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Literature



Edited by Filomena Vasconcelos

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*e-f@bulations / e-f@bulações – journal of Children’s Literature*  
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*e-f@bulations/ e-f@bulações* is a refereed international e-journal of scholarly research in the field of literature for childhood and youth. It is published in English and Portuguese twice a year (Spring-Summer and Autumn-Winter) as part of the Digital Library of the *Faculdade de Letras da Universidade do Porto*(FLUP), Portugal, with ISSN: **1646-8880**.

Hosted by the Department of Anglo-American Studies (DEAA) of FLUP, the journal aims at providing a space for the publication of studies on a wide spectrum of topics related to literary themes on childhood and youth, in a broad variety of genres, from the most traditional and conventional ones to memories, journals and comics. Comparative approaches between literature, cinema, cartoon animation and the visual arts (e.g. in book illustration or other) are also contemplated.

In its interdisciplinary design the journal therefore welcomes contributions on all subjects within the general literary and cultural field of childhood and youth, from any country, culture or civilization, any historical period, as well as from any individual or collective experience.

*e-f@bulations/ e-f@abulações* is a pluralist publication with no ideological affiliation and open to proposals and perspectives from all research methodologies.

Prior to publication, all contributions are to be submitted to the Editorial Committee of the journal for peer-reviewing, and are assumed to be unpaid. It is furthermore understood that authors submit only original articles which are not at the same time being submitted to other journals.

The Editorial Committee reserves also the right to invite distinguished scholars to contribute to the journal.

Each issue comprises two main sections (though exceptions may occur):

- 1- Critical essays on the thematic areas above described;
- 2- Creative writings for children or youths – e.g. short narratives, plays, poems, comics or others. These texts should be all original and not previously published, whether in printed or digital form.

Editor: Filomena Vasconcelos

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## ÍNDICE

Table of Contents

### **I- GALERIA**

Exposições/ Exhibitions

**David Pintor**

**I love to draw**

**Filomena Vasconcelos**

**Tributos**

### **2- TEXTOS**

Ensaaios /Essays

**Rogério Sousa**

OS HIERÓGLIFOS: A ESCRITA DA VIDA

**Inês Botelho**

FROM PERFECT HOESEWIFE TO REBELLIOUS PRINCESS:

Snow White as portrayed by Disney and by Tarsem Singh

Contos para Crianças / Stories for Children

**Isabel Pereira Leite**

*O sapato*

Fotos de Jaime Neto Parra de *O Sapato* de Joana Vasconcelos  
(Exposição de Joana Vasconcelos no Palácio de Versalhes, Paris 2012)

**Raquel Patriarca**

*História antiga feita hoje*

Ilustrações de Filomena Vasconcelos

**Ana Maria Chaves**

*O Flautista de Hamelin*

(Tradução do poema “The Pied Piper of Hamelin” de Robert Browning)

Comissão Editorial / Editorial Committee

Autores / Authors

# GALERIA

Exposições

Exhibitions

# I LOVE TO DRAW

**David Pintor**

I love to draw.

I love to travel too. I love every place  
I visited all over the world. Australia,  
Italy, United States, Portugal, France,  
Kenya, Turkey...

Since I bought a mobile with a camera,  
I can take photos at every moment  
of all the places I visit and then  
easily share in facebook.

But not only places...

I took photos of my drawings too...

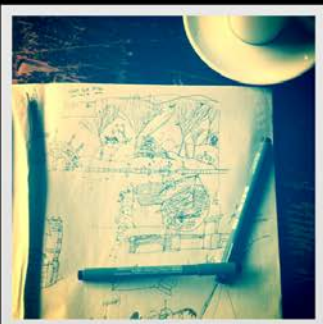
You can see here a piece of my world.

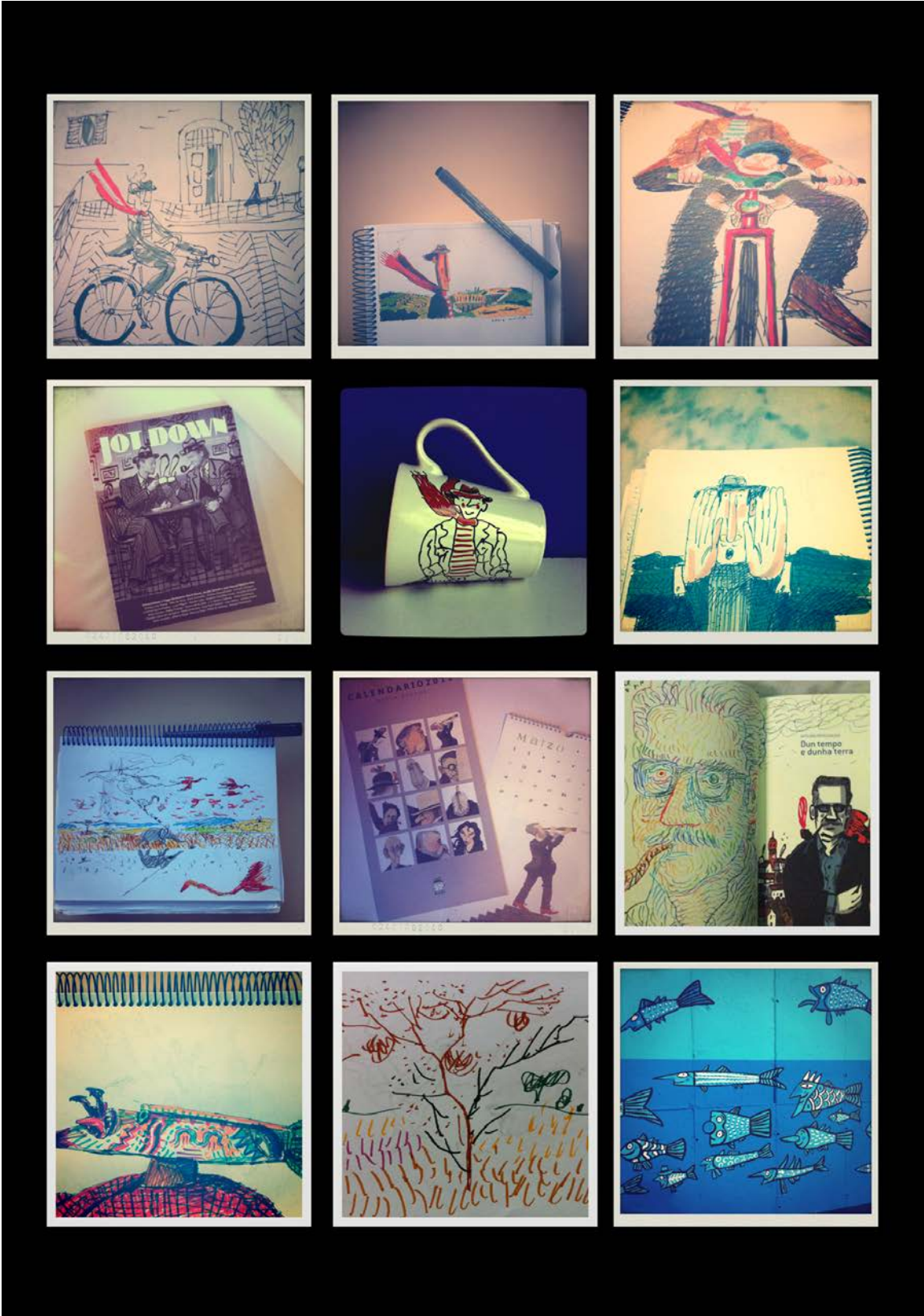
You can see more at my facebook profile.

Welcome











# TRIBUTOS

**Filomena Vasconcelos**

A linguagem é, na sua maior amplitude semiológica, simultaneamente o meio e o fim para representar todas as coisas, incluindo o absurdo, a um tempo adequada e desesperadamente deceptiva, no limiar último de todos os sentidos estabelecidos ou de todas as possibilidades de significar.

Ainda o eixo orientador da história, na intimidade memorial que este sempre estabelece com as coisas, os tempos e nós próprios [...]

Talvez devêssemos antes falar de uma certa atitude desconstrutiva da arte em geral, na medida em que a própria essência do objecto artístico, na intencionalidade que o motiva e caracteriza, implica sempre um questionamento do real, seja ele qual for, e este, por sua vez e não raro, pode manifestar-se no deslocamento paródico ou mesmo humorístico, mais ou menos acidulado, dos referentes visados. [...]

Na ausência de qualquer modelo de heroicidade, na falta de validade do altruísmo e da dignidade, restavam apenas a angústia e o pesado sentimento da derrota e do medo no grande vazio que eram as expectativas humanas. O absurdo tornava-se a única saída possível, como a significação revertida das esperanças perdidas, o seu renascer pela negativa, ou antes, pela asserção positiva que anuncia a irracionalidade como única voz audível na vacuidade do nada

Filomena Vasconcelos, *Considerações Incertas*<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> "Linguagens do Absurdo no Teatro e nas Artes do Século XX", *Considerações Incertas*. Campo das Letras, Porto, 2008, 187-213.



Fig.1 "Ophelia" (de *Hamlet*, William Shakespeare)

"... O, woe is me,  
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see"  
W. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, 3.1.

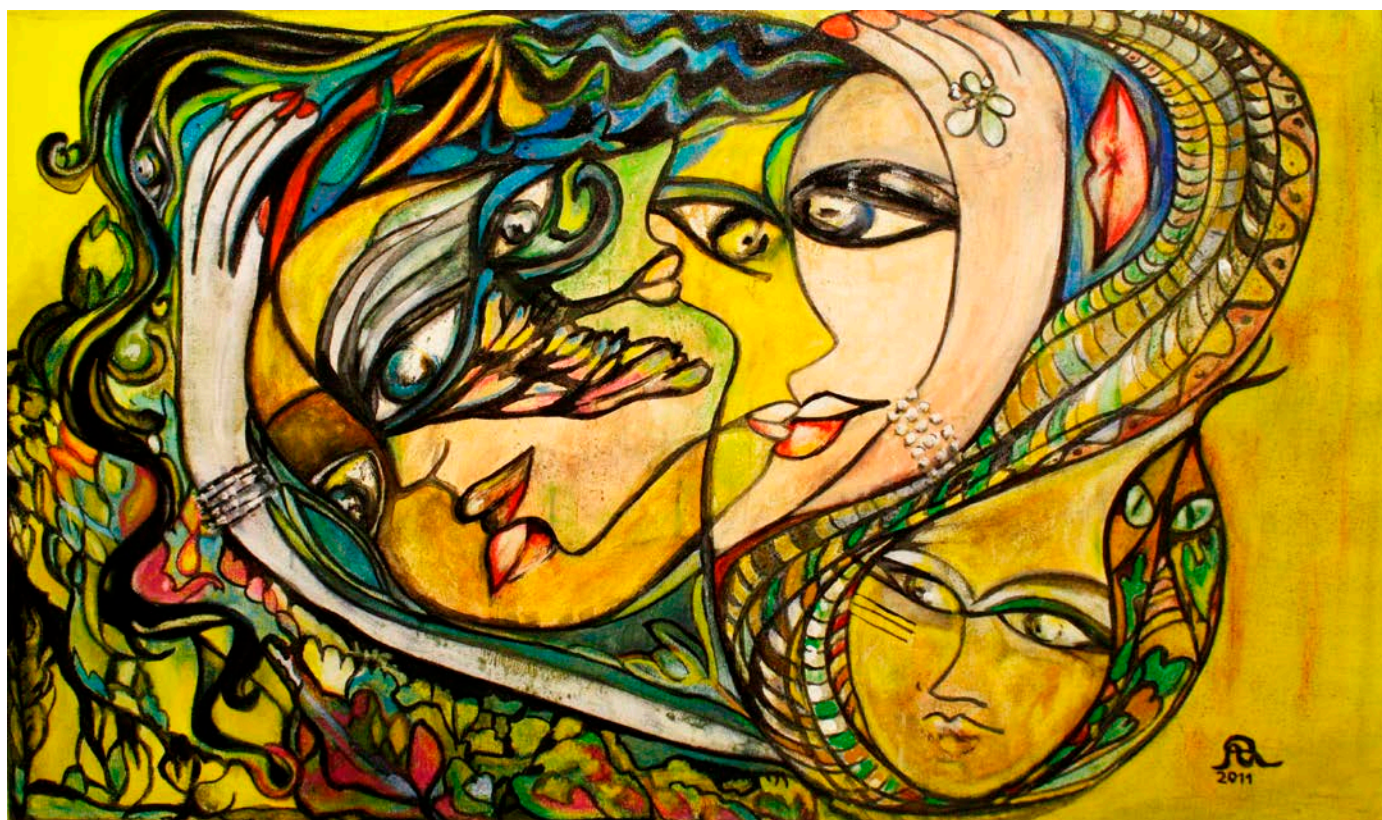


Fig.2 “Heteronymia” (Tributo a Fernando Pessoa)

“Ah não ser eu toda a gente e toda a parte!”  
Álvaro de Campos, *Ode Triunfal* (v. final)

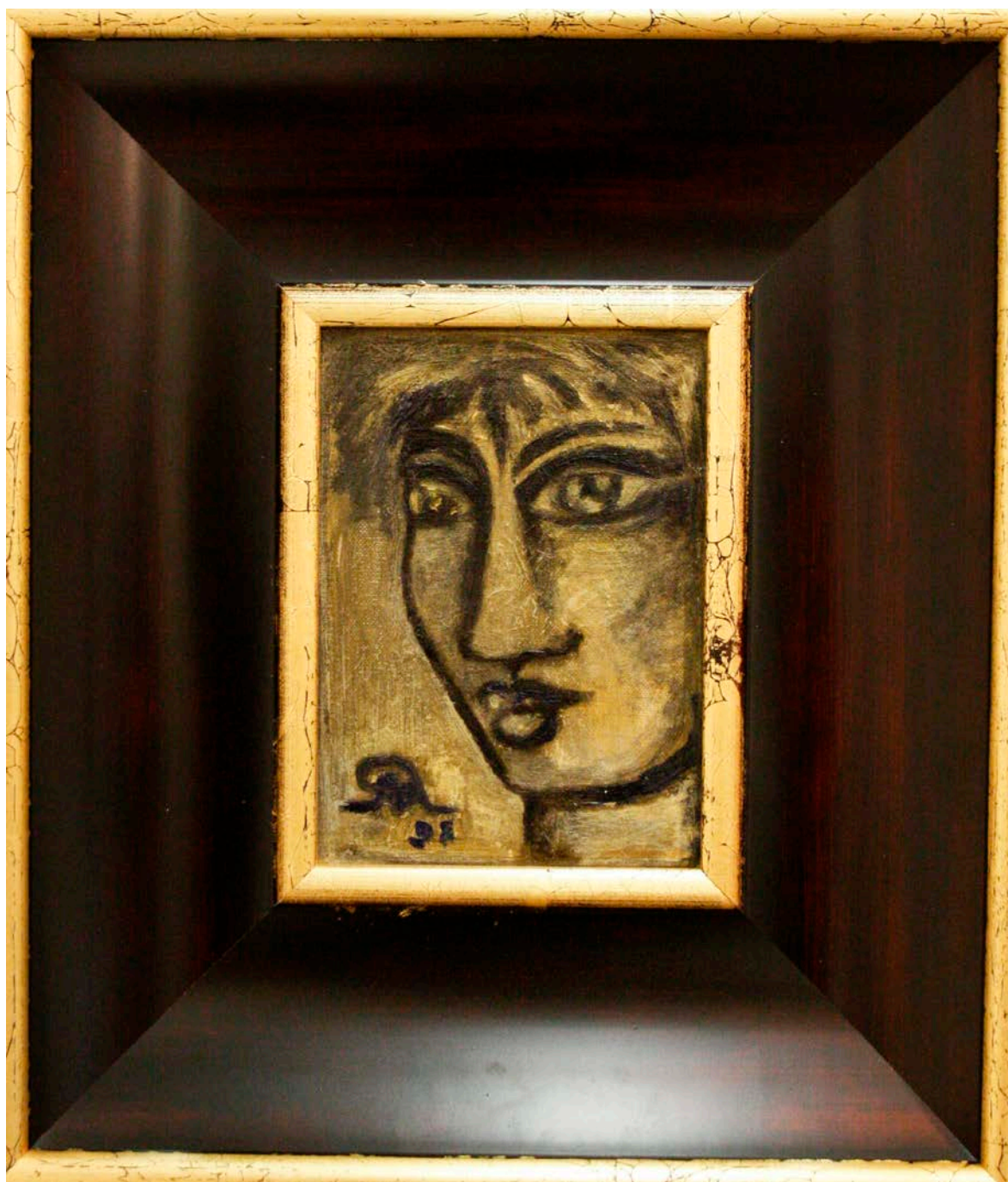


Fig.3 “O Rapaz de Bronze” (Tributo a Sophia de Mello Breyner Anderson)

“As coisas extraordinárias e as coisas fantásticas também são verdadeiras. Porque há um país que é a noite e um país que é o dia.”

Sophia de Mello Breyner Andresen, *O Rapaz de Bronze*.



Fig.4 "Desde a Aurora" (Tributo a Eugénio de Andrade)

"Sou eu, desde a aurora,  
eu – a terra – que te procuro."

Eugénio de Andrade, "Desde a aurora", in *Obscuro Domínio* (1970-71).



## FICHA TÉCNICA

Fig. 1 – “Ophelia” – óleo s/ tela, 50x70

Fig.2 – “Heteronymia” – acrílico s/ tela, 70x100

Fig.3 – “O Rapaz de Bronze”, óleo s/ tela, 22x16

Fig.4. – “Desde a Aurora”, técnica mista s/ tela, 60x50

Ensaio

Essays

## OS HIERÓGLIFOS: A ESCRITA DA VIDA

Rogério Sousa

Universidade do Porto CITCEM

Há cerca de cinco mil anos os habitantes do vale do Nilo criavam um dos primeiros e mais antigos sistemas de escrita concebidos pela humanidade. A ideia para a criação de uma escrita talvez tenha resultado dos contactos que então se estabeleceram com os Sumérios, que navegaram até ao Egito através do Mar Vermelho, encetando com as comunidades locais uma interacção aparentemente pacífica e deveras profícua nos dois sentidos. No entanto, a influência suméria, se existiu, ficou-se por aí. O sistema hieroglífico evoluiu de forma totalmente independente e enraizou-se profundamente na língua e na mundividência das comunidades nilóticas que, já nestes tempos remotos, seriam constituídas por populações camito-semitas, ou seja, por elementos a um tempo africanos e asiáticos, reflectindo, desde tempos imemoriais, a predisposição do território egípcio para actuar como plataforma giratória intercontinental.

O sistema de signos criado para expressar esta língua foi designado pelos Gregos de «hieroglífico», ou seja, uma escrita constituída por «signos sagrados». A *interpretatio graeca* em nada deturpava a visão egípcia sobre o seu próprio sistema de escrita mais antigo.<sup>2</sup> Os hieróglifos eram designados, em egípcio, *medu netjer*, as «palavras divinas» e estavam, por isso, fortemente eivados de representações do sagrado.

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<sup>2</sup> Outros sistemas de escrita foram-se constituindo ao longo do tempo no antigo Egito. A escrita hieroglífica era usada preferencialmente em suportes monumentais. Era este sistema de escrita que era usado na inscrição das grandes estelas funerárias ou templárias, na decoração dos templos e das estátuas. A própria escrita hieroglífica conheceu uma versão cursiva, mais adaptada à edição de obras mais extensas. A escrita hierática era usada na administração. Mais tarde, já na Época Greco-Romana, a escrita demótica acabou por se implantar.



FIG. 1

Lista de signos de Alan Gardiner: Aves

A escrita e a língua de um povo reflectem eloquentemente o seu pensamento e o seu sistema de valores. O sistema hieroglífico é, a este respeito, uma fonte inesgotável de ensinamentos e revela-nos a importância da vida – em todas as suas formas e manifestações – na mundividência egípcia. O sistema hieroglífico recorria afinal a signos que evocavam determinadas facetas da vida nilótica. Tal como a Tabela Periódica dos químicos, a lista de signos hieroglíficos elencada por Sir Alan Gardiner proporciona ao egiptólogo contemporâneo um observatório inigualável sobre a vida nilótica. Neles vemos desfilar ante os nossos olhos a diversidade de animais (desde a elegante ave pernalta ao escaravelho), de plantas (onde se incluem as plantas heráldicas como o junco e o papiro – que se transformaria num dos mais importantes suportes da escrita até à invenção do papel – símbolos do Alto e do Baixo Egipto, respectivamente) e os próprios elementos do cosmos nilótico como o sinuoso recorte das montanhas, o sol, as estrelas e a água do Nilo. E claro a vida dos homens, desde logo centrada no seu corpo, mas também ele parte de um corpo mais vasto que é social e onde cada um se integrava com diferentes responsabilidades e deveres. É deste domínio que emanam as incontáveis evocações relacionadas com os ofícios: desde logo os instrumentos de

escrita, passando pelas alfaias agrícolas e pelas obras artesanais. Tudo o que existe encontrava o seu lugar na escrita hieroglífica.

É certo: a escrita hieroglífica imitava a vida e era esta característica que estava na origem do seu forte valor simbólico. No entanto, o inverso também era verdadeiro: uma vez estabelecida, a escrita hieroglífica passou a determinar e a influenciar o cosmos nilótico. E não estamos apenas a falar do tremendo impacto que a definição do código hieroglífico teve na consolidação da administração real e na afirmação do poder faraónico. O aparecimento da escrita hieroglífica marca literalmente o nascimento da História e da civilização no vale do Nilo.

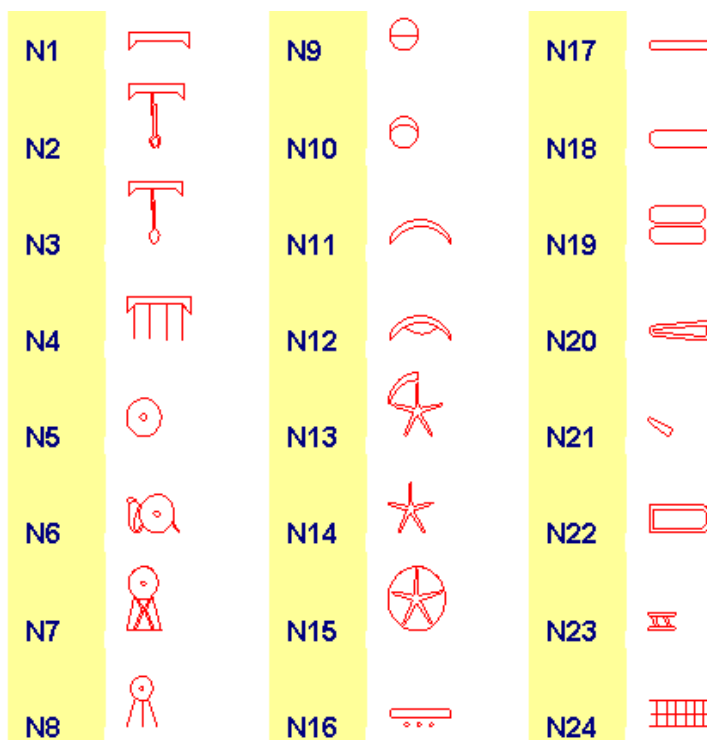


FIG. 2

Lista de signos de Alan Gardiner: Elementos cósmicos

Os signos hieroglíficos formataram o real de uma forma bem mais tangível e concreta: uma vez constituído, este sistema constituía o paradigma para a construção do real. Os templos, com as suas estátuas, pórticos e obeliscos, no fundo apresentavam em três dimensões os mesmos signos que eram usados num texto sagrado e podiam ser vistos afinal como um livro arquitectónico, povoado por signos e pronto a ser «lido».

Os signos hieroglíficos eram também a principal inspiração para a confecção de amuletos. Quase todas as colecções museológicas são abundantes nestes pequenos objectos. O núcleo egípcio da Universidade do Porto apresenta uma colecção de amuletos constituída por alguns dos mais ilustrativos destes objectos apotropaicos: o escaravelho, o olho de Hórus, o coração, o pilar *djed*, entre outros. Todos eles constituem signos hieroglíficos com um significado preciso: o escaravelho significa *kheper* («transformar», «manifestar», «vir à existência»), o olho *udjat* («redenção», «cura»), o coração *ib* («consciência»), o pilar *djed* («estabilidade»), entre outros.

Estes objectos eram confeccionados especificamente com o intuito de canalizar para os portadores dos amuletos, o poder mágico contido no signo representado. Ao usá-los, o portador revestia-se de hieróglifos e fortificava-se com o poder mágico «palavras divinas».

A «palavra divina», o hieróglifo, era afinal o obreiro da criação e, sobretudo na cosmogonia menfita, era considerado o intermediário entre a mente do criador e o mundo criado. Esta noção «hieroglífica» da criação deixou uma marca profunda na cultura e na civilização egípcia. Nesta perspectiva, cada criatura viva era vista como um «hieróglifo», ou seja, a materialização de uma ideia divina. Tendo distribuído hieróglifos vivos pela natureza, o deus criador que era cultuado em Mênfis, Ptah, escreveu o «livro» da natureza onde estava encerrado o seu «plano». Assim, ao olhar para a natureza e ao observar a vida, o homem podia decifrar o código usado por deus para redigir o grande texto vivo da criação e aceder às ideias puras que emanaram directamente da sua consciência. Uma das mais decisivas consequências daquela noção consiste pois na concepção da criação como um texto vivo escrito pelo criador, um texto que incluía todos os elementos naturais, as plantas, os animais e os homens.

De um modo semelhante, ao escrever, o homem imitava o gesto criador de deus, espalhando os hieróglifos pelo papiro, pelas superfícies de pedra, ou até pela paisagem. Ao confeccionar uma estátua ou um vaso, o artesão não estava apenas a criar uma «obra de arte» ou um artefacto: na

realidade estava a redigir, em três dimensões, os mesmos hieróglifos que o escriba desenhava sobre o papiro. Na perspectiva egípcia, toda a obra humana, mesmo a mais simples, produzia hieróglifos que davam permanência e continuidade à obra fundada pelo criador. É notório, portanto, que Ptah atribuiu ao homem a responsabilidade de cuidar da criação, o que consiste precisamente numa das suas originalidades pois reconhece a importância do comportamento e do trabalho do homem, através do qual o criador continuava a completar a criação e a agir sobre ela, o que naturalmente deve ser entendido como uma forma de manter o criador em constante interacção com o mundo, já que o comportamento social, os ofícios e todas as actividades humanas se inseriam no seu grande plano divino. Por outro lado, a marca do criador nas obras humanas devia-se ao poder, exclusivo dos homens, de criar representações, ou seja, de criar manifestações materiais de ideias abstractas. Dito de outro modo, quando um escultor trabalhava a pedra «imprimia» na matéria bruta a ideia patente na sua mente. Um bloco de pedra transforma-se então sob a acção da mente de quem o trabalhou, passando assim a constituir uma representação e a corporizar uma ideia, ou seja, tornava-se num «hieróglifo».

Esta concepção da escrita e do mundo ligava indissociavelmente todos os seres – humanos, animais e plantas – e até todos os trabalhos e ofícios numa unidade inquebrantável. Todos afinal se integravam como signos que expressavam ideias divinas concebidas originalmente no coração do deus primordial.

A concepção hieroglífica do mundo levava assim cada um a encetar um trabalho de decifração da sua própria vida de modo a encontrar o seu lugar no grande texto vivo do criador. Texto esse sempre em aberto.

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**From perfect housewife to rebellious princess:  
Snow White as portrayed  
by Disney and by Tarsem Singh**

**Inês Botelho**

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There was once a time when a mindful mother enquired Albert Einstein about the best books to read to her child. ‘Fairy tales,’ he answered promptly. But she insisted. What should she choose next? ‘More fairy tales,’ replied Einstein. ‘And after that?’ persisted the mother. ‘Even more fairy tales.’<sup>3</sup>

In fact, though neither folk tales nor fairy tales<sup>4</sup> were originally intended for children and many still aim at other audiences (Zipes 2002: 28; Tatar 2003: xxvi, 191), these stories unlock the doors of fantasy and thus expand the children’s imagination, introducing them to worlds both marvellous and terrifying. However, cinema and television have been gaining a growing impact in the way fairy tales are perceived by youngsters, even by adults. And among such visual representations none prove more influential than those created by Disney (Warner 1995: 207; Zipes 2002: 26-27; Hurley

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<sup>3</sup> Though repeatedly quoted, this true story’s exact source remains uncertain. Its most frequent phrasing seems to be “If you want your children to be intelligent, read them fairy tales. If you want them to be more intelligent, read them more fairy tales,” but it also appears in more elaborated telling. In fact, it assumed a mutability similar to those of folk tales told and changed by different populations. For a fairy tale-like telling, see Zipes (2002).

<sup>4</sup> The terms folk tales and fairy tales arise both doubts and confusions, being involved in an ever lasting debate about their correct use. Nevertheless, Jack Zipes’ social-historical approach provides some enlightenment on the matter while also providing a way of systematization and therefore will be adopted in this article. Zipes (2002) argues that the term fairy tale derives from the French *conte de fées*, probably popularized by Madame d’Aulnoy’s book *Conte de Fées* (1697/98). The fairy tale thus means a literary text and has then a close relation to the German *Kunstmärchen*, whose literal translation can be “literary fairy tale”. Similarly, the folk tale corresponds to the *Volksmärchen*, the oral narratives freely circulating among different folks and told throughout the centuries.

2005: 222).<sup>5</sup> It is therefore important to analyse them in comparison to other, more recent productions equally directed towards children.

Truly, the last few years have been strong on films and television series derived from fairy tales, some destined to younger audiences, some to older ones, some to both. Likewise, the old stories chosen as a basis comprise a diverse range but there was perhaps no other so much favoured as “Snow White”.

Throughout time, Snow White’s incarnations have been many and her guises rather different, resulting in a multiplicity of portrayals that while sharing common aspects sometimes also bluntly contradict each other. So great a variety, of course, ensues at least in part from the particular nature of folk tales because, as Maria Tatar claims, there are no original versions of these tales, only variants and often imperfect, fragmented ones (Tatar 2003: xvi). However, most Snow White adaptations establish at least a loose dialogical relation with the Grimms’ version, using or contradicting certain elements and narrative patterns. This tendency provides a common ground for analysis, a fixed text to which one can return and draw comparisons. Yet, one also needs to exercise caution in order to understand if the adaptation directly interacts with the Grimms’ fairy tale or if it is instead addressing Disney’s *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* (1937).<sup>6</sup>

The influence of the famous film studio has been vast and although it now faces some relevant competition in the animation field, namely from

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<sup>5</sup> In truth, the studio’s first films were not exclusively destined to children, targeting also an older public, not restricted to parents accompanying their kids (Koven 2003: 190-191), a trait that to some extent remains verifiable as many adults still endorse the rows of Disney viewers. Nonetheless, these films gained so marked a reputation as children entertainment that they can be considered primarily as such.

<sup>6</sup> Assign a single director to the film would be incorrect as it lists six names under this category: David Hand (supervising director), Perce Pearce, Larry Morey, William Cottrel, Wilfred Jackson and Ben Sharpsteen (sequence directors). To prevent confusions and reading difficulties, *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* will be simply ascribed to Disney, meaning not Walt Disney the individual, though it is his words preceding the film, but the Walt Disney Animation Studios as a whole.

Dreamworks,<sup>7</sup> its influence prevails, being particularly obvious on what concerns folk and fairy tales. In fact, Disney so completely influenced the way these tales are perceived by the world, and especially by Western civilization, that its films have vastly supplanted the hypotexts underlying them (Zipes 2002: 117-118; Smith 2007: 36). Stith Thompson may have rejoiced at the premier of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, confident that there would be a wide variety of such wonderful films, all identical in relevance, serving to introduce fairy tales to larger audiences and recapturing adult's attention towards these stories, but he underestimated both Disney's power and the average audience's ability to not assume those films as authoritative (Koven 2003: 177, 182). Nowadays, when considering "Snow White", "Cinderella" or "Beauty and the Beast" people generally think and talk about the stories as depicted by Disney, mingling the folk and fairy tales with the cinematic adaptations. And there is perhaps no better example than Snow White.

Her image has forever been altered by Disney's depiction.<sup>8</sup> In our contemporary imaginary the red hair ribbon, balloon sleeves, blue bodice and yellow skirt have become so much a part of Snow White that someone dressed in such clothes will immediately be identified as representing her. The same holds true for her coffin, now so ubiquitously represented as made of glass. Truth be hold that in the Grimms' tale, in which the film is based (Zipes 2002: 125), glass was already the chosen material for the coffin, but the Disney product propagated it, binding us all to the beauty of a glass coffin and eclipsing other versions where it had once been made of lead, silver, gold, even encrusted jewels (Tatar 2003: 233). Another item that helps to

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<sup>7</sup> This studio has even presented a highly successful fairy tale series – *Shrek* (2001-2010) – that satirises not only the most known fairy tale stories but also the very adaptations Disney has made of them. On this film, see the seventh chapter – "The Radical Morality of Rats, Fairies, Wizards and Ogres: taking children's literature seriously" – in Jack Zipes' *Breaking the Magic Spell: radical theories of folk and fairy tales*, cf. Reference list.

<sup>8</sup> Contributing to such predominance is the Disney merchandising – clothes, watches, handbags, cups, plates, toys, all depicting the cartoons and even books where the Disney interpretation is reaffirmed. Mikel J. Koven (2003), following the arguments of other critics, notes that the illustrated books helped fixing the studio's interpretation as being the definitive text.

understand the dominance of Disney's vision is the Evil Queen's high collar.<sup>9</sup> Not to mean that every high collar cape or dress will be associated with this character<sup>10</sup> but that in many film, television or ballet adaptations the queen displays at least one of such high collar clothes.

In recent times only, Jean Paul Gaultier designed for Angelin Preljocaj's ballet *Snow White* (2008) an Evil Queen costume that ostensibly displays the high collar as well as other elements associated with the Disney look, stylizing and twisting them until they fully resemble those of a dominatrix. And in ABC's *Once upon a time* (2011-), a growing patchwork of fairy tales and myths lead by Snow White and her family, the Evil Queen (Lana Parrila) displays several high collar dresses; she even wears one when offering the poison apple to Snow White. Likewise, the advertising posters for *Mirror Mirror* (Tarsem Singh) and *Snow White and the Huntsman* (Rupert Sanders), both premiered during 2012, show their queens in high collar attires.

Of all these new productions, *Once upon a time* is the closest one to Disney's imagery, imaginary and interpretation, probably because the network is a part of the Disney/ABC Television Group. Naturally, this allows for little contrast with *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, rendering any comparative analysis almost pointless. On the other hand, despite also declaring to be based on the Grimms' version, Preljocaj's ballet establishes only occasional links with the Disney version and it exhales too great a sexuality to qualify as preferential children's entertainment. *Snow White and the Huntsman*, while manifestly interacting with the classical animation film and other cinematic productions of inconspicuous relation, such as *The Lord of the Rings* trilogy (Peter Jackson, 2001-2003) and the latest *Robin Hood*

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<sup>9</sup> Her garment as a whole appears to have been inspired in a specific wardrobe piece used by Helen Gahagan Douglas while portraying She Who Must Be Obeyed in the film *She* (1935).

<sup>10</sup> Other characters frequently connected with high collars are vampires and devils, especially if the fabric used is in shades of red or black. Such a diabolic relation may have informed Disney's decision of incorporating this feature in the Evil Queen's image.

(Ridley Scott, 2010),<sup>11</sup> also seems inadequate for a very young audience, not only because of its pronounced darker, grimmer settings and ambience but due to a plot aimed at teenagers and occasional adult viewers.<sup>12</sup> On the contrary, *Mirror Mirror*, designed as a comedy with cartoonish inclinations, clearly aims at children or, as it is perhaps more accurate a term nowadays, at family entertainment, making it an ideal counterpart to Disney's film.

Indeed, the marked differences of these two cinematic materials, departed from the same basis and directed towards a common audience, turn them into an interesting material for confrontation and affirm the significance of investigating both how they relate to and manoeuvre "Snow White". Understanding the original tale, with its many guises and interpretations, proves therefore necessary.

The narrative details of "Snow White" change from country to country and from teller to teller. Nonetheless, Steven Swann Jones manages to identify nine episodes common to several versions of the tale and divided in two parts – four in the first and five in the second. The first part comprises the episodes Origin, Jealousy, Expulsion and Adoption, which trace the story from the heroine's birth and the persecutor's envy to the persecutor ordering the heroine's death, the heroine escaping and being rescued and hide by the adopting elements. On the second part, a replica of the previous one, the persecutor discovers the heroine to have survived, what triggers the Renewed jealousy episode, followed by the Death one in which the persecutor apparently kills the heroine whose body is then arranged for Exhibition by the adopting elements. Eventually, Resuscitation occurs and

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<sup>11</sup> Sanders summons up a diversified range of influences and aesthetics. The aforementioned films may be the most obvious references, but there are equally traces of *The Chronicles of Narnia: the Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe* (Andrew Adamson, 2005), *The Brothers Grimm* (Terry Gilliam, 2005), the *Harry Potter* saga (2001-2011), even *Alice in Wonderland* (Tim Burton, 2010). More significant, however, are the narrative similarities with *Snow White: a tale of terror* (Michael Cohn, 1997).

<sup>12</sup> Actually, Dan Jolin, reviewing for *Empire Magazine*, argues that Sanders' film tries actively to cover a vast range of audience demographics and in so doing compromises the story. Another aspect, pointed not only by Jolin but by a wide variety of critics, is the distinct use of a logic inherent to the *Twilight* saga (2008-2012).

with the heroine awoken the story comes to the Resolution when usually she gets married and the persecutor punished. So this cycle of hostilities, directed towards the heroine and twice repeated, comprehends three steps – threat, concretization and rescue or escape (Jones 1983: 57-61, 64) – a structure that though present in the majority of traditional “Snow White” tales is absent from many artistic takes.

Notwithstanding, Jones does provide another relevant observation. By arguing that the tale’s most relevant moments coincide with puberty, sexual initiation, for which the apparent death functions as a signal, and marriage, the latter leading to childbirth and motherhood, the author connects the tale with the feminine cycle. Moreover, Jones proposes the last step of the cycle to bring about anxieties and fears depicted in the persecutor’s actions (Jones 1983: 70).

The Freudian theory, as voiced by Bruno Bettelheim,<sup>13</sup> prescribes yet another way to accomplish maturation, one involving the resolution of an Oedipus conflict between mother and daughter.<sup>14</sup> As argument goes, their rivalry arises due to a man – the husband/father – but is sustained by the mother’s possessive ways towards her daughter. This impedes Snow White’s maturation and consequent independence. Bettelheim further states that the mother’s behaviour results from her nefarious narcissism, an inclination Snow White also manifests when yielding to accept the lace and

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<sup>13</sup> Although Bettelheim (1991) acknowledges several different versions of “Snow White” he works mainly on the Grimms’ text. Interestingly enough, noticing the wide circulation of the title “Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs”, Bettelheim complains about it calling attention to the dwarfs, characters he considers as pre-Oedipal children and who serve merely to drive the narrative forward.

<sup>14</sup> For other psychoanalytic readings see Duff, J. F. Grant (1934), “Schneewittchen: Versuch einer psychoanalytischen Deutung”, *Imago*, 20: 95-103; Foxe, A. N. (1940), “Terrorization of the Libido and Snow White”, *Psychoanalytic Review*, 27: 144-148; Macquisten, A. S. & R. W. Pickford (1942), “Psychological Aspects of the Fantasy of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs”, *Psychoanalytic Review*, 29: 233-252; and Heuscher, Julius E. (1974), “Chapter XIV: The Latency Period in the Fairy Tale; Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs”, *A Psychiatric Study of Myths and Fairy Tales: their origin, meaning and usefulness*, Springfield: Charles C. Thomas. The latter might prove an interesting reading considering Bettelheim plagiarized many of Heuscher’s ideas (Zipes 2002:180).

the comb. But she does learn to resist such impulses and overpass her ordeals. In fact, trusting Bettelheim, her time with the dwarfs is especially helpful in teaching her the value of good, hard work, here embodied in the tasks of housekeeping. For the Freudian theory, then, the tale's different episodes allow the heroine to achieve a full psychological maturation and so grow into a happy adulthood, a bliss only complete after the eradication of the evil, destruction and untamed passions embodied by the Queen (Bettelheim 1991: 202-214). However, this older female presence is not always read in such negative terms.

According to Sandra Gilbert and Susan Gubar, frequently connected with the feminine perspective, the story is dominated by patriarchal repression, staging the difficulties women face to attain a psychic balance in a patriarchal dominated society. With the masculine voice inhabiting the mirror and its concepts completely internalized by the women, an actual male presence becomes obsolete. The King therefore haunts the tale and directs it onto a conflict between two arche(ster)otypes: the angle-woman and the monster-woman. In this way, Snow White embodies the angelical patriarchal daughter that the Queen rejects and actively tries to eliminate. Gilbert and Gubar further argue that the two women represent two conflicting aspects of the same psyche, each attempting to overthrow the other in order to survive. On one side is the docile, childish and submissive Snow White while on the other stands the subversive creativity of the Queen, she who orchestrates plots and propels the narrative. Their duel leads to an unhappy end: the Queen dies and Snow White becomes imprisoned in domesticity, an end that only a patriarchal view of female happiness would consider satisfactory (Bacchilega 1988: 2-3; Barzilai 1990: 519-521). Following a similar reasoning, Tatar suggests the catatonic Snow White to represent the folklore's ideal woman, further warning that the father's passivity and negligence only appear benevolent when compared to the Queen's plain aggressiveness. Actually, if in a version he eventually rescues Snow White in another he helps the Queen (Tatar 2003: 146, 148-149, 151, 154). Such

diversity of actions prevents a fixed interpretation and helps understand why folk and fairy tales render themselves to a variety of uses and revisions.

Another variable aspect is the Queen's identity, now commonly remembered as a stepmother but once known as Snow White's own mother. Indeed, in the first edition of the Grimms' collection she was presented as a biological mother, only becoming a stepmother in the second edition when the Grimms were already actively trying to adapt their work for children (Warner 1995: 210-211; Tatar 2003: 36-37). Disney later helped perpetuating the stepmother's malice (Warner 1995: 207, 222), conjuring up two stepmothers both wicked and terrifying: the Evil Queen, in *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, and Lady Tremaine, in *Cinderella* (1950).<sup>15</sup> This tendency to propagate and vilify stepmothers, apart from attributing too great a demonization to adoptive and step-parents thus turning them into fearful antagonists, weakens the importance and complexity of such a marvellous and potentially problematic relationship as that of mothers and daughters.

Shuli Barzilai intends to recover precisely this feminine duo and hence reads "Snow White" as their story. By arguing that the two queens, the good one in the beginning and the evil one who dominates the tale, are in fact two aspects of the same person, Barzilai envisions a mother in conflict with her daughter's growth, desperately trying to regain control over the child while refusing to accept her own aging, reason why the Queen so values beauty, a trait commonly connected with youth. The mirror then represents the Queen's voice, constantly remembering the lost maternal power and the separation from her daughter. Simultaneously, "Snow White" becomes also the daughter's story for all is told from her perspective. According to Barzilai, the tale belongs to its women and requires no king, rendering his absence a very fittingly one (Barzilai 1990: 522-528).

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<sup>15</sup> While these two cases make for the most bluntly evil stepmothers, there are other instances of Disney characters that, even if not strictly qualifying as step-parents, act as highly malicious parental figures, namely Judge Claude Frollo (*The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, 1996) and Mother Gothel (*Tangled*, 2010).



Indeed, the strength of female images in *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* is undeniable but its women never slightly approach a mother-daughter relation, functioning instead as patriarchal dichotomies of good and evil. Even with the King conspicuously absent and the Prince looking as much dull as he is unmemorable (Warner 1995: 207), the masculine influence underlies the whole film.

Right at the overture, the mother figure is altogether eliminated from the text introducing the story, where only Snow White and her “vain and wicked Stepmother” are mentioned. Furthermore, by declaring that the Queen dressed her stepdaughter in rags and forced her to work as a servant in order to obscure her beauty, the film hints at another fairy tale character:<sup>16</sup> Cinderella, who also ultimately escapes her ordeals by marrying a prince.

Snow White sings out this happiness strategy in her first appearance, asking from the wishing well for the one she loves to find her. Immediately he comes along, finishing her tune while also declaring his love. And from this moment on, the film fully follows the structure presented by Jones while also stressing some selected aspects.

The Queen, slender and fascinating though she may appear, is ultimately a figure of absolute, unredeemable evil, as powerful and authoritative as she is wicked (Warner 1995: 207). Nothing in her actions suggests the slightest remorse or concern for her stepdaughter. She always acts for the sake of remaining the fairest of them all. Absorbed with her own self she seems to mirror Bettelheim’s narcissist. Besides, this vanity appears entirely a character flaw. She is a monster-woman, a Dark Lady in opposition to the White Maiden incarnated by Snow White.

Arguably, this dichotomization is foreseeable in the scheme colour of the characters’ garments, since both display shades of blue, red and yellow

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<sup>16</sup> This is not the only instance of Disney mingling elements from other stories in a given film. The “Rapunzel” inspired production *Tangled* (2010) features a villain – Mother Gothel – with motivations similar to those of the Queen: she wants to remain young forever.

but the Queen's is overall darker. Embellished with a gold medallion and crown, her dress stands out as mainly of a bluish purple, girded with a dark-red belt and covered by a black cape lined in red. Through her clothes, the Queen stands out as Snow White's negative, an aspect also discernable in the elements surrounding them. As Dorothy L. Hurley demonstrates, Disney's productions equate white with goodness and black with evil or danger.<sup>17</sup> Accordingly, Snow White frequently interacts with doves, the Prince rides a white horse, the forest is all depicted in dark colours as Snow White stumbles through it in terror – one of the film's most memorable sequences –, the poisonous apple is black before turning red, the Queen has a black crow-like bird (Hurley 2005: 224-225) and wears a wide, profoundly black robe when transformed in a crone. The frontiers are clearly demarked – good on one side, evil on the other. But, despite its final destruction, evil remains the most powerful and engaging side (Warner 1995: 207; Tatar 2003: 234). Fully active, unsettling and order disruptive, in its face good offers only passivity, physical work and sentimentalism.

As the Queen plots against Snow White and casts spells, the Dwarfs perform pantomimes, delight in Snow White's cooking and singing abilities, entertain her and labour vigorously in the mines. They are agents of order, amiable and compassionate, thriving through their hard work, never deviating from their established paths. Exactly like Snow White, with whom they are protagonists (Zipes 2002: 128). She too unquestionably accepts her role and ensures that order is maintained. Jack Zipes summarizes it rather well:

Snow White is the virginal housewife who sings a song about "some day my prince will come," for she needs a dashing male savior to order herself and

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<sup>17</sup> Hurley's article (2005) argues that in so doing the Disney's Princess films emphasize a colour significance not present in their source text versions and one that can be detrimental for children of colour awareness of themselves. She therefore recommends reading the source texts and other versions that present transcultural approaches. Some years after Hurley's analysis, Disney premiered its first, and until date, only film featuring a black princess: *The Princess and the Frog* (2009).

become whole, and the boys are the breadwinners who need a straight mom to keep them happy. (Zipes 2002: 128)

A daydreaming housewife indeed. Unlike Bettelheim's, this Snow White requires no teachings about hard work. Accustomed to serve as a maid, her instinct at arriving to the unkempt Dwarfs' house is to clean it, washing dishes and clothes, dusting and tidying up everything. In the Grimms' text the dwarfs offer her shelter under the condition that she takes care of the house (Tatar 2003: 227),<sup>18</sup> but Disney's Snow White volunteers to do so before anyone asks. For the remaining time, she screams whenever in danger, indulges in a variety of girlish mannerisms and longs for her Prince, imagining a life of bliss where he will protect her from all and any harm. Her innocence and saccharine romanticism are so pronounced that she believes the poisonous apple to be a "wishing apple" capable of making all her wishes come true. Thus eats it believing it will summon the Prince so that they can "live happily ever after." And, of course, she does get her wish.

In a *deus ex machina* final (Warner 1995: 207), a lightning bolt cracks the cliff where the crone Queen is standing, causing her to fall and die. Meanwhile, the catatonic princess is mourned by the Dwarfs who, enchanted by her beauty and therefore incapable to bury her, display her apparent dead body in a glass coffin. Eventually, the Prince comes along and awakens her with "love's first kiss", an ending rather more romantic and crowd-pleasing than the Grimms' jolt that "freed the poisonous piece of apple lodged in Snow White's throat" (Tatar 2003: 232).

Cinematically inventive and impressive, *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* features a demoniacal Queen and a Snow White so passive that her single actions are helpless screams and dutiful housekeeping, frequently

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<sup>18</sup> In the Grimms' first sketch of the "Snow White" tale, the Dwarfs simply request her to cook but the published version already has them wanting her to wash, clean, knit and do the beds. According to Tatar (2003), this editing corresponds to what the Grimms understood as the female obligations in society.

accompanied by singings. A film in accordance with Walt Disney's own personality: an artistically visionary modernist in conflict with a Victorian sentimental (Watts 1995: 87),<sup>19</sup> who seems to conceive women as either autonomous, destructive monsters or dependent, mellifluous angels.

Tarsem Singh, an experienced commercial and music video director, may lack Disney's consistence and innovation but has an ability for visual prowess. His films are at times somehow feeble in narrative yet always stunning and imaginative, an aspect that favours their persistence in people's memory. *Mirror Mirror* is no exception.

With Tom Foden as production designer and costumes by the late Eiko Ishioka, this "Snow White" adaptation makes for one beautiful experience. Even if the scenarios occasionally appear too unintentionally static, resembling more the confined spaces of a theatre stage than the necessarily limited vision of a camera eye, the film still accomplishes to evoke a fairy tale environment. In fact, its imagery successfully blends different aesthetics and influences from several cultures – French, Indian, Russian, Chinese, possibly others.<sup>20</sup> And, although the Bollywood-like final scene seems both excessive and misplaced, such diversity mimics the universal nature of folk and fairy tales, a most important notion for children and adults alike.

However, the film does establish a subtle dialogue with Disney's version. The grown-up Snow White (Lily Collins) interacts in her first scene with a partially blue bird, cutting for it a slice of red apple. She later escapes death running through a supposedly frightening forest, a sequence not nearly as imaginative or memorable as Disney's but nevertheless aiming at a similar effect. And her wedding gown provides a strange reflection to the

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<sup>19</sup> For a consideration of how Walt Disney related to his time and particularly to American life, see Steven Watts (1995) and Zipes (2002). More detailed analysis are found in both Schickel, Richard (1969), *The Disney Version: The Life, Times, Art and Commerce of Walt Disney*, New York: Avon. and Watts, Steven (1997), *The Magic Kingdom: Walt Disney and the American Way of Life*, Boston: Houghton Mifflin.

<sup>20</sup> A not western-dominated approach provides a refreshing alternative, but unfortunately *Mirror Mirror's* cast remains mainly Caucasian, the most obvious exceptions being some of the dwarfs.

Disney creation. Balloon sleeved, blue and adorned with a gigantic orange ribbon, it plays with the main aspects of Disney's costume: the principal colours – blue and yellow – and the chief design elements – the ribbon and balloon sleeves. Moreover, Snow White's lips are more reddish here than in any other scene. Similarly, the seven dwarfs (Martin Klebba, Jordan Prentice, Sebastian Saraceno, Joey Gnofo, Ronald Lee Clark, Danny Woodburn, Mark Povinelli), named in accordance to their more obvious characteristics, become important characters who help drive the narrative forth and teach Snow White some very relevant, albeit unexpected, lessons. Truly, the whole film is imbued with unusual choices.

During the animated introduction, when the Queen (Julia Roberts) narrates the princess' birth and the events leading to the King's disappearance, she affirms this to be her story, not Snow White's. A very interesting assertion, resulting in two effects: validate the Queen's relevance and capture the public's attention by contradicting its expectations. In addition, it echoes Barzilai's analysis. As does the existence of a Mirror Queen, an almost exact reflection of the Queen, all-knowing, magically empowered and wise. In Tarsem's version, no patriarchal masculinity inhabits the mirror, only the Queen's voice and interests.

Truly this cinematic adaptation proves a women's story. The men, though amiable and generally likeable, always are second to the female protagonists. Yet, there are still no hints at a maternal relationship. After her father's apparent death, Snow White is left under the Queen's care but for ten years they seem to have had little contact. The Queen restricted her to the palace, forbidding the princess' attendance to all kinds of celebrations and balls, making everyone believe her unfitted to ever rule the kingdom. Snow White's only mother-like figure is Baker Margaret (Mare Winningham), a royal servant that urges her to claim her birthright.

So the Queen is once again restricted to playing the wicked opponent, the evil and selfish stepmother, the narcissist caring exclusively for her own

needs. She clings to her monarch status mainly because it allows her to live luxuriantly, indulging in unconventional beauty treatments where worms, bees and scorpions are involved, dressing in an assortment of dashing and exuberant garments, throwing opulent parties and overall enjoying herself. To ensure her lifestyle she marries rich men, provided of course that they are attractive enough. And she generally gets rid of them as soon as possible. Moreover, when she eventually enters a competition with Snow White for the Prince's (Armie Hammer) attentions, the Queen soon realizes that in order to conquer him she will need to indulge in a little cheating and use magic. She does champion her beauty, refusing to acknowledge she has wrinkles – instead calling them crinkles – and asserting that Snow White's hair "is not black, it's raven and she's eighteen years old and her skin has never seen the sun, so of course it's good," but all in all this witty and ironic Queen has more pressing worries than a beauty contest. On the other hand, such a light, silly comedy approach, complete with digital added teeth sparkles to the Prince's wooing smile and some woozy lights and dots dancing around his head when he is being enchanted, means that no danger is ever really menacing and that the Queen, elegant and feline smiled yet also always too restricted by the necessity of promoting laughing opportunities, ends up partly deprived of her strength. So much so that her actions are not the trigger to the development of the story. Apart from her wedding schemes, whatever she may do or plot comes as a response to Snow White's previous actions.

The Expulsion episode is motivated not by jealousy but because Snow White threatens the Queen's authority, questioning her excessive taxes and claiming to be the "rightful leader." Political survival, not envy, drives the Queen to order the princess' death. Naturally, Brighton (Nathan Lane), the servant entrusted with the task, allows her to escape and Snow White runs right towards the dwarfs' cottage, a septet of lovable, noisy thieves.

Here too the film tries a faint political vein by turning the dwarfs into renegades, men the Queen expelled from town for being undesirable. More

important, however, they offer Snow White shelter in exchange for nothing. In truth, she does cook for them once or twice but the lessons she learns from them bear no relation to housekeeping. They teach her how to fight, how to move and act in order to produce a determined impression, and more important they give her the necessary confidence to believe in herself. Admittedly, Snow White's abilities with a sword are rather poor, especially when compared to the Prince's, yet she refuses to give up and always finds a way of overcoming her limitations.

When the Queen learns the princess still lives, the information infuriates her and she complains to her mirror reflection, demanding the use of magic to get the deed done. This also fails. Snow White quickly comprehends how the magic functions and stops it. Furthermore, aided by the dwarfs, she decides to steal the Prince from the wedding ceremony. The Queen, faced with the bridegroom's absence and the gentry's decision to depose her, finally decides to take matters into her own hands. But not in the usual poisonous apple way.

While Snow White inverts the traditional roles and becomes the saviour breaking the spell, therefore freeing the Prince from the literal "puppy love" he had been devoting to the ruling monarch, the Queen summons her creature, a beast that haunts the forest, and commands it to devour Snow White. Once again the princess rebels against conventions and runs to battle alone, locking the Prince and the dwarfs in their cottage. To the Prince's pleas she replies "all that time locked up in the castle I did a lot of reading. I read so many stories where the prince saves the princess in the end. I think it's time we changed that ending." Shortly after, as the Queen considers her an easy prey, Snow White assures "I'm made of more than you think." Nonetheless, she cannot defeat the beast on her own, requiring the help of both the Prince and the dwarfs.

The scene itself evolves rather clumsy. A semi-menacing, semi-funny sequence, ending with another disenchanting as the beast is revealed to be

the long missing King (Sean Bean). Snow White reunites with her father, gets married with the Prince and the dwarfs are reintroduced in society. There is even the suggestion of a blossom romance between Baker Margaret and Brighton. So extremely joyful a finale lacks only the complete eradication of evil.

Turned decrepit by both defeat and excessive use of magic, the Queen makes her last appearance, offering Snow White a red apple “for good fortune to the fairest of them all.” Upon such phrase, the princess restrains from biting the apple and instead offers it to the crone. Now irreversibly beaten, the Queen melts with the floor, the Mirror Queen proclaims “it was Snow White’s story after all,” getting broken into a million pieces, and one and the other disappear forever. Evil is conquered, good prevails. The film ends with Snow White singing and dancing.

A visual feast, *Mirror Mirror* avoids polarizing its protagonists into absolute monstrous or angelic extremes and allows them to escape patriarchal conventions. Regrettably, it also excludes any generational struggle. What is more, in a conflicted effort to present a children appropriate version of the “Snow White” tale functioning simultaneously as a comedy and a revision for the 21<sup>st</sup> century, it ends up committing to none, being narratively too complex for young children and appearing half-hearted, an enjoyable albeit mainly innocuous rendering that both presents some uncommon choices and constricts its characters to one-dimensionality: the handsome, heroic, occasionally laughable Prince, the wicked, vain, possibly crazy Queen, and the kind, sweet, secretly rebellious Snow White.

Two cinematic adaptations intended for the younger audience, one common tale as a starting point and practically seventy five years between their two premiers.<sup>21</sup> A time long enough for society to transform itself and

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<sup>21</sup> *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* premiered in 21 December 1937 while *Mirror Mirror* was released in the United States of America in 30 March 2012.



envison female protagonists in new ways, even if they belong to old stories generally considered by the public as unchangeable.

The common structure of “Snow White” as identified by Jones is verifiable to a certain extent in these two films. Though *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* deviates from the Grimms’ fairy tale in excluding two of the Queen’s three attempts to kill Snow White and by introducing other apparently small differences, it still presents the customary episodes. So does the first part of *Mirror Mirror*. Until its Snow White starts living with the dwarfs, the story may introduce a few novelties and somehow alter the character’s motivations but is nevertheless following the usual narrative. The significant modifications come only towards the end of the second part as the episodes Death, Exhibition and Resuscitation are eliminated. Considering that a spell occurs and, in a Disney manner, is broken with a kiss, a case could be made for the existence of events resembling those of Death and Resuscitation, but then one would have to remark the traditional roles’ inversion as the Prince becomes the victim and Snow White the saviour. In fact, if the cycle of hostilities happens twice in both films its three steps diverge slightly.

Defying her stepmother, waving swords and trying to solve her problems without helplessly waiting for someone to rescue her, Tarsem’s Snow White experiences her due coming of age, generally going from puberty to almost adulthood. A growth indiscernible in Disney’s princess who walks through the narrative as an impressionable White Maiden, forever crystallized in adolescence and happy to completely restrict to what she believes to be her place: the wife of the man she loves.

Such changes in tone owe greatly to the distinct sensibilities of the early 20<sup>th</sup> and 21<sup>st</sup> centuries since patriarchal notions have been denounced and battled by an ever growing feminist awareness. Unfortunately, the Queen appears to remain exiled in the realms of wickedness, always a stepmother, an evil stepmother incapable of a mother-daughter relationship.

In the transit between Disney's and Tarsem's versions the cinematic innovation and brilliance was lost, the latter resulting in an unbalanced, even if beautiful, film both pleasurable and somewhat bland. Perhaps in seventy five years time none will remember or discuss *Mirror Mirror*. However, for the children growing up nowadays it offers at least one important and refreshing feature: the heroine's main characteristic. No longer the perfect housewife portrayed in *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, Snow White has now become a rebellious princess.

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## Filmography

*Mirror Mirror* (2012). dir. Tarsem Singh, with Julia Roberts, Lily Collins, Armie Hammer, Jordan Prentice, Mark Porvinelli, Joey Gnofo, Danny Woodbunr, Sebastian Saraceno, Martin Klebba, Ronald Lee Clark and others, Relativity Media: 106 min.

*Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* (1937). Animated, Walt Disney Animation Studios: 83 min.

Contos  
para crianças

Stories for  
Children

# O SAPATO

**Isabel Pereira Leite**

*Fotos de Jaime Neto Parra de O Sapato de Joana Vasconcelos (Exposição de Joana Vasconcelos no Palácio de Versalhes, Paris 2012)*



Se me apetecer, eu vou.

Vou para longe. Mas só porque do longe se faz perto.

Ou então vou só ali ao lado, à loja onde sei que há aqueles galhos bonitos, cheios de flores de algodão.

Posso até nem sair de casa; mas ir, eu vou.

E se não for eu, vai a minha cabeça. Vai a minha imaginação e, atrás dela, se calhar, o meu coração.

Posso explicar, porque me acontece muito sonhar acordada, o que é como ir ali e vir já.

Sabe-me muito bem ir ali. Às vezes, o que não me sabe tão bem é ter de vir já.

O tempo é uma coisa chata. Não sei quem é que o inventou. Alguém que não tinha que fazer, com certeza. Ao inventá-lo, tão depressa o fez, como logo se encarregou de o tirar a toda a gente. Já percebi que é por isso que todos os que se acham civilizados passam a vida a correr, de um lado para o outro. Até dormem a correr...

Mesmo assim, enquanto dormem, acontece tanta coisa!

As estrelas-do-mar avançam para a praia, sem receio, porque não há ninguém por perto. E começam, pela milésima vez, a ensaiar uma coreografia inventada há tempos imemoriais que, de vez em quando, novas gerações de estrelas resgatam.

As flores das magnólias crescem nos ramos e preparam-se, durante a noite, para receber a luz do dia. E tantos são os seus cambiantes.

Debaixo de certos beirais há ninhos. Pássaros minúsculos vão espreitando, mirando o espaço em volta. Contudo, não podem, ainda, voar...

Tudo enquanto se dorme.

Ah, mas ontem, enquanto dormia, algo de muito estranho me aconteceu. Não subi à estratosfera, nem descii às entranhas da Terra. Apenas, sem saber como, dei comigo em Versailles, na Galeria dos Espelhos, encaixada num dos sapatos de Marilyn, dentro de uma daquelas painéis de aço brilhantes de que são feitos.

Como é que tal me foi acontecer? Sei lá! Nem a própria Joana Vasconcelos, provavelmente, teria resposta. O facto, porém, é que lá estava eu, escondida entre todo aquele aço inoxidável, a ver e a ouvir o que se passava à minha volta.

Famílias inteiras, entre exclamações constantes e olhos desmesuradamente abertos, vão passando. Um guia explica que relação há entre Joana, Marilyn, a Montespan e as mulheres que usam sapatos de salto alto no s. XXI.



Mas eis que surgem três adolescentes que se aproximam. Demasiado, talvez. Estão fascinadas. Porquê? Será o brilho do aço polido? O tamanho descomunal dos sapatos? A originalidade artística? Por que lhes brilham tanto os olhos?

Oiço uma delas: “Lembras-te da Alice, naquele livro? Achas que era possível enfiarmo-nos pelos saltos abaixo? Onde é que iríamos ter? Quem é que encontraríamos lá em baixo?”

Brilhante, pensei eu. Que ideia fantástica! Mas como é que hão-de fazer? Há seguranças por todo o lado. E gente. Tanta gente...

Uma delas abre a mochila e retira um frasquinho: “Vá, bebam!”, diz às outras, depois de ela própria ter engolido uma pequena porção de um líquido cor de arco-íris. Credo! Parecem formigas. O que é isto? “Ei! Estou aqui! Reparem! Ei!” Não me ouvem, atarefadas a subir pelo sapato acima. Mas uma olha para trás e assusta-se. “Não, não tenham medo! Não lhes vou fazer mal. Por favor, deixem-me ir convosco. Estou aqui toda torcida. Mal me posso mexer. Sinto câibras por todo o lado!” Entrelham-se. “Quem és tu? Como é que apareceste aqui?” “Não sei. Só me lembro de ter adormecido...” “Bem, não há tempo a perder. Toma. Bebe lá. Basta um nadinha.”

Pronto! Aí vamos nós. Quatro lilliputianas em direcção ao topo do sapato. Há que ter cuidado ao desviar o testro que tapa a entrada para o salto. “Vamos lá. As quatro ao mesmo tempo. Vamos dar as mãos e atirar-nos por aqui abaixo. Um, dois, três! Muito bem! De cabeça.”

Cabeça?! Mas o que é isto? Que som horrível é este? Não pára! Não se cala! Ó meu Deus! Vem do lado esquerdo. Parece que, de repente, tudo mudou. Acordei. Sim, foi isso. Foi o despertador que me acordou.

O sapato? A fantástica descida pelo salto abaixo? Ah, foi enquanto fui ali. Pelos vistos, agora estou aqui. Vim foi depressa demais...



# História Antiga feita hoje

**Raquel Patriarca**

Universidade do Porto – Faculdade de Letras



Era uma VEZ...

o Joanete Rabanete

com cabeça de alfinete

e cara de biscoito.



Que era vizinho da frente  
do Chocolate Larate  
com nome de disparate  
que vivia no número oito.

chocolate



eram grandes  
amigos de há muito tempo:

passeavam juntos,  
partilhavam de tudo,  
conheciam-se bem,

e não escondiam nada nada nada

um

do

outro...

excepto que

um era caprichoso

e o outro supersticioso,

mas qual deles era

o quê ou o porquê

não sabiam eles nem ninguém.

um dia -

sem estar sol nem ser feriado -

o joanete rabanete e o Chocolate larate

passeavam nos arrabaldes do bairro,

lá para os lados do laranjal azul,

quando foram, de repente, atacados

por uma horda de jábastassins plim-plins

corridos das terras arrepiadas do **sul**.  
muito **a**ssustados e **a**trapalhados  
o **j**oanete **r**abanete com cabeça de alfinete  
e o **C**hocolate **l**arate com nome de disparate  
**correram** pelo caminho de volta  
a gritar que o fim **do mundo** andava à sólta  
e tropeçavam e rebolavam  
mas nem precisavam  
que os **j**ábastassins **p**lim-plins  
não vão **daqui** **ali**  
sem papéis assinados,  
dois atestados,  
três decretos e **afins**.  
Os dois amigos **correram, correram**  
muito depreessa!  
quem os via dizia:  
– lá vai o **j**oanete **l**arete com cabeça de disparete  
e o **C**hocolate **r**abanate com nome de alfinete!

e Chegaram a casa estourados,

**coitados!**

e esconderam-se logo, muito assustados:

**um,**

na cave trancado, com um olho fechado

na sua cara de biscoito,

**o outro,**

debaixo de um travesseiro da cama do quarto traseiro da casa do número oito.

**nunca** mais ninguém os viu.

dizem por aí que o **Chocolate** **larate**

por medo ou **superstição**

fez uma dieta de chás e temperos

com grandes desesperos

e agora está magrinho,

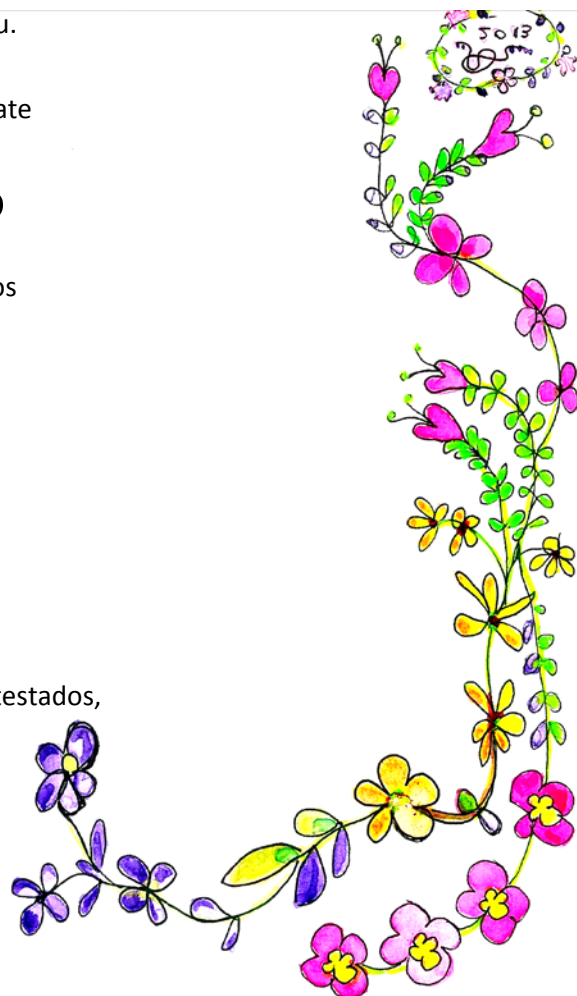
e que o **Joanete** **rabanete**

por capricho do **acaso**,

escreve papéis assinados, decretos e atestados,

nas terras arrepiadas do **sul**

onde hoje é **meirinho**.



# O FLAUTISTA DE HAMELIN

Ana Maria Chaves

(Tradução do poema "The pied piper of Hamelin" de Robert Browning)



[http://4.bp.blogspot.com/\\_KEP0bSexo9Q/R3dni0FrTri/AAAAAAAAAHw/\\_oZ\\_IIVp1Os/s400/Pied\\_piper.jpg](http://4.bp.blogspot.com/_KEP0bSexo9Q/R3dni0FrTri/AAAAAAAAAHw/_oZ_IIVp1Os/s400/Pied_piper.jpg)

Cidade de Hamelin, em Brunswick,  
Junto à Hanover afamada;  
O rio Weser, largo e fundo,  
Banha as muralhas, jucundo;  
Melhor lugar não há no mundo;  
Mas, quando começa a minha saga,  
Quase cinco séculos já lá vão,  
Apertava o coração  
Ver o povo sofrer tanto com uma praga.

Ratos!

Lutavam com os cães e matavam os gatos,  
Mordiam os bebês nas suas alcofas,  
Comiam os queijos das cubas e pratos,  
Às cozinheiras roubavam as sopas,  
Pilhavam as arcas das salgadeiras,  
Faziam ninhos nas roupas domingueiras  
Estragavam até as conversas soalheiras,  
Abafando os arrazoados  
Com seus guinchos e chiados  
De mil tons e maneiras.



<http://4.bp.blogspot.com/-0wwrA8FAws8/TVawrEcThII/AAAAAAAAANc/itrYIyGs8wc/s1600/falutista%2Bdetalle.jpg>

Por fim, o povo zangado  
Correu para a Câmara, ululante:  
“Está provado”, vociferavam, “o Presidente é um nabo;  
Quanto à nossa Assembleia... é chocante  
Ver que pagamos regalias e aparato  
A tantos fala-barato  
Que não sabem como livrar-nos dos ratos!  
Acaso julgais que ser velho e obeso  
Vos dá direito a ter um cargo de peso?  
Toca a reagir, Senhores! Miolos a trabalhar  
Para o remédio encontrar,  
Senão, é certo e sabido que vos mandamos passear!”  
Ao ouvir isto, Presidente e Assembleia  
Tremeram de medo ante tal ideia.

O Presidente quebrou o silêncio por fim,  
Estava o conselho reunido há uma hora:  
“Venderia a minha capa de arminho por um florim;  
Quem me dera estar a milhas, ir-me embora!  
É fácil dizer: ‘encontrem a solução’...

A minha pobre cabeça já me dói até mais não  
De tanto a coçar em vão.  
Uma boa ratoeira era tudo o que eu queria!”  
E eis que, quando tais palavras dizia,  
Alguém à porta da Câmara suavemente batia.  
“Meu Deus” exclamou o Presidente, “O que será este toque?”  
(Sentado entre a Assembleia,  
Parecia minúsculo, mas gordo como um batoque;  
Seus olhos tinham o brilho e a viveza  
De uma ostra esquecida sobre a mesa,  
Salvo ao meio-dia, quando a pança em polvorosa  
Clamava por uma tartaruga bem verde e glutinosa)  
“Talvez seja só um raspar de sapatos  
No capacho! Mas tudo o que me soa a ratos  
Põe-me o coração aos saltos!”

“Entrai!” exclamou o Presidente, parecendo ganhar altura:  
E pela sala irrompeu a mais bizarra figura!  
Seu longo e estranho casaco, que lhe chegava ao artelho,  
Era metade amarelo, outra metade vermelho;  
O homem era alto e magro como um estilete;  
De olhos azuis penetrantes, cada qual um alfinete;  
Cabelos soltos e loiros, mas pele morena,  
Sem suíças nem barba nem sequer pera;  
Mas lábios onde luziam sorrisos intermitentes,  
Sem deixar adivinhar seus amigos e parentes!  
Todos miravam pasmados  
Este homem alto tão estranhamente trajado:  
Diz um: “É como se um dos meus antepassados,  
Pela Trombeta do Juízo Final ressuscitado,  
Do túmulo para aqui tivesse voltado!”

O homem avançou para a mesa da reunião.  
“Com Vossa licença” disse ele, “eu tenho o condão,  
O poder secreto de levar atrás de mim  
Todos os bichos que sob o sol vivem,



Quer corram, rastejem, quer nadem quer voem.  
Nunca neste mundo se viu coisa assim!  
E uso os meus poderes principalmente  
Naqueles bichos que são maus para a gente.  
A toupeira, a víbora, o sapo e o tritão;  
Flautista Mágico é o nome que me dão”.  
(E então repararam que ao pescoço trazia  
Um lenço às riscas amarelas e encarnadas,  
Que com o padrão do casaco condizia  
E tinha na ponta uma flauta pendurada;  
E seus dedos - notaram - não paravam de dedilhar,  
Como se impacientes para começar a tocar  
A flauta que agora oscilava  
Sobre a fatiota já antiquada).  
“Porém eu” disse ele, “ pobre flautista pária,  
No último junho livre o Khan da Tartária  
De gigantescos enxames de mosquitos;  
Livre um Marajá dos confins da Ásia  
De morcegos-vampiros monstruosos;  
E, já que perplexos me olhais assim,  
Se conseguir livrar a cidade dos ratos maldosos  
Será que me ofereceis mil florins?”  
“Mil? Cinquenta mil!” exclamaram sem peias  
O Presidente atônito e a Assembleia.



[http://farm4.static.flickr.com/3454/3761872191\\_79ed590993\\_o.jpg](http://farm4.static.flickr.com/3454/3761872191_79ed590993_o.jpg)

Exibindo no rosto um sorriso contido,  
O Flautista para a rua voltou,  
Como se soubesse do poder escondido  
Que a sua flauta logo revelou;  
Depois, como músico experiente e sabido,  
Para soprar na flauta os lábios franziu  
E, um verde outro azul, cada olho luziu  
Como chama de vela onde sal caiu;  
E antes de a flauta três notas tocar,  
Ouviu-se um rumor de tropa a marchar;  
E esse rumor tornou-se um roncar;  
E esse roncar um forte ribombar;  
E os ratos saíam das casas a correr e a saltar.  
Ratos grandes e pequenos, ratos magros e anafados,  
Ratos castanhos e pretos, cinzentos e avermelhados,  
Circumspectas ratazanas, jovens ratos brincalhões,  
Pais, mães, primos, tios e tias,  
Rabos alçados, bigodes pimpões,  
Famílias inteiras aos milhões,  
Irmãos e irmãs, mulheres e maridos...  
Atrás do flautista corriam esbaforidos.  
De rua em rua lá foi ele a tocar,  
Levando atrás de si um cortejo a dançar,  
Até chegarem à margem do Weser,  
Onde mergulharam para uma morte inglória!  
- Todos menos um, forte como César,  
Que conseguiu salvar-se e levar  
(Como ele, no manuscrito que exhibia agora)  
À Ratolândia a sua triste história,  
Que era: "Às primeiras notas repenicadas  
Ouvi o som de tripas a serem raspadas  
E de maçãs maduras a serem lançadas  
Numa prensa de cidra e a serem prensadas:  
E barricas de pickles a serem abertas,  
E portas de armários a serem entreabertas,  
E frascos de óleo de baleia a serem destapados,  
E aros de barricas de manteiga a serem quebrados;  
E parecia que uma voz bem alto dizia  
(Mais doce que em harpa ou saltério tangida):  
'Rejubilai, ratos! E haja alegria!  
O mundo é uma despensa cheia de comida!  
Toca a mastigar, roer e trincar,  
À dejua, ceia, almoço e jantar!'  
E quando vi uma barrica de açúcar  
Redonda como um sol a brilhar  
Glorioso mesmo ao pé de mim,

E pensei que dizia: 'Vem a mim!'  
As águas do Weser cobriram-me a mim".

E as gentes de Hamelin com grande ansiedade  
Tocavam os sinos sem dó nem piedade.  
"Ide", gritou o Presidente, "ide buscar tacos!  
Destruí os ninhos, tapai os buracos!  
Chamai carpinteiros, pedreiros e afins,  
Que na nossa cidade não reste uma só pista  
Dos ratos!" – quando, de repente, a voz do Flautista  
Se eleva na praça, sonora, imprevista:  
"Primeiro, se fazem favor, os meus mil florins!"

Mil florins! O Presidente fez cara feia;  
E cara igual fez toda a Assembleia,  
Pois em jantaradas gastavam milhões  
Em Clarete, Mosela e outras libações,  
E metade dessa soma dava para atestar  
A maior pipa da adega até transbordar.  
Pagar tal fortuna a este fulano  
De casaco às riscas e ar de cigano!  
"Para mais", disse o Presidente em tom de desafio,  
"Nosso trato acabou nas margens do rio;  
Vimos com estes olhos a praga a afogar,  
E os mortos, suponho, não podem voltar.  
Mas não somos, Amigo, gente para negar  
Alguma coisinha para um copo ires tomar,  
E algumas moedas em teu bolso enfiar;  
Mas quanto aos florins... A soma acordada,  
Como tu bem sabes, foi uma piada.  
A gente, com as perdas, tornou-se avarenta.  
Quais mil florins! Toma lá cinquenta!"

Então o flautista irado gritou:  
"A brincadeira acabou! Não posso esperar!  
Prometi estar em Bagdá à hora do jantar  
Para uma sopa degustar,  
Tudo o que o Mestre Cozinheiro tem para me oferecer  
Por da cozinha do Califa ter feito desaparecer  
Um ninho de escorpiões sem sobreviventes...  
Com ele provei não ser exigente,  
Convosco, porém, serei bem diferente!

E os que me incendeiam assim a paixão  
Verão desta flauta a outra feição”.

“Como?” gritou o Presidente, “Julgas que aceito  
Ser mais maltratado do que um Cozinheiro?  
Insultado por um mandrião  
De flauta insolente e casaco pingão?  
Isso é uma ameaça? Pois podes dar-te ares  
E tocar essa flauta até rebentares!”

Mais uma vez ele saiu para as ruas;  
E de novo aos lábios levou  
A longa flauta de cana, e soprou;  
Mas nem três notas havia tocado (só duas,  
E tão doces como nunca vibraram  
Outras no ar extasiado),  
Ouviu-se um tropel, que parecia explosões,  
De alegres multidões aos pulos, aos saltos e aos encontrões,  
Pezinhos a saltitar, tamanquinas a sapatear,  
Mãozinhas a ovacionar e línguas a palrear;  
E, como pintainhos atrás do milho nas capoeiras,  
Surgem as crianças a correr ligeiras.  
Meninas e meninos,  
De faces rosadas e caracolinhas,  
Olhos cintilantes e dentes branquinhos,  
Pulando e saltando, seguiam submissos  
A música mágica entre gritos e risos.

O Presidente estava mudo e o Conselho especado,  
Como se em blocos de madeira transformados,  
Sem que ninguém pudesse dar um passo ou chamar  
As crianças que iam felizes a saltitar...  
Podiam apenas seguir com a vista  
O alegre bando atrás do Flautista.  
Como o Presidente ficou destroçado  
E o coração dos Conselheiros bateu acelerado,  
Quando o Flautista virou da rua principal  
Para onde o rio Weser, de temível caudal,  
Diante de seus filhos e filhas corria fatal!  
Ele, porém, para oeste inflectiu,  
E para o monte Koppelberg seus passos dirigiu,  
E o alegre bando atrás dele seguiu;  
Grande foi o júbilo que cada peito sentiu.



[http://1.bp.blogspot.com/\\_byYtsUDAYco/TTyYj7vaqpl/AAAAAAAAAHQ/T7NufpX1hlc/s1600/EI+Flautista+de+Hamelin+puente.jpg](http://1.bp.blogspot.com/_byYtsUDAYco/TTyYj7vaqpl/AAAAAAAAAHQ/T7NufpX1hlc/s1600/EI+Flautista+de+Hamelin+puente.jpg)

“Ele não consegue o monte galgar!  
Vai ser obrigado a deixar de tocar,  
E as nossas crianças terão de parar!”  
Mas eis que uma vez à encosta chegado,  
Um portal encantado se abriu escancarado,  
Como se uma caverna tivesse por trás;  
E o Flautista avançou com as crianças atrás,  
E quando já nenhuma restava cá fora,  
A porta do monte fechou-se na hora.  
Eu disse *nenhuma*? Não! Um era aleijado,  
E não conseguia como os outros dançar;  
E anos mais tarde, quando era acusado  
De estar sempre triste, passava a explicar:  
“A vida é tristonha sem os meus camaradas!  
Não posso esquecer que me estão vedadas  
As mil coisas belas que eles estão a ver  
E que o Flautista me estava a prometer:  
Pois jurou levar-nos para uma terra linda,  
Fora da cidade, mas bem perto ainda,  
Com árvores de fruto e frescas nascentes,  
Onde as cores das flores eram mais esplendentes  
E todas as coisas eram novas, diferentes;  
Os pardais eram mais vistosos do que os pavões,  
E as abelhas haviam perdido os seus ferrões,  
E os cães corriam mais do que os gamos nos prados  
E os cavalos nasciam como as águias, alados:  
E quando por fim pude perceber  
Que até o meu pé boto deixaria de o ser,  
A música parou, eu também parei  
E vi que deste lado do monte fiquei,  
Sozinho, ao invés do que mais desejei,  
Para como dantes andar a coxear,  
Sem dessa tal terra mais ouvir falar!”

Ai, pobre, pobre Hamelin!  
Veio então à cabeça de muitos burgueses  
Um texto que diz que é mais fácil às vezes  
Pelo buraco da agulha um camelo passar  
Do que um Rico as Portas do Céu franquear!  
O Presidente mandou mensageiros tentarem sua sorte  
Para Este e Oeste, para Sul e para Norte,  
Atrás do Flautista; e caso o encontrassem,  
Que prata e ouro a seus pés lançassem  
Se ele voltasse por onde tinha ido  
E as crianças trouxesse consigo.  
Mas assim que viram o caso perdido,  
Que Flautista e dançarinos tinham para sempre desaparecido,  
Mandaram por decreto que nenhum advogado  
Pudesse crer suas atas devidamente datadas  
Se ao ano, mês e dia registados  
Estas palavras não fossem acrescentadas:  
“...E tanto tempo depois do aqui sucedido  
A vinte e dois de julho do ano ido  
De mil trezentos e setenta e seis”:  
E para guardar memórias fiéis  
Do último lugar onde as crianças passaram,  
Rua do Flautista Mágico lhes chamaram –  
Onde quem tocasse flauta ou tambor  
Perderia de futuro o seu labor.  
E também não permitiam albergue ou taberna,  
Que a alegria era afronta em rua tão infortuna;  
Mas diante do local onde se abriu a caverna  
Escreveram a história numa coluna,  
E também a pintaram no vitral da Igreja  
Para que todo o mundo para sempre veja  
Como seus filhos lhes foram roubados;  
E aí se mantém tantos anos passados.  
E não posso deixar de dizer  
Que há uma tribo na Transilvânia,  
Um povo estrangeiro que atribuía  
Os seus estranhos trajos e tradições,  
A que os vizinhos faziam menções,  
A seus pais e mães serem oriundos  
De cárceres subterrâneos e profundos  
Para onde há muito foram atraídos,  
E em bando numeroso conduzidos  
Desde a cidade de Hamelin, em Brunswick,  
Mas como e porquê não há quem explique.

Por isso, Willy, que tu e eu paguemos sempre  
Nossas dívidas para com toda a gente – os flautistas especialmente:  
E, se com a flauta nos livrarem de ratazanas ou ratos,  
Se lhes prometemos algo, cumpramos nossos contratos.



<http://4.bp.blogspot.com/-0wwrA8FAws8/TVawrEcThII/AAAAAAAAANc/itrYIyGs8wc/s1600/falutista%2Bdetalle.jpg>

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,  
By famous Hanover city;  
The river Weser, deep and wide,  
Washes its wall on the southern side;  
A pleasanter spot you never spied;  
But, when begins my ditty,  
Almost five hundred years ago,  
To see the townsfolk suffer so  
From vermin, was a pity.

Rats!

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,  
And bit the babies in the cradles,  
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,  
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,  
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,  
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,  
And even spoiled the women's chats,  
By drowning their speaking  
With shrieking and squeaking  
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body  
To the Town Hall came flocking:  
"Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;  
And as for our Corporation—shocking



To think we buy gowns lined with ermine  
For dolts that can't or won't determine  
What's best to rid us of our vermin!  
You hope, because you're old and obese,  
To find in the furry civic robe ease?  
Rouse up, Sirs! Give your brains a racking  
To find the remedy we're lacking,  
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"  
At this the Mayor and Corporation  
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in council,  
At length the Mayor broke silence:  
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;  
I wish I were a mile hence!  
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain –  
I'm sure my poor head aches again  
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.  
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"  
Just as he said this, what should hap  
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?  
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"  
(With the Corporation as he sat,  
Looking little though wondrous fat;  
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister  
Than a too-long-opened oyster,  
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous  
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous)  
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?  
Anything like the sound of a rat  
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

"Come in!"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger:  
And in did come the strangest figure!  
His queer long coat from heel to head  
Was half of yellow and half of red;  
And he himself was tall and thin,  
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,  
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,  
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,  
But lips where smiles went out and in—  
There was no guessing his kith and kin!  
And nobody could enough admire  
The tall man and his quaint attire:

Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,  
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,  
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

He advanced to the council-table:  
And, "Please your honours," said he, "I'm able,  
By means of a secret charm, to draw  
All creatures living beneath the sun,  
That creep or swim or fly or run,  
After me so as you never saw!  
And I chiefly use my charm  
On creatures that do people harm,  
The mole and toad and newt and viper;  
And people call me the Pied Piper."  
(And here they noticed round his neck  
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,  
To match with his coat of the selfsame cheque;  
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;  
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying  
As if impatient to be playing  
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled  
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)  
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,  
In Tartary I freed the Cham,  
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;  
I eased in Asia the Nizam  
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats;  
And, as for what your brain bewilders,  
If I can rid your town of rats  
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"  
"One? fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation  
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stepped,  
Smiling first a little smile,  
As if he knew what magic slept  
In his quiet pipe the while;  
Then, like a musical adept,  
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,  
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled  
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;  
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,  
You heard as if an army muttered;  
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;

And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;  
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.  
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,  
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,  
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,  
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,  
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,  
Families by tens and dozens,  
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—  
Followed the Piper for their lives.  
From street to street he piped advancing,  
And step for step they followed dancing,  
Until they came to the river Weser,  
Wherein all plunged and perished!  
- Save one who, stout a Julius Caesar,  
Swam across and lived to carry  
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)  
To Rat-land home his commentary:  
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe  
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,  
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,  
Into a cider-press's gripe:  
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,  
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,  
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,  
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;  
And it seemed as if a voice  
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery  
Is breathed) called out 'Oh, rats, rejoice!  
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!  
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,  
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!  
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,  
All ready staved, like a great sun shone  
Glorious scarce and inch before me,  
Just as methought it said 'Come, bore me!  
- I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people  
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.  
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!  
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!  
Consult with carpenters and builders,  
And leave in our town not even a trace  
Of the rats!"—when suddenly, up the face

Of the Piper perked in the market-place,  
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;  
So did the Corporation too.  
For council dinners made rare havoc  
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;  
And half the money would replenish  
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.  
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow  
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!  
"Beside," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,  
"Our business was done at the river's brink;  
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,  
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.  
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink  
From the duty of giving you something for drink,  
And a matter of money to put in your poke;  
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke  
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.  
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.  
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"  
The Piper's face fell, and he cried  
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!  
I've promised to visit by dinner-time  
Bagdat, and accept the prime  
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,  
For having left, in the Calip's kitchen,  
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—  
With him I proved no bargain-driver,  
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!  
And folks who put me in a passion  
May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook  
Being worse treated than a Cook?  
Insulted by a lazy ribald  
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?  
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,  
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stepped into the street;  
And to his lips again

Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;  
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet  
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning  
Never gave the enraptured air)  
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling  
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,  
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,  
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,  
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,  
Out came the children running.  
All the little boys and girls,  
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,  
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,  
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after  
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood  
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,  
Unable to move a step, or cry  
To the children merrily skipping by—  
And could only follow with the eye  
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.  
But how the Mayor was on the rack,  
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,  
As the Piper turned from the High Street  
To where the Weser rolled its waters  
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!  
However he turned from South to West,  
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,  
And after him the children pressed;  
Great was the joy in every breast.  
"He never can cross that mighty top!  
He's forced to let the piping drop,  
And we shall see our children stop!"  
When, lo, as they reached the mountain's side,  
A wondrous portal opened wide,  
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;  
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,  
And when all were in to the very last,  
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.  
Did I say, all? No! One was lame,  
And could not dance the whole of the way;  
And in after years, if you would blame  
His sadness, he was used to say,—  
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!"

I can't forget that I'm bereft  
Of all the pleasant sights they see,  
Which the Piper also promised me:  
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,  
Joining the town and just at hand,  
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,  
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,  
And everything was strange and new;  
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,  
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,  
And honey-bees had lost their stings,  
And horses were born with eagles' wings:  
And just as I became assured  
My lame foot would be speedily cured,  
The music stopped and I stood still,  
And found myself outside the Hill,  
Left alone against my will,  
To go now limping as before,  
And never hear of that country more!"

Alas, alas for Hamelin!  
There came into many a burgher's pate  
A text which says, that Heaven's Gate  
Opes to the Rich at as easy rate  
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!  
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,  
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,  
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,  
Silver and gold to his heart's content,  
If he'd only return the way he went,  
And bring the children behind him.  
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,  
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,  
They made a decree that lawyers never  
Should think their records dated duly  
If, after the day of the month and year,  
These words did not as well appear,  
"And so long after what happened here  
On the Twenty-second of July,  
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six":  
And the better in memory to fix  
The place of the children's last retreat,  
They called it, the Pied Piper's Street—  
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor  
Was sure for the future to lose his labour.

Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern  
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;  
But opposite the place of the cavern  
They wrote the story on a column,  
And on the great Church-Window painted  
The same, to make the world acquainted  
How their children were stolen away;  
And there it stands to this very day.  
And I must not omit to say  
That in Transylvania there's a tribe  
Of alien people that ascribe  
The outlandish ways and dress  
On which their neighbours lay such stress,  
To their fathers and mothers having risen  
Out of some subterraneous prison  
Into which they were trepanned  
Long time ago in a mighty band  
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,  
But how or why, they don't understand.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers  
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers:  
And, whether they pipe us free, from rats or from mice,  
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.



<http://meninasmarte.files.wordpress.com/2012/05/pedro-bascon-classic-tales-hamelin-bascon-blog.jpg?w=500>

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*O Conto de inverno*, de William Shakespeare. Tradução, Introdução e Notas de Filomena Vasconcelos. Campo das Letras, Porto, 2006.

*Imagens de Coerência Precária. Ensaios breves sobre linguagem e literatura.* Campo das Letras, Porto, 2004.

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#### Pintor, David

David Pintor (A Coruña, 1975) é ilustrador, humorista gráfico, caricaturista e pintor. Foi premiado pela Society of News Design, pelas ilustrações para La Voz de Galicia. Entre 2007 e 2011: foi selecionado para o Salão de Humor de Piracicaba, para a lista White Ravens, foi ainda seleccionado quatro vezes para a mostra de ilustradores na Feira do Livro Infantil de Bolonha e duas vezes para a Bienal de Ilustração de Bratislava; foi galardoado com o Grande Prémio Internacional (2009) e o 1º Prémio (2011) na Bienal de Cadernos de Viagem Clermont Ferrand, como L'illustratore dell' anno 2011 pela Città del Sole, com o 2º Prémio de Ilustração na Feira do Livro Infantil de Sharjah (Dubai, 2012); e foi finalista nos CJ Picture Book Awards (2011). É representado pela agência de ilustração portuguesa Illustopia, desde 2011.

#### Reiners, Felix



Félix Reiners nasceu em Avaré, no interior de São Paulo. Passou a infância e a adolescência a fazer banda desenhada. Durante treze anos, trabalhou como Director de Arte em diversas agências de publicidade no Brasil. Actualmente trabalha como Ilustrador e Director de Arte, por conta própria, tendo desenvolvido diversos projectos de ilustração para livros, publicidade, revistas e jornais, empresas, etc. Em 2008, um dos seus trabalhos foi apresentado na revista Archive.

A partir de 2010, Félix Reiners começou a ser representado pela agência de ilustração portuguesa Illustopia ([www.illustopia.com](http://www.illustopia.com)). Félix Reiners was born in Avaré, in São Paulo state (Brazil). He spent his childhood and teen drawing comic strips and graphic

novels. He worked as an Art Director for several Advertising Agencies, during thirteen years. Presently, he works exclusively as a freelance Illustrator and Art Director, having developed many illustration projects for publishing, editorial, advertising and other companies. In 2008, one of his works has been featured in Archive magazine.

From 2010, Félix Reiners started being represented by Illustopia ([www.illustopia.com](http://www.illustopia.com)), an international illustration agency based in Portugal.

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### **Botelho, Inês**

Nascida em 1986 e licenciada em Biologia, iniciou em 2009 o Mestrado em Estudos Anglo-Americanos da Faculdade de Letras da Universidade do Porto, encontrando-se a desenvolver uma dissertação sobre representações de “A Bela e o Monstro” nos contos de Angela Carter “The Tiger's Bride” e “The Company of Wolves”. É autora de várias obras de ficção.

Born in 1986, she holds a degree in Biology, having begun in 2009 her MA in Anglo-American Studies of the Faculty of Arts of the University of Porto. She is currently writing her dissertation on representations of “The Beauty and the Beast” in Angela Carter's tales “The Tiger's Bride” and “The Company of Wolves”. She is also a fiction author.

**Sousa, Rogério**

Rogério Sousa é Professor Auxiliar do Instituto Universitário de Ciências da Saúde. Colabora com a Faculdade de Letras da Universidade do Porto, onde lecciona diversos cursos de temática egiptológica. É doutorado em História pela Faculdade de Letras da Universidade do Porto. A sua investigação é dedicada à «Simbólica do Coração no Antigo Egipto». Publica, com regularidade, os resultados das suas pesquisas em prestigiados periódicos nacionais e estrangeiros da especialidade, como a revista *Cadmo* (Faculdade de Letras da Universidade de Lisboa), a revista *História* (Faculdade de Letras da Universidade do Porto), o *Journal of the American Research Center in Egypt* (San Antonio, Cairo), o *Göttinger Miszellen* (Göttingen), entre muitos outros. Integra, como investigador, o grupo de trabalho do CENTRO DE INVESTIGAÇÃO TRANSDISCIPLINAR CULTURA, ESPAÇO E MEMÓRIA (CITCEM) da Faculdade de Letras da Universidade do Porto.

**STORIES FOR CHILDREN / CONTOS PARA CRIANÇAS****Chaves, Ana Maria**

Nasceu em Lisboa em 1946 e licenciou-se em Estudos Anglo-Americanos pela Faculdade de Letras da Universidade de Lisboa (1978). Foi docente de Inglês, Metodologia da Tradução e Tradução Literária da Universidade do Minho entre 1978 e 2012, onde continua a ser investigadora do Centro de Estudos Humanísticos e a colaborar pontualmente na formação de tradutores. Criou, em 1994, a Licenciatura em Ciências da Tradução e Cultura Comparada do ISLA-Gaia, onde foi directora de curso entre 1990 e 1996. É tradutora literária desde 1987. Tem uma extensa bibliografia de traduções, entre elas obras de Emily Brontë, Thomas Hardy, D. H. Lawrence, Joseph Conrad, W. S. Maugham, D. Lodge e William Faulkner. Mais recentemente, a tradução de poesia tem-se tornado uma actividade absorvente. Traduziu e co-coordenou, a convite do British Council, as edições 2006, 2007 e 2008 de *Poems on the Metro/Poemas no Metro*. Co-traduziu (com Ana Luísa Amaral) poemas de Nuno Júdice e Maria João

Seixas para a Casa Fernando Pessoa. Acredita, como George Steiner, que “todo o acto de comunicação é um acto de tradução” e, se tivesse de se definir como tradutora, diria: “É a traduzir que eu me entendo”.

### **Leite, Isabel Pereira**

Nasceu no Porto, em 1958.

Estudou História na FLUP e fez uma “incursão” na FLUC, a qual lhe permitiu voltar à Casa-Mãe, onde ainda hoje trabalha como assessora principal das bibliotecas e documentação, nome pomposo que é usado para designar os outrora ditos bibliotecários.

De vez em quando publica uns textos.

É principalmente mãe e “gestora do lar”.

Faz colares e cola cacos de objetos partidos, ao som de música antiga. Acima de tudo gosta muito de ler e de conversar. Está convencida de que o Paraíso deverá ser um sítio onde, finalmente, se terá tempo para ler tudo aquilo que se gostaria de ter lido, mesmo os livros de cuja existência nem sequer se suspeitava...

Tem o privilégio de trabalhar num lugar onde lhe agrada chegar todos os dias. Acredita que a vida é um dom e tenta vivê-la de consciência tranquila, o que nem sempre é fácil.

Acredita, também, que a sua principal riqueza são os outros e que quase tudo devemos a quem por cá passou antes de nós.

Por uma questão de comodismo, adotou um lema de vida que tem passado, na sua família, de geração em geração: “Não me importo que façam de mim parva, desde que saibam que eu sei e estou a deixar..., mas atenção, pois há limites.”

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### **Patriarca, Raquel**

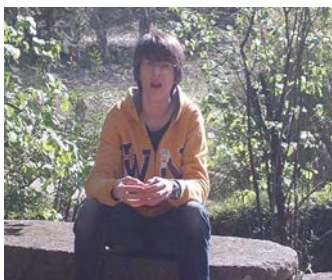
Licenciada em História pela FLUP, prosseguiu estudos na Universidade Portucalense – Infante D. Henrique onde se especializou em Ciências Documentais na variante de Bibliotecas e Centros de Documentação. De regresso à Faculdade de Letras

completou o Mestrado em História Moderna e é, actualmente doutoranda de História Contemporânea tendo terminado uma tese que estuda o livro infanto-juvenil em Portugal sob uma perspectiva histórica. Tem dividido a sua actividade entre a biblioteconomia, a historiografia, a mediação de leitura para o público mais jovem e a escrita. *A Abelha Zarelha*, o seu primeiro livro para crianças, foi publicado em Julho de 2012.

## **Ilustrações / Illustrations**

### **Fotografias / Photos**

#### **Parra, Jaime Neto**



Jaime Neto Parra, nascido no Porto, a 6 de Janeiro de 1998. Frequentou o 2º ciclo na Escola “Os Gambozinos” no Porto, e está prestes a concluir o 3º ciclo no Colégio CEBES, também no Porto. Pretende seguir a área de Humanidades e será um futuro estudante do curso de Direito. Ambiciona vir a ser Juiz, conforme tradição familiar.

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