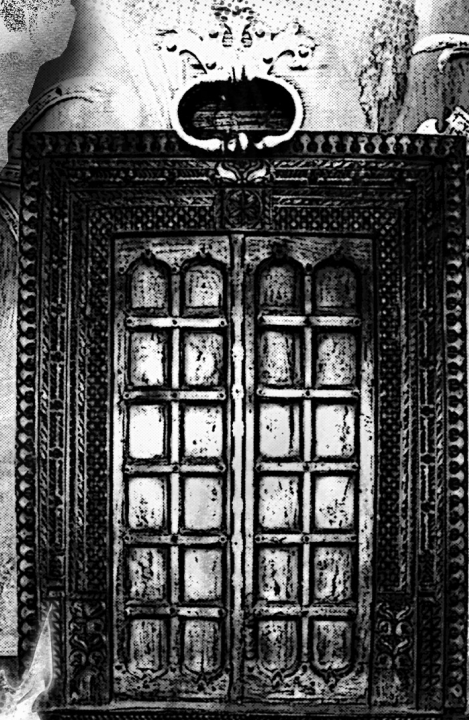


# Fabulari

SPECIAL EDITION #01



COVER  
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FANTASY, FABLES AND TALES



SPECIAL EDITION #01

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FANTASY, FABLES AND TALES



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FANTASY, FABLES AND TALES

# Editorial

## July 2008

"Fable" comes from the Latin word *fabula* which means "story". As the time went by, the word "fable" was associated with moral stories which normally had animals and objects as characters, but this never was its only meaning. Some words derive from "fable" as "to fabulate" (to tell stories) and "fabulous" (false). Many of them linked to what is imaginary and incredible.

And what does "Fabulário" mean? "Fabulário" is a Portuguese word for the collections of those stories which wander throughout the imagination of the peoples. So, what is it but a fountain of worlds and of possible and impossible situations where men seek their... fun? Or would something higher exist?

Well then? Are the stories dead? Has everything been told, imagined and lied? We don't think so.

In the last year we, a group of university students of São Paulo, began to make some reunions with the objective of discussing the Fantastic in the arts and the relations that this legacy establishes with our time. The result of these reunions has been the "Fabulário" fanzine.

After a while, thinking about turning our works and researches accessible to people of other countries, and expanding our references and feedbacks, we decided to make an English version of the fanzine. Therefore, in this edition, we have brought some of our works for the first time into English.

This edition is being released at the FLIP 2008 (Festa Literária Internacional de Paraty – International Literary Party of Paraty).

## Editorial Staff



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**Page 2:** "Fillide" (2006) detail, aquarelle of the series "Teh Invisible Cities", by the plastic artist Collen Corradi Beannigan.

**Página 3:** illustration by Luiz Pires.

**Página 13:** "A Sculpture Gallery" (1867) detail by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema.

**Página 11:** "Saturn" (1686) detail. Oil on linen by Peter Paul Rubens.

Access our blog (in portuguese!):

[www.fabulariozine.blogspot.com](http://www.fabulariozine.blogspot.com)

# On the truth-telling art

by Paula Carolina Betereli

Among so many masterpieces conceived by the writer Italo Calvino, *Invisible Cities* ( *Le Città Invisibili*, 1972) is the most famous disputing with the recent "Six Memos for the Next Millennium". With refinement and mestria it guides the reader through the Kublai Khan's vast empire, a land which has nor beginning neither ending. The everlasting traveler Marco Polo is those who guide us with the mission of visit and relate the colours and the forms of all the cities of the empire lands.

Woman-cities desfile as much for the traveler's eyes as for ours. Isaura and Despina and Ottavia make extensive symbols by themselves out of the sensorial radar: mirrored and repeated cities which expand and retract them, conceptualls and nonsense ones. In summary, fantastic cities. Interested in Polo's descriptions Kahn asks the reason for so many inventions. Were they true discoveries or just the Navigator's imagination? It's an impossible choice: Calvino's cities have no territory. They escape from time crystallization and accept dialectic existence's destination. Recognizing this, Kahn inserts in the same map the existent cities and the cities which don't exist anymore and the cities which will never exist.

## Woman-cities desfile as much for the traveler's eyes as for ours.

Calvino interlaces his short texts by using a curious logic composing other of his symbolic webs. In *Palomar* (1983), the author created a similar logic, opening his narratives lines from particular to universal. In *Invisible Cities* the descriptions are grouped in thematic parts which become diffused among numbered chapters always initiated and concluded by Khan's and Polo's conversations. As substantial as the cities descriptions are these discussions between the protagonists: literary, enchanting and in this way sincere philosophy.

To read *Invisible Cities* and to read Calvino generally speaking is like attaining another conscience of the literature: that one which decomposes the reality in the language of the ludic-fantastic (as in "The Baron in the Trees" and "The Nonexistent Knight") to understand the world. Reading Calvino is to suffer the discovery and the amazement of holding a book without secrets whose tricks are naturally disclosed.

If it's said that the art is a lie which helps to understand the true, Calvino overturn the scheme and makes true art to understand the reason of lies.

If it's said that the art is a lie which helps to understand the true, Calvino overturn the scheme and makes true art to understand the reason of lies.

**Invisibles Cities**

**Publisher:** Harvest Books

**Pub. Date:** 1978

**Pages:** 165

# Antony and Cleopatra

by Tadeu Costa Andrade

ANTONY: What dost thou do, Cleopatra? It seems to me that, whilst the roar of the march and of the chariots cross the city toward the battle, thy spirit walks through serene and distant woods.

CLEOPATRA: Antony... Thou seem'st like a boy who, leaving for the first time the motherly paths, take the arms and goes against the enemy.

ANTONY: Dost thou smile? And thy eyes seem to shine under the sun of the first days of the Spring ... Have they slept? Art thou insane? Do not come to thy ears every day the rumors that announce the Octave's ravenous legions? And now, that the time when one of the two lords of Rome ought to fall on his shield approximates, thou, mistress of this reign, dost not carry on thy face a glimpse of great bravery which conducts thy soldiers to the battle? And not even dost thou display merciful tears in solace of the widows and the children?

CLEOPATRA: Ah, Antony, calm'st down thyself... Sit'st down by my side. I'm reading... Fables of a certain Alexandrian Sophron. It isn't right to somebody who reads in such a pleasant afternoon to have nervousness or suffering.

ANTHONY: And is it right that the Lord of the East droop under the Lord of the West?

CLEOPATRA: Perhaps it is the last day that we see each other, Antony, so allow'st me to turn thy last moment pleasant... I don't intend to distract thee from thy occupations, just to read a story and to answer to thee... Listen:

"Was the god Apollo at the beginning of the day with his chariot armed, ready to initiate his journey through the sky. As he was departing, he perceived that something was occupying his shoulder. Looking quickly, he noticed that it was a fly. Lifting his hand to kill it, he heard a voice: "Do not

kill me, milord!" The god wasn't surprised; he knew that the fly would say that; he answered: "Why? You should be satisfied: few flies have the honor of seeing a god, and even less the gift to land on him. Only for this your life profited more than that of all the others." But the fly answered: "Don't kill me, milord, but allow me a wish!" Apollo knew that it would say that, and knew what he would listen, but he remained silent. "Allow me to bet a race with you!" it repeated. "Do you ask me for betting a race with you? Are you insane? I am the fastest of the gods, you, a bug. After hearing this, I can permit you to leave this place unhurt. Nevertheless, seeing that the fly didn't leave his shoulder (and knowing that it would do that), a little commiserated, Apollo motioned with his head: "So, go, fly, I accept your challenge."

And so did the fly. The horses finally lifted the chariot through the air and, as they did this, the rays of sun brought forth the day. Suspended in his glory, the god stopped to see the dazzle and disarranged flight of the fly, and laughed on that which was so ridiculously obvious. Bored of looking at it, he turned his eyes down: he saw the men, who were awaking for the long day's work. He saw the beasts of burden, the wagons, the tools under the morning sun. All of them were marching towards the corn fields. During the long morning, he observed the cutting from the sickles, ear by ear.

By noon, at the summit of the whole orb, he saw the exhausted feet coming back homewards, where they would regain, by the flavor of the bread, strength for the afternoon work. He saw the fields, which were always so calm, dancing with the winds and the tranquility.

Descending the horses' course, he felt the feet of men returning to the fields and their arms, time after time, deposit the bunches upon the wagons. The gestures were different each time, as were the size of the bunches: they were so many! Little, big... Even the dry ones. Nevertheless, happily, all of them went toward the wagon and the wagons towards the garners, for the good of the Whole and of the Always.

By the set of the travel, life declined in the fields: men in their houses, animals in their garners. And, before sleeping, all of them united at the table divided their bread, which was born from the fire and the labor of the kitchens that worked every day, to finally fall upon bed, from where ought to be born the generations that, in the next day, ought to come over the fields. The glory of the god slept.

On the ground, calm, watching the past and future ways with the same expression, for a moment, the god remembered the fly. He wasn't wrong: there it came, with its awkward flight, to fulfill what Apollo knew (and to call this "destiny" would be affectation). It whirled in the air three times and, in an incomplete fourth lap, as all his sisters at the end of the days, it fell into the Nothing.

Apollo cried."

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA: (laughters)



# Piracy

by Paula Carolina Betereli

*"Blackbird singing in the dead of night  
Take these broken wings and learn to fly  
All your life  
You were only waiting for this moment to arise."*  
The Beatles, Blackbird

Everything began with an acrobatic cell phone. It tried to fly through the window but, having no wings and not being trained in air-launching, found his end in the sidewalk, after going through the so-called nine floors.

The papers also engaged themselves well in the sky-diving, floating throughout the world and landing, without great disasters, on neighborhood roofs. The unlucky ones (someone could say them to be papers of home lessons) fell down in puddles of a recent rain.

The lamp went too, as well as the cushions, feather pillows and shoes. The ballet pump really made a beautiful échappé, with his satin knots.

When more expensive objects came to hand, Beatriz was taken by her father's arms. Putting Beatriz in an asylum would be too cruel. Sometimes, the daughter was a rebel, indeed. As she was alone, she was in love with the wind. Among the crowd, she was lover of her inner whins. But there was no doubt about it inside the fatherly craftsman's head: the child was ill. The little Beatriz was hysterical.

"Dad, in silence he calls me to fly".

"Da doctor son done open`-closed yo body. He too` you away from yourself. Light a red candle for St Bárbara." The ancestors insisted, but the dad didn` t believe in these things, in these moments. One shouldn` t play cards with an ill daughter. The reason and cure only a professional might give.

Very young to a head doctor. Smooth-faced, without double eyes. He didn` t show her abstract draws, or even laid her in a velvet divan. It wasn` t a case to examinations.

"Try to remember, Beatriz, the moment that you`ve opened yourself".

Floating, she didn` t know. Her eyes, muddy raspberries, should know.

"Through what hole, Beatriz? Beatriz`s eyes?"

Cloudy, she didn` t know. But it was the silent voice, particles of that distant muteness that brought the inebriety into her. The semaphore was opened, vulnerable Beatriz.

"We shall take it away from you".

Scared, she put her hands on her bosom. She attended the flapping wing of her little resident.

"Listen, Beatriz, you cannot live in this manner. It`s unsustainable.

Beatriz, Blackbird, with her opened peak facing the predator. Black tears sprang up, and they tinted her body inside. Beatriz, little bird... such darkness!

As she went back to her room, Beatriz concentrated herself on the idea of purging the storm fowl. The idea was dissipated in the swinging of the curtains, in the opening of the window. Words, promises, the mute voice: "Beatriz, I`ll ever sing a serenade for you."

Through the window, the bird flew: plumes and nails, blackie eyes. Blackbird, viral, fowl under threat of extinction, miles and miles ahead, to land on the shoulder of an audacious navigator.

A LITTLE LESS THAN FIFTY YEARS AGO WE HAD ALREADY CARS, TVS AND REFRIGERATORS. EVEN SO, IN SOME PLACES IN THE WORLD SOME PEOPLE LIVED FAR FROM THE CITIES, HAD A DOZEN OF SONS, CONSERVED MEAT WITH SALT, FED ONLY ON POTATOES, STOMPED THEIR OWN WINE.

ISOLATED FROM THE WORLD, THESE LITTLE VILLAGES WERE FULFILLED BY MYSTERIOUS STORIES, ORALLY PASSED ON TO THE OTHERS BY THE OLDER INHABITANTS, FRIENDS, AND OUTSIDERS.

NOWADAYS, THESE PLACES ARE DISAPPEARING. THIS IS A STORY WHICH PERSISTS ON THE IMAGINATION'S LEGACY OF THE DESCENDANTS OF THESE PEOPLE THAT LIVED ABOUT 50 YEARS AGO IN A LITTLE VILLAGE OF NORTHEASTERN PORTUGAL - IN THE COMPANY OF WOLVES AND ALONGSIDE THE RIVER DOURO.

Luiz Daniel C. Falcão Pires





LET'S GO,  
ZARATHUSTRA  
IT'S VERY LATE  
ALREADY.

# WOLVES DON'T WARN TWICE

DEDICATED TO MY FATHER AND HIS HUNTING STORIES.  
(AND TO COUSIN PEDRO MIGUEL)



I KNOW  
WHAT  
YOU'RE  
THINKING,  
BOY!  
MOM MUST  
BE...



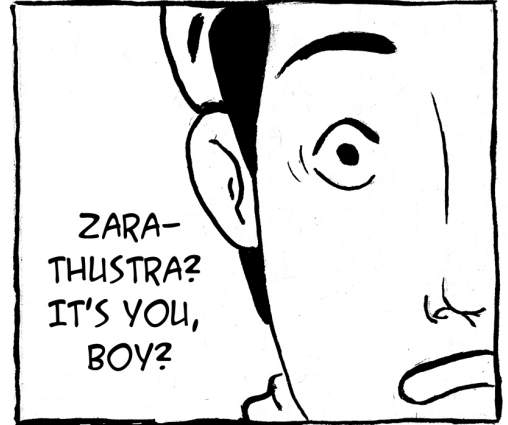
ZARATHUSTRA, DON'T MOVE AWAY!!



BOY!?  
WHERE ARE  
YOU? I CAN'T  
SEE YOU!



GRRRRR



ZARA-  
THUSTRA?  
IT'S YOU,  
BOY?



**NO!**  
IT ISN'T  
YOUR  
BOY...  
...ZARA  
THUSTRA!

I HAVE  
SOME  
TEACH-  
INGS  
TO YOU,  
BOY:  
**ONE!**  
MAN IS  
A WOLF  
TO  
MAN...



**TWO!** WOLVES  
NEVER WALK  
ALONE THROUGH  
THE DARKNESS  
OF THE DOURO'S  
NIGHT...



**THREE!** A CRYING WOLF IS  
LEFT TO DIE ALONE.



NEVER WALK ALONE....



....IN THE DARK



# Fables

by Tadeu Costa Andrade

There is nobody who had never heard about the Fables of Aesop. Even who doesn't know his name had certainly listened stories such as "The Cicada and the Ant" and "The Rabbit and the Turtle". According to History, Aesop was a Greek slave who traveled around the Ancient World and composed many short stories which at the time were called fables .

It is not of our knowledge if Aesop has ever existed, nor if he has written all the stories that nowadays are attributed to him, since the compilation of these fables was very late (it was made almost two centuries after the time that Aesop had supposedly lived – the 6th century b. C.). In summary, his fables are simple narratives in which the relations between the characters (animals, in most stories) figures a moral teaching.

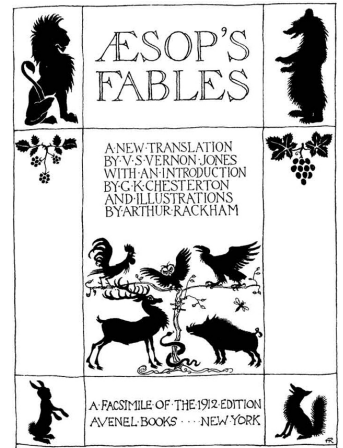
The famous "Morals", which we meet at the end of the stories, are posterior additions, made yet in Ancient Greece. Initially, they were told to children and used in speeches, but soon they acquired an artistic aspect which was followed by a good number of writers, as the famous La Fontaine, the 18th century French writer.

There are many editions of these fables in Portuguese, but (as long I know) there is no complete translations. As a result, the Brazilian people have no knowledge about a great extent of the Aesop's work. Therefore, originally, I decided to translate some of his work from Greek into Portuguese.

Moreover, since I've had heard the stories being told and their morals repeated for so many times, I thought if those propositions, supposedly universal as they were created, would make sense to us nowadays; if the same situations and characters could mean other things; if the very same structure from the fable could attain other limits. I've considered if I couldn't reread them, and these are the very first attempts (very timid ones, indeed).

Since English has several and even complete translations of Aesop, the importance of the translations is not so great as it is in Portuguese. Nevertheless, since many people around the world don't know some of these fables, even if they were translated into their language, I've made another translation into English for this edition.

The fable's translation comes at first, following each fable, under the line, I have placed the rereadings. Now you can watch the results:



First illustration for the book "Fables of Aesop", 1912 New York's edition.

1 The Greek word for fable is "mýthos", which originated the english word "myth". In Ancient Greek it could mean only "story". "Fable" comes from the "fabula", which is the correlative of "mythos" in Latin.

# The Goods and the Evils

The Goods, for being weak, were pursued by the Evils. They went towards the sky and asked Zeus how to act in relation to men. He said: "don't go together to them, but one by one". Because of this, while the Evils, for being near, go incessantly to men, the Goods go slowly, descending from the sky.

The fable shows that nobody attains the Goods quickly, but the Evils hurt each day each one.

---

*"You want the greatest thing  
The greatest thing since bread came sliced.  
You've got it all, you've got it sized.  
Like a Friday fashion show teenager  
Freezing in the corner  
Trying to look like you don't try."  
- R. E. M, Imitation of Life*

A long time ago, the Evils and the Goods ruled among the men. In an infinite and sanguinary war, they disputed the rule over the nations. Under some of them the peoples shrank by fear and reverence, and they peregrinated to the others as to saviors. But as the war was tested by that which consumes the quarrels (even the Infinite ones), the Goods, by their weakness, resigned to



1 Chronus, the titan who was the father of the gods. Predicting that one of his children would kill him, he devoured them all. Zeus, the youngest among them, defeated and exiled him.

the Evils. They flee to the sky and by Zeus they asked him what to do now in respect of men. He answered: "Nothing. The day has come, for the peace reign among men. This place is your new dwelling, where never a human life shall step". Ultimately breathing relieved, free from their pursuers, they plunged in a long sleep. Zeus, smiling, seeing the content and silent sleep of his sons, decided to give the end that waits it: fulminating, its sister went (more delicate and more eternal), and the Goods were no more.

The Evils triumphed, but inside their hearts, the men noticed the departing of their constant saviors, and under a deep despair, they threw themselves in the darkness (they didn't know that they sought the destiny of their masters). When the Evils saw that they conquered only a reign that was too much agonizing for existing, they went toward the sky too, and as they encountered Zeus, they interpellated him, vexed because of such an unmerited victory. Condoled by these more bastard (and maybe more loved) sons, Zeus offered a banquet, and as one of the Evils (the Curiosity, if I'm not wrong) asked him from where had come a so delicious flavouring, Zeus revealed a precious secret to them: what should it be but the soft flesh of the Goods? The heroes laughed in pleasure in front of the ingenuity of the father, without noticing that the subtle sleep's humor which was distilled from the swallowed medulla fulfilled them. One by one they fell upon the table, all of them thinking that it was the wine that was strong. Looking, condoled yet, missing his own father, Zeus devoured them all. Now he was alone, the only master of men, the only diffused light to be contemplated in the horizon.

**Ultimately breathing relieved, free from their persecutors, they plunged in a long sleep.**

But, as the men seemed disorientated, without leaders to follow and tyrants to fear, Zeus cast the remaining bones into the air, which have become wandering stars. At some less cloudy nights, some men can see them, and a little more excited, they say to their partners that their lords have returned.

The fable shows that, although men recognize joys and sorrows daily, they aren't more than the carcass of what someday they were.

## The statues seller

A man prepared a Hermes of wood and, bringing it to the agora, he put it for sale. As no buyer approached, on wanting to call some of them to himself, he shouted that he was selling a beneficial deity that gave graces. One of the men that were near to him said: "Hey you! If it is what you're saying, why do you sell it, instead of receiving benefits from itself?" he answered "I've noticed that I need a benefit quickly, but it was accustomed to give the graces slowly."

The fable is opportune to the shameless covetous man that doesn't respect the gods.





A statues seller built a man of wood, and, bringing it to the square, he put it for sale. As a rich man passed by him, he offered the statue shouting, nevertheless the man answered: "Why should I buy your statue? This is only an object. I have many servants, men and women, that adorn my fortune and many friends that partake their wisdom. I don't need cheap imitations."

A little discouraged, the salesman came back to home and ordered the rarest materials: gold, gems, the most expensive tools. Without coming back to the square, he worked day after day and made another man: tall and handsome, precious. At last, returning to the square and seeing the rich man passing by him again, he showed him the new work. He answered: "What a beautiful composition! It is really precious! But what will I do with such a man? A crown would be more profiting. I have many servants, men and women, that adorn my fortune and many friends that partake their wisdom. I don't need imitations."

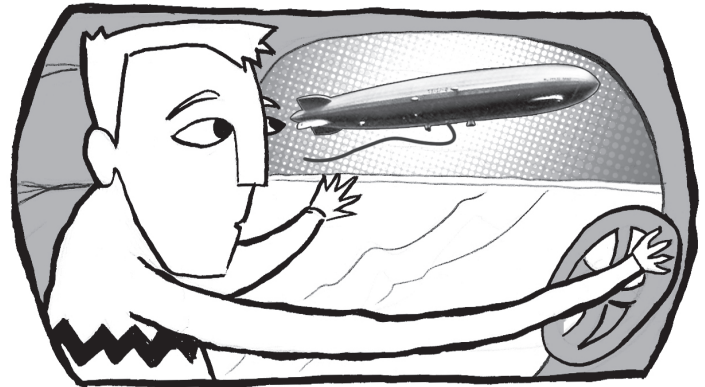
As the seller didn't know what more he had to do, he, instructed and religious, pursued the ancient mysteries, which only the craft's fathers knew. Collecting the instruments and substances, which would be unnominated, he went towards his laboratory...

As the rich man noticed the absence of that so insistent salesman, after months of absence, he went to the his home for seeing what was happened with him: an accident, illness, a travel? Arriving, he encountered only a statue, the most beautiful statue he had ever seen, He said:

"What a beautiful self-portrait! It can almost speak!"

"But almost"

The opportune fable says that neither representing themselves nor being the representation of themselves is permitted to men.





and no one has driven an  
automobile anymore

Created by: Tadeu Costa Andrade, Luiz Pires, Joyce Nicioli, Paula Betereli and Rafael Castro.  
Art: Luiz Pires.