



What big eyes you have Grandma



PETIT CHAPERON
ROUGE
CONTE.



L estoit une fois
une petite fille de
Village , la plus
jolie qu'on eut scû voir;



- Charles Perrault
- *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge*
- 1697
- For the luxurious, indulgent French Court of the Sun King, Louis XIV



Gustave Doré, 1862



- Wilhelm and Jacob Grimm
- Children's and Household Tales
- 1812



Crane, Walter. *Little Red Riding Hood*.
London: George Routledge and Sons, 1875

"Who is there?" "It is I, your dear grand-
child; I've brought
"Some butter and nice little cakes."
"Pull the bobbin, my child, and come in,
as you ought;
"I'm in bed very bad with my ashes."

When she entered the room, the old Wolf
hid himself
Very carefully (such was his plan):
"Put your basket and things, little dear,
on the shelf,
"And come into bed to your Gran."



The obedient child laid her down by the side
Of her Grandmother dear (as she thought);
But all at once, "Granny!" Red Riding Hood
cried,
"What very long arms you have got!"
He answered, "The better to hug you, my child."
"But, Granny, what very large ears—"

"The better to hear you," the voice was still
But the poor little girl had her fears. (slept,
"Grandmother, you seem to have very large
"The better to see you, I know." (eyes)
"What great teeth you have got!" and the
wicked Wolf cries,
"The better to eat you up, now!"



Red Riding Hood shrieked, and—bang!
off went a gun,
And shot the old Wolf through the
head:
One howl and one moan, one kick and
one groan,
And the wicked old rascal was dead.

Some sportsman (he certainly was a dead
shot)
Had aimed at the Wolf when she
cried:
So Red Riding Hood got safe home—
did she not?
And lived happily there till she died.





The Fairy Tales of the Brothers Grimm illustrated by Arthur Rackham, 1909.



Jack Zipes - holds that the genre is as relevant to contemporary culture as it was for pre-literate society, especially in terms of gender politics and identity construction.

Catherine Orenstein - explores the historical and cultural meanings .

Bruno Bettelheim - a Freudian psychoanalyst of the genre, suggests that fairy tales were instrumental in developing children's identity.

Maria Tatar - identifies the tale as a place to “work through anxieties about gender, identity, sexuality and violence”.

Marina Warner - *From the Beast to the Blonde: On Fairytales and their Tellers* (1994).

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The Glutton

Although the critics mentioned above inform our understanding of *Little Red Riding Hood*, the main aim here is to examine how contemporary artists are appropriating the tale and to what end. The text and image are intimately related, yet the image contains qualities that release interpretation from the strictures of tradition, making them more relevant and immediate in contemporary society.

Taking the traditional fairy tale, artists are reviewing and re-inventing the tales in both parody and critique. Gérard Rancinan, Paula Rego and Kiki Smith have all produced significant bodies of work referencing fairy tales, and all respond subversively to recent cultural pressures, particularly in relation to identity construction. In their work on *Little Red Riding Hood*, a dialogue about identity and discrimination engages viewers, challenging their experience of fairy tales and introducing cultural revelations.



Gérard Rancinan

Paula Rego



Happy Family-Mother, Red Riding Hood and Grandmother.



Little Red Riding Hood on the Edge.



The Wolf



The Wolf Chats Up Red Riding Hood



Mother Takes Revenge.



Mother Wears the Wolf's Pelt.



Kiki Smith





Guy L'Heureux



















Sharon Singer *Little Dread Riding Hood*, 2005



Yo Bitch, What Big Eyes You Have, 2012



100 Lashes, 2007



Joanna Concejo



“From the beginning, it was clear to me that the forest in which the story takes place is itself also a ‘character’ in the book”.

Joanna Concejo













When I illustrate a book, I always think of writing it in another way, with imagery. I don't think of illustration as being in service to the text. It should never be. What's interesting is to create a dialogue between the text and the images, so that the two can, when meeting in the space of a book, tell something new and unexpected. They can open new pathways and new possibilities for interpretation. Let that meeting surprise, disturb, worry, question. I think this is possible only when the text and the images remain free and beautiful in their difference. When they are lovingly distinct. As two beings holding hands as they go together on their way. It's their meeting, their relationship which is beautiful.

Joanna Concejo

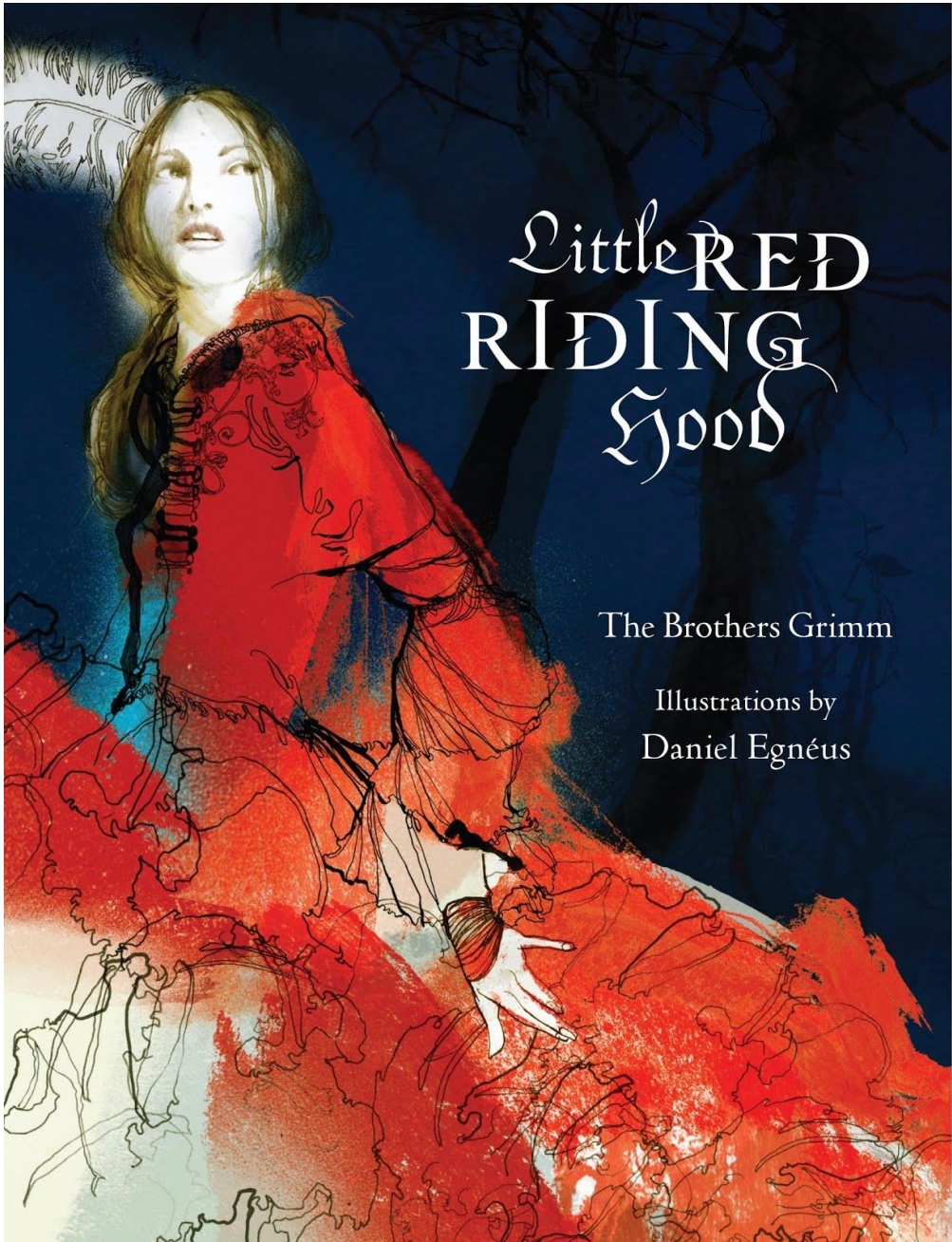


Beatriz Martin Vidal









Little RED RIDING Hood

The Brothers Grimm

Illustrations by
Daniel Egnéus



One day
the girl's mother
said to her:

"Little Red Riding Hood,
here are some
cakes
and a
BOTTLE OF WINE.

Take them to your
GRANDMOTHER.

Then she went over to the bed
and drew back the curtain.

Grandmother was lying there with her nightcap
pulled down over her face.

She
LOOKED
very

0DD.

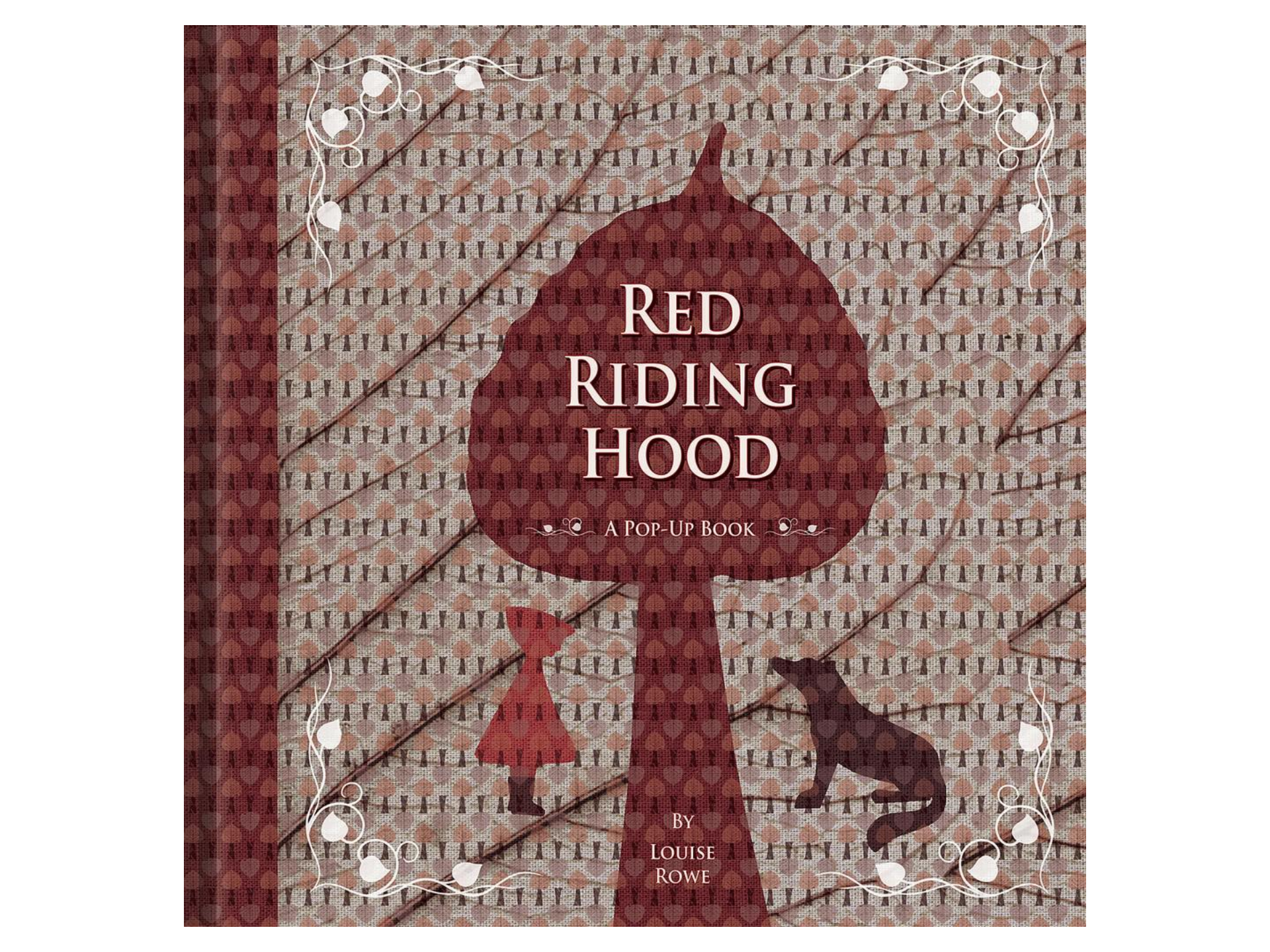




Adolfo Serra
wordless







RED RIDING HOOD

— A POP-UP BOOK —

BY
LOUISE
ROWE



There was once a sweet little girl who was known to all by the beautiful red velvet cloak she liked to wear. Everyone called her Red Riding Hood. A kind and generous child, she liked to visit her Grandmother every week, taking her a basket of treats. Her Grandmother lived away in the woods, a good half hour from the village. When she got to the woods, Red Riding Hood met a Wolf, but not knowing what a wicked animal he was, she stopped to greet him.

"Good morning, Red Riding Hood," he said.
"Good morning, Wolf," she answered.

Her mother told her never to speak to strangers, but the Wolf seemed very polite, so she stopped to talk.



Hardly had the Wolf said this, he threw back the bed cover, leapt out of bed and devoured poor Red Riding Hood.

After the Wolf had satisfied his hunger, he made himself comfortable and fell fast asleep. It wasn't long before he started snoring, making the most disgusting, loud noise which echoed off the walls of the little cottage.



The Wolf sprang to his feet and ran out of the open door. Red Riding Hood, Grandmother and the Woodcutter followed him outside, no watch as he hurried amongst moss and bushes until he could no longer be seen.

"I should have listened to my Mother when she warned me not to talk to strangers," said Red Riding Hood, learning a valuable lesson.

All three went back into the cottage where they enjoyed the rest of the day eating the loaves of bread. Red Riding Hood had brought her Grandmother.





Benjamin Lancombe



Su Blackwell



