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CITIES

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HIDDEN AGENDAS

KATRIN A. ABEL



Paul Otlet Branch



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This is a list of zines by title that are
07/07/2012. New titles are forthcoming.
year. I am attempting to include
incomplete information.



KATE ABEL

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2006

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Book Editions

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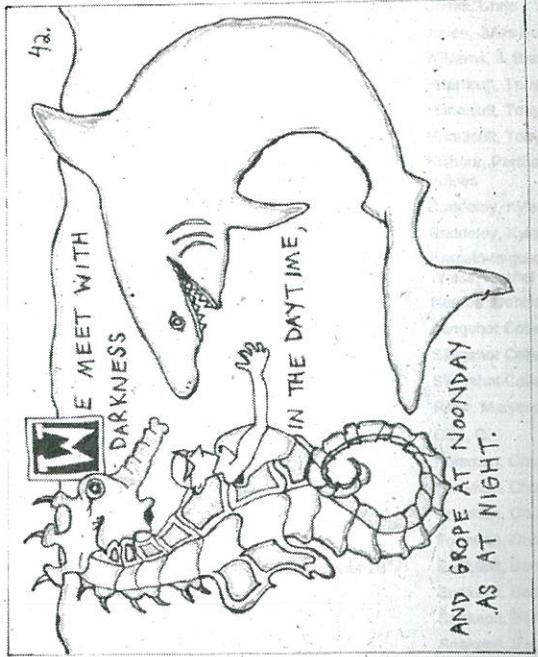
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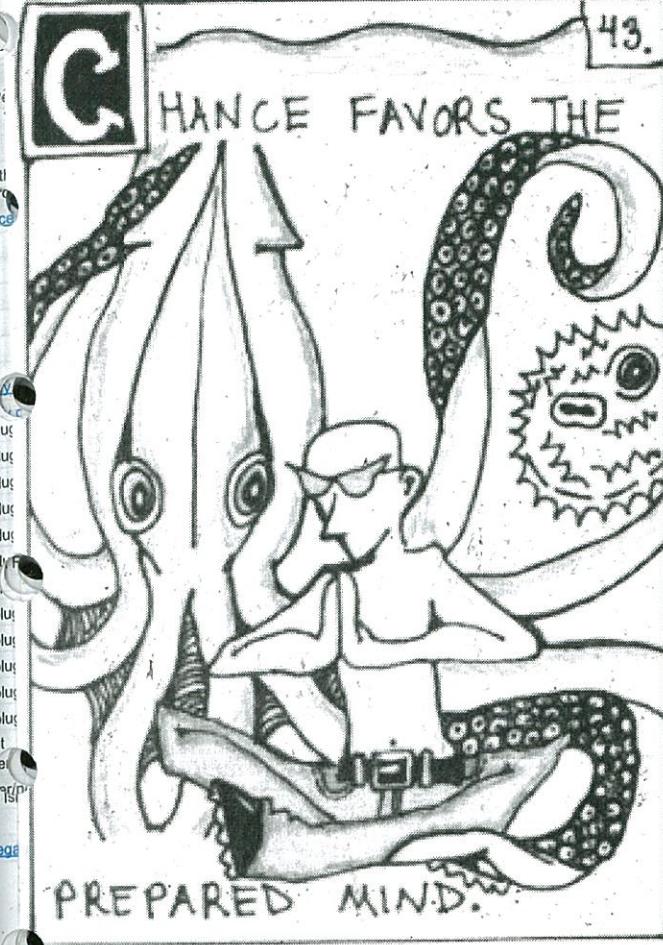
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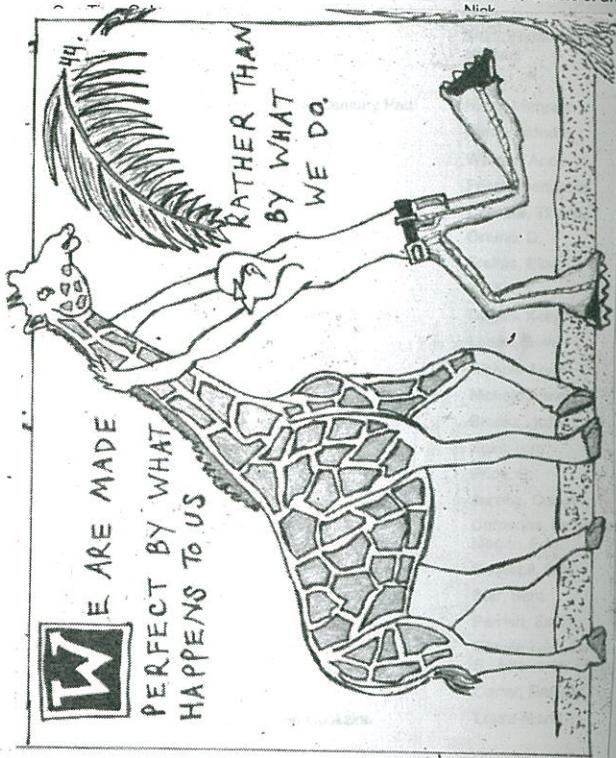
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The Bottle of Honey, Part 2

horse. In the morning, Old Wolf strolled in contentedly and asked the hen:

—Which of us slept better?

—I did.

—Nonsense! You slept in God's room, where you didn't dare snore or make a peep. But in the barn, with only the horse, I could make as much noise as I wanted!

By this point, Wise Hen had heard enough from Old Wolf and decided to go home. God tied a long rope around her middle and attached the other end to his belt. He gave her a drum and a stick, saying:

—Don't play this drum until you've touched down on the earth. When I hear you play it, I'll cut the rope.

God slowly lowered Wise Hen down to earth. When she touched ground, she played the drum and God cut the rope. Afterwards, the wolf asked to go home, too. God tied the rope around his middle and attached the other end to his belt. He gave him a drum and a stick and instructed him as he had Wise Hen. He asked:

—Do you understand?

Old Wolf replied:

—Yes, of course I understand!

So God lowered him to earth. On the way down, the

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wolf—hungry, as usual—saw a crow with a piece of cheese in its mouth. He told the crow:

—Give me that piece of cheese, and I'll play something nice on this drum...

The crow said:

—Play first, and then I'll give it to you.

Forgetting about the rope, Old Wolf played the drum.

—Rat, tat-a-tat, tat-a-tat!

So God cut the rope, and Old Wolf began to fall. He yelled down to the hen:

—Wise Hen!...Save me; save your Old Wolf!...Get a mattress!...Quickly!

Seeing the wolf falling and hearing him shout, Wise Hen began to gather sharp stones, broken bottles, shards of glass, and old cans to serve as his mattress.

When Old Wolf hit the ground, he learned a lesson that he wouldn't soon forget, and he never tried to trick God again.

* * *

The Great Flood

Translated from the Cape Verdean Criolu by Katrin Abel

This is a story about Old Wolf and Wise Hen. One bright spring day, Wise Hen said to Old Wolf:

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—Look here, Wolf, yesterday I sat down to read a book, but I only got as far as the first word before I started to feel hungry.

Old Wolf said:

—So what, Hen?...What can we do about that?

Hen replied:

—Let's dig a field and plant it with potatoes, manioc, corn, squash, and everything else that we like.

The wolf agreed:

—Yes, let's!

They went out right then to find a suitable location. They came to a large fig tree, which they decided to use to mark one corner of the field. Wise Hen dug and dug and dug all day. Meanwhile, Old Wolf lay down beneath the fig tree. They continued like this for a week. Old Wolf never so much as lifted his pickaxe from the ground; he just lay in the shade. Wise Hen dug, planted, and watered, dug, planted, and watered. First she planted squash, then potatoes, then corn, and so on. She worked, worked, worked until the potato plants were as tall as her head, the cabbage was ripe, and the squash was ready to pick.

Old Wolf began sampling the vegetables every morning—first a young squash, then a bit of cabbage, then a taste of something else. It was so delicious that he wanted it all for himself. He decided to kick the hen out of the garden, so he looked for every opportunity for a fight.

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—Listen here, Hen, I'm getting tired of your attitude; you act like you own this field. It's my field, too!

Wise Hen couldn't believe her ears. Do you know what she did? She left the wolf in the field and traveled to the village of Mátu Sánxi, where there grew groves of coconut trees. In Mátu Sánxi, she husked coconut after coconut, until she had enough to make a rope. She made a rope, coiled it on top of her head, and left. At lunchtime, she passed by her field and saw Old Wolf pouring gasoline atop a blazing fire, piled high with things to eat. She asked him:

—Wolf, what are you doing?

Without answering, he asked her:

—Hen, where have you been?

She replied:

—Wolf, I was husking coconuts in Mátu Sánxi. I had to make a rope to tie my parents to a tree, because a wise man told me that a great flood will come this afternoon. Those tied to tall trees will be spared; the rest will be carried away.

Old Wolf pleaded:

—Hen, come here and help me.

—No, I can't...I have to attend to my parents.

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—Come and eat first. Look; the cauldron is bubbling...Lunch is almost ready.

Wise Hen gave in. Throughout lunch, Old Wolf goaded the hen:

—Tie me up first! Tie me to the fig tree; then you can go to your parents.

Wise Hen said:

—God help me!...You want me to put you ahead of my parents?! I must tie them up first. If I have any rope left, I'll come back and tie you.

The wolf begged:

—Please, no! Since you're already here, just tie me up first!

He kept goading the hen, and finally she agreed to tie him. They climbed the tree together and she secured him to one of the topmost branches. She began by wrapping the rope around his feet. When she got to his neck, she asked:

—Wolf, will that do?

He said:

—That will do! Thanks!

She left him there and went to the other corner of the field, where he couldn't see her. Relieved, she gathered her vegetables and ate. Three days passed, then four, and the wolf was still tied up. On

the fifth day, a little monkey climbed into the tree and picked up a fig to eat. The wolf said:

—A...Little Monkey!...Oh, Little Monkey, give me a fig, drop it in my mouth!

He couldn't reach out to grab it because his hand was still tightly bound. He couldn't move any part of his body. The monkey said:

—What are you doing here?...Why are you all tied up?...Who tied you?

—It was the hen!

—Then you must have done something terrible to the hen...You're bad!

The monkey ate his fig. Old Wolf continued to bother him:

—Little Monkey, toss me a fig...just one...toss a fig into my mouth! I'm hungry...I haven't eaten for five days!

So the monkey threw him a fig and he ate. He went on:

—Now, untie me...Untie this rope, so I can gather my own figs!

The monkey told him:

—I don't trust you, Wolf! You're not trustworthy! I don't know what you did to Wise Hen to make her tie you up! If I untie you, you might eat me!

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But the wolf pleaded with him and promised not to eat him. Finally, the monkey gave in and untied the rope. As soon as the wolf's arms were free, he grabbed hold of the monkey and laughed:

—You foolish monkey!...You're my next meal, before any more figs. I'm so hungry, and you're nice and fat!

He finished untying himself and climbed down to the field, with the little monkey in his jaws. Wise Hen was nowhere in sight.

The monkey, though frightened, was clever and kept his calm. He said:

—Listen here, I'm very small and won't quell your hunger. I'll just roll around in your belly and make you hungrier. But I can teach you how to get something bigger and better. Throw me into the air three times, each time higher, and catch me. If you throw me high enough, I'll catch you a magical bird. You've never seen this bird before, and it has the most delicious meat that you can imagine. Do you follow me?...Do you want to try it or not? You won't ever have this chance again...

Old Wolf's mouth had begun to water at the thought of this bird. He hesitated for only a moment before agreeing to the plan. He threw the monkey once and caught him; threw him higher and caught him again; threw him higher yet and the monkey escaped. He fled to the mountains before the wolf realized what had happened. Hidden safely, the little monkey ridiculed the wolf, who thought only of his stomach:

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—You lazy beast, you'll never eat me! Stay there with your mouth open and wait for your magical bird...Eyes on the sky!

When Wise Hen returned to the field, the wolf was still waiting. She paid him no mind and tended her garden in peace.

* * *

The Wolf Prince

Translated from the Cape Verdean Kriolu by Katrin Abel

One day, Old Wolf was passing, as he often did, beneath the veranda of the royal palace. Whenever the princess saw him there, she doused him with dirty water. This day was no different. Displeased, discouraged, and soaking wet, the wolf knelt down and asked God for a magic wand. In pity, God granted it.

The next day, Old Wolf passed again beneath the veranda. The princess, as was her habit, came to the window and poured a bucket of dirty water on his head. She laughed at the sight of him, wet and filthy. Old Wolf picked up his magic wand and said:

—Magic wand, by the virtue of God who gave you to me, impregnate the princess with my child...right now!

And so the princess became pregnant with the wolf's child. When symptoms of pregnancy appeared, she was confused. She wasn't sure whether she was pregnant or just sick. She didn't tell

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anyone until the baby was born. When she had the baby, the king and the queen were mystified, as was she. Once recovered from the shock, the king demanded an explanation; but the princess would only say:

—I have never known a man...I don't know where this child came from...

The baby was born with a golden apple in his hand. He wouldn't give it to anyone, not even his mother. Even in sleep, he held onto it tightly.

The king, desperate to find the father of the baby, went to the house of the wise man. He told the wise man everything, and the wise man responded:

—Here's what you do...Gather every man from this land and every male animal. Don't let anyone escape. Afterwards, line the men up in one row and the animals in another. With the child in her arms, the princess will turn toward the group and pass slowly in front of each row. When she comes to the baby's father, the baby will hand over his golden apple.

The king returned to his palace and gathered every man, young and old, and every male animal, without missing anyone. When Old Wolf received the order to appear at the palace, together with the other animals, he picked up his magic wand and said:

— Magic wand, by the virtue of God who gave you to me,

make me ugly, the ugliest animal in the world, uglier than any that has ever been seen!

And so the wolf became the ugliest creature in the world, from head to toe. When he arrived at the palace, everyone looked at him, then covered their eyes. The king put him in the last place in the last row because of his intolerable appearance. He didn't send him away because the wise man had specified "every male animal."

In front of everyone, the king promised half of his riches and his daughter's hand in marriage to the father of the baby with the golden apple. He ordered the princess to pick up the baby and pass by the first row. She looked hopefully into their faces because they were gentry of the upper class. Though the princess was happy, her baby began to throw a fit. He clenched onto the golden apple and wailed.

The row of upper class gentry ended. The baby cried a little less. But he didn't even look at the next row, the merchant class. His father was not among them. They came next to the lower class, with the same results.

When they came to the row of animals, the baby cheered up and looked at them. Now the princess began to cry, because she sensed that one of these animals was her baby's father and would become her husband. At the thought that her daughter would have to marry an animal, the queen started crying as well. The king, too,

became upset. Though he regretted his promise, he couldn't take it back.

They arrived at the last row of animals. The baby looked at each one happily and played with his golden apple. In front of Old Wolf, the baby laughed gleefully, turned over the apple, and reached for him. Old Wolf took the baby into his arms with pleasure, playing peek-a-boo and patty cake with him.

The princess fainted with horror and fell to the ground. She was out for three days. The queen fainted as well. Three days out. The princess regained her senses, but when she remembered that she had to marry the wolf, she passed out again. Three more days. Meanwhile, the king unhappily planned the wedding. He saw no more of the wolf until the wedding day itself. On the wedding day, Old Wolf said to his magic wand:

—Magic wand, by the virtue of God who gave you to me, make me handsome, the handsomest animal in the world, more handsome than has ever been seen.

Thus the wolf became so handsome that he surprised even himself with his magnificent appearance. Compared to Old Wolf, the most beautiful thing in the world looked hideous.

Old Wolf arrived at the king's palace in a suit so fine that the king couldn't believe it existed. He thought that he must be dreaming. He rubbed his eyes, pulled at his lashes, and pinched himself, but the wolf remained. The queen saw him next and fainted with envy toward her daughter.

When the groom came to the princess, she was overwhelmed by his beauty and fainted in his arms. Throughout the morning, she refused to sit apart from him, but sat instead on his lap. Her eyes were blind to everything but him. She looked him over from head to foot, from foot to head, without glancing away for even a moment. She became mute. Her eyes spoke more clearly: they said everything that she was feeling, without a single word. For her mouth, she wanted neither food nor water, but only to kiss the lips of her husband-to-be.

The queen had regained her senses and felt a sea of happiness rush into her and into her heart at the sight of her daughter so happy.

When it was time to go to the church, the king put Old Wolf into one carriage and the princess into another. But the princess would not accept this arrangement. She said that she would go with the wolf or not at all. So the king put her in the same carriage, next to the wolf, but she still was not happy. She moved onto his lap, wrapped herself in his arms, and fainted from joy.

When they arrived at the church and the priest ascended the altar for the wedding ceremony, he nearly fainted as well, overtaken as he was by the sight of the wolf. After the ceremony came three

days of parties at the king's palace. On the third day, the king rose, demanded silence, and said:

—Now I promised half of my riches to the father of my grandson. But because I see that nobody in the world could make my daughter happier, it is my pleasure to raise that amount to three-quarters of my riches.

Everyone clapped. Old Wolf stood up and motioned for silence. The crowd became quiet. He said:

—Good King, you have made me very happy, and I am grateful to you. But I ask you to keep three-quarters of your fortune and leave me just one. I mean no disrespect when I say that your entire fortune is nothing compared to what I now have.

Everyone was amazed to hear the wolf talk like this. His words shamed the king and queen and left them unable to respond. To rekindle the festive spirit, Old Wolf said:

—Everyone, let's go to my house...Come on, everyone to my house!

So the royal family climbed into their carriages and everyone else climbed onto their horses or walked toward the wolf's house. They traveled, they traveled, they crossed deserts and forests, but they still weren't there. They rested, they moved, they rested, they moved, until the horses could not take any more. The people were becoming tired and crabby. Only the princess was content, enchanted by her new husband. Finally, the wolf told everyone to rest in the

same place, and he set out alone. The princess wanted to accompany him, but he wouldn't allow it. He convinced her to stay with her family and keep the people from worrying.

The wolf walked down the path, climbed a mountain, and came to a flat plain. Taking out his magic wand, he said:

—Magic wand, by the virtue of God who gave you to me, make me a palace right here, a palace that reaches to the sky! With a grand staircase from top to bottom! Whenever someone steps on a stair, make it play a musical note. Make the palace so grand that the king's palace will look like a stable in comparison!

At that moment a palace appeared, grander than anything ever before imagined. Old Wolf climbed the stairs to take a look inside. When he entered, he saw that it was fully decorated and the table was set for a feast, with delicacies never before seen in the world. Well pleased, Old Wolf hurried back to the people and guided them to his house. When they arrived, they couldn't believe the sight and thought they were dreaming.

Upon arrival, they ascended the staircase. With each step came the sound of a different kind of musical instrument. Together, they created a special symphony that had never before been heard.

Inside the palace, they marveled at the decorations and at the great table set for a feast. At every place, they found a golden



* Pick up the stories in #9: Inside Joke
APL Zines

(82) chair and a pearl. Each pearl was a different color, and together they formed a magnificent rainbow. In amazement and disbelief, the people fainted. Only the wolf and the princess remained awake; the wolf because he had already seen everything, and the princess because she looked only at him.

When the king and queen recovered their senses, they came to Old Wolf, knelt down before him, and said:

—From this point forth, we are your subjects... We'll stay here and serve you, and you can do whatever you wish with us.

Old Wolf responded:

—No!... You are the king and the queen, and you will continue to be the king and the queen. You're my wife's parents and, therefore, my parents as well! I have always been your subject, but now I am your son.

With the love of the princess and the respect of her family, Old Wolf no longer needed his magic wand. He threw it back into the heavens and lived happily in the palace with his wife and son.

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Lewis, Melanie

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DAVENPORT DISCARDS

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United Kingdom

Portland, OR

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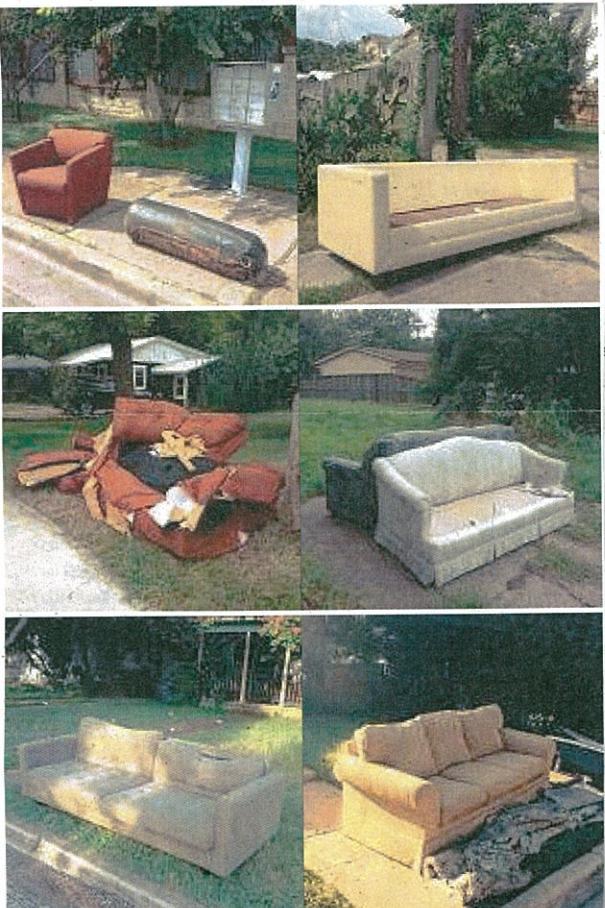
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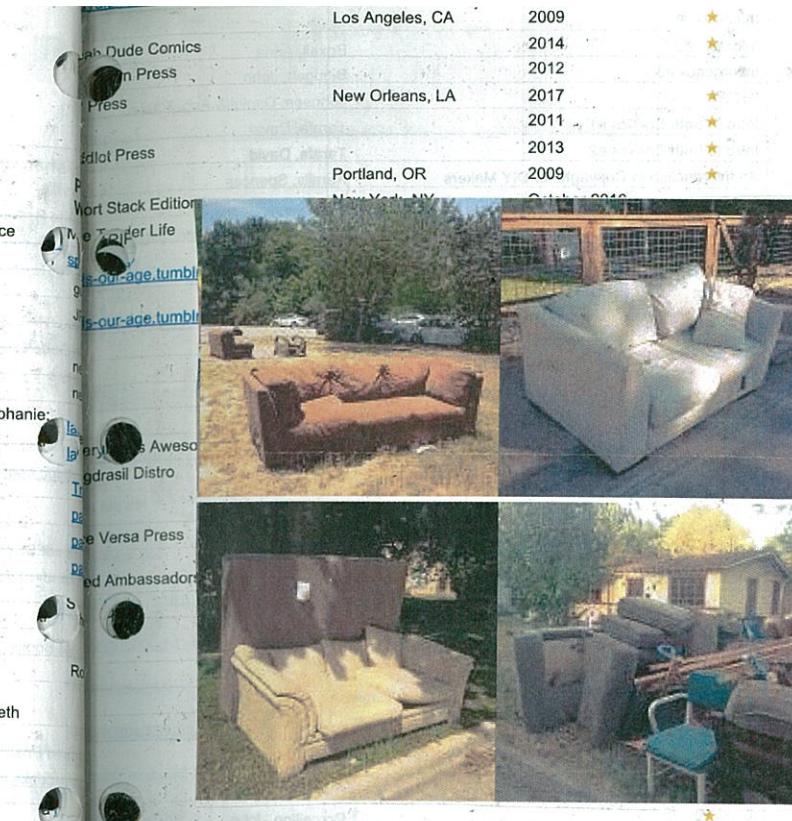
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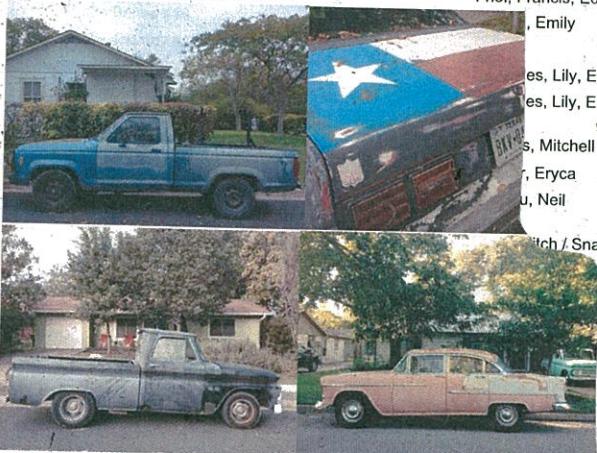
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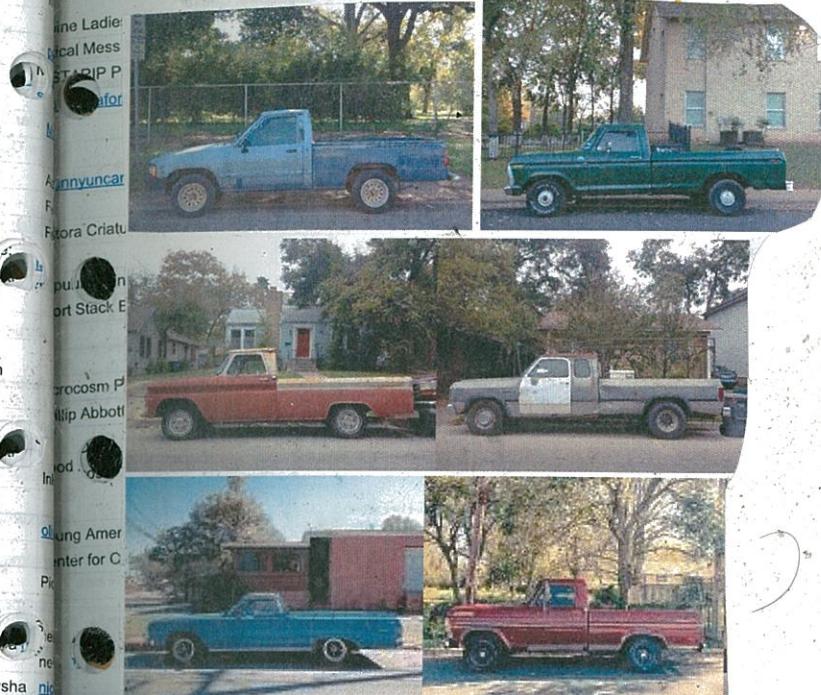
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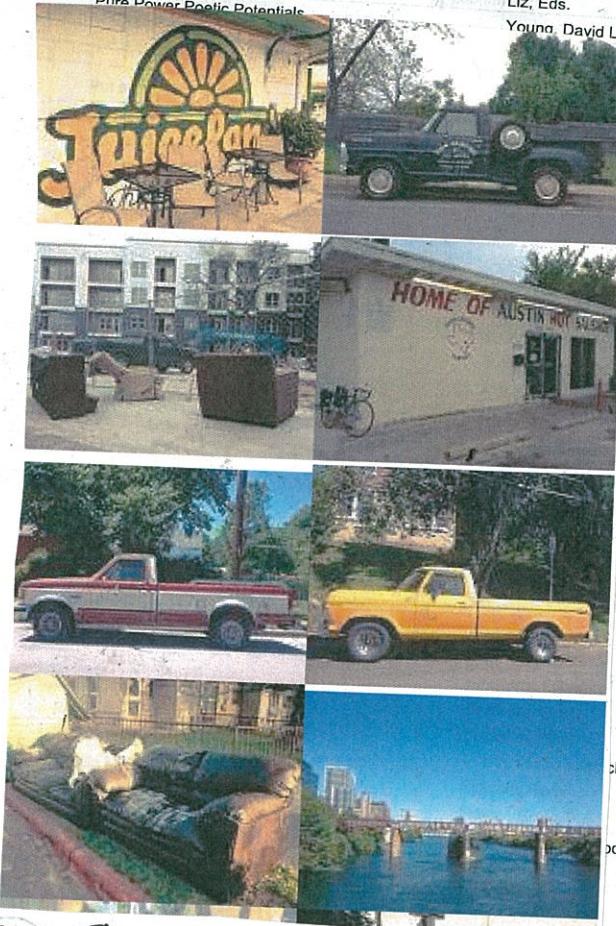


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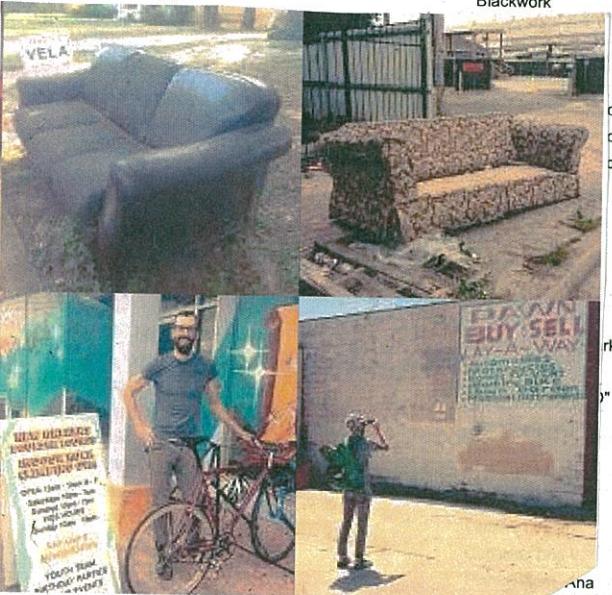
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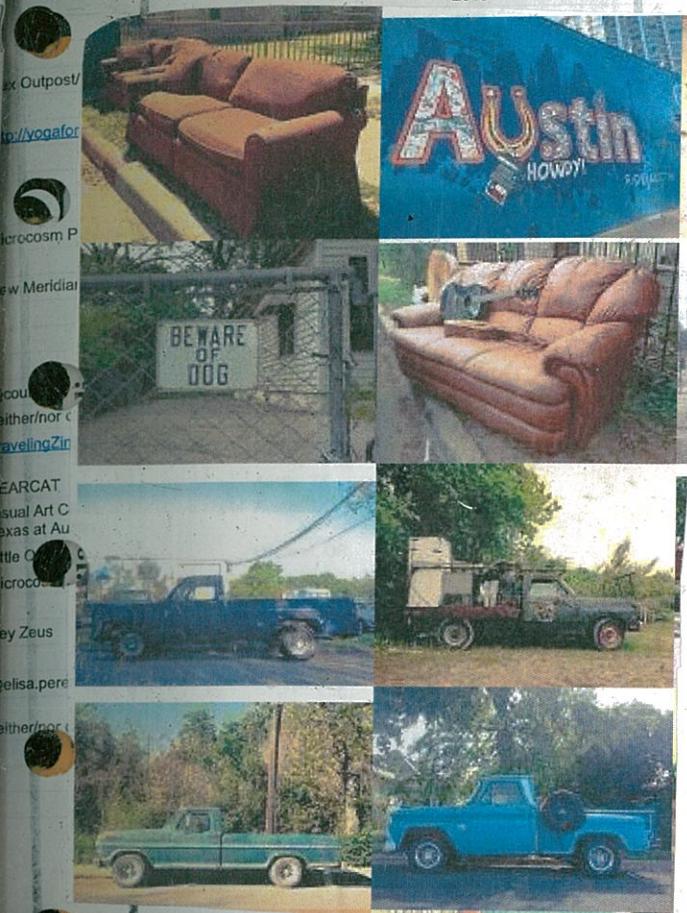
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