵². Na literatura para crianças nos anos sessenta coexistem duas tendências:

No plano dos conteúdos, o conservadorismo de certas obras implica uma aceitação tácita dos princípios tradicionalistas que estruturam o edifício ideológico do Estado Novo: a resignação, a obediência, a exemplaridade e os temas nacionais mantêm-se como linha de força de muitos textos, o que explica talvez a reedição de inúmeras obras das décadas anteriores. Por outro lado, o humor e a crítica

⁵² Apesar de todos os esforços atrás referidos, que promoveram os hábitos de leitura dos portugueses, os dados referentes a 1970 refletem a situação de carência em que o país ainda se encontrava: 228 bibliotecas para um total de 4 950 493 leitores e uma população alfabetizada de 5 736 147 (Faria e Campos (2006:12).

ganham espaço e assiste-se ao aparecimento de uma literatura questionadora das realidades sociais e difusora de novos modelos de conduta (...) a que não são estranhas uma tardia influência neo-realista (no plano literário) e a consciência de que a Segunda Guerra destruiu o mito da criança imune à violência e à conflitualidade social (Gomes, 1998:35).

Do *corpus* deste trabalho fazem parte os textos 6 (com duas edições), 7 e 8 para as traduções parciais. O texto 6 tem características diferentes dos textos 7 e 8. Trata-se de uma edição que intercala a história de AW em banda desenhada com um texto que lhe é independente, e bastante mais extenso do que os textos de 1961 e 1962.

Os textos 7 e 8 são narrativas muito curtas (12 páginas cada uma), e a ilustração ocupa cerca de $\frac{3}{4}$ da página. É evidente em ambos os textos a importância dada ao alargamento da escolaridade, ao livro e à leitura:

Quando chegou o verão, a escola fechou para férias, e Alice resolveu ir passear até ao bosque. A sua intenção era divertir-se, passear, saltar, ler livros de histórias maravilhosas (...) (texto 7:1).

Alice gostava muito de histórias [e] certa vez, durante as férias grandes, sentou-se no campo à sombra de uma carvalheira. (texto 8:1).

Encontramos também exemplos da coexistência das duas tendências de que fala Gomes (página anterior):

[Os bicharocos] cumprimentavam, como qualquer senhor bem educado, e piscavam o olho (texto 8:5).

A domesticação está presente, por exemplo, quando o jogo de croquet com a Rainha de Copas é afinal o jogo da macaca (texto 8:11).

No capítulo “The Pool of Tears”, Carroll escreveu:

Alice had been to the seaside once in her life, and had come to the general conclusion that, wherever you go to on the English coast, you find a number of bathing-machines in the sea, some children digging in the sand with wooden spades, then a row of lodging houses (...) (p.25).

A reescrita de Miguel Serrano e Maria Marti, não só domestica o texto de partida, como especifica que Alice não está sozinha na praia:

Durante o Verão, Alice havia ido a uma praia com a sua família e, tomando por modelo o que então havia visto, supunha que junto ao mar se encontra sempre certa quantidade de barcos, banhistas, alguns meninos jogando na areia com cubos e palitos de madeira, hotéis e vivendas (...) (texto 6:14).

É introduzido um capítulo sobre um Cavalo, orgulhosamente educado em Eton, que demonstra competências de maestro, formando uma orquestra com todos os animais da história (texto 6: 48-52). Ainda digno de nota, no texto 7, o facto de Alice ser condenada a ficar sem a cabeça por um tribunal que “a rainha quis que fosse legal” (p.10) para depois ser salva “por um valente guerreiro de espada empunhada, que se debruçou sobre os soldados com denodo” (p.11).

Temos ainda a assinalar que até aqui os autores das reescritas são também, e sobretudo, autores de literatura para crianças. A partir de 1974, começa a surgir a figura do tradutor que pode ou não ser simultaneamente autor de textos originais, embora nem sempre

claramente identificado. Começam também a integrar o nosso *corpus*, de forma regular, as traduções que designámos por integrais, tornando-se muito mais clara a distinção entre os dois tipos de textos, tal como se torna mais evidente a definição de dois públicos-alvo para os livros de *Alice*.

A Revolução de 25 de Abril de 1974 instaura um regime democrático que opera significativas alterações na política, economia e cultura da sociedade portuguesa. O sistema educativo sofre os efeitos positivos dessa mudança. A partir de 1974 há uma notória melhoria na edição nacional, tanto em qualidade como em quantidade. Conquista-se um novo estatuto para o livro destinado à criança e o seu peso começa a fazer-se sentir na balança económica de editores e livreiros.

Esta década acaba com um acontecimento muito importante, que terá repercussões nos anos seguintes: 1979 é declarado pela UNESCO como o Ano Internacional da Criança, pelo que se multiplicam os prémios atribuídos, as conferências e os encontros de literatura para crianças. Contribui também para o aumento de produção desta literatura a introdução de uma disciplina de literatura para crianças nas Escolas do Magistério Primário e mais tarde nas Escolas Superiores de Educação. O número de obras nacionais regista um acentuado aumento, bem visível no ano de 1983, no qual são editados mais de 50 novos títulos⁵³. Nos anos oitenta são publicadas duas histórias da literatura para crianças e nos anos noventa surgem teses de mestrado neste âmbito, o que “indicia a lenta abertura da Universidade a uma nova área dos estudos literários” (Gomes, 1997:43).

⁵³ Para uma listagem detalhada das obras publicadas no período 1974 a 1997, veja-se o trabalho de José António Gomes, *Para uma História da Literatura Portuguesa para a Infância e a Juventude*, publicado em 1998 pelo Instituto Português do Livro e das Bibliotecas.

Da tradição anglo-saxónica herdou Manuel António Torrado o gosto pelo *nonsense*, o culto da ironia e dos jogos de palavras, bem patentes nos seus textos de poesia, teatro e nos contos *O País das Pessoas de Pernas para o Ar* (1973), *Gigões e Anantes* (1974) e *O Têpluquê* (1976). A par de uma produção ensaística e de reflexão pedagógica, publica um considerável número de reescritas de histórias populares portuguesas.

No início dos anos oitenta desenham-se os primeiros contornos de uma literatura juvenil, que abandona o modelo das histórias de fantasia e passa a estar inserida no das histórias de aventuras. De facto, até então, pré-adolescentes e adolescentes não tinham títulos de autores nacionais à sua disposição. Na opinião de Garcia Barreto (1998:67), a primeira publicação relevante neste campo foi *Rosa, Minha Irmã Rosa* de Alice Vieira, a que se seguiram outros títulos como *Chocolate à Chuva* (1982) e *Se Perguntarem por Mim Digam que Voei* (1997), para destacar apenas alguns.

Nesta mesma década surgem também romances de aventura: a par das traduções dos textos de Enid Blyton, existentes desde os anos 60 nas coleções *Os Cinco* e *Os Sete*, surge a série *Uma Aventura* da autoria de Ana Maria Magalhães e Isabel Alçada, cujo êxito se estende aos dias de hoje. Nestas narrativas de tipo policial protagonizadas por um grupo de jovens é também patente uma preocupação em dar a conhecer, de forma indireta, importantes lugares da história de Portugal e culturas e regiões de outros países. O primeiro livro desta coleção chama-se *Uma Aventura na Cidade* e foi publicado em 1982. Também nesta mesma linha, publica Maria Teresa Maia Gonzalez o primeiro número d' *O Clube das Chaves* em 1989. Outros títulos seus abordam problemas dos adolescentes como a droga e a falta de diálogo familiar, numa linguagem que o jovem leitor reconhece como sua, e que reflete um profundo conhecimento desta etapa de crescimento entre a criança e o

adulto (Barreto, 1998:68). São exemplos desta abordagem *A Lua de Joana* de 1994 e *Ricardo, o Radical* de 1996.

Neste período assiste-se à consolidação do estatuto do escritor para crianças, recusando-se a ideia de que este seria, de alguma forma, um escritor “menor”, até porque “um bom livro para crianças é também um bom livro para adultos e um bom livro é obra de um bom escritor” (Rocha, 1984: 122). Esta noção, que se começou lentamente a adquirir após a Revolução de 1974, é importante na publicação dos livros de *Alice* em Portugal. Coexistem regularmente textos que classificámos como traduções parciais com textos que considerámos traduções integrais, começando aqui a confundir-se o público-alvo, pois até então não parece haver qualquer dúvida de que se trata de literatura para crianças. Só a partir desta altura surgem edições mais claramente destinadas a um público adulto.

A partir dos anos oitenta, a literatura para crianças em Portugal investe no desenvolvimento do setor juvenil de leitores, que está representado no nosso *corpus* nas traduções integrais. As traduções parciais dos livros de *Alice* seguem um caminho diferente, marcadamente inserido na grande máquina de produção Disney, que analisamos separadamente no ponto seguinte.

Entre 1974 e os anos oitenta, o *corpus* de traduções parciais é muitíssimo escasso, se compararmos com o que se passará nos anos seguintes. Registamos a edição da Electrolíber de 1975 (texto 11), que possui as mesmas características que apontámos para os textos 7 e 8 (este último reeditado em 1980).

Nos anos oitenta registamos sobretudo edições Disney, e os textos 15 e 16. O texto 15 introduz AW como uma história de fantasia, como um

produto da imaginação (prefácio:4). Mas ainda assim procura amenizar a transição mais abrupta que encontramos no início do texto de Carroll:

Alice era uma menina que gostava de dizer para consigo: “vamos fazer de conta que...” “vamos imaginar que...”. Gostava de fingir que era duas pessoas(...). As coisas mais extraordinárias pareciam-lhe naturais. Por isso, não se admirou nada quando naquele dia viu passar a toda a pressa um coelho branco, tirando o relógio da algibeira e exclamando: “Ai, ai, vou chegar outra vez atrasado à reunião!” (texto 15: 5).

Da mesma forma, no final da história, há uma tentativa de enquadrar as aventuras que Alice tinha acabado de viver em acontecimentos que, afinal, poderiam ter uma explicação mais simples:

Pergunta a gente se o ruído das colheres de chá da Lebre de Março e do Chapeleiro Maluco não seriam apenas o tilintar dos chocalhos do rebanho (...). Os espirros da Duquesa e do leitãozinho e os ladridos do Grifo outra coisa não eram de certeza senão os sons confusos que vinham da quinta. E os soluços da Tartaruga confundiam-se com o mugido da vaca (texto 15: 31).

São ainda bem visíveis as facetas didática e moralizadora:

Alice havia de crescer. Tornar-se-ia uma senhora. Teria filhos aos quais havia de contar, todos os dias, sem se cansar, histórias fantásticas. E ensinar-lhes-ia que para voltar ao País das Maravilhas basta conservar o coração puro e os olhos tão transparentes como o céu de verão (texto 15:31).

Nos anos 90 registamos, para além dos textos de influência Disney, os textos 28 e 30. Alice é apresentada de diversas formas, desde uma menina muito bem-educada (texto 28), até alguém a quem pouco importam as consequências das suas ações (texto 30). A domesticação/contextualização cultural continua a estar presente, por exemplo, no texto 28, no qual Alice é convidada pela Rainha de Copas para jogar golfe e não *croquet*.

5.2.2 - A influência da Walt Disney Company

As edições a que nos referimos neste ponto estão de alguma forma diretamente relacionadas com as produções Disney, ou são por estas claramente influenciadas. No primeiro caso contam-se os textos com os números 14, 18, 19, 22, 26, 27, 29, 31, 34, 46, 49, 50 e 51. No segundo caso, os textos 24, 25, 33, 35, 39, 41, 41 44 e 47. Entre edições e reedições, estas reescritas são em número elevado: 5 para os anos oitenta, 12 para os anos noventa e 14 edições para os anos de 2000 a 2010, o que parece indicar um renovado interesse por esta obra de Carroll, ou pelo menos por uma dada imagem que se construiu dos livros de *Alice*.

Não é por acaso que a influência da Walt Disney nestes textos se começa a verificar nos anos oitenta. Se refletirmos sobre a história de *Alice* na Disney verificamos que os livros de Carroll estiveram na mente deste produtor desde os anos 20, mas só em 1951 foi possível concretizar esta ideia num filme. Em 1933, Walt Disney considerava realizar uma versão animada da história, tendo Mary Pickford no papel de Alice, mas o projeto não se realizou. Ginger Rogers foi também uma das hipóteses de protagonista para o filme, mas acabaria por ser Kathryn Beaumont a modelo na qual Disney se terá inspirado para criar a sua visão de *Alice*.

A produção do filme começou em 1946 e duraria cinco anos. Por condicionantes de tempo e de exequibilidade, as duas histórias dos livros de *Alice* foram sobrepostas, algumas personagens eliminadas e outras acrescentadas. O filme teve a sua estreia a 26 de julho de 1951 e não teve uma boa crítica, e por isso foi rapidamente esquecido. Foi posteriormente redescoberto em 1974 (Disney tinha falecido em 1966), voltou a passar nos cinemas nesse ano e também em 1981, ano que coincidiu também com o seu primeiro lançamento em vídeo.

Nos anos oitenta foi também lançado o Disney Channel. O filme de *Alice* foi assim integrado na estratégia global de marketing da Walt Disney, sendo até hoje possível adquiri-lo em suporte de DVD. Esta estratégia inclui orientar a escolha dos seus filmes para espaços e temas intemporais, para que não passem de moda e sejam facilmente compreendidos por sucessivas gerações de crianças. Histórias ditas universais e eternas, que são adaptadas de contos tradicionais e de fadas, têm uma óbvia motivação económica, pois uma vez descoberta a fórmula do êxito, ela será repetida vezes sem conta, até que se descubra outra mais eficaz. Por isso a história de *Alice* da Disney não de situa nem no espaço, nem no tempo, nem na cultura da Inglaterra vitoriana, como fez Lewis Carroll.⁵⁴

Diretamente relacionados com o filme são os vários livros que se têm vindo a escrever e reescrever com a história de *Alice* tal como Disney a contou, dos quais os textos do nosso *corpus* são um exemplo. Do original de Carroll encontramos as principais linhas da narrativa, que é

⁵⁴ Walt Disney não foi o primeiro a fazer um filme a partir dos livros de *Alice*. Em 1933, a Paramount Studios estreou *Alice in Wonderland*, que não foi um filme de animação, e que protagonizava Charlotte Henry, Cary Grant e Gary Cooper, nos papéis de Alice, The Mock Turtle e The White Knight, respetivamente. Também o argumento deste filme resultou da junção dos dois livros de Alice. Nunca foi lançado em vídeo. Pensamos que seja este o filme a que se refere Henrique Marques Júnior no prefácio de *Alice no País das Fadas*.

contada através de um ponto de vista diferente. Introduzem-se as modificações que visam a criação de uma história para crianças, alterações que, além do mais, são efetuadas de acordo com a política da própria empresa. Isto quer dizer que o filme e os livros de *Alice* não são, no fundo, muito diferentes dos outros filmes e livros Disney. Como já referimos, existe uma grande estratégia de marketing e de *merchandising*: os livros têm normalmente um preço acessível, apresentam capas coloridas e apelativas, surgindo frequentemente em coleções de “Clássicos Disney” ou noutras ditas pedagógicas, através de editoras bem implantadas nos respetivos mercados da literatura para crianças. Trata-se de reescrever os livros de *Alice* de modo a que se integrem num modelo que a Walt Disney criou e que os tradutores tomam como base:

In order to adjust the text to a certain model, the translator is sometimes even forced into adding to the model elements which do not exist in the original text, but which are considered obligatory in the target model and are thus needed to strengthen the model (Shavit, 1981:173).

Disney faz, de facto, uma reescrita do original de Carroll, para um modelo por si criado, ao qual estes e outros textos Disney obedecem. Os textos Disney em língua portuguesa são o resultado das escolhas do tradutor, que as fundamenta num texto que para si é um original, mas que é de facto um texto intermédio representativo de um outro conjunto de tomadas de decisão. Nos textos do nosso *corpus* são muito mais visíveis as escolhas do primeiro tradutor (que reescreve o texto de Carroll e se assume como um tradutor claramente visível) do que as do tradutor português que, além do mais, se encontra, também, sob condicionantes editoriais, para além das linguísticas.

Mais do que dirigidas às crianças, os textos Disney são, essencialmente, reescritas destinadas a um público que é toda a família. Moral construtiva, presença constante da Natureza, canções melodiosas, significam uma descronologização da obra para um público infantil-adulto, apelando a certos sentimentos enraizados na nossa sociedade, nomeadamente à evocação da infância.

É de salientar a capacidade desta empresa para impor a canonicidade das suas versões. Algumas reescritas seguem as estratégias adotadas para os textos Disney, nomeadamente ao nível da modificação do enredo, em que as presenças dos gémeos Tweedledum e Tweedledee, o jardim das flores e o desaniversário são episódios sempre incluídos.

Das decisões tomadas para a reescrita destes textos, destacamos quatro aspetos fundamentais: 1) modificação do enredo, com utilização de AW quase na íntegra e alguns episódios de TLG; 2) clarificação da distinção sonho/realidade, pela apresentação imediata da história como um sonho ou como um mundo construído pela imaginação de Alice; 3) introdução de moral; 4) simplificação e por vezes até completa omissão de paródia, *nonsense* e jogos de palavras. No que diz respeito a este último aspeto encontramos, apesar de tudo, várias tentativas de inclusão no texto Disney de passagens construídas com base em trocadilhos ou *nonsense* (que podem ou não ter correspondência no original de Carroll). Por exemplo:

Alice: Oh, I beg your pardon.

Doorknob: oh, it's quite all right. But you did give me quite a turn!

Alice: You see, I was following...

Doorknob: Rather good, what? Doorknob, turn?

Alice: Please, sir.

Doorknob: Well, one good turn deserves another! What can I do for you?⁵⁵

As reescritas em português mantêm ou não estes trocadilhos, verificando-se que a omissão parece dever-se, sobretudo, a questões de economia de espaço (em edições de apenas algumas páginas, por exemplo, o texto 46), ou a indicações editoriais (em edições nas quais a ilustração ocupa a quase totalidade do espaço das páginas, por exemplo, o texto 51).

O argumento para *Alice* de Walt Disney tem como base *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* e introduz alguns elementos de *Through the Looking Glass and What Alice Found There*⁵⁶. É o caso dos gémeos Tweedledum e Tweedledee e das suas histórias de ostras e focas, o jardim das flores e a ideia do desaniversário. AW é apresentado quase na íntegra mas há algumas passagens que são frequentemente omitidas, como uma parte do capítulo “A Caucus-Race and a Long Tale”. A história do rato é, de facto, terrível: antecipa a cena final e fala de julgamentos, sentenças e condenação à morte.

⁵⁵ Esta passagem foi retirada do guião do filme Disney, que incluímos na íntegra no anexo 3. A informação foi obtida através do *site* oficial da Disney: Disney.go.com, em 14 de junho de 2010.

⁵⁶ A ideia de integrar as duas histórias de Alice numa só não é, como já vimos, uma inovação Disney. Com efeito, o próprio Carroll supervisionou, em 1866, uma produção para o teatro intitulada *Alice in Wonderland*, na qual episódios das duas histórias se juntavam e interligavam. Contribuiu também com algumas linhas para a opereta de Henry Savile Clark que estreou em dezembro de 1886 (Susina, 2010:98-100). Carroll escreveu uma crítica a esta opereta, cuja transcrição se encontra disponível, por exemplo, em <http://www.alice-in-wonderland.net/books/onstage.html>.

De um modo geral, verifica-se uma simplificação da narrativa que atua em vários sentidos:

1) Atenuar a angústia de Alice

Quase todos os episódios que, no original, revelam uma certa angústia para Alice (são frequentes, no texto de Carroll, expressões como: “Alice felt so desperate” (p.21); “And here Alice began to cry again, for she felt very lonely and low-spirited” (p.34), são minimizados e essa sensação de medo é praticamente abolida. A queda pela toca do coelho dura muito menos tempo e a sensação de perigo é imediatamente desfeita, quando a saia de Alice passa a ter funções de paraquedas:

Mas o ar encheu a sua saia larga como se fosse um pára-quedas, amortecendo assim a sua queda (texto 26:12).

No original, Alice é uma personagem que constantemente se autocritica: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself", said Alice, "a great girl like you" (she might well say this), "to go on crying in this way! Stop this moment, I tell you!" (p. 21), mas nestas reescritas esse aspeto é omitido.

2) Anular o diálogo interior das personagens

Ao longo da obra é frequente as personagens falarem consigo próprias, sobretudo quando se encontram em situações que lhes causam alguma estranheza. De um modo geral, estes episódios são omitidos. A mais significativa modificação acontece desde logo em “Down the Rabbit Hole”, que é, em grande parte, um monólogo interior de Alice, no qual se interroga sobre o que lhe estará a acontecer e o que deve fazer, pondo em causa toda a sua educação e até a sua personalidade. Nas reescritas Disney, neste capítulo, é introduzida uma personagem - uma

porta - que tem precisamente a função de explicar a Alice o que ela deve fazer, anulando parte da sua sensação de confusão e solidão:

- Aqui não há nada que seja impossível. Por que é que não experimentas beber da garrafa que está em cima da mesa? - sugeriu a Maçaneta (texto 29: 12).

A maçaneta da porta falou com Alice: se queres passar, bebe desse frasco (texto 50:21).

3) Estabelecer um fio condutor da narrativa

A Disney reorganiza a narrativa de uma outra forma. É curioso reparar que o que é introduzido de TLG são os episódios mais “simples”, tanto em linguagem como em significado. Se esta é uma história que tem como público-alvo a criança, entende-se facilmente a omissão de Humpty Dumpty e do poema Jabberwocky, da entrada num outro mundo através de um espelho e do capítulo em que rainhas e cavaleiros são afinal peças num jogo de xadrez que obedece às regras convencionais. Os episódios que correspondem ao original são reduzidos às suas características narrativas e sintagmáticas mais simples.

A esta mistura dos dois livros de *Alice* é dado um fio condutor mais claro (Alice vive todas as aventuras enquanto anda sucessivamente à procura do Coelho Branco), para o que contribui a ausência de divisão em capítulos nos textos 18, 19, 22, 24, 25, 26, 27, 31, 33, 34, 35, 39, 40, 41, 44, 46, 47, 49, 50 e 51, e a falta de nomeação dos mesmos, quando existentes, como acontece nos textos 14 e 29. Na obra de Carroll, o objetivo de Alice é o mesmo, mas há um carácter mais episódico. As diferentes cenas acabam por se interligar mas essa relação não é fácil de encontrar numa primeira leitura. Alice

continuamente se interroga “what will happen next”, mas as respostas que obtém são evasivas:

The scenes (...) are almost autonomous moments, a succession of vignettes, thus preventing the narrative from accumulating a history from which to form secrets and establish locating (Sherer, 1996:6).

A narrativa de Carroll avança numa sequência linear, onde cada cena é a sequência lógica da anterior, mas há uma espécie de fragmentação entre elas o que, na maioria das vezes, significa uma mudança súbita de cenário:

(...) and the Mock Turtle had just begun to repeat it, when a cry of "The trial's beginning!" was heard in the distance.
"Come on!" cried the Gryphon, and, taking Alice by the hand, it hurried off, without waiting for the end of the song."(p. 112)

Nestas reescritas Disney verifica-se uma tentativa de interligar as diferentes cenas, amenizando as mudanças repentinas e procurando a coerência da narrativa:

Retomou o seu caminho, andando à toa. Na esquina duma rua descobriu uma linda casinha. A janela abriu-se e Alice, surpresa, viu aparecer o Coelho Branco (...) (texto 19:18).

Mais sossegada, continuou o seu passeio pelo País das Maravilhas, não tardando a encontrar-se com uma estranha parelha que celebrava uma festa (texto 20:37).

No final da história, quando Alice foge da rainha de copas e de todas as outras cartas, ela volta pelo mesmo caminho e há uma espécie de recapitulação da história (no original isso corresponde ao contar do

sonho à sua irmã). Esta opção vem modificar um aspeto importante do texto de Carroll, no qual a dinâmica espacial é complexa, onde há uma espécie de elasticidade no espaço e no movimento. Carroll criou um espaço que existe à medida que Alice avança e que se fecha após a sua passagem, como se não existisse sem a sua presença. Não há movimento de regresso, não se torna a um lugar onde já se esteve, pois esse lugar apresenta-se modificado:

Everything seemed to have changed since her swim in the pool, and the great hall, with the glass table and the little door, had vanished completely (p. 38).

Por isto, Alice não poderia ter percorrido o caminho de regresso.

4) Outra das transformações importantes é a clarificação da distinção entre sonho e realidade. No original de Carroll, Alice está aborrecida e sonolenta e de repente vê um coelho branco. Carroll torna impossível concluir se tudo acontece num sonho ou se é real. Esta ideia é imediatamente introduzida no primeiro capítulo e permanece ao longo de toda a história:

The hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid (...), when suddenly a white rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her. (p. 11)

O recurso ao sonho-dentro-do-sonho também acontece e torna mais difícil a distinção da realidade. A própria Alice, no decorrer das suas aventuras, imagina um mundo alternativo àquele outro mundo onde se encontra. Só no final da obra, quando Alice acorda, há indicações claras de que foi tudo um sonho. Mas um novo recurso nos confunde: agora, é a irmã que fica a sonhar e o seu sonho repete a história que Alice lhe contou, apresentando-se assim uma visão alternativa da

mesma. Mesmo depois de acordar, ela ainda não tem bem consciência da realidade: “she sat on, with closed eyes, and half believed herself in Wonderland (...) (p. 131). Os textos Disney apresentam a personagem Alice a explicar o que seria um mundo criado por si, de certa forma introduzindo a história que se vai seguir:

No meu mundo os gatos e coelhos haviam de viver em casinhas muito lindas e andar vestidos de calças e sapatos e chapéus (texto 29:7).

e a ideia de sonho é também introduzida mais explicitamente:

E Alice começou outra vez a sonhar... (texto 19:6).

Mas como estava muito calor, adormeceu. Entretanto começou a sonhar. E que sonho tão estranho! (texto 25:3).

Esta ideia de realidade é ainda reforçada pela clara identificação do País das Maravilhas enquanto lugar definido como tal. Por exemplo,

Eu poderia ouvir um regato murmurante.
E ouvir uma canção que eu compreenderia.
E continuo a esperar que este seja o caminho
Porque o meu mundo será um país de maravilhas (texto 14: 11)

Mas enquanto imaginava esse país das maravilhas que havia de ser só dela, a voz começou a esmorecer, e as pálpebras fecharam-se-lhe devagarinho (texto 29:7).

A reescrita 14 inclui parágrafos descritivos que suprem a falta das imagens animadas do filme. Da moral que estas reescritas pretendem passar, salienta-se, logo no início, a seguinte descrição de Alice:

Era uma menina de rosto agradável, com grandes olhos azuis e sonhadores. Tinha uma abundante cabeleira loura, que lhe caía até à cintura e que ela mantinha afastada da testa graças a uma fita que trazia em volta da cabeça. Vestia sobriamente: um vestido azul, um bibe branco, peúgas brancas e sapatos pretos, cuidadosamente abotoados (texto 14:7).

Esta é a imagem de Alice que a Disney criou e que se tornou no estereótipo representativo desta personagem. Trata-se de uma menina aprumada e bem comportada, que vai passar por uma série de aventuras, onde as contrariedades resultam do facto de ela não ter seguido os conselhos dos mais velhos, sobretudo no que diz respeito à sua curiosidade. Por isso, a Alice da Disney hesita em seguir o coelho pela toca:

- Sabes, Dinah - disse ela - não devíamos fazer isto. A verdade é que não fomos convidadas. E às vezes a curiosidade pode ser traiçoeira (texto 29:10).

Mas a Alice de Carroll não tem dúvidas quanto ao que fazer:

In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again. (p. 12)

Para a caracterização de Alice contribui ainda um facto significativo: nos diálogos com a Lagarta e outras personagens não é Alice que se engana e recita os poemas de uma forma errada, mas sim as outras personagens. Alice é apresentada como uma criança-modelo, aprumada e bem-educada, o que contribui para a faceta pedagógica sempre presente nestas reescritas, mas ausente do original de Carroll: ao longo da narrativa encontramos pequenos apontamentos que são,

no fundo, conselhos acerca do comportamento que uma criança deve ter, do ponto de vista dos pais. Por exemplo,

“- Basta lançar-lhe fumo do meu cachimbo. Os monstros têm medo do fumo.” (O pássaro Dodó parecia intuir o que hoje todos já sabemos: o mal que provoca o tabaco.) (texto 27:37).

“-Seja qual for o país que me vai receber, devo estar apresentável para saudar os seus habitantes”, pensou enquanto agarrava um espelho e uma escova que passavam ao seu lado (texto 33:4).

Por isto dizíamos que o recetor intencionado destas obras é a criança e a sua família, por vezes mencionada nestes textos, mas não no original de Carroll:

Em vez de ser uma simples toca aberta na terra, estava coberta de um revestimento de madeira muito parecido com o do escritório do pai (texto 22:30).

Neste exemplo, além da referência à família, há a preocupação em comparar o interior da toca do coelho com o interior de um escritório, isto é, fornece-se ao leitor elementos e experiências que lhe são familiares, para que possíveis fatores de estranheza sejam eliminados.

Algumas situações que, no original, são apresentadas sem grandes consequências,

“It wasn’t very civil of you to sit down without being invited,” said the March Hare. “I didn’t know it was your table,” said Alice. (p. 72)

são direcionadas a determinados padrões de comportamento, induzindo Alice numa culpa que está muito longe do original de Carroll:

- Oh, mas é uma grande falta de educação sentar-se à mesa sem se ser convidado - retorquiu a Lebre Maluca.
- Pois é --- é muito feio ... - corroborou o Chapeleiro Louco.
- Muito, muito feio - disse Dom Ratinho. (...)
- Lamento muito ... - justificou-se Alice - mas gostei tanto de vos ouvir cantar ... (texto 29:54).

Os textos 40 e 41, publicados em 2002 e cuja narrativa é também influenciada pelo modelo Disney (apesar de não incluírem as suas ilustrações), também assumem claramente uma função moralizadora, que conseguem, por exemplo, ligando o início e o final da narrativa:

Alice era uma menina cheia de imaginação e não gostava de estudar (texto 40:2).

Alice abriu os olhos e, enquanto via correr um coelho branco, pensou que aquele país da sua imaginação não era assim tão maravilhoso e que devia cumprir mais as suas obrigações (texto 40:13).

Como já explicámos, no original a moral anunciada pela Duquesa é uma moral muito peculiar. Certamente que não será assim coincidência a omissão generalizada desta personagem e de todo o capítulo Pig and Peper, onde a Duquesa é pela primeira vez introduzida na história, um bebé se transforma num porquinho e Alice e o Gato de Cheshire conversam sobre a loucura.

No original de Carroll, quase todos os capítulos contêm uma paródia a determinado poema⁵⁷, imediatamente identificado por leitores familiarizados com esse contexto cultural. Como essas paródias só têm pleno significado para quem conhece os poemas que lhes deram origem, a sua quase total omissão nestas reescritas era inevitável.

Numa obra que se pretende dirigida às crianças, não pode haver dúvidas quanto ao significado dos elementos que a constituem. Mas, para que não se perdesse por completo o contacto com a obra de Carroll, nalguns casos, são introduzidos poemas. Mesmo assim, há uma simplificação desses poemas que passa, uma vez mais, pela eliminação de algum do antidualismo de Carroll. Isto verifica-se, por exemplo, no texto 14. Esta reescrita introduz alguns versos que, à semelhança das versões Disney, são canções com uma função essencialmente lúdica. Por exemplo:

Haveria pássaros extravagantes,
Multidões de lindos e amistosos cucos.
Cada pessoa teria uma dúzia de pássaros azuis
Nesse mundo só meu (texto 14:10).

Continua, assim, também aqui, a não haver paródia, *nonsense* ou jogos de palavras.

De todas as reescritas aqui consideradas, apenas a tradutora da Editorial Notícias/Disney (texto 29) introduz algum *nonsense* e poemas, para os quais há a preocupação de rima e ritmo. O texto 29 é o único a

⁵⁷ Veja-se o trabalho de Martin Gardner, por exemplo em *The Annotated Alice*, que já referimos. Esta obra inclui os originais dos poemas parodiados por Carroll, e é uma referência fundamental para a compreensão dessas paródias, sobretudo para leitores com outras referências culturais e históricas.

manter alguma paródia, domesticando-a para os leitores da língua e cultura portuguesa, que imediatamente identificam os textos portugueses que deram origem a esta tradução/paródia de Margarida Vale de Gato. Por exemplo:

Atirei o chá ao ar ...ar...ar

Mas o chá ... chá ... chá

Não se entornou ...ou ... ou

Dona Xica ... ca ... ca assustou-se ... se ... se

Quando o chá ... quando o chá ...

Quando o chá dela voou! (texto 29:56).

A estratégia generalizada parece então ser a de produzir um texto cuja classificação como destinado a crianças não deixe margem para dúvidas, pela eliminação da quase totalidade dos elementos que se poderiam apresentar ambíguos (*nonsense*, jogos de palavras) e pelo reforço de outros (ritmo narrativo, moral). Esta estratégia de omissão encontra-se, pois, ao serviço de objetivos bem definidos:

This strategy may sound rather drastic, but in fact it does no harm to omit translating a word, expression or passage in some contexts. If the meaning is not vital enough to the development of the text to justify distracting the reader with lengthy explanations, translators can and often do simply omit translating the word, expression or passage in question (Baker, 1994:40).

A domesticação é, portanto, também um critério inevitável, posto ao serviço de uma melhor compreensão do texto, que, como já referimos, é reescrito de tal forma que o seu público-alvo (a criança) o entenda como um original. Estas grandes simplificações pressupõem também que o leitor possa muitas vezes encontrar-se sozinho perante o texto, sem necessidade ou oportunidade de recorrer a outros (pais,

educadores, etc.) que atuem como mediadores de sentido, isto é, que comentem, interpretem ou expliquem o texto à criança.

A influência da Walt Disney Company continua actualmente a fazer-se sentir. A estreia do filme de Tim Burton representou um grande impulso na produção editorial de *Alice no País das Maravilhas*, que aproveitou a visibilidade dada ao filme para editar e sobretudo reeditar algumas traduções mais antigas. Como vimos, o ano de 2010 regista o maior número de reescritas do nosso *corpus*, sobretudo integrais. Neste mesmo ano é publicada pela D.Quixote uma tradução de Rita Veiga do argumento cinematográfico que Linda Woolverton escreveu para o filme⁵⁸ (adaptado por T. T. Sutherland para livro).

A *Alice* de Disney/Tim Burton continua a integrar os dois livros de Carroll, mas a imagem que apresenta da história e das personagens está muito distante das produções Disney anteriores às quais já nos referimos. Aqui Alice é uma jovem de 19 anos de idade, que foge a um pedido de casamento que não deseja aceitar. Ao seguir o Coelho Branco, volta ao reino de Underland, para descobrir que está destinada a salvá-lo da tirania da temível Rainha de Copas.

5.2.3 – A primeira década do século XXI

Neste início de século registámos um total de 20 reescritas parciais. Não se prevê, portanto, uma diminuição do interesse dos editores e leitores por estes textos de Lewis Carroll. Este contínuo interesse, no caso das reescritas parciais, parece, no entanto, apostar sobretudo em reedições e muito pouco na produção de novas reescritas: se excluirmos as reedições e os textos que incluímos no ponto anterior, de

⁵⁸ Em anexo (anexo 4) incluímos o guião original de Linda Woolverton, disponível *online* em <http://moviecultists.com/wp-content/uploads/screenplays/alice-in-wonderland.pdf>

influência Disney, registamos apenas 4 novos textos de chegada (os textos 37, 42, 45 e 55).

As crianças de hoje têm à sua disposição muito material de leitura que lhes exige um esforço menor e estão habituadas ao ritmo do cinema e da televisão. Por isso,

Today's children's book publishers are looking for stories that transcend the medium of the book and become a recognizable brand that can be licensed to and integrated across a wide range of products. In turn cultural meaning is now brokered and reading has become an act of consuming (Hade, 2001).

De facto, esta conceção não é inovadora no presente século, como podemos verificar no texto 45, que utiliza uma estratégia editorial que já encontramos em anos anteriores: o espaço disponível em cada página é todo ocupado pela ilustração, pelo que o texto existente se sobrepõe à imagem. Mas o que nos parece inovador é o modo como os autores, tradutores e/ou editores põem em prática, em suporte de papel, a dinâmica, o ritmo e a explosão de cor a que filmes e jogos de computador habituaram as crianças. O texto 37, ilustrado pelo aclamado Greg Becker, inclui ao longo do livro, pequenas notas, com ilustrações, que explicam, por exemplo, o que é um grifo, um telescópio, ou o que significa a expressão “rir como um gato de Cheshire”. Estas notas, e outras ilustrações secundárias, são apresentadas como pequenas janelas, às quais o leitor tem acesso como se fosse progressivamente descobrindo vários níveis de informação e interpretação no conjunto texto/ilustração que forma a história.

Esta ideia de conceber uma narrativa com vários níveis que vão sucessivamente sendo descobertos pelo leitor é ainda mais evidente nos textos 42 e 55, as denominadas “edições dinâmicas”. Com ilustrações dos reputados Robert Sabuda e Zdenko Basic, a história de *Alice* desenrola-se através de uma série de pistas, tabuletas explicativas, e baralhos de cartas que transcendem o espaço convencional da página e se elevam no ar perante o olhar do leitor.

Tudo isto é também possível devido a recentes desenvolvimentos das tecnologias de impressão e de edição. Tal como já se verificava no final do século XX, são também cada vez mais o número de autores, *designers*, artistas plásticos e ilustradores que colaboram na edição de livros para crianças (Ramos, 2007:17). A literatura para crianças de hoje

parece, fruto de razões várias, nem todas directamente ligadas a questões estritamente literárias, atrair franjas mais alargadas de autores seduzidos pelas potencialidades de um tipo de texto em que todas as liberdades criativas são [agora] permitidas e que, além disso, dialoga (...) com outras manifestações artísticas, como é o caso das diferentes vertentes da expressão plástica (Ramos, 2007:77).

Observações várias e inquéritos informais junto de editores e livreiros indicam, naturalmente, uma preferência óbvia das crianças pelos textos parciais de *Alice* (que lhes são especificamente dirigidos) em detrimento dos integrais. Como observa Rachel Weissbrod,

The original version today is read by young or older adults. In other words, *Alice unabridged* seems to function, if at all, mainly in the adult literary system (1996: 123).

6 - Considerações finais e perspectivas

Neste trabalho tentámos ter sempre presente a seguinte proposta de Toury, que ajuda o investigador a empreender um estudo empírico e descritivo:

Let us make our assumptions as clear as possible (...); let us put that which cannot be taken for granted as questions and realize that finding answers requires honest research work (...); let us formulate manageable questions and not try to achieve too much at one go (...); let us not embark on a study before having devised research methods that would suit our theoretical framework (...); (...) one shouldn't jump to a general conclusion just because one has found a number of instances which seem to concur with it (...); (...) we should be prepared for a situation where there is very little which is universal and even less which is truly unique (2006: 64-65).

Começámos por enquadrar o nosso trabalho através de uma revisão da bibliografia sobre os Estudos Descritivos de Tradução. Os seguintes autores e conceitos são, portanto, os fundamentais para melhor compreender os dados que recolhemos e, sobretudo, para traçar um caminho de investigação apropriado para dar resposta às perguntas de partida:

Estudos Descritivos de Tradução: 3 ramos que se desenvolvem separadamente mas, a partir de certa altura, em simultâneo. Os investigadores mais representativos de cada um dos 3 ramos encontram-se e começam a produzir investigação conjunta.		
Ramo 1 - Estruturalismo de Praga, Bratislava e Leipzig		
Jirý Levy (1976)	Tradução como processo de decisão	O conjunto de tomadas de decisão do tradutor evidencia a(s) estratégia(s) por si escolhidas.

Gideon Toury (1995)	<i>Mediating translations</i>	Textos intermédios, que devem também ser considerados como legítimos textos de partida, a incluir no <i>corpus</i> da investigação.
Katharina Reiss (1981) Christiane Nord (1997)	<i>Skopos Theorie</i>	Teoria funcionalista que procura resposta à questão “para que fim e para quem é este texto traduzido?”. Leitores-alvo diferentes significam textos de chegada diferentes.
Ramo 2 - Sistemas		
Itamar Even-Zohar (1990) (2008)	Polissistemas	A literatura é colocada em contexto. Um polissistema é um conjunto de sistemas que se relacionam entre si. Um sistema literário está em constante mudança, tem um centro dominante, prestigiado e canónico, e diversas periferias (extratos e subdivisões).
Lawrence Venuti (2002)	A invisibilidade do tradutor	Um texto traduzido é aceitável se for passível de ser lido de uma forma fluente, isto é, dando a impressão de que reflete a intenção original do autor e o significado original do texto. Quanto mais fluente o texto, mais invisível o tradutor e, presumivelmente, mais visível o escritor e o significado do texto de partida.
Ramo 3 - Descritivismo dos Países Baixos		
Theo Hermans (1985) (1991)	Um novo paradigma para a Tradução	Uma visão da literatura como um sistema complexo e dinâmico; a convicção de que deve existir uma interação contínua entre teoria e prática, numa perspetiva sistémica, funcional, orientada para o texto de chegada (target-oriented) e descritiva. Hermans explica ainda que o estudo da tradução se deve centrar nas normas e nas condicionantes que estão presentes nos processos de produção e receção, na relação entre a tradução e outros processos de reescrita, e no papel da tradução numa literatura e entre literaturas (Hermans, 1985: 10-11).
	A manipulação da literatura	“The act of translating is a matter of adjusting and (yes) manipulating a source text so as to bring the target text into line with a particular model and hence a particular correctness notion, and in so doing secure social

		acceptance, even acclaim” (Hermans, 1991:166).
José Lambert e Hendrik van Gorp (1985)	Criam um modelo contextual, baseado na teoria dos polissistemas	O grande objetivo é identificar as relações que se estabelecem entre os sistemas literários das culturas de partida e de chegada.
Normas		
Gideon Toury (1980) (1995) (1999) Andrew Chesterman (1999) Theo Hermans (1991) (1999) Christiane Nord (1991)	Norma tanto como um padrão regular de comportamento, como o mecanismo que lhe deu origem.	Quando se trata de efetuar uma escolha, os tradutores decidem a favor de uma determinada opção, excluindo as outras, em função da leitura que fazem do texto de partida e das expectativas e preferências do seu público-alvo. A tradução envolve sempre duas línguas e por isso duas tradições culturais, ou seja, dois conjuntos de sistemas normativos diferentes e por vezes incompatíveis.
O sistema segundo André Lefevere		
André Lefevere (1985) (1989) (1992)	A tradução como reescrita	Uma reescrita é um texto que foi produzido com base noutro, com a intenção de adaptar esse outro texto a uma dada ideologia poética (inclui tradução, resumo, adaptação para crianças, passagem a filme). Grande parte do nosso conhecimento cultural baseia-se, não no contacto direto com os originais mas com as várias reescritas em circulação.

A primeira questão de partida surgiu a partir da vontade de compreender o porquê da existência de tantos livros de *Alice* diferentes, quer no formato, quer no tamanho, quer na classificação atribuída pelas respetivas editoras. A resposta é-nos dada, antes de mais, por Zohar Shavit e pelo seu conceito de texto ambivalente:

Zohar Shavit (1986) (2006)	Texto ambivalente	Um texto ambivalente é concebido como tal pelo seu autor. Trata-se de um texto que mantém um estatuto elevado num determinado sistema literário (o da criança) mas que é simultaneamente lido pelo público-alvo de outro sistema (o do adulto). Por outro lado, estes textos muitas vezes têm que ser reescritos (simplificados) para que possam efetivamente ser compreendidos pelo seu público-alvo inicial (a criança).
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Ao estabelecer os textos de partida de Carroll como concebidos para agradar simultaneamente a um público adulto e às crianças, Shavit providencia uma importante explicação para o facto de o público-alvo dos textos em português ser tão diverso. E, de facto, é o público-alvo que vai determinar as estratégias a seguir pelos tradutores, conforme explicámos no nosso estudo, nos capítulos 4 e 5.

Quando analisámos os textos de partida (capítulo 2), e para melhor compreendermos as relações que se estabelecem entre os sistemas de partida e de chegada, procurámos perceber como foram construídos os livros de *Alice*. Uma vez mais, encontrámos evidências que suportam a explicação de Shavit. Por um lado, a existência de 3 textos diferentes, escritos por Carroll, para *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (a cuja análise e comparação procedemos no anexo 1 e nas páginas 74-86). Por outro lado, o papel desempenhado pelo próprio Carroll na produção de traduções, peças de teatro e artigos vários de *merchandising* que, não só lhe permitiram uma ampla divulgação da sua obra, como deram início a um processo de produção de diversas versões/adaptações/traduções, que é possível constatar até aos dias de hoje.

Para classificarmos o nosso *corpus* e agruparmos os dados de uma forma coerente, é fundamental começarmos por agregar as diferentes

classificações atribuídas pelas editoras aos textos portugueses sob uma só designação: a de reescrita, conceito de Andre Lefevere, que explicámos nas páginas 43-45. Este conceito permite-nos englobar todos os textos de uma mesma forma, uma vez que as fronteiras entre as designações versão/adaptação/tradução são muito ténues e teoricamente difíceis de explicitar. Depois, e através da utilização do modelo de Lambert e van Gorp (páginas 31-36), é possível verificar que estamos em presença de um contexto sistémico que se divide, numa primeira fase, em dois grandes grupos: as reescritas integrais e as reescritas parciais.

Entre 1936 e 2010, registámos a existência de 92 reescritas. Se considerarmos que este número inclui tanto edições como reedições, registamos 57 reescritas diferentes, das quais 37 são parciais e 20 são integrais. Se a esta classificação juntarmos o público-alvo a que se destinam as reescritas portuguesas, percebemos claramente que as reescritas parciais são textos que sofreram grandes alterações e simplificações e têm um público-alvo bem definido: a criança. Como tal, o trabalho do tradutor é desde logo condicionado, e as suas estratégias de tradução enquadram-se naturalmente no modelo e nas características específicas da literatura para crianças: redução dos campos semânticos e lexicais utilizados, simplificação de estruturas fráscas, não utilização de duplos sentidos e ambiguidades (no nosso caso específico, completa omissão das paródias e de quase todo o *nonsense*), criação de situações de comunicação efetiva com a criança, dirigindo-se diretamente a ela (como na literatura oral), distinção clara entre fantasia e realidade. O texto é, portanto, manipulado, de modo a incluir ensinamentos morais, éticos e didáticos, de acordo com o que é considerado válido numa determinada cultura e num determinado período histórico. Estas estratégias são particularmente evidentes nos textos Disney (páginas 191-206), até porque neste caso há a

acrescentar mais uma manipulação dos textos, que se traduz na criação de um novo fio condutor da narrativa, uma vez que AW e TLG são combinados numa só história.

As reescritas integrais são mais reveladoras da problemática que desde sempre envolveu os textos originais de Carroll. Como não é claramente estabelecido um público-alvo para as reescritas portuguesas (que pode ser o adolescente, o adulto, a criança, ou toda a família), os tradutores portugueses, de um modo geral, não identificam para que fim e para quem estão efetivamente a traduzir (*Skopostheorie*) e por isso as suas estratégias divergem.

Nestas reescritas, os tradutores estão por vezes mais visíveis, ao incluírem paratextos como notas explicativas, ou anotações no próprio texto. A sua voz está, portanto, audível (Theo Hermans, páginas 136 e seguintes). Noutros casos, os tradutores são invisíveis: ao nível da própria narrativa é muitas vezes impossível distinguir a sua voz da voz do narrador do texto de partida, a menos que se tenha presente o texto original de Carroll. Encontrámos estratégias de domesticação e de estrangeirização, de tradução literal de expressões idiomáticas e de substituição por expressões idiomáticas equivalentes em português. A única estratégia em que todos os tradutores parecem estar de acordo é a de traduzir, sem paródia, os textos paródicos de Carroll.

Em suma, e regressando às nossas perguntas de partida:

Será que uma obra que se presta a tantas e diferentes interpretações pode ser classificada somente numa categoria, a da literatura para crianças?	Não. A prova disso é a diferente categorização efetuada pelas editoras.
Será que a definição a priori destes textos	Sim. Os textos parciais, obviamente

traduzidos como literatura para crianças condiciona (se é que de facto o faz) o trabalho do tradutor?	destinadas às crianças, seguem estratégias bem definidas e diferentes dos integrais.
Há uma política editorial que resulta do facto de os livros de <i>Alice</i> terem sido canonizados como literatura para crianças (se é que, de facto, o foram)?	Sim, mas a resposta é mais complexa, sobretudo se tivermos em consideração o conceito de texto ambivalente de Zohar Shavit.
Será que esta condicionante resulta em opções de escolha idênticas para todos os textos?	Sim, para as reescritas parciais; não, para as reescritas integrais.
As reescritas parciais parecem à partida manipular mais livremente o texto original, pelo que também não parecem considerar relevante a existência de notas de tradução. Será que isto corresponde à convenção de que não se diz explicitamente que um texto é uma tradução quando o público-alvo é a criança? E será esta manipulação textual, aliada por vezes a uma ausência de referências a quem traduziu ou adaptou e a datas de edição, um sinal da posição periférica que a literatura para crianças (e a literatura traduzida) ocupa no polissistema literário?	Sim. Do tradutor de literatura para crianças espera-se que exerça a sua capacidade de manipulação de modo a enquadrar a sua reescrita nos valores estéticos e culturais vigentes na literatura de chegada. Uma tal manipulação não é previsível que aconteça em relação a textos considerados canónicos e que ocupam o centro do polissistema literário.
As traduções integrais parecem tratar o texto e a edição no seu conjunto de uma forma diferente. Será que isto corresponde a diferentes opções de tradução ou continuará a definição do público-alvo a ser a grande condicionante das escolhas enfrentadas pelos tradutores?	Sim. A definição do público-alvo é a condicionante principal às escolhas efetuadas pelos diferentes tradutores.
E será possível determinar quais os mecanismos de controlo interno e externo, de que fala Lefevere, que atuam sobre os livros de <i>Alice</i> em português?	Esta é uma questão que deixámos por responder e que deverá fazer parte de uma futura investigação. Um dos aspetos que gostaríamos também de vir a desenvolver é o de tentar definir quais as políticas editoriais seguidas pelas editoras que publicam os livros de <i>Alice</i> , para melhor percebermos qual o papel desempenhado por estes textos em relação a outros.

Onde, afinal, se situa *Alice* em Portugal? *Alice* está presente em português desde 1936 e tem, até 2010, 92 edições e reedições. Para crianças, para adultos, para jovens adolescentes, para toda a família. Nos mais variados tipos de publicação e edição. Este estudo recolhe dados até 2010. Seria naturalmente pertinente dar seguimento a esta recolha, uma vez que *Alice* continua, até à data de hoje, a ser reeditada e editada de novo (por exemplo, numa nova reescrita parcial, com tradução de Maria João Rodrigues, para a Girassol, em 2011). Seria também pertinente analisar outro tipo de paratextos, para além dos que aqui tratámos, para completar o enquadramento sistémico das reescritas, como por exemplo recensões críticas, outros artigos de imprensa, ilustrações. E, num projeto mais ambicioso, incluir no nosso *corpus* filmes e edições em banda desenhada.

Tentámos assim contextualizar *Alice* em Portugal. Algumas das nossas interrogações ficam por responder, mas os livros de *Alice* irão certamente continuar a ser estudados, reescritos, lidos em voz alta. Não será certamente uma tarefa fácil poder um dia analisar mais aspetos particulares destes textos de Carroll e das reescritas portuguesas. Mas fica-nos a ambição, pois tal como Alice, “sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast” (*Through the Looking Glass and What Alice Found There*, pp. 209-210).

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ANEXOS

ANEXO 1

Comparação dos três textos de Alice

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p>CHAPTER 1</p> <p>Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, and where is the use of a book, thought Alice, without pictures or conversations?</p> <p>So she was considering in her own mind, (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid,) whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain was worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when a white rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.</p>	<p>1 – DOWN THE RABBIT-HOLE</p> <p>Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, and what is the use of a book, thought Alice without pictures or conversation?</p> <p>So she was considering in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid), whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.</p>	<p>1 – THE WHITE RABBIT</p> <p>Once upon a time, there was a little girl called Alice: and she had a very curious dream.</p> <p>Would you like to hear about what it was that she dreamed about? Well, this was the <i>first</i> thing that happened. A White Rabbit came running by, in a great hurry; (...)</p>
<p>There was nothing very remarkable in that, nor did Alice think it so very much out of the way to hear the rabbit say to itself "dear, dear! I shall be too late!" (when she thought it over afterwards, it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural); but when the time it all seemed quite natural); but when the rabbit <i>actually took a watch out of its waistcoat-pocket</i>, looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat-pocket or a watch to take out of it, and full of curiosity, she hurried across the field after it, and was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge.</p> <p>In a moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.</p> <p>The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself; before she found herself falling down what seemed a deep well.</p>	<p>There was nothing so very remarkable in that; nor did Alice think it so very much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to itself; "Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be late!" (when she thought it over afterwards, it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural); but when the Rabbit actually <i>took a watch out of its waistcoat-pocket</i>, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat-pocket, or a watch to take out of it, and burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and fortunately was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge.</p> <p>In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.</p> <p>The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself before she found herself falling down a very deep well.</p>	<p>and, just as it passed Alice, it stopped and took its watch out of its pocket.</p> <p>Wasn't <i>that</i> a funny thing? Did <i>you</i> ever see a Rabbit that had a watch, and a pocket to put it in? Of course, when a Rabbit has a watch, it <i>must</i> have a pocket to put it in: it would never do to carry it about in its mouth and it wants its hands sometimes, to run about with.</p> <p>Hasn't it got pretty pink eyes (I think <i>all</i> White Rabbits have pink eyes); and pink ears; and a nice brown coat; and you can just see its red pocket-handkerchief peeping out of its coat pocket: and, what with its blue neck-tie and its yellow waistcoat, it really is very nicely dressed.</p> <p>"Oh dear, oh dear!" said the Rabbit. "I shall be too late!" <i>What</i> would it be too late <i>for</i>, I wonder? Well, you see, it had to go and visit the Duchess (you'll see a picture of the Duchess, soon, sitting in her kitchen); and the Duchess was a very cross old lady: and the Rabbit <i>knew</i> she'd be very angry indeed if he kept her waiting. So the poor thing was as frightened as frightened could be (Don't you see how he's trembling? Just shake the book a little, from side to side, and you'll soon see him tremble), because he thought the Duchess would have his head cut off, for a punishment. That was what the Queen of Hearts used to do, when <i>she</i> was angry with people (you'll see a picture of <i>her</i>, soon): at least she used to <i>order</i> their heads to be cut off, and she always <i>thought</i> it was done, though they never <i>really</i> did it.</p> <p>And so, when the White Rabbit ran away, Alice wanted to see what would happen to it: so she ran after it: and she ran, and she ran, till she tumbled right down the rabbit-hole.</p>

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p>Either the well was very deep, or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her, and to wonder what would happen next. First, she tried to look down and make out what she was coming to, but it was too dark to see anything; then she looked at the sides of the well, and noticed they were filled with cupboards and book-shelves: here and there were maps and pictures hung on pegs. She took a jar down off one of the shelves as she passed: it was labelled "ORANGE MARMALADE", but to her great disappointment it was empty: she did not like to drop the jar, for fear of killing somebody underneath, so managed to put it into one of the cupboards as she fell past it.</p>	<p>Either the well was very deep, or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her and to wonder what was going to happen next. First, she tried to look down and make out what she was coming to, but it was too dark to see anything; then she looked at the sides of the well, and noticed that they were filled with cupboards and book-shelves; here and there she saw maps and pictures hung upon pegs. She took down a jar from one of the shelves as she passed; it was labelled "ORANGE MARMALADE", but to her great disappointment it was empty: she did not like to drop the jar for fear of killing somebody, so managed to put it into one of the cupboards as she fell past it.</p>	<p>And then she had a very long fall indeed.</p>
<p>"Well!" thought Alice to herself, "after such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling down stairs! How brave they'll all think me at home! Why, I wouldn't say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the house!" (which was most likely true.)</p> <p>Down, down, down. Would the fall <i>never</i> come to an end? "I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time?" said she aloud, "I must be getting somewhere near the centre of the earth. Let me see: that would be four thousand miles down, I think--" (for you see Alice had learnt several things of this sort in her lessons in schoolroom, and though this was not a <i>very</i> good opportunity of showing off her knowledge, as there was no one to hear her, still it was good practice to say it over.) "yes, that's the right distance, but then what Longitude or Latitude-line shall I be in?" (Alice had no idea what Longitude was, or Latitude either, but she thought they were nice grand words to say.)</p> <p>Presently she began again: "I wonder if I shall fall right <i>through</i> the earth! How funny it'll be to come out among the people that walk with their heads downwards! But I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is, you know, Please, Ma'am, is this New Zealand or Australia?" --and she tried to curtsy as she spoke, (fancy <i>curtseying</i> as you're falling through the air! do you think you could manage it?) "and what an ignorant little girl she'll think me for asking! No, it'll never do to ask: perhaps I shall see it written up somewhere."</p>	<p>"Well!" thought Alice to herself, "after such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling down stairs! How brave they'll all think me at home! Why, I wouldn't say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the house!" (Which was very likely true.)</p> <p>Down, down, down. Would the fall <i>never</i> come to an end! "I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time?" she said aloud. "I must be getting somewhere near the centre of the earth. Let me see: that would be four thousand miles down, I think--" (for, you see, Alice had learnt several things of this sort in her lessons in the schoolroom, and though this was not a <i>very</i> good opportunity for showing off her knowledge, as there was no one to listen to her, still it was good practice to say it over) "--yes, that's about the right distance--but then I wonder what Latitude or Longitude I've got to?" (Alice had no idea what Latitude was, or Longitude either, but thought they were nice grand words to say.)</p> <p>Presently she began again. "I wonder if I shall fall right <i>through</i> the earth! How funny it'll seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downward! The Antipathies, I think--" (she was rather glad there <i>was</i> no one listening, this time, as it didn't sound at all the right word) "--but I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is, you know. Please, Ma'am, is this New Zealand or Australia?" (and she tried to curtsy as she spoke--fancy <i>curtseying</i> as you're falling through the air! Do you think you could manage it?) "And what an ignorant little girl she'll think me for asking! No, it'll never do to ask: perhaps I shall see it written up somewhere."</p>	<p>Down, and down, and down, till she began to wonder if she was going right <i>through</i> the World, so as to come out on the other side!</p> <p>It was just like a very deep well: only there was no water in it. If anybody <i>really</i> had such a fall as that, it would kill them, most likely: but you know it doesn't hurt a bit to fall in a <i>dream</i>, because, you really <i>are</i> lying somewhere, safe and sound, and fast asleep!</p>

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p>Down, down, down: there was nothing else to do, so Alice soon began talking again. "Dinah will miss me very much tonight, I should think!" (Dinah was the cat.) "I hope they'll remember her saucer of milk at tea-time! Oh, dear Dinah, I wish I had you here! There are no mice in the air, I'm afraid, but you might catch a bat, and that's very like a mouse, you know. But do eat bats, I wonder?" And here Alice began to get rather sleepy, and kept on saying to herself, in a dreamy sort of way "do cats eat bats?" and sometimes, "do bats eat cats?" for, as she couldn't answer either question, it didn't much matter which way she put it. She felt that she was dozing and had just begun to dream that she was walking hand in hand with Dinah, and was saying to her very earnestly, "Now, Dinah, tell me the truth. Did you ever eat a bat?" when suddenly, bump! bump! down she came upon a heap of sticks and shavings, and the fall was over.</p>	<p>Down, down, down. There was nothing else to do, so Alice soon began talking again. "Dinah'll miss me very much to-night, I should think!" (Dinah was the cat.) "I hope they'll remember her saucer of milk at tea-time. Dinah my dear! I wish you were down here with me! There are no mice in the air, I'm afraid, but you might catch a bat, and that's very like a mouse, you know. But do cats eat bats, I wonder?" And here Alice began to get rather sleepy, and went on saying to herself, in a dreamy sort of way, "Do cats eat bats? Do cats eat bats?" and sometimes, "Do bats eat cats?" for, you see, as she couldn't answer either question, it didn't much matter which way she put it. She felt that she was dozing off, and had just begun to dream that she was walking hand in hand with Dinah, and saying to her very earnestly, "Now, Dinah, tell me the truth: did you ever eat a bat?" when suddenly, thump! thump! down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over.</p>	<p>However, this terrible fall came to an end at last, and down came Alice on a heap of sticks and dry leaves.</p>
<p>Alice was not a bit hurt, and jumped on to her feet directly: she looked up, but it was all dark overhead; before her was another long passage, and the white rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it. There was not a moment to be lost: away went the wind, and just heard it say, as it turned a corner, "my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!" and instantly found herself in a long, low hall, lit up by a row of lamps which hung from the roof.</p> <p>There were doors all round the hall, but they were all locked, and when Alice had been all round it, and tried them all, she walked sadly down the middle, wondering how she was ever to get out again.</p> <p>Suddenly she came upon a little three-legged table, all made of solid glass; there was nothing lying upon it, but a tiny golden key, and Alice's first ideas was that it might belong to one of the doors of the hall, but alas! either the locks were too large, or the key too small, but at any rate it would open none of them. However, on the second time round, she came to a low curtain, behind which was a door about eighteen inches high: she tried the little key in the keyhole, and it fitted!</p>	<p>Alice was not a bit hurt, and she jumped up on to her feet in a moment: she looked up, but it was all dark overhead; before her was another long passage, and the White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it. There was not a moment to be lost: away went Alice like the wind, and was just in time to hear it say, as it turned a corner, "Oh my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!" She was close behind it when she turned the corner, but the Rabbit was no longer to be seen: she found herself in a long, low hall, which was lit up by a row of lamps hanging from the roof.</p> <p>There were doors all round the hall, but they were all locked; and when Alice had been all the way down one side and up the other, trying every door, she walked sadly down the middle, wondering how she was ever to get out again.</p> <p>Suddenly she came upon a little three-legged table, all made of solid glass; there was nothing on it except a tiny golden key, and Alice's first thought was that it might belong to one of the doors of the hall; but, alas! either the locks were too large, or the key was too small, but at any rate it would not open any of them. However, on the second time round, she came upon a low curtain she had not noticed before, and behind it was a little door about fifteen inches high: she tried the little golden key in the lock, and to her great delight it fitted!</p>	<p>But she wasn't a bit hurt, and up she jumped, and ran after the Rabbit again.</p> <p>And so that was the beginning of Alice's curious dream. And, next time you see a White Rabbit, try and fancy <i>you're</i> going to have a curious dream, just like dear little Alice.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">2—HOW ALICE GREW TALL</p> <p>And so, after Alice had tumbled down the rabbit-hole, and had run a long long way underground, all of a sudden she found herself in a great hall, with doors all round it. But all the Doors were locked: so, you see, poor Alice couldn't get out of the hall: and that made her very sad.</p> <p>However, after a little while, she came to a little table, all made of glass, with three legs (There are just <i>two</i> of the legs in the picture, and just the <i>beginning</i> of the other leg, do you see?), and on the table was a little key: and she went round the hall, and tried if she could unlock any of the doors with it.</p> <p>Poor Alice! The key wouldn't unlock any of the doors. But at last she came upon a tiny little door: and oh, how glad she was, when she found the key would fit it!</p>

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p>Alice opened the door, and looked down a small passage, not larger than a rat-hole, into the loveliest garden you ever saw. How she longed to get out of that dark hall, and wander about among those beds of bright flowers and those cool fountains, but she could not even get her head through the doorway, "and even if my head would go through", thought poor Alice, "it would be very little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could, if I only knew how to begin." For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things had happened lately, that Alice began to think very few things indeed were really impossible.</p> <p>There was nothing else to do, so she went back to the table, half hoping she might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting up people like telescopes: this time there was a little bottle on it--"which certainly was not there before" said Alice--and tied round the neck of the bottle was a paper label with the words DRINK ME beautifully printed on it in large letters.</p>	<p>Alice opened the door and found that it led into a small passage, not much larger than a rat-hole: she knelt down and looked along the passage into the loveliest garden you ever saw. How she longed to get out of that dark hall, and wander about among those beds of bright flowers and those cool fountains, but she could not even get her head through the doorway; "and even if my head would go through," thought poor Alice, "it would be of very little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could, if I only know how to begin." For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things had happened lately, that Alice had begun to think that very few things indeed were really impossible.</p> <p>There seemed to be no use in waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table, half hoping she might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting people up like telescopes: this time she found a little bottle on it, (which certainly was not here before," said Alice,) and round the neck of the bottle was a paper label, with the words `DRINK ME' beautifully printed on it in large letters.</p>	<p>So she unlocked the tiny little door, and she stooped down and looked through it, and what do you think she saw? Oh, such a beautiful garden! And she did so <i>long</i> to go into it! But the door was <i>far</i> too small. She couldn't squeeze herself through, any more than <i>you</i> could squeeze yourself into a mouse-hole!</p> <p>So poor little Alice locked up the door, and took the key back to the table again: and <i>this</i> time she found quite a new thing on it (now look at the picture again), and what do you think it was? It was a little bottle, with a label tied to it, with the words "DRINK ME" on the label.</p>
<p>It was all very well to say "drink me", "but I'll look first," said the wise little Alice, "and see whether the bottle's marked 'poison' or not," for Alice had read several nice little stories about children that got burnt, and eaten up by wild beasts, and other unpleasant things, all because they <i>would</i> not remember the simple rules their friends had taught them: such as, that a red-hot poker will burn you if you hold it too long; and that if you cut your finger <i>very</i> deeply with a knife, it usually bleeds; and she had never forgotten that, if you drink much from a bottle marked `poison,' it is almost certain to disagree with you, sooner or later.</p> <p>However, this bottle was <i>not</i> marked `poison,' so Alice ventured to taste it, and finding it very nice, (it had, in fact, a sort of mixed flavour of cherry-tart, custard, pine-apple, roast turkey, toffee, and hot buttered toast,) she very soon finished it off.</p> <hr/> <p>"What a curious feeling!" said Alice, "I must be shutting up like a telescope."</p>	<p>It was all very well to say `Drink me,' but the wise little Alice was not going to do <i>that</i> in a hurry. `No, I'll look first,' she said, `and see whether it's marked `poison' or not'; for she had read several nice little histories about children who had got burnt, and eaten up by wild beasts and other unpleasant things, all because they <i>would</i> not remember the simple rules their friends had taught them: such as, that a red-hot poker will burn you if you hold it too long; and that if you cut your finger <i>very</i> deeply with a knife, it usually bleeds; and she had never forgotten that, if you drink much from a bottle marked `poison,' it is almost certain to disagree with you, sooner or later.</p> <p>However, this bottle was <i>not</i> marked `poison,' so Alice ventured to taste it, and finding it very nice, (it had, in fact, a sort of mixed flavour of cherry-tart, custard, pine-apple, roast turkey, toffee, and hot buttered toast,) she very soon finished it off.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">* * * * *</p> <p>"What a curious feeling!" said Alice; "I must be shutting up like a telescope!"</p>	<p>So she tasted it: and it was <i>very</i> nice: so she set to work, and drank it up. And then <i>such</i> a curious thing happened to her! You'll never guess what it was: so I shall have to tell you. She got smaller, and smaller, till at last she was just the size of a little doll!</p>

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p>It was so indeed: she was not only ten inches high, and her face brightened up as it occurred to her that she was now the right size for going through the little door into that lovely garden. First, however, she waited for a few minutes to see whether she was going to shrink any further: she felt a little nervous about this, "for it might end, you know," said Alice to herself, "in my going out altogether, like a candle, and what should I be like then, I wonder?" and she tried to fancy what the flame of a candle is like after the candle is blown out, for she could not remember having ever seen one.</p> <p>However, nothing more happened, so she decided on going into the garden at once, but, alas for poor Alice! when she got to the door, she found she had forgotten the little golden key, and when she went back to the table for it, she found she possibly reach it: she could see it plainly enough through the glass, and she tried her best to climb up one of the legs of the table, but it was too slippery, and when she had tired herself out with trying, the poor little thing sat down and cried.</p>	<p>And so it was indeed: she was now only ten inches high, and her face brightened up at the thought that she was now the right size for going through the little door into that lovely garden. First, however, she waited for a few minutes to see if she was going to shrink any further: she felt a little nervous about this; "for it might end, you know," said Alice to herself, "in my going out altogether, like a candle. I wonder what I should be like then?" And she tried to fancy what the flame of a candle is like after the candle is blown out, for she could not remember ever having seen such a thing.</p> <p>After a while, finding that nothing more happened, she decided on going into the garden at once; but, alas for poor Alice! when she got to the door, she found she had forgotten the little golden key, and when she went back to the table for it, she found she could not possibly reach it: she could see it quite plainly through the glass, and she tried her best to climb up one of the legs of the table, but it was too slippery; and when she had tired herself out with trying, the poor little thing sat down and cried.</p>	<p>Well, the next thing she found was a little cake: and it had the words "EAT ME" marked on it. So of course she set to work and ate it up. And <i>then</i> what do you think happened to her? No, you'll never guess! I shall have to tell you again.</p>
<p>"Come! there's no use in crying!" said Alice to herself rather sharply, "I advise you to leave off this minute!" (she generally gave herself very good advice, and sometimes scolded herself so severely as to bring tears into her eyes, and once she remembered boxing her own ears for having been unkind to herself in a game of croquet she was playing with herself, for this curious child was very fond of pretending to be two people.) "but it's no use now," thought poor Alice, "to pretend to be two people! Why, there's hardly enough of me left to make one respectable person!"</p> <p>Soon her eyes fell on a little ebony box lying under the table: she opened it, and found in it a very small cake, on which was printed on it in large letters, "EAT ME beautifully printed on it in large letters. "I'll eat," said Alice, "and if it makes me larger, I can reach the key, and if it makes me smaller, I can creep under the door, so either way I'll get into the garden, and I don't care which happens!"</p> <p>She ate a little bit, and said anxiously to herself, "which way? which way?" and laid her hand on the top of her head to feel which way it was growing, and was quite surprised to find that she remained the same size: to be sure this is what generally happens when one eats cake, but Alice had got into the way of expecting nothing but out-of-the-way things to happen, and it seemed quite dull and stupid for things to go on in the common way.</p> <p>So she set to work, and very soon finished off the cake.</p>	<p>"Come, there's no use in crying like that!" said Alice to herself, rather sharply; "I advise you to leave off this minute!" She generally gave herself very good advice, (though she very seldom followed it), and sometimes she scolded herself so severely as to bring tears into her eyes; and once she remembered her own ears for having cheated herself in a game of croquet she was playing against herself, for this curious child was very fond of pretending to be two people. "But it's no use now," thought poor Alice, "to pretend to be two people! Why, there's hardly enough of me left to make <i>one</i> respectable person!"</p> <p>Soon her eye fell on a little glass box that was lying under the table: she opened it, and found in it a very small cake, on which the words "EAT ME" were beautifully marked in currants. "Well, I'll eat it," said Alice, "and if it makes me grow larger, I can reach the key; and if it makes me grow smaller, I can creep under the door; so either way I'll get into the garden, and I don't care which happens!"</p> <p>She ate a little bit, and said anxiously to herself, "Which way? Which way?", holding her hand on the top of her head to feel which way it was growing, and she was quite surprised to find that she remained the same size: to be sure, this generally happens when one eats cake, but Alice had got so much into the way of expecting nothing but out-of-the-way things to happen, that it seemed quite dull and stupid for life to go on in the common way.</p> <p>So she set to work, and very soon finished off the cake.</p>	<p>Well, the next thing she found was a little cake: and it had the words "EAT ME" marked on it. So of course she set to work and ate it up. And <i>then</i> what do you think happened to her? No, you'll never guess! I shall have to tell you again.</p>

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i> 2 – THE POOL OF TEARS	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p>“Curiouser and curiouser!” cried Alice, (she was so surprised that she quite forgot how to speak good English,) “now I’m opening out like the largest telescope that ever was! Goodbye, feet!” (for when she looked down at her feet, they seemed almost out of sight, they were getting so far off,) “oh, my poor little feet, I wonder who will put on your shoes and stockings for you now, dears? I’m sure I shan’t be able! I shall be myself about you: you must manage the best way you can—but I must be kind to them, or perhaps they won’t walk the way I want to go! Let me see: I’ll give them a new pair of boots every Christmas.”</p> <p>And she went on planning to herself how she would manage it: “they must go by the carrier,” she thought, “and how funny it’ll seem, sending presents to one’s own feet! And how odd the directions will look!</p> <p>Alice’s Right Foot, Esq. The Carpet, with Alice’s Love</p> <p>oh dear! what nonsense I am talking!”</p> <p>Just at this moment, her head struck against the roof of the hall: in fact, she was now rather more than nine feet high, and she at once took up the little golden key, and hurried off to the garden door.</p> <p>Poor Alice! it was as much as she could do, lying down on one side, to look through into the garden with one eye, but to get through was more hopeless than ever: she sat down and cried again.</p> <p>“You ought to be ashamed of yourself,” said Alice, “a great girl like you,” (she might well say this,) “to cry in this way! Stop this instant, I tell you!” But she cried on all the same, shedding gallons of tears, until there was a large pool, about four inches deep, all round her, and reaching half way across the hall.</p>	<p>‘Curiouser and curiouser!’ cried Alice (she was so much surprised, that for the moment she quite forgot how to speak good English); ‘now I’m opening out like the largest telescope that ever was! Good-bye, feet!’ (for when she looked down at her feet, they seemed to be almost out of sight, they were getting so far off). ‘Oh, my poor little feet, I wonder who will put on your shoes and stockings for you now, dears? I’m sure I shan’t be able! I shall be a great deal too far off to trouble myself about you: you must manage the best way you can; --but I must be kind to them, thought Alice, ‘or perhaps they won’t walk the way I want to go! Let me see: I’ll give them a new pair of boots every Christmas.’</p> <p>And she went on planning to herself how she would manage it. ‘They must go by the carrier,’ she thought; ‘and how funny it’ll seem, sending presents to one’s own feet! And how odd the directions will look!</p> <p style="text-align: center;">ALICE’S RIGHT FOOT, ESQ. HEARTHURUG, NEAR THE FENDER, (WITH ALICE’S LOVE) .</p> <p>Oh dear, what nonsense I’m talking!”</p> <p>Just then her head struck against the roof of the hall: in fact she was now more than nine feet high, and she at once took up the little golden key and hurried off to the garden door.</p> <p>Poor Alice! It was as much as she could do, lying down on one side, to look through into the garden with one eye; but to get through was more hopeless than ever: she sat down and began to cry again.</p> <p>‘You ought to be ashamed of yourself,’ said Alice, ‘a great girl like you,’ (she might well say this), ‘to go on crying in this way! Stop this moment, I tell you!’ But she went on all the same, shedding gallons of tears, until there was a large pool all round her, about four inches deep and reaching half down the hall.</p>	<p>She grew, and she grew, and she grew. Taller than she was before! Taller than <i>any</i> child! Taller than any grown-up person! Taller, and taller, and taller! Just look at the picture and you’ll see how tall she got!</p> <p>Which would <i>you</i> have liked the best, do you think, to be a little tiny Alice, no larger than a kitten, or a great tall Alice, with your head always knocking against the ceiling?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">3 – THE POOL OF TEARS</p> <p>Perhaps you think Alice must have been very much pleased, when she had eaten the little cake, to find herself growing so tremendously tall? Because of course it would be easy enough, <i>now</i>, to reach the little key off the glass table, and to open the little tiny door.</p> <p>Well, of course she could do <i>that</i>: but what good was it to get the door open, when she couldn’t get <i>through</i>? She was worse off than ever, poor thing! She could just manage, by putting her head down, close to the ground, to <i>look</i> through with one eye! But that was <i>all</i> she could do. Now wonder the poor tall child sat down and cried as if her heart would break.</p> <p>So she cried, and she cried. And her tears ran down the middle of the hall, like a deep river. And very soon there was quite a large Pool of Tears, reaching half-way down the hall.</p>

Alice's Adventures under Ground

After a time, she heard a little pattering of feet in the distance, and dried her eyes to see what was coming. It was the white rabbit coming back again, splendidly dressed, with a pair of white kid gloves in one hand, and a nosegay in the other. Alice was ready to ask help of any one, she felt so desperate, and as the rabbit passed her, she said, in a low, timid voice, "If you please, Sir---", the rabbit started violently, looked up once into the roof of the hall, from which the voice seemed to come, and then dropped the nosegay and the white kid gloves, and scurried away into the darkness as hard as it could go.

Alice took up the nosegay and gloves, and found the nosegay so delicious that she kept smelling at it all the time she went on talking to herself---"dear, dear! how queer everything is today! and yesterday everything happened just as usual: I wonder if I was changed in the night? Let me think: was I the same when I got up this morning? I think I can remember feeling rather different. But if I'm not the same, who in the world am I? Ah, that's the great puzzle!" And she began thinking over all the children she knew of the same age as herself, to see if she could have been changed for any of them.

"I'm sure I'm not Gertrude," she said, "for her hair goes in such long ringlets, and mine doesn't go in ringlets at all--and I'm sure I can't be Florence, for I know all sorts of things, and she, oh! she knows such a very little! Besides, *she's* she, and *I'm* I, and--oh dear! how puzzling it all is! I'll try if I know all the things I used to know. Let me see: four times five is twelve, and four times six is thirteen, and four times seven is fourteen--oh dear! I shall never get to twenty at this rate! But the Multiplication Table don't signify--let's try Geography. London is the capital of France, and Rome is the capital of Yorkshire, and Paris--oh dear! dear! *that's* all wrong, I'm certain! I must have been changed for Florence! I'll try and say "How doth the little", and she crossed her hands on her lap, and began, but her voice sounded hoarse and strange; and the words did not sound the same as they used to do:

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

After a time she heard a little pattering of feet in the distance, and she hastily dried her eyes to see what was coming. It was the White Rabbit returning, splendidly dressed, with a pair of white kid gloves in one hand and a large fan in the other: he came trotting along in a great hurry, muttering to himself as he came, "Oh! the Duchess, the Duchess! Oh! won't she be savage if I've kept her waiting!" Alice felt so desperate that she was ready to ask help of any one; so, when the Rabbit came near her, she began, in a low, timid voice, "If you please, sir--" The Rabbit started violently, dropped the white kid gloves and the fan, and scurried away into the darkness as hard as he could go.

Alice took up the fan and gloves, and, as the hall was very hot, she kept fanning herself all the time she went on talking: "Dear, dear! How queer everything is to-day! And yesterday things went on just as usual. I wonder if I've been changed in the night? Let me think: was I the same when I got up this morning? I almost think I can remember feeling a little different. But if I'm not the same, the next question is, Who in the world am I? Ah, *that's* the great puzzle!" And she began thinking over all the children she knew that were of the same age as herself, to see if she could have been changed for any of them.

"I'm sure I'm not Ada," she said, "for her hair goes in such long ringlets, and mine doesn't go in ringlets at all; and I'm sure I can't be Mabel, for I know all sorts of things, and she, oh! she knows such a very little! Besides, *she's* she, and I'm I, and--oh dear, how puzzling it all is! I'll try if I know all the things I used to know. Let me see: four times five is twelve, and four times six is thirteen, and four times seven is--oh dear! I shall never get to twenty at that rate! However, the Multiplication Table doesn't signify: let's try Geography. London is the capital of Paris, and Paris is the capital of Rome, and Rome--no, *that's* all wrong, I'm certain! I must have been changed for Mabel! I'll try and say "How doth the little--" and she crossed her hands on her lap as if she were saying lessons, and began to repeat it, but her voice sounded hoarse and strange, and the words did not come the same as they used to do:--

The Nursery Alice

And there she might have staid, till this very day, if the White Rabbit hadn't happened to come through the hall, on his way to visit his Duchess. He was dressed up as grand as grand could be, and he had a pair of white kid gloves in one hand, and a little fan in the other hand, and a little fan in the other hand: and he kept on muttering to himself "Oh, the Duchess, the Duchess! Oh, *won't* she be savage if I've kept her waiting!"

But he didn't see Alice, you know. So when she began to say "If you please, Sir--" her voice seemed to come from the top of the hall, because her head was so high up. And the Rabbit was dreadfully frightened: and he dropped the gloves and the fan, and ran away as hard as he could go.

Then a *very* curious thing indeed happened. Alice took up the fan, and began to fan herself with it: (...)

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p>"How doth the little crocodile Improve its shining tail, And pour the waters of the Nile On every golden scale!</p> <p>How cheerfully it seems to grin! How neatly spreads its claws! And welcomes little fishes in With gently-smiling jaws!"</p> <p>I'm sure those are not the right words", said poor Alice, and her eyes filled with tears as she thought "I must be Florence after all, and I shall have to go and live in that poky little house, and have next to no toys to play with, and oh! ever so many lessons to learn! No! I've made up my mind about it: if I'm Florence, I'll stay down here! It'll be no use their putting their heads down and saying 'come up, dear!' I shall only look up and say "who am I, then? answer me that first, and then, if I like being that person, I'll come up: if not, I'll stay down here till I'm somebody else"--but, oh dear!" cried Alice with a sudden burst of tears, "I do wish they <i>would</i> put their heads down! I am so tired of being all alone here!"</p> <p>As she said this, she looked down at her hands, and was surprised to find she had put on one of the rabbit's little gloves while she was talking. "How <i>can</i> I have done that?" she thought. "I must be growing small again." She got up and went to measure herself by it, and found that, as nearly as she could guess, she was now about two feet high, and was going on shrinking rapidly: soon she found out that the reason of it was the nosegay she held in her hand: she dropped it hastily, just in time to save herself from shrinking away altogether, and found that she was now only three inches high.</p> <p>"Now for the garden!" cried Alice, as she hurried back to the little door, but the little door was locked again, and the little gold key was lying on the glass table as before, and "things are worse than ever!" thought the poor little girl, "for I never was as small as this before, never! And I declare it's too bad, it is!"</p>	<p>'How doth the little crocodile Improve his shining tail, And pour the waters of the Nile On every golden scale!</p> <p>'How cheerfully he seems to grin, How neatly spread his claws, And welcome little fishes in With gently smiling jaws!'</p> <p>'I'm sure those are not the right words,' said poor Alice, and her eyes filled with tears again as she went on, 'I must be Mabel after all, and I shall have to go and live in that poky little house, and have next to no toys to play with, and oh! ever so many lessons to learn! No, I've made up my mind about it; if I'm Mabel, I'll stay down here! It'll be no use their putting their heads down and saying "Come up again, dear!" I shall only look up and say "Who am I then? Tell me that first, and then, if I like being that person, I'll come up: if not, I'll stay down here till I'm somebody else"--but, oh dear!' cried Alice, with a sudden burst of tears, 'I do wish they <i>would</i> put their heads down! I am so <i>very</i> tired of being all alone here!'</p> <p>As she said this she looked down at her hands, and was surprised to see that she had put on one of the Rabbit's little white kid gloves while she was talking. 'How <i>can</i> I have done that?' she thought. 'I must be growing small again.' She got up and went to the table to measure herself by it, and found that, as nearly as she could guess, she was now about two feet high, and was going on shrinking rapidly: she soon found out that the cause of this was the fan she was holding, and she dropped it hastily, just in time to avoid shrinking away altogether.</p> <p>'That <i>was</i> a narrow escape!' said Alice, a good deal frightened at the sudden change, but very glad to find herself still in existence; and now for the garden!' and she ran with all speed back to the little door: but, alas! the little door was shut again, and the little golden key was lying on the glass table as before, and things are worse than ever,' thought the poor child, 'for I never was so small as this before, never! And I declare it's too bad, that it is!'</p>	<p>(...) and, lo and behold, she got quite small again, and, all in a minute, she was just about the size of a mouse!</p>

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p>At this moment her foot slipped, and splash! she was up to her chin in salt water. Her first idea was that she had fallen into the sea: then she remembered that she was under ground, and she soon made out that it was the pool of tears she had wept when she was nine feet high.</p> <p>"I wish I hadn't cried so much! said Alice, as she swam about, trying to find her way out, "I shall be punished for it now, I suppose, by being drowned in my own tears! Well! that'll be a queer thing, to be sure! However, every thing is queer today."</p>	<p>As she said these words her foot slipped, and in another moment, splash! she was up to her chin in salt water. Her first idea was that she had somehow fallen into the sea, and in that case I can go back by railway," she said to herself. (Alice had been to the seaside once in her life, and had come to the general conclusion, that wherever you go to on the English coast you find a number of bathing machines in the sea, some children digging in the sand with wooden spades, then a row of lodging houses, and behind them a railway station.) However, she soon made out that she was in the pool of tears which she had wept when she was nine feet high.</p> <p>"I wish I hadn't cried so much!" said Alice, as she swam about, trying to find her way out. "I shall be punished for it now, I suppose, by being drowned in my own tears! That will be a queer thing, to be sure! However, everything is queer to-day."</p>	<p>Now look at the picture, and you'll soon guess what happened next. It looks just like the sea, doesn't it? But it <i>really</i> is the Pool of Tears--all made of <i>Alice's</i> tears, you know!</p> <p>And Alice has tumbled into the Pool: (...)</p>
<p>Very soon she saw something splashing about in the pool near her: at first she thought it must be a walrus or a hippopotamus, but then she remembered how small she was herself, and soon made out that it was only a mouse, that had slipped in like herself.</p> <p>"Would it be any use, now," thought Alice, "to speak to this mouse? The rabbit is something quite out-of-the-way, no doubt, and so have I been, ever since I came down here, but that is no reason why the mouse should not be able to talk. I think I may as well try." So she began: "oh Mouse, do you know how to get out of this pool? I am very tired of swimming about here, oh Mouse!" The mouse looked at her rather inquisitively, and seemed to her to wink with one of its little eyes, but it said nothing.</p> <p>"Perhaps it doesn't understand English", thought Alice; "I daresay it's a French mouse, come over with William the Conqueror!" (for, with all her knowledge of history, Alice had no very clear notion how long ago anything had happened,) so she began again: "ou est ma chatte?" which was the first sentence out of her French lesson-book. The mouse gave a sudden jump in the pool, and seemed to quiver with fright: "oh, I beg your pardon!" cried Alice hastily, afraid that she had hurt the poor animal's feelings, "I quite forgot you didn't like cats!"</p>	<p>Just then she heard something splashing about in the pool a little way off, and she swam nearer to make out what it was: at first she thought it must be a walrus or hippopotamus, but then she remembered how small she was now, and she soon made out that it was only a mouse that had slipped in like herself.</p> <p>"Would it be of any use, now," thought Alice, "to speak to this mouse? Everything is so out-of-the-way down here, that I should think very likely it can talk: at any rate, there's no harm in trying." So she began: "O Mouse, do you know the way out of this pool? I am very tired of swimming about here, O Mouse!" (Alice thought this must be the right way of speaking to a mouse: she had never done such a thing before, but she remembered having seen in her brother's Latin Grammar, "A mouse--of a mouse--to a mouse--a mouse--O mouse!" The Mouse looked at her rather inquisitively, and seemed to her to wink with one of its little eyes, but it said nothing.</p> <p>"Perhaps it doesn't understand English," thought Alice; "I daresay it's a French mouse, come over with William the Conqueror." (For, with all her knowledge of history, Alice had no very clear notion how long ago anything had happened.) So she began again: "Ou est ma chatte?" which was the first sentence in her French lesson-book. The Mouse gave a sudden leap out of the water, and seemed to quiver all over with fright. "Oh, I beg your pardon!" cried Alice hastily, afraid that she had hurt the poor animal's feelings. "I quite forgot you didn't like cats."</p>	<p>(...)and the Mouse has tumbled in: and there they are, swimming about together.</p> <p>Doesn't Alice look pretty, as she swims across the picture? You can just see her blue stockings, far away under the water.</p>
		<p>But why is the Mouse swimming away from Alice in such a hurry? Well, the reason is, that Alice began talking about cats and dogs: and a Mouse always <i>hates</i> talking about cats and dogs!</p>

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p>"Not like cats!" cried the mouse, in a shrill, passionate voice, "would you like cats if you were me?"</p> <p>"Well, perhaps not," said Alice in a soothing tone: "don't be angry about it. And yet I wish I could show you our cat Dinah: I think you'd take a fancy to cats if you could only see her. She is such a dear quiet thing," said Alice, half to herself as she swam lazily about in the pool, "she sits purring so nicely by the fire, licking her paws and washing her face: and she is such a nice soft thing to nurse, and she's such a capital one for catching mice--oh! I beg your pardon!" cried poor Alice again, for this time the mouse was bristling all over, and she felt certain that it was really offended, "have I offended you?"</p> <p>"Offended indeed!" cried the mouse, who seemed to be positively trembling with rage, "our family always <i>hated</i> cats! Nasty, low, vulgar things! Don't talk to me about them any more!"</p> <p>"I won't indeed!" said Alice, in a great hurry to change the conversation, "are you--are you--fond of--dogs?" The mouse did not answer, so Alice went on eagerly: "there is such a nice little dog near our house I should like to show you! A little terrier, you know, with oh! such long curly brown hair! And it'll fetch things when you throw them, and it'll sit up dinner, and all sorts of things--I can't remember half of them--and it belongs to a farmer, and he says it kills all the rats and--oh dear!" said Alice sadly, "I'm afraid I've offended it again!" for the mouse was swimming away from her as hard as it could go, and making quite a commotion in the pool as it went.</p>	<p>"Not like cats!" cried the Mouse, in a shrill, passionate voice. "Would you like cats if you were me?"</p> <p>"Well, perhaps not," said Alice in a soothing tone: "don't be angry about it. And yet I wish I could show you our cat Dinah: I think you'd take a fancy to cats if you could only see her. She is such a dear quiet thing," Alice went on, half to herself, as she swam lazily about in the pool, "and she sits purring so nicely by the fire, licking her paws and washing her face--and she is such a nice soft thing to nurse--and she's such a capital one for catching mice--oh, I beg your pardon!" cried Alice again, for this time the Mouse was bristling all over, and she felt certain it must be really offended. "We won't talk about her any more if you'd rather not."</p> <p>"We indeed!" cried the Mouse, who was trembling down to the end of his tail. "As if I would talk on such a subject! Our family always <i>hated</i> cats: nasty, low, vulgar things! Don't let me hear the name again!"</p> <p>"I won't indeed!" said Alice, in a great hurry to change the subject of conversation. "Are you--are you fond--of--dogs?" The Mouse did not answer, so Alice went on eagerly: "There is such a nice little dog near our house I should like to show you! A little bright-eyed terrier, you know, with oh, such long curly brown hair! And it'll fetch things when you throw them, and it'll sit up and beg for its dinner, and all sorts of things--I can't remember half of them--and it belongs to a farmer, you know, and he says it's so useful, it's worth a hundred pounds! He says it kills all the rats and--oh dear!" cried Alice in a sorrowful tone, "I'm afraid I've offended it again!" For the Mouse was swimming away from her as hard as it could go, and making quite a commotion in the pool as it went.</p>	<p>Suppose <i>you</i> were swimming about, in a pool of your own Tears: and suppose somebody began talking to <i>you</i> about lesson-books and bottles of medicine, wouldn't <i>you</i> swim away as hard as you could go?</p>
<p>So she called softly after it: "mouse dear! Do come back again, and we won't talk about cats and dogs any more, if you don't like them!" When the mouse heard this, it turned and swam slowly back to her: its face was quite pale, (with passion, Alice thought,) and it said in a trembling low voice "let's get to the shore, and then I'll tell you my history, and you'll understand why it is I hate cats and dogs."</p> <p>It was high time to go, for the pool was getting quite full of birds and animals that had fallen into it. There was a Duck and a Dodo, a Lory and an Eaglet, and several other curious creatures. Alice led the way, and the whole party swam to the shore.</p>	<p>So she called softly after it, "Mouse dear! Do come back again, and we won't talk about cats or dogs either, if you don't like them!" When the Mouse heard this, it turned round and swam slowly back to her: its face was quite pale (with passion, Alice thought), and it said in a low trembling voice, "Let us get to the shore, and then I'll tell you my history, and you'll understand why it is I hate cats and dogs."</p> <p>It was high time to go, for the pool was getting quite crowded with the birds and animals that had fallen into it: there were a Duck and a Dodo, a Lory and an Eaglet, and several other curious creatures. Alice led the way, and the whole party swam to the shore.</p>	

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p style="text-align: center;">CHAPTER TWO</p> <p>They were indeed a curious looking party that assembled on the bank--the birds with dragged feathers, the animals with their fur clinging close to them--all dripping wet, cross, and uncomfortable.</p> <p>The first question of course was, how to get dry: they had a consultation about this, and Alice hardly felt at all surprised at finding herself talking familiarly with the birds, as if she had known them all her life. Indeed, she had quite a long argument with the Lory, who at last turned sulky, and would only say "I am older than you, and must know best," and this Alice would not admit without knowing how old the Lory was, and as the Lory positively refused to tell its age, there was nothing more to be said.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">3 – A CAUCUS-RACE AND A LONG TALE</p> <p>They were indeed a queer-looking party that assembled on the bank--the birds with dragged feathers, the animals with their fur clinging close to them, and all dripping wet, cross, and uncomfortable.</p> <p>The first question of course was, how to get dry again: they had a consultation about this, and after a few minutes it seemed quite natural to Alice to find herself talking familiarly with them, as if she had known them all her life. Indeed, she had quite a long argument with the Lory, who at last turned sulky, and would only say, 'I am older than you, and must know better'; and this Alice would not allow without knowing how old it was, and, as the Lory positively refused to tell its age, there was no more to be said.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">4 – THE CAUCUS-RACE</p> <p>When Alice and the Mouse had got out of the Pool of Tears, of course they were very wet: and so were a lot of other curious creatures that had tumbled in as well. There was a Dodo (that's the great bird, in front, leaning on a walking-stick); and a Duck; and a Lory (that's just behind the Duck, looking over its head); and an Eaglet (That's on the left-hand side of the Lory); and several others.</p>
<p>At last the mouse, who seemed to have some authority among them, called out "sit down, all of you, and attend to me! I'll soon make you dry enough!" They all sat down at once, shivering, in a large ring. Alice in the middle, with her eyes anxiously fixed on the mouse, for she felt sure she would catch a bad cold if she did not get dry soon.</p> <p>"Ahem!" said the mouse, with a self-important air, "are you all ready? This is the driest thing I know. Silence all round, if you please! "William the Conqueror, whose cause was favoured by the pope, was soon submitted to by the English, who wanted leaders, and had been of late much accustomed to usurpation and conquest. Edwin and Morcar, the earls of Mercia and Northumbria--"</p> <p>"Ugh!" said the Lory with a shiver.</p> <p>"I beg your pardon?" said the mouse, frowning, but very politely, "did you speak?"</p> <p>"Not I!" said the Lory hastily.</p>	<p>At last the Mouse, who seemed to be a person of authority among them, called out, 'Sit down, all of you, and listen to me! I'll soon make you dry enough!' They all sat down at once, in a large ring, with the Mouse in the middle. Alice kept her eyes anxiously fixed on it, for she felt sure she would catch a bad cold if she did not get dry very soon.</p> <p>'Ahem!' said the Mouse with an important air, 'are you all ready? This is the driest thing I know. Silence all round, if you please! "William the Conqueror, whose cause was favoured by the pope, was soon submitted to by the English, who wanted leaders, and had been of late much accustomed to usurpation and conquest. Edwin and Morcar, the earls of Mercia and Northumbria--"</p> <p>'Ugh!' said the Lory, with a shiver.</p> <p>'I beg your pardon!' said the Mouse, frowning, but very politely: 'Did you speak?'</p> <p>'Not I!' said the Lory hastily.</p>	<p>At last the Mouse, who seemed to be a person of authority among them, called out, 'Sit down, all of you, and listen to me! I'll soon make you dry enough!' They all sat down at once, in a large ring, with the Mouse in the middle. Alice kept her eyes anxiously fixed on it, for she felt sure she would catch a bad cold if she did not get dry very soon.</p> <p>'Ahem!' said the Mouse with an important air, 'are you all ready? This is the driest thing I know. Silence all round, if you please! "William the Conqueror, whose cause was favoured by the pope, was soon submitted to by the English, who wanted leaders, and had been of late much accustomed to usurpation and conquest. Edwin and Morcar, the earls of Mercia and Northumbria--"</p> <p>'Ugh!' said the Lory, with a shiver.</p> <p>'I beg your pardon!' said the Mouse, frowning, but very politely: 'Did you speak?'</p> <p>'Not I!' said the Lory hastily.</p>

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p>"I thought you did," said the mouse, "I proceed. Edwin and Morcar, the earls of Mercia and Northumbria, declared for him and even Stigand, the patriotic archbishop of Canterbury, found it advisable to go with Edgar Atheling to meet William and offer him the crown. William's conduct was at first moderate--how are you getting on now, dear?" said the mouse, turning to Alice as it spoke.</p> <p>"As wet as ever," said poor Alice, "it doesn't seem to dry me at all."</p> <p>"In that case," said the Dodo solemnly, rising to his feet, "I move that the meeting adjourn, for the immediate adoption of more energetic remedies--"</p> <p>"Speak English!" said the Duck, "I don't know the meaning of half of those long words, and what's more, I don't believe you do either!" And the Duck quacked a comfortable laugh to itself. Some of the other birds tittered audibly.</p>	<p>"I thought you did," said the Mouse. "--I proceed. "Edwin and Morcar, the earls of Mercia and Northumbria, declared for him: and even Stigand, the patriotic archbishop of Canterbury, found it advisable--"</p> <p>"Found <i>what</i>?" said the Duck.</p> <p>"Found <i>it</i>," the Mouse replied rather crossly: "of course you know what "<i>it</i>" means."</p> <p>"I know what "<i>it</i>" means well enough, when I find a thing," said the Duck: "it's generally a frog or a worm. The question is, what did the archbishop find?"</p> <p>The Mouse did not notice this question, but hurriedly went on, "--found it advisable to go with Edgar Atheling to meet William and offer him the crown. William's conduct at first was moderate. But the insolence of his Normans--" How are you getting on now, my dear?" it continued, turning to Alice as it spoke.</p> <p>"As wet as ever," said Alice in a melancholy tone: "it doesn't seem to dry me at all."</p> <p>"In that case," said the Dodo solemnly, rising to its feet, "I move that the meeting adjourn, for the immediate adoption of more energetic remedies--"</p> <p>"Speak English!" said the Eaglet. "I don't know the meaning of half those long words, and, what's more, I don't believe you do either!" And the Eaglet bent down its head to hide a smile: some of the other birds tittered audibly.</p> <p>"What I was going to say," said the Dodo in an offended tone, "was, that the best thing to get us dry would be a Caucus-race."</p> <p>"What <i>is</i> a Caucus-race?" said Alice; not that she wanted much to know, but the Dodo had paused as if it thought that <i>somebody</i> ought to speak, and no one else seemed inclined to say anything.</p> <p>"Why," said the Dodo, "the best way to explain it is to do it." (And, as you might like to try the thing yourself, some winter day, I will tell you how the Dodo managed it.)</p> <p>First it marked out a race-course, in a sort of circle, (the exact shape doesn't matter," it said,) and then all the party were placed along the course, here and there. There was no "One, two, three, and away," but they began running when they liked, and left off when they liked, so that it was not easy to know when the race was over. However, when they had been running half an hour or so, and were quite dry again, the Dodo suddenly called out "The race is over!" and they all crowded round it, panting, and asking, "But who has won?"</p>	<p>Well, and so they didn't know how in the world they were to get dry again. But the Dodo--who was a very wise bird--told them the right way was to have a Caucus-Race. And what do you think <i>that</i> was?</p> <p><i>You don't know?</i> Well, you <i>are</i> an ignorant child! Now, be very attentive, and I'll soon cure you of your ignorance!</p> <p>First, you must have a <i>racecourse</i>. It ought to be a <i>sort</i> of circle, but it doesn't much matter <i>what</i> shape it is, so long as it goes a good way round, and joins on to itself again.</p> <p>Then, you must put all the <i>racers</i> on the course, here and there: it doesn't matter where, so long as you don't crowd them too much together.</p> <p>"Hand it over here!" said the Dodo. Then, you needn't say "One, two, three, and away!" but let them all set off running just when they like, and leave off just when they like.</p>

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p>"I only meant to say," said the Dodo in a rather offended tone, "that I know of a house near here, where we could get the young Lady and the rest of the party dried, and then we could listen comfortably to the story which I think you were good enough to promise to tell us," bowing gravely to the mouse.</p> <p>The mouse made no objection to this, and the whole party moved along the river bank. (for the pool had by this time begun to flow out of the hall, and the edge of it was fringed with rushes and forget-me-nots,) in a slow procession, the Dodo leading the way. After a time the Dodo became impatient, and, leaving the Duck to bring up the rest of the party, moved on at a quicker pace with Alice, the Lory, and the Eaglet, and soon brought them to a little cottage, and there they sat snugly by the fire, wrapped up in blankets, until the rest of the party had arrived, and they were all dry again.</p>	<p>This question the Dodo could not answer without a great deal of thought, and it sat for a long time with one finger pressed upon its forehead (the position in which you usually see Shakespeare, in the pictures of him), while the rest waited in silence. At last the Dodo said, <i>'Everybody has won, and all must have prizes.'</i></p> <p><i>'But who is to give the prizes?' quite a chorus of voices asked.</i></p> <p><i>'Why, she, of course,'</i> said the Dodo, pointing to Alice with one finger; and the whole party at once crowded round her, calling out in a confused way, <i>'Prizes! Prizes!'</i></p> <p>Alice had no idea what to do, and in despair she put her hand in her pocket, and pulled out a box of comfits, (luckily the salt water had not got into it), and handed them round as prizes. There was exactly one a-piece all round.</p> <p><i>'But she must have a prize herself, you know,'</i> said the Mouse.</p> <p><i>'Of course,'</i> the Dodo replied very gravely. <i>'What else have you got in your pocket?' he went on, turning to Alice.</i></p> <p><i>'Only a thimble,'</i> said Alice sadly.</p> <p><i>'Hand it over here,'</i> said the Dodo.</p> <p>Then they all crowded round her once more, while the Dodo solemnly presented the thimble, saying <i>'We beg your acceptance of this elegant thimble';</i> and, when it had finished this short speech, they all cheered.</p> <p>Alice thought the whole thing very absurd, but they all looked so grave that she did not dare to laugh; and, as she could not think of anything to say, she simply bowed, and took the thimble, looking as solemn as she could.</p>	<p>So all these creatures, Alice and all, went on running round and round, till they were all quite dry again. And then the Dodo said <i>everybody</i> had won, and <i>everybody</i> must have prizes!</p> <p>Of course <i>Alice</i> had to give them their prizes. And she had nothing to give them but a few comfits she happened to have in her pocket. And there was just one a-piece, all round. And there was no prize for Alice!</p> <p>So what do you think they did? Alice had nothing left but her thimble. Now look at the picture, and you'll see what happened.</p> <p>Then the Dodo took the thimble and handed it back to Alice, and said <i>"We beg your acceptance of this elegant thimble!"</i> And then all the other creatures cheered.</p> <p>Wasn't <i>that</i> a curious sort of present to give her? Suppose they wanted to give <i>you</i> a birthday-present, would you rather they should go to you toy-cupboard, and pick out your nicest doll, and say <i>"Here, my love, here's a lovely birthday-present for you!"</i> or would you like them to give you something <i>new</i>, something that <i>didn't</i> belong to you before?</p>
<p>Then they all sat down again in a large ring on the bank, and begged the mouse to begin his story.</p> <p><i>"Mine is a long and a sad tale!"</i> cried the mouse, turning to Alice, and sighing.</p> <p><i>"It is a long tail, certainly,"</i> said Alice, looking down with wonder at the mouse's tail, which was coiled nearly all round the party, <i>"but why do you call it sad?"</i> and she went on puzzling about this as the mouse went on speaking, so that her idea of the tale was something like this:</p>	<p>The next thing was to eat the comfits: this caused some noise and confusion, as the large birds complained that they could not taste theirs, and the small ones choked and had to be patted on the back. However, it was over at last, and they sat down again in a ring, and begged the Mouse to tell them something more.</p> <p><i>'You promised to tell me your history, you know,'</i> said Alice, <i>'and why it is you hate--C and D,'</i> she added in a whisper, half afraid that it would be offended again.</p> <p><i>'Mine is a long and a sad tale!'</i> said the Mouse, turning to Alice, and sighing.</p> <p><i>'It is a long tail, certainly,'</i> said Alice, looking down with wonder at the Mouse's tail; <i>'but why do you call it sad?'</i> And she kept on puzzling about it while the Mouse was speaking, so that her idea of the tale was something like this:--</p>	

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p>We lived beneath the mat Warm and snug and fat But one woe, & that Was the cat! To our joys a clog, In our eyes a fog, On our hearts a log When the dog!</p> <p>cat's away, Then the mice will play, But, alas! one day, (So they say) Came the dog and cat, Hunting for a rat, Crushed the mice all flat, Each one as he sat Underneath the mat, warm, & snug & fat -Think of that!</p>	<p>`Fury said to a mouse, That he met in the house, "Let us both go to law: I will prosecute YOU. --Come, I'll take no denial; We must have a trial: For really this morning I've nothing to do." Said the mouse to the cur, "Such a trial, dear Sir, With no jury or judge, would be wasting our breath." "I'll be judge, I'll be jury," Said cunning old Fury: "I'll try the whole cause, and condemn you to death."</p>	<p>"You are not attending!" said the Mouse to Alice severely. "What are you thinking of?"</p>

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p>"I beg your pardon," said Alice very humbly, "you had got to the fifth bend, I think?"</p> <p>"I had <i>not!</i>" cried the mouse, sharply and very angrily.</p> <p>"A knot!" said Alice, always ready to make herself useful, and looking anxiously about her, "oh, do let me help to undo it!"</p> <p>"I shall do nothing of the sort!" said the mouse, getting up and walking away from the party, "you insult me by talking such nonsense!"</p> <p>"I didn't mean it!" pleaded poor Alice, "but you're so easily offended, you know."</p> <p>The mouse only growled in reply.</p> <p>"Please come back and finish your story!" Alice called after it, and the others all joined in chorus "yes, please do!" but the mouse only shook its ears, and walked quickly away, and was soon out of sight.</p> <p>"What a pity it wouldn't stay!" sighed the Lory, and an old Crab took the opportunity of saying to its daughter "Ah, my dear! let this be a lesson to you never to lose <i>your</i> temper!" "Hold your tongue, Ma!" said the young Crab, a little snappishly, "You're enough to try the patience of an oyster!"</p> <p>"I wish I had our Dinah here, I know I do!" said Alice aloud, addressing no one in particular, "<i>she'd</i> soon fetch it back!"</p> <p>"And who is Dinah, if I might venture to ask the question?" said the Lory.</p> <p>Alice replied eagerly, for she was always ready to talk about her pet, "Dinah's our cat. And she's such a capital one for catching mice, you can't think! And oh! I wish you could see her after the birds! Why, she'll eat a little bird as soon as look at it!"</p> <p>This answer caused a remarkable sensation among the party: some of the birds hurried off at once; one old magpie began wrapping itself up very carefully, remarking "I really must be getting home; the night air does not suit my throat," and to its children "come away from her, my dears, she's no fit company for you!" On various pretexts, they all moved off, and Alice was soon left alone.</p> <p>She sat for some while sorrowful and silent, but she was not long before she recovered her spirits, and began talking to herself again as usual: "I do wish some of them had stayed a little longer! and I was getting to be such friends with them--really the Lory and I were almost like sisters! and so was that dear little Eaglet!"</p>	<p>"I beg your pardon," said Alice very humbly: "you had got to the fifth bend, I think?"</p> <p>"I had <i>not!</i>" cried the Mouse, sharply and very angrily.</p> <p>"A knot!" said Alice, always ready to make herself useful, and looking anxiously about her. "Oh, do let me help to undo it!"</p> <p>"I shall do nothing of the sort," said the Mouse, getting up and walking away. "You insult me by talking such nonsense!"</p> <p>"I didn't mean it!" pleaded poor Alice. "But you're so easily offended, you know!"</p> <p>The Mouse only growled in reply.</p> <p>"Please come back and finish your story!" Alice called after it; and the others all joined in chorus, "Yes, please do!" but the Mouse only shook its head impatiently, and walked a little quicker.</p> <p>"What a pity it wouldn't stay!" sighed the Lory, as soon as it was quite out of sight; and an old Crab took the opportunity of saying to her daughter "Ah, my dear! Let this be a lesson to you never to lose <i>your</i> temper!" "Hold your tongue, Ma!" said the young Crab, a little snappishly. "You're enough to try the patience of an oyster!"</p> <p>"I wish I had our Dinah here, I know I do!" said Alice aloud, addressing nobody in particular. "She'd soon fetch it back!"</p> <p>"And who is Dinah, if I might venture to ask the question?" said the Lory.</p> <p>Alice replied eagerly, for she was always ready to talk about her pet: "Dinah's our cat. And she's such a capital one for catching mice you can't think! And oh, I wish you could see her after the birds! Why, she'll eat a little bird as soon as look at it!"</p> <p>This speech caused a remarkable sensation among the party. Some of the birds hurried off at once: one old Magpie began wrapping itself up very carefully, remarking, "I really must be getting home; the night-air doesn't suit my throat!" and a Canary called out in a trembling voice to its children, "Come away, my dears! It's high time you were all in bed!" On various pretexts they all moved off, and Alice was soon left alone.</p> <p>"I wish I hadn't mentioned Dinah!" she said to herself in a melancholy tone. "Nobody seems to like her, down here, and I'm sure she's the best cat in the world! Oh, my dear Dinah! I wonder if I shall ever see you any more!" And here poor Alice began to cry again, for she felt very lonely and low-spirited. In a little while, however, she again heard a little pattering of footsteps in the distance, and she looked up eagerly, half hoping that the</p>	

And then the Duck and the Dodo! How nicely the Duck sang to us as we came along through the water: and if the Dodo hadn't known the way to that nice little cottage, I don't know when we should have got dry again--" and there is no knowing how long she might have prattled on in this way, if she had not suddenly caught the sound of pattering feet.

Mouse had changed his mind, and was coming back to finish his story.

<p><i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i></p> <p>It was the white rabbit, trotting slowly back again, and looking anxiously about it as it went, as if it had lost something, and she heard it muttering to itself "the Marchioness! the Marchioness! oh my dear paws! oh my fur and whiskers! She'll have me executed, as sure as ferrets are ferrets! Where <i>can</i> I have dropped them, I wonder?" Alice guessed in a moment that it was looking for the nosegay and the pair of white kid gloves, and she began hunting for them, but they were now nowhere to be seen-- everything seemed to have changed since her swim in the pool, and her walk along the river-bank with its fringe of rushes and forget-me-nots, and the glass table and the little door had vanished.</p> <p>Soon the rabbit noticed Alice, as she stood looking curiously about her; and at once said in a quick angry tone, "why, Mary Ann! what <i>are</i> you doing out here? Go home this moment, and look on my dressing-table for my gloves and nosegay, and fetch them here, as quick as you can run, do you hear?" and Alice was so much frightened that she ran off at once, without saying a word, in the direction which the rabbit had pointed out.</p> <p>She soon found herself in front of a neat little house, on the door of which was a bright brass plate with the name</p> <p>W. RABBIT SENDS IN A LITTLE BILL, She went in, and hurried upstairs, for fear she should meet the real Mary Ann and be turned out of the house before she had found the gloves; she knew that one pair had been lost in the hall, "but of course," thought Alice, "it has plenty more of them in its house. How queer it seems to be going messages for a rabbit! I suppose Dinah'll be sending me messages next!" And she began fancying the sort of things that would happen: "Miss Alice! come here directly and get ready for your walk!" "Coming in a minute, nurse! but I've got to watch this mouse-hole till Dinah comes back, and see that the mouse doesn't get out--" "only I don't think," Alice went on, "that they'd let Dinah stop in the house, if it began ordering people about like that!"</p>	<p><i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i></p> <p>4 - THE RABBIT SENDS IN A LITTLE BILL</p> <p>It was the White Rabbit, trotting slowly back again, and looking anxiously about as it went, as if it had lost something; and she heard it muttering to itself "The Duchess! The Duchess! Oh my dear paws! Oh my fur and whiskers! She'll get me executed, as sure as ferrets are ferrets! Where <i>can</i> I have dropped them, I wonder?" Alice guessed in a moment that it was looking for the fan and the pair of white kid gloves, and she very good-naturedly began hunting about for them, but they were nowhere to be seen-- everything seemed to have changed since her swim in the pool, and the great hall, with the glass table and the little door, had vanished completely.</p> <p>Very soon the Rabbit noticed Alice, as she went hunting about, and called out to her in an angry tone, "Why, Mary Ann, what <i>are</i> you doing out here? Run home this moment, and fetch me a pair of gloves and a fan! Quick, now!" And Alice was so much frightened that she ran off at once in the direction it pointed to, without trying to explain the mistake it had made.</p> <p>"He took me for his housemaid," she said to herself as she ran. "How surprised he'll be when he finds out who I am! But I'd better take him his fan and gloves--that is, if I can find them." As she said this, she came upon a neat little house, on the door of which was a bright brass plate with the name "W. RABBIT" engraved upon it. She went in without knocking, and hurried upstairs, in great fear lest she should meet the real Mary Ann, and be turned out of the house before she had found the fan and gloves.</p> <p>"How queer it seems," Alice said to herself, "to be going messages for a rabbit! I suppose Dinah'll be sending me on messages next!" And she began fancying the sort of thing that would happen: "Miss Alice! Come here directly, and get ready for your walk!" "Coming in a minute, nurse! But I've got to see that the mouse doesn't get out." "Only I don't think," Alice went on, "that they'd let Dinah stop in the house if it began ordering people about like that!"</p>	<p><i>The Nursery Alice</i></p> <p>5 - BILL, THE LIZZARD</p> <p>Now I'm going to tell you about Alice's Adventures in the White Rabbit's house.</p> <p>Do you remember how the Rabbit dropped his gloves and his fan, when he was so frightened at hearing Alice's voice, that seemed to come down from the sky? Well, of course he couldn't go to visit the Duchess <i>without</i> he gloves and his fan: so, after a bit, he came back again to look for them.</p> <p>By this time the Dodo and all the other curious creatures had gone away, and Alice was wandering about all alone.</p> <p>So what do you think he did? Actually he thought she was his housemaid, and began ordering her about! "Mary Ann!" he said. "Go home this very minute, and fetch me a pair of gloves and a fan! Quick, now!"</p> <p>Perhaps he couldn't see very clearly with his pink eyes: for I'm sure Alice doesn't look <i>very like</i> a housemaid, <i>does</i> she? However she was a good-natured little girl: so she wasn't a bit offended, but ran off to the Rabbit's house as quick as she could.</p> <p>It was lucky she found the door open: for, if she had had to ring, I suppose the <i>real</i> Mary Ann would have come to open the door: and she would <i>never</i> have let Alice come in. And I'm sure it was <i>very</i> lucky she didn't meet the real Mary Ann, as she trotted upstairs: for I'm afraid she would have taken Alice for a robber!</p>
<p>By this time she had found her way into a tidy little room, with a table in the window on which was a looking-glass and, (as Alice had hoped,) two or three pairs of tiny white kid gloves: she took up the fan and a pair of the gloves, and was just going to leave the room, when her eye fell upon a little bottle that stood near the looking-glass: there was no label on it this time with the words "drink me", but nevertheless she uncorked it and put it to her lips: "I know something interesting is sure to happen," she said to herself, "whenever I eat or drink anything, so I'll just see what this bottle does. I do hope it'll make me grow larger, for really I'm quite tired of being such a tiny little thing!"</p>	<p>By this time she had found her way into a tidy little room with a table in the window, and on it (as she had hoped) a fan and two or three pairs of tiny white kid gloves: she took up the fan and a pair of the gloves, and was just going to leave the room, when her eye fell upon a little bottle that stood near the looking-glass. There was no label this time with the words "DRINK ME," but nevertheless she uncorked it and put it to her lips. "I know something interesting is sure to happen," she said to herself, "whenever I eat or drink anything; so I'll just see what this bottle does. I do hope it'll make me grow large again, for really I'm quite tired of being such a tiny little thing!"</p>	<p>So at last she found her way into the Rabbit's room: and there was a pair of gloves lying on the table, and she was just going to take them up and go away, when she happened to see a little bottle on the table. And of course it had the words "DRINK ME!" on the label. And of course Alice drank some!</p> <p>Well, I think that was <i>rather</i> lucky, too: don't <i>you</i>? For, if she <i>hadn't</i> drunk any, all this wonderful adventure, that I'm about to tell you about, wouldn't have happened at all. And wouldn't <i>that</i> have been a pity?</p> <p>You're getting so used to Alice's Adventures, that I daresay you can guess what happened next? If you can't, I'll tell you.</p>

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p>It did so indeed, and much sooner than she expected: before she had drunk half the bottle, she found her head pressing against the ceiling, and she stooped to save her neck from being broken, and hastily put down the bottle, saying to herself "that's quite enough--I hope I sha'n't grow any more--I wish I hadn't drunk so much!"</p> <p>Alas! it was too late: she went on growing and growing, and very soon had to kneel down: in another minute there was not room even for this, and she tried the effect of lying down, with one elbow against the door, and the other arm curled round her head. Still she went on growing, and as a last resource she put one arm out of the window, and one foot up the chimney, and said to herself "now I can do no more--what <i>will</i> become of me?"</p>	<p>It did so indeed, and much sooner than she had expected: before she had drunk half the bottle, she found her head pressing against the ceiling, and had to stoop to save her neck from being broken. She hastily put down the bottle, saying to herself "That's quite enough--I hope I shan't grow any more--As it is, I can't get out at the door--I do wish I hadn't drunk quite so much!"</p> <p>Alas! it was too late to wish that! She went on growing, and growing, and very soon had to kneel down on the floor: in another minute there was not even room for this, and she tried the effect of lying down with one elbow against the door, and the other arm curled round her head. Still she went on growing, and, as a last resource, she put one arm out of the window, and one foot up the chimney, and said to herself "Now I can do no more, whatever happens. What <i>will</i> become of me?"</p>	<p>She grew, and she grew, and she grew. And in a very short time the room was full of <i>Alice</i>: just in the same way as a jar is full of jam! There was <i>Alice</i> all the way up to the ceiling: and <i>Alice</i> in every corner of the room!</p>
<p>Luckily for Alice, the little magic bottle had now had its full effect, and she grew no larger: still it was very uncomfortable, and as there seemed to be no sort of chance of ever getting out of the room again, no wonder she felt unhappy.</p> <p>"It was much pleasanter at home," thought poor Alice, "when one wasn't always growing larger and smaller, and being ordered about by mice and rabbits--I almost wish I hadn't gone down that rabbit-hole, and yet, and yet--it's rather curious, you know, this sort of life. I do wonder what <i>can</i> have happened to me! When I used to read fairy-tales, I fancied that sort of thing never happened, and now here I am in the middle of one! There ought to be a book written about me, that there ought! and when I grow up I'll write one--but I'm grown up now" said she in a sorrowful tone, "at least there's no room to grow up any more <i>here</i>."</p> <p>"But then," thought Alice, "shall I <i>never</i> get any older than I am now? That'll be a comfort, one way--never to be an old woman--but then--always to have lessons to learn! Oh, I shouldn't like <i>that</i>!"</p> <p>"Oh, you foolish Alice!" she said again, "how can you learn lessons in here? Why, there's hardly room for you, and no room at all for any lesson-books!"</p>	<p>Luckily for Alice, the little magic bottle had now had its full effect, and she grew no larger: still it was very uncomfortable, and, as there seemed to be no sort of chance of her ever getting out of the room again, no wonder she felt unhappy.</p> <p>"It was much pleasanter at home," thought poor Alice, "when one wasn't always growing larger and smaller, and being ordered about by mice and rabbits. I almost wish I hadn't gone down that rabbit-hole--and yet--and yet--it's rather curious, you know, this sort of life! I do wonder what <i>can</i> have happened to me! When I used to read fairy-tales, I fancied that kind of thing never happened, and now here I am in the middle of one! There ought to be a book written about me, that there ought! And when I grow up, I'll write one--but I'm grown up now," she added in a sorrowful tone; "at least there's no room to grow up any more <i>here</i>."</p> <p>"But then," thought Alice, "shall I <i>never</i> get any older than I am now? That'll be a comfort, one way--never to be an old woman--but then--always to have lessons to learn! Oh, I shouldn't like <i>that</i>!"</p> <p>"Oh, you foolish Alice!" she answered herself. "How can you learn lessons in here? Why, there's hardly room for <i>you</i>, and no room at all for any lesson-books!"</p>	

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p>And so she went on, taking first one side, and then the other, and making quite a conversation of it altogether, but after a few minutes she heard a voice outside, which made her stop to listen.</p> <p>"Mary Ann! Mary Ann!" said the voice, "fetch me my gloves this moment!" Then came a little pattering of feet on the stairs: Alice knew it was the rabbit coming to look for her, and she trembled till she shook the house, quite forgetting that she was now about a thousand times as large as the rabbit, and had no reason to be afraid of it.</p> <p>Presently the rabbit came to the door, and tried to open it, but as it opened inwards, and Alice's elbow was against it, the attempt proved a failure. Alice heard it say to itself "then I'll go round and get in at the window."</p> <p><i>That you won't!</i>" thought Alice, and, after waiting till she fancied she heard the rabbit just under the window, she suddenly spread out her hand, and made a snatch in the air. She did not get hold of anything, but she heard a little shriek and a fall, and a crash of breaking glass, from which she concluded that it was just possible it had fallen into a cucumber-frame, or something of the sort.</p>	<p>And so she went on, taking first one side and then the other, and making quite a conversation of it altogether; but after a few minutes she heard a voice outside, and stopped to listen.</p> <p>"Mary Ann! Mary Ann!" said the voice. "Fetch me my gloves this moment!" Then came a little pattering of feet on the stairs. Alice knew it was the Rabbit coming to look for her, and she trembled till she shook the house, quite forgetting that she was now about a thousand times as large as the Rabbit, and had no reason to be afraid of it.</p> <p>Presently the Rabbit came up to the door, and tried to open it; but, as the door opened inwards, and Alice's elbow was pressed hard against it, that attempt proved a failure. Alice heard it say to itself "Then I'll go round and get in at the window."</p> <p>"<i>That you won't!</i>" thought Alice, and, after waiting till she fancied she heard the Rabbit just under the window, she suddenly spread out her hand, and made a snatch in the air. She did not get hold of anything, but she heard a little shriek and a fall, and a crash of broken glass, from which she concluded that it was just possible it had fallen into a cucumber-frame, or something of the sort.</p>	<p>The door opened inwards: so of course there wasn't any room to open it: so when the Rabbit got tired of waiting, and came to fetch his gloves for himself, of course he couldn't get in.</p>
<p>Next came an angry voice--"Pat, Pat! where are you?" And then a voice she had never heard before, "shure then I'm here! digging for apples, anyway, yer honour!"</p> <p>"Digging for apples indeed!" said the rabbit angrily, "here, come and help me out of <i>this!</i>"--Sound of more breaking glass.</p> <p>"Now, tell me, Pat, what is that coming out of the window?"</p> <p>"Shure it's an arm, yer honour!" (He pronounced it "arrum".)</p> <p>"An arm, you goose! Who ever say an arm that size? Why, it fills the whole window, don't you see?"</p> <p>"Shure, it does, yer honour, but it's an arm for all that."</p> <p>"Well, it's no business there: go and take it away!"</p> <p>There was a long silence after this, and Alice could only hear whispers now and then, such as "shure I don't like it, yer honour, at all!" "do as I tell you, you coward!" and at last she spread out her hand again and made another snatch in the air. This time there were <i>two</i> little shrieks, and more breaking glass--"what a number of cucumber-frames there much be!" thought Alice, "I wonder what they'll do next! As for pulling me out of the window, I only wish they <i>could!</i> I'm sure I don't want to stop in here any longer!"</p>	<p>Next came an angry voice--the Rabbit's--"Pat! Pat! Where are you?" And then a voice she had never heard before, "Sure then I'm here! Digging for apples, yer honour!"</p> <p>"Digging for apples, indeed!" said the Rabbit angrily. "Here! Come and help me out of <i>this!</i>" (Sounds of more broken glass.)</p> <p>"Now tell me, Pat, what's that in the window?"</p> <p>"Sure, it's an arm, yer honour!" (He pronounced it `arrum'.)</p> <p>"An arm, you goose! Who ever saw one that size? Why, it fills the whole window!"</p> <p>"Sure, it does, yer honour: but it's an arm for all that."</p> <p>"Well, it's got no business there, at any rate: go and take it away!"</p> <p>There was a long silence after this, and Alice could only hear whispers now and then; such as, "Sure, I don't like it, yer honour, at all, at all!" "Do as I tell you, you coward!" and at last she spread out her hand again, and made another snatch in the air. This time there were <i>two</i> little shrieks, and more sounds of broken glass. "What a number of cucumber-frames there must be!" thought Alice. "I wonder what they'll do next! As for pulling me out of the window, I only wish they <i>could!</i> I'm sure I don't want to stay in here any longer!"</p>	

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p>She waited for some time without hearing anything more: at last came a rumbling of little cart-wheels, and the sound of a good many voices all talking together: she made out the words: "where's the other ladder?--why, I hadn't to bring but one; Bill's got the other--here, put 'em up at this corner--no, tie 'em together first--they don't reach half high enough, don't be particular--here, Bill! Catch hold of this rope--Will the roof bear?--Mind Heads below!--" (a loud crash) "now, who did that?--it was Bill, I fancy--Who's to go down the chimney?--Nay, I shan't! You do it!--That I won't then!--Bill's to go down--Here, Bill! The master says you're to go down the chimney!"</p> <p>"Oh, so Bill's got to come down the chimney, has he?" said Alice to herself, "why, they seem to put everything upon Bill! I wouldn't be in Bill's place for a good deal: the fireplace is a pretty tight one, but I <i>think</i> I can kick a little!"</p> <p>She drew her foot as far down the chimney as she could, and waited till she heard a little animal (she couldn't guess what sort it was) scratching and scrambling in the chimney close above her: then, saying to herself "this is Bill", she gave one sharp kick, and waited to see what would happen next.</p> <p>The first thing she heard was a general chorus of "there goes Bill!" then the Rabbit's voice along--"Catch him, you by the hedge!" then silence, and then another confusion of voices--"Hold up his head--Brandy now--Don't choke him--How was it, old fellow? What happened to you? Tell us all about it."</p>	<p>She waited for some time without hearing anything more: at last came a rumbling of little cart-wheels, and the sound of a good many voices all talking together: she made out the words: "Where's the other ladder?--Why, I hadn't to bring but one; Bill's got the other--Bill! Fetch it here, lad!--Here, put 'em up at this corner--No, tie 'em together first--they don't reach half high enough yet--Oh! They'll do well enough; don't be particular--Here, Bill! Catch hold of this rope--Will the roof bear?--Mind that loose slate--Oh, it's coming down! Heads below!" (a loud crash)--"Now, who did that?--It was Bill, I fancy--Who's to go down the chimney?--Nay, I shan't! You do it!--That I won't, then!--Bill's to go down--Here, Bill! The master says you're to go down the chimney!"</p> <p>"Oh! So Bill's got to come down the chimney, has he?" said Alice to herself. "Shy, they seem to put everything upon Bill! I wouldn't be in Bill's place for a good deal: this fireplace is narrow, to be sure; but I <i>think</i> I can kick a little!"</p> <p>She drew her foot as far down the chimney as she could, and waited till she heard a little animal (she couldn't guess of what sort it was) scratching and scrambling about in the chimney close above her: then, saying to herself "This is Bill," she gave one sharp kick, and waited to see what would happen next.</p> <p>The first thing she heard was a general chorus of "There goes Bill!" then the Rabbit's voice along--"Catch him, you by the hedge!" then silence, and then another confusion of voices--"Hold up his head--Brandy now--Don't choke him--How was it, old fellow? What happened to you? Tell us all about it!"</p>	<p>So what do you think he did? (Now we come to the picture). He sent Bill, the Lizard, up the roof of the house, and told him to get down the chimney. But Alice happened to have one of her feet in the fire-place: so, when she heard Bill coming down the chimney, she just gave a little tiny kick, and away went Bill, flying up into the sky!</p> <p>Poor little Bill! Don't you pity him very much? How frightened he must have been!</p>
<p>Last came a little feeble squeaking voice, ("that's Bill," thought Alice,) which said "well, I hardly know--I'm all of a flutter myself--something comes at me like a Jack-in-the-box, and the next minute up I goes like a rocket!"</p> <p>"And so you did, old fellow!" said the other voices.</p> <p>"We must burn the house down!" said the voice of the rabbit, and Alice called out as loud as she could "if you do, I'll set Dinah at you!"</p> <p>This caused silence again, and while Alice was thinking "but how can I get Dinah here?" (...)</p>	<p>Last came a little feeble, squeaking voice, ("That's Bill," thought Alice.) "Well, I hardly know--No more, thank ye; I'm better now--but I'm a deal too flustered to tell you--all I know is, something comes at me like a Jack-in-the-box, and up I goes like a sky-rocket!"</p> <p>"So you did, old fellow!" said the others.</p> <p>"We must burn the house down!" said the Rabbit's voice; and Alice called out as loud as she could, "If you do, I'll set Dinah at you!"</p> <p>There was a dead silence instantly, and Alice thought to herself, "I wonder what they <i>will</i> do next! If they had any sense, they'd take the roof off." After a minute or two, they began moving about again, and Alice heard the Rabbit say, "A barrowful will do, to begin with."</p> <p>"A barrowful of <i>what</i>?" thought Alice; but she had not long to doubt, for the next moment a shower of little pebbles came rattling in at the window, and some of them hit her in the face. "I'll put a stop to this," she said to herself, and shouted out, "You'd better not do that again!" which produced another dead silence.</p>	<p>So what do you think he did? (Now we come to the picture). He sent Bill, the Lizard, up the roof of the house, and told him to get down the chimney. But Alice happened to have one of her feet in the fire-place: so, when she heard Bill coming down the chimney, she just gave a little tiny kick, and away went Bill, flying up into the sky!</p> <p>Poor little Bill! Don't you pity him very much? How frightened he must have been!</p>

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p>(...) she found to her great delight that she was getting smaller. very soon she was able to get up out of the uncomfortable position in which she had been lying, and in two or three minutes more she was once more three inches high.</p> <p>She ran out of the house as quick as she could, and found quite a crowd of little animals waiting outside--guinea-pigs, white mice, squirrels, and "Bill" a little green lizard, that was being supported in the arms of one of the guinea-pigs, while another was giving it something out of a bottle. They all made a rush at her the moment she appeared, but Alice ran her hardest, and soon found herself in a thick wood.</p> <p>"The first thing I've got to do," said Alice to herself, as she wandered about in the wood, "is to grow to my right size, and the second thing is to find my way into that lovely garden. I think that will be the best plan."</p> <p>It sounded an excellent plan, no doubt, and very neatly and simply arranged: the only difficulty was, that she had not the smallest idea how to set about it, and while she was peering anxiously among the trees round her, a little sharp bark just over her head made her look up in a great hurry.</p>	<p>Alice noticed with some surprise that the pebbles were all turning into little cakes as they lay on the floor, and a bright idea came into her head. 'If I eat one of these cakes,' she thought, 'it's sure to make <i>some</i> change in my size; and as it can't possibly make me larger, it must make me smaller, I suppose.'</p> <p>So she swallowed one of the cakes, and was delighted to find that she began shrinking directly. As soon as she was small enough to get through the door, she ran out of the house, and found quite a crowd of little animals and birds waiting outside. The poor little Lizard, Bill, was in the middle, being held up by two guinea-pigs, who were giving it something out of a bottle. They all made a rush at Alice the moment she appeared; but she ran off as hard as she could, and soon found herself safe in a thick wood.</p> <p>'The first thing I've got to do,' said Alice to herself, as she wandered about in the wood, 'is to grow to my right size again; and the second thing is to find my way into that lovely garden. I think that will be the best plan.'</p> <p>It sounded an excellent plan, no doubt, and very neatly and simply arranged; the only difficulty was, that she had not the smallest idea how to set about it; and while she was peering about anxiously among the trees, a little sharp bark just over her head made her look up in a great hurry.</p>	
<p>An enormous puppy was looking down at her with large round eyes, and feebly stretching out one paw, trying to reach her: "poor thing!" said Alice in a coaxing tone, and she tried hard to whistle to it, but she was terribly alarmed all the while at the thought that it might be hungry, in which case it would probably devour her in spite of all her coaxing.</p> <p>Hardly knowing what she did, she picked up a little bit of stick, and held it out to the puppy: whereupon the puppy jumped into the air off all its feet at once, and with a yelp of delight rushed at the stick, and made believe to worry it: then Alice dodged behind a great thistle to keep herself from being run over, and the moment she appeared at the other side, the puppy made another dart at the stick, and tumbled head over heels in its hurry to get hold of it; then Alice, thinking it was very like having a game of play with a cart-horse, and expecting every moment to be trampled under its feet, ran round the thistle again: then the puppy began a series of short charges at the stick, running a very little way forwards each time and a long way back, and barking hoarsely all the while, till at last it sat down a good way off, panting, with its tongue hanging out of its mouth, and its great eyes half shut.</p> <p>This seemed to Alice a good opportunity for making her escape: she set off at once, and ran till she was quite tired and out of breath in the distance, and till she was quite tired and out of breath,</p>	<p>An enormous puppy was looking down at her with large round eyes, and feebly stretching out one paw, trying to touch her. 'Poor little thing!' said Alice, in a coaxing tone, and she tried hard to whistle to it; but she was terribly frightened all the time at the thought that it might be hungry, in which case it would be very likely to eat her up in spite of all her coaxing.</p> <p>Hardly knowing what she did, she picked up a little bit of stick, and held it out to the puppy; whereupon the puppy jumped into the air off all its feet at once, with a yelp of delight, and rushed at the stick, and made believe to worry it; then Alice dodged behind a great thistle, to keep herself from being run over; and the moment she appeared on the other side, the puppy made another rush at the stick, and tumbled head over heels in its hurry to get hold of it; then Alice, thinking it was very like having a game of play with a cart-horse, and expecting every moment to be trampled under its feet, ran round the thistle again; then the puppy began a series of short charges at the stick, running a very little way forwards each time and a long way back, and barking hoarsely all the while, till at last it sat down a good way off, panting, with its tongue hanging out of its mouth, and its great eyes half shut.</p> <p>This seemed to Alice a good opportunity for making her escape; so she set off at once, and ran till she was quite tired and out of breath, and till the puppy's bark sounded quite faint in the</p>	<p>6 – THE DEAR LITTLE PUPPY</p> <p>Well, it doesn't look such a very <i>little</i> Puppy, does it? But then, you see, Alice had grown very small indeed; and <i>that's</i> what makes one of those little magic cakes, that she found in the White Rabbit's house, it made her get quite small, directly, so that she could <i>never</i> have got out of the house again. Wouldn't <i>that</i> have been a pity? Because that she wouldn't have dreamed all the other curious things that we're going to read about.</p> <p>So it really was a <i>little</i> Puppy, you see. And isn't it a little <i>pet</i>? And look at the way it's barking at the little stick that Alice is holding out for it! You can see she was a <i>little</i> afraid of it, all the time, because she's got behind that great thistle, for fear it should run over her. That would have been just about as bad, for <i>her</i>, as it would be for <i>you</i> to be run over by a wagon and four horses!</p> <p>Have you got a little pet puppy at <i>your</i> home? If you have, I hope you're always kind to it, and give it nice things to eat.</p> <p>Once upon a time, I knew some little children, about as big as you; and they had a little pet dog of their own; and it was called <i>Dash</i>. And this is what they told me about its birthday-treat.</p> <p>"Do you know, one day we remembered it was Dash's birthday that day. SO we said 'let's give Dash a nice birthday-treat, like what we have on <i>our</i> birthdays!' So we thought and we thought</p>

<p>“And yet what a dear little puppy it was!” said Alice, as she leant against a buttercup to rest herself, and fanned herself with her hat, “I should have liked teaching it tricks, if--if I’d only been the right size to do it! Oh! I’d nearly forgotten that I’ve got to grow up again! Let me see: how <i>is</i> it to be managed? I ought to eat or drink something or other, but the great question is, what?”</p>	<p>distance.</p> <p>“And yet what a dear little puppy it was!” said Alice, as she leant against a buttercup to rest herself, and fanned herself with one of the leaves: “I should have liked teaching it tricks very much, if--if I’d only been the right size to do it! Oh dear! I’d nearly forgotten that I’ve got to grow up again! Let me see--how <i>is</i> it to be managed? I suppose I ought to eat or drink something or other; but the great question is, what?”</p>	<p>And at last we all called out together “Why, its <i>oatmeal-porridge</i>, of course!” So of course we thought Dash would be quite sure to like it very much, too.</p> <p>“So we went to the cook, and we got her to make a saucerful of nice oatmeal- porridge. And then we called Dash into the house, and we said ‘Now, Dash, you’re going to have your birthday-treat!’ We expect Dash would jump for joy: but it didn’t, one bit!</p> <p>“So we put the saucer down before it, and we said “Now, Dash, don’t be greedy! Eat it nicely, like a good dog!”</p> <p>“So Dash just tasted it with the tip of its tongue: and then it made, oh, such a horrid face! And then, do you know, it did <i>hate</i> it so, it wouldn’t eat a bit more of it! So we had to put it all down its throat with a spoon!”</p> <p>I wonder if Alice will give <i>this</i> little Puppy some porridge? I don’t think she <i>can</i>, because she hasn’t got any with her. I can’t see any saucer in the picture.</p>
<p>“And yet what a dear little puppy it was!” said Alice, as she leant against a buttercup to rest herself, and fanned herself with her hat, “I should have liked teaching it tricks, if--if I’d only been the right size to do it! Oh! I’d nearly forgotten that I’ve got to grow up again! Let me see: how <i>is</i> it to be managed? I ought to eat or drink something or other, but the great question is, what?”</p>	<p>distance.</p> <p>“And yet what a dear little puppy it was!” said Alice, as she leant against a buttercup to rest herself, and fanned herself with one of the leaves: “I should have liked teaching it tricks very much, if--if I’d only been the right size to do it! Oh dear! I’d nearly forgotten that I’ve got to grow up again! Let me see--how <i>is</i> it to be managed? I suppose I ought to eat or drink something or other; but the great question is, what?”</p>	<p>And at last we all called out together “Why, its <i>oatmeal-porridge</i>, of course!” So of course we thought Dash would be quite sure to like it very much, too.</p> <p>“So we went to the cook, and we got her to make a saucerful of nice oatmeal- porridge. And then we called Dash into the house, and we said ‘Now, Dash, you’re going to have your birthday-treat!’ We expect Dash would jump for joy: but it didn’t, one bit!</p> <p>“So we put the saucer down before it, and we said “Now, Dash, don’t be greedy! Eat it nicely, like a good dog!”</p> <p>“So Dash just tasted it with the tip of its tongue: and then it made, oh, such a horrid face! And then, do you know, it did <i>hate</i> it so, it wouldn’t eat a bit more of it! So we had to put it all down its throat with a spoon!”</p> <p>I wonder if Alice will give <i>this</i> little Puppy some porridge? I don’t think she <i>can</i>, because she hasn’t got any with her. I can’t see any saucer in the picture.</p>
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<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p>For some time they looked at each other in silence: at last the caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth, and languidly addressed her.</p> <p>"Who are you?" said the caterpillar.</p> <p>This was not an encouraging opening for a conversation: Alice replied rather shyly, "I-I hardly know, sir, just at present--at least I know who I <i>was</i> when I got up this morning, but I think I must have changed several times since that."</p> <p>"What do you mean by that?" said the caterpillar, "explain yourself!"</p> <p>"I ca'n't explain <i>myself</i>, I'm afraid, sir," said Alice, "because I'm not myself, you see."</p> <p>"I don't see," said the caterpillar.</p> <p>"I'm afraid I ca'n't put it more clearly," Alice replied very politely, "for I ca'n't understand it myself, and really to be so many different sizes in one day is very confusing."</p> <p>"It isn't," said the caterpillar.</p> <p>"Well, perhaps you haven't found it so yet," said Alice, "but when you have to turn into a chrysalis, you know, and then after that into a butterfly, I should think it'll feel a little queer, don't you think so?"</p> <p>"Not a bit," said the caterpillar.</p> <p>"All I know is," said Alice, "it would feel queer to <i>me</i>."</p> <p>"<i>You!</i>" said the caterpillar contemptuously, "who are you?"</p>	<p>5 – ADVICE FROM A CATERPILLAR</p> <p>The Caterpillar and Alice looked at each other for some time in silence: at last the Caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth, and addressed her in a languid, sleepy voice.</p> <p>"Who are <i>you?</i>" said the Caterpillar.</p> <p>This was not an encouraging opening for a conversation. Alice replied, rather shyly, "I-I hardly know, sir, just at present-- at least I know who I <i>was</i> when I got up this morning, but I think I must have been changed several times since then."</p> <p>"What do you mean by that?" said the Caterpillar sternly. "Explain yourself!"</p> <p>"I can't explain <i>myself</i>, I'm afraid, sir," said Alice, "because I'm not myself, you see."</p> <p>"I don't see," said the Caterpillar.</p> <p>"I'm afraid I can't put it more clearly," Alice replied very politely, "for I can't understand it myself to begin with; and being so many different sizes in a day is very confusing."</p> <p>"It isn't," said the Caterpillar.</p> <p>"Well, perhaps you haven't found it so yet," said Alice; "but when you have to turn into a chrysalis--you will some day, you know-- and then after that into a butterfly, I should think you'll feel it a little queer, won't you?"</p> <p>"Not a bit," said the Caterpillar.</p> <p>"Well, perhaps your feelings may be different," said Alice; "all I know is, it would feel very queer to <i>me</i>."</p> <p>"<i>You!</i>" said the Caterpillar contemptuously. "Who are <i>you?</i>"</p>	<p>I'll tell you, soon, what Alice and the Caterpillar talked about: but first let us have a good look at the picture.</p> <p>That curious thing, standing in front of the Caterpillar, is called a "hookah"; and it's used for smoking. The smoke comes through that long tube, that winds round and round like a serpent.</p> <p>And do you see its long nose and chin? At least, they <i>look</i> exactly like a nose and chin, don't they? But they really <i>are</i> two of its legs. You know a Caterpillar has got <i>quantities</i> of legs: you can see some more of them, further down.</p> <p>What a bother it must be to a Caterpillar, counting over such a lot of legs, every night, to make sure it hasn't lost any of them!</p> <p>And <i>another</i> great bother must be, having to settle <i>which</i> leg it had better move first. I think, if <i>you</i> had forty or fifty legs, and if you wanted to go a walk, you'd be such a time in settling which leg to begin with, that you'd never go a walk at all!</p> <p>And what did Alice and the Caterpillar <i>talk</i> about, I wonder?</p> <p>Well, Alice told it how <i>very</i> confusing it was, being first one size and then another.</p> <p>And the Caterpillar asked her if she liked the size she was, just then.</p>
<p>Which brought them back again to the beginning of the conversation: Alice felt a little irritated at the caterpillar making such <i>very</i> short remarks, and she drew herself up and said <i>very</i> gravely "I think you ought to tell me who <i>you</i> are, first."</p> <p>"Why?" said the caterpillar.</p> <p>Here was another puzzling question: and as Alice had no reason ready, and the caterpillar seemed to be in a <i>very</i> bad temper, she turned round and walked away.</p> <p>"Come back!" the caterpillar called after her, "I've something important to say!"</p> <p>This sounded promising: Alice turned and came back.</p>	<p>Which brought them back again to the beginning of the conversation. Alice felt a little irritated at the Caterpillar's making such <i>very</i> short remarks, and she drew herself up and said, <i>very</i> gravely, "I think, you ought to tell me who <i>you</i> are, first."</p> <p>"Why?" said the Caterpillar.</p> <p>Here was another puzzling question; and as Alice could not think of any good reason, and as the Caterpillar seemed to be in a <i>very</i> unpleasant state of mind, she turned away.</p> <p>"Come back!" the Caterpillar called after her. "I've something important to say!"</p> <p>This sounded promising, certainly: Alice turned and came back again.</p>	

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p>Keep your temper," said the caterpillar.</p> <p>"Is that all?" said Alice, swallowing down her anger as well as she could.</p> <p>"No," said the caterpillar.</p> <p>Alice thought she might as well wait, as she had nothing else to do, and perhaps after all the caterpillar might tell her something worth hearing. For some minutes it puffed away at its hookah without speaking, but at last it unfolded its arms, took the hookah out of its mouth again, and said "so you think you're changed, do you?"</p> <p>"Yes, sir," said Alice, "I ca n't remember the things I used to know--I've tried to say "How doth the little busy bee" and it came all different!"</p> <p>"Try and repeat "You are old, father William", said the caterpillar.</p> <p>Alice folded her hands, and began:</p>	<p>"Keep your temper," said the Caterpillar.</p> <p>"Is that all?" said Alice, swallowing down her anger as well as she could.</p> <p>"No," said the Caterpillar.</p> <p>Alice thought she might as well wait, as she had nothing else to do, and perhaps after all it might tell her something worth hearing. For some minutes it puffed away without speaking, but at last it unfolded its arms, took the hookah out of its mouth again, and said, "So you think you're changed, do you?"</p> <p>"I'm afraid I am, sir," said Alice; "I can't remember things as I used--and I don't keep the same size for ten minutes together!"</p> <p>"Can't remember <i>what</i> things?" said the Caterpillar.</p> <p>"Well, I've tried to say "<i>How Doth the Little Busy Bee</i>," but it all came different!" Alice replied in a very melancholy voice.</p> <p>"Repeat, "<i>You are Old, Father William</i>,"" said the Caterpillar.</p> <p>Alice folded her hands, and began:--</p>	
<p>1.</p> <p>"You are old, father William," the young man said, "And your hair is exceedingly white: And yet you incessantly stand on your head-- Do you think, at your age, it is right?"</p> <p>2.</p> <p>"In my youth," father William replied to his son, "I feared it <i>might</i> injure the brain; But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none, Why, I do it again and again."</p> <p>3.</p> <p>"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before, "And have grown most uncommonly fat: Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door-- Pray what is the reason of that?"</p> <p>4.</p> <p>"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks, "I kept all my limbs very supple. By the use of this ointment, five shillings the box-- Allow me to sell you a couple."</p>	<p>"You are old, Father William," the young man said, "And your hair has become very white; And yet you incessantly stand on your head-- Do you think, at your age, it is right?"</p> <p>"In my youth," Father William replied to his son, "I feared it might injure the brain; But, now that I'm perfectly sure I have none, Why, I do it again and again."</p> <p>"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before, And have grown most uncommonly fat; Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door-- Pray, what is the reason of that?"</p> <p>"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks, "I kept all my limbs very supple By the use of this ointment--one shilling the box-- Allow me to sell you a couple?"</p>	

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<p>5. "You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak For anything tougher than suet: Yet you eat all the goose, with the bones and the beak-- Pray, how did you manage to do it?"</p> <p>6. "In my youth," said the old man, "I took to the law, And argued each case with my wife, And the muscular strength, which it gave to my jaw, Has lasted the rest of my life."</p> <p>7. "You are old," said the youth, "one would hardly suppose That your eye was as steady as ever: Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose-- What made you so awfully clever?"</p> <p>8. "I have answered three questions, and that is enough," Said his father, "don't give yourself airs! Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff? Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs!"</p>	<p>"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak For anything tougher than suet; Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak-- Pray how did you manage to do it?"</p> <p>"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law, And argued each case with my wife; And the muscular strength, which it gave to my jaw, Has lasted the rest of my life."</p> <p>"You are old," said the youth, "one would hardly suppose That your eye was as steady as ever; Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose-- What made you so awfully clever?"</p> <p>"I have answered three questions, and that is enough," Said his father; "don't give yourself airs! Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff? Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs!"</p>	
<p>"That is not said right," said the caterpillar.</p> <p>"Not quite right, I'm afraid," said Alice timidly, "some of the words have got altered."</p> <p>"It is wrong from beginning to end," said the caterpillar decidedly, and there was silence for some minutes: the caterpillar was the first to speak.</p>	<p>"That is not said right," said the Caterpillar.</p> <p>"Not quite right, I'm afraid," said Alice, timidly, "some of the words have got altered."</p> <p>"It is wrong from beginning to end," said the Caterpillar decidedly, and there was silence for some minutes. The Caterpillar was the first to speak.</p>	
<p>"What size do you want to be?" it asked.</p> <p>"Oh, I'm not particular as to size," Alice hastily replied, "only one doesn't like changing so often, you know."</p> <p>"Are you content now?" said the caterpillar.</p> <p>"Well, I should like to be a <i>little</i> larger, sir, if you wouldn't mind," said Alice, "three inches is such a wretched height to be."</p> <p>"It is a very good height indeed!" said the caterpillar loudly and angrily, rearing itself straight up as it spoke (it was exactly three inches high).</p> <p>"But I'm not used to it!" pleaded poor Alice in a piteous tone, and she thought to herself "I wish the creatures wouldn't be so easily offended!"</p> <p>"You'll get used to it in time," said the caterpillar, and it put the hookah into its mouth, and began smoking again.</p>	<p>"What size do you want to be?" it asked.</p> <p>"Oh, I'm not particular as to size," Alice hastily replied; "only one doesn't like changing so often, you know."</p> <p>"I don't know," said the Caterpillar.</p> <p>Alice said nothing: she had never been so much contradicted in her life before, and she felt that she was losing her temper.</p> <p>"Are you content now?" said the Caterpillar.</p> <p>"Well, I should like to be a <i>little</i> larger, sir, if you wouldn't mind," said Alice: "three inches is such a wretched height to be."</p> <p>"It is a very good height indeed!" said the Caterpillar angrily, rearing itself upright as it spoke (it was exactly three inches high).</p> <p>"But I'm not used to it!" pleaded poor Alice in a piteous tone. And she thought of herself, "I wish the creatures wouldn't be so easily offended!"</p> <p>"You'll get used to it in time," said the Caterpillar; and it put the hookah into its mouth and began smoking again.</p>	<p>And Alice said she would like to be just a <i>little</i> bit larger-- three inches was such a wretched height to be! (Just mark off three inches on the wall, about the length of your middle finger, and you'll see what size she was.)</p>

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p>This time Alice waited quietly until it chose to speak again: in a few minutes the caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth, and got down off the mushroom, and crawled away into the grass, merely remarking as it went: "the top will make you grow taller, and the stalk will make you grow shorter."</p> <p>"The top of <i>what?</i> the stalk of <i>what?</i>" thought Alice.</p> <p>"Of the mushroom," said the caterpillar, just as if she had asked it aloud, and in another moment it was out of sight.</p> <p>Alice remained looking thoughtfully at the mushroom for a minute, and then picked it and carefully broke it in two, taking the stalk in one hand and the top in the other.</p> <p>"Which does the stalk do?" she said, and nibbled a little bit of it to try: the next moment she felt a violent blow on her chin: it had struck her foot!</p>	<p>This time Alice waited patiently until it chose to speak again. In a minute or two the Caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth and yawned once or twice, and shook itself. Then it got down off the mushroom, and crawled away in the grass, merely remarking as it went, "One side will make you grow taller, and the other side will make you grow shorter."</p> <p>"One side of <i>what?</i> The other side of <i>what?</i>" thought Alice to herself.</p> <p>"Of the mushroom," said the Caterpillar, just as if she had asked it aloud; and in another moment it was out of sight.</p> <p>Alice remained looking thoughtfully at the mushroom for a minute, trying to make out which were the two sides of it; and as it was perfectly round, she found this a very difficult question. However, at last she stretched her arms round it as far as they would go, and broke off a bit of the edge with each hand.</p> <p>"And now which is which?" she said to herself, and nibbled a little of the right-hand bit to try the effect: the next moment she felt a violent blow underneath her chin: it had struck her foot!</p>	<p>And the Caterpillar told her one side of the mushroom would make her grow <i>taller</i>, and the other side would make her grow <i>shorter</i>.</p>
<p>She was a good deal frightened by this very sudden change, but as she did not shrink any further, and had not dropped the top of the mushroom, she did not give up hope yet. There was hardly room to open her mouth, with her chin pressing against her foot, but she did it at last, and managed to bite off a little bit of the top of the mushroom.</p> <hr/>	<p>She was a good deal frightened by this very sudden change, but she felt that there was no time to be lost, as she was shrinking rapidly; so she set to work at once to eat some of the other bit. Her chin was pressed so closely against her foot, that there was hardly room to open her mouth; but she did it at last, and managed to swallow a morsel of the left hand bit.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">* * * * *</p> <p style="text-align: center;">* * * * *</p> <p style="text-align: center;">* * * * *</p>	

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p>"Come! my head's free at last!" said Alice in a tone of delight, which changed into alarm in another moment, when she found that her shoulders were nowhere to be seen: she looked down upon an immense length of neck, which seemed to rise like a stalk out of a sea of green leaves that lay far below her.</p> <p>"What <i>can</i> all that green stuff be?" said Alice, "and where <i>have</i> my shoulders got to? And oh! my poor hands! how is it I ca'n't see you?" She was moving them about as she spoke, but no result seemed to follow, except a little rustling among the leaves.</p> <p>Then she tried to bring her head down to her hands, and was delighted to find that her neck would bend about easily in every direction, like a serpent. She had just succeeded in bending it down in a beautiful zig-zag, and was going to dive in among the leaves, which she found to be the tops of the trees of the wood she had been wandering in, when a sharp hiss made her draw back: a large pigeon had flown into her face, and was violently beating her with its wings.</p>	<p>"Come, my head's free at last!" said Alice in a tone of delight, which changed into alarm in another moment, when she found that her shoulders were nowhere to be found: all she could see, when she looked down, was an immense length of neck, which seemed to rise like a stalk out of a sea of green leaves that lay far below her.</p> <p>"What <i>can</i> all that green stuff be?" said Alice. "And where <i>have</i> my shoulders got to? And oh, my poor hands, how is it I can't see you?" She was moving them about as she spoke, but no result seemed to follow, except a little shaking among the distant green leaves.</p> <p>As there seemed to be no chance of getting her hands up to her head, she tried to get her head down to them, and was delighted to find that her neck would bend about easily in any direction, like a serpent. She had just succeeded in curving it down into a graceful zigzag, and was going to dive in among the leaves, which she found to be nothing but the tops of the trees under which she had been wandering, when a sharp hiss made her draw back in a hurry: a large pigeon had flown into her face, and was beating her violently with its wings.</p>	
<p>"Serpent!" screamed the pigeon.</p> <p>"I'm <i>not</i> a serpent!" said Alice indignantly, "let me alone!"</p> <p>"I've tried every way!" the pigeon said desperately, with a kind of sob: "nothing seems to suit 'em!"</p> <p>"I haven't the least idea what you mean," said Alice.</p> <p>"I've tried the roots of trees, and I've tried banks, and I'm tried hedges," the pigeon went on without attending to her, "but them serpents! There's no pleasing 'em!"</p> <p>Alice was more and more puzzled, but she thought there was no use in saying anything till the pigeon had finished.</p> <p>"As if it wasn't trouble enough hatching the eggs!" said the pigeon, "without being on the look out for serpents, day and night! Why, I haven't had a wink of sleep these three weeks!"</p> <p>"I'm very sorry you've been annoyed," said Alice, beginning to see its meaning.</p> <p>"And just as I'd taken the highest tree in the wood," said the pigeon raising its voice to a shriek, "and was just thinking I was free of 'em at least, they must needs come down from the sky! Ugh! Serpent!"</p> <p>"But I'm <i>not</i> a serpent," said Alice, "I'm a-- I'm a--"</p>	<p>"Serpent!" screamed the Pigeon.</p> <p>"I'm <i>not</i> a serpent!" said Alice indignantly. "Let me alone!"</p> <p>"Serpent, I say again!" repeated the Pigeon, but in a more subdued tone, and added with a kind of sob, "I've tried every way, and nothing seems to suit them!"</p> <p>"I haven't the least idea what you're talking about," said Alice.</p> <p>"I've tried the roots of trees, and I've tried banks, and I've tried hedges," the Pigeon went on, without attending to her; "but those serpents! There's no pleasing them!"</p> <p>Alice was more and more puzzled, but she thought there was no use in saying anything more till the Pigeon had finished.</p> <p>"As if it wasn't trouble enough hatching the eggs," said the Pigeon; "but I must be on the look-out for serpents night and day! Why, I haven't had a wink of sleep these three weeks!"</p> <p>"I'm very sorry you've been annoyed," said Alice, who was beginning to see its meaning.</p> <p>"And just as I'd taken the highest tree in the wood," continued the Pigeon, raising its voice to a shriek, "and just as I was thinking I should be free of them at last, they must needs come wriggling down from the sky! Ugh, Serpent!"</p> <p>"But I'm <i>not</i> a serpent, I tell you!" said Alice. "I'm a--I'm a--"</p>	

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p>"Well! What are you?" said the pigeon, "I see you're trying to invent something."</p> <p>"I-- I'm a little girl," said Alice, rather doubtfully, as she remembered the number of changes she had gone through.</p> <p>"A likely story indeed!" said the pigeon, "I've seen a good many of them in my time, but never <i>one</i> with such a neck as yours! No, you're a serpent, I know <i>that</i> well enough! I suppose you'll tell me next that you never tasted an egg!"</p> <p>"I <i>have</i> tasted eggs, certainly," said Alice, who was a very truthful child, "but indeed I do n't want any of yours. I do n't like them raw."</p>	<p>"Well! What are you?" said the Pigeon. "I can see you're trying to invent something!"</p> <p>"I--I'm a little girl," said Alice, rather doubtfully, as she remembered the number of changes she had gone through that day.</p> <p>"A likely story indeed!" said the Pigeon in a tone of the deepest contempt. "I've seen a good many little girls in my time, but never <i>one</i> with such a neck as that! No, no! You're a serpent; and there's no use denying it. I suppose you'll be telling me next that you never tasted an egg!"</p> <p>"I <i>have</i> tasted eggs, certainly," said Alice, who was a very truthful child; "but little girls eat eggs quite as much as serpents do, you know."</p> <p>"I don't believe it," said the Pigeon; "but if they do, why then they're a kind of serpent, that's all I can say."</p>	<p>This was such a new idea to Alice, that she was quite silent for a minute or two, which gave the Pigeon the opportunity of adding, "You're looking for eggs, I know <i>that</i> well enough; and what does it matter to me whether you're a little girl or a serpent?"</p> <p>"It matters a good deal to <i>me</i>," said Alice hastily; "but I'm not looking for eggs, as it happens; and if I was, I shouldn't want <i>yours</i>: I don't like them raw."</p> <p>"Well, be off, then!" said the Pigeon in a sulky tone, as it settled down again into its nest. Alice crouched down among the trees as well as she could, for her neck kept getting entangled among the branches, and every now and then she had to stop and untwist it. After a while she remembered that she still held the pieces of mushroom in her hands, and she set to work very carefully, nibbling first at one and then at the other, and growing sometimes taller and sometimes shorter, until she had succeeded in bringing herself down to her usual height.</p> <p>It was so long since she had been anything near the right size, that it felt quite strange at first; but she got used to it in a few minutes, and began talking to herself, as usual. "Come, there's half my plan done now! How puzzling all these changes are! I'm never sure what I'm going to be, from one minute to another! However, I've got back to my right size: the next thing is, to get into that beautiful garden--how <i>is</i> that to be done, I wonder? As she said this, she came suddenly upon an open place, with a little house in it about four feet high. "Whoever lives there," thought Alice, "it'll never do to come upon them <i>this</i> size: why, I should frighten them out of their wits!" So she began nibbling at the right hand bit again, and did not venture to go near the house till she had brought herself down to nine inches high.</p>
<p>"Well, be off, then!" said the pigeon, and settled down into its nest again. Alice crouched down among the trees, as well as she could, as her neck kept getting entangled among the branches, and several times she had to stop and untwist it. Soon she remembered the pieces of mushroom which she still held in her hands, and set to work very carefully, nibbling first at one and then at the other, and growing sometimes taller and sometimes shorter, until she had succeeded in bringing herself down to her usual size.</p>		<p>SO Alice took two little bits of it with her to nibble, and managed to make herself quite a nice comfortable height, before she went on to visit the Duchess.</p>

<p><i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i></p>	<p><i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i></p> <p>6 – PIG AND PEPPER</p> <p>For a minute or two she stood looking at the house, and wondering what to do next, when suddenly a footman in livery came running out of the wood--(she considered him to be a footman because he was in livery: otherwise, judging by his face only, she would have called him a fish)--and rapped loudly at the door with his knuckles. It was opened by another footman in livery, with a round face, and large eyes like a frog; and both footmen, Alice noticed, had powdered hair that curled all over their heads. She felt very curious to know what it was all about, and crept a little way out of the wood to listen.</p> <p>The Fish-Footman began by producing from under his arm a great letter, nearly as large as himself, and this he handed over to the other, saying, in a solemn tone, 'For the Duchess. An invitation from the Queen to play croquet.' The Frog-Footman repeated, in the same solemn tone, only changing the order of the words a little, 'From the Queen. An invitation for the Duchess to play croquet.'</p> <p>Then they both bowed low, and their curls got entangled together.</p>	<p><i>The Nursery Alice</i></p> <p>8 – THE PIG-BABY</p> <p>Would you like to hear about Alice's visit to the Duchess? It was a very interesting visit indeed, I can assure you.</p>
	<p>Alice laughed so much at this, that she had to run back into the wood for fear of their hearing her; and when she next peeped out the Fish-Footman was gone, and the other was sitting on the ground near the door, staring stupidly up into the sky.</p> <p>Alice went timidly up to the door, and knocked.</p> <p>'There's no sort of use in knocking,' said the Footman, 'and that for two reasons. First, because I'm on the same side of the door as you are; secondly, because they're making such a noise inside, no one could possibly hear you.' And certainly there was a most extraordinary noise going on within--a constant howling and sneezing, and every now and then a great crash, as if a dish or kettle had been broken to pieces.</p> <p>'Please, then,' said Alice, 'how am I to get in?'</p> <p>'There might be some sense in your knocking,' the Footman went on without attending to her, 'if we had the door between us. For instance, if you were <i>inside</i>, you might knock, and I could let you out, you know.' He was looking up into the sky all the time he was speaking, and this Alice thought decidedly uncivil. 'But perhaps he can't help it,' she said to herself; 'his eyes are so very nearly at the top of his head. But at any rate he might answer questions.--How am I to get in?' she repeated, aloud.</p> <p>'I shall sit here,' the Footman remarked, 'till tomorrow--'</p> <p>At this moment the door of the house opened, and a large plate came skimming out, straight at the Footman's head: it just grazed his nose, and broke to pieces against one of the trees behind him.</p> <p>'--or next day, maybe,' the Footman continued in the same tone, exactly as if nothing had happened.</p> <p>'How am I to get in?' asked Alice again, in a louder tone.</p> <p>'Are you to get in at all?' said the Footman. 'That's the first question, you know.'</p>	<p>Of course she knocked at the door to begin with: but nobody came: so she had to open it for herself.</p>

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
	<p>‘Are you to get in at all?’ said the Footman. ‘That’s the first question, you know.’</p> <p>It was, no doubt: only Alice did not like to be told so. ‘It’s really dreadful,’ she muttered to herself, ‘the way all the creatures argue. It’s enough to drive one crazy!’</p> <p>The Footman seemed to think this a good opportunity for repeating his remark, with variations. ‘I shall sit here,’ he said, ‘on and off, for days and days.’</p> <p>‘But what am I to do?’ said Alice.</p> <p>‘Anything you like,’ said the Footman, and began whistling.</p> <p>‘Oh, there’s no use in talking to him,’ said Alice desperately: ‘he’s perfectly idiotic!’ And she opened the door and went in.</p>	
	<p>The door led right into a large kitchen, which was full of smoke from one end to the other: the Duchess was sitting on a three-legged stool in the middle, nursing a baby; the cook was leaning over the fire, stirring a large cauldron which seemed to be full of soup.</p> <p>‘There’s certainly too much pepper in that soup!’ Alice said to herself, as well as she could for sneezing.</p> <p>There was certainly too much of it in the air. Even the Duchess sneezed occasionally; and as for the baby, it was sneezing and howling alternately without a moment’s pause. The only things in the kitchen that did not sneeze, were the cook, and a large cat which was sitting on the hearth and grinning from ear to ear.</p>	<p>Now, if you look at the picture, you’ll see exactly what Alice saw when she got inside.</p> <p>The door led right into the kitchen, you see. The Duchess sat in the middle of the room, nursing the Baby. The Baby was howling. The soup was boiling. The Cook was stirring the soup. The Cat--it was a <i>Cheshire</i> Cat--was grinning, as Cheshire Cats always do. All these things were happening just as Alice went in.</p> <p>The Duchess has a beautiful cap and gown, hasn’t she? But I’m afraid she <i>hasn’t</i> got a very beautiful <i>face</i>.</p>
	<p>‘Please would you tell me,’ said Alice, a little timidly, for she was not quite sure whether it was good manners for her to speak first, ‘why your cat grins like that?’</p> <p>‘It’s a Cheshire cat,’ said the Duchess, ‘and that’s why. Pig!’</p> <p>She said the last word with such sudden violence that Alice quite jumped; but she saw in another moment that it was addressed to the baby, and not to her, so she took courage, and went on again:--</p> <p>‘I didn’t know that Cheshire cats always grinned; in fact, I didn’t know that cats <i>could</i> grin.’</p> <p>‘They all can,’ said the Duchess; ‘and most of ‘em do.’</p> <p>‘I don’t know of any that do,’ Alice said very politely, feeling quite pleased to have got into a conversation.</p> <p>‘You don’t know much,’ said the Duchess; ‘and that’s a fact.’</p>	<p>The Baby--well, I daresay you’ve seen <i>several</i> nicer babies than <i>that</i>: and more good-tempered ones, too. However, take a good look at it, and we’ll see if you know it again, next time you meet it!</p> <p>The Cook--well, you <i>may</i> have seen nicer cooks, once or twice.</p> <p>But I’m nearly sure you’ve <i>never</i> seen a nicer <i>Cat</i>! Now <i>have</i> you? And <i>wouldn’t</i> you like to have a Cat of your own, just like that one, with lovely green eyes, and smiling so sweetly?</p>

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
	<p>Alice did not at all like the tone of this remark, and thought it would be as well to introduce some other subject of conversation. While she was trying to fix on one, the cook took the cauldron of soup off the fire, and at once set to work throwing everything within her reach at the Duchess and the baby --the fire-irons came first; then followed a shower of saucepans, plates, and dishes. The Duchess took no notice of them even when they hit her; and the baby was howling so much already, that it was quite impossible to say whether the blows hurt it or not.</p> <p>'Oh, <i>please</i> mind what you're doing!' cried Alice, jumping up and down in an agony of terror. 'Oh, there goes his <i>precious</i> nose'; as an unusually large saucepan flew close by it, and very nearly carried it off.</p>	
	<p>'If everybody minded their own business,' the Duchess said in a hoarse growl, 'the world would go round a deal faster than it does.'</p> <p>'Which would <i>not</i> be an advantage,' said Alice, who felt very glad to get an opportunity of showing off a little of her knowledge. 'Just think of what work it would make with the day and night! You see the earth takes twenty-four hours to turn round on its axis--'</p> <p>'Talking of axes,' said the Duchess, 'chop off her head!'</p> <p>Alice glanced rather anxiously at the cook, to see if she meant to take the hint; but the cook was busily stirring the soup, and seemed not to be listening, so she went on again: 'Twenty-four hours, I <i>think</i>; or is it twelve? I--'</p> <p>'Oh, don't bother <i>me</i>,' said the Duchess; 'I never could abide figures!' And with that she began nursing her child again, singing a sort of lullaby to it as she did so, and giving it a violent shake at the end of every line:</p>	
	<p>'Speak roughly to your little boy, And beat him when he sneezes: He only does it to annoy, Because he knows it teases.'</p> <p>CHORUS. (In which the cook and the baby joined).-- 'Wow! wow! wow!'</p> <p>While the Duchess sang the second verse of the song, she kept tossing the baby violently up and down, and the poor little thing howled so, that Alice could hardly hear the words:--</p> <p>'I speak severely to my boy, I beat him when he sneezes; For he can thoroughly enjoy The pepper when he pleases!'</p> <p>CHORUS. 'Wow! wow! wow!'</p>	

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
	<p>‘Here! You may nurse it a bit, if you like!’ the Duchess said to Alice, flinging the baby at her as she spoke. ‘I must go and get ready to play croquet with the Queen,’ and she hurried out of the room. The cook threw a frying-pan after her as she went out, but it just missed her.</p> <p>Alice caught the baby with some difficulty, as it was a queer-shaped little creature, and held out its arms and legs in all directions. ‘Just like a star-fish,’ thought Alice. The poor little thing was snorting like a steam-engine when she caught it, and kept doubling itself up and straightening itself out again, so that altogether, for the first minute or two, it was as much as she could do to hold it.</p> <p>As soon as she had made out the proper way of nursing it, (which was to twist it up into a sort of knot, and then keep tight hold of its right ear and left foot, so as to prevent its undoing itself,) she carried it out into the open air. ‘If I don’t take this child away with me,’ thought Alice, ‘they’re sure to kill it in a day or two: wouldn’t it be murder to leave it behind?’ She said the last words out loud, and the little thing grunted in reply (it had left off sneezing by this time). ‘Don’t grunt,’ said Alice; ‘that’s not at all a proper way of expressing yourself.’</p> <p>The baby grunted again, and Alice looked very anxiously into its face to see what was the matter with it. There could be no doubt that it had a very turn-up nose, much more like a snout than a real nose; also its eyes were getting extremely small for a baby: altogether Alice did not like the look of the thing at all. ‘But perhaps it was only sobbing,’ she thought, and looked into its eyes again, to see if there were any tears.</p>	<p>The Duchess was very rude to Alice. And no wonder. Why, she even called her own <i>Baby</i> ‘Pig!’ And it <i>wasn’t</i> a Pig, was it? And she ordered the Cook to chop off Alice’s head: though of course the Cook didn’t do it: and at last she threw the Baby at her! So Alice caught the Baby, and took it away with her: and I think that was about the best thing she could do.</p> <p>So she wandered away, through the wood, carrying the ugly little thing with her. And a great job it was to keep hold of it, it wriggled about so. But at last she found out that the <i>proper</i> way was, to keep tight hold of its left foot and its right ear.</p> <p>But don’t <i>you</i> try to hold on to a Baby like that, my Child! There are not many babies that <i>like</i> being nursed in <i>that</i> way!</p>
	<p>No, there were no tears. ‘If you’re going to turn into a pig, my dear,’ said Alice, seriously, ‘I’ll have nothing more to do with you. Mind now!’ The poor little thing sobbed again (or grunted, it was impossible to say which), and they went on for some while in silence.</p> <p>Alice was just beginning to think to herself, ‘Now, what am I to do with this creature when I get it home?’ when it grunted again, so violently, that she looked down into its face in some alarm. This time there could be <i>no</i> mistake about it: it was neither more nor less than a pig, and she felt that it would be quite absurd for her to carry it further.</p>	<p>Well, and so the Baby kept grunting, and grunting, so that Alice had to say to it, quite seriously, “If you’re going to turn into a <i>Pig</i>, my dear, I’ll have nothing more to do with you. Mind now!”</p> <p>And at last she looked down into its face, and what <i>do</i> you think had happened to it? Look at the picture, and see if you can guess.</p> <p>“Why, <i>that’s</i> not the Baby that Alice was nursing, is it?”</p> <p>Ah, I <i>knew</i> you wouldn’t know it again, though I told you to take a good look at it! Yes, it <i>is</i> the Baby. And it’s turned into a little <i>Pig</i>!</p>
	<p>So she set the little creature down, and felt quite relieved to see it trot away quietly into the wood. ‘If it had grown up,’ she said to herself, ‘it would have made a dreadfully ugly child: but it makes rather a handsome pig, I think.’ And she began thinking over other children she knew, who might do very well as pigs, and was just saying to herself, ‘if one only knew the right way to change them—’ when she was a little startled by seeing the Cheshire Cat sitting on a bough of a tree a few yards off.</p>	<p>So Alice put it down, and let it trot away into the wood. And she said to herself “It was a <i>very</i> ugly <i>Baby</i>: but it makes a rather handsome <i>Pig</i>, I think.”</p> <p>Don’t you think she was right?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">9 – THE CHESHIRE-CAT</p> <p>All alone, all alone! Poor Alice! No Baby, not even a <i>Pig</i> to keep her company!</p> <p>So you may be sure she was very glad indeed, when she saw the Cheshire-Cat, perched up in a tree, over her head.</p>

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
	<p>The Cat only grinned when it saw Alice. It looked good-natured, she thought: still it had <i>very</i> long claws and a great many teeth, so she felt that it ought to be treated with respect.</p> <p>'Cheshire Puss,' she began, rather timidly, as she did not at all know whether it would like the name: however, it only grinned a little wider. 'Come, it's pleased so far,' thought Alice, and she went on. 'Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?'</p> <p>'That depends a good deal on where you want to get to,' said the Cat.</p> <p>'I don't much care where--' said Alice.</p> <p>'Then it doesn't matter which way you go,' said the Cat.</p> <p>'--so long as I get <i>somewhere</i>,' Alice added as an explanation.</p> <p>'Oh, you're sure to do that,' said the Cat, 'if you only walk long enough.'</p>	<p>The Cat has a very nice smile, no doubt: but just look what a lot of teeth it's got! Isn't Alice just a <i>little</i> shy of it?</p> <p>Well, yes, a <i>little</i>. But then, it couldn't help having teeth, you know: and it <i>could</i> have helped smiling, supposing it had been cross. So, on the whole, she was <i>glad</i>.</p> <p>Doesn't Alice look very prim, holding her head so straight up, and with her hands behind her, just as is she were going to say her lessons to the Cat!</p> <p>And that reminds me. There's a little lesson I want to teach <i>you</i>, while we're looking at this picture of Alice and the Cat. Now don't be in a bad temper about it, my dear Child! It's a very <i>little</i> lesson indeed!</p> <p>Do you see that Fox-Glove growing close to the tree? And do you know <i>why</i> it's called a <i>Fox-Glove</i>? Perhaps you think it's got something to do with a Fox? No indeed! <i>Foxes</i> never wear Gloves!</p> <p>The right word is "<i>Folk's-Gloves</i>." Did you ever hear that Fairies used to be called "the good <i>Folk</i>"?</p> <p>Now we've finished the lesson, and we'll wait a minute, till you've got your temper again.</p> <p>Well? Do you feel quite good-natured again? No temper-ache? No crossness about the corners of the mouth? Then we'll go on.</p> <p>"Cheshire Puss!" said Alice. (<i>Wasn't</i> that a pretty name for a Cat?) "Would you tell me which way I ought to go from here?"</p>
	<p>Alice felt that this could not be denied, so she tried another question. 'What sort of people live about here?'</p> <p>'In <i>that</i> direction,' the Cat said, waving its right paw round, 'lives a Hatter: and in <i>that</i> direction, waving the other paw, 'lives a March Hare. Visit either you like: they're both mad.'</p> <p>'But I don't want to go among mad people,' Alice remarked.</p> <p>'Oh, you can't help that,' said the Cat: 'we're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad.'</p> <p>'How do you know I'm mad?' said Alice.</p>	<p>And so the Cheshire-Cat told her which way she ought to go, if she wanted to visit the Hatter, and which way to go, to visit the March Hare. "They're both mad!" said the Cat.</p>

	<p>'You must be,' said the Cat, 'or you wouldn't have come here.'</p> <p>Alice didn't think that proved it at all; however, she went on 'And how do you know that you're mad?'</p> <p>'To begin with,' said the Cat, 'a dog's not mad. You grant that?'</p> <p>'I suppose so,' said Alice.</p> <p>'Well, then,' the Cat went on, 'you see, a dog growls when it's angry, and wags its tail when it's pleased. Now I growl when I'm pleased, and wag my tail when I'm angry. Therefore I'm mad.'</p> <p>'I call it purring, not growling,' said Alice.</p> <p>'Call it what you like,' said the Cat. 'Do you play croquet with the Queen to-day?'</p> <p>'I should like it very much,' said Alice, 'but I haven't been invited yet.'</p> <p>'You'll see me there,' said the Cat, and vanished.</p>	<p>And then the Cat vanished away, just like the flame of a candle when it goes out!</p>
	<p>Alice was not much surprised at this, she was getting so used to queer things happening. While she was looking at the place where it had been, it suddenly appeared again.</p> <p>'By-the-bye, what became of the baby?' said the Cat. 'I'd nearly forgotten to ask.'</p> <p>'It turned into a pig,' Alice quietly said, just as if it had come back in a natural way.</p> <p>'I thought it would,' said the Cat, and vanished again.</p>	
	<p>Alice waited a little, half expecting to see it again, but it did not appear, and after a minute or two she walked on in the direction in which the March Hare was said to live. 'I've seen hatters before,' she said to herself; 'the March Hare will be much the most interesting, and perhaps as this is May it won't be raving mad--at least not so mad as it was in March.' As she said this, she looked up, and there was the Cat again, sitting on a branch of a tree.</p> <p>'Did you say pig, or fig?' said the Cat.</p> <p>'I said pig,' replied Alice; 'and I wish you wouldn't keep appearing and vanishing so suddenly; you make one quite giddy.'</p>	<p>So Alice set off, to visit the March Hare. And as she went along, there was the Cat again! And she told it she didn't <i>like</i> it coming and going so quickly.</p>
	<p>'All right,' said the Cat; and this time it vanished quite slowly, beginning with the end of the tail, and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone.</p> <p>'Well! I've often seen a cat without a grin,' thought Alice; 'but a grin without a cat! It's the most curious thing I ever saw in my life!'</p>	<p>So this time the Cat vanished quite slowly, beginning with the tail, and ending with the grin. Wasn't <i>that</i> a curious thing, a Grin without any Cat? Would you like to see one?</p> <p>If you turn up the corner of this leaf, you'll have Alice looking at the Grin: and she doesn't look a bit more frightened than when she was looking at the Cat, <i>does</i> she?</p>
	<p>She had not gone much farther before she came in sight of the house of the March Hare: she thought it must be the right house, because the chimneys were shaped like ears and the roof was thatched with fur. It was so large a house, that she did not like to go nearer till she had nibbled some more of the left hand bit of mushroom, and raised herself to about two feet high: even then she walked up towards it rather timidly, saying to herself 'Suppose it should be raving mad after all! I almost wish I'd gone to see the Hatter instead!'</p>	

<p><i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i></p>	<p><i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i></p> <p>7 – A MAD TEA-PARTY</p> <p>There was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it: a Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. 'Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse,' thought Alice; 'only, as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind.'</p> <p>The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it: 'No room! No room!' they cried out when they saw Alice coming. 'There's plenty of room!' said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.</p>	<p><i>The Nursery Alice</i></p> <p>10 – THE MAD TEA-PARTY</p> <p>This is the Mad Tea-Party. You see Alice had left the Cheshire-Cat, and had gone off to see the March Hare and the Hatter, as the Cheshire-Cat had advised her: and she found them having tea under a great tree, with a Dormouse sitting between them.</p> <p>There were only those three at the table, but there were quantities of tea-cups set all along it: you can't see all the table, you know, and even in the bit you <i>can</i> see there are nine cups, counting the one the March Hare has got in his hand.</p> <p>That's the March Hare, with the long ears, and straws mixed up with his hair. The straw showed he was mad--I don't know why. Never twist up straws among <i>your</i> hair, for fear people should think you're mad!</p> <p>There was a nice green arm-chair at the end of the table, that looked as if it was just meant for Alice: so she went and sat down in it.</p>
	<p>'Have some wine,' the March Hare said in an encouraging tone. Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. 'I don't see any wine,' she remarked.</p> <p>'There isn't any,' said the March Hare.</p> <p>'Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it,' said Alice angrily.</p> <p>'It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited,' said the March Hare.</p> <p>'I didn't know it was <i>your</i> table,' said Alice; 'it's laid for a great many more than three.'</p> <p>'Your hair wants cutting,' said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.</p> <p>'You should learn not to make personal remarks,' Alice said with some severity; 'it's very rude.'</p>	<p>Then she had quite a long talk with the March Hare and the Hatter. The Dormouse didn't say much. You see it was fast asleep generally, and it only just woke up for a moment, now and then.</p> <p>As long as it was asleep, it was very useful to the March Hare and the Hatter, because it had a nice round soft head, just like a pillow: so they could put their elbows on it, and lean across it, an talk to each other quite comfortably. You wouldn't like people to use <i>your</i> head for a pillow, <i>would</i> you? But if you were fast asleep, like the Dormouse, you wouldn't feel it: so I suppose you wouldn't care about it.</p> <p>I'm afraid they gave Alice <i>very</i> little to eat and drink. However, after a bit, she helped herself to some tea and bread-and-butter: only I don't quite see where she <i>got</i> the bread-and-butter: and she had no plate for it. Nobody seems to have a plate except the Hatter. I believe the March Hare must have had one as well: because, when they all moved one place on (that was the rule at this curious tea-party), and Alice had to go into the place of the March Hare, she found he had just upset the milk-jug into his plate. So I suppose his plate and the milk-jug are hidden behind that large tea-pot.</p> <p>The hatter used to carry about hats to sell: and even the one that he's got on his head is meant to be sold. you see it's got its price marked on it--a "10" and a "6"--that means "ten shillings and sixpence." Wasn't that a funny way of selling hats? And hasn't he got a beautiful neck-tie on? Such a lovely yellow tie, with large red spots.</p> <p>He has just got up to say to Alice "Your hair wants cutting!" That was a rude thing to say, <i>wasn't</i> it? And do you think her hair <i>does</i> want cutting? I think it's a very pretty length--just the right length.</p>

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
	<p>The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he <i>said</i> was, 'Why is a raven like a writing-desk?'</p> <p>'Come, we shall have some fun now!' thought Alice. 'I'm glad they've begun asking riddles.--I believe I can guess that,' she added aloud.</p> <p>'Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?' said the March Hare.</p> <p>'Exactly so,' said Alice.</p> <p>'Then you should say what you mean,' the March Hare went on.</p> <p>'I do,' Alice hastily replied; 'at least--at least I mean what I say--that's the same thing, you know.'</p> <p>'Not the same thing a bit!' said the Hatter. 'You might just as well say that "I see what I eat" is the same thing as "I eat what I see"!'</p> <p>'You might just as well say,' added the March Hare, 'that "I like what I get" is the same thing as "I get what I like"!'</p> <p>'You might just as well say,' added the Dormouse, who seemed to be talking in his sleep, 'that "I breathe when I sleep" is the same thing as "I sleep when I breathe"!'</p> <p>'It <i>is</i> the same thing with you,' said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which wasn't much.</p>	
	<p>The Hatter was the first to break the silence. 'What day of the month is it?' he said, turning to Alice: he had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.</p> <p>Alice considered a little, and then said 'The fourth.'</p> <p>'Two days wrong!' sighed the Hatter. 'I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!' he added looking angrily at the March Hare.</p> <p>'It was the <i>best</i> butter,' the March Hare meekly replied.</p> <p>'Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well,' the Hatter grumbled: 'you shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife.'</p> <p>The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily: then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again: but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark. 'It was the <i>best</i> butter, you know.'</p>	
	<p>Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. 'What a funny watch!' she remarked. 'It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!'</p> <p>'Why should it?' muttered the Hatter. 'Does <i>your</i> watch tell you what year it is?'</p> <p>'Of course not,' Alice replied very readily: 'but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together.'</p> <p>'Which is just the case with <i>mine</i>,' said the Hatter.</p> <p>Alice felt dreadfully puzzled. The Hatter's remark seemed to have no sort of meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English. 'I don't quite understand you,' she said, as politely as she could.</p>	

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
	<p>‘The Dormouse is asleep again,’ said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea upon its nose. The Dormouse shook its head impatiently, and said, without opening its eyes, ‘Of course, of course; just what I was going to remark myself.’</p> <p>‘Have you guessed the riddle yet?’ the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.</p> <p>‘No, I give it up,’ Alice replied: ‘what’s the answer?’</p> <p>‘I haven’t the slightest idea,’ said the Hatter.</p> <p>‘Nor I,’ said the March Hare.</p>	
	<p>Alice sighed wearily. ‘I think you might do something better with the time,’ she said, ‘than waste it in asking riddles that have no answers.’</p> <p>‘If you knew Time as well as I do,’ said the Hatter, ‘you wouldn’t talk about wasting <i>it</i>. It’s <i>him</i>.’</p> <p>‘I don’t know what you mean,’ said Alice.</p> <p>‘Of course you don’t!’ the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. ‘I dare say you never even spoke to Time!’</p> <p>‘Perhaps not,’ Alice cautiously replied: ‘but I know I have to beat time when I learn music.’</p> <p>‘Ah! that accounts for it,’ said the Hatter. ‘He won’t stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he’d do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o’clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons: you’d only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!’</p> <p>(I only wish it was,’ the March Hare said to itself in a whisper.)</p> <p>‘That would be grand, certainly,’ said Alice thoughtfully: ‘but then--I shouldn’t be hungry for it, you know.’</p> <p>‘Not at first, perhaps,’ said the Hatter: ‘but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked.’</p>	
	<p>‘Is that the way <i>you</i> manage?’ Alice asked.</p> <p>The Hatter shook his head mournfully. ‘Not I!’ he replied. ‘We quarrelled last March--just before <i>he</i> went mad, you know--’ (pointing with his tea spoon at the March Hare.) ‘--it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">"Twinkle, twinkle, little bat! How I wonder what you're at!"</p> <p>You know the song, perhaps?’</p> <p>‘I’ve heard something like it,’ said Alice.</p> <p>‘It goes on, you know,’ the Hatter continued, ‘in this way:--</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">"Up above the world you fly, Like a tea-tray in the sky. Twinkle, twinkle--"</p>	

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
	<p>Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep `Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle--' and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.</p> <p>`Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse,' said the Hatter, `when the Queen jumped up and bawled out, "He's murdering the time! Off with his head!"'</p> <p>`How dreadfully savage!' exclaimed Alice.</p> <p>`And ever since that,' the Hatter went on in a mournful tone, `he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now.'</p> <p>A bright idea came into Alice's head. `Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?' she asked.</p> <p>`Yes, that's it,' said the Hatter with a sigh: `it's always tea-time, and we've no time to wash the things between whiles.'</p> <p>`Then you keep moving round, I suppose?' said Alice.</p> <p>`Exactly so,' said the Hatter: `as the things get used up.'</p> <p>`But what happens when you come to the beginning again?' Alice ventured to ask.</p>	
	<p>tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story.'</p> <p>`I'm afraid I don't know one,' said Alice, rather alarmed at the proposal.</p> <p>`Then the Dormouse shall!' they both cried. `Wake up, Dormouse!' And they pinched it on both sides at once.</p> <p>The Dormouse slowly opened his eyes. `I wasn't asleep,' he said in a hoarse, feeble voice: `I heard every word you fellows were saying.'</p> <p>`Tell us a story!' said the March Hare.</p> <p>`Yes, please do!' pleaded Alice.</p> <p>`And be quick about it,' added the Hatter, `or you'll be asleep again before it's done.'</p>	
	<p>`Once upon a time there were three little sisters,' the Dormouse began in a great hurry; `and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well--'</p> <p>`What did they live on?' said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.</p> <p>`They lived on treacle,' said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.</p> <p>`They couldn't have done that, you know,' Alice gently remarked; `they'd have been ill.'</p> <p>`So they were,' said the Dormouse; `very ill.'</p> <p>Alice tried to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary way of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much, so she went on: `But why did they live at the bottom of a well?'</p> <p>`Take some more tea,' the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.</p> <p>`I've had nothing yet,' Alice replied in an offended tone, `so I can't take more.'</p> <p>`You mean you can't take <i>less</i>,' said the Hatter: `it's very easy to take <i>more</i> than nothing.'</p> <p>`Nobody asked <i>your</i> opinion,' said Alice.</p> <p>`Who's making personal remarks now?' the Hatter asked triumphantly.</p>	

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
	<p>Alice did not quite know what to say to this: so she helped herself to some tea and bread-and-butter, and then turned to the Dormouse, and repeated her question. 'Why did they live at the bottom of a well?'</p> <p>The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said, 'It was a treacle-well.'</p> <p>'There's no such thing!' Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went 'Sh! sh!' and the Dormouse sulkily remarked, 'If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself.'</p> <p>'No, please go on!' Alice said very humbly; 'I won't interrupt again. I dare say there may be <i>one</i>.'</p> <p>'One, indeed!' said the Dormouse indignantly. However, he consented to go on. 'And so these three little sisters--they were learning to draw, you know--'</p> <p>'What did they draw?' said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.</p> <p>'Treacle,' said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.</p>	
	<p>'I want a clean cup,' interrupted the Hatter: 'let's all move one place on.'</p> <p>He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him: the March Hare moved into the Dormouse's place, and Alice rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the change: and Alice was a good deal worse off than before, as the March Hare had just upset the milk-jug into his plate.</p> <p>Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously: 'But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?'</p> <p>'You can draw water out of a water-well,' said the Hatter; 'so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well--eh, stupid?'</p> <p>'But they were <i>in</i> the well,' Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.</p> <p>'Of course they were,' said the Dormouse; '--well in.'</p>	
	<p>This answer so confused poor Alice, that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.</p> <p>'They were learning to draw,' the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; 'and they drew all manner of things--everything that begins with an M--'</p> <p>'Why with an M?' said Alice.</p> <p>'Why not?' said the March Hare.</p> <p>Alice was silent.</p> <p>The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze; but, on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and went on: '--that begins with an M, such as mouse-traps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness-- you know you say things are "much of a muchness"--did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?'</p> <p>'Really, now you ask me,' said Alice, very much confused, 'I don't think--'</p> <p>'Then you shouldn't talk,' said the Hatter.</p>	

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p>It was so long since she had been of the right size that it felt quite strange at first, but she got quite used to it in a minute or two, and began talking to herself as usual: "well! there's half my plan done now! How puzzling all these changes are! I'm never sure what I'm going to be, from one minute to another! However, I've got to my right size again: the next thing is, to get into that beautiful garden--how <i>is</i> that to be done, I wonder?"</p> <p>Just as she said this, she noticed that one of the trees had a doorway leading right into it. "That's very curious!" she thought, "but everything's curious today: I may as well go in." And in she went.</p> <p>Once more she found herself in the long hall, and close to the little glass table: "now, I'll manage better this time" she said to herself, and began by taking the little golden key, and unlocking the door that led into the garden. Then she set to work eating the pieces of mushroom till she was about fifteen inches high: then she walked down the little passage: and <i>then---</i> she found herself at last in the beautiful garden, among the bright flowerbeds and the cool fountains.</p>	<p>This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear: she got up in great disgust, and walked off; the Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her: the last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.</p> <p>`At any rate I'll never go <i>there</i> again!' said Alice as she picked her way through the wood. `It's the stupidest tea-party I ever was at in all my life!'</p> <p>Just as she said this, she noticed that one of the trees had a door leading right into it. `That's very curious!' she thought. `But everything's curious today. I think I may as well go in at once.' And in she went.</p> <p>Once more she found herself in the long hall, and close to the little glass table. `Now, I'll manage better this time,' she said to herself, and began by taking the little golden key, and unlocking the door that led into the garden. Then she went to work nibbling at the mushroom (she had kept a piece of it in her pocket) till she was about a foot high: then she walked down the little passage: and <i>then--</i>she found herself at last in the beautiful garden, among the bright flower-beds and the cool fountains.</p>	

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p>CHAPTER 4</p> <p>A large rose tree stood near the entrance of the garden: the roses on it were white, but there were three gardeners at it, busily painting them red. This Alice thought a very curious thing, and she went near to watch them, and just as she came up she heard one of them say "look out, Five! Don't go splashing paint over me like that!"</p> <p>"I couldn't help it," said Five in a sulky tone, "Seven jogged my elbow."</p> <p>On which Seven lifted up his head and said "that's right, Five! Always lay the blame on others!"</p> <p>"You'd better not talk!" said Five, "I heard the Queen say only yesterday she thought of having you beheaded!"</p> <p>"What for?" said the one who had spoken first.</p> <p>"That's not your business, Two!" said Seven.</p> <p>"Yes, it <i>is</i> his business!" said Five, "and I'll tell him: it was for bringing tulip-roots to the cook instead of potatoes."</p> <p>Seven flung down his brush, and had just begun "well! Of all the unjust things--" when his eye fell upon Alice, and he stopped suddenly: the others looked round, and all of them took off their hats and bowed low.</p>	<p>8 – THE QUEEN'S CROQUET-GROUND</p> <p>A large rose-tree stood near the entrance of the garden: the roses growing on it were white, but there were three gardeners at it, busily painting them red. Alice thought this a very curious thing, and she went nearer to watch them, and just as she came up to them she heard one of them say, 'Look out now, Five! Don't go splashing paint over me like that!'</p> <p>'I couldn't help it,' said Five, in a sulky tone; 'Seven jogged my elbow.'</p> <p>On which Seven looked up and said, 'That's right, Five! Always lay the blame on others!'</p> <p>'You'd better not talk!' said Five. 'I heard the Queen say only yesterday you deserved to be beheaded!'</p> <p>'What for?' said the one who had spoken first.</p> <p>'That's none of <i>your</i> business, Two!' said Seven.</p> <p>'Yes, it <i>is</i> his business!' said Five, 'and I'll tell him--it was for bringing the cook tulip-roots instead of onions.'</p> <p>Seven flung down his brush, and had just begun 'Well, of all the unjust things--' when his eye chanced to fall upon Alice, as she stood watching them, and he checked himself suddenly: the others looked round also, and all of them bowed low.</p>	<p>11 – THE QUEEN'S GARDEN</p> <p>This is a little bit of the beautiful garden I told you about. You see Alice had managed at last to get quite small, so that she could go through the little door. I suppose she was about as tall as a mouse, if it stood on its hind-legs: so of course this was a <i>very</i> tiny rose-tree: and these are <i>very</i> tiny gardeners.</p> <p>What funny little men they are! But <i>are</i> they men, do you think? I think they must be live cards, with just a head, and arms, and legs, so as to <i>look</i> like little men. And what <i>are</i> they doing with that red paint, I wonder? Well, you see, this is what they told Alice. The Queen of Hearts wanted to have a <i>red</i> rose-tree just in that corner: and these poor little gardeners had made a great mistake, and had put in a <i>white</i> one instead: and they were so frightened about it, because the Queen was <i>sure</i> to be angry, and then she would order all their heads to be cut off!</p> <p>She was a dreadfully savage Queen, and that was the way she always did, when she was angry with people. "Off with their head!" They didn't <i>really</i> cut their heads off, you know: because nobody ever obeyed her: but that was what she always <i>said</i>.</p>
<p>"Would you tell me, please," said Alice timidly, "why you are painting those roses?"</p> <p>Five and Seven looked at Two, but said nothing: Two began, in a low voice, "why, Miss, the fact is, this ought to have been a red rose tree, and we put a white one in by mistake, and if the Queen was to find it out, we should all have our heads cut off. So, you see, we're doing our best, before she comes, to--" At this moment Five, who had been looking anxiously across the garden called out "the Queen! the Queen!" and the three gardeners instantly threw themselves flat upon their faces. There was a sound of many footsteps, and Alice looked round, eager to see the Queen.</p>	<p>"Would you tell me," said Alice, a little timidly, "why you are painting those roses?"</p> <p>Five and Seven said nothing, but looked at Two. Two began in a low voice, "Why the fact is, you see, Miss, this here ought to have been a <i>red</i> rose-tree, and we put a white one in by mistake; and if the Queen was to find it out, we should all have our heads cut off, you know. So you see, Miss, we're doing our best, afore she comes, to--" At this moment Five, who had been anxiously looking across the garden, called out "The Queen! The Queen!" and the three gardeners instantly threw themselves flat upon their faces. There was a sound of many footsteps, and Alice looked round, eager to see the Queen.</p>	<p>Now can't you guess what the poor little gardeners are trying to do? They're trying to point the roses <i>red</i>, and they're in a great hurry to get it done before the Queen comes. And <i>perhaps</i> the Queen won't find out it was a white rose-tree to begin with: and then <i>perhaps</i> the little men won't get their heads cut off!</p> <p>You see there were <i>five</i> large white roses on the tree--such a job to get them all painted red! But they've got three and a half done, now, and if only they wouldn't stop to talk--work away, little men, <i>do</i> work away! Or the Queen will be coming before it's done! And if she finds any <i>white</i> roses on the tree, do you know what will happen? It will be "Off with their heads!" Oh, work away, my little men! Hurry, hurry!</p> <p><i>The Queen has come! And isn't she angry? Oh, my poor little Alice!</i></p>

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p>First came ten soldiers carrying clubs: these were all shaped like the three gardeners, flat and oblong, with their hands and feet at the corners: next the ten courtiers; these were all ornamented with diamonds, and walked two and two, as the soldiers did. After these came the Royal children: there were ten of them, and the little dears and the little dears came jumping merrily along, hand in hand, in couples: they were all ornamented with hearts. Next came the guests, mostly Kings and Queens, mostly kings and queens, among whom Alice recognised the white rabbit: it was talking in a hurried nervous manner, smiling at everything that was noticed by her. Then followed the Knave of Hearts, carrying the King's crown on a cushion, and, last of all this grand procession, came The King and Queen of Hearts.</p>	<p>First came ten soldiers carrying clubs; these were all shaped like the three gardeners, oblong and flat, with their hands and feet at the corners: next the ten courtiers; these were ornamented all over with diamonds, and walked two and two, as the soldiers did. After these came the royal children; there were ten of them, and the little dears came jumping merrily along hand in hand, in couples: they were all ornamented with hearts. Next came the guests, mostly Kings and Queens, and among them Alice recognised the White Rabbit: it was talking in a hurried nervous manner, smiling at everything that was said, and went by without noticing her. Then followed the Knave of Hearts, carrying the King's crown on a crimson velvet cushion; and, last of all this grand procession, came <i>the King and Queen of Hearts</i>.</p>	
<p>When the procession came opposite to Alice, they all stopped and looked at her, and the Queen said severely "who is this?" She said it to the Knave of Hearts, who only bowed and smiled in reply.</p> <p>"Idiot!" said the Queen, turning up her nose, and asked Alice "what's your name?"</p> <p>"My name is Alice, so please your Majesty," said Alice boldly, for she thought to herself, "why, they're only a pack of cards! I needn't be afraid of them!"</p>	<p>Alice was rather doubtful whether she ought not to lie down on her face like the three gardeners, but she could not remember ever having heard of such a rule at processions; and besides, what would be the use of a procession, thought she, if people had all to lie down upon their faces, so that they couldn't see it? So she stood still where she was, and waited.</p> <p>When the procession came opposite to Alice, they all stopped and looked at her, and the Queen said severely "Who is this?" She said it to the Knave of Hearts, who only bowed and smiled in reply.</p> <p>"Idiot!" said the Queen, tossing her head impatiently; and, turning to Alice, she went on, "What's your name, child?"</p> <p>"My name is Alice, so please your Majesty," said Alice very politely; but she added, to herself, "Why, they're only a pack of cards, after all. I needn't be afraid of them!"</p>	
<p>"Who are these?" said the Queen, pointing to the three gardeners lying round the rose tree, for, as they were lying on their faces, and the pattern on their backs was the same as the rest of the pack, she could not tell whether they were gardeners, or soldiers, or courtiers, or three of her own children.</p> <p>"How should I know?" said Alice, surprised at her own courage, "it's no business of <i>mine</i>."</p> <p>The Queen turned crimson with fury, and, after glaring at her for a minute, began in a voice of thunder, "off with her--"</p> <p>"Nonsense!" said Alice, very loudly and decidedly, and the Queen was silent.</p> <p>The King laid his hand upon her arm, and said timidly "remember my dear! She is only a child!"</p>	<p>'And who are <i>these?</i>' said the Queen, pointing to the three gardeners who were lying round the rosetree; for, you see, as they were lying on their faces, and the pattern on their backs was the same as the rest of the pack, she could not tell whether they were gardeners, or soldiers, or courtiers, or three of her own children.</p> <p>'How should I know?' said Alice, surprised at her own courage. 'It's no business of <i>mine</i>.'</p> <p>The Queen turned crimson with fury, and, after glaring at her for a moment like a wild beast, screamed 'Off with her head! Off--'</p> <p>'Nonsense!' said Alice, very loudly and decidedly, and the Queen was silent.</p> <p>The King laid his hand upon her arm, and timidly said 'Consider, my dear: she is only a child!'</p>	

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p>The Queen turned angrily away from him, and said to the Knave "turn them over!"</p> <p>The Knave did so, very carefully, with one foot.</p> <p>"Get up!" said the Queen, in a shrill loud voice, and the three gardeners instantly jumped up, and began bowing to the King, the Queen, the Royal children, and everybody else.</p> <p>"Leave off that!" screamed the Queen, "you make me giddy." And then, turning to the rose tree, she went on "what have you been doing here?"</p> <p>"May it please your Majesty," said Two very humbly, going down on one knee as he spoke, "we were trying--"</p> <p>"I see!" said the Queen, who had been examining the roses, "off with their heads!" and the procession moved on, three of the soldiers remaining behind to execute the three unfortunate gardeners, who ran to Alice for protection.</p> <p>"You sha'n't be beheaded!" said Alice, and she put them into her pocket: the three soldiers marched once round her, looking for them, and then quietly marched off after the others.</p> <p>"Are their heads off?" shouted the Queen.</p> <p>"Their heads are gone," the soldiers shouted in reply, "if it please your Majesty!"</p>	<p>The Queen turned angrily away from him, and said to the Knave "Turn them over!"</p> <p>The Knave did so, very carefully, with one foot.</p> <p>'Get up!' said the Queen, in a shrill, loud voice, and the three gardeners instantly jumped up, and began bowing to the King, the Queen, the royal children, and everybody else.</p> <p>'Leave off that!' screamed the Queen. 'You make me giddy.' And then, turning to the rose-tree, she went on, 'What have you been doing here?'</p> <p>'May it please your Majesty,' said Two, in a very humble tone, going down on one knee as he spoke, 'we were trying--'</p> <p>'I see!' said the Queen, who had meanwhile been examining the roses. 'Off with their heads!' and the procession moved on, three of the soldiers remaining behind to execute the unfortunate gardeners, who ran to Alice for protection.</p> <p>'You shan't be beheaded!' said Alice, and she put them into a large flower-pot that stood near. The three soldiers wandered about for a minute or two, looking for them, and then quietly marched off after the others.</p> <p>'Are their heads off?' shouted the Queen.</p> <p>'Their heads are gone, if it please your Majesty!' the soldiers shouted in reply.</p>	
<p>"That's right!" shouted the Queen, "can you play croquet?"</p> <p>The soldiers were silent, and looked at Alice, as the question was evidently meant for her.</p> <p>"Yes!" shouted Alice at the top of her voice.</p> <p>"Come on then!" roared the Queen, and Alice joined the procession, wondering very much what would happen next.</p> <p>"It's-- it's a very fine day!" said a timid little voice: she was walking by the white rabbit, who was peeping anxiously into her face.</p> <p>"Very," said Alice, "where's the Marchioness?"</p> <p>"Hush, hush!" said the rabbit in a low voice, "she'll hear you. The Queen's the Marchioness: didn't you know that?"</p> <p>"No, I didn't," said Alice, "what of?"</p> <p>"Queen of Hearts," said the rabbit in a whisper, putting its mouth close to her ear, "and Marchioness of Mock Turtles."</p>	<p>'That's right!' shouted the Queen. 'Can you play croquet?'</p> <p>The soldiers were silent, and looked at Alice, as the question was evidently meant for her.</p> <p>'Yes!' shouted Alice.</p> <p>'Come on, then!' roared the Queen, and Alice joined the procession, wondering very much what would happen next.</p> <p>'It's--it's a very fine day!' said a timid voice at her side. She was walking by the White Rabbit, who was peeping anxiously into her face.</p> <p>'Very,' said Alice. '--where's the Duchess?'</p> <p>'Hush! Hush!' said the Rabbit in a low, hurried tone. He looked anxiously over his shoulder as he spoke, and then raised himself upon tiptoe, put his mouth close to her ear, and whispered 'She's under sentence of execution.'</p> <p>'What for?' said Alice.</p> <p>'Did you say "What a pity!"?' the Rabbit asked.</p> <p>'No, I didn't,' said Alice. 'I don't think it's at all a pity. I said "What for?"'</p> <p>'She boxed the Queen's ears--' the Rabbit began. Alice gave a little scream of laughter. 'Oh, hush!' the Rabbit whispered in a frightened tone. 'The Queen will hear you! You see, she came rather late, and the Queen said--'</p>	<p>12 – THE LOBSTER-QUADRILLE</p> <p>Did you ever play at Croquet? There are large wooden balls, painted with different colours, that you have to roll about; and arches of wire, that you have to send them through; and great wooden mallets, with long handles, to knock the balls about with.</p> <p>Now look at the picture, and you'll see that Alice has just been playing a Game of Croquet.</p>

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p>"What are they?" said Alice, but there was no time for the answer, for they had reached the croquet-ground, and the game began instantly.</p> <p>Alice thought she had never seen such a curious croquet-ground in all her life: it was all in ridges and furrows: the croquet-balls were live hedgehogs, the mallets live ostriches, and the soldiers had to double themselves up, and stand on their feet and hands, to make the arches.</p> <p>The chief difficulty which Alice found at first was to manage her ostrich: she got its body tucked away, comfortably enough, under her arm, with its legs hanging down, but generally, just as she had got its neck straightened out nicely, and was going to give a blow with its head, it <i>would</i> twist itself round, and look up into her face, with such a puzzled expression that she could not help bursting out laughing: and when she had got its head down, and was going to begin again, it was very confusing to find that the hedgehog had unrolled itself, and was in the act of crawling away: besides all this, there was generally a ridge or a furrow in her way, wherever she wanted to send the hedgehog to, and as the doubled-up soldiers were always getting up and walking off to other parts of the ground, Alice soon came to the conclusion that it was a very difficult game indeed.</p>	<p>Get to your places!" shouted the Queen in a voice of thunder, and people began running about in all directions, tumbling up against each other; however, they got settled down in a minute or two, and the game began. Alice thought she had never seen such a curious croquet-ground in her life; it was all ridges and furrows; the balls were live hedgehogs, the mallets live flamingos, and the soldiers had to double themselves up and to stand on their hands and feet, to make the arches.</p> <p>The chief difficulty Alice found at first was in managing her flamingo: she succeeded in getting its body tucked away, comfortably enough, under her arm, with its legs hanging down, but generally, just as she had got its neck nicely straightened out, and was going to give the hedgehog a blow with its head, it <i>would</i> twist itself round and look up in her face, with such a puzzled expression that she could not help bursting out laughing: and when she had got its head down, and was going to begin again, it was very provoking to find that the hedgehog had unrolled itself, and was in the act of crawling away: besides all this, there was generally a ridge or furrow in the way wherever she wanted to send the hedgehog to, and as the doubled-up soldiers were always getting up and walking off to other parts of the ground, Alice soon came to the conclusion that it was a very difficult game indeed.</p>	<p>"But she <i>couldn't</i> play, with that great red what's-its-name in her arms! Why, how could she hold the mallet?"</p> <p>Why, my dear Child, that great red what's-its-name (its <i>real</i> name is "<i>a Flamingo</i>") is the mallet! In this Croquet-Game, the balls were live <i>Hedge-hogs</i>--you know a hedgehog can roll itself up into a ball!--and the mallets were live <i>Flamingos</i>!</p>
<p>The players all played at once without waiting for turns, and quarrelled all the while at the tops of their voices, and in a very few minutes the Queen was in a furious passion, and went stamping about and shouting "off with her head!" or "off with his head!" about once in a minute.</p> <p>All those whom she sentenced were taken into custody by the soldiers, who of course had to leave off being arches to do this, so that, by the end of half an hour or so, there were no arches left, and all the players, except the King, the Queen, and Alice, were in custody, and under sentence of execution.</p>	<p>The players all played at once without waiting for turns, quarrelling all the while, and fighting for the hedgehogs; and in a very short time the Queen was in a furious passion, and went stamping about, and shouting "Off with his head!" or "Off with her head!" about once in a minute.</p> <p>Alice began to feel very uneasy: to be sure, she had not as yet had any dispute with the Queen, but she knew that it might happen any minute, and then, thought she, 'what would become of me? They're dreadfully fond of beheading people here; the great wonder is, that there's any one left alive!'</p>	
	<p>She was looking about for some way of escape, and wondering whether she could get away without being seen, when she noticed a curious appearance in the air: it puzzled her very much at first, but, after watching it a minute or two, she made it out to be a grin, and she said to herself "It's the Cheshire Cat: now I shall have somebody to talk to."</p> <p>"How are you getting on?" said the Cat, as soon as there was mouth enough for it to speak with.</p> <p>Alice waited till the eyes appeared, and then nodded. "It's no use speaking to it," she thought, "till its ears have come, or at least one of them." In another minute the whole head appeared, and then Alice put down her flamingo, and began an account of the game, feeling very glad she had someone to listen to her. The Cat seemed to think that there was enough of it now in sight, and no more of it appeared.</p>	

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
	<p>'I don't think they play at all fairly.' Alice began, in rather a complaining tone, 'and they all quarrel so dreadfully one can't hear oneself speak--and they don't seem to have any rules in particular; at least, if there are, nobody attends to them--and you've no idea how confusing it is all the things being alive; for instance, there's the arch I've got to go through next walking about at the other end of the ground--and I should have croqueted the Queen's hedgehog just now, only it ran away when it saw mine coming!'</p> <p>'How do you like the Queen?' said the Cat in a low voice.</p> <p>'Not at all,' said Alice: 'she's so extremely--' Just then she noticed that the Queen was close behind her, listening: so she went on, '--likely to win, that it's hardly worth while finishing the game.'</p> <p>The Queen smiled and passed on.</p>	
	<p>'Who are you talking to?' said the King, going up to Alice, and looking at the Cat's head with great curiosity.</p> <p>'It's a friend of mine--a Cheshire Cat,' said Alice: 'allow me to introduce it.'</p> <p>'I don't like the look of it at all,' said the King: 'however, it may kiss my hand if it likes.'</p> <p>'I'd rather not,' the Cat remarked.</p> <p>'Don't be impertinent,' said the King, 'and don't look at me like that!' He got behind Alice as he spoke.</p> <p>'A cat may look at a king,' said Alice. 'I've read that in some book, but I don't remember where.'</p> <p>'Well, it must be removed,' said the King very decidedly, and he called the Queen, who was passing at the moment, 'My dear! I wish you would have this cat removed!'</p> <p>The Queen had only one way of settling all difficulties, great or small. 'Off with his head!' she said, without even looking round.</p> <p>'I'll fetch the executioner myself,' said the King eagerly, and he hurried off.</p>	
	<p>Alice thought she might as well go back, and see how the game was going on, as she heard the Queen's voice in the distance, screaming with passion. She had already heard her sentence three of the players to be executed for having missed their turns, and she did not like the look of things at all, as the game was in such confusion that she never knew whether it was her turn or not. So she went in search of her hedgehog.</p> <p>The hedgehog was engaged in a fight with another hedgehog, which seemed to Alice an excellent opportunity for croqueting one of them with the other: the only difficulty was, that her flamingo was gone across to the other side of the garden, where Alice could see it trying in a helpless sort of way to fly up into a tree.</p> <p>By the time she had caught the flamingo and brought it back, the fight was over, and both the hedgehogs were out of sight: 'but it doesn't matter much,' thought Alice, 'as all the arches are gone from this side of the ground.' So she tucked it away under her arm, that it might not escape again, and went back for a little more conversation with her friend.</p>	

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
	<p>When she got back to the Cheshire Cat, she was surprised to find quite a large crowd collected round it: there was a dispute going on between the executioner, the King, and the Queen, who were all talking at once, while all the rest were quite silent, and looked very uncomfortable.</p> <p>The moment Alice appeared, she was appealed to by all three to settle the question, and they repeated their arguments to her, though, as they all spoke at once, she found it very hard indeed to make out exactly what they said.</p>	
	<p>The executioner's argument was, that you couldn't cut off a head unless there was a body to cut it off from: that he had never had to do such a thing before, and he wasn't going to begin at <i>his</i> time of life.</p> <p>The King's argument was, that anything that had a head could be beheaded, and that you weren't to talk nonsense.</p> <p>The Queen's argument was, that if something wasn't done about it in less than no time she'd have everybody executed, all round. (It was this last remark that had made the whole party look so grave and anxious.)</p> <p>Alice could think of nothing else to say but `It belongs to the Duchess: you'd better ask <i>her</i> about it.'</p> <p>`She's in prison,' the Queen said to the executioner: `fetch her here.' And the executioner went off like an arrow.</p> <p>The Cat's head began fading away the moment he was gone, and, by the time he had come back with the Duchess, it had entirely disappeared; so the King and the executioner ran wildly up and down looking for it, while the rest of the party went back to the game.</p>	

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
	<p style="text-align: center;">9 – THE MOCK TURTLE'S STORY</p> <p>‘You can't think how glad I am to see you again, you dear old thing!’ said the Duchess, as she tucked her arm affectionately into Alice's, and they walked off together.</p> <p>Alice was very glad to find her in such a pleasant temper, and thought to herself that perhaps it was only the pepper that had made her so savage when they met in the kitchen.</p> <p>‘When I'm a Duchess,’ she said to herself, (not in a very hopeful tone though), ‘I won't have any pepper in my kitchen <i>at all</i>. Soup does very well without—Maybe it's always pepper that makes people hot-tempered,’ she went on, very much pleased at having found out a new kind of rule, ‘and vinegar that makes them sour--and camomile that makes them bitter--and--and barley-sugar and such things that make children sweet-tempered. I only wish people knew that: then they wouldn't be so stingy about it, you know--’</p> <p>She had quite forgotten the Duchess by this time, and was a little startled when she heard her voice close to her ear. ‘You're thinking about something, my dear, and that makes you forget to talk. I can't tell you just now what the moral of that is, but I shall remember it in a bit.’</p> <p>‘Perhaps it hasn't one,’ Alice ventured to remark.</p> <p>‘Tut, tut, child!’ said the Duchess. ‘Everything's got a moral, if only you can find it.’ And she squeezed herself up closer to Alice's side as she spoke.</p>	<p>So Alice is just resting from the Game, for a minute, to have a chat with that dear old thing, the Duchess: and of course she keeps her mallet under her arm, so as not to lose it.</p> <p>“But I don't think she <i>was</i> a dear old thing, one bit! To call her Baby a <i>Pig</i>, and to want to chop off Alice's head!”</p> <p>Oh, that was only a joke, about chopping off Alice's head: and as to the Baby-- why, it <i>was</i> a Pig, you know! And just look at her <i>smile</i>! Why, it's wider than all Alice's head: and yet you can only see half of it!</p>
	<p>Alice did not much like keeping so close to her: first, because the Duchess was <i>very</i> ugly; and secondly, because she was exactly the right height to rest her chin upon Alice's shoulder, and it was an uncomfortably sharp chin. However, she did not like to be rude, so she bore it as well as she could.</p> <p>‘The game's going on rather better now,’ she said, by way of keeping up the conversation a little.</p> <p>‘Tis so,’ said the Duchess: ‘and the moral of that is--’ ‘Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love, that makes the world go round!’</p> <p>‘Somebody said,’ Alice whispered, ‘that it's done by everybody minding their own business!’</p> <p>‘Ah, well! It means much the same thing,’ said the Duchess, digging her sharp little chin into Alice's shoulder as she added, ‘and the moral of <i>that</i> is--’ ‘Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves.’</p> <p>‘How fond she is of finding morals in things!’ Alice thought to herself.</p> <p>‘I dare say you're wondering why I don't put my arm round your waist,’ the Duchess said after a pause: ‘the reason is, that I'm doubtful about the temper of your flamingo. Shall I try the experiment?’</p> <p>‘<i>He</i> might bite,’ Alice cautiously replied, not feeling at all anxious to have the experiment tried.</p> <p>‘Very true,’ said the Duchess: ‘flamingos and mustard both bite. And the moral of that is--’ ‘Birds of a feather flock together.’</p> <p>‘Only mustard isn't a bird,’ Alice remarked.</p> <p>‘Right, as usual,’ said the Duchess: ‘what a clear way you have of putting things!’</p> <p>‘It's a mineral, I <i>think</i>,’ said Alice.</p> <p>‘Of course it is,’ said the Duchess, who seemed ready to agree to everything that Alice said; ‘there's a large mustard-mine near here. And the moral of that is--’ ‘The more there is of mine, the less there is of yours.’</p>	

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	<p>‘Oh, I know!’ exclaimed Alice, who had not attended to this last remark, ‘it’s a vegetable. It doesn’t look like one, but it is.’</p> <p>‘I quite agree with you,’ said the Duchess; ‘and the moral of that is--“Be what you would seem to be”--or if you’d like it put more simply--“Never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others that what you were or might have been was not otherwise than what you had been would have appeared to them to be otherwise.”’</p> <p>‘I think I should understand that better,’ Alice said very politely, ‘if I had it written down: but I can’t quite follow it as you say it.’</p> <p>‘That’s nothing to what I could say if I chose,’ the Duchess replied, in a pleased tone.</p> <p>‘Pray don’t trouble yourself to say it any longer than that,’ said Alice.</p> <p>‘Oh, don’t talk about trouble!’ said the Duchess. ‘I make you a present of everything I’ve said as yet.’</p> <p>‘A cheap sort of present!’ thought Alice. ‘I’m glad they don’t give birthday presents like that!’ But she did not venture to say it out loud.</p> <p>‘Thinking again?’ the Duchess asked, with another dig of her sharp little chin.</p> <p>‘I’ve a right to think,’ said Alice sharply, for she was beginning to feel a little worried.</p> <p>‘Just about as much right,’ said the Duchess, ‘as pigs have to fly; and the m--’</p>	
	<p>But here, to Alice’s great surprise, the Duchess’s voice died away, even in the middle of her favourite word ‘moral,’ and the arm that was linked into hers began to tremble. Alice looked up, and there stood the Queen in front of them, with her arms folded, frowning like a thunderstorm.</p> <p>‘A fine day, your Majesty!’ the Duchess began in a low, weak voice.</p> <p>‘Now, I give you fair warning,’ shouted the Queen, stamping on the ground as she spoke; ‘either you or your head must be off, and that in about half no time! Take your choice!’</p> <p>The Duchess took her choice, and was gone in a moment.</p> <p>‘Let’s go on with the game,’ the Queen said to Alice; and Alice was too much frightened to say a word, but slowly followed her back to the croquet-ground.</p> <p>The other guests had taken advantage of the Queen’s absence, and were resting in the shade: however, the moment they saw her, they hurried back to the game, the Queen merely remarking that a moment’s delay would cost them their lives.</p> <p>All the time they were playing the Queen never left off quarrelling with the other players, and shouting ‘Off with his head!’ or ‘Off with her head!’ Those whom she sentenced were taken into custody by the soldiers, who of course had to leave off being arches to do this, so that by the end of half an hour or so there were no arches left, and all the players, except the King, the Queen, and Alice, were in custody and under sentence of execution.</p>	

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<p>Then the Queen left off, quite out of breath, and said to Alice "have you seen the Mock Turtle?"</p> <p>"No," said Alice, "I don't even know what a Mock Turtle is."</p> <p>"Come on then," said the Queen, "and it shall tell you its history."</p> <p>As they walked off together, Alice heard the King say in a low voice, to the company generally, "you are all pardoned."</p> <p>"Come, that's a good thing!" thought Alice, who had felt quite grieved at the number of executions which the Queen had ordered.</p>	<p>Then the Queen left off, quite out of breath, and said to Alice, "Have you seen the Mock Turtle yet?"</p> <p>"No," said Alice. "I don't even know what a Mock Turtle is."</p> <p>"It's the thing Mock Turtle Soup is made from," said the Queen.</p> <p>"I never saw one, or heard of one," said Alice.</p> <p>"Come on, then," said the Queen, "and he shall tell you his history."</p> <p>As they walked off together, Alice heard the King say in a low voice, to the company generally, "You are all pardoned." "Come, <i>That's</i> a good thing!" she said to herself, for she had felt quite unhappy at the number of executions the Queen had ordered.</p>	<p>Well, they'd only had a very little chat, then the Queen came and took Alice away, to see the Gryphon and the Mock Turtle.</p>
<p>They very soon came upon a Gryphon, which lay fast asleep in the sun: (if you don't know what a Gryphon is, look at the picture): "up, lazy thing!" said the Queen, "and take this young lady to see the Mock Turtle, and to hear its history. I must go back and see after some back and see after some executions I ordered," and she walked off, leaving Alice with the Gryphon. Alice did not quite like the look of the creature, but on the whole she thought it quite as safe to stay as to go after that savage Queen: so she waited.</p> <p>The Gryphon sat up and rubbed its eyes: then it watched the Queen till she was out of sight: then it chuckled, "What fun!" said the Gryphon, half to itself, half to Alice.</p> <p>"What <i>is</i> the fun?" said Alice.</p> <p>"Why, <i>she</i>," said the Gryphon; "it's all her fancy, that: they never executes nobody, you know: come on!"</p> <p>"Everybody says 'come on!' here," thought Alice, as she walked slowly after the Gryphon; "I never was ordered about so before in all my life--never!"</p>	<p>They very soon came upon a Gryphon, lying fast asleep in the sun. (If you don't know what a Gryphon is, look at the picture.) "Up, lazy thing!" said the Queen, "and take this young lady to see the Mock Turtle, and to hear his history. I must go back and see after some executions I have ordered"; and she walked off, leaving Alice alone with the Gryphon. Alice did not quite like the look of the creature, but on the whole she thought it would be quite as safe to stay with it as to go after that savage Queen: so she waited.</p> <p>The Gryphon sat up and rubbed its eyes: then it watched the Queen till she was out of sight: then it chuckled. "What fun!" said the Gryphon, half to itself, half to Alice.</p> <p>"What <i>is</i> the fun?" said Alice.</p> <p>"Why, <i>she</i>," said the Gryphon. "It's all her fancy, that: they never executes nobody, you know. Come on!"</p> <p>"Everybody says "come on!" here," thought Alice, as she went slowly after it: "I never was so ordered about in all my life, never!"</p>	<p><i>You don't know what a Gryphon is? Well! Do you know anything</i> That's the question. However, look at the picture. That creature with a red head, and red claws, and green scales, is the <i>Gryphon</i>. Now you know.</p>

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<p>They had not gone far before they saw the Mock Turtle in the distance, sitting sad and lonely on a little ledge of rock, and, as they came nearer, Alice could hear it sighing as if its heart would break. She pitied it deeply: "what is its sorrow?" she asked the Gryphon, and the Gryphon answered, very nearly in the same words as before, "it's all its fancy, that: it hasn't got no sorrow, you know: come on!"</p> <p>So they went up to the Mock Turtle, who looked at them with large eyes full of tears, but said nothing.</p> <p>"This here young lady" said the Gryphon, "wants for to know your history, she do."</p> <p>"I'll tell it," said the Mock Turtle, in a deep, hollow tone, "sit down, and don't speak till I've finished."</p> <p>So they sat down, and no one spoke for some minutes: Alice thought to herself "I don't see how it can ever finish, if it doesn't begin," but she waited patiently.</p> <p>These words were followed by a very long silence, broken only by an occasional exclamation of "hjkrrrh!" from the Gryphon, and the constant heavy sobbing of the Mock Turtle. Alice was very nearly getting up and saying, "thank you, sir, for your interesting story," but she could not help thinking there <i>must</i> be more to come, so she sat still and said nothing.</p> <p>"When we were little," the Mock Turtle went on, more calmly, though still sobbing a little now and then, "we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle--we used to call him Tortoise--"</p> <p>"Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn't one?" asked Alice.</p> <p>"We called him Tortoise because he taught us," said the Mock Turtle angrily, "really you are very dull!"</p> <p>"You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question," added the Gryphon, and then they both sat silent and looked at poor Alice, who felt ready to sink into the earth: at last the Gryphon said to the Mock Turtle, "get on, old fellow! Don't be all day!" (...)</p>	<p>They had not gone far before they saw the Mock Turtle in the distance, sitting sad and lonely on a little ledge of rock, and, as they came nearer, Alice could hear him sighing as if his heart would break. She pitied him deeply. "What is his sorrow?" she asked the Gryphon, and the Gryphon answered, very nearly in the same words as before, "It's all his fancy, that: he hasn't got no sorrow, you know. Come on!"</p> <p>So they went up to the Mock Turtle, who looked at them with large eyes full of tears, but said nothing.</p> <p>"This here young lady," said the Gryphon, "she wants for to know your history, she do."</p> <p>"I'll tell it her," said the Mock Turtle in a deep, hollow tone: "sit down, both of you, and don't speak a word till I've finished."</p> <p>So they sat down, and nobody spoke for some minutes. Alice thought to herself, "I don't see how he can <i>even</i> finish, if he doesn't begin." But she waited patiently.</p> <p>"Once," said the Mock Turtle at last, with a deep sigh, "I was a real Turtle."</p> <p>These words were followed by a very long silence, broken only by an occasional exclamation of "Hjckrrrh!" from the Gryphon, and the constant heavy sobbing of the Mock Turtle. Alice was very nearly getting up and saying, "Thank you, sir, for your interesting story," but she could not help thinking there <i>must</i> be more to come, so she sat still and said nothing.</p> <p>"When we were little," the Mock Turtle went on at last, more calmly, though still sobbing a little now and then, "we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle--we used to call him Tortoise--"</p> <p>"Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn't one?" Alice asked.</p> <p>"We called him Tortoise because he taught us," said the Mock Turtle angrily: "really you are very dull!"</p> <p>"You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question," added the Gryphon; and then they both sat silent and looked at poor Alice, who felt ready to sink into the earth. At last the Gryphon said to the Mock Turtle, "Drive on, old fellow! Don't be all day about it!" and he went on in these words:</p> <p>"Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you mayn't believe it--"</p> <p>"I never said I didn't!" interrupted Alice.</p> <p>"You did," said the Mock Turtle.</p> <p>"Hold your tongue!" added the Gryphon, before Alice could speak again. The Mock Turtle went on.</p>	<p>And the other's the <i>Mock Turtle</i>. It's got a calf's-head, because calf's-head is used to make <i>Mock Turtle Soup</i>. Now you know.</p>

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	<p> `We had the best of educations--in fact, we went to school every day-- `I've been to a day-school, too,' said Alice; 'you needn't be so proud as all that.' `With extras?' asked the Mock Turtle a little anxiously. `Yes,' said Alice, 'we learned French and music.' `And washing?' said the Mock Turtle. `Certainly not!' said Alice indignantly. `Ah! then yours wasn't a really good school,' said the Mock Turtle in a tone of great relief. `Now at <i>ours</i> they had at the end of the bill, "French, music, and washing--extra." `You couldn't have wanted it much,' said Alice; 'living at the bottom of the sea.' `I couldn't afford to learn it,' said the Mock Turtle with a sigh. 'I only took the regular course.' `What was that?' inquired Alice. `Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with,' the Mock Turtle replied; 'and then the different branches of Arithmetic-- Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision.' `I never heard of "Uglification,"' Alice ventured to say. `What is it?' The Gryphon lifted up both its paws in surprise. `What! Never heard of uglifying!' it exclaimed. `You know what to beautify is, I suppose?' `Yes,' said Alice doubtfully: 'it means--to--make--anything--prettier.' `Well, then,' the Gryphon went on, 'if you don't know what to uglify is, you <i>are</i> a simpleton.' </p>	
	<p> Alice did not feel encouraged to ask any more questions about it, so she turned to the Mock Turtle, and said `What else had you to learn?' `Well, there was <i>Mystery</i>,' the Mock Turtle replied, counting off the subjects on his flappers, '--<i>Mystery</i>, ancient and modern, with <i>Seography</i>: then <i>Drawing--the Drawing-master</i> was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week: <i>He</i> taught us <i>Drawing</i>, <i>Stretching</i>, and <i>Fainting</i> in <i>Coils</i>.' `What was <i>that</i> like?' said Alice. `Well, I can't show it you myself,' the Mock Turtle said: 'I'm too stiff. And the Gryphon never learnt it.' `Hadn't time,' said the Gryphon: 'I went to the Classics master, though. He was an old crab, <i>he</i> was.' `I never went to him,' the Mock Turtle said with a sigh: 'he taught <i>Laughing</i> and <i>Grief</i>, they used to say.' `So he did, so he did,' said the Gryphon, sighing in his turn; and both creatures hid their faces in their paws. `And how many hours a day did you do lessons?' said Alice, in a hurry to change the subject. `Ten hours the first day,' said the Mock Turtle: 'nine the next, and so on.' `What a curious plan!' exclaimed Alice. `That's the reason they're called lessons,' the Gryphon remarked: 'because they lessen from day to day.' This was quite a new idea to Alice, and she thought it over a little before she made her next remark. `Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday?' `Of course it was,' said the Mock Turtle. `And how did you manage on the twelfth?' Alice went on eagerly. `That's enough about lessons,' the Gryphon interrupted in a very decided tone: 'tell her something about the games now.' </p>	

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<p>(...) and the Mock Turtle went on in these words: "You may not have lived much under the sea--" ("I haven't," said Alice,) "and perhaps you were never even introduced to a lobster--" (Alice began to say "I once tasted--" but hastily checked herself, and said "no, never," instead,) "so you can have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster Quadrille is!"</p> <p>"No, indeed, said Alice, "what sort of a thing is it?"</p> <p>"Why," said the Gryphon, "you form into a line along the sea shore--"</p> <p>"Two lines!" cried the Mock Turtle, "seals, turtles, salmon, and so on-- advance twice--"</p> <p>"Each with a lobster as partner!" cried the Gryphon.</p> <p>"Of course," the Mock Turtle said, "advance twice, set to partners--"</p> <p>"Change lobsters, and retire in same order--" interrupted the Gryphon.</p> <p>"Then, you know," continued the Mock Turtle, "you throw the--"</p> <p>"The lobsters!" shouted the Gryphon, with a bound into the air.</p> <p>"As far out to sea as you can--"</p> <p>"Swim after them!" screamed the Gryphon.</p> <p>"Turn a somersault in the sea!" cried the Mock Turtle, capering wildly about.</p> <p>"Change lobsters again!" yelled the Gryphon at the top of its voice, "and then--"</p> <p>"That's all," said the Mock Turtle, suddenly dropping its voice, and the two creatures, who had been jumping about like mad things all this time, sat down again very sadly and quietly, and looked at Alice.</p>	<p>10 – THE LOBSTER-QUADRILLE</p> <p>The Mock Turtle sighed deeply, and drew the back of one flapper across his eyes. He looked at Alice, and tried to speak, but for a minute or two sobs choked his voice. "Same as if he had a bone in his throat," said the Gryphon: and it set to work shaking him and punching him in the back. At last the Mock Turtle recovered his voice, and, with tears running down his cheeks, he went on again:--</p> <p>"You may not have lived much under the sea--" ("I haven't," said Alice)-- and perhaps you were never even introduced to a lobster--" (Alice began to say "I once tasted--" but checked herself hastily, and said "No, never") --so you can have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster Quadrille is!</p> <p>"No, indeed," said Alice. "What sort of a dance is it?"</p> <p>"Why," said the Gryphon, "you first form into a line along the sea-shore--"</p> <p>"Two lines!" cried the Mock Turtle. "Seals, turtles, salmon, and so on; then, when you've cleared all the jelly-fish out of the way--"</p> <p>"That generally takes some time," interrupted the Gryphon.</p> <p>"--you advance twice--"</p> <p>"Each with a lobster as a partner!" cried the Gryphon.</p> <p>"Of course," the Mock Turtle said: "advance twice, set to partners--"</p> <p>"--change lobsters, and retire in same order," continued the Gryphon.</p> <p>"Then, you know," the Mock Turtle went on, "you throw the--"</p> <p>"The lobsters!" shouted the Gryphon, with a bound into the air.</p> <p>"--as far out to sea as you can--"</p> <p>"Swim after them!" screamed the Gryphon.</p> <p>"Turn a somersault in the sea!" cried the Mock Turtle, capering wildly about.</p> <p>"Change lobster's again!" yelled the Gryphon at the top of its voice.</p> <p>"Back to land again, and that's all the first figure," said the Mock Turtle, suddenly dropping his voice; and the two creatures, who had been jumping about like mad things all this time, sat down again very sadly and quietly, and looked at Alice.</p>	<p>"But what are they <i>doing</i>, going round and round Alice like that?"</p> <p>Why, I thought of <i>course</i> you'd know <i>that</i>! They're dancing a <i>Lobster-Quadrille</i>.</p> <p>And next time <i>you</i> meet a Gryphon and a Mock Turtle, I daresay they'll dance it for <i>you</i>, if you ask them prettily. Only don't let them come <i>quite</i> close, of they'll be treading on your toes, as they did on poor Alice's.</p>
<p>"It must be a very pretty dance," said Alice timidly.</p> <p>"Would you like to see a little of it?" said the Mock Turtle.</p> <p>"Very much indeed," said Alice.</p> <p>"Come, let's try the first figure!" said the Mock Turtle to the Gryphon, "we can do it without lobsters, you know. Which shall sing?"</p> <p>"Oh! <i>you</i> sing!" said the Gryphon, "I've forgotten the words."</p>	<p>"It must be a very pretty dance," said Alice timidly.</p> <p>"Would you like to see a little of it?" said the Mock Turtle.</p> <p>"Very much indeed," said Alice.</p> <p>"Come, let's try the first figure!" said the Mock Turtle to the Gryphon. "We can do without lobsters, you know. Which shall sing?"</p> <p>"Oh, <i>you</i> sing," said the Gryphon. "I've forgotten the words."</p>	

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<p>So they began solemnly dancing round and round Alice, ever now and then treading on her toes when they came too close, and waving their fore-paws to mark the time, while the Mock Turtle sang, slowly and sadly, these words:</p> <p>"Beneath the waters of the sea Are lobsters thick as thick can be-- They love to dance with you and me, My own, my gentle Salmon!"</p> <p>The Gryphon joined in singing the chorus, which was:</p> <p>"Salmon come up! Salmon go down! Salmon come twist your tail around! Of all the fishes of the sea There's none so good as Salmon!"</p>	<p>So they began solemnly dancing round and round Alice, every now and then treading on her toes when they passed too close, and waving their forepaws to mark the time, while the Mock Turtle sang this, very slowly and sadly:--</p> <p>"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail. "There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on m tail. See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance! They are waiting on the shingle--will you come and join the dance?</p> <p>Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance? Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?</p> <p>"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!" But the snail replied "Too far, too far!" and gave a look askance-- Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.</p> <p>Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance. Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.</p> <p>"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly friend replied. "There is another shore, you know, upon the other side. The further off from England the nearer is to France-- Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.</p> <p>Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance? Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"</p>	<p>"Thank you," said Alice, feeling very glad that the figure was over.</p> <p>"Thank you, it's a very interesting dance to watch," said Alice, feeling very glad that it was over at last: "and I do so like that curious song about the whiting!"</p> <p>"Oh, as to the whiting," said the Mock Turtle, "they--you've seen them, of course?"</p> <p>"Yes," said Alice, "I've often seen them at dinn--" she checked herself hastily.</p> <p>"I don't know where Dinn may be," said the Mock Turtle, "but if you've seen them so often, of course you know what they're like."</p> <p>"I believe so," Alice replied thoughtfully. "They have their tails in their mouths--and they're all over crumbs."</p> <p>"You're wrong about the crumbs," said the Mock Turtle: "crumbs would all wash off in the sea. But they <i>have</i> their tails in their mouths; and the reason is--" here the Mock Turtle yawned and shut his eyes.--"Tell her about the reason and all that," he said to the Gryphon.</p> <p>"The reason is," said the Gryphon, "that they <i>would</i> go with the lobsters to the dance. So they got thrown out to sea. So they had to fall a long way. So they got their tails fast in their mouths. So they couldn't get them out again. That's all!"</p>

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
	<p>‘Thank you,’ said Alice, ‘it’s very interesting. I never knew so much about a whiting before.’</p> <p>‘I can tell you more than that, if you like,’ said the Gryphon. ‘Do you know why it’s called a whiting?’</p> <p>‘I never thought about it,’ said Alice. ‘Why?’</p> <p>‘<i>It does the boots and shoes.</i>’ the Gryphon replied very solemnly.</p> <p>Alice was thoroughly puzzled. ‘Does the boots and shoes!’ she repeated in a wondering tone.</p> <p>‘Why, what are <i>your</i> shoes done with?’ said the Gryphon. ‘I mean, what makes them so shiny?’</p> <p>Alice looked down at them, and considered a little before she gave her answer. ‘They’re done with blacking, I believe.’</p> <p>‘Boots and shoes under the sea,’ the Gryphon went on in a deep voice, ‘are done with a whiting. Now you know.’</p> <p>‘And what are they made of?’ Alice asked in a tone of great curiosity.</p> <p>‘Soles and eels, of course,’ the Gryphon replied rather impatiently: ‘any shrimp could have told you that.’</p>	
	<p>‘If I’d been the whiting,’ said Alice, whose thoughts were still running on the song, ‘I’d have said to the porpoise, “Keep back, please: we don’t want <i>you</i> with us!”’</p> <p>‘They were obliged to have him with them,’ the Mock Turtle said: ‘no wise fish would go anywhere without a porpoise.’</p> <p>‘Wouldn’t it really?’ said Alice in a tone of great surprise.</p> <p>‘Of course not,’ said the Mock Turtle: ‘why, if a fish came to <i>me</i>, and told me he was going a journey, I should say “With what porpoise?”’</p> <p>‘Don’t you mean “purpose”?’ said Alice.</p> <p>‘I mean what I say,’ the Mock Turtle replied in an offended tone. And the Gryphon added ‘Come, let’s hear some of <i>your</i> adventures.’</p> <p>‘I could tell you my adventures--beginning from this morning,’ said Alice a little timidly: ‘but it’s no use going back to yesterday, because I was a different person then.’</p> <p>‘Explain all that,’ said the Mock Turtle.</p> <p>‘No, no! The adventures first,’ said the Gryphon in an impatient tone: ‘explanations take such a dreadful time.’</p>	
	<p>So Alice began telling them her adventures from the time when she first saw the White Rabbit. She was a little nervous about it just at first, the two creatures got so close to her, one on each side, and opened their eyes and mouths so <i>very</i> wide, but she gained courage as she went on. Her listeners were perfectly quiet till she got to the part about her repeating ‘<i>You are Old, Father William,</i>’ to the Caterpillar, and the words all coming different, and then the Mock Turtle drew a long breath, and said ‘That’s very curious.’</p> <p>‘It’s all about as curious as it can be,’ said the Gryphon.</p>	

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
	<p>`It all came different! the Mock Turtle repeated thoughtfully. `I should like to hear her try and repeat something now. Tell her to begin.' He looked at the Gryphon as if he thought it had some kind of authority over Alice.</p> <p>`Stand up and repeat "'Tis the Voice of the Sluggard,'" said the Gryphon.</p> <p>`How the creatures order one about, and make one repeat lessons!' thought Alice; `I might as well be at school at once.' However, she got up, and began to repeat it, but her head was so full of the Lobster Quadrille, that she hardly knew what she was saying, and the words came very queer indeed:--</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">`'Tis the voice of the Lobster; I heard him declare, "You have baked me too brown, I must sugar my hair." As a duck with its eyelids, so he with his nose Trims his belt and his buttons, and turns out his toes.'</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">When the sands are all dry, he is gay as a lark, And will talk in contemptuous tones of the Shark, But, when the tide rises and sharks are around, His voice has a timid and tremulous sound.]</p>	
	<p>`That's different from what I used to say when I was a child,' said the Gryphon.</p> <p>`Well, I never heard it before,' said the Mock Turtle; `but it sounds uncommon nonsense.'</p> <p>Alice said nothing; she had sat down with her face in her hands, wondering if anything would ever happen in a natural way again.</p> <p>`I should like to have it explained,' said the Mock Turtle.</p> <p>`She can't explain it,' said the Gryphon hastily. `Go on with the next verse.'</p> <p>`But about his toes?' the Mock Turtle persisted. `How could he turn them out with his nose, you know?'</p> <p>`It's the first position in dancing,' Alice said; but was dreadfully puzzled by the whole thing, and longed to change the subject.</p> <p>`Go on with the next verse,' the Gryphon repeated impatiently: `it begins "I passed by his garden."'</p>	
	<p>Alice did not dare to disobey, though she felt sure it would all come wrong, and she went on in a trembling voice:--</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">`I passed by his garden, and marked, with one eye, How the Owl and the Panther were sharing a pie--' The Panther took pie-crust, and gravy, and meat, While the Owl had the dish as its share of the treat. When the pie was all finished, the Owl, as a boon, Was kindly permitted to pocket the spoon: While the Panther received knife and fork with a growl, And concluded the banquet--]</p>	

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p>"Shall we try the second figure?" said the Gryphon, or would you prefer a song?"</p> <p>"Oh, a song, please!" Alice replied, so eagerly, that the Gryphon said, in a rather offended tone, "hm! no accounting for tastes! Sing her 'Mock Turtle Soup', will you, old fellow!"</p> <p>The Mock Turtle sighed deeply, and began, in a voice sometimes choked with sobs, to sing this:</p>	<p>"What is the use of repeating all that stuff," the Mock Turtle interrupted, "if you don't explain it as you go on? It's by far the most confusing thing I ever heard!"</p> <p>"Yes, I think you'd better leave off," said the Gryphon; and Alice was only too glad to do so.</p> <p>"Shall we try another figure of the Lobster Quadrille?" the Gryphon went on. "Or would you like the Mock Turtle to sing you a song?"</p> <p>"Oh, a song, please, if the Mock Turtle would be so kind," Alice replied, so eagerly that the Gryphon said, in a rather offended tone, "Hm! No accounting for tastes! Sing her 'Turtle Soup,' will you, old fellow?"</p> <p>The Mock Turtle sighed deeply, and began, in a voice sometimes choked with sobs, to sing this:--</p>	
<p>"Beautiful Soup, so rich and green, Waiting in a hot tureen! Who for such dainties would not stoop? Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup! Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup! Beau--ootiful Soo--oop! Beau--ootiful Soo--oop! Soo--oop of the e--e--evening, Beautiful beautiful Soup!"</p>	<p>"Beautiful Soup, so rich and green, Waiting in a hot tureen! Who for such dainties would not stoop? Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup! Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup! Beau--ootiful Soo--oop! Beau--ootiful Soo--oop! Soo--oop of the e--e--evening, Beautiful, beautiful Soup!"</p> <p>"Beautiful Soup! Who cares for fish, Game, or any other dish? Who would not give all else for two p ennyworth only of beautiful Soup? Pennyworth only of beautiful Soup? Beau--ootiful Soo--oop! Beau--ootiful Soo--oop! Soo--oop of the e--e--evening, Beautiful, beauti--FUL SOUP!"</p>	
<p>"Chorus again!" cried the Gryphon, and the Mock Turtle had just begun to repeat it, when a cry of "the trial's beginning!" was heard in the distance.</p> <p>"Come on!" cried the Gryphon, and, taking Alice by the hand, he hurried off, without waiting for the end of the song.</p> <p>"What trial is it?" panted Alice as she ran, but the Gryphon only answered "come on!" and ran the faster, and more and more faintly came, borne on the breeze that followed them, the melancholy words:</p> <p>"Soo--oop of the e--e--evening, Beautiful beautiful Soup!"</p>	<p>"Chorus again!" cried the Gryphon, and the Mock Turtle had just begun to repeat it, when a cry of "The trial's beginning!" was heard in the distance.</p> <p>"Come on!" cried the Gryphon, and, taking Alice by the hand, it hurried off, without waiting for the end of the song.</p> <p>"What trial is it?" Alice panted as she ran; but the Gryphon only answered "Come on!" and ran the faster, while more and more faintly came, carried on the breeze that followed them, the melancholy words:--</p> <p>"Soo--oop of the e--e--evening, Beautiful, beautiful Soup!"</p>	

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p>The King and Queen were seated on their throne when they arrived, with a great crowd assembled around them: the Knave was in custody: and before the King stood the white rabbit, with a trumpet in one hand, and a scroll of parchment in the other.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">II – WHO STOLE THE TARTS?</p> <p>The King and Queen were seated on their throne when they arrived, with a great crowd assembled about them--all sorts of little birds and beasts, as well as the whole pack of cards: the Knave was standing before them, in chains, with a soldier on each side to guard him; and near the King was the White Rabbit, with a trumpet in one hand, and a scroll of parchment in the other. In the very middle of the court was a table, with a large dish of tarts upon it: they looked so good, that it made Alice quite hungry to look at them-- I wish they'd get the trial done,' she thought, 'and hand round the refreshments!' But there seemed to be no chance of this, so she began looking at everything about her, to pass away the time.</p>	
	<p>Alice had never been in a court of justice before, but she had read about them in books, and she was quite pleased to find that she knew the name of nearly everything there. 'That's the judge,' she said to herself, 'because of his great wig.'</p> <p>The judge, by the way, was the King; and as he wore his crown over the wig, (look at the frontispiece if you want to see how he did it,) he did not look at all comfortable, and it was certainly not becoming.</p> <p>'And that's the jury-box,' thought Alice, 'and those twelve creatures,' (she was obliged to say 'creatures,' you see, because some of them were animals, and some were birds,) 'I suppose they are the jurors.' She said this last word two or three times over to herself, being rather proud of it: for she thought, and rightly too, that very few little girls of her age knew the meaning of it at all. However, 'jury-men' would have done just as well.</p>	
	<p>The twelve jurors were all writing very busily on slates. 'What are they doing?' Alice whispered to the Gryphon. 'They can't have anything to put down yet, before the trial's begun.'</p> <p>'They're putting down their names,' the Gryphon whispered in reply, 'for fear they should forget them before the end of the trial.'</p> <p>'Stupid things!' Alice began in a loud, indignant voice, but she stopped hastily, for the White Rabbit cried out, 'Silence in the court!' and the King put on his spectacles and looked anxiously round, to make out who was talking.</p> <p>Alice could see, as well as if she were looking over their shoulders, that all the jurors were writing down 'stupid things!' on their slates, and she could even make out that one of them didn't know how to spell 'stupid,' and that he had to ask his neighbour to tell him. 'A nice muddle their slates'll be in before the trial's over!' thought Alice.</p> <p>One of the jurors had a pencil that squeaked. This of course, Alice could not stand, and she went round the court and got behind him, and very soon found an opportunity of taking it away. She did it so quickly that the poor little juror (it was Bill, the Lizard) could not make out at all what had become of it; so, after hunting all about for it, he was obliged to write with one finger for the rest of the day; and this was of very little use, as it left no mark on the slate.</p>	

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p>"Herald! Read the accusation!" said the King.</p> <p>"On this the white rabbit blew three blasts on the trumpet, and then unrolled the parchment scroll, and read as follows:</p> <p>"The Queen of Hearts she made some tarts All on a summer day: The Knave of Hearts he stole those tarts, And took them quite away!"</p>	<p>'Herald, read the accusation!' said the King.</p> <p>On this the White Rabbit blew three blasts on the trumpet, and then unrolled the parchment scroll, and read as follows:--</p> <p>'The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts, All on a summer day: The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts, And took them quite away!'</p> <p>'Consider your verdict,' the King said to the jury.</p> <p>'Not yet, not yet!' the Rabbit hastily interrupted. 'There's a great deal to come before that!'</p> <p>'Call the first witness,' said the King; and the White Rabbit blew three blasts on the trumpet, and called out, 'First witness!'</p> <p>The first witness was the Hatter. He came in with a teacup in one hand and a piece of bread-and-butter in the other. 'I beg pardon, your Majesty,' he began, 'for bringing these in: but I hadn't quite finished my tea when I was sent for.'</p> <p>'You ought to have finished,' said the King. 'When did you begin?'</p> <p>The Hatter looked at the March Hare, who had followed him into the court, arm-in-arm with the Dormouse. 'Fourteenth of March, I think it was,' he said.</p> <p>'Fifteenth,' said the March Hare.</p> <p>'Sixteenth,' added the Dormouse.</p> <p>'Write that down,' the King said to the jury, and the jury eagerly wrote down all three dates on their slates, and then added them up, and reduced the answer to shillings and pence.</p> <p>'Take off your hat,' the King said to the Hatter.</p> <p>'It isn't mine,' said the Hatter.</p> <p>'Stolen!' the King exclaimed, turning to the jury, who instantly made a memorandum of the fact.</p> <p>'I keep them to sell,' the Hatter added as an explanation; 'I've none of my own. I'm a hatter.'</p> <p>Here the Queen put on her spectacles, and began staring at the Hatter, who turned pale and fidgeted.</p> <p>'Give your evidence,' said the King; 'and don't be nervous, or I'll have you executed on the spot.'</p> <p>This did not seem to encourage the witness at all: he kept shifting from one foot to the other, looking uneasily at the Queen, and in his confusion he bit a large piece out of his teacup instead of the bread-and-butter.</p>	<p>13—WHO STOLE THE TARTS?</p> <p>Did you ever hear how the Queen of Hearts made some tarts? And can you tell me what became of them?</p> <p>"Why, of course I can! Doesn't the song tell all about it?"</p> <p><i>The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts: All on a Summer day: The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts, And took them quite away!"</i></p> <p>Well, yes, the <i>Song</i> says so. But it would never do to punish the poor Knave, just because there was a <i>Song</i> about him. They had to take him prisoner, and put chains on his wrists, and bring him before the King of Hearts, so that there might be a regular trial.</p> <p>Now, if you look at the big picture at the beginning of this book, you'll see what a grand thing a trial is, when the Judge is a King!</p> <p>The King is very grand, <i>isn't</i> he? But he doesn't look very <i>happy</i>. I think that big crown, on the top of his wig, must be <i>very</i> heavy and uncomfortable. But he had to wear them <i>both</i>, you see, so that people might know he was a Judge <i>and</i> a King.</p> <p>And <i>doesn't</i> the Queen look cross? She can see the dish of tarts on the table, that she had taken such trouble to make. And she can see the bad Knave (do you see the chains hanging from his wrists?) that stole them away from her: so I don't think it's any wonder if she <i>does</i> feel a <i>little</i> cross.</p> <p>The White Rabbit is standing near the King, reading out the <i>Song</i>, to tell everybody what a bad Knave he is: and the Jury (you can just see two of them, up in the Jury-box the Frog and the Duck) have to settle whether he's "guilty" or "not guilty."</p>

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
	<p>Just at this moment Alice felt a very curious sensation, which puzzled her a good deal until she made out what it was: she was beginning to grow larger again, and she thought at first she would get up and leave the court; but on second thoughts she decided to remain where she was as long as there was room for her.</p> <p>'I wish you wouldn't squeeze so,' said the Dormouse, who was sitting next to her. 'I can hardly breathe.'</p> <p>'I can't help it,' said Alice very meekly: 'I'm growing.'</p> <p>'You've no right to grow here,' said the Dormouse.</p> <p>'Don't talk nonsense,' said Alice more boldly: 'you know you're growing too.'</p> <p>'Yes, but I grow at a reasonable pace,' said the Dormouse: 'not in that ridiculous fashion.' And he got up very sulky and crossed over to the other side of the court.</p> <p>All this time the Queen had never left off staring at the Hatter; and, just as the Dormouse crossed the court, she said to one of the officers of the court, 'Bring me the list of the singers in the last concert!' on which the wretched Hatter trembled so, that he shook both his shoes off.</p> <p>'Give your evidence,' the King repeated angrily, 'or I'll have you executed, whether you're nervous or not.'</p> <p>'I'm a poor man, your Majesty,' the Hatter began, in a trembling voice, '--and I hadn't begun my tea--not above a week or so--and what with the bread-and-butter getting so thin--and the twinkling of the tea--'</p> <p>'The twinkling of the what?' said the King.</p> <p>'It began with the tea,' the Hatter replied.</p> <p>'Of course twinkling begins with a T!' said the King sharply. 'Do you take me for a dunce? Go on!'</p> <p>'I'm a poor man,' the Hatter went on, 'and most things twinkled after that--only the March Hare said--'</p> <p>'I didn't!' the March Hare interrupted in a great hurry.</p> <p>'You did!' said the Hatter.</p> <p>'I deny it!' said the March Hare.</p> <p>'He denies it,' said the King: 'leave out that part.'</p> <p>'Well, at any rate, the Dormouse said--' the Hatter went on, looking anxiously round to see if he would deny it too: but the Dormouse denied nothing, being fast asleep.</p> <p>'After that,' continued the Hatter, 'I cut some more bread-and-butter--'</p> <p>'But what did the Dormouse say?' one of the jury asked.</p> <p>'That I can't remember,' said the Hatter.</p> <p>'You <i>must</i> remember,' remarked the King, 'or I'll have you executed.'</p> <p>The miserable Hatter dropped his teacup and bread-and-butter, and went down on one knee.</p> <p>'I'm a poor man, your Majesty,' he began.</p> <p>'You're a very poor speaker,' said the King.</p>	

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
	<p>Here one of the guinea-pigs cheered, and was immediately suppressed by the officers of the court. (As that is rather a hard word, I will just explain to you how it was done. They had a large canvas bag, which tied up at the mouth with strings: into this they slipped the guinea-pig, head first, and then sat upon it.)</p> <p>'I'm glad I've seen that done,' thought Alice. 'I've so often read in the newspapers, at the end of trials, "There was some attempt at applause, which was immediately suppressed by the officers of the court," and I never understood what it meant till now.'</p> <p>'If that's all you know about it, you may stand down,' continued the King.</p> <p>'I can't go no lower,' said the Hatter: 'I'm on the floor, as it is.'</p> <p>'Then you may <i>sit</i> down,' the King replied.</p> <p>Here the other guinea-pig cheered, and was suppressed.</p> <p>'Come, that finished the guinea-pigs!' thought Alice. 'Now we shall get on better.'</p> <p>'I'd rather finish my tea,' said the Hatter, with an anxious look at the Queen, who was reading the list of singers.</p> <p>'You may go,' said the King, and the Hatter hurriedly left the court, without even waiting to put his shoes on.</p> <p>'--and just take his head off outside,' the Queen added to one of the officers: but the Hatter was out of sight before the officer could get to the door.</p>	
	<p>'Call the next witness!' said the King.</p> <p>The next witness was the Duchess's cook. She carried the pepper-box in her hand, and Alice guessed who it was, even before she got into the court, by the way the people near the door began sneezing all at once.</p> <p>'Give your evidence,' said the King.</p> <p>'Shan't,' said the cook.</p> <p>The King looked anxiously at the White Rabbit, who said in a low voice, 'Your Majesty must cross-examine <i>this</i> witness.'</p> <p>'Well, if I must, I must,' the King said, with a melancholy air, and, after folding his arms and frowning at the cook till his eyes were nearly out of sight, he said in a deep voice, 'What are tarts made of?'</p> <p>'Pepper, mostly,' said the cook.</p> <p>'Treatle,' said a sleepy voice behind her.</p> <p>'Collar that Dormouse,' the Queen shrieked out. 'Behead that Dormouse! Turn that Dormouse out of court! Suppress him! Pinch him! Off with his whiskers!' For some minutes the whole court was in confusion, getting the Dormouse turned out, and, by the time they had settled down again, the cook had disappeared.</p> <p>'Never mind!' said the King, with an air of great relief. 'Call the next witness.' And he added in an undertone to the Queen, 'Really, my dear, <i>you</i> must cross-examine the next witness. It quite makes my forehead ache!'</p> <p>Alice watched the White Rabbit as he fumbled over the list, feeling very curious to see what the next witness would be like. '--for they haven't got much evidence <i>yet</i>,' she said to herself. Imagine her surprise, when the White Rabbit read out, at the top of his shrill little voice, the name 'Alice!'</p>	

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
	<p style="text-align: center;">12 – ALICE'S EVIDENCE</p> <p>'Here!' cried Alice, quite forgetting in the flurry of the moment how large she had grown in the last few minutes, and she jumped up in such a hurry that she tipped over the jury-box with the edge of her skirt, upsetting all the jurymen on to the heads of the crowd below, and there they lay sprawling about, reminding her very much of a globe of goldfish she had accidentally upset the week before.</p> <p>'Oh, I beg your pardon!' she exclaimed in a tone of great dismay, and began picking them up again as quickly as she could, for the accident of the goldfish kept running in her head, and she had a vague sort of idea that they must be collected at once and put back into the jury-box, or they would die.</p> <p>'The trial cannot proceed,' said the King in a very grave voice, 'until all the jurymen are back in their proper places-- <i>all</i>,' he repeated with great emphasis, looking hard at Alice as he said so.</p> <p>Alice looked at the jury-box, and saw that, in her haste, she had put the Lizard in head downwards, and the poor little thing was waving its tail about in a melancholy way, being quite unable to move. She soon got it out again, and put it right; 'not that it signifies much,' she said to herself; 'I should think it would be <i>quite</i> as much use in the trial one way up as the other.'</p> <p>As soon as the jury had a little recovered from the shock of being upset, and their slates and pencils had been found and handed back to them, they set to work very diligently to write out a history of the accident, all except the Lizard, who seemed too much overcome to do anything but sit with its mouth open, gazing up into the roof of the court.</p> <p>'What do you know about this business?' the King said to Alice.</p> <p>'Nothing,' said Alice.</p> <p>'Nothing <i>whatever</i>?' persisted the King.</p> <p>'Nothing whatever,' said Alice.</p> <p>'That's very important,' the King said, turning to the jury. They were just beginning to write this down on their slates, when the White Rabbit interrupted: 'Unimportant, your Majesty means, of course,' he said in a very respectful tone, but frowning and making faces at him as he spoke.</p> <p>'Unimportant, of course, I meant,' the King hastily said, and went on to himself in an undertone, 'important--unimportant-- unimportant--important--' as if he were trying which word sounded best.</p> <p>Some of the jury wrote it down 'important,' and some 'unimportant.' Alice could see this, as she was near enough to look over their slates; 'but it doesn't matter a bit,' she thought to herself.</p>	<p>Now I'll tell you about the accident that happened to Alice.</p> <p>You see, she was sitting close by the Jury-box: and she was called as a witness. You know what a "witness" is? A "witness" is a person who has seen the prisoner do whatever he's accused of, or at any rate knows <i>something</i> that's important in the trial.</p> <p>But <i>Alice</i> hadn't seen the Queen <i>make</i> the tarts: and, in fact, she didn't know anything about it: so why in the world they wanted <i>her</i> to be a witness, I'm sure I can't tell you!</p> <p>Anyway, they <i>did</i> want her. And the White Rabbit blew his big trumpet, and shouted out "Alice!" And so Alice jumped up in a great hurry. And then--</p> <p>And then what <i>do</i> you think happened? Why, her skirt caught against the Jury-box, and tipped it over, and all the poor little Jurors came tumbling out of it!</p> <p>Let's try if we can make out all the twelve. You know there ought to be twelve to make up a Jury. I can see the Frog, and the Dormouse, and the Rat and the Ferret, and the Hedgehog, and the Lizard, and the Bantam-Cock, and the Mole, and the Duck, and the Squirrel, and a screaming bird, with a long beak, just behind the Mole.</p> <p>But that only makes eleven: we must find one more creature.</p> <p>Oh, do you see a little white head, coming out behind the Mole, and just under the Duck's beak? That makes up the twelve.</p> <p>Mr. Tenniel says the screaming bird is a <i>Storkling</i> (of course you know what <i>that</i> is?) and the little white head is a <i>Mouseling</i>. Isn't it a little <i>darling</i>? Alice picked them all up again, very carefully, and I hope they weren't <i>much</i> hurt!</p>

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
	<p>At this moment the King, who had been for some time busily writing in his note-book, cackled out 'Silence!' and read out from his book, 'Rule Forty-two. <i>All persons more than a mile high to leave the court.</i></p> <p>Everybody looked at Alice.</p> <p>'<i>I'm</i> not a mile high,' said Alice.</p> <p>'You are,' said the King.</p> <p>'Nearly two miles high,' added the Queen.</p> <p>'Well, I shan't go, at any rate,' said Alice: 'besides, that's not a regular rule: you invented it just now.'</p> <p>'It's the oldest rule in the book,' said the King.</p> <p>'Then it ought to be Number One,' said Alice.</p>	
	<p>The King turned pale, and shut his note-book hastily. 'Consider your verdict,' he said to the jury, in a low, trembling voice.</p> <p>'There's more evidence to come yet, please your Majesty,' said the White Rabbit, jumping up in a great hurry; 'this paper has just been picked up.'</p> <p>'What's in it?' said the Queen.</p> <p>'I haven't opened it yet,' said the White Rabbit, 'but it seems to be a letter, written by the prisoner to--to somebody.'</p> <p>'It must have been that,' said the King, 'unless it was written to nobody, which isn't usual, you know.'</p> <p>'Who is it directed to?' said one of the jurymen.</p> <p>'It isn't directed at all,' said the White Rabbit; 'in fact, there's nothing written on the <i>outside</i>.' He unfolded the paper as he spoke, and added 'It isn't a letter, after all: it's a set of verses.'</p> <p>'Are they in the prisoner's handwriting?' asked another of the jurymen.</p> <p>'No, they're not,' said the White Rabbit, 'and that's the queerest thing about it.' (The jury all looked puzzled.)</p> <p>'He must have imitated somebody else's hand,' said the King. (The jury all brightened up again.)</p> <p>'Please your Majesty,' said the Knave, 'I didn't write it, and they can't prove I did: there's no name signed at the end.'</p> <p>'If you didn't sign it,' said the King, 'that only makes the matter worse. You <i>must</i> have meant some mischief, or else you'd have signed your name like an honest man.'</p> <p>There was a general clapping of hands at this: it was the first really clever thing the King had said that day.</p> <p>'That <i>proves</i> his guilt,' said the Queen.</p> <p>'It proves nothing of the sort!' said Alice. 'Why, you don't even know what they're about!'</p> <p>'Read them,' said the King.</p> <p>The White Rabbit put on his spectacles. 'Where shall I begin, please your Majesty?' he asked.</p> <p>'Begin at the beginning,' the King said gravely, 'and go on till you come to the end: then stop.'</p> <p>These were the verses the White Rabbit read:--</p>	

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
	<p> `They told me you had been to her, And mentioned me to him: She gave me a good character, But said I could not swim. He sent them word I had not gone (We know it to be true): If she should push the matter on, What would become of you? I gave her one, they gave him two, You gave us three or more; They all returned from him to you, Though they were mine before. If I or she should chance to be Involved in this affair, He trusts to you to set them free, Exactly as we were. My notion was that you had been (Before she had this fit) An obstacle that came between Him, and ourselves, and it. Don't let him know she liked them best, For this must ever be A secret, kept from all the rest, Between yourself and me.' </p>	
	<p> `That's the most important piece of evidence we've heard yet,' said the King, rubbing his hands; `so now let the jury--' </p> <p> `If any one of them can explain it,' said Alice, (she had grown so large in the last few minutes that she wasn't a bit afraid of interrupting him,) `I'll give him sixpence. I don't believe there's an atom of meaning in it.' </p> <p> The jury all wrote down on their slates, `She doesn't believe there's an atom of meaning in it,' but none of them attempted to explain the paper. </p> <p> `If there's no meaning in it,' said the King, `that saves a world of trouble, you know, as we needn't try to find any. And yet I don't know,' he went on, spreading out the verses on his knee, and looking at them with one eye; `I seem to see some meaning in them, after all. "--Said I could not swim--" you can't swim, can you?' he added, turning to the Knave. </p> <p> The Knave shook his head sadly. `Do I look like it?' he said. (Which he certainly did NOT, being made entirely of cardboard.) </p> <p> `All right, so far,' said the King, and he went on muttering over the verses to himself: `"We know it to be true--" that's the jury, of course-- "I gave her one, they gave him two--" why, that must be what he did with the tarts, you know--' </p> <p> `But, it goes on "<i>They all returned from him to you,</i>" said Alice. </p> <p> `Why, there they are!' said the King triumphantly, pointing to the tarts on the table. `Nothing can be clearer than <i>that</i> . </p>	

<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p>“Now for the evidence,” said the King, “and then the sentence.”</p> <p>“No!” said the Queen, “first the sentence, and then the evidence!”</p> <p>“Nonsense!” cried Alice, so loudly that everybody jumped, “the idea of having the sentence first!”</p> <p>“Hold your tongue!” said the Queen.</p> <p>“I won’t!” said Alice, “you’re nothing but a pack of cards! Who cares for you?”</p>	<p>Then again--“<i>Before she had this fit--</i>” you never had fits, my dear, I think?” he said to the Queen.</p> <p>“Never!” said the Queen furiously, throwing an inkstand at the Lizard as she spoke. (The unfortunate little Bill had left off writing on his slate with one finger, as he found it made no mark; but he now hastily began again, using the ink, that was trickling down his face, as long as it lasted.)</p> <p>“Then the words don’t <i>fit</i> you,” said the King, looking round the court with a smile. There was a dead silence.</p> <p>“It’s a pun!” the King added in an offended tone, and everybody laughed, “Let the jury consider their verdict,” the King said, for about the twentieth time that day.</p> <p>“No, no!” said the Queen. “Sentence first--verdict afterwards.”</p> <p>“Stuff and nonsense!” said Alice loudly. “The idea of having the sentence first!”</p> <p>“Hold your tongue!” said the Queen, turning purple.</p> <p>“I won’t!” said Alice.</p> <p>“Off with her head!” the Queen shouted at the top of her voice. Nobody moved.</p> <p>“Who cares for you?” said Alice, (she had grown to her full size by this time.) “You’re nothing but a pack of cards!”</p>	<p>14— THE SHOWER OF CARDS</p> <p>Oh dear, oh dear! What <i>is</i> it all about? And what’s happening to Alice?</p> <p>Well, I’ll tell you all about it, as well I can. The way the trial ended was this. The King wanted the Jury to settle whether the Knave of Hearts was <i>guilty</i> or <i>not guilty</i>--that means that they were to settle whether <i>he</i> had stolen the Tarts, or if somebody else had taken them. But the wicked <i>Queen</i> wanted to have his <i>punishment</i> settled, first of all. That wasn’t at all fair, <i>was</i> it? Because, you know, supposing he never <i>took</i> the Tarts, then of course he oughtn’t to be punished. Would <i>you</i> like to be punished for something you hadn’t done?</p> <p>So Alice said “Stuff and nonsense!”</p> <p>So the Queen said “Off with her head!” (Just what she always said, when she was angry.)</p> <p>So Alice said “Who cares for <i>you</i>? You’re nothing but a pack of cards!”</p>
<p>At this the whole pack rose up into the air, and came flying down upon her: she gave a little scream of fright, and tried to beat them off, and found herself lying on the bank, with her head in the lap of her sister, who was gently brushing away some dead leaves that had fluttered down from the trees on to her face.</p> <p>“Wake up!, Alice dear!” said her sister, “what a nice long sleep you’ve had!”</p> <p>“Oh, I’ve had such a curious dream!” said Alice, and she told her sister all her Adventures Under Ground, as you have read them, and when she had finished, her sister kissed her and said “it was a curious dream, dear, certainly! But now run in to your tea: it’s getting late.”</p> <p>So Alice ran off, thinking while she ran (as well she might) what a wonderful dream it had been.</p> <p>But her sister sat there some while longer, watching the setting sun, and thinking of little Alice and her Adventures, till she too began dreaming after a fashion, and this was her dream:--</p>	<p>At this the whole pack rose up into the air, and came flying down upon her: she gave a little scream, half of fright and half of anger, and tried to beat them off, and found herself lying on the bank, with her head in the lap of her sister, who was gently brushing away some dead leaves that had fluttered down from the trees upon her face.</p> <p>“Wake up, Alice dear!” said her sister; “Why, what a long sleep you’ve had!”</p> <p>“Oh, I’ve had such a curious dream!” said Alice, and she told her sister, as well as she could remember them, all these strange Adventures of hers that you have just been reading about; and when she had finished, her sister kissed her, and said, “It was a curious dream, dear, certainly; but now run in to your tea; it’s getting late.” So Alice got up and ran off, thinking while she ran, as well she might, what a wonderful dream it had been.</p> <p>But her sister sat still just as she left her, leaning her head on her hand, watching the setting sun, and thinking of little Alice and all her wonderful Adventures, till she too began dreaming after a fashion, and this was her dream:--</p>	<p>So they were <i>all</i> very angry, and flew up into the air, and came tumbling down again, all over Alice, just like a shower of rain.</p> <p>And I think you’ll <i>never</i> guess what happened next. The next thing was, Alice woke up out of her curious dream. And she found that the cards were only some leaves off the tree, that the wind had blown down upon her face.</p> <p><i>Wouldn’t</i> it be a nice thing to have a curious dream, just like Alice?</p>
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<i>Alice's Adventures under Ground</i>	<i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i>	<i>The Nursery Alice</i>
<p>She saw an ancient city, and a quiet river winding near it along the plain, and up the stream went slowly gliding a boat with a merry party of children on board--she could hear their voices and laughter like music over the water--and among them was another little Alice, who sat listening with bright eager eyes to a tale that was being told, and she listened for the words of the tale, and lo! it was the dream of her own little sister. So the boat wound slowly along, beneath the bright summer-day, with its merry crew and its music of voices and laughter, till it passed round one of the many turnings of the stream, and she saw it no more.</p>	<p>First, she dreamed of little Alice herself, and once again the tiny hands were clasped upon her knee, and the bright eager eyes were looking up into hers--she could hear the very tones of her voice, and see that queer little toss of her head to keep back the wandering hair that <i>would</i> always get into her eyes--and still as she listened, or seemed to listen, the whole place around her became alive the strange creatures of her little sister's dream.</p> <p>The long grass rustled at her feet as the White Rabbit hurried by--the frightened Mouse splashed his way through the neighbouring pool--she could hear the rattle of the teacups as the March Hare and his friends shared their never-ending meal, and the shrill voice of the Queen ordering off her unfortunate guests to execution--once more the pig-baby was sneezing on the Duchess's knee, white plates and dishes crashed around it--once more the shriek of the Gryphon, the squeaking of the Lizard's slate-pencil, and the choking of the suppressed guinea-pigs, filled the air, mixed up with the distant sobs of the miserable Mock Turtle.</p>	
<p>Then she thought, (in a dream within the dream, as it were,) how this same little Alice would, in the after-time, be herself a grown woman: and how she would keep, through her ripier years, the simple and loving heart of her childhood; and how she would gather around her other little children, and make <i>their</i> eyes bright and eager with many a wonderful tale, perhaps even with these very adventures of the little Alice of long-ago: and how she would feel with all their simple sorrows, and find a pleasure in all their simple joys, remembering her own child-life, and the happy summer days.</p>	<p>So she sat on, with closed eyes, and half believed herself in Wonderland, though she knew she had but to open them again, and all would change to dull reality--the grass would be only rustling in the wind, and the pool rippling to the waving of the reeds--the rattling teacups would change to tinkling sheep-bells, and the Queen's shrill cries to the voice of the shepherd boy--and the sneeze of the baby, the shriek of the Gryphon, and all thy other queer noises, would change (she knew) to the confused clamour of the busy farm-yard--while the lowing of the cattle in the distance would take the place of the Mock Turtle's heavy sobs.</p> <p>Lastly, she pictured to herself how this same little sister of hers would, in the after-time, be herself a grown woman; and how she would keep, through all her ripier years, the simple and loving heart of her childhood: and how she would gather about her other little children, and make <i>their</i> eyes bright and eager with many a strange tale, perhaps even with the dream of Wonderland of long ago: and how she would feel with all their simple sorrows, and find a pleasure in all their simple joys, remembering her own child-life, and the happy summer days.</p>	<p>The best plan is this. First lie down under a tree, and wait till a White Rabbit runs by, with a watch in his hand: then shut your eyes, and pretend to be dear little Alice.</p> <p>Good-bye, Alice dear, good-bye!</p>

ANEXO 2

Ilustrações de Peter Newell

Newell's New Alice Pictures.*

The new and beautiful edition of that classic of the nursery, which is also a perpetual source of delight to all well-constituted grown-up persons, "Through the Looking Glass," is, first of all, a Peter Newell book. The frontispiece is a portrait of the ingenious artist, and besides the many illustrations there are borders for every page, designed by Mr. Newell, and the pictures of Alice and her strange associates in her second wonderland are refreshing and interpretative in a new way.

We have no hesitation in saying that this veritable master work is even more fascinating than it used to be, with Peter Newell's art to interpret its fantasy and humor. This may seem to some rank heresy. The Tenniel pictures used to be thought inseparable from the text. But we like Peter Newell's pictures of the Walrus and the Carpenter weeping "to see such quantities of sand," of the "eldest Oyster" in his bed, winking at the persistent Walrus; of Alice making her way through the looking glass and her meeting with the conversational Tiger-lily; of the gentleman dressed in white paper; the gnat and Tweedledum and Tweedledee better than any previous "Alice" pictures.

The burbling and whiffling Jabberwock may not exactly meet everybody's idea of that strange creature. That and the Bandersnatch, perhaps, might better be left always to the reader's nimble imagination. But who would have the Knight or the Red Queen, or the Leg of Mutton, which rose in the dish and bowed to Alice, other than as they are here represented.

It is not to speak hyperbolically, in the circumstances, to say that "Through the Looking Glass" is a book for all time. It is as fresh and charming to-day as it was thirty odd years ago. Perhaps Peter Newell's style may not endure so long. We admit that possibility, but that diminishes our enjoyment of his new Alice pictures not at all.

The New York Times

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*Through
The Looking-Glass*

by Lewis Carroll
PETER NEWELL EDITION



*Alice's Adventures
in Wonderland*

by Lewis Carroll
PETER NEWELL EDITION

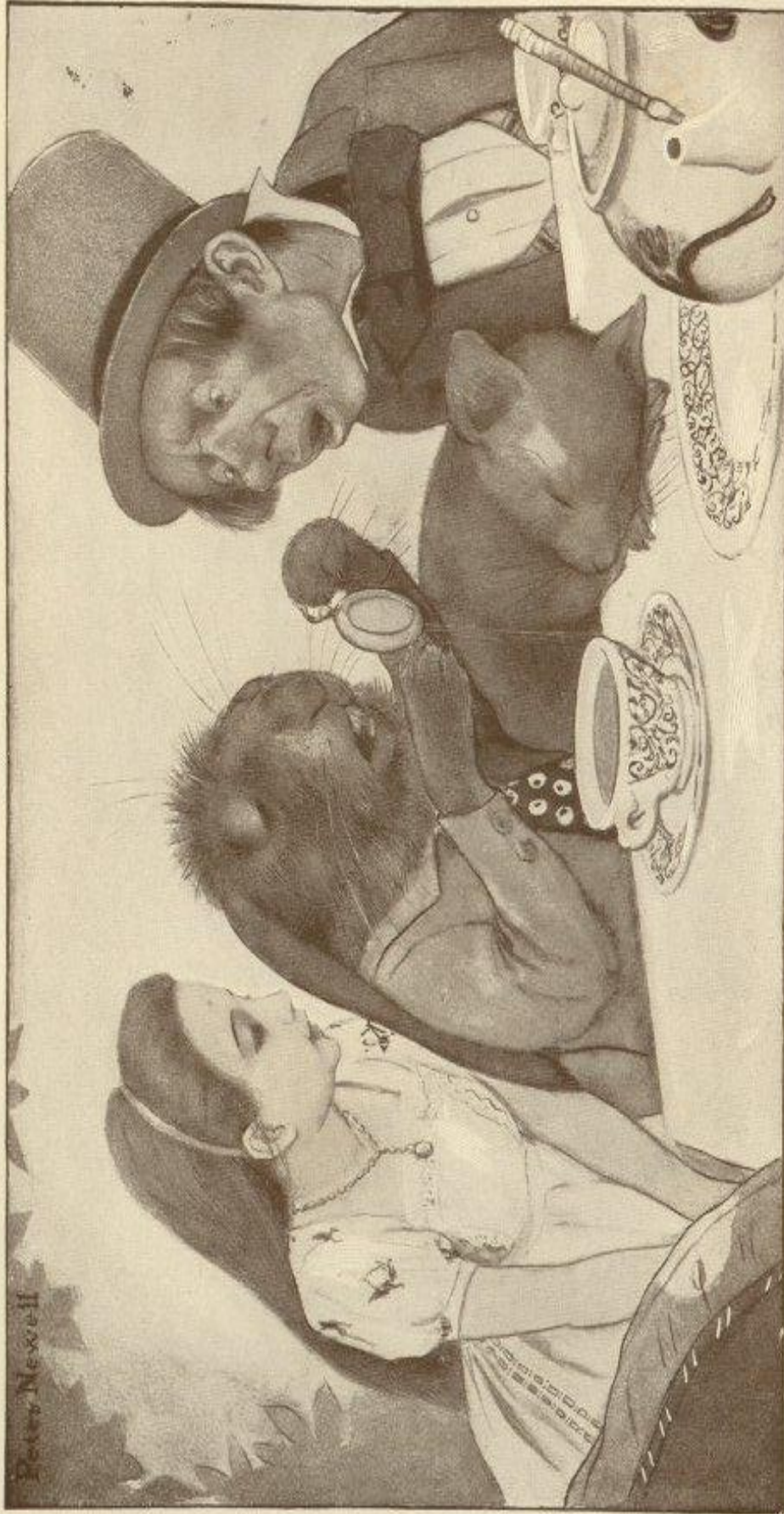


"Down she came upon a heap of dry leaves"



Peter Newell

“The Mouse gave a sudden leap out of the water.”



"He dipped it into his cup of tea and looked at it again."

ANEXO 3

Guião do filme Disney

Disney movie script

Chorus:

*Alice in Wonderland, how do you get to Wonderland?
Over the hill or underland, or just behind the tree?
When clouds go rolling by, they roll away and leave the sky.
Where is the land beyond the eye, that people can not see, where can it be?
Where do stars go, where is the crescent moon?
They must be somewhere in the sunny afternoon.
Alice in Wonderland, where is the path to Wonderland?
Over the hill or here or there, I wonder where.*

Sister: ...leaders, and had been of late much accustomed to usurpation and conquest. Edwin and Morcar, the earls of Mercia and Northumbria declared for him, and even Stigand... Alice!

Alice: Hmm...? Oh, I'm listening.

Sister: And even Stigand, the archbishop of Canterbury, agreed to meet with William and offer him the crown.

Alice: Hihih!

Sister: William's conduct at first was mo....

Alice: Hihih!

Sister: Alice...! Will you kindly pay attention to your history lesson?

Alice: I'm sorry, but how can one possibly pay attention to a book with no pictures in it?

Sister: My dear child, there are a great many good books in this world without pictures.

Alice: In this world perhaps. But in my world, the books would be nothing but pictures.

Sister: Your world? Huh, what nonsense. Now...

Alice: Nonsense?

Sister: Once more. From the beginning.

Alice: That's it, Dinah! If I had a world of my own, everything would be nonsense. Nothing would be what it is, because everything would be what it isn't. And contrariwise, what it is, it wouldn't be, and what it wouldn't be, it would. You see?

Dinah: Meow!

Alice: In my world, you wouldn't say 'meow'. You'd say 'Yes, miss Alice'.

Dinah: Meow!

Alice: Oh, but you would! You'd be just like people, Dinah, and all the other animals too. Why, in my world... *Cats and rabbits, would reside in fancy little houses, and be dressed in shoes and hats and trousers. In a world of my own. All the flowers would have very extra special powers, they would sit and talk to me for hours, when I'm lonely in a world of my own. There'd be new birds, lots of nice and friendly how-de-do birds, everyone would have a dozen bluebirds, within that world of my own. I could listen to a babbling brook and hear a song, that I could understand. I keep wishing it could be that way, because my world would be a wonderland.*

Dinah: Meow! Meow! Meow!

Alice: Oh Dinah! Its just a rabbit with a waistcoat... and a watch!

White Rabbit: Oh my fur and whiskers! I'm late, I'm late I'm late!

Alice: Now this is curious! What could a rabbit possibly be late for? Please, sir!

White Rabbit: I'm late, I'm late, for a very important date! No time to say hello, goodbye! I'm late, I'm late, I'm late!

Alice: It must be awfully important, like a party or something! Mister Rabbit! Wait!

White Rabbit: No, no, no, no, no, no, no, I'm overdue. I'm really in a stew. No time to say goodbye, hello! I'm late, I'm late, I'm late!

Alice: My, what a peculiar place to have a party.

Dinah: Meow!

Alice: You know, Dinah, we really shouldn't...uhh...uhh...be doing this... After all, we haven't been invited! And curiosity often leads to trouble – l – l – e – e – e! Goodbye, Dinah! Goodbye! ... Oh! Well, after this I shall think nothing of fa-... of falling downstairs! ... Oh! Ahhh... Oh, Goodness! What if I should fall right through the center of the earth... oh, and come out the other side, where people walk upside down. Oh, but that's silly. Nobody... oh! Oh, ha ha. Oh, mister Rabbit! Wait! Please! ... Curiouser and curiouser!

Doorknob: Ohhhhh!!

Alice: OH! Oh, I beg your pardon.

Doorknob: Oh, oh, it's quite all right. But you did give me quite a turn!

Alice: You see, I was following...

Doorknob: Rather good, what? Doorknob, turn?

Alice: Please, sir.

Doorknob: Well, one good turn deserves another! What can I do for you?

Alice: Well, I'm looking for a white rabbit. So, um, if you don't mind...

Doorknob: Uh? Oh!

Alice: There he is! I simply must get through!

Doorknob: Sorry, you're much too big. Simply impassible.

Alice: You mean impossible?

Doorknob: No, impassible. Nothing's impossible! Why don't you try the bottle on the table?

Alice: Table? Oh!

Doorknob: Read the directions, and directly you'll be directed in the right direction. He he he!

Alice: 'Drink me'. Hmmm, better look first. For if one drinks much from a bottle marked 'poison', it's almost certain to disagree with one, sooner or later.

Doorknob: Beg your pardon!

Alice: I was just giving myself some good advice. But... hmm, tastes like oh... cherry tart... custard... pineapple... roast turkey... goodness! What did I do?

Doorknob: Ho ho ho ho! You almost went out like a candle!

Alice: But look! I'm just the right size!

Doorknob: Oh, no use! Ha ha ha ha. I forgot to tell you, ho ho ho ho! I'm locked!

Alice: Oh no!

Doorknob: Ha ha ha, but of course, uh, you've got the key, so...

Alice: What key?

Doorknob: Now, don't tell me you've left it up there!

Alice: Oh, dear! What ever will I do?

Doorknob: Try the box, naturally.

Alice: Oh! 'Eat me'. All right. But goodness knows what this will do... wow, wow, wow, wow, wow!

Doorknob: whtwhsthswwdthdwd!

Alice: What did you say?

Doorknob: I said: 'a little of that went a long way'! Ha ha ha ha!

Alice: Well, I don't think it's so funny! Now- now I shall never get home!

Doorknob: Oh, come on now. Crying won't help.

Alice: I know, but I- I- I just can't help myself!

Doorknob: Hey, this won't do! Bwbwlbwbbwlbw! Say, this won't do at all! You, you up there, stop! Stop, I say! Oh look! The bottle, the bottle...

Alice: Oh dear, I do wish I hadn't cried so much.

Doorknob: glpglpglp...

Dodo: *Oh, the sailor's life is the life for me, how I love to sail on the bounding sea, and I never never ever do a thing about the weather for the weather never ever does a thing for me. Oh, a sailor's life is a life for me, tiddle um (prrt, prrt) tiddle dum dum dee! And I never ne... ahoy! And other nautical expressions! Land ho, by Jove!*

Parrot: Where away, Dodo?

Alice: Dodo?

Dodo: Three points to starboard. Follow me, me hearties! Have you at port no time at all now, haha! *Oh...*

Alice: Mister Dodo!

Dodo: *Johoho, and a bottle of sea, we love each time...*

Alice: Please! Please help me! ... Um, pardon me, but uh, would you mind helping me? Please? Yoo Ho! Yoo Ho! Help me! Please! Help me!

Dodo: *Forward, backward, inward, outward, come and join the chase! Nothing could be drier than a jolly caucus-race. Backward, forward, outward, inward, bottom to the top, never a beginning there can never be a stop to skipping, hopping, tripping, fancy free and gay, I started it tomorrow and will finish yesterday. Round and round and round we go, and dance for evermore, once we were behind but now we find we are be-forward, backward, inward, outward, come and join the chase! Nothing could be drier than a jolly caucus-race. For backward... I say! You'll never get dry that way!*

Alice: Get dry?

Dodo: Have to run with the others! First rule of a caucus-race, you know!

Alice: But how can I...

Dodo: That's better! Have you dry in no time now!

Alice: No-one can ever get dry this way!

Dodo: Nonsense! I am as dry as a bone already.

Alice: Yes, but...

Dodo: All right, chaps! Let's head now! Look lively!

Alice: The white rabbit! Mister Rabbit! Mi- mister Rabbit!

White Rabbit: Oh, my goodness! I'm late! I'm late!

Alice: Oh, don't go away! I'll be right back!

White Rabbit: I'm late, I'm late, I'm late!

Dodo: Don't step on the fish! Eric, there, watch it there stop kicking that mackerel! William...

Alice: Mister Rabbit! Oh, mister Rabbit! Oh dear, I'm sure he came this way. Do you suppose he could be hiding? Hmm... not here. I wonder... No, I suppose he must have... Oh! Why, what peculiar little figures! Tweedle Dee... and Tweedle Dum!

Tweedle Dee: If you think we're wax-works, you ought to pay, you know!

Tweedle Dum: Contrariwise, if you think we're alive you ought to speak to us!

Dee & Dum: That's logic!

Alice: Well, it's been nice meeting you. Goodbye!

Dee: You're beginning backwards!

Dum: Aye, the first thing in a visit is to say: *How do you do and shake hands, shake hands, shake hands. How do you do and shake hands and state your name and business.*

Dee & Dum: That's manners!

Alice: Really? Well, my name is Alice and I'm following a white rabbit. So...

Dee: You can't go yet!

Dum: No, the visit has just started!

Alice: I'm very sorry...

Dum: Do you like to play hide-and-peek?

Dee: Or button-button, who's got the button?

Alice: No, thank you.

Dee: If you stay long enough we might have a battle!

Alice: That's very kind of you, but I must be going.

Dee & Dum: Why?

Alice: Because I am following a white rabbit!

Dee & Dum: Why?

Alice: Well, I- I'm curious to know where he is going!

Dum: Ohhhh, she's curious! Tsk! tsk! tsk! ts!...

Dee: The oysters were curious too, weren't they?

Dum: Aye, and you remember what happened to them...

Dee & Dum: Poor things!

Alice: Why? What did happen to the oysters?

Dee: Oh, you wouldn't be interested.

Alice: But I am!

Dum: Oh, no. You're in much too much of a hurry!

Alice: Well, perhaps I could spare a little time...

Dee & Dum: You could? Well...

Dee: 'The Walrus and the Carpenter'!

Dum: Or: 'The story of the curious Oysters'!

Dee & Dum: *The sun was shining on the sea, shining with all his might, he did his very best to make the billows smooth and bright. And this was odd, because it was the middle of the night. The Walrus and the Carpenter were walking close at hand. The beach was white from side to side but much too full of sand. 'Mister Walrus', said the Carpenter: 'My brain begins to perk. We'll sweep this clear in half a year, if you don't mind the work.'*

Walrus: Work? Uh, pff, brrrr! Uh the time has come...

Dee & Dum: *...the Walrus said...*

Walrus: ...to talk of other things. Of shoes and ships and sealing wax, and cabbages and kings. And why the sea is boiling hot, and whether pigs have wings. Callooh, callay, no work today! We're cabbages and kings! ... Oh, uh, oysters, come and walk with us. The day is warm and bright! A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk, would be a sheer delight!

Carpenter: Yes, and should we get hungry on the way, we'll stop and uh... have a bite!

Walrus: Hrmmmm!

Dee & Dum: *But mother Oyster winked her eye and shook her heavy head. She knew too well this was no time to leave her oyster bed.*

Mother oyster: The sea is nice, take my advice, and stay right here.

Dee & Dum: *Mom said.*

Walrus: Yes, yes, of course, of course! But eh... haha! The time has come, my little friends, to talk of other things. Of shoes and ships and sealing wax, of cabbages and kings. And why the sea is boiling hot, and whether pigs have wings. Haha! Callooh, callay, come run away! We're the cabbages and kings! ... Hrmmmm, well now, uh... let me see... Ah! A loaf of bread is what we chiefly need.

Carpenter: So how about some pepper and salt and vinegar, aye?

Walrus: Oh yes, yes, splendid idea! Haha, very good indeed! Now, if you're ready, oysters dear... haha... we can begin the feed.

Oysters: Feed?

Walrus: Oh yes, ahh, the time has come, my little friends, to talk of food and things!

Carpenter: Of peppercorn some mustard seed and other seasonings. We'll mix them all together in a sauce that's fit for kings. Callooh, callay, we'll eat today, like cabbages and kings!

Walrus: I uh, weep for you, I -uh- oh, excuse me, I deeply sympathize. For I've enjoyed your company, oh, much more than you realize.

Carpenter: Little oysters, little oysters...

Dee & Dum: *But answer there came none. And this was scarcely odd, because, they'd been eaten, every one!*

Walrus: Hmm, well, uh, ha ha, ha ha, ha ha, hmmm... the time has come!

Dee & Dum: *We're cabbages and kings! The end!*

Alice: That was a very sad story.

Dum: Aye, and there's a moral to it.

Alice: Oh yes, a very good moral, if you happen to be an oyster. Well, it's been a very nice visit...

Dum: Another recitation...

Alice: I'm sorry, but...

Dum: Its titled 'Father William'.

Alice: But really, I'm...

Dum: First verse: *You are old father William, the young man said and your hair has become very white. And yet you incessantly stand on your head, do you think at your age it is right, is right, do you think at your age it is right? Well, in me youth, father William replied to his son, I'd do it again and again and again and I'd done it again and again and again...*

Alice: Now I wonder who lives here...

White Rabbit: Mary Ann! Drat that girl. Where did she put 'em? Mary Ann!

Alice: The rabbit!

White Rabbit: Mary Ann! No use, can't wait, I'm awfully late, oh me oh my oh me oh my!

Alice: Excuse me sir, but- but I've been trying to...

White Rabbit: Why, Mary Ann! What are you doing out here?

Alice: Mary Ann?

White Rabbit: Don't just do something stand there! Uh... no no! Go go! Go get my gloves! I'm late!

Alice: But late for what? That's just what I...

White Rabbit: My gloves! At once, do you hear!

Alice: Goodness. I suppose I'll be taking orders from Dinah next. Hmmm, now let me see. If I were a rabbit, where would I keep my gloves? Oh! Thank you. Don't mind if I do. *Hmhm. Hmhm. Hmhmhmhmhmhm. Hmhmhmhmhmhm-oeh!* Oh no no, not again!

White Rabbit: Oh! Mary Ann! Now you see here, Mary Ann... Help! No! No! Help! Monsters! Help, assistance!

Alice: Hrmm... hrmm... hrmm... dear!

White Rabbit: A monster! A monster, Dodo! In my house, Dodo!

Alice: Dodo...?

White Rabbit: Oh might, poor little bitty house...

Dodo: Uh, steady old champ. Can't be as bad as all that you know.

White Rabbit: Oh my poor roof and rafters, all my walls and... there it is!

Dodo: By Jove! Jolly well?? is! Isn't it?

White Rabbit: Well, do something, Dodo!

Dodo: Yes, indeed! Extraordinary situation, but eh...

White Rabbit: But- but- but- but- but what?

Dodo: But I have a very simple solution!

Alice: Thank goodness!

White Rabbit: Wha- wha- what is it?

Dodo: Simply pull it out the chimney.

White Rabbit: Yes, go- go- go on, go on! Pull it out!

Dodo: Who? Me? Don't be ridiculous! What we need is eh... a lizard with a ladder!

White Rabbit: Hmm? Oh! Bill! Bill! Eh, we need a lizzerd with a lizard, a lizard a bb...b... can you help us?

Bill: At your service, governor!

Dodo: Here, my lad??. Have you ever been down a chimney?

Bill: Why governor, I've been down more chimneys...

Dodo: Excellent, excellent. You just pop down the chimney, and haul that monster out of there.

Bill: Righto, governor! Monster? Hooaaaaah! No! No!

Dodo: Steady now. That's better! Bill, lad, you're passing up a golden opportunity!

Bill: I am?

Dodo: You can be famous!

Bill: I can?

Dodo: Of course! There's a brave lad! In you go now. Nothing to it, old boy. Simply tie your tail around the monsters neck and drag it out!

Bill: But- but- but governor!

Dodo: Good luck, Bill!

Alice: Ah- ah- ah- ah... choo!

Dodo: Well, there goes Bill...

Alice: Poor Bill...

Dodo: Ehh, perhaps we should try a more energetic remedy.

White Rabbit: Yes, anything, anything. But hurry!

Dodo: Now, I- I propose that we... uhh...

White Rabbit: Yes, come on, come on, yes, yes...

Dodo: I propose that we... uhh... dow! By Jove! That's it! We'll burn the house down!

White Rabbit: Yes, hihi! Burn the house... what?

Alice: Oh no!

Dodo: *Hi ho! Oh, we'll smoke the blighter out. He'll put the beast to rout. Some kindling, a stick or two, all this bit of rubbish ought to do.*

White Rabbit: Oh dear...

Dodo: *We'll smoke the blighter out, we'll smoke the monster out!*

White Rabbit: No, no! Not my beautiful birdhouse!

Dodo: *Oh, we'll roast the blighter's toes, we'll toast the bounder's nose!* Just fetch that gate, we'll make it clear that monsters aren't welcome here.

White Rabbit: Oh me, oh my...

Dodo: A match!

White Rabbit: Match?

Dodo: Thank you! *We'll blow the thing there out, we'll smoke the monster out!*

White Rabbit: *We'll smoke the monster out...* noho! Noho, my poor house and furniture...

Alice: Oh dear, this is serious! I simply must... oh! A garden! Perhaps if I eat something it will make me grow smaller...

White Rabbit: Ahhhh! Oh, let go! Help!

Alice: I'm sorry, but I must eat something!

White Rabbit: Not me, you- you- you- you- you barbarian! Help! Monsters! Help! Ah! I'm late! Oh dear, I'm here, I should be there! I'm late, I'm late, I'm late!

Dodo: Ah, say, do you have a match?

White Rabbit: Must go. Goodbye. Hello. I'm late, I'm late, I'm late!

Alice: Wait! Please wait!

Dodo: Ah, young lady! Do you have a match?

Alice: No, I- I'm sorry, but... mister Rabbit!

Dodo: No cooperation, no cooperation at all? We can't have monsters about! Jolly will have to carry on alone! Pf, pf, pf, pf...

Alice: Wait! Please! Just a minute! Oh, dear. I'll never catch him while I'm this small. Why curious butterflies!

Rose: You mean bread-and-butterflies.

Alice: Oh, yes, of course, I... hmm? Now who do you suppose... Ah, a horse fly! I mean, a- a rocking horse fly!

Rose: Naturally!

Alice: I beg your pardon, but uhh... did you... oh, that's nonsense. Flowers can't talk.

Rose: But of course we can talk, my dear.

Iris: If there's anyone worth talking to.

Daisy: Or about! Hahahaha!

Pansies: And we sing too!

Alice: You do?

Tulips: Oh, yes. Would you like to hear 'Tell it to the tulips'?

Larkspur??: No, let's sing about us!

Violets: We know one about the shy little violets...

1st Lily: Oh, no, not that old thing!

2nd Lily: Let's do 'Lovely lily at the valley'!

Daisies: How about the daisies in the...

Lilac: Oh, she wouldn't like that!

Rose: Girls, girls! We shall sing: 'Golden afternoon'. That's about all of us! Sound your A, Lily!

Lily: *Laaaaa...*

Pansies: *Mimimimi...*

Daisy: *Lalalala...*

Iris: *Hahahahahahaha...*

Dandelions: *Poem, poem poem, poem poem poem poem poem...*

All flowers: *Little bread-and-butterflies kiss the tulips, and the sun is like a toy balloon. There are get up in the morning glories, in the golden afternoon. There are dizzy daffodils on the hillside, strings of violets are all in tune, Tiger lilies love the dandelions, in the golden afternoon, the golden afternoon. There are dog and caterpillars and a copper centipede, where the lazy daisies love the very peaceful life they lead... You can learn a lot of things from the flowers, for especially in the month of June. There's a wealth of happiness and romance, all in the golden afternoon. ... All in the golden afternoon, the golden afternoon...*

Alice: *You can learn a lot of things from the flowers, for especially in the month of June. There's a wealth of happiness and romance, all...*

Flowers: *...the golden afternoon!*

Alice: Oh, that was lovely.

Rose: Thank you, my dear.

Daisy: What kind of garden do you come from?

Alice: Well I don't come from any garden...

Daisy: Oh, do you suppose she's a wild flower?

Alice: Oh no, I'm not a wild flower...

Rose: Just what specie, or shall we say, genus, are you, my dear?

Alice: Well, I suppose you call me a genus, humanus, eh... Alice!

Daisy: Ever seen an Alice with a blossom like that?

Iris: Come to think of it, did you ever see an Alice?

Daisy: Yes, and did you notice her petals? What a peculiar color!

Iris: And no fragrance!

Daisy: Hahaha! Just look at those stems!

Iris: Rather scrawny, I'd say.

Rose bud: I think she's pretty!

Rose: Quiet, bud!

Alice: But I'm not a flower!

Iris: Aha! Just as I suspected! She's nothing but a common mobile vulgaris!

Flowers: Oh no!

Alice: A common what?

Iris: To put it bluntly: a weed!

Alice: I'm not a weed!

Tulip: Well, you wouldn't expect her to admit it.

Lilac: Can you imagine!

Daisy: Well, goodness!

Lily: Don't let her stay here and go to seed!

Other flower??: Go on now!

Rose: Please, girls...

Pansies: We don't want weeds in our bed!

Other flower: Move along, move along!

Alice: Oh, all right, if that's the way you feel about it. If I were my right size, I could pick every one of you if I wanted to! And I'd guess that'd teach you!

Flowers: Hihhi!

Alice: You can learn a lot of things from the flowers... Huh! Seems to me they could learn a few things about manners!

Caterpillar: *A, e i o u, a e i o u, a e i o u, o, u e i o a, u e i a, a e i o u...* Who are you?

Alice: I- I- I hardly know, sir! I changed so many times since this morning, you see...

Caterpillar: I do not see. Explain yourself.

Alice: Why, I'm afraid I can't explain myself, sir, because I'm not myself, you know...

Caterpillar: I do not know.

Alice: Well, I can't put it anymore clearly for it isn't clear to me!

Caterpillar: You? Who are you?

Alice: Well, don't you think you ought to tell me- cough-cough, cough-cough, who you are first?

Caterpillar: Why?

Alice: Oh dear. Everything is so confusing.

Caterpillar: It is not.

Alice: Well, it is to me.

Caterpillar: Why?

Alice: Well, I can't remember things as I used to, and...

Caterpillar: Recite.

Alice: Hmm? Oh! Oh, oh, yes, sir! Um... how doth the little busy bee, improve each shi...

Caterpillar: Stop! That is not spoken correcitically. It goes: *how...*

Alice: Hihhi!

Caterpillar: Hmm! *How doth the little crocodile improve his shining tail. And pour the waters of the Nile, on every golden scale. How cheer... how cheer... Ahem!*

Alice: Hihihihhi!

Caterpillar: *How cheerfully he seems to grin, how neatly spreads his claws. And welcomes little fishes in, with gently smiling jaws.*

Alice: Well I must say I've never heard it that way before...

Caterpillar: I know, I have improved it.

Alice: Well, cough-cough-cough, if you ask me...

Caterpillar: You? Huh, who are you?

Alice: Cough-cough, cough-cough, A-choo! Oh!

Caterpillar: You there! Girl! Wait! Come back! I have something important to say!

Alice: Oh dear. I wonder what he wants now. Well...?

Caterpillar: Keep your temper!

Alice: Is that all?

Caterpillar: No. Exacitically, what is your problem?

Alice: Well, it's exacitici-, exaciti-, well, it's precisely this: I should like to be a little larger, sir.

Caterpillar: Why?

Alice: Well, after all, three inches is such a wretched height, and...

Caterpillar: I am exacitically three inches high, and it is a very good height indeed!

Alice: But I'm not used to it. And you needn't shout! Oh dear!

Caterpillar: By the way, I have a few more helpful hints. One side will make you grow taller...

Alice: One side of what?

Caterpillar: ...and the other side will make you grow shorter.

Alice: The other side of what?

Caterpillar: The mushroom, of course!!

Alice: Hmm. One side will make me grow... but which is which? Hmm. After all that's happened, I- I wonder if I... I don't care. I'm tired of being only three inches high -yi -yi -yi -yi -yi!

Bird: Ah! A serpent! Aaaaahhh! Help! Serpent! Serpent!

Alice: Oh, but please! Please!

Bird: Off with you! Shoo! Shoo! Go away! Serpent! Serpent!

Alice: But I'm not a serpent!

Bird: So? Indeed? Then just what are you?

Alice: I'm just a little girl!

Bird: Little? Ha, little? Whahahaha!

Alice: Well I am! I mean, I- I was...

Bird: And, I suppose you don't eat eggs, either?

Alice: Yes, I do, but...

Bird: I knew!

Alice: But- but- but...

Bird: I knew it! Serpent! Serpent!

Alice: Oh, for goodness sake! Hmmm... and the other side will...

Bird: A very idea! Spend all my time lying eggs, for serpents like her! Aaaaaahhh! Oh, Oh, oh, oh!

Alice: Goodness... I wonder if I'll ever get the knack of it. There, that's much better. Hmmm... I better save these. Now let's see, where was I? Hmmm, I wonder which way I ought to go...

Cheshire Cat: *'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves, did gyre and gimble in the wabe. All mimsy were the borogoves, and the momeraths outgrabe.*

Alice: Now where in the world do you suppose that...

Cheshire Cat: Uh... loose something?

Alice: Oh! Hehe, Oh uhhh... hehe... I- I was... no, no, I- I- I- I mean, I uhh... I was just wondering...

Cheshire Cat: Oh uhh, that's quite all right! Oh, hmmm, one moment please... Oh! Second chorus... *'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves, did gyre and gimble in the wabe...*

Alice: Why, why you're a cat!

Cheshire Cat: A Cheshire Cat. *All mimsy were the borogoves...*

Alice: Oh, wait! Don't go, please!

Cheshire Cat: Very well. Third chorus...

Alice: Oh no no no... thank you, but- but I just wanted to ask you which way I ought to go.

Cheshire Cat: Well, that depends on where you want to get to.

Alice: Oh, it really doesn't matter, as long as I g...

Cheshire Cat: Then it really doesn't matter which way you go! *Ah-hmm... and the momeraths outgrabe...* Oh, by the way, if you'd really like to know, he went that way.

Alice: Who did?

Cheshire Cat: The white rabbit.

Alice: He did?

Cheshire Cat: He did what?

Alice: Went that way?

Cheshire Cat: Who did?

Alice: The white rabbit!

Cheshire Cat: What rabbit?

Alice: But didn't you just say... I mean... oh dear!

Cheshire Cat: Can you stand on your head?

Alice: Oh!

Cheshire Cat: However, if I were looking for a white rabbit, I'd ask the Mad Hatter.

Alice: The Mad Hatter? Uh... no, no, I don't- I don't...

Cheshire Cat: Or, there's the March Hare. In that direction.

Alice: Oh, thank you. I- I think I shall visit him.

Cheshire Cat: Of course, he's mad too.

Alice: But I don't want to go among mad people!

Cheshire Cat: Oh, you can't help that. Almost everyone is mad here. Ha... ha ha ha ha ha! You may have noticed that I'm not all there myself.... hahaha... *and the momeraths outgrabe...*

Alice: Goodness. If the people here are like that, I- I must try not to upset them. How very curious!

March Hare: *...to us. If there are no objections, let it be unanimous!*

Mad Hatter: *A very merry unbirthday...*

March Hare: *A very merry unbirthday...*

Mad Hatter & March Hare: *A very merry unbirthday to us! ...*

March Hare: *A very merry unbirthday to me.*

Mad Hatter: *To who?*

March Hare: *To me.*

Mad Hatter: *Oh you!*

March Hare: *A very merry unbirthday to you.*

Mad Hatter: *Who, me?*

March Hare: *Yes, you.*

Mad Hatter: *Oh me!*

March Hare: *Let's all congratulate us with another cup of tea, a very merry unbirthday to you!*

March Hare & Mad Hatter: No room, no room, no room, no room, no room, no room, no room!

Alice: But I thought there was plenty of room!

March Hare: Ah, but it's very rude to sit down without being invited!

Mad Hatter: I say it's rude. Its very very rude, indeed! Hah!

Dormouse: Very very very rude, indeed...

Alice: Oh, I'm very sorry, but I did enjoy your singing and I wondered if you could tell me...

March Hare: You enjoyed our singing?

Mad Hatter: Oh, what a delightful child! Hah! I'm so excited, we never get compliments! You must have a cup of tea!

March Hare: Ah, yes indeed! The tea, you must have a cup of tea!

Alice: That would be very nice. I'm sorry I interrupted your birthdayparty... uh, thank you.

March Hare: Birthday? Hahaha! My dear child, this is not a birthdayparty!

Mad Hatter: Of course not! Hehehe! This is an unbirthdayparty!

Alice: Unbirthday? Why, I'm sorry, but I don't quite understand.

March Hare: Its very simple. Now, thirty days have sept- no, when... an unbirthday, if you have a birthday then you... haha... she doesn't know what an unbirthday is!

Mad Hatter: How silly! Ha ha ha ha! Ah-hum... I shall elucidate! Now statistics prove, prove that you've one birthday.

March Hare: Imagine, just one birthday every year.

Mad Hatter: Ahhh, but there are 364 unbirthdays!

March Hare: Precisely why we're gathered here to cheer!

Alice: Why, then today is my unbirthday too!

March Hare: It is?

Mad Hatter: What a small world this is.

March Hare: In that case... *a very merry unbirthday.*

Alice: *To me?*

Mad Hatter: *To you!*

March Hare: *A very merry unbirthday.*

Alice: *For me?*

Mad Hatter: *For you! Now blow the candle out, my dear and make your wish come true! Hihih!*

March Hare & Mad hatter: *A very merry unbirthday to you!*

Dormouse: *Twinkle, twinkle, little bat, how I wonder what you're at! Up above the world you fly, like a tea-tray in the sky!*

Alice: Oh, that was lovely!

Mad Hatter: And uh, and now my dear, hehe, uh... you were saying that you would like to sea.. uh...? You were seaking some information some kind... hehe!

Alice: Oh, yes. You see, I'm looking for a...

Mad Hatter: Clean cup, clean cup! Move down!

Alice: But I haven't used my cup!

March Hare: Clean cup, clean cup, move down, move down, clean cup, clean cup, move down!

Mad Hatter: Would you like a little more tea?

Alice: Well, I haven't had any yet, so I can't very well take more...

March Hare: Ahh, you mean you can't very well take less!

Mad Hatter: Yes! You can always take more than nothing!

Alice: But I only meant that...

Mad Hatter: And now, my dear, something seems to be troubling you. Uh, won't you tell us all about it?

March Hare: Start at the beginning.

Mad Hatter: Yes, yes! And when you come to the end, hehehe, stop! See?

Alice: Well, it all started while I was sitting on the riverbank with Dinah.

March Hare: Very interesting. Who's Dinah?

Alice: Why, Dinah is my cat. You see...

Dormouse: Cat?

March Hare: Hurry! Give the jam! Quickly! Give the jam! On his nose! Put it on his nose!

Mad Hatter: On his nose, on his nose!

Dormouse: Where's the cat...

Mad Hatter: Oh. Oh, my goodness! Those are the things that upset me!

March Hare: See all the trouble you've started?

Alice: But really, I didn't think...

March Hare: Ah, but that's the point! If you don't think, you shouldn't talk!

Mad Hatter: Clean cup! Clean cup! Move down, move down, move down!

Alice: But I still haven't used....

Mad Hatter: Move down, move down, move down, move down... And now my dear, as you were saying?

Alice: Oh, yes. I was sitting on the riverbank with uh... with you know who...

Mad Hatter: I do, hehehe?

Alice: I mean my C - A - T...

Mad Hatter: Tea?

March Hare: Just half a cup if you don't mind.

Mad Hatter: Come, come my dear. hehehe! Don't you care for tea?

Alice: Why, yes, I'm very fond of tea, but...

March Hare: If you don't care for tea, you could at least make polite conversation!

Alice: Well, I've been trying to ask you...

March Hare: I have an excellent idea! Let's change the subject!

Mad Hatter: Why is a raven like a writing desk?

Alice: Riddles? Let me see now. Why is a raven like a writing desk?

Mad Hatter: I beg your pardon?

Alice: Why is a raven like a writing desk?

Mad Hatter: Why is a what?

March Hare: Careful! She's stark raving mad!

Alice: But- but it's your silly riddle! You just said...

Mad Hatter: Very good??!

March Hare: How about a nice cup of tea?

Alice: A nice cup of tea, indeed! Well, I'm sorry, but I just haven't the time!

March Hare: The time, the time! Who's got the time?

White Rabbit: No, no, no, no! No time, no time, no time! Hello, goodbye! I'm late! I'm late!

Alice: The white rabbit!

White Rabbit: Oh, I'm so late! I'm so very very late!

Mad Hatter: Well, no wonder you're late! Why, this clock is exactly two days slow!

White Rabbit: Two days slow?

Mad Hatter: Of course you're late. Hahaha! My goodness. We'll have to look into this. A-ha! I see what's wrong with it! Why, this watch is full of wheels!

White Rabbit: Oh, my poor watch! Oh, my wheels! My springs! But- but- but- but, but- but-but...

Mad Hatter: Butter! Of course, we need some butter! Butter!

March Hare: Butter!

White Rabbit: But- but- butter?

Mad Hatter: Butter, oh, thank you, butter. Ha ha. Yes, that's fine.

White Rabbit: Oh no no, no no no you'll get crumbs in it!

Mad Hatter: Oh, this is the very best butter! What are you talking about?

March Hare: Tea?

Mad Hatter: Tea! Oh, I never thought of tea! Of course!

White Rabbit: No!

Mad Hatter: Tea! hehehe

White Rabbit: No! Not tea!

March Hare: Sugar?

Mad Hatter: Sugar. Two spoons, yes, ha, two spoons. Thank you, yes.

White Rabbit: Oh, please! Be careful!

March Hare: Jam?

Mad Hatter: Jam! I forgot all about jam!

White Rabbit: No, no! Not jam!

Mad Hatter: Yes, sure you want, it's nice to see.

March Hare: Mustard?

Mad Hatter: Mustard? Yes, but... Mustard? Don't let's be silly! Lemon, that's different, that's... yes! That should do it. Hahaha! ... Look at that!

March Hare: Its going mad!

Alice: Oh, my goodness!

White Rabbit: Oh dear!

March Hare: It is going mad! Mad watch!

Mad Hatter: I don't understand, it's the best butter.

March Hare: Mad watch! Mad watch! Mad watch!

Mad Hatter: Oh, look! Oh my goodness!

March hare: There's only one way to stop a mad watch!

Mad Hatter: Two days slow, that's what it is.

White Rabbit: Oh, my watch...

Mad Hatter: It was?

White Rabbit: And it was an unbirthday present too.

March Hare: Well, in that case...

March Hare & Mad Hatter: *A very merry unbirthday to you!*

Alice: Mister Rabbit! Oh, mister Rabbit! Oh, now where did he go to?

March Hare & Mad Hatter: *A very merry unbirthday to us, to us. A very merry unbirthday to us, to us...*

Alice: Of all the silly nonsense, this is the stupidest tea party I've ever been to in all my life. Well, I've had enough nonsense. I'm going home. Straight home. That rabbit. Who cares where he's going anyway. Why, if it hadn't been for him I... 'Tulgey Wood'... Hmm, curious. I don't remember this. Now let me see... Oh! Uh, no no, please. No more nonsense. Now, if I came this way, I should go back this way!

Duck: Quack!

Alice: Oh, I beg your pardon!

Duck: Quack quack quack quack! ...

Alice: Goodness. When I get home I shall write a book about this place... If I- if I ever do get home... Oh, um, excuse me! Um, could one of you tell me... uh... ha ha, never mind. Oh dear. Its getting dreadfully dark. And nothing looks familiar. I shall certainly be glad to get out of... Oh! ... It would be so nice if something would make sense for a change! Oh! 'Don't step on the momeraths'. The momeraths? Oh! A path! Oh thank goodness! Why, I just knew I'd find one sooner or later. Oh, if I hurry back I might even be home in time for tea! Oh, won't Dinah be happy to see me! Oh, I just can't wait 'till I- oh! Oh dear! Now I- now I shall never get out. Well, when- when one's lost, I- I suppose it's good advice to stay where you are, until someone finds you. But- but who'd ever think to look for me here? Good advice. If I listened earlier I wouldn't be here! But that's just the trouble with me. I give myself very good advice... *but I very seldom follow it. That explains the trouble that I'm always in. Be patient is very good advice, but the waiting makes me curious. And I'd love the change, should something strange begin. Well, I went along my merry way, and I never stopped to reason. I should have known there'd be a price to pay, some day. Some day. I give myself very good advice, but I very seldom follow it. Will I ever learn to do the things I should?*

Chorus: *Will I ever learn, learn to do the things I should?*

Cheshire Cat: *Hmhmhmhm... and the momeraths outgrabe.*

Alice: Oh, Cheshire Cat, it's you!

Cheshire Cat: Whom did you expect? The white rabbit, perchance?

Alice: Oh, no no no no. I- I- I'm through with rabbits. I want to go home! But I can't find my way.

Cheshire Cat: Naturally. That's because you have no way. All ways here you see, are the queen's ways.

Alice: But I've never met any queen.

Cheshire Cat: You haven't? You haven't? Oh, but you must! She'll be mad about you, simply mad! Hahaha! *And the momeraths outgrabe...*

Alice: Please, please! Uh... how can I find her?

Cheshire Cat: Well, some go this way, some go that way. But as for me, myself, personally, I

prefer the shortcut.

Alice: Oh!

Card painters: *Da dee dee da da da, Doodle de do, dee do dee do, bum bum bum bum, painting the roses red, we're painting the roses red, we dare not stop or waste a drop, so let the paint be spread. We're painting the roses red, we're painting the roses red! Painting the roses red, and many a tear we shed, because we know they'll cease to grow, in fact they'll soon be dead. Noooo! And yet we go ahead, painting the roses red, red, red, red, red, red, red, red. Painting the roses red, we're painting the roses red...*

Alice: *Oh, pardon me, but mister Three, why must you paint them red?*

Card painters: *Huh? Oh! Well, the fact is, miss: we planted the white roses by mistake. And, the queen, she likes them red. If she saw what we said, she'd raise a fuss and each of us would quickly loose his head.*

Alice: Goodness!

Card painters: *Since this is the thought we dread, we're painting the roses red!*

Alice: Oh dear! Then let me help you! *Painting the roses red...*

Alice & Card painters: *We're painting the roses red. Don't tell the queen what you have seen, or say that's what we said, what, we're painting the roses red...*

Alice: *Yes, painting the roses red...*

Card painters: *Not pink, not green...*

Alice: *Not aquamarine...*

Alice & Card painters: *We're painting the roses red!*

Card painters: The Queen! The Queen!

Alice: The Queen!

Card painters: The Queen! ...

Queen: Cards, halt! Count off!

Cards: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, Jack.

Alice: The rabbit!

White Rabbit: He...he... her imperial highness, he... her grace, her excellency, her royal majesty, the Queen of Hearts! And the King...

A card (or perhaps Mickey Mouse?): Hurray!

Queen: Hum... Who's been painting my roses red? Who's been painting my roses red? Who dares to taint, with vulgar paint, the royal flower bed? For painting my roses red, someone will loose his head!

Three: Oh, no! Your majesty! Please, it's all his fault!

Two: Not me, your grace! The Ace, the Ace!

Queen: You?

Ace: No, Two!

Queen: The Deuce you say?

Two: Not me, the Three!

Queen: That's enough! Off with their heads!

Cards: *They're going to loose their heads, for painting the roses red, it serves them right, they planted white, the roses should be red. Oh, they're going to loose their head...*

Queen: Silence!

Alice: Oh, please, please! They were only trying to...

Queen: And who is this?

King: Uh... well, well, well, now, eh... let me see, my dear. It certainly isn't a heart... do you suppose it's a club?

Queen: Why, it's a little girl.

Alice: Yes, and- and I was hoping...

Queen: Look up, speak nicely, and don't twiddle your fingers! Turn out your toes. Curtsey. Open your mouth a little wider, and always say 'yes, your majesty'!

Alice: Yes, your majesty!

Queen: Hmhmhmhm. Now, um, where do you come from, and where are you going?

Alice: Well, um, I'm trying to find my way home...

Queen: Your way? All ways here are my ways!

Alice: Well, yes, I know, but I was just thinking...

Queen: Curtsey while you're thinking, it saves time.

Alice: Yes, your majesty, but I was only going to ask...

Queen: I'll ask the questions! Do you play croquet?

Alice: Why, yes, your majesty.

Queen: Then let the game begin!

King: In your places, in your places, By order of the king! Hurry, hurry, hurry!

Queen: Shuffle deck! Cards cut! Deal cards! Cards, halt! ... Silence! Pfwfwfwfw! ... Off with his head!

King: Off with his head, off with his head! By order of the king. You heard what she said!

Queen: You're next!

Alice: Oh, but...

Queen: Hahaha... my dear.

Alice: Ahhh... Yes, your majesty.

Queen: Hmhmhmhmhm....

Cards: Hahahahaha!

Alice: Oh... hahahahaha! Stop!

Queen: Grrrw! ??

Alice: Do you want us both to loose our heads?

Flamingo: Uh! Hum!

Alice: Well, I don't!

Cards: Hahahaha... Hurray! ... Hahahaha!

Cheshire Cat: *La la la da da dum... la la la hmm...* I say, how are you getting on?

Alice: Not at all.

Cheshire Cat: Beg your pardon?

Alice: I said 'not at all'!

Queen: Whom are you talking to?

Alice: Oh, uh... a cat, your majesty!

Queen: Cat? Where?

Alice: There! Oh... Oh there he is again!

Queen: I warn you child, if I loose my temper, you loose your head, understand?

Cheshire Cat: You know, we could make her really angry. Shall we try?

Alice: Oh no no!

Cheshire Cat: Oh, but it's lots of fun!

Alice: No, no, no! Stop! Oh no!

White Rabbit: Oh my fur and whiskers!

King: Oh dear! Save the queen!

Queen: Someone's head will roll for this! Yours! Off with her...

King: But- but consider, my dear. Couldn't she have a trial... uh... first?

Queen: Trial?

King: Well, just a... uh... little trial? Hmm?

Queen: Hmm. Very well then. Let the trial begin!

White Rabbit: Huh... your majesty... members of the jury... loyal subjects...

King: A-hem...

White Rabbit: ...and the king. The prisoner at the bar is charged with enticing her majesty, the Queen of Hearts, into a game of croquet, and thereby willfully...

Alice: But...

White Rabbit: ...and with malice aforethought, teasing, tormenting, and otherwise annoying our beloved...

Queen: Don't mind all that! Get to the part where I loose my temper.

White Rabbit: Bwbwbwl... thereby causing the queen to loose her temper.

Queen: Now, Ha ha... are you ready for your sentence?

Alice: Sentence? Ah, but there must be a verdict first!

Queen: Sentence first! Verdict afterwards.

Alice: But that just isn't the way!

Queen: All ways are...

Alice: Your ways, your majesty.

Queen: Yes, my child. Off with her...

King: Consider, my dear. Uh... we called no witnesses... Uh... couldn't we hear... maybe one or two? Ha? Maybe?

Queen: Oh, very well. But get on with it!

King: First witness! First witness! Ah, we'll call the first witness.

White Rabbit: The March Hare.

King: Oh, oh, what do you know about this uh... unfortunate affair?

March Hare: Nothing.

Queen: Nothing whatever?

March Hare: Nothing whatever!

Queen: That's very important! Jury, write that down!

Alice: Unimportant, uh... your majesty means of course...

Queen: Silence! Next witness.

White Rabbit: The Dormouse!

Queen: Well...

Cards: Shhh!

Queen: What have you to say about this?

Dormouse: *Twinkle, twinkle, little bat. How I wonder...*

Queen: That's the most important piece of evidence we've heard yet. Write that down!

Jury: Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle...

Alice: Twinkle, twinkle. What next?

White Rabbit: The Mad Hatter!

Mad Hatter: Oh... he he he he!

Queen: Off with your hat!

Mad Hatter: Oh, my! He he he!

King: And eh... where were you when this horrible crime was committed?

Mad Hatter: I was home, drinking tea. Today you know is my unbirthday.

King: Why, my dear! Today is your unbirthday too!

Queen: It is?

March Hare & Mad Hatter: It is?

Cards: It is?

Mad Hatter, March Hare and Cards: *A very merry unbirthday!*

Queen: *To me?*

Alice: Oh no!

Mad Hatter, March Hare and Cards: *To you! A very merry unbirthday!*

Queen: *For me?*

Mad Hatter, March Hare and Cards: *For you!*

Mad Hatter: *Now blow the candle out, my dear and make your wish come true! He he he.*

Mad Hatter, March Hare and Cards: *A very merry unbirthday, to you!*

Alice: Oh! Your majesty!

Queen: Oh, yes, my dear?

Alice: Look! There he is now!

Queen: He? Where? Who?

Alice: The Cheshire Cat!

Queen: Cat?

Dormouse: Cat! Cat? Cat cat cat cat!

March Hare: Hang on, hang on!

Mad Hatter: This is terrible!

Dormouse: Cat cat cat cat!

Mad Hatter: Help! Help!

King: Catch him! Stand in!

March Hare: Catch him! Catch him! Go for it!

Mad Hatter: Help him! Catch him! Give me the jam, the jam!

King: The jam! The jam! By order of the king!

Mad Hatter: The jam!

Queen: Let me have it! Somebody's head is going to roll for this! A-ha!

Alice: The mushroom!

Queen: Off with her h...hmpf!

Alice: Oh, pooh. I'm not afraid of you! Why, you're nothing but a pack of cards!

Cards: Huh?

King: Rule forty-two: all persons more than a mile high must leave the court immediately.

Alice: I'm not a mile high. And I'm not leaving.

Queen: Hehehe... sorry! Rule forty-two, you know.

Alice: And as for you, your majesty! Your majesty indeed! Why, you're not a queen, but just a fat, pompous, bad tempered old ty- tyrant...

Queen: Hmhmhmhm... and uh... what were you saying, my dear?

Cheshire Cat: Well, she simply said that you're a fat, pompous, bad tempered old tyrant, hahahaha!

Queen: Off with her head!

King: You heard what her majesty said! Off with her head! ...

All: *Forward, backward, inward, outward, here we go again! No one ever loses and no one can ever win. Backward, forward, outward, inward, bottom to the top, there's...*

Queen: Off with her head! Off with her head!

March Hare: Just a moment! You can't leave a tea party without having a cup of tea, you know!

Alice: But- but I can't stop now!

March Hare: Ah, but we insist! You must join us in a cup of tea!

Queen: Off with her head!

Alice: Mister Caterpillar! What will I do?

Caterpillar: Who are you?

Alice: Cough-cough! Cough-cough!

Queen: There she goes! Don't let her get away! Off with her head!

Doorknob: Awww! Still locked, you know.

Alice: But the Queen! I simply must get out!

Doorknob: Oh, but you are outside.

Alice: What?

Doorknob: See for yourself!

Alice: Why, why that's me! I'm asleep!

Queen: Don't let her get away! Off with her head!

Alice: Alice, wake up! Please wake up, Alice! Alice! Please wake up, Alice! Alice! Alice!
Alice!

Sister: Alice! Alice! Will you kindly pay attention and recite your lesson?

Alice: Huh? Oh. Oh! Uh... *how doth the little crocodile, improve his shining tail. And pour the waters of the...*

Sister: Alice, what are you talking about?

Alice: Oh, I'm sorry, but you see, the Caterpillar said...

Sister: Caterpillar? Oh, for goodness sake. Alice, I... Oh, well. Come along, it's time for tea.

Chorus:

Alice in Wonderland, over the hill or here or there, I wonder where.

*Alice in Wonderland, how do you get to Wonderland?
Over the hill or under land, or just behind the tree?
Alice in Wonderland, where is the path to Wonderland?
Over the hill or here or there, I wonder where.*

ANEXO 4

Argumento de Linda Woolverton para o filme de Tim Burton

Alice
by
Linda Woolverton

Based on
Alice's Adventures In Wonderland
Through The Looking Glass
by Lewis Carroll

9/9/08 (White Shooting Script)
10/28/08 (Blue Revised Pages)

FADE IN:

1 EXT. LONDON - 1855 - NIGHT 1

Warm light shines from the study of the gracious Kingsley home. A man, silhouetted in the window, speaks with ardor.

2 INT. THE STUDY - NIGHT - CONT. 2

CHARLES KINGSLEY has just described his new venture to his friends, including LORD ASCOT.

LORD ASCOT

Charles, you have finally lost your senses.

A COLLEAGUE

This venture is impossible.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

For some. Gentlemen, the only way to achieve the impossible is to believe it is possible.

A COLLEAGUE

That kind of thinking could ruin you.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

I'm willing to take that chance. Imagine trading posts in Rangoon, Bangkok, Jakarta...

He stops. His nine year-old daughter ALICE stands at the door in her nightgown, clearly frightened. He goes to her.

CHARLES KINGSLEY (CONT'D)

The nightmare again?

She nods. He takes her hand and turns to his guests.

CHARLES KINGSLEY (CONT'D)

I won't be long.

3 INT. YOUNG ALICE'S BEDROOM - LATER 3

He sits on her bed, listening with utmost seriousness.

ALICE

I'm falling down a dark hole, then I see strange creatures...

CHARLES KINGSLEY

What kind of creatures?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

ALICE

Well, there's a dodo bird, a rabbit in a waistcoat, a smiling cat...

CHARLES KINGSLEY

I didn't know cats could smile.

ALICE

Neither did I. Oh, and there's a blue caterpillar.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

Blue caterpillar. Hmm.

ALICE

Do you think I've gone round the bend?

He feels her forehead as if for a fever.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

I'm afraid so. You're mad. Bonkers. Off your head. But I'll tell you a secret...all the best people are.

She smiles and leans against him.

CHARLES KINGSLEY (CONT'D)

It's only a dream, Alice. Nothing can harm you there. But if you get too frightened, you can always wake up. Like this.

He pinches her. She screams and pinches him back.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. THE OUTSKIRTS OF LONDON - TEN YEARS LATER 4

A horse-drawn carriage careens down the road at a full gallop.

5 INT. THE CARRIAGE - DAY - CONT. 5

ALICE KINGSLEY is on the verge of womanhood, beautiful, but slightly off-kilter. She sees the world with different eyes than other people her age. Presently, she's tired and grumpy as her mother fusses with her wild mane of blonde hair.

ALICE

Must we go? I doubt they'll notice if we never arrive.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN KINGSLEY

They will notice.

She re-ties her waist sash, feeling for her corset.

HELEN KINGSLEY (CONT'D)

Where's your corset?

She pulls back her dress to see bare legs.

HELEN KINGSLEY (CONT'D)

And no stockings!

ALICE

I'm against them.

HELEN KINGSLEY

But you're not properly dressed.

ALICE

Who's to say what is proper? What if it was agreed that "proper" was wearing a codfish on your head? Would you wear it?

HELEN KINGSLEY

Alice.

ALICE

To me a corset is like a codfish.

HELEN KINGSLEY

Please. Not today.

Frustrated, Alice looks out the window and mutters.

ALICE

Father would have laughed.

She sees the hurt on her mother's face and instantly regrets her words.

ALICE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'm tired. I didn't sleep well last night.

Her mother pats her hand in a forgiving gesture.

HELEN KINGSLEY

Did you have bad dreams again?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

ALICE

Only one. It's always the same ever since I can remember. Do you think that's normal? Don't most people have different dreams?

Alice's mother removes her own jewelry and puts it on her.

HELEN KINGSLEY

I don't know. There! You're beautiful. Now, can you manage a smile?

6 EXT. THE ASCOT ESTATE - THE GARDENS - DAY

6

The garden party is in full swing. Everyone has turned out in their summer finery. Guests play croquet on the great lawn. Skiffs drift lazily on a meandering river.

Alice approaches LORD and LADY ASCOT with a fixed unnatural smile. Lord Ascot is a stately, aristocratic man. Lady Ascot is red-faced with annoyance.

LADY ASCOT

At last! We thought you'd never arrive. Alice, Hamish is waiting to dance with you. Go!

She pushes Alice off and turns on Helen.

LADY ASCOT (CONT'D)

You do realize it's well past four! Now everything will have to be rushed through!

HELEN KINGSLEY

I am sorry. We...

LADY ASCOT

Never mind!

She rushes off.

LORD ASCOT

Forgive my wife. She's been planning this affair for the last twenty years.

HELEN KINGSLEY

If only Charles were here...

(CONTINUED)

LORD ASCOT

My condolences, madame. I think of your husband often. He was truly a man of vision.

HELEN KINGSLEY

Thank you.

LORD ASCOT

I hope you don't think I have taken advantage of your misfortune.

HELEN KINGSLEY

Of course not. I'm pleased that you've purchased the company.

LORD ASCOT

I was a fool for not investing in his mad venture when I had the chance.

She smiles.

HELEN KINGSLEY

Charles thought so too.

7 EXT. THE GARDEN - A QUADRILLE

7

Alice does a line dance with HAMISH who takes after his mother, refined and immaculate with aristocratic arrogance.

ALICE

Hamish, do you ever tire of the Quadrille?

HAMISH

On the contrary. I find it invigorating.

He struts like a peacock. Alice laughs.

HAMISH (CONT'D)

Do I amuse you?

ALICE

No. I had a sudden vision of all the ladies in top hats and the men wearing bonnets.

He doesn't even crack a smile.

(CONTINUED)

HAMISH

It would be best to keep your visions
to yourself. When in doubt, remain
silent.

Alice's smile fades. Without her father, she feels there's
no one like her in the whole world. They dance on. Alice
sees a flock of geese overhead. Distracted, she bumps into
the dancers in front of them.

HAMISH (CONT'D)

Pardon us! Miss Kingsley is
distracted today.

(to Alice)

Where is your head?

ALICE

I was wondering what it would be like
to fly.

HAMISH

Why would you waste your time thinking
about such an impossible thing?

ALICE

Why wouldn't I? My father said he
sometimes believed in six impossible
things before breakfast.

She laughs at the memory. Hamish looks pained. He sees his
mother nearby. She waves him on impatiently.

HAMISH

Meet me under the gazebo in precisely
ten minutes.

He goes off. Suddenly two giggling girls appear in front of
Alice. It's the Chattaways.

FAITH

We have a secret to tell you.

ALICE

If you're telling me, then it's not
much of a secret.

FIONA

Perhaps we shouldn't.

FAITH

We decided we should!

(CONTINUED)

FIONA

If we tell her, she won't be surprised.

FAITH

Will you be surprised?

ALICE

Not if you tell me. But now you've brought it up, you have to.

FAITH

No we don't.

FIONA

In fact, we won't.

ALICE

I wonder if your mother knows that you two swim naked in the Havershim's pond.

FAITH

You wouldn't!

ALICE

Oh, but I would. There's your mother now.

Alice starts to walk toward her. Fiona blurts out.

FIONA

Hamish is going to ask for your hand!

Alice stops dead. Her sister, MARGARET, suddenly pulls her away.

MARGARET

You've ruined the surprise!

(to Alice)

I could strangle them! Everyone went to so much effort to keep the secret.

ALICE

Does everyone know?

MARGARET

It's why they've all come. This is your engagement party. Hamish will ask you under the gazebo. When you say "yes"...

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (3)

7

ALICE

But I don't know if I want to marry him.

MARGARET

Who then? You won't do better than a Lord.

She looks at Hamish who blows his nose, studies the contents of his kerchief, then folds it and puts it in his pocket.

MARGARET

You'll soon be twenty, Alice. That pretty face won't last forever. You don't want to end up like Aunt Imogene.

They look at their middle-aged AUNT IMOGENE with over-rouged cheeks and a yellowing white dress that's too young for her.

MARGARET

And you don't want to be a burden on mother, do you?

ALICE

No.

MARGARET

So you will marry Hamish. You will be as happy as I am with Lowell and your life will be perfect. It's already decided.

Lady Ascot's face suddenly looms in hers.

LADY ASCOT

Alice dear, shall we take a leisurely stroll through the garden? Just you and me?

She jerks her away quickly.

8 EXT. THE ROSE GARDENS

8

Lady Ascot steers her through the gardens at a fast clip.

LADY ASCOT

Do you know what I've always dreaded?

ALICE

The decline of the aristocracy?

(CONTINUED)

LADY ASCOT

Ugly grandchildren. But you're so lovely. You're bound to produce little...

(she gasps)

Imbeciles! The gardeners planted white roses when I specifically asked for red!

ALICE

You could always paint the roses red.

Lady Ascot looks at her strangely.

LADY ASCOT

What an odd thing to say. Come along.

She hurries her along the path. Alice hears a *jingling* sound.

LADY ASCOT

You should know that my son has extremely delicate digestion...

Alice sees SOMETHING LARGE AND WHITE dart past.

ALICE

Did you see that?

LADY ASCOT

See what?

ALICE

It was a rabbit, I think.

LADY ASCOT

Nasty things. I do enjoy setting the dogs on them. Don't dawdle.

She rushes Alice toward the gazebo. Alice looks for the rabbit.

LADY ASCOT (CONT'D)

If you serve Hamish the wrong foods, he could get a blockage.

And there it is, a LARGE WHITE RABBIT in a waistcoat, standing on its hind legs and staring directly at Alice. She blinks. The White Rabbit darts behind a tree.

ALICE

Did you see it that time?

(CONTINUED)

LADY ASCOT

See what?

ALICE

The rabbit!

LADY ASCOT

Don't shout! Pay attention. Hamish said you were easily distracted. What was I saying?

ALICE

Hamish has a blockage. I couldn't be more interested, but you'll have to excuse me.

Alice dives into the wooded area off the path and stands for a moment, mind reeling. A hand lands on her shoulder. She jumps.

ALICE

Aunt Imogene! I think I'm going mad. I keep seeing a rabbit in a waistcoat.

IMOGENE

How very strange. What kind of waistcoat?

ALICE

Brocade, I think. What does it matter? It's a rabbit in a waistcoat!

IMOGENE

I can't be bothered with your fancy rabbit now. I'm waiting for my fiance.

ALICE

You have a fiance?

The White Rabbit darts by.

ALICE (CONT'D)

There! Did you see it?

IMOGENE

He's a prince. But, alas he cannot marry me unless he renounces his throne. Isn't it tragic?

ALICE

Very.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (3)

8

She backs away and runs into her sister's husband, LOWELL, kissing a strange woman. The woman runs off.

ALICE

Lowell?

LOWELL

Alice. We were...Hattie is an old friend.

ALICE

I can see you're very close.

Lowell is bright red and highly flustered.

LOWELL

You won't mention this to your sister, will you?

ALICE

I don't know. I'm confused. I need time to think.

LOWELL

Think of Margaret. She would never trust me again. You don't want to ruin her marriage, do you?

ALICE

Me? I'm not the one...

Suddenly Hamish is there, annoyed.

HAMISH

There you are! I told you meet me under the gazebo!

9 EXT. THE GARDEN - GAZEBO - DAY

9

He pulls her under the gazebo. The shadows of the pillars fall on her like prison bars. She glances at a string quartet discreetly positioned in the shadows... bows poised. Hamish drops to his knee. Alice notices an artist immortalizing the moment.

HAMISH (CONT'D)

Alice Kingsley...

ALICE

Hamish.

(CONTINUED)

HAMISH

What is it?

ALICE

You have a caterpillar on your shoulder.

He frantically brushes at his shoulder.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Don't hurt it.

Alice lets the CATERPILLAR crawl onto her finger, then places it gently onto a tree branch.

HAMISH

You'll want to wash that finger.

He sees his mother motioning to him from below. Everyone is watching. He blurts out.

HAMISH (CONT'D)

Alice Kingsley, will you be my wife?

The question hangs in the air. Unsure of herself, unsure of her future, unsure of her own sanity in that moment, Alice stammers.

ALICE

I...I.....well, everyone expects me to...and you're a Lord...and my face won't last...and I don't want to end up like...but this is happening so quickly...I think...I...I...

She sees the WHITE RABBIT leaning against a pillar, glaring at her with undisguised impatience.

ALICE (CONT'D)

...need a moment.

She turns and runs.

10 EXT. THE MEADOW - DAY - CONT.

10

She follows the White Rabbit across a meadow.

ALICE

Wait!

She loses sight of him. She peeks over the hedgerow. No rabbit. Stumped, she looks around.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 10

A white paw reaches up and grasps her by the ankle. With a quick jerk, it pulls her down into the rabbit hole. She screams...

11 DOWN THE RABBIT HOLE 11

...and keeps screaming as she tumbles head over heels down the hole. She frantically grabs at the walls which are hung with paintings, ancient maps, cracked mirrors, demonic masks, etc. She pulls out books, jam jars, a crystal ball, a badger claw, a monkey's hand and a human skull in her frantic effort to stop herself. And down she falls. It begins to grow dark as the day passes into night. And still she falls. Finally, after what seems like hours...

12 INT. THE ROUND HALL - DAY 12

WHAM! She hits bottom, smacking her head on a wooden floor.

ALICE

Ah!

Wind knocked out, she gasps for air, then she sits up, rubbing the bump on her forehead. She's in a round hall with many doors. She gets up and tries a door. It's locked. She tries another one and another. She knocks.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Hello? Hello! Anyone there?

No answer. She moves around the hall. Every door locked. She sees a three-legged glass table with a small key sitting on top. She picks up the key and tries it in a door. It's too small for the lock.

She tries it in a few doors, too small. She comes upon a curtain and pulls it aside to reveal a little door about two feet high.

She tries the key in the door. It fits. She opens the little door and bends down to look through to the other side.

THROUGH THE SMALL DOOR

She sees a garden with a fountain. She tries to fit through the door, but her shoulders get stuck. She pulls back. Stumped, she goes back to the table and replaces the key. But now there's a bottle on the table. She looks for the person who put it there.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Is someone here?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

She looks at a label. "DRINK ME". She sniffs the contents, recoils, then shrugs.

ALICE (CONT'D)

It's only a dream.

She takes a drink, shudders, gags and coughs from the taste. In a moment, she notices that the table is getting larger.

ALICE (CONT'D)

That's curious.

Alice SHRINKS to two feet high.

HER POV

The doors loom above her. She takes a step and trips on her now-oversized clothes. Dragging them behind, she tries to open the door. But it's still locked. She groans as she realizes what she's done. She goes back to the glass table where she can see the gold key sitting on top.

CUT TO:

13 ON ALICE - THROUGH A KEYHOLE

13

We hear VOICES as they watch Alice through a keyhole.

DODO (O.S.)

You'd think she would remember this from the first time.

THE DORMOUSE (O.S.)

You've brought the wrong Alice.

WHITE RABBIT (O.S.)

She's the right one. I'm certain of it.

14 INT. THE ROUND HALL - CONT.

14

Alice attempts to climb the table leg, but gets tangled in her too-big clothes and slides off. She notices a little box under the table. She looks around for the unseen person.

ALICE

If this is some sort of prank, I am not amused!

She opens the box. It's a cake with "EAT ME" written out in ornate icing. She considers, looks up at the key high above on the table.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 14

She takes a tiny taste of the cake. She takes another bite. WHOOSH! She shoots upward rapidly. Her clothes fit again, but she keeps growing. Buttons pop, seams are strained and her skirt gets shorter. The ceiling gets closer...her head grazes it! She stops. Relieved, she bends down and picks up the gold key. Crouching, she goes to the little door and fits the key in the lock.

15 ON ALICE - THEIR POV 15

THE DORMOUSE (O.S.)
She's the wrong Alice.

WHITE RABBIT (O.S.)
Give her a chance.

16 INT. THE ROUND HALL 16

She laughs at herself and goes back to the table. She picks up the little bottle and takes another swallow, shivers at the taste, then shrinks again to two feet high. Dragging her too-big clothes, she runs to the door, puts the key in the lock, opens it and steps through.

17 EXT. A GARDEN IN UNDERLAND - DAY 17

She enters a fantastical world. Underland is bizarre, illogical, often dangerous, absurd, and strangely beautiful. The garden is brown and tangled, its statues broken and overgrown. The mossy fountain is silent. Alice hears a bellow/sneezing sound as a GREEN PIG dashes past. The TALL FLOWERS have gaunt, haunted HUMAN FACES. SHABBY, THIN BIRDS walk on stalk legs. DRAGONFLIES, HORSEFLIES and ENORMOUS GNATS do fierce battle in the sky above.

ALICE
Curiouser and curiouser.

WHITE RABBIT
I told you she's the right
Alice.

She turns to see a DODO BIRD with eye glasses and a walking stick, the WHITE RABBIT, a young female DORMOUSE in breeches and two round BOYS with their arms thrown over each others shoulders, Dee and Dum are stitched on their collars.

THE DORMOUSE
I am not convinced.

The White Rabbit throws up his hands.

(CONTINUED)

WHITE RABBIT

How is that for gratitude? I've been up there for weeks trailing one Alice after the next! And I was almost eaten by other animals! Can you imagine? They go about entirely unclothed and they do their...shukm in public. I had to avert my eyes.

The FLOWERS WITH HUMAN FACES study Alice.

TALKING FLOWER

She doesn't look anything like herself.

THE DORMOUSE

That's because she's the wrong Alice.

TWEEDLEDEE

And if she was, she might be.

TWEEDLEDUM

But if she isn't, she ain't.

TWEEDLEDEE

But if she were so, she would be.

TWEEDLEDUM

But she isn't. Nohow.

ALICE

How can I be the "wrong Alice" when it's my dream? And who are you, if I may ask.

Dee shakes her hand, speaking very fast.

TWEEDLEDEE

I'm Tweedleehe's Tweedledum.

TWEEDLEDUM

Contrariwise. I'mTweedledum he'sTweedledee.

DODO

We should consult Absolem.

TALKING FLOWER

Exactly. Absolem will know who she is.

Tweedledee puts out his arm to her.

(CONTINUED)

TWEEDLEDEE

I'll escort you.

Dum pulls her away from Dee.

TWEEDLEDUM

It's not being your turn.

They tug her between them.

TWEEDLEDEE

Leave off!

TWEEDLEDUM

Let go!

ALICE

Are they always this way?

WHITE RABBIT

Family trait.

(to Tweedles)

You can both escort her.

Dee takes one arm. Dum takes the other and ALICE, THE TWEEDLES, THE DODO, WHITE RABBIT and DORMOUSE start off. The HUMAN-FACED FLOWERS gossip about Alice as they pass.

TALKING FLOWERS

It can't be her. She looks nothing like Alice. She is not even wearing the right dress.

ALICE

Who is this Absolem?

WHITE RABBIT

He's wise. He's absolute.

THE TWEEDLES

He's Absolem.

They enter a forest of tall mushrooms surrounded by mist.

THE CATERPILLAR (O.S.)

Who are you?

Alice can see a form ahead where the mist rises in a steady plume. It's coming from a hookah.

(CONTINUED)

There's a BLUE CATERPILLAR smoking it. The White Rabbit pushes Alice toward him.

ALICE

Absolem?

THE CATERPILLAR

You're not Absolem. I'm Absolem. The question is...who are YOU?

He blows smoke rings in her face. She coughs.

ALICE

Alice.

THE CATERPILLAR

We shall see.

ALICE

What do you mean by that? I ought to know who I am!

THE CATERPILLAR

Yes, you ought. Stupid girl. Unroll the Oraculum.

The White Rabbit unrolls an ancient PARCHMENT lying on a toadstool.

WHITE RABBIT

"The Oraculum: Being a Calendrical Compendium of Underland."

Alice looks. It's a timeline depicting the major events of each day. Every day has a title and an illustration.

ALICE

It's a calendar.

THE CATERPILLAR

Compendium. It tells of each and every day since the Beginning.

WHITE RABBIT

Today is Griblig day in the time of the Red Queen.

He points to the illustration.

It shows all of them, including Alice, peering at the Oraculum, at that exact moment.

20 EXT. THE MUSHROOM FOREST - CONT. 20

THE CATERPILLAR

Show her the Frabjous day.

White Rabbit turns the scroll further into the future.

TWEEDLEDEE

Frabjous being the day you slay the
Jabberwocky.

ALICE

Sorry? Slay the...what?

21 CLOSE ON THE ORACULUM - HER POV 21

The illustration is animated. The Jabberwocky is tall as a dinosaur with reptilian wings, scales, long sharp claws, a pronged tail and a vest. It hisses! A Knight with long blonde hair in chain mail fights him with a shining sword.

TWEEDLEDUM (O.S.)

That being you there with the Vorpall sword.

TWEEDLEDEE (O.S.)

No other swords can kill the
Jabberwocky. Nohow.

TWEEDLEDUM (O.S.)

If it ain't Vorpall, he ain't dead.

As she swings the sword, she reveals her face to the readers. The girl is unmistakably Alice, with bloodlust in her eye.

22 EXT. THE MUSHROOM FOREST - CONT. 22

Alice backs away.

ALICE

That's not me.

THE DORMOUSE

I know!

WHITE RABBIT

Resolve this for us, Absolem. Is she
the right Alice?

The CATERPILLAR looks Alice in the eye.

(CONTINUED)

THE CATERPILLAR

Not Hardly.

He blows smoke, obliterating himself from view.

THE DORMOUSE

I told you!

WHITE RABBIT

Oh dear!

TWEEDLEDUM

I said so.

TWEEDLEDEE

No, I said so.

TWEEDLEDUM

Contrariwise, you said she might be.

TWEEDLEDEE

No. You said she would be if she was.

THE FLOWERS

Little imposter! Pretending to be Alice! She should be ashamed!

WHITE RABBIT

I was so certain of you.

They all glare at her as if it is somehow her fault.

ALICE

I'm sorry. I don't mean to be the wrong Alice. Wait, this is my dream. I'm going to wake up now and you'll all disappear.

She closes her eyes and pinches herself. She opens them again. The animals are still there.

ALICE (CONT'D)

That's curious.

She pinches herself again. The animals just look at her.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Pinching usually does the trick.

The Dormouse pulls a long sharp hat pin from her scabbard.

(CONTINUED)

THE DORMOUSE

I could stick you if that would help.

ALICE

It might actually. Thank you.

THE DORMOUSE

My pleasure.

She stabs her in the ankle with relish. Alice yelps. But instead of a small sound, a THUNDEROUS ROAR is heard and the BANDERSNATCH smashes through a high wall.

TWEEDLEDEE

Bandersnatch!

It has a huge furry body with the head of a rabid bulldog. Drool oozes from his squashed muzzle. His fur is caked with blood and filth. His teeth are shark like and broken, stained with blood. A foul stench emanates from him.

Everyone scatters. But they're intercepted by RED KNIGHTS wearing the RED QUEEN'S CREST: a heart in flames. The Knights capture the fleeing animals. A PIG and a FLAMINGO are caught and thrown into a caged wagon. The Dodo gets away. A Knight grabs the White Rabbit by his leg, lifting him up...

WHITE RABBIT

Unhand me! I do not enjoy being...

He's tossed into the caged wagon with the others.

Alice runs. The Bandersnatch thunders after her. She stops.

ALICE

Wait. It's only a dream. Nothing can hurt me.

She turns around to face it. The Dormouse watches from behind a tree.

THE DORMOUSE

What is she doing?

The Bandersnatch opens its drooling muzzle to eat Alice.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Can't hurt me...can't hurt me.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 23

THE DORMOUSE

Run, you great lug!

The Dormouse groans. She leaps onto the Bandersnatch, pulls herself up, hand-over-hand to its shoulder and drives her hatpin into its eye. It bellows! She tries to pull the hatpin out, but the whole eye pops out. Bandersnatch howls and whips around raking Alice's arm with its long claws. She runs.

24 EXT. THE MUSHROOM FOREST - ON THE ORACULUM 24

A large HAND with RED BIRTHMARK reaches down and picks up the abandoned Oraculum. The grim KNAVE OF HEARTS, ILOSOVIC STAYNE, has a flaming red birth mark which covers half his face and hands. He looks through the scroll and sees something that alarms him. He tucks it into his saddle bag and rides away.

25 EXT. THE CROSSLING - DAY 25

Alice runs down the path, but it diverges in two directions. A road sign points south to "SNUD" and east to "QUEAST".

TWEEDLEDUM

This way! East to Queast!

TWEEDLEDEE

No, south to Snud!

He pulls her one way. Tweedledee pulls her the other. There's an ear-slitting SCREECH. The enormous JUBJUB BIRD lands in front of them. It's part monkey-eating eagle and part ostrich. It makes a "JUB'JUB" sound as it snatches the Tweedles in its claws and takes flight.

26 EXT. FLYING WITH THE JUBJUB BIRD 26

The JubJub flies over the barren red earth of Crims with the Tweedles in its claws toward Salazen Grum and the castle of the Red Queen on the shore of the Crimsen sea. Her flag with the Heart in Flames flies atop the spires.

27 INT. THE RED QUEEN'S GREAT HALL/THRONE ROOM - DAY 27

A long hall is lined with FROG FOOTMEN with A FISH BUTLER. The RED QUEEN'S angry scream comes from behind closed doors. The doors bang open to reveal IRACEBETH the RED QUEEN. She has a huge oversized head, extremely large features, and bright red hair.

(CONTINUED)

RED QUEEN

Someone stole three of my tarts!

She leans into the face of a frog.

RED QUEEN (CONT'D)

Did you steal them?

FOOTFROG #1

No, your Majesty.

She walks the row, studying the face of each frog. At the end, she whirls to leer into the face of one terrified frog.

RED QUEEN

Did you steal my tarts?

FOOTFROG #3

No, Your Majesty.

She wipes a telltale bit of jam from the side of its mouth. She holds her finger up and sniffs the juice.

RED QUEEN

Squimberry juice.

FOOTFROG #3

I was so hungry!

RED QUEEN

OFF WITH HIS HEAD!

Red Knights converge on the guilty Frog.

FOOTFROG #3

No! Please! I have little ones to look after!

The Knights drag him out. The Queen turns to the Fish Butler.

RED QUEEN

Go to his house and collect the little ones. I love tadpoles on toast points almost as much as I love caviar.

The Fish butler suppresses his revulsion and anger.

KNAVE OF HEARTS

Majesty?

The Queen's face lights up to see him. She turns flirty.

(CONTINUED)

RED QUEEN

Ilosovic Stayne...you knave, where
have you been lurking?

She holds out her hand. He kisses it, barely. She sighs.

KNAVE OF HEARTS

Majesty, I found the Oraculum.

He lays it on a table and rolls it out.

RED QUEEN

That? It looks so ordinary for an
oracle.

KNAVE OF HEARTS

Look here. On the Frabjous Day.

He points to the illustration of Alice in the scroll.

RED QUEEN

I'd know that tangled mess of hair
anywhere. Is it Alice?

KNAVE OF HEARTS

I believe it is.

RED QUEEN

What is she doing with my darling
Jabberwocky?

KNAVE OF HEARTS

She appears to be slaying it.

RED QUEEN

She killed my Jabberbabywocky!

KNAVE OF HEARTS

Not yet. But it will happen if we
don't stop her.

RED QUEEN

Find Alice, Stayne. Find her!

KNAVE OF HEARTS

I will bring her head and lay it at
your feet.

RED QUEEN

No. Bring the whole girl. I want to
do it myself.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (3) 27

He nods.

28 EXT. NEAR THE STABLES - LATER 28

Stayne sits on his horse as the Knights hold a growling BLOODHOUND, BAYARD, bound by a spiked collar and heavy ropes.

KNAVE OF HEARTS

Find the scent of human girl and earn your freedom.

BLOODHOUND

For my wife and pups as well?

KNAVE OF HEARTS

Everyone goes home.

He puts his nose to the ground and leads the Knights off. Stayne strokes his horse's neck.

STAYNE'S HORSE

Dogs will believe anything.

29 EXT. THE TULGEY WOOD - DAY - CONT. 29

Still running, Alice stops to look at the gashes on her arm.

CHESHIRE CAT (O.S.)

It looks like you ran afoul of something with wicked claws.

She sees the disembodied head of a CAT hovering midair.

ALICE

And I'm still dreaming!

CHESHIRE CAT

What did that do to you?

ALICE

Banner or Bander...

CHESHIRE CAT

The Bandersnatch? I'd better have a look.

The Cat disappears then reappears as a whole cat. CHESSUR is all calm, casual sensuality with a seductive grin. He inspects the wound, then tries to lick it.

ALICE

What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

CHESHIRE CAT

It needs to be purified by someone with evaporating skills or it will fester and putrefy.

ALICE

I'll be fine as soon as I wake up.

CHESHIRE CAT

At least let me bind it for you.

She allows him to use his handkerchief to bind the wound.

CHESHIRE CAT

What do you call yourself?

ALICE

Alice.

CHESHIRE CAT

The Alice?

ALICE

I'm not going into that again!

CHESHIRE CAT

I never get involved in politics. You'd best be on your way.

ALICE

What way? All I want to do is wake up from this dream!

CHESHIRE CAT

Fine. I'll take you to the Hare and the Hatter. But that's the end of it.

He disappears suddenly. She looks around. He reappears ahead.

CHESHIRE CAT (CONT'D)

Coming?

There's nothing else for her to do but follow.

30 EXT. HOUSE OF THE MARCH HARE - DAY

30

The house is part hare/part house. The chimneys are ears. The roof is thatched with fur. The picket fence is rabbit feet, doorknob a bunny tail. The windows are pink rabbit eyes that look round and blink.

(CONTINUED)

The tea party has been going on for years. The tea set is an odd admixture of cracked pots and chipped cups. The tablecloth is stained and threadbare, the chairs lopsided. The MAD HATTER slumps in one of them, staring into space, pale and morose. Even his clothes reflect his gloomy mood. He always wears a ragged and scorched TOP HAT. Paranoid and anxious, the MARCH HARE constantly wrings his paws and long ears. The Dormouse has arrived ahead of Alice. She wears the Bandersnatch eye at her waist. The Hare/house taps the March Hare on his head.

MARCH HARE

What? Where? Who's there?

The Cheshire Cat strolls in with Alice. At sight of her, the Hatter bolts upright. He brightens, his clothes even perk up. Transfixed, he moves towards her, shortest route being across the top of the table. He comes close, studying her intently.

MAD HATTER

Your hair wants cutting... It's you. *

THE DORMOUSE

No, it's not. McTwisp brought us the wrong Alice.

MAD HATTER

It's absolutely Alice. You're absolutely Alice! I'd know you anywhere. I'd know him anywhere. *

He takes her hand and pulls her back over the top of the table. She tries not to step on any teacups. He plunks her down in the chair next to his.

MAD HATTER

Well, as you can see we're still having tea. It's all because I was obliged to kill Time waiting for your return. You're terribly late, you know... naughty. Well anyway, time became quite offended and stopped altogether. Not a tick ever since. *

ALICE

Time can be funny in dreams.

MAD HATTER

Yes yes, of course. But now you are back, you see, and we need to get on to the Frabjous day. I'm investigating things that begin with the letter M. *

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

MAD HATTER (cont'd)

Have you any idea why a raven is like
a writing desk?

*
*

Hare, Hatter and Dormouse clasp their hands high.

HATTER/HARE/DORMOUSE

Downal wyth Bluddy Behg Hid!

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

Sorry?

CHESHIRE CAT

"Down with the Bloody Big Head".
Bloody Big Head being the Red Queen.

THE DORMOUSE

It's a secret language used by us...
the Underland Underground Resistance!

MAD HATTER

Come, come. We simply must commence
with the slaying and such... *

(to Time)

Therefore, it's high time for Time to
forgive and forget. Or forget and
forgive, whichever comes first. Or, is
in any case, most convenient. I'm
waiting. *

The March Hare taps his watch, listens to it, dips it into
his tea cup, listens again.

MARCH HARE

It's ticking again!

The Cat puts his tea cup down with disgust.

CHESHIRE CAT

All this talk of blood and slaying has
put me off my tea.

MAD HATTER

The entire world is falling to ruin
and poor Chessur's off his tea. *

CHESHIRE CAT

What happened that day was not my
fault!

Suddenly enraged, the Hatter slams both hands on the table.
Cups and teapots go flying.

MAD HATTER

You ran out on them to save your own
skin!

(cursing in
Outlandish)

*You guddler's scuttish pilgar
lickering...*

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (4)

30

The Cheshire Cat puts his paws over Alice's ears. The Hatter keeps cursing faster and faster. He can't stop himself.

(CONTINUED)

MAD HATTER

...Shukem juggling sluking ur-pals.
Bar lom muck egg brimni.

*
*

THE DORMOUSE

Hatter!

The Hatter jerks. He pulls himself back to the moment.

MAD HATTER

(Fez ??) Thank you. I'm fine.

*

CHESIRE CAT

What's wrong with you, Tarrant? You
used to be the life of the party. You
used to do the best *Futterwacken* in
all of Witzend.

ALICE

Futter...?

THE DORMOUSE

It's a dance.

MAD HATTER

On the Frabjous day, when the White
Queen once again wears the crown,
again. On that day, I'll
Futterwacken... Vigorously.

*
*

They glare at each other like estranged brothers.

The Hare/House taps March Hare on the shoulder again.

MARCH HARE

What? The Knave! Hide her!

Cheshire Cat disappears. Hatter picks up a small bottle.

MAD HATTER

Drink this.

ALICE

Oh no...

They force the liquid down her. She shrinks to six inches
high. They shove her into the teapot and cram her now over-
large clothes in behind her. The Hatter closes the lid.

MAD HATTER

Mind your head.

*

31 INT. THE TEAPOT - DAY 31

It's dim inside, except for a stream of light from the spout.

32 EXT. THE TEA PARTY - DAY - CONT. 32

The Hatter does a headstand in his chair. The Dormouse climbs into a soup tureen. The Hare lays on the table. Following his nose, Bloodhound leads Stayne and two RED KNIGHTS in.

KNAVE OF HEARTS

Well, if it's not my favorite trio of lunatics.

MARCH HARE

You're all late for tea!

The March Hare throws a teapot at them.

KNAVE OF HEARTS

We're looking for the girl called Alice.

The Bloodhound sniffs around the table.

MAD HATTER

Speaking of the Queen...here's a song we sang at her soiree. *

HARE/HATTER/DORMOUSE

Twinkle Twinkle Little Bat!
How I wonder where you're at!

Stayne grabs the Hatter around the neck. Knight #1 cracks Hare with his weapon. Knight #2 pours hot tea on the Dormouse's head.

KNAVE OF HEARTS

If you're hiding her, you'll lose your heads.

MAD HATTER

Already lost them. All sing together. *

HARE/HATTER/DORMOUSE

Up Above the World you fly,
Like a tea tray in the sky.

They all laugh crazily.

33 INT. THE TEAPOT - ALICE'S POV 33

Alice peeks out the spout. Hare, Hatter and Dormouse sing on despite being hit, choked and dunked.

HARE/HATTER/DORMOUSE
Twinkle Twinkle Twinkle Twinkle!

The Bloodhound puts its paws on the table, sniffing Alice's teapot. The Hatter takes a chance. He whispers to him.

MAD HATTER
Downal with Bloody Behg Hid.

*

The Bloodhound stops dead. Hatter shoots a look at the teapot. The Bloodhound drops to the ground and sniffs, pretending to catch a new trail.

KNAVE OF HEARTS
Follow the Bloodhound.

The Knights go off. Stayne lingers suspiciously.

KNAVE OF HEARTS
You're all mad.

Hare/Hatter/Dormouse laugh hysterically. The Knave goes off. The Hare and Dormouse stop laughing, but the Hatter's laughter goes on...and on.

THE DORMOUSE
Hatter!

He jerks and drags himself back from the edge of hysteria.

MAD HATTER
I'm fine. Really, I'm fine.

*

34 EXT. THE TEA PARTY - DAY - CONTINUOUS 34

He lifts the teapot lid, but closes it again.

MAD HATTER
Sorry... one moment...

He takes a pair of milliner's scissors from his pocket and quickly whips up a miniature ensemble for Alice out of the tea cozy, a doily and a swatch of her old dress.

He lifts the lid again and hands it to her.

(CONTINUED)

MAD HATTER

Try this on for size.

He closes the lid again to give her privacy. In a moment, there's a tiny knock on the lid. He opens it and helps her out in her remade clothes.

MAD HATTER

Hum... Sorry, it's the best I could do
I'm afraid. Not half bad.

*
*

THE DORMOUSE

Good thing the Bloodhound is one of
us or you'd be...

She draws her finger across her throat ominously.

MARCH HARE

Best take her to Marmoreal. She'll be
safe with the White Queen.

*
*

ALICE

Can she help me wake up?

MAD HATTER

If she doesn't put you to sleep.

*

He sweeps his hat off and puts it on the table.

MAD HATTER

Your carriage, m' lady.

ALICE

The hat?

MAD HATTER

Anyone can go by horse or rail. But
the absolute best way to travel is by
Hat. Oohh... I've just made a rhyme.

*
*

Alice sits on it, nervous and unsure, of the Hat and the Hatter. The Dormouse sits on it too, shoving Alice over.

MAD HATTER

Sorry, Mally... Just Alice.

*

She climbs off, annoyed. The Hatter puts his hat on.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

MAD HATTER

Fairfarren all!

They start off. Dormouse watches them go jealously.

MARCH HARE

But you haven't had your tea!

MAD HATTER

Mind your head. *

A teapot hurtles toward them. Alice ducks.

35 EXT. THE TULGEY WOODS - TRAVELING BY HAT

35

Alice hangs on tight as the Hatter walks at a jaunty pace.

MAD HATTER

*'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.*

She hops down to his shoulder.

ALICE

Sorry? What was that?

MAD HATTER

Sorry? What was what? *
The Jabberwock with eyes of flame. *
The jaws that bite. *
The claws that catch. *
Beware of the Jabberwock, my son. *
And the frumious Bandersnatch. *
He took his vorpal sword in hand. *
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack. *
He left it dead, and with its head. *
And he went galumping back. *
It's all about you, you know... *

ALICE

I'm not slaying anything. I don't
slay. So put it out of your mind.

MAD HATTER

Mmm...mind. *

He drops her to the ground and walks on. She follows.

ALICE

Wait. You can't leave me here!

(CONTINUED)

MAD HATTER

You don't slay... Do you have any idea
what the Red Queen has done?

(MORE)

*
*

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

MAD HATTER (cont'd)
 (mimicking her)
 You "don't slay"

*

ALICE
 I couldn't if I wanted to.

MAD HATTER
 (accusing)
 You're not the same as you were
 before. You were much more...much more
 muchier...you've lost your muchness.

*

*

ALICE
 My muchness?

He pokes her in the stomach with his finger.

MAD HATTER
 In there. Something's missing.

He walks away again. She frowns, then runs after him.

ALICE
 Tell me what Red Queen has done.

MAD HATTER
 It's not a pretty story.

ALICE
 Tell me anyway.

He picks her up, plunks her back on his shoulder and pushes through the foliage which becomes blackened and twisted.

36 EXT. THE TULGEY WOOD - ON THE BLACKENED PLACE

36

They come to a place where the ground is scorched and barren. His voice goes hoarse with emotion as he begins the tale.

MAD HATTER
 I was Hatter to the Queen at the time.
 The Hightopp clan have always been
 employed at court.

His narration fades and WE SEE the story unfold.

37 EXT. THE TULGEY WOOD - THE HORUNVENDUSH DAY

37

The Hatter stands with his clan: the Hightopps. Every one, adults and children, wear top hats. The mood is festive.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

The White Queen sits on her white horse with other members of her court, including the White Rabbit, March Hare, Cheshire Cat. The White Knight holds the shining Vorpall Sword.

The woods turn dark as enormous leathery wings block the sun. Faces fill with awe as they watch the fearsome creature. The Knight, stunned by its magnitude, drops the sword and flees.

Panic ensues. People run as the Jabberwocky shoots fire at them. The Queen's horse rears. The Hatter grabs the reins and leads her to safety. He looks back. White Rabbit helps others escape. The March Hare looks up, shocked into paralysis. The Cheshire Cat hovers near to the Hightopp clan who stand together to protect the children. But as the Jabberwocky descends upon them, the Cat disappears.

The Knave picks up the fallen Sword. He lifts it victoriously and the Jabberwocky retreats.

A moment later, the Hatter returns to the scene, face filled with shock and horror at the place where his clan took their stand. The earth still smolders. Only one burned and trampled Hat remains. He tosses his own hat away, picks up the burned one, brushes the soot off and places it firmly on his head.

38 EXT. THE WOODS - ALICE AND THE HATTER

38

Alice is deeply moved. She looks up at the scorched Hat he still wears, then to his tormented face. He twitches, driven to the edge of madness by guilt, helpless rage and deep loss.

ALICE

Hatter? Hatter!

He jerks and pulls himself back from the abyss.

MAD HATTER

I'm fine. Just fine Really.

ALICE

Are you?

MAD HATTER

Did you hear that? I'm certain I heard something.

ALICE

(nervously)

Voices?

He looks back at the dark woods.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

MAD HATTER

Red Knights!

They hear the BAY of the bloodhound. He puts Alice into his breast pocket and runs.

39 EXT. THE TULGEY WOOD - DUSK

39

The Hatter dodges trees and leaps over stumps. He sees the edge of the woods ahead. But there's a flash of RED through the trees. He turns. A Red Knight steps out. He turns the other way, another Red Knight. They're surrounded. Eyeing them warily, he whispers to Alice.

MAD HATTER

Go south to Grampas Bluffs. The White Queen's castle is just beyond.

The Hatter sweeps his hat off as if in a conciliatory gesture to the approaching Knights. He whispers to Alice.

MAD HATTER (CONT'D)

Jump on the hat. Now.

*

She takes a leap onto the Hat. The Hatter flings his arms wide, sending the Hat and Alice sailing over the treetops.

MAD HATTER (CONT'D)

DOWN WITH THE BLOODY RED QUEEN!

She clings to the brim of the Hat as it sails out of the woods.

40 EXT. THE EDGE OF TULGEY WOOD - SUNSET

40

The Hat lands in the soft grass. Alice looks back at the forest, and then south toward gently rolling hills. It's getting dark and there are strange night sounds out there. She slips under the relative safety of the hat for the night.

41 INT. UNDER THE HAT - THE NEXT MORNING

41

Alice wakens to the SOUND OF SOMETHING LARGE SNIFFING outside the hat. She sits up. Suddenly, the Hat is flipped over, exposing her. She closes eyes for the end. A BIG WET NOSE sniffs her. She opens her eyes. It's the Bloodhound, BAYARD.

ALICE

You turncoat! You were supposed to lead them away! The Hatter trusted you!

(CONTINUED)

THE BLOODHOUND

They have my wife and pups.

That information does little to lessen her anger.

ALICE

What's your name?

THE BLOODHOUND

Bayard.

ALICE

Sit!

He cocks his head and looks down at her curiously.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Sit!

He sits, amused if nothing else. Something occurs to him.

THE BLOODHOUND

Would your name be "Alice" by any chance?

ALICE

Yes, but I'm not that one.

THE BLOODHOUND

The Hatter would not have given himself up for just any Alice.

ALICE

Where did they take him?

THE BLOODHOUND

To the Red Queen's castle at Salazun Grum.

She looks at his worn hat, remembering the pain in his eyes.

ALICE

We're going to rescue him.

THE BLOODHOUND

That is not foretold.

ALICE

I don't care. He wouldn't be there if it weren't for me.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

THE BLOODHOUND

The Frabjous Day is almost upon us.
You must prepare to meet the
Jabberwocky.

ALICE

I have had quite enough! Since the
moment I fell down that rabbit hole,
I've been told what I must do and who
I must be. I've been shrunk,
stretched, scratched and stuffed into
a teapot. I've been accused of being
Alice and of not being Alice. But this
is my dream! I'll decide how it goes
from here.

THE BLOODHOUND

If you diverge from the path...

ALICE

I make the path!

She's so commanding, he lies down at her feet. She climbs up
his long ear and sits on his shoulders.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Take me to Salazen Grum. And don't
forget the Hat.

The Bloodhound picks up the Hat in his teeth and runs. Alice
hangs onto his spike collar to keep her seat.

42 EXT. GUMMER SLOUGH - DAY 42

Bayard wades through viscous red mud with Alice on his back.
He holds his head high to keep the Hat out of the mud.

43 EXT. CRIMS - DAY 43

Bayard races across the red desert to Salazen Grum and the
dark castle that sits on the tempestuous shore.

44 EXT. SALAZEN GRUM - CASTLE OF THE RED QUEEN 44

The walls are high and foreboding with a surrounding moat.

45 EXT. THE CASTLE WALLS - DAY 45

They approach the moat and they see large lumpish objects
which appear to be the heads of the executed. They look
around for a way across.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

THE BLOODHOUND (CONT'D)

There's only one way across.

Alice looks at the grim moat. She takes a deep breath for courage.

ALICE

Lost my muchness have I?

46 EXT. THE GRIM MOAT - DAY - CONT.

46

She jumps onto one of the floating heads, then crosses the moat by jumping from head to head. Reaching the other side, she vomits onto the ground.

She looks up at the impossibly high wall, then sees a small cracked opening near the ground...just wide enough for a six inch girl. She squeezes through it. In a moment, her head reappears. She calls across to Bayard.

ALICE

Bayard! The Hat!

He picks the Hat up in his teeth, turns in circles like a discus thrower and releases it. The Hat sails high across the moat and over the wall. Bayard BAYS his farewell.

47 EXT. THE QUEEN'S GARDEN - THE BUSHES - DAY - CONT.

47

Alice finds herself in the bushes at the edge of a garden. She hears a loud WHACK, a small cry of pain, then cheers and laughter. She looks through the bushes.

48 EXT. THE GREAT LAWN - DAY - CONT.

48

The Queen and her Courtiers play croquet. The Red Queen with her huge head is surrounded by three powdered and painted COURTIERS with equally out-sized body parts: a woman with an EXTRA-LARGE NOSE, another with LONG HANGING EARS, a man with a HUGE PROTRUDING BELLY.

The Queen swings her mallet. There's that small cry again. Alice looks around for the source. The ball rolls toward her and lays, furry and gasping, in the grass. It's a HEDGEHOG tied by its four legs into an awkward ball. Its fur is matted and filthy, its face buried in the grass. THWACK! It cries out as it's hit again. The mallet is a miserable FLAMINGO tied by its feet. The hedgehog rolls to a stop near Alice. She attempts to untie it. It cries out fearfully.

ALICE

Shhh. I want to help you.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

RED QUEEN (O.S.)

Where's my ball? Page!

Alice frees the hedgehog. It stares at her mutely before stumbling into the foliage. Alice sees two large white furry feet. Her gaze travels up to the White Rabbit, dressed as a court page.

49 EXT. THE BUSHES

49

He looks down at tiny Alice.

WHITE RABBIT

Well! If it isn't the wrong Alice.
What brings you here?

ALICE

I've come for two reasons.

She beckons him closer. He bends down. She punches him.

ALICE (CONT'D)

That's for dragging me down here
against my will!

WHITE RABBIT

You didn't have to hit me! Now
there's going to be a bruise. Is
there?

He shows her his chin. She looks, indulging him.

ALICE

No.

WHITE RABBIT

What's the other reason?

ALICE

I'm going to rescue the Hatter.

WHITE RABBIT

You're not rescuing anyone being the
size of a gerbil.

ALICE

Do you have any of that cake that made
me grow before?

WHITE RABBIT

Upelkuchen? Actually, I might have
some left.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

He digs in his pocket and takes out a large piece of the cake. She takes it and shoves it into her mouth.

WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

Not all of it!

Too late. Alice shoots upward. Buttons fly off her torn garments, seams strain and give way.

WHITE RABBIT (CONT'D)

Oh no, stop! Don't do that!

She grows right out of the shreds of her remaining clothes until she bursts through the bushes...stark raving nude.

50 EXT. THE GREAT LAWN - DAY - CONT.

50

Alice looks down at the Red Queen and her courtiers. The tall bushes hide all but her head and shoulders. Everyone stares.

RED QUEEN

And WHAT is this?

The White Rabbit comes out, improvising like mad.

WHITE RABBIT

It's a "who", Majesty. This is...um

RED QUEEN

Um?

ALICE

From Umbradge.

RED QUEEN

What happened to your garments?

ALICE

I outgrew them. I tower over everyone in Umbradge. They laugh at me. So I've come to you, hoping you might understand what it's like.

RED QUEEN

My dear girl. Anyone with a head that large is welcome in my court.

The courtiers with their equally out-size body parts laugh.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

RED QUEEN (CONT'D)
 SOMEONE FIND HER SOME CLOTHES! USE
 THE DRAPERIES IF YOU MUST BUT CLOTHE
 THIS ENORMOUS GIRL!
 (to Alice)
 You'll be my new favorite.

The Courtiers exchange competitive glances, especially LADY LONG EARS.

51 INT. THE RED QUEEN'S CASTLE - GREAT HALL/THRONE ROOM - DAY 51

Large Alice, clad in hastily constructed garments, proceeds with the Queen down the great hall toward the throne room. Along with the Footfrogs, MONKEYS hold up tables and chairs with their arms and heads. Exhausted BIRDS flap their wings to stay aloft with lamps hung from their beaks.

The Queen plops down on her ORNATE THRONE. SPIDER MONKEYS serve as legs of the throne. They strain under the weight. The Queen kicks off her shoes.

RED QUEEN
 I need a pig here!

A small pig hurries over and lays down belly up. She puts her feet on his belly and sighs.

RED QUEEN (CONT'D)
 I love a warm pig belly for my aching
 feet.
 (to Alice)
 Sit! Sit!

Alice sits, trying to keep her weight off the chair held up by monkeys. The Queen waves her hand at the three Courtiers.

RED QUEEN
 Go away.

The Courtiers go out with dark jealous looks at Alice.

RED QUEEN
 Where are my Fatboys? You must meet
 them! Fatboys!

The Tweedles come in. They're bound together by a gold belt around their waists. Their faces have been painted and powdered with hearts on their cheeks and red heart lips. Their eyes are lowered, downtrodden.

(CONTINUED)

RED QUEEN (CONT'D)

There they are! Aren't they adorable?
And they have the oddest way of
speaking. Speak boys. Amuse us.

She kicks Tweedledum.

RED QUEEN (CONT'D)

Speak!

Dum lifts his eyes and sees Alice. He nudges Dee.

TWEEDLEDUM

Is that being...?

Alice lifts a finger to her lips.

TWEEDLEDEE

No, it isn't. Not a bit.

But Tweedledum didn't see Alice's gesture.

TWEEDLEDUM

Contrariwise, I believe it is so...

TWEEDLEDEE

No! It ain't so. Nohow!

He stomps on Dum's foot to silence him. Dum pinches him.
Dee pinches him back. The Queen laughs raucously.

RED QUEEN

I love my Fatboys. Now get out.

They go out. Stayne enters. The Queen blinks her eyes
seductively at him. Stayne represses a shudder.

RED QUEEN (CONT'D)

There you are, Stayne. Any luck with
the prisoner?

KNAVE OF HEARTS

He's stubborn.

RED QUEEN

You're too soft. Bring him!

The Knights go off. Stayne notices Alice.

KNAVE OF HEARTS

And who is this lovely creature?

(CONTINUED)

He takes Alice's hand, looking at her intensely.

RED QUEEN

Um, my new favorite.

KNAVE OF HEARTS

Does she have a name?

RED QUEEN

Um.

KNAVE OF HEARTS

Yes? Her name?

RED QUEEN

It's Um!

KNAVE OF HEARTS

I believe your name has slipped the Queen's mind.

She smacks him.

RED QUEEN

Her name is UM, you dolt!

The Knave reacts with smoldering anger.

ALICE

From Umbradge.

KNAVE OF HEARTS

Ilosovic Stayne, at your service.

He kisses her hand. She pulls it away quickly. The guards drag the Hatter in, chained by hands and feet. The Queen lifts his head by his hair. Alice stifles a gasp. He's been roughed up. His eyes have an empty far-away stare.

RED QUEEN

We know Alice has returned to Underland. Do you know where she is?

He doesn't respond. She claps her hands in front of his face. Hatter jerks back to the moment, but doesn't see Alice.

MAD HATTER

I've been considering things that
begin with the letter "m": moron,
mutiny, murder, malice...

*

*

(CONTINUED)

RED QUEEN

Were looking for an "A" word now.
Where is Alice?

He thinks hard, has an inspiration, changes his mind, re-
considers, mulls, then shrugs.

MAD HATTER

Who? That wee little boy? I wouldn't
know. *

RED QUEEN

What if I take off your head, will you
know then? *

She laughs. The Hatter laughs louder and keeps laughing.

RED QUEEN

Stop that.

He laughs louder in her face. She slaps him. He keeps
laughing, madly. The Queen makes a "loco" motion to the
others. But when the Hatter sees Alice, the mad laughter
stops. Surprised at her new size, he gives her a wry smile.
He turns to the Queen, smarmy and unctuous.

MAD HATTER

My, what a regrettably large head you
have. I should very much like to hat
it. *

RED QUEEN

Hat it? *

MAD HATTER

Yes, I used to hat the White Queen,
you know, but there wasn't very much
for me to work with, poor dear. Her
head is so small. *

RED QUEEN

It's tiny, a pimple of a head. *

MAD HATTER

But this... What I could do with
this, monument, this orb. Nay, this
magnificently heroic globe! *

RED QUEEN

What could you do? *

He lifts his bound hands helplessly.

(CONTINUED)

RED QUEEN (CONT'D)

Unbind him, Stayne! How can he work
if his hands are bound?

51 CONTINUED: (5)

51

The Knave unbinds his hands. Hatter circles the Queen.

MAD HATTER

Shall it be a bonnet or a boater, or
something for the boudoir? *

(growing manic)

A cloche, dunce hat, death cap, coif,
snood, barboosh or pugree, , yarmulke, *
cockle-hat, pork-pie, tam o'shanter, *
billy-cock, bicorn, tricorn, bandeau, *
bongrace, fan-tail, night cap, *
garibaldi, fez... *

Alice pretends to sneeze.

ALICE

Hatter!

He jerks back to the moment.

MAD HATTER

I'm fine. I'm fine. *

RED QUEEN

(to Alice and Stayne)

Leave us.

The Knave is suspicious of the Hatter. But his interest in Alice draws him away.

52 INT. THE HALL - CONT.

52

He's right behind Alice, breathing down her neck. She tries to move past him, but he grabs her arm with the wound. She cries out as he pushes her against the wall.

KNAVE OF HEARTS (CONT'D)

I like you, Um. I like them large.

He leans in for a kiss just as Lady Long Ears passes. She smiles and goes off.

ALICE

Get away from me!

She kicks him and runs. He glares after her.

53 EXT. MARMOREAL - GRAMPAS BLUFFS - DAY

53

Bayard crosses the bluffs and approaches the White Queen's castle.

54 INT. THE WHITE QUEEN'S COURTYARD - DAY

54

MIRANA, THE WHITE QUEEN waits for Bayard as he staggers
inside.

(CONTINUED)

WHITE QUEEN

What news, Bayard?

BAYARD

Alice has returned to Underland.

A smile lights up the Queen's soft lovely face.

WHITE QUEEN

Where is she now?

BAYARD

In Salazun Grum. Forgive me, I allowed her to divert from her destined path.

WHITE QUEEN

But that is exactly where she will find the Vorpall Sword. We have our champion! Rest now. You've done well.

Exhausted, he falls to the ground.

55 EXT. THE RED QUEEN'S CASTLE - THE GARDEN

55

Alice searches in the bushes, passing the HEDGEHOG who's cleaning the caked dirt off his fur.

ALICE

Ah.

The HEDGEHOG watches Alice pick up the Hat. She wipes the mud off and straightens it out with loving care.

56 INT. RED QUEEN'S BED CHAMBER - EVENING

56

The Queen stands at the window.

RED QUEEN

You must find Alice, Stayne. Without the Jabberwocky, my sister's followers will surely rise against me.

(bitter)

My ugly little sister...why do they adore her and not me?

Stayne comes up behind, but does not touch her.

KNAVE OF HEARTS

I cannot fathom it. You are far superior in all ways.

(CONTINUED)

RED QUEEN

I know. But Mirana can make anyone
fall in love with her: men, women,
even the furniture.

She glances at the captive ANIMALS/FURNITURE.

KNAVE OF HEARTS

Even the King.

Her dark, bitter gaze travels down to the grim moat below.

RED QUEEN

I had to do it. He would have left
me.

KNAVE OF HEARTS

Majesty, isn't it better to be feared
than loved?

RED QUEEN

I'm not certain anymore. Oh, let her
have the rabble! I don't need them. I
have you.

She leans her large head back, her eyes big and dewy.

RED QUEEN (CONT'D)

I do have you, don't I, Stayne?

He manages a smile, but gives her no reply.

57 INT. THE RED QUEEN'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

57

The Hatter hums as he works with ribbons, bows, veils and
feathers. Alice enters a room full of huge, colorful hats.

ALICE

They're wonderful! You must let me try
one on.

He puts a hat on her. She poses like a grand lady. She puts
one on him. He poses like a grand lady too. They laugh.

MAD HATTER

It's good to be working at my trade
again.

ALICE

It's just a pity you had to make them
for her.

(CONTINUED)

Realizing what he's done, he's suddenly filled with remorse and self-recrimination. His clothes "slump" as well.

MAD HATTER

What's the hatter with me? The
hatter... Mmmmm. Mmmmm, ma, ma.

*
*

Fury seizes him. He takes scissors and murderously attacks a hat, cutting it to shreds, then another and another.

ALICE

Stop! Stop!

She takes his face in her hands, forcing him to look at her.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Hatter!

Looking into his eyes, she can see the fear in them.

MAD HATTER

Have you any idea why a raven is like
a writing desk? I'm frightened. I
don't like it in here, terribly
crowded. Have I gone mad?

*
*
*
*

She feels his forehead, like her father did years ago.

ALICE

I'm afraid so. You're entirely
bonkers. But I'll tell you a
secret...all the best people are.

He straightens his shoulders with pride. His clothes puff up.

ALICE

Oh, look! Here's another one.

She picks up his hat from behind a box. It's his very own Hightopp Hatter's hat. His eyes fill with emotion to see it. She puts it on his head.

ALICE (CONT'D)

That's better. You look yourself
again.

He's too overwhelmed to speak. He takes it off and holds it to his heart with gratitude.

RED QUEEN (O.S.)

Hat Man! Where are my hats? I am not
a patient monarch!

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

Her grating voice reminds him of his purpose.

(CONTINUED)

MAD HATTER

I'm told she keeps the Vorpoal Sword
hidden in the castle. Find it, Alice.
Take it to the White Queen. Help us
make the world right again.

She glances at the long thick chain from his ankle to the
wall and considers another use for the sword.

ALICE

We'll go to the White Queen together.

He takes her hand. There's a moment between them that might
have been something more if it weren't for her large size.

MAD HATTER

Why is it you're always too small or
too tall? *

58 INT. RED QUEEN'S CASTLE - UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

58

Alice approaches the Tweedles who are stationed on either
side of the Queen's courtroom door.

ALICE

Tweedles!

TWEEDLEDEE

Alice!

They shake her hands vigorously.

TWEEDLEDUM

Howdoyedo again.

ALICE

Where's...?

TWEEDLEDEE

How is it you're being so great big?

TWEEDLEDUM

She ain't great big. This is how she
normal is.

ALICE

Where's the...?

TWEEDLEDUM

I'm certain she is smaller when we
met.

(CONTINUED)

TWEEDLEDEE

She had drank the *pishsalver*, to get through the door, recall it?

She puts her hands over their mouths.

ALICE

Where's the Rabbit?

TWEEDLES

OVER THERES!

They point in opposite directions.

59 INT. RED QUEEN'S CASTLE - A HALL - NIGHT

59

Alice follows the Tweedles. She sees the Dormouse, dressed as a chamber maid. She's whispering with the White Rabbit.

ALICE

What are you doing here?

THE DORMOUSE

I'm rescuing the Hatter.

ALICE

I'm rescuing the Hatter. But you can help. He told me that the Vorpall Sword is hidden in the castle. That means someone must have seen it... a footfrog, a chamber mouse, a pigstool, someone! Ask them all! Go!

The Tweedles go off. The Dormouse and White Rabbit remain.

THE DORMOUSE

I don't take orders from big clumsy, galumphing...

Alice looms over her. She points imperiously.

ALICE

Shoo!

Humiliated but outsized, the Dormouse stalks off. The White Rabbit is still there.

ALICE

What is it, McTwisp?

WHITE RABBIT

I know where the Sword is.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

ALICE

Why didn't you say so?

WHITE RABBIT

You'll hit me again.

ALICE

I won't hit you!

60 EXT. THE STABLES - NIGHT

60

They stand in front of the stables.

WHITE RABBIT

The Sword's hidden inside.

Alice opens the door. They both react to the stench.

ALICE

I know that smell.

She looks inside the stable.

ON THE BANDERSNATCH - HER POV - NIGHT

The Bandersnatch lays in his stall with his huge ugly head on its paws. He moans. The socket with the missing eye oozes blood.

Alice gasps and closes the door.

The White Rabbit ducks to avoid another hit.

ALICE

I'm not going in there! Look what that thing did to my arm.

She shows him the wound. It's larger, very swollen. He gasps.

WHITE RABBIT

Dear oh dear! Why haven't you mentioned this?

ALICE

It wasn't this bad before.

He twitches, breathing fast, flapping his paws and faints. Alice looks back at the door, considering.

61 INT. QUEEN'S CASTLE - UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

61

Alice sees Mallymkun studying a decorative sword on the wall.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

Mallymkun! Do you still have the
Bandersnatch eye?

THE DORMOUSE

Right here.

She hikes up her maid's skirt to reveal her breeches beneath.
The Bandersnatch eye is still at her waist.

ALICE

I need it.

Alice tries to take it. The Dormouse swats her hand away.

THE DORMOUSE

Get your own!

ALICE

I need that eye, Mally.

Mallymkun draws her hatpin sword, brandishing it dangerously.

THE DORMOUSE

Come and get it.

She's much much smaller than Alice with a tiny weapon. Alice
laughs. Mallymkun realizes the absurdity.

THE DORMOUSE (CONT'D)

Right.

She tosses Alice the hatpin and takes the decorative sword
from the wall. She runs at Alice with the huge sword.

THE DORMOUSE

AHHHHH!

Alice sidesteps her attack, then tentatively stabs at her
with the hatpin. The Tweedles arrive and coach Alice.

TWEEDLEDUM

Thrusting now!

TWEEDLEDEE

No, stabbing!

TWEEDLEDUM

Thrusting like this!

(CONTINUED)

- 61 CONTINUED: (2) 61
 He pokes him. Dee pokes him back. They go at it as the Dormouse and Alice fight. Alice steps...back...and back. They pass the Queen's dressing room.
- 62 INT. THE DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT 62
 The Hatter tries hats on the Queen with aloof disdain. She looks in her MIRRORS which are distorted to make her head appear normal-sized. She preens. Hatter looks up to see Alice losing in swordplay to the Dormouse. In a moment, the battling Tweedles pass by as well.
- 63 INT. THE HALL - NIGHT 63
 Mallymkun stands on a bureau with Alice up against the wall. Alice ducks as the sword swishes over her head. Alice sees her moment and slices the thin rope at Mally's waist which holds the eye. It drops into her hand.
- ALICE
- Ha!
- She runs with it. Mallymkun doesn't give chase.
- 64 INT. THE DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT 64
 Mallymkun shakes her head at the Hatter as if to say Alice is a hopeless case.
- 65 INT. BANDERSNATCH STABLE - NIGHT 65
 Alice approaches the Bandersnatch. He growls.
- ALICE
- I have your eye.
- She holds it up. Seeing his lost eye, the Bandersnatch whines. Alice slowly lifts the bar to open the stall door and eases inside.
- 66 INT. THE BANDERSNATCH STALL - NIGHT 66
 She holds the eye up. He growls. She puts it on the ground near him. He sniffs it, whines, and pulls it closer with his paws.
- While he's distracted, Alice goes to the back of the stall. She sees a chest covered by a tarp. She removes the tarp to reveal an ornate metal chest secured with a large lock. Disheartened and feverish, Alice slumps to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: 66

She pulls her sleeve back to look at the swollen, infected wound on her arm. She touches it, stifles a cry of pain. She glances at the Bandersnatch, still busy with his eye. Sweating and shivering, she pulls at the lock. But her vision goes dim. She blinks, shaking her head. And the world goes black.

67 INT. THE HALL - MORNING 67

BIG NOSE WOMAN and BIG BELLY MAN walk silently to the Queen's dressing room. They fidget as if they're very uncomfortable.

68 INT. QUEEN'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 68

Once inside, they smile, gasp and flatter.

BIG BELLY MAN
You are stunning in that hat!

The Hatter takes it off and dumps a large brimmed hat on her that covers half her face.

BIG NOSE WOMAN
Your Majesty has never looked better.

Her NOSE falls off and lands on the Queen's shoulder. The Hatter picks it up curiously.

MAD HATTER
It smells like you've dropped
something.

*

The woman feels for her nose which is still there but normal sized. She gasps, grabs the fake and turns away quickly. The Hatter's eyes narrow suspiciously. He can see straps above BIG BELLY MAN'S pants which hold his protruding belly in place. The woman turns back with her long nose reattached. Hatter laughs out loud, not a mad laugh but with genuine amusement. They look at him.

RED QUEEN
Never mind him. He's mad.

Lady Long-Ears rushes in and whispers into the Queen's ear.

RED QUEEN (CONT'D)
STAYNE!

69 INT. BANDERSNATCH STABLES - DAY 69

Alice wakes up. The Bandersnatch looms over her. He's managed to shove the eye back into its socket. It stares upwards uselessly.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

But he seems to feel better for having it back in place. She notices a large key on a chain hung around his neck. The key to the lock. She reaches for it. The Bandersnatch sniffs her arm and the wound he inflicted. She winces but will not be deterred. She pulls the key off.

The Bandersnatch gently licks the wound. His tongue is soothing. She sighs and allows him to lick the wound clean. She looks at it. Miraculously, the infection is gone and the swelling is down. She moves it around. No pain. The Bandersnatch looks at her, one eye askew.

ALICE

I suppose you think this makes us even now.

Alice fits the key into the lock on the chest and opens it. She lifts the Vorpall Sword. It's made of shining silver with an ornate handle. She holds it up to the light. There are runes engraved on the blade. She carries it out of the stall, glancing back at the Bandersnatch before going out.

70 INT. RED QUEEN'S GREAT HALL - DAY

70

The Knave is on his knees before the Queen, talking fast.

KNAVE OF HEARTS

Um forced herself on me. I told her my heart belongs to you. But she's obsessed with me.

The Queen goes bright red with rage.

RED QUEEN

Off with her head!

71 INT. RED QUEEN'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

71

The Dormouse tries to pick the lock to the chain around Hatter's ankle with her hatpin.

ALICE (O.S.)

Stand back, Mallymkun.

The Dormouse and the Hatter look up to see Alice victoriously holding the Vorpall Sword high over her head.

ALICE

How's this for "muchness"?

She brings the sword toward the chain.

(CONTINUED)

MAD HATTER

Stop! It mustn't be used for anything
but...

Stayne strides in with his Knights. He points to Alice.

KNAVE OF HEARTS

Arrest that girl for unlawful
seduction.

THE DORMOUSE

Hatter!

She tosses the Hatter the decorative sword from the hall. He fights with Stayne. Hatter is formidable even chained. Mally stabs the Knights with her hatpin. Alice swings the Sword.

MAD HATTER

No! Take it to the White Queen!

ALICE

I'm not leaving without you!

THE DORMOUSE

Alice! Go!

Stayne stops dead. He looks at her with sudden revelation.

KNAVE OF HEARTS

Alice?

HATTER/DORMOUSE

RUN!

She runs.

KNAVE OF HEARTS

SEIZE HER!

She bursts out the back. Stayne and the Knights just behind.

She runs, dodging Knights. But they manage to surround her. She swings the sword to keep them back.

KNAVE OF HEARTS

Alice. Of course! Why didn't I see
it? Well, it has been a long time.
And you were such a little tyke then.
Give me the Sword.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

ALICE

Stay back!

He distracts her as two Knights come up behind.

KNAVE OF HEARTS

The Queen will be so pleased. She'll take great pleasure in taking off your head. I believe she wants to do the deed herself.

As the Knights grab her there's a deep THUNDEROUS GROWL. The Bandersnatch runs at them, biting and snapping. They release Alice and back away. The Bandersnatch lowers his head for her to climb onto his back. Stayne and the Knights astonished.

ALICE

Downal wyth Bluddy Behg Hid!

73 EXT. THE DRAWBRIDGE - DAY

73

Alice and the Bandersnatch approach the open drawbridge. The Knights abandon their post. They pound across.

74 EXT. CRIMS - DAY

74

Bayard waits on nearby hill. He sees the Bandersnatch with Alice on its back. He runs out to meet them.

BLOODHOUND

Ho, Alice!

ALICE

Bayard! To Marmoreal!

75 EXT. WHITE QUEEN'S CASTLE - DAY

75

Bayard leads Alice and the Bandersnatch toward the White Queen's Castle. The drawbridge lowers for them.

76 INT. WHITE QUEEN'S THRONE ROOM - DAY

76

The White Queen's castle is light and airy in contrast to the oppression of her sister's. She sits on her throne. The WHITE KNIGHT'S suit of armor stands in a prominent position. Alice enters carrying the Vorpall Sword.

WHITE QUEEN

Welcome to Marmoreal.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

Alice bows and offers her the Vorpall sword. The White Queen nods her thanks. She places the sword in the hand of the standing suit of silver armor.

WHITE QUEEN

The Vorpall sword is home again. The armor is complete. Now all we need is a champion.

She looks at Alice significantly. Alice drops her eyes.

WHITE QUEEN

You're a little taller than I thought you'd be.

ALICE

Blame it on too much Upelkuchen.

WHITE QUEEN

Come with me.

77 INT. THE WHITE QUEEN'S KITCHEN - DAY - LATER

77

As they enter, a pepper mill flies across the room and hits the wall behind them.

ALICE

Is the March Hare around?

MARCH HARE

You're late for soup!

He picks up a whole pot of soup and throws it. It hits the wall. Alice takes a finger to the wall for a taste.

ALICE

Could use salt.

A salt shaker comes flying at her. She catches it and "salts" the wall. She tastes it again and kisses her fingers in a gesture of perfection.

The White Queen prepares Pishalver in a pot on the stove, taking ingredients from a cupboard filled with an admixture of herbs, spices, flour, sugar, insects, shriveled fingers, eyeballs, and other odious things.

WHITE QUEEN

Pishalver. Let me think. Two cups grape juice,, a pinch of wormfat...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WHITE QUEEN (cont'd)

My mother taught me how to concoct all the medicinal cures and transformational potions, a teaspoon vanilla...urine of the horsefly, buttered fingers...
...My sister preferred to study Dominion Over Living Things. Tell me, how does she seem to you?

ALICE

Perfectly horrid.

WHITE QUEEN

She wasn't always that way. Well, maybe she was. And her head?

ALICE

Bulbous, bloated, like a blimp.

WHITE QUEEN

I think she may have some kind of growth in there...something pressing on her brain.
...three coins from a dead man's pocket, two tablespoons of Wishful Thinking...

ALICE

You can't imagine the things that go on in that place.

WHITE QUEEN

Oh yes, I can. But when a champion steps forth to slay the Jabberwocky, the people will rise against her.
(she spits into it)
That should do it.

She dips a tiny spoon into the pot and offers it to Alice.

WHITE QUEEN (CONT'D)

Blow.

Alice blows, takes a sip and shrinks to her normal size.

WHITE QUEEN (CONT'D)

Feel better?

ALICE

Much. Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (2)

77

WHITE QUEEN

There's someone here who would like to speak with you.

78 INT. THE RED QUEEN'S GREAT HALL/THRONE ROOM - DAY

78

KNAVE OF HEARTS

Majesty, Alice has escaped.

The Queen is so angry she slaps him.

KNAVE OF HEARTS

On the Bandersnatch.

She slaps him again.

KNAVE OF HEARTS

With the Vorpall Sword.

She slaps him yet again. He grits his teeth.

RED QUEEN

How could you let this happen?

KNAVE OF HEARTS

I may have underestimated her. But we have her conspirators. The Hatter and a Dormouse.

RED QUEEN

Off with their heads!

79 INT. THE RED QUEEN'S DUNGEON - NIGHT

79

A FEMALE BLOODHOUND, BIELLE, paces her cell as her pups shiver in the corner.

80 INT. THE RED QUEEN'S DUNGEON/HATTER'S CELL - NIGHT

80

Hatter's slumped on the floor, staring off into space, Mallymkun's in a large bird cage hung from the ceiling. Stayne arrives with his Red Knights.

KNAVE OF HEARTS

Hatter!

No response. A Knight prods him with his truncheon.

A KNIGHT

He's 'round the bend.

(CONTINUED)

KNAVE OF HEARTS

Pity. It's a bore to behead a madman.
No weeping, no begging...

FEMALE BLOODHOUND

Why are you keeping us here? We've
done nothing wrong!

KNAVE OF HEARTS

Blame your husband. He left you here
to rot.

FEMALE BLOODHOUND

You lie!

She leaps at the bars snarling. He jumps back. The Hatter instantly has his arm around Stayne's neck, squeezing. His men try to break the Hatter's grip. But the madness is in his eyes and he feels no pain. Finally, the Knights free Stayne. He staggers back, gasping.

KNAVE OF HEARTS

Your head comes off at dawn! And that
one too!

He points to the Dormouse. The Hatter turns conciliatory.

MAD HATTER

Oh, come come. It's such a small
insignificant little head. Hardly
seems worth the effort. Why don't you
let her go? I'll give you an
entertaining execution. I'll beg. I'll
grovel. Weep, etcetera.

*
*
*

But Mallymkun's not about to be saved.

THE DORMOUSE

Down with Bloody Big Head!

She throws her hatpin sword at the Knave. It sticks into his shoulder. He gasps and pulls it out, then forces a smile.

KNAVE OF HEARTS

Have a pleasant night.

81 EXT. THE WHITE QUEEN'S TOPIARY GARDEN - NIGHT

81

Alice sees a tell-tale plume of smoke coming from a topiary mushroom.

ALICE

Absolem?

(CONTINUED)

THE CATERPILLAR

Who are you?

ALICE

I thought we'd settled this. I'm Alice...but not that one.

THE CATERPILLAR

How do you know?

He blows smoke in her face. She coughs and waves it away.

ALICE

You said so yourself.

THE CATERPILLAR

I said you were Not Hardly Alice. But you're much more her now. In fact, you're Almost Alice.

ALICE

Even so, I couldn't slay the Jabberwocky if my life depended on it.

THE CATERPILLAR

It will. So I suggest you keep the Vorpall Sword on hand when the Frabjous Day arrives.

She abruptly pokes him with her finger.

THE CATERPILLAR

No touching! There's no touching!

ALICE

You seem so real. Sometimes, I forget that this is all a dream.

He blows smoke at her again.

ALICE

Stop doing that!

He chuckles and his whole body jiggles like green jelly. He keeps chuckling as he obliterates himself from view.

The Hatter cleans his hat and tries to get his "sad" clothes to perk up. The Cheshire Cat appears outside the bars.

CHESHIRE CAT

I've always admired that hat.

MAD HATTER

Hello, Chess.

CHESHIRE CAT

Since you won't be needing it any more, would you consider bequeathing it to me?

MAD HATTER

It's a formal execution. I want to look my best.

CHESHIRE CAT

It's a pity about all this. I was looking forward to seeing you Futterwacken.

MAD HATTER

I was rather good at it.

The Cat re-materializes in the cell with the Hatter.

CHESHIRE CAT (CONT'D)

I really do love that hat. I would wear it to all the finest occasions.

83 EXT. THE RED QUEEN'S COURTYARD - DAWN

83

The Hatter and the Dormouse walk toward the executioner with their heads down. The Tweedles and the White Rabbit blend in with the crowd. The Queen and Stayne watch from a balcony.

84 THE BEHEADING PLATFORM

84

The Hatter and Dormouse stand on the platform. The Hatter steps forward, pushing Dormouse behind him. The Executioner attempts to take off his hat. He mumbles.

THE HATTER

I want to keep it on.

EXECUTIONER

Suit yourself. As long as I can get at your neck.

The Hatter places his neck on the beheading stone.

THE DORMOUSE

I'll be right behind you.

(CONTINUED)

The White Rabbit covers his eyes.

WHITE RABBIT

I can't watch.

The Executioner raises his sword. All is quiet. The sword comes down. But the accused's body disappears. The Queen and Stayne gasp. The sword hits the stone, jarring the executioner. The Tweedles stare in disbelief.

TWEEDLEDEE

It's gone.

The Rabbit still hasn't looked.

WHITE RABBIT

He was such a fine fellow.

TWEEDLEDUM

Look!

The Rabbit looks up to see the floating head with no body attached.

EXECUTIONER

I can't behead nobody if there's no body!

The Cheshire Cat's disembodied head wearing the Hat floats upright and hovers in the air. He grins.

THE DORMOUSE

Chess, you dog!

He winks at her. They hear the HATTER'S TELL-TALE LAUGH. He's standing on a balustrade.

MAD HATTER

Majesty, your courtiers are playing you for a fool!

He tugs on Lady Long Ear's ear. It comes off in his hand. Long Ears screams. The Hatter holds the long dangling ear up.

RED QUEEN

What is that?

LADY LONG EARS

I'm not the only one, Majesty. Look!

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: (2)

84

She grabs Big Nose Woman's nose and pulls. It comes off revealing her real nose beneath.

BIG BELLY MAN

A counterfeit nose! You should be ashamed!

BIG NOSE WOMAN

Me? What about that big belly you're so proud of?

She pulls up his shirt to reveal his fake belly.

RED QUEEN

Liars! Cheats! Falsifiers! Off with their heads!

MAD HATTER

To the abused and enslaved of the Red Queen's court, stand up and fight!
Downal wyth Bluddy Behg Hid!

A FROG holding a tray of tarts tosses them into the air. Other animals throw off their bonds and take up the slogan.

VARIOUS ANIMALS

Downal wyth Bluddy Behg Hid!

RED QUEEN

Loose the JUBJUB BIRD!

There's a bloodcurdling SCREECH as the JubJub Bird swoops down. He strafes the panicked onlookers indiscriminately. The Queen watches with a vengeful smile.

RED QUEEN

You're right, Stayne. It is far better to be feared than loved. Prepare the Jabberwocky for battle. We're going to visit my little sister.

85 ON THE HATTER ET AL.

85

The Hatter, the Dormouse, the White Rabbit, the March Hare, and Tweedles gather to escape.

86 INT. THE WHITE QUEEN'S CASTLE - PARAPET - EVENING

86

The White Queen, Alice and Bayard stand on the castle walls.

WHITE QUEEN

I had hoped to have a champion by now.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

ALICE

Why don't you slay the Jabberwocky
yourself? You must have the power.

WHITE QUEEN

In the healing arts. It is against my
vows to bring harm to any living
thing.

She glances down to see an UGLY bug near her shoe. She
shudders and secretly squashes it. Then, she lifts the spy
glass and sees something in the distance.

WHITE QUEEN

We have company.

She gives the spyglass to Alice.

87 HER POV - ON THE BLUFFS

87

The Hatter, the Dormouse, the White Rabbit, and Tweedles
appear over the rise.

88 THE WHITE QUEEN'S PARAPET

88

Alice hands the spyglass to Bayard.

ALICE

Bayard. Have a look.

He looks through.

89 ON THE GROUP - HIS POV

89

His wife and pups run with the others. He's overwhelmed.

THE BLOODHOUND

Bielle.

90 EXT. WHITE QUEEN'S CASTLE - COURTYARD - LATER

90

The group enters the castle. Bayard, Bielle and their pups
leap, whine and nuzzle each other joyfully. Alice runs to
greet the Hatter. His clothes are "bright" and happy.

ALICE

I'm so happy to see you! I thought
they were going to...

MAD HATTER

(manic/enthusiastic)

So did I. But they didn't.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

MAD HATTER (cont'd)

Here I am...still in one piece...and
I'm rather glad about that now that
I'm seeing you again...I would have
regretted not seeing you
again...especially now that you're the
proper size...it's a good size...just
right, in fact...a right proper Alice
size...

ALICE

Hatter.

He jerks and comes back to himself.

MAD HATTER

I'm fine.

ALICE

Where's your hat?

The Hat materializes in the air worn by the Cheshire Cat.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Chessur?

CHESHIRE CAT

How's the arm, luv?

ALICE

All healed.

The Hatter holds out his hand for the Hat. Chess returns it
reluctantly.

CHESHIRE CAT

Good-bye, sweet Hat.

91 EXT. THE PARAPETS - THAT NIGHT

91

The Hatter sits with Alice on top of a high tower.

MAD HATTER

Why is a raven like a writing desk?

ALICE

A riddle! This will be fun. Let me
think about it.

MAD HATTER

You do know what tomorrow is.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

The Frabjous day. How could I forget?
Oh, I wish I'd wake up!

MAD HATTER

You still think this is a dream?

ALICE

Well, it can't possibly be real. This
has all come from my own mind.

MAD HATTER

Which would mean that I'm not real.

ALICE

No, I'm sorry to say. You're just a
figment of my imagination. I would
dream up someone who's half-mad.

MAD HATTER

But you'd have to be half-mad to dream
me up.

ALICE

I must be then.

They lean against each other, secure in the comfort of their
own mutual madness.

ALICE

I give up. Why is a raven like a
writing desk?

MAD HATTER

I haven't the slightest idea.

ALICE

(amused)

I'll miss you when I wake up.

92 INT. THE WHITE QUEEN'S COURTYARD - DAWN - THE FRABJOUS DAY 92

The White Rabbit blows his trumpet.

WHITE RABBIT

Who will step forth to be champion for
the White Queen?

The Hatter steps forward valiantly.

MAD HATTER

That would be I!

(CONTINUED)

CHESHIRE CAT

You have very poor evaporating skills.
I should be the one.

TWEEDLEDUM

No, me!

Dee pushes Dum behind him.

TWEEDLEDEE

No, me!

The White Rabbit holds up the Oraculum and the illustration of Alice slaying the Jabberwocky. Everyone falls quiet.

TWEEDLEDUM

No other slayer, nohow.

TWEEDLEDEE

If it ain't Alice, he ain't dead.

All eyes turn to Alice. The feeling is not unlike the pressure of that moment under the gazebo.

WHITE QUEEN

Alice, you cannot live your life to please others. The choice must be yours because when you step out to face that creature, you will step out alone.

Overwhelmed, she runs.

Alice falls onto a garden bench and weeps.

THE CATERPILLAR

Nothing was ever accomplished with tears.

ALICE

Absolem?

THE CATERPILLAR

On the leaf.

He's hanging upside down on a leaf, spinning a chrysalis.

ALICE

Why are you upside down?

(CONTINUED)

THE CATERPILLAR

I've come to the end of this life.

ALICE

You're going to die?

THE CATERPILLAR

Transform.

The chrysalis begins to cover his body.

ALICE

Don't go. I need your help. I don't know what to do!

THE CATERPILLAR

I can't help you if you don't even know who you are, stupid girl.

ALICE

I'm not stupid! My name is Alice. I live in London. I have a mother named Helen and a sister named Margaret. My father was Charles Kingsley. He had a vision that stretched half-way around the world and nothing ever stopped him. He would have liked it here.

(with revelation)

I'm his daughter. I'm Alice Kingsley.

THE CATERPILLAR

Alice At Last! You were just as dim-witted the first time you were here. You called it Wonderland as I recall...

The name stirs a distant memory.

ALICE

Wonderland.

Her dream comes flooding back. She's Young Alice in Wonderland; Young Alice in the Room of Doors; Young Alice with the Cheshire Cat; Young Alice at the Mad Tea party; Young Alice with the Red Queen and Playing Cards painting the roses red, Young Alice with the Caterpillar.

95 EXT. THE TOPIARY GARDEN - CONTINUOUS 95

ALICE (CONT'D)

It wasn't a dream at all. It was a memory! This place is real! And so are you. And so is the Hatter.

Her heart leaps at that last thought.

THE CATERPILLAR

And the Jabberwocky. Remember, the Vorpall Sword knows what it wants. All you have to do is hold on to it. *Fairfarren*, Alice. Perhaps, I will see you in another life.

He disappears inside the green chrysalis.

96 EXT. CRIMS - DAY 96

The Red Queen rides a black steed, Ilosovic Stayne at her side. Behind them, the Red Queen's Army marches steadily across the red desert. The JubJub flies ahead. A monstrous winged shadow soars above.

97 EXT. THE WHITE QUEEN'S CASTLE - CONT. 97

Everyone has gathered just outside the castle walls. They wait nervously for Alice to make her decision.

The Bandersnatch lopes out, a White Knight astride him, her blonde hair hangs down the back of the shining armour. She holds the Vorpall sword high. A rousing cheer rises up. But the cheer fades as they feel a shadow pass overhead.

MARCH HARE

It's coming! Look up!

But Alice is undaunted.

ALICE

To the Tulgey Wood!

98 EXT. THE TULGEY WOOD - A CLEARING - DAY 98

The White Queen and her allies meet the Red Queen and her army at the same clearing in the wood.

WHITE QUEEN

Hello, Iracebeth.

(CONTINUED)

RED QUEEN

Mirana.

The White Rabbit blows his trumpet.

WHITE RABBIT

On this the Frabjous Day, the Queens,
Red and White shall send forth their
champions to do battle on their
behalf.

WHITE QUEEN

Oh 'Racie...

The Red Queen's eyes soften to hear her childhood nick-name.

WHITE QUEEN

We don't have to fight.

The Red Queen's eyes narrow suspiciously.

RED QUEEN

I know what you're doing. You think
you can blink those pretty little eyes
and I'll melt like Mums and Daddy did.

WHITE QUEEN

Just give me my Crown.

RED QUEEN

It's my crown! I'm the eldest!
JABBERWOCKY!

Behind her, a dark form rises. The March Hare twitches uncontrollably.

MARCH HARE

Look up! It's here! Look up!

Jabberwocky's vast wingspan darkens the clearing. It swings its reptilian head, whips its pronged tail, extends one deadly claw and adjusts its vest.

Alice can barely contain her fear.

ALICE

But this is impossible.

MAD HATTER

Only if you believe it is.

His words spark a memory of her father.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

"Sometimes I believe as many as six impossible things before breakfast".

MAD HATTER

An excellent practice, but just at the moment, you should focus on the Jabberwocky.

The right answer. She smiles.

RED QUEEN

Where's your champion, little sister?

Alice steps boldly into the clearing.

ALICE

Here.

99 ON ALICE AND THE JABBERWOCKY

99

She looks up at the huge terrifying creature. The Jabberwocky roars. Alice whispers to herself, her voice trembling.

ALICE

Six impossible things. Count them, Alice. One! There's a potion that can make you shrink. Two! And a cake that can make you grow.

She draws the Vorpall Sword. The Jabberwocky lowers its huge head and hisses.

JABBERWOCKY

So my old foe, we meet on the battlefield once again.

Alice is shocked. She hadn't thought that it could talk.

ALICE

We have never met.

JABBERWOCKY

Not you, insignificant bearer. My ancient enemy, the Vorpall one.

He strikes out suddenly with his spiked tongue. Alice lifts the Sword to defend herself and the Sword slices off the Jabberwocky's tongue. It falls to the ground wriggling in the dirt. The Jabberwocky can only make a burbling sound.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

That's enough chatter.

The Jabberwocky whips its pronged tail and knocks her to the ground. She lays for a moment, catching her breath and continuing her six impossible things.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Three. Animals can talk.

The Jabberwocky drives its spike tail down to stab her. She barely rolls out of its way in time.

ALICE (CONT'D)

(faltering)

Four. Four, Alice!

She pulls herself to her feet.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Cats can disappear.

MAD HATTER

Watch your head!

She ducks in time to avoid the creature's snapping jaws.

ALICE

Five. There is a place called
Wonderland.

It swipes at her with long curved claws. She deflects them.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Six.

She stands still for a moment, then slowly lifts her head. All fear is gone. There is nothing but fierce intention and bloodlust in her eye.

ALICE (CONT'D)

And I can slay the Jabberwocky!

She swings the Sword and attacks with fury. The Jabberwocky is surprised by her fierceness. They do battle.

MAD HATTER

Behind you!

She turns, distracted. CLAWS scrape down the back of her armor. Alice backs up toward the Hatter, fending off the Jabberwocky.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: (2)

99

ALICE (CONT'D)

I can manage. Thank you.

The Red Queen sees them talking.

RED QUEEN

The Hatter's interfering! Off with
his head!

100 EXT. THE TUGLEY WOOD - A CLEARING - DAY - CONTINUOUS 100

Stayne runs toward him, sword drawn. The Hatter fights back and the well-ordered duel erupts into a full-scale battle with Alice and the Jabberwocky in the eye of the storm. During the battle...

...Bayard and Mallymkun take on the JubJub bird...

...Chess disappears and reappears to confuse the Red Knights...

...the Bandersnatch does battle with four Red Knights...

...the Tweedles fight back-to-back with perfect precision and timing and not a single argument...

...March Hare stares upward, paralyzed with fear until he gets slammed by a Red Knight. Then he goes crazy, throwing things like a wild man.

101 ON ALICE AND THE JABBERWOCKY 101

Alice leaps onto the Jabberwocky, pulling herself up his scales. He twists and snaps trying to shake her off. The Vorpal Sword practically pulls itself out of her hand in its relentless pursuit of the creature's head. Alice makes her way to the Jabberwocky's vest where she clings trying to slash its neck with the sword.

The vest buttons strain with Alice's weight. They snap...one...two...three...only one left holding the vest on by a thread. Alice can barely hold onto the slashing Sword. Just as the last button gives way, she propels herself into the air.

ALICE

OFF WITH YOUR HEAD!

With one powerful thrust, she cuts off the Jabberwocky's head. Both Alice and the head fall at once, the Jabberwocky's jaws still snapping at her in its death throes.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

Alice hits the ground hard. The Jabberwocky's head rolls a few feet away. She lays on the ground, breathing heavily. Finally, she picks up the Jabberwocky's head, carries it to the Red Queen and drops it at her feet. The Queen points to Alice imperiously.

RED QUEEN

Kill her!

102 EXT. THE TULGEY WOOD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

102

The nearest Red Knight throws down his weapon.

RED KNIGHT

We follow you no more...bloody big head.

RED QUEEN

How dare you! Off with his head!

The other Red Knights toss their weapons down. The crown lifts off the Red Queen's head. She snatches for it as it floats over to the White Queen where it gently lowers to her head. The Cheshire Cat materializes next to her.

WHITE QUEEN

Iracebeth of Crims, your crimes against Underland are worthy of death. But that is against my vows. Therefore, you are banished to the Outlands. No one is to show you any kindness or ever speak a word to you. You will have not a friend in the world.

Stayne bows unctuously to the White Queen.

KNAVE OF HEARTS

Majesty I hope you bear me no ill will.

WHITE QUEEN

Except this one. Ilosovic Stayne you will join Iracebeth in banishment from this day until the end of Underland.

The White Knights grab Stayne and chain him to Iracebeth.

RED QUEEN

At least, we have each other.

(CONTINUED)

In a last panic, Stayne pulls a knife and tries to stab her. She screams. The Hatter knocks the knife away. Stayne drops to his knees before the White Queen.

KNAVE OF HEARTS

Kill me...please.

WHITE QUEEN

But I do not owe you a kindness.

Red and White Knights drag them away.

RED QUEEN

You tried to kill me! YOU TRIED TO
KILL ME!

The Hatter bursts into an enthusiastic dance.

MAD HATTER

Oh Frabjous Day! Callou! Callay!

ALICE

What is he doing?

CHESHIRE CAT

Futterwacken.

The Hatter pulls Alice into the dance. It's a wild, wacky joyous dance and when it's done...he kisses her, at last. Chess puts a comforting arm around a disappointed Mallymkun. The White Queen leans down to the still bleeding Jabberwocky's neck to catch a drop of its blood into a vial.

WHITE QUEEN

And blood of the Jabberwocky. You have
our everlasting gratitude. And for
your efforts on our behalf...

The Queen hands the vial to her.

ALICE

Will this take me home?

WHITE QUEEN

If that is what you choose.

Alice lifts the vial. The Hatter puts his hand on hers.

MAD HATTER

You could stay.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: (2)

102

ALICE

What an idea... a crazy, mad wonderful idea.

She looks at the strange and wonderful beings she's met in this strange and wonderful place. But then, thoughts of her mother and sister and unfinished business intrude.

ALICE (CONT'D)

But I cannot. There are questions I have to answer. And things I still must do.

She drinks the potion.

ALICE (CONT'D)

I'll be back again before you know it.

MAD HATTER

You won't remember me.

ALICE

Of course I will! How could I forget?

His face starts to shimmer as he whispers in her ear.

MAD HATTER

Fairfarren, Alice.

Underland shimmers and then dissolves into...

103 INT. THE RABBIT HOLE - DAY

103

Grass. Alice finds herself face down in the field, clinging to the edge of the Rabbit hole, legs dangling precariously.

104 EXT. THE MEADOW - DAY

104

Alice pulls herself up and looks around, blinking in the bright sun. She shakes her head. All memory of Underland gone once again. She looks down at her clothes, confused by their ragged, torn, filthy condition. She looks at the rabbit hole.

ALICE

...must have fallen in.

105 EXT. THE ASCOT ESTATE - THE GARDEN PARTY

105

The party is still going on although a bit subdued. Hamish speaks to the confused guests.

(CONTINUED)

HAMISH

She left me standing there without an answer.

FIONA

A case of nerves, no doubt.

People fall silent as Alice wanders back onto the lawn, looking like she's been through a war.

HAMISH

Alice?

LORD ASCOT

Good Lord. Are you all right?

Her mother goes to her.

HELEN KINGSLEY

What happened to you?

ALICE

I fell down a hole and hit my head.

LADY ASCOT

You look a frightful mess.

Alice turns to Hamish. Her adventure, although unremembered, has given Alice unwavering confidence and self-awareness.

ALICE

I'm sorry Hamish, I can't marry you. You're not the right man for me. And there's that trouble with your digestion.

(to her sister)

I love you, Margaret. But this is my life. I'll decide what to do with it.

(to Lowell)

You're lucky to have my sister for your wife, Lowell. I know you'll be good to her. I'll be watching, very closely.

He blanches at the veiled threat. She turns to Imogene.

ALICE (CONT'D)

There is no prince, Aunt Imogene. You need to talk to someone about these delusions.

She addresses Lady Ascot.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE (CONT'D)

I happen to love rabbits, especially white ones.

She turns to her mother and kisses her on the cheek.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Don't worry, Mother. I'll find something useful to do with my life.

(to the Chattaways)

You two remind me of some funny boys I met in a dream.

She looks around. Anyone else? Lord Ascot lifts a finger.

LORD ASCOT

You've left me out.

ALICE

No I haven't, sir. You and I have business to discuss.

LADY ASCOT

The impertinence!

LORD ASCOT

I'd like to hear what she has to say. Shall we speak in the study?

He starts to lead her off, but she turns back.

ALICE

Oh, and one more thing.

She lifts her skirt, revealing her bare legs and does a brisk Futterwacken to the shock of some and delight of others.

Alice studies a map of the world on the table.

ALICE

My father told me he planned to expand his trade route to Sumatra and Borneo. But I don't think he was looking far enough.

LORD ASCOT

Not far enough?

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

ALICE

Why not go all the way to China? It's vast, the culture is rich and we have a foothold in Hong Kong. To be the first to trade with China. Can you imagine it?

She looks at him. Her eyes shine just like her father's did.

LORD ASCOT

If you were anyone else, I would say you've lost your senses. But I've seen that look before. Since you're not going to be my daughter-in-law, perhaps you would consider an apprenticeship with the company?

On her surprise and delight we:

107 EXT. A SAILING SHIP - SIX MONTHS LATER

107

A crowd has gathered to see the China Trading Company's ship off. Alice stands on the deck, waving to her mother, sister and Lord Ascot. As the ship pulls away, a beautiful Monarch butterfly with blue tinged wings lands on her shoulder. She smiles.

ALICE

Hello, Absolem.

The butterfly takes wing, as Alice watches it soar skyward...

FADE OUT: