

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 ~~errors are forgers~~ (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!" 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 of the door—I do wish I hadn't drunk quite so much!" 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 no room for her, 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

getting out of the room again, no wonder she felt unhappy. "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 CAN 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, so added in a sorrowful tone: "at least there's no room to grow up any more HERE!" "But then," thought Alice, "I'm ~~never~~ get any older than I am now! That'll be a comfort, one way—or never to be an old woman—but then—always to have lessons to learn! Oh, I shouldn't like THAT!" "Oh, you foolish Alice!" she answered herself. "How can you learn lessons in here? Why, there's hardly room for YOU, and no room at all for any lesson-books!" 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. "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 as large as the Rabbit, and had no reason to be afraid of it. Presently the Rabbit came

le savoir vivant

Alice, and, after waiting till she fancied she heard the Rabbit just under the window, she opened it a crack, and in a twinkling took up a pair of paws, and held them up to her eyes. "How queer!" she muttered, "they're exactly the same as my own paws! But for the claws, and the fact that they're white, and mine are pink! I wonder what they'll do next!" And she pulled me out of the window, and she was in here any longer than she could stay, and she was so tired that she fell fast asleep.

Conférence dans le cadre du cours de MA Lettres/CIEL
«Approches et terrains comparatistes»

(Programme de renforcement MA ou SPEC Littératures comparées)

"La vérité est un enjeu de luttes"

Littérature comparée et savoirs situés

Marie-Jeanne Zenetti
Université Lumière Lyon 2

Mardi 7 mai 2024 | 16h15-17h45

UNIL | Anthropole 4165



Contact : marie.kondrat@unil.ch
www.unil.ch/ciel

Unil
UNIL | Université de Lausanne
Centre interdisciplinaire
d'étude des littératures