



# MARI TAKÁCS

CANDIDATE FOR  
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN AWARD  
ILLUSTRATOR NOMINEE



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## BIOGRAPHICAL INFORMATION

### Mari Takács

Website: <http://marilandblog.blogspot.com/>

Mari Takács was born in 1971 in Budapest. She has always keen on to expand her knowledge. Having finished Secondary School of Fine and Applied Arts as a textile designer, she continued her studies at the Decorator School and finally graduated at the Moholy-Nagy University of Art and Design Budapest as a typographer in 1997. She had been working as an art director for ten years at McCann Erickson Budapest Advertising Agency while she was involved in several group and individual exhibitions. Her children's book illustrator career started off in 2002. Since then, she has been working on many books in Hungary, some of them were published in French, Polish, German, and Turkish languages.

Her list of awards consists of four times the Beautiful Hungarian Book Awards with Fresh ink! (Csimota-Pozsonyi Pagony, 2006), Who lives in Wonderland? (General Press, 2008), London Teddy Bears (Csimota, 2013), Gúfó on the Feast of Trees (Csimota, 2016), Hungarian IBBY Children's Book of the Year Award with the On the Edge of the Morning Star (Magvető, 2007) and the Special Prize of Ministry of National Resources with the The Fairy Who Could See in the Dark (Pozsonyi Pagony, 2009).

In 2014 she represented Hungary as a children book illustrator in Berlin at "Viva literatura! Festival of Children's Literatures from Central and Eastern Europe" in the Alexanderhaus at Alexanderplatz. Being an innovative and experimenting person Mari likes to try out different technics and forms of art. She designed all the puppets and the innovative scenery for the Three Little Pigs And The Wolfs puppet show, which was very well received by both the audience and the critics (played over 250 times); and was also acknowledged by several international awards.

Mari has always been a regular guest of libraries for a long time, she tells stories via kamishibai and like to do fun activities with kids – especially creative coloring and painting.

Her favorite tool is acrylic and the montage technique that was used for example in the Little Red Riding Hood and the Great Magician kamishibai or in the Gufo series.

Humour, innovation, playfulness and experimentation are permanent companions to her works.

As she says: "During my work my aim is to create a virtual playground by my illustrations and the compositions with typos, so everyone can find the favourite game without age limitations. Everyone – the small and the big – can find treasures for themselves here. If I manage to get smiles on faces when looking through my books, my goal has been reached and it makes me happy."



Photo: Dóra Hiba



## STATEMENT

### WORKS OF MARI TAKÁCS

BOGLÁRKA PAULOVKIN  
Gúfó and the Picture Book[1]  
Gúfó series Gábor Lanczkor author  
and Mari Takács illustrator

#### Spectacle and form language

There are many illustrators. Some people feel more like designers, communication professional, and thus claim and appreciate publishing brainstorming, professional art direction. Others are from fine arts and see themselves as autonomous artists hardly tolerating discussions on certain solutions for the book being prepared. Every creator can find themselves on this scale somewhere. It may also be the same case with other occupations where creative attitude needed.

Among Hungarian artists, there are several illustrators with complex knowledge, who, if necessary, will also hold his position as art director himself. One of them is Mari Takács, illustrator of Gúfó books. She is not just an illustrator, but also a skilled and sensitive typographer, who has got experiences in the advertising and design world, in visual design, and even recently as a literary author. As an illustrator, she works on an incredibly wide range of different techniques and styles.

So, what does a certain art form language consist of? The illustration is actually carefully composed by lines, colors, shapes, surfaces. It senses the text and interacts with it while calling emotions from the interpreter.

A text may have very different readings depending on the style of the illustrations and naturally, the illustrations may even enlarge or overshadow certain text elements. It's definitely much more than a simple representation of the act in the text.

While, for example, in the book titled Mirka or How to Love the illustrator chose a detailed, realistic vision and enabling montage technology – in parallel with the text –, in Gúfó the space and the figures are insensitive, abstract, reduced shapes, combining elements of graphics, painting and montage technique into a coherent unit. The spaces are flat, expressed in planes, while the moving creatures get plasticity with a fine pencil tone – sometimes with a picturesque lauf. The painted elements are characterized by the artistic surface, visible brush strokes, subtle color tone changes on even inside "monochrome" backgrounds. (...)



This demanding, careful, intellectual game is the one that makes Mari Takács's works stand out far from other works in an era of graphics where many of her colleagues copy series of visual elements or even whole figures using computer technology. However, it is easy to concede that this quality needs a cozy speed to work – the 60-70 business days to deadline usually required by publishers are simply not enough. (...)

### Viewpoints / composition

The illustrations of the Gúfó series are the productions of a very detailed world's productions. Once the illustrator has decided what style, technique, and language of form she uses, she has "nothing else to do" than show her "inner cinema", the inner images created by her mind and made by her own visual master knowledge. There is given a story divided into spreads and there are many tools she can use: lines, colors, surfaces, shapes, technique. The next task is to associate a single vision for each text section in the spreadsheets, the one that is most influential for the story, on a point of that certain scene.

She has to create an image of the scene and of the interaction/dialogue that will carry a lot of information for the reader, and pages should be interesting so much so that the reader feels a desire to read further and grab the next image after another. At this point a distance between reader and character is being evolved – is the "inner camera" of the illustrator get closer to the scene to see the big picture or does it emphasize on tiny details? Picture book illustration is the line of alternation of distances and viewpoints. (...)

### Characters

One of the keys to the success of a picture book is that its characters are lovable or not. Gúfó books are actually about Gúfó's development so the main character is especially important. A short story usually cannot and does not want to provide a full characteristic of its heroes, therefore the illustrations can deepen the knowledge and understanding of the acts of them. The illustration is able to bring actors into direct situations, showing them interacting with each other, and they can tell a lot through an authentic movement, a gesture, the environment of the actor, or by displaying its relationship with the other figures of the story. Another important aspect of creating characters is to be consistent with each other. An owl, a mouse, a bat, a spider, a frog, the impersonated mushrooms, and even the human form of witches in later volumes must be born in the same abstract system. (...)



## Summary

It is a great responsibility to create books for children because the picture books play a prominent role in mental health and social development of the children. The joy one can experience during their turning over the pages can be the foundation of the later willingness to read independently. decoding Parallel messages of images and text improve later reading skills. In fact, picture books give their first artistic experiences, they introduce the reader to visual communication, the practice of image decoding. And the story helps you understand and place oneself in the world. It awakens emotions and moods, gives questions and answers.

Gúfó books are featured by a witty, enjoyable story and a logical image structure. We could say nothing in the pictures are there by chance, still one can have light and spontaneous feeling rather than speculative. There's humor in the pictures which shines almost every page and there are thousands of tiny witty or visual games or both. Characters can be loved and can be identified easily with them. (...)

The entire series is mixed in a proportion of a familiar visual world and fine and exciting innovative, artistic solutions that it becomes an art, professionally valuable work which is also loved by a wider audience.



[1] PAULOVKIN, Boglárka: Gúfó és a képeskönyv: Lanczkor Gábor és Takács Mari Gúfó-sorozata (extract). In: „Kézifékes fordulást is tud...” – Tanulmányok a legújabb magyar gyerekirodalomról. Szerk.: Hansági Ágnes, Hermann Zoltán, Mészáros Márton, Szekeres Nikoletta. Tempevölgy Könyvek 29. Balatonfüred: Balatonfüred Városért Közalapítvány, 2018. p. 39–62.



## INTERVIEWS, ARTICLES

[http://www.szifonline.hu/?cikk\\_ID=468](http://www.szifonline.hu/?cikk_ID=468)

"I built a virtual playground"

Interview with Mari Takács by Szilvia Herczeg-Szép

"Or I could say that I built a virtual playground where everyone can find their favorite »climbing frames«, »slide«, »swing« without age limit. I always try to build this playground even in small books and pagers – even if only for a short time. And if I made smile an adult reader while flipping through my book with his little kid, I have reached my goal and am happy."

**Szilvia Herczeg-Szép:** You graduated from a secondary school of fine arts and applied arts and graduated from the Moholy-Nagy University of Art and Design. You seem to have been preparing for an artistic career since your teenage age. Is there a decisive event in your life when you decided to become an illustrator or was it evident from your childhood?

Mari Takács: I loved drawing and painting from my early days, and since my mom worked in the Athenaeum printing house, I got a lot of beautiful storybooks in my hands. I think they have had the greatest impact on me.

**H-C. Sz.:** In my opinion, you are one of the most versatile talents of contemporary children's book illustrators. In addition to the surreal world of London Teddy Bears, the delightfully cute and funny representation is also characteristic of you (Ottó Kiss: Animal Album, Barni's World; Gábor Lanczkor: Gufó and the Mushrooms). In which visual world do you feel the best?

T. M.: In each of them, because each one is me. The difference is "only" the content and age range. At the same time, I like to experiment: create, try, or even combine new forms, patterns, characters, tools. For example, in London Teddy Bears, I felt that Krisztina Tóth's poems were not only for schoolchildren of the same age as Marci, but also for us, parents and grandparents. I had to reflect on this with the visual world, so I created a family book. (There is also a family cinema.) Or I could say that I built a virtual playground where everyone can find their favorite "climbing frames", "slide", "swing" without age limit. I always try to build this playground even in small books - even if only for a short time. And if I can smile an adult reader while flipping through my book with his little boy or daughter, I have reached my goal and am happy.

**H-C. Sz.:** You have taken pictures in several anthologies, and the Fresh Ink! anthology you have illustrated only. Which is the more difficult task: a multi-authoring anthology or a simple volume illustration?

T. M.: I treat the multi-author book in the same way when creating a solo album. But now, thinking about it, it would be an interesting game and challenge to paint a different style for each author...

**H-C. Sz.:** In the poetry book of Ferenc András Kovács titled *On The Edge of the Morning Star* can be found a style unit which characterizes your pictures, while in the poetry book of Krisztina Tóth, in the *London Teddy Bear*, is a very exciting style game for readers. One can find surreal (a shark-headed man), retro and nostalgic collages, and you build up a visual world parallel to the text. What does it determine you to think in style game or style unit?

T. M.: It is interesting that you mention these two books because the *London Teddy Bear* recommendation was written by Ferenc Kovács András. The truth is that I strive for style in every book. Even where it doesn't seem to be. The style game used in the *London Teddy Bear* was a response to the poet, Krisztina Tóth's bravery that I could identify in the spot. And I think this book is liked by any adult reader who has been a child inside. At least a little.

**H-C. Sz.:** How do you tune in to the creation? Shall we imagine you in an inspiring workshop with paints, pictures, collage objects, or a constantly moving artist with an artboard in her hands?

T. M: I live in a studio apartment with my little family, where one room is mine only. This is the studio. Everything you need is here: books, canvases, various papers, shelves that are filled with paints, adhesives, pencils, retro toys. And there is an easel, smaller or bigger folders, a separate cabinet for illustrations, above it there you can find two aquariums with fish. There is a collection of drawings, there is a computer, a printer, magazines for montage techniques, hats and photos. So there is not much-unused space in my studio, but that's fine. It's so inspiring. I know the place for everything, but I think it is impossible to find a thing anyone else in this magical, systematic chaos.

**H-C. A:** Do you prefer to illustrate a poem or prose? What are their specialties?

T. M: I like both. And I don't think either of them is more difficult than the other. At least not for illustration purposes. As far as typography is concerned, the situation is different. Perhaps there are more bounds in poems than in picture books, though *Fresh Ink!* I have not adhered to all the rules that I had thought at that time and still think today and it was pioneering in many respects. After all, the nonsense, the gibberish or even unrhymed poems deserve special treatment in a good sense. For example, centering or highlighting the titles with square brackets that have included these verses to the part of the illustrations – playfully and thoughtfully.

**H-C.** It is difficult to even count how many volumes you have illustrated. Which one was the biggest challenge and what was the most enjoyable job?

T. M: It's a difficult question. All of them were enjoyable and I proud of all. But of course, they are some memorable among them. For example, the book titled *Tales of the Wonders of Life*. It was selected by the folk tale researcher Ildikó Boldizsár, and was first published in 2005 by Reader's Digest Publisher. Its second edition, in 2015, Magvető Publishing House asked a new look. One can find myth stories and folktales selected in four themes: Creation, Courage, Wisdom, Love. It contains the tales of twenty-three different nations such as the Nenets, Votyak, Hungarian, Germanic, Indian, Indonesian, African, Philippine, Buryat, Bre-



ton, Tatar, Siberian, Sicilian, Arabic, Romanian, Turkish, Italian, Tuvaian, Persian, Finnish, Norwegian, Greek, Spanish – so the pre-sketching research work took some time. I had to study the traditions and folk art of the peoples, folk groups in the library of Ferenc Hopp East Asian Art Museum. There were plenty of fantastic and exciting books at my disposal. The research material of the twenty-three different nations (authentic motifs of dresses, and other motifs) finally filled a dossier. That's how the job started!

I painted eight drawing boards at one time, and finally, I made one hundred and fifty illustrations. It was also a delightful job for me to design and illustrate the London Teddy Bears, which was released in 2013 by Csimota's ten-year anniversary. This time the concept was to create an old retro / vintage atmosphere, while Marci (the protagonist)'s problems, experiences, feelings were still current. As with all my previous books, I researched a lot! I had to take a substantial part of the time into searching. I had to find and figure out the right image that I can reinterpret, "rethink", or just ponder on it to create a new illustration that seems to be true or existing. It wasn't always easy, but it was exciting. For example, in the case of Flower-eating Dezső Giraffe, I went to the zoo to take a picture so that I could then draw it as an old engraving. Or there was the flattened snow globe with the two polar bears I had dreamed of for the poem, but I couldn't find it in its existing form. So I made it in photoshop, with his box drawn separately with the graphics on it.

And in this volume, the page numbers got a special task! In addition to their function, they became illustrations. For example, in the Little Shoes, the numbers have been interchanged as the shoes are used. But we can find them crumbly and separated, where Marci and Gergő struggle with each other (in the poem titled Pause).

**H-C. Sz.: How do you see the children's book illustrations of today's Hungary? Are they trying to get some kind of visual education or are they characterized by descriptive text-centering?**

T. M.: Every year more and more children's books are published with illustrations of real works of art. Even if they consist of only two lines, and even if they have carefully painted every little detail. Because they have a brilliant technique, humor, composition solution, color usage, style that add and think about the world that the author has dreamed of, whether it is poem or prose.

**H-C. Sz.: Children's books are typically bought by parents, and most of them look for the idyllic, hassle-free world in the pictures as they want to see the child's world. How do you see your creations meet parental expectations? Or are you trying to get the parents not to be the main question of which one is the most legendary children's book with visual images?**

T. M.: For me, the goal is never to achieve idyll. But for all my work I am maximalist against myself, and I hope that my pictures will convey this, the deepening, the research work, the attention to detail, the technical knowledge, the experimental spirit, the seriousness, the humility, and the humor. And of course, the eternal child.

**H-C. Sz:** In the series of Design Books published by Csimota (The Design Books are processing well-known tales, each tale is processed by five different illustrators.) and the Kamishibai Theater there are exceptional works by you (Piroska and the Great Magician, The Musicians from Bremen). Would you tell me what the creation of these picture books is different from traditional textbooks for children?

T. M.: In the case of Design Books and the Paper Theater, the main role is also played by pictures. They actually have to work without text. And this requires the illustrator to highlight the most important parts of the story, in an appropriate rhythm and range. And the creative approach is key to both. For example, in the case of Bremen musicians, 11 of the 15 images can be played with the pages, so that if we pull out the page halfway out of the frame and stop during the story, it creates a new image with the one behind it. To do this, you had to compose the illustrations and their contours exactly, which are halfway through. At Piroska and the Great Magician, the return element is ABRAKA. This is a magic that sounds several times, and when they see and hear children for the second time, they can connect to the fairy tale and turn me into active characters, completing the spell: DABRA! That's how creations of the tale can be „evaporated”.

**H-C. Sz.:** In the recently published book titled *Gúfó and the Mushrooms* by Lanczkor Gábor (Csimota Publishing House) you created a very lovable visual world. In the story, a little owl is trying to fly but fails and drop out of the nest. On the ground, Gúfó follows the mushrooms, and he finds himself in a party. They celebrate the full moon and Gúfó returns home. Would you tell me about this book? What techniques were used to make the pictures? Have you got any instructions from the publisher or the author? What was the biggest challenge at the time of creation?

T.M.: With the publisher Csimota it was a common arrangement to recite the style and spectacle of the Piroska and the Great Magician's paper theater at the *Gúfó and the Mushrooms*, so I was very happy to continue experimenting with the use of montage and acrylic paint. However, due to the age group, I have simplified the characters and the environment to make it easier for them to focus on the actors and the action. I compiled the figures of the pages and used simple colors with little shading and light. Thus, each actor was given sufficient emphasis. From the smallest seedling to jazz musicians to the last sprouting mushroom.

**H-C. Sz.:** What are you working on now? Where are your exhibitions right now?

T. M.: I've already started to work on to continue the *Gúfó* series for Christmas. My exhibition was in April in Tatabánya with about fifty original pictures, and then part of the collection wandered to Kaposvár for the 8th Kaposvár International ASSITEJ Children's and Youth Theater Biennial.

If she says: 'abraka'  
[https://nepszava.hu/1111825\\_ha-azt-mondja-abraka](https://nepszava.hu/1111825_ha-azt-mondja-abraka)  
Interview with Mari Takács by Márton Mészáros  
Published: 15th November 2016



Photo: Ádám Molnár

Mari Takács is a nice, soft-hearted woman. Over the past fifteen years, dozens of story-books have been made memorable by the cutting-edge, modern world that has brought the heroes of children alive. In her works there is a range of possibilities for interpretation. Her new work, the *Gúfó at the Feast of Trees*, will soon be on the shelves of bookstores, and will probably be successful as the first volume, which is also loved by small and big ones.

Mari Takács is a quiet, retreating person, who may not be thought by many as a creator. The new work of the graphic artist celebrating her forty-fifth birthday in December, leaves the press soon – *Gúfó at the Feast of the Trees*, will be in the bookstores within a few weeks.

Gábor Lanczkor's first story about *Gúfó*, the naughty owl, was published this Spring. The *Gúfó and the Mushrooms* were successful, as shown by the fact that there was some parents who had reported on his blog that although he had read the work to his younger child, the older kid had read it and liked it a lot.

The story of Gábor Lanczkor, which has been knocked over for many ages, is a small hard-board volume that is had really needed a graphic illustration. Mari Takács has struck the visual world perfectly, her idea is demanding and fully reflects the needs of the kids in the 2010's. As previously written by the art historian Emese Révész on Mari's book titled *London Teddy Bear* by Krisztina Tóth art historian, her "re-invented visual image, only seemingly eclectic, in fact professionally solved in every detail." This statement is true for the volumes of the *Gúfó* series, as well, since the basic rules for illustrating children's books are contravened here too.

When I visit the illustrator's seventh district home, I wonder how she can feel the taste of a fairy tale. "I have multiple readings because I get moods and impressions at first reading. Second run, if there are specific images, sketches, doodles. When I sit for the third time, I only pay attention to details: what colors, objects are they are surrounded by figures, what is in the background, or what kind of nationality the fairy tale is. It is a job where it is not possible to fudge and, if necessary, you should do some research work."

In the stylish living room there is a book about sewing. While Mari shows around her workshop, she explains that the collage elements of many illustrations have been inspired by this manual. "Acrylic, montage and graphite, these techniques are the ones I work with." At the same time, she laughs, the military order is exceptional, she recently finished illustrating the *Gúfó* volume, so she has a little break.

"In the second part *Gúfó* takes part in a secret event, the Feast of Trees. Here the trees live through a season of magic, and no one else should to go to it, only to the very old trees. Now in the woods of colors, paints, pencils, glues, and scissors, we are talking about the ability to bring extra meaning when illustrating a story book. As far as she knows little ones and parents have liked the figure of *Gúfó*. "However, I always strive to bring lovable, entertaining, and unique elements to my work. If someone discover the tiny details in the pictures, for example in the picture of the Moon, he may realize these collages are not art for art's sake. He may think about the picture is not merely about what we actually look but more – in this case about lighting, LED lights in the chandeliers, the surface of the moon, halogen lights etc..."

Mari is married and has a nine-year-old son, Milan. Although she lives in a house with her mother, I am sure that it is a challenge to do such a profound and valuable work alongside her family and child. Immediately after the *Gúfó* and the *Mushrooms* appeared in April, the *Csimota Book Publisher* contacted her to illustrate the sequel. "I started to work in the summer, but I had to break up because of the holidays. It was shorter because I had to find the characters carefully at the first, the hornbeam, the oak, the sheared, and they come alive in the story, they move and walk."

At the story of *Lanczkor*, the publisher thought about her because she knew that she illustrated much to the little ones. "If you already have an idea of how much the work is, then I make a scratch on my PC. So, I need to find that particular essence within a given text, and I really enjoy it", she says, while she is presenting her workshop, where her wall paintings, books on the shelf are lined up.

This is the part of the apartment where the artist having double awards of *The Beautiful Hungarian Book* can work silently. She learned how to focus and draw while on the go, if she had only two free hours. "Of course, the ideal situation is the one when I get up in the morning for my desk and work until afternoon when I go to get my son from the school."

Mari is not just talking through the drawings, but with words. She has got a paper theater work, *Little Red Riding Hood* and the *Great Magician*, and she visits capital or rural schools and libraries with it. "I'll take my wooden frame, sit down against the little one. I hide behind the stand, and they are on the pillows, carpet, chairs..."

It looks like her work is her passion. In the spring of *Tatabánya* and *Kaposvár* she had exhibitions, where with illustrations of fifty pictures of several storybooks. Now she wants to have a comprehensive exhibition of the colorful world of her growing heroes in the capital.



## AWARDS AND OTHER DISTINCTIONS



A SZÉP MAGYAR KÖNYV 2016  
VERSENYEN A  
CSIMOTA KIADÓ  
LANCZKOR GÁBOR  
GÚFÓ A FÁK ÜNNEPÉN  
CIMŰ KÖNYVÉVEL  
A GYERMEKKÖNYVEK  
KATEGÓRIÁJÁBAN  
OKLEVÉLET NYERT.  
BUDAPEST, 2017. JÚNIUS 8.

P. G. G. G.  
E. CSORBA CELLA  
A FŐZŐNYI ELNÖKE  
BOCSI ANDRÁS HENDON  
A SZÉP MAGYAR KÖNYV  
ÉS KÖNYVTUDOMÁNYI  
ÉS KÖNYVTUDOMÁNYI  
KUTATÁSI ÉS  
KÖZVETLEN ELNÖKE

Tipográfus, illusztrátor, képzőművész, burkoló- és könyvszerző:  
Takács Mari



2005 – Beautiful Book Award  
(Dóra Csányi et al. [ed.]: Friss tinta!/Fresh Ink!)



2008 – Beautiful Book Award  
(István Tótfalusi: Meseország lakói /Who Lives in Wonderland?)



2008 – IBBY Hungary – The Children's Book of the Year  
(Ferenc Kovács András: Hajnali csillag peremén/On the Edge of the Morning Star)

2008 – IBBY Hungary - The Illustrator of the Year  
(Ferenc Kovács András: Hajnali csillag peremén/On the Edge of the Morning Star)



2009 – Beautiful Book – Cultural Ministry Special Award  
(László Bagossy: A sötétben látó tündér/The Fairy Who Could See in the Dark)



2013 – Beautiful Book Award  
(Krisztina Tóth: A londoni mackók/London Teddy Bears)



2016 – Beautiful Book Award  
(Gábor Lanczkor: Gúfó a fák ünnepén/Gúfó in the Feast of Trees)

2014 – „Viva literatura! Festival of Children’s Literatures from Central and Eastern Europe”, Berlin – participation as a representative to Hungary.





Exhibition in B32 Gallery, Budapest, Hungary 2018



Workshop, Paks, Hungary 2018



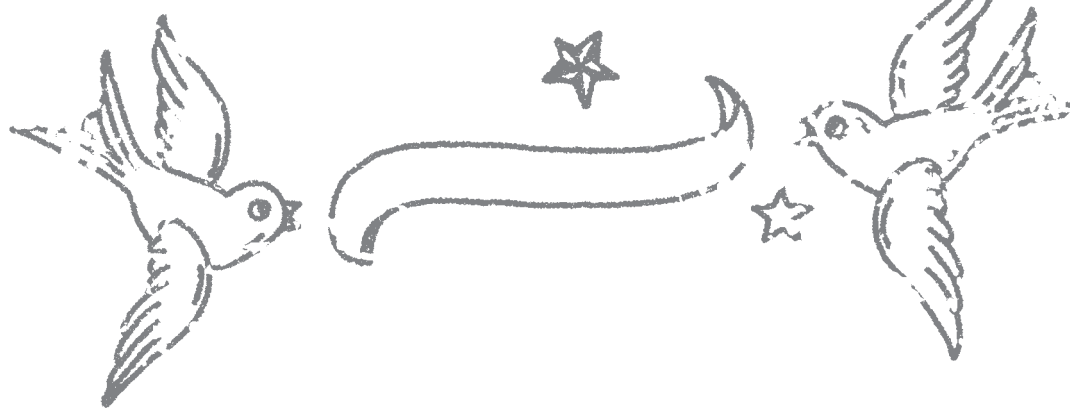
Dedication ÜKH, Budapest, Hungary 2018



Workshop, Győr, Hungary 2016



Kamishibai reading Tilos radio, Budapest, Hungary 2012



## FIVE IMPORTANT TITLES

1. Gábor Lanczkor: GÚFÓ A CSILLAGOK KÖZÖTT  
(GÚFÓ SERIES #4; GÚFÓ THE LITTLE OWL IN THE SPACE)

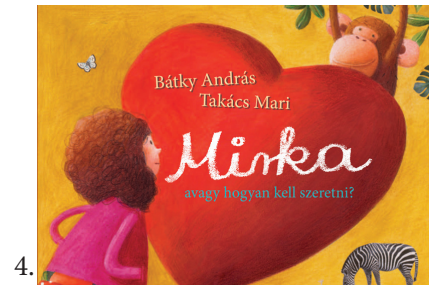
2. Jakob and Wilhelme Grimm: LE PETIT CHAPERON ROUGE  
(LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD)

3. Krisztina Tóth: A LONDONI MACKÓK  
(LONDON TEDDY BEARS)

4. András Bátky: MIRKA – AVAGY HOGYAN KELL SZERETNI?  
(MIRKA OR HOW TO LOVE?)



5. Mari Takács: PIROSKA ÉS A NAGY MÁGUS  
(LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD AND THE GRAND MAGICIAN)  
(Paper Theatre)







## MANUSCRIPTS AND ANNOTATIONS OF THE FIVE IMPORTANT TITLES ILLUSTRATED BY MARI TAKÁCS



Gábor Lanczkor: GÚFÓ A CSILLAGOK KÖZÖTT (GÚFÓ SERIES #4; GÚFÓ THE LITTLE OWL IN THE SPACE), 1st edition: Budapest, Csimota, 2018

English translation of the whole text:



It was a bright summer night. Crickets were roaring of the grassy plateau. Gúfó, the owl perched lonely in the family bolthole. He would have liked to go out with his parents to hunt, but his daddy said not to: Gúfó is not persistent enough yet.



A bagolyszülők kirepültek, a fióka pedig durcásan bámult utánuk a halkan zizegő levelek közül, míg el nem nyelte őket a Tejút. Gúfó sóvárogva nézte a csillagos égboltot.

6

Még hogy nem elég kitartó! Dacosan kiröppent az egyik vastos ágra, majd a szomszédos juharfa csúcsára suhant át. Kikerekedett szemmel kémlelt; izzani látszottak a csillagok tuskés fénypontjai.

7

The owl parents flew away, and the nestling stared defiantly at them from the quietly whirling leaves until his parents were swallowed by the Milky Way. Gúfó looked at the starry sky with pity. "Not persistent enough!" He swung into one of the chunky branches, then moved to the top of the adjacent maple tree. He was searching with his eyes open: the lights of the stars seemed to glow.



A hegytetőn vaddisznók túrták az avart egy magányos tölgy alatt. Két őz ügetett el a ritkás borókásban. A magas fű rejtékútjain egerek és pocokok motoztak. Gúfó nem látta őket, de tudta, hogy ott húzódnak a járataik a fűcsomók között.

9

On the hilltop there were wild boars rooting the leaves at a lonely oak. Two roe deer trotted in the sparse juniper. Mice and gophers were moving on the secret routes in the tall grass. He didn't see them, but he knew their routes were running between the clusters of grass.

A szülei nem ide, hanem a Fekete-hegy lábához jártak vadászni, a falu szélére. Apja és anyja is a templomtorony egy-egy fészkében bújt ki a tojásból. Miután egymásra találtak, felköltöztek ebbe az üres bükkodúba. A régi vadászterülethez azonban ragaszkodtak.

10



His parents did not go to hunt here but to the foot of the Black Mountain at the edge of the village. Both of his parents were born at the church tower's nests. After his parents found each other, they moved into this empty beech bolthole. But they kept their old hunting area.



Gúfó megpillantott egy hullócsillagot: hosszú csóvával karcolta végig az üres feketeséget. Már-már úgy tűnt, becsapódik valahol a közelben, de egy utolsó szikrázva mégiscsak az égi pályán lobbant ki. Gúfó behúzott nyakkal figyelte a tűneményt.

13

Gúfó glanced at a falling star scratching through the empty black sky with a long tail. It seemed like it was about snapped to somewhere nearby, but it sparkled with a the last spark and went out far away in the sky. Gúfó watched the phenomenon with a drawn neck.

Ritkás por hullt alá a magasból, csillámosan lepve be a fióka tollait. Gúfó meglebbentette a szárnyát, hogy lerázza róla, ám abban a pillanatban egyetlen suhanással a fennsík fölért találta magát. Még egyet csapott a szárnyával, aztán visszazézett a bükkfájukra, de az már csak akkorának látszott, mint a nagy fa egyetlen rügyező gallya.

14



Then rare dust fell from the sky, which covered gleamingly the nestling's feathers. Gúfó shook his wings to shake it off, but at that moment he found himself flying above the highland. He struck one more with his wings, then looked back at his beech, but it seemed as big as a single budding twig of the big tree.



Gúfó ujjongva szárnyalt a határtalan égen. Közben mintha valami kapuféleségen siklott volna át: két sötét oszlop után úgy nyílt meg az égbolt, akár egy tágas terem.

A csillagok hosszú fénytüskéi egymásba fonódva határozott alakokat rajzoltak ki. Ez itt olyan volt, mint egy mancs. A másik olyan, mint egy bundás fül. És egyszer csak megjelent Gúfó előtt egy fényből szőtt, hatalmas medve.

17

Gúfó joyfully flying in the boundless sky. Meanwhile, he seemed to be sliding through a gate: after two dark columns, the sky opened as a spacious room.

Long light barbs of the stars were tangled into each other, drawing definite shapes. This was like a paw here. The other was like a fur coat over there. And suddenly a giant bear woven from light appeared before Gúfó.

– Hát te meg ki vagy? – mordult rá a fiókára, aki annyira megijedt, hogy még verdesni is elfelejtett a szárnyával. Úgy lebegett ott az űrben, akár egy szél rezgette zöld falevél.  
 – Gúfó a nevem – huhogta.  
 – És hogy kerülsz ide?  
 – Idáig fölrepültem – pislogott sűrűn Gúfó.  
 – Te volnál a nyolcvankilencedik? – kérdezte álmélkodva a medve.  
 A fióka értetlenül nézett.

18



“Who are you?” He growled at the nestling, who was so frightened that he had forgotten about his wings. He floated in the space, like a green leaf vibrating in the wind.

“My name is Gúfó,” he hissed.

“And how do you get here?”

“I’ve been flying so far,” he blinking densely.

“Would you be the eighty-ninth?” The bear said marveling.

The nestling looked puzzled.



– Már hogy lehetne ő a nyolcvankilencedik? – szólalt meg egy magas, éles hang Gúfó háta mögött.  
 – Ez csak egy kölök!

– Ugyan már, miért ne lehetne ő a nyolcvankilencedik? – replikázott valaki.

A fióka hátrafordult, és meglátta a többi fénybe-szótt alakot is. Volt ott két hal, akik nem tági-tottak egymás közeléből, egy bakkecske, egy oroszlán, egy rák, egy skorpió, egy sas, egy hattyú, egy delfin, és közel-távol számtalan alak, akikhez hasonlókat a fióka még álmában se látott. Középpütt egy nagy szekér ragyogott.

21

“How could he be the eighty-ninth?” Asked a sharp voice behind Gúfó’s back. “It’s just a kid!”

“Come on, why can’t he be the eighty-ninth?” Someone replicated.

The nestling turned back and saw the other shining figures. There were two fish standing strongly next to each other, a billygoat, a lion, a crab, a scorpion, an eagle, a swan, a dolphin, and countless other figures he had never ever dreamed of. In the middle there was a glowing big cart.



– Isten hozott! – szólt a hattyú, aki kecsesen kitért szárnyakkal lebegett az űrben.

22



– Mi ez, egy kölyökbagoly?! – röppent oda a fény-sas, fenyegetően meresztve Gúfó felé a csőrét.

23

“Welcome!” Said the swan to Gúfó, who hovered gracefully with wings out in space.

“What is this, a puppy owl?!” Said the light-eagle flying there. He was clapping his beak towards Gúfó to threaten him.

– Semmi keresnivalója itt – mekegte a kecskebak, és a szarvát közben előreszegezte.  
 – De hátha mégis ő a nyolcvankilencedik – mondta higgadtan a delfin.  
 – Mindannyian tudjátok, hogy nagy szükségünk lenne egy nyolcvankilencedikre – érvelt a hattyú. – A nyolcvannyolc az baljós szám.  
 – Tényleg ő lenne a nyolcvankilencedik? Ez csak egy vakarcs! – szólt a rák, miközben Gúfó fületollának közelében csattogtatta az ollóit.

24



“He shouldn’t be here,” the goat barked, hurling his horn.

“But maybe he’s really the eighty-ninth,” the dolphin said.

“We all know that we are in need of an eighty-ninth,” the swan argued. “The eighty-eight is a dangerous number.”

“Is he really the eighty-ninth?” This is just a nubin!” The crab said, snapping his scissors close to Gúfó’s earlobe.



A fióka úgy gondolta, jobb, ha hallgat a feje fölött kilobbant üstökösről. Biztos volt benne, hogy a tollára hullott csillagpor miatt tudott főlészárnyalni idáig.

26

– Mit tudunk mi egyáltalán a nyolcvankilencedikéről?! – kérdezte valaki hátulról, és rögtön meg is adta rá a választ: – Semmit!

27

The nestling thought he'd better didn't tell them anything about the comet that had had rushed over his head. He was confident that the star dust fallen on his feathers was made him to rise up so high. "What do we know about the eighty-ninth?!" Somebody asked from behind, and he immediately answered, "Nothing!"



– Annyi biztos, hogy csak ma éjjel tud hozzánk feljutni, amikor pont ugyanolyan hosszú az éjszaka, mint a nappal, és nyitva van az ég kapuja – szólt az oroszlán.

29

"One thing is sure though: he could fly up here only tonight, when the night and day are equally long, and the gate of heaven is open," the lion said.

– A bagolyfióka feljött hozzánk, és épp ma, tehát ő a nyolcvankilencedik! – mondta a hattyú, majd Gúfóhoz fordult. – Az ég kapuja nemsokára bezárul. Ha akarsz, most még elmehetsz, de én maradnék a helyedben. Nézz rám: magam is közönséges, halandó hattyúként röptültem föl ide egy régi-régi nyárárszakán. Szemet kápráztatóan fénylettek a hattyú tollai a tágas feketeségben. Gúfó irigykedve nézte.  
– Ha maradsz, akkor a bagolyfióka csillagképeként fogsz az idők végezetéig ragyogni – tette még hozzá.

30



“The owl has come up to us and it is today, so he’s the eighty-ninth!” The swan said, then turned to Gúfó. “The gate of heaven will close soon. If you want, you can go now, but I would stay in your place. Look at me: I myself was flying here as an ordinary, mortal swan on an old-old summer night.”

The feathers of the swan were dazzlingly glowing in the spacious blackness. Gúfó looked enviously. “If you stay, you will shine as the constellation of the owl nestling until the end of time,” he added.



Gúfó nagyot nyelt. Szép akart lenni; épp ilyen szép. Eszébe jutott a bükkfaodú és a szülei. A hattyú fényruhájára gondolt. Ami talán túl nagy egy kölyökbagolyra. De mégsem: hiszen maga is ilyen fényruhát visel, bagoly méretben.

– Tudnod kell – szólt a delfin –, ha a maradás mellett döntesz, soha többé nem térhetsz vissza a földre.

– Pattanj föl a Göncölszekérre! – fordult a fiókához a medve. – Körbevislek, ismerj meg mindenkit ide-fenn. Jól fogod érezni magadat köztünk, meglátod!

33

The nestling swallowed. He wanted to be beautiful; just as beautiful as the swan was. He remembered the beech tree bolthole and his parents. He thought of the swan’s light dress. Which is perhaps too big for a puppy owl. However, he is wearing such a light suit right now, in an owl size.

“You must know,” the dolphin said, “if you decide to stay, you will never be able to return to the earth again.

“Get up on the Charles’s Wain! The bear turned to the nestling. “I’ll get you around, get to know everyone here. You’ll enjoy this, you see!



– Mikor is zárul az a kapu? – kérdezte Gúfó sandán.  
 A medve hunyorítva nézett le a messzeségbe.  
 – Lassacskán – dörmögte. – Gyerünk, pattanj föl  
 ide a bakra!  
 Gúfó kénytelen-kelletlen fölroppent a Göncöltre,  
 a medve pedig húzni-vonni kezdte a nehéz szekeret.  
 – Látod, eléggé tele van már az égbolt, de valahol  
 majd csak találunk neked helyet – morogta közben.  
 Először két vicsorgó fénykutya mellett álltak meg.  
 Gúfó ijedten borzolta föl a tollát.

34



“When will the gate end?” Asked Gúfó squizzy.

“Very soon,” he murmured. “Come on, get up the buck!”

Gúfó was reluctantly flew up on the Wain, and the bear began to pull the heavy cart.

“You see, the sky is full enough, but we’ll find a place for you some time,” he muttered.

First they stood by two snarling light dogs. Gúfó bristled up his feathers in fear.



– Ők a vadászebek, de ne tarts tőlük, igen-igen  
 jámbor állatok – próbálta a medve megnyugtani.

36



Kevés sikerrel, mert a kutyák nem hagyták  
 abba a vicsorgást, inkább ugatni kezdtek.

37

“They are hunting dogs, but don’t afraid of them, they are quite biddable animals,” the bear tried to reassure him. However, the dogs did not stop snarling, but started barking.



– Jól van, majd később összebarátkoztok – mondta a medve, és az ellenkező irányba indultak tovább. Egy bojtos fülű fénymacska mellett álltak meg.  
 – Szervusz, hiúz – köszöntötte a medve.  
 – Hát ez a tollgombóc meg kicsoda? – nyávogta majdhogynem kedvesen a hiúz.  
 Gúfó mosolyogni próbált és egy biccentéssel üdvözölte az égbolt régi lakóját. Aztán lenézett a mélybe a szekérről.

“Alright, you will be friends later,” the bear said, moving the Wain to the opposite direction.

They stood by a tufted-eared light cat.

“Hello, bobcat,” the bear greeted.

“Well, who is this feather noddle?” Asked the bobcat almost gently.

Gúfó tried to smile and greeted the old inhabitant of the sky with a nod. Then he looked down from the chariot.

– Az ott az ég kapuja, ugye? – kérdezte a medvétől, és a két, egymás mellett húzódnó csík felé mutatott, amik sötétebbnek tűntek a sötét éjszakánál is. Nagyon közel voltak már egymáshoz.  
 A medve nem felelt.

– Mi újság felétek, hiúz barátom? Mesélj valamit! – harsogta.

– Nyitva van még a kapu? – kérdezte Gúfó, de a medve most se felelt.

40



“That’s the gate of heaven, isn’t it?” He asked the bear, pointing at the two strips that coincided with each other, which seemed darker than the dark night. They were very close to each other.

The bear didn’t answer.

“What’s up, my old friend? Tell me!” He roared.

“Is the gate still open?” Gúfó asked, but the bear didn’t answer.



Ebben a pillanatban odaröppent a szekérre egy holló. Fehéren fénylettek a tollai, amin Gúfó eléggé meghökkent, hiszen eddig csak fekete hollókat látott. De idefenn mindenki ragyogott.  
 – Mit keresel te köztünk, kisbagoly? – kérdezte a jövevény a fiókát.

At that moment, a raven flew into the cart. His feathers shone white, which Gúfó was amazed at, as he had only seen black ravens. But everyone was shining here.

“What are you doing here above, little owl?” The incomer asked the nestling.

– Ő lesz a nyolcvankilencedik – válaszolta Gúfó helyett a medve.  
 A holló reszelősen kacagott föl, Gúfónak pedig az a furcsa érzése támadt, hogy belelátanak a gondolataiba.  
 – Bizony-bizony, ritka vagyok, mint a fehér holló. De vajon akarsz-e te is ilyen különleges lenni, mint én?



“He’ll be the eighty-ninth,” the bear replied instead of Gúfó.

The raven laughed hawky, and Gúfó had the strange feeling that they could see his thoughts.

“Truly, I’m rarely like a white raven. But do you want to be as special as I do?”



– Mennem kell – válaszolta határozottan Gúfó. Fölragyogott szárnyán a csillagpor, ahogy nekirugaszkodott a szekér bakjáról. Egészen be kellett húznia a szárnyait, hogy átférjen a kapun. A tolláról rögtön lehullott az összes csillagpor. A földről nézve úgy tűnt, mintha egy hullócsillag süvített volna keresztül az égen.

“I have to go,” Gúfó said firmly. The star dust gleamed on his wings as he strode out of the cart.

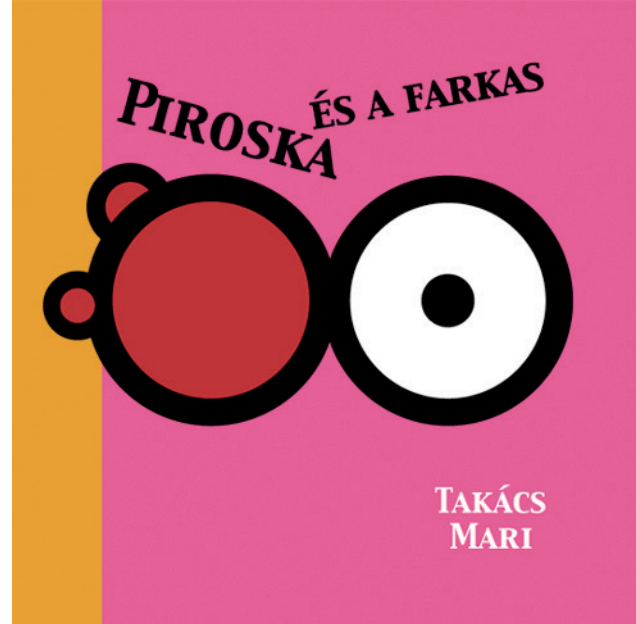
He had to pull his wings all the way to get through the gate. All the star dust dropped down immediately from his feathers. Looking from the ground, it seemed as if a falling star had sunk through the sky.



Gúfó éles bagolyszemével hamar észrevette a magasból a Fekete-hegyet, a fennsíkot, végül a bükkfájukat. Behuppant az üres odúba, nagyot sóhajtott, és megkönnyebbülve elaludt.

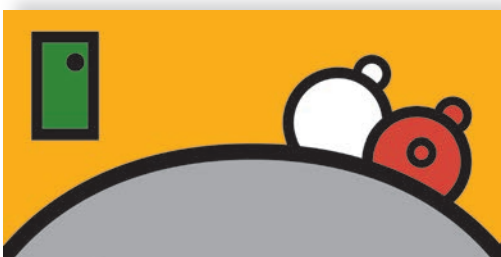
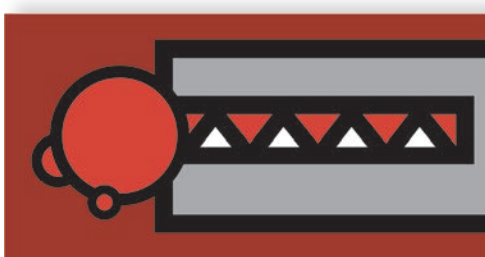
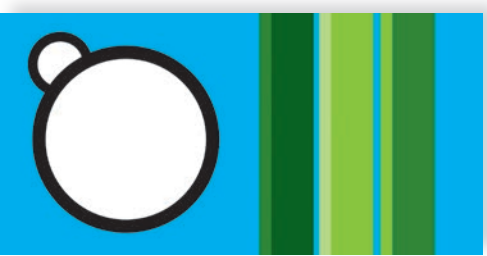
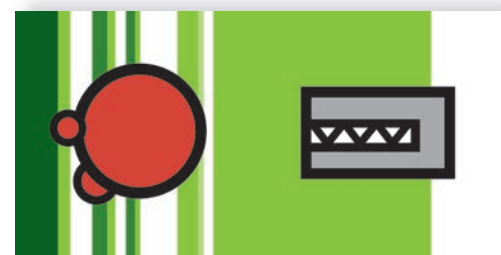
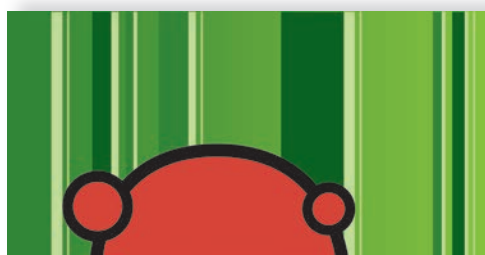
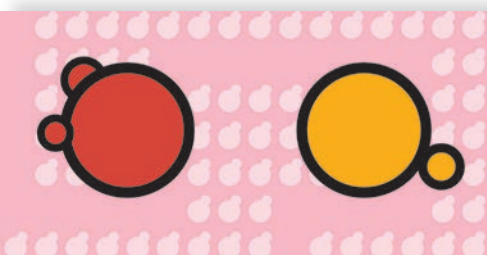
With a sharp owl eye, the rifle quickly noticed the Black Mountain, the plateau, and finally the beech. He burst into the empty bolthole, sighed deeply, and fell asleep with relief.

Jakob and Wilhelm Grimm: LE PETIT CHAPERON ROUGE (LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD)  
(Design Book series)  
1st edition: Budapest, Csimota, 2016



### About the Design Book Series

The book interprets the well-known story without text, in the form of pictures. The aim of the series is to allow children to meet different visual attitudes through their tale in their smallest age. The images recall the most important elements of the fairy tale, thus helping, directing the story-teller, who has the opportunity to adjust to the age and interest of the listening children every time.



Mari Takács: PIROSKA ÉS A NAGY MÁGUS  
(LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD AND THE  
GREAT MAGICIAN) (Paper Theatre)  
Written and illustrated by Mari Takács  
1st edition: Budapest, Csimota, 2015



1. Once upon a time there was a little girl. Everyone pampered, cuddled, but most of all her grandmother. She loved her as deeply as no one else in the world. She knit a beautiful little cap to her. The girl never went anywhere without it. She was named after the cap Little Red Riding Hood.



2. On a nice day her mother asked her daughter to visit her sick grandmother and take her a basket of delicacy. But she was asked very seriously not to go off the road. Little Red barely left her home behind when a white-haired ... .. a red-eyed ..., a big-eyed ...



3.... rabbit suddenly was in front of her and was pointing excitedly toward the forest and whacking about an exceptional talented magician.



4. Little Red became curious and followed the rabbit into the woods. By the time they reached the magician, there was everyone from the forest and amazed by the great artist.

„Hello, you little white rabbit! What do you want me to do?”  
The magician asked.

„Enchant me onto a huge carrot field!” The rabbit cried excitedly, then waited for the miracle with her eyes closed. The Great Magician lifted his magic wand and made three circles in the air and shouted: ABRACA...



5. ...DABRA!



6. In that second, the rabbit disappeared without a whip. Not even a silky white hair left behind.  
The audience applauded and ventured one step closer.

„Hello, you little orange fox! What do you want me to do?” The magician asked.

„Enchant me in a hen house!” He replied with a corky stomach and with bright eyes, then he waited for the miracle with his eyes closed.

The Great Magician once again lifted his magic wand, then drawn three circles in the air and shouted: ABRACA...

7.... DABRA!

8. In that second, the fox disappeared. Not even a silky, orange hair left behind.

The audience cheered applauded again and ventured a step further.

„Hello, you a little bird in the colour of wrapping paper! What do you want me to do?” The magician asked.

„Magic me onto the moon!” The little bird replied chirping, then waited for the miracle with her eyes closed.

The Great Magician again raised his magic wand, showing three circles in the air and shouting: ABRACA...

9. ...DABRA!



10. Little Red Riding Hood looked at the Great Magician amazed. She had never seen such a miracle before, and she didn't think anything bad about him. She was very happy when the lumpy lumpy wolf with a black grin, called her:

„Hello, you little girl! What do you want me to do?”

„Enchant me to my grandmother's house!” Little Red answered in a bright tone. „She's not feeling well lately, so I'll bring her a little cake and a little wine.”

„Oh! The lovely, lovely grandma!” The wolf stood up with a black grin. “Then I'm enchanting you to see her sooner.”

And the Great Magician raised his magic wand for the fourth time, then show three circles in the air and shouted: ABRACA...

11. ...DABRA!

12. In that second, Little Red disappeared along with the Magician. Not a red thread, not even a gray piece of hair left behind.

Instead of grandma's house, Little Red Riding Hood found herself on a beautiful summer meadow ...

While the Magician ...

13.... in the grandmother's house.

He introduced his magic science there too ... and soon after the sick old grandmother had been eliminated, the Magician put on her ruffled headband, went to her bed, pulled the duvet up to his chin and waited for Little Red, with a coal-black grin.

14. Little girl soon arrived. She happily crossed the threshold, eager to talk to her grandmother.

15. When she saw him, she noticed that she had changed since their last encounter. She could not stand without words:

“Oh, grandmother, why are your eyes so big?”

“To see you better, Little Red!” The lumpy lumpy wolf said in a thin, shaking tone.





16. “Well, but your ear, my dear grandmother ... has become so huge!

“To hear you better, Little Red!

“And your mouth? Simply huge! Why...”



17. For a moment, the wolf did not go further.

“To say the magic spell!” He shouted in his own, ugly voice, and did not lie, he enchanted the frightened little girl.



18. The wolf tossed with the spells so loud that even a hunter passing the house turned his head towards the house.

“What could happen to the grandmother, she never made any conjure before!” He knocked, and then knocked again, and because he did not get a response, he cautiously entered the house.



He understood everything in a blink of an eye. The wise hunter snatched the magic wand from the wolf's hand, drawing three circles in the air as a skilled magician, and shouted ABRACA...

19.... DABRA!



20. In that second, the bad wolf disappeared!

The stunned grandmother, the freaking Little Red, the scared fox, and the shaking rabbit, however, climbed from the magic cylinder! Luckily, they had nothing to do with fear. When they could breathe in again, they danced in the middle of the room, wondering where the wolf went or what happened to the little bird.



21. But the hunter turned around, spoke some of the spells he'd heard in his childhood, and then hid in each of them to find out what was happening.

The black bad, lumpy wolf, more commonly known as the Great Magician, has never come out of the cylinder thanks to the magic! It was only sometimes that they could hear his voice, which was the loudest at the full moon.



Here's the end ... that is ABRACADABRAAAA!

Krisztina Tóth: A LONDONI MACKÓK  
(LONDON TEDDY BEARS)

2nd edition: Budapest, Csimota, 2013



Childrens's poems for 3—6 old. It's an anniversary volume of a book titled the same. The publisher decided to republish it again with some extra verses after ten years but now with only one illustrator. Mari Takács rethought the poems and created a colourful retro world with special sensitivity to the poems. The result is a unique piece of art and it was also awarded with Beautiful Book Award in 2013.

Mari Takács's re-tuned image is just an eclectic, in fact professionally solved, in every detail. Its basic idea is nostalgia, as you say on the blog of Mari Takács: "antique store fragrance". The reason for this retrospective is that it is a new edition of a book that was published ten years earlier. The little hero of Krisztina Tóth's poems became a schoolboy now who flips through poems such like as a journal of his early days. But the nostalgia of Mari Takács is not an emotional despair, rather a loving enumeration of old odds and ends, and puts all of the charming childrens' poems in the quotation mark of remembrance.

Please see more details in a London Teddy Bears review.





András Bátky: **MIRKA – AVAGY HOGYAN KELL SZERETNI? (MIRKA OR HOW TO LOVE?)**  
1st edition: Budapest, General Press, 2012

### Synopsis

Mirka is a very curious little girl. One afternoon while she is at home and reluctantly working on her homework she cannot stop thinking about a book she would preferably write: a book about love. She is aware of the fact her parents love her, but how many ways there are to love? She goes on to discover that the monkeys' love is very protective, the ants live and love in a community, the camels love every child in their society, the lion's love is strict and fair and she gets to know also, that sometimes it takes love to let go of your own child. But far most she learns that love is not for the measure or scale - the best when you feel you are loved in whatever circumstances you live.



## Desert in the Playground

In: András Bátky: *Mirka or How to Love (Detail)*

Budapest: General Press, 2012

On the other side of the road, Mirka stood at the entrance to the new playground. Ever since it was opened, she has never been here. This is a good time, Mirka thought and entered the ornate gate of the playground. She went passed the slides, bypassed the climbing frame, and crossed the sandbox. As she went on in her rubber boots, the sun suddenly shone, and Mirka squinted into the sky that had been clouded with clouds just minutes ago. Not even a tiny cloud was seen then. The sun smiled broadly as it was about to make a very good joke, and began to heat up with double force. Mirka wiped her forehead and looked around. As far as she could see, she was surrounded by sandy hills and sandy valleys. It was as if a bored wizard had stopped the ocean waving with a single swing. The immobility in the middle of the landscape was broken by only a tiny moving thing. Mirka had her eyes dropped until she could get its outlines. A camel approached. Then another one appeared on the top of the far hill and six more in a row. An entire caravan was hovering over Mirka's swaying wings. When they arrived at her, they stopped and the snow-clads wrapped around the snow-covered slabs fell into the sand next to the little girl.

"Unfortunately, I don't speak any foreign language," Mirka tried to understand with them, stressing very slowly.

One of them took off the white cloak from her face, and Mirka was amazed to see that camel rider was a woman.

"We don't speak any foreign language, either," she said, and Mirka understood every word. "Did you get lost in the endless desert? We are happy to help you. We will find those who belong to you, and as long as we find them, we will love you as our own children."

"I am not lost," Mirka replied slightly. "My parents will come home soon. I'm just on the road to learning more about how to love."

"All right then." The woman and the whole team started to make a ride.



“Wait for a second,” Mirka cried. “The first thing you said, if I was lost, you would like to have your own children.” But you do not know me at all! How could you love me?

The woman smiled and stroked Mirka’s head.

“Our life here is very difficult and dangerous in the desert. Usually, we travel far and sometimes for a long time”, she said.

Unfortunately, it often happens that someone does not come home to their children when they are waiting very much. At times, they look after the children of those who stay away from home. We all love all children equally. So we can be sure that if we happen to be traveling with us, those who stay at home will love our children just like we do. Love is important, not who gives or to whom.

“Wow, that’s very interesting,” Mirka thought. “Once Mr. Grum, our neighbor, look after me, too, when my mom and dad went to the theater, but that sounds much better!”

“Good and hard at the same time. At times, love has to travel a long way to reach the goal”, she said, looking into Mirka’s eyes. “You have to go through many hands and hearts before you get home. But we always have to believe that our love is important and will not be lost somewhere along the way. Your parents will be at home soon, so you should leave now. And my folks are waiting for me already”. The woman said goodbye and climbed up on her camel. Mirka looked long after the retreating caravan, then shoved the sand out of her rubber boots, stepped out of the playground in a moment, and headed home.





## REVIEWS OF THE FIVE IMPORTANT TITLES

Gábor Lanczkor: GÚFÓ A CSILLAGOK KÖZÖTT (GÚFÓ SERIES #4; GÚFÓ THE LITTLE OWL IN THE SPACE), 1st edition: Budapest, Csimota, 2018

About the series please see Boglárka Paulovkin's text on Statement page.

**LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD** and the Square. Design Children's Book Series. Artmagazin, #105. pages 64–70. 2018 7th July 2018

Written by Emese Révész art historian, critic (details)

Founded in 2003, Csimota specializes in children's books, but is characterized by its continuous innovation in style and genre. Their name implies the introduction of the Japanese Paper Theater for the Hungarian audience, the launch of a series of Tolerance on Socially Responsible Issues, and the pioneering example of non-textbooks, called Design Books. Since 2007, have been published 23 volumes in the Series of Design Books. Their idea came from the head of the publisher, Dóra Csányi, who saw Tibor Kárpáti's pixel drawings to launch the first series of five volumes. According to her idea, a classical story is processed by five graphics in five separate volumes, with the full omission of text commentaries, only in pictures. In the small, 12 x 12 cm, hard-covered volumes, there were 20 pages for the designers to tell a story that was well known worldwide. The first series processed the story of Little Red Riding Hood (2007), The Three Little Pigs (2007–2015), the Snow White (2009), Puss in Boots (2012), and more recently the only three-volume Sleeping Beauty.

The peculiarity of a picture book without words is to tell a story via pictures ignoring written text. There are many related features with the genre of the look and say-book, art book, comic book and "graphic novel", but none of them are identical with it. (...)

Most of the contemporary picture books reveal the original story of the author. Design Books, on the other hand, work on stories that are well known to everyone, part of a common, universal fairy tale tradition. The processed tales are thus far from being textless, they are strongly linked to the literary and oral tradition. The creation and reception of images presupposes the reading of the text of the tales. (...)

Although the main feature of these Design books is the omission of text, verbatim is an essential component of it. Each picture book has a title, a copyright page, and some of the pieces of Design Books also show some short words. The unique feature of the Csimota series is that each volume bears titles in different language of the same fairy tale. Little Red Riding Hood, for example, have appeared in Hungarian, German, English, French and Spanish titles; the Puss in Boots hold Italian, Portuguese, Danish, Greek and Slovakian titles. It clearly expresses the main creed of the whole series: the universality of images over the nations and the freedom of culturally and individually different interpretations.

The presentation of the same story in a different, culturally and individually-changing method shows a deep relationship with the fundamentally changing nature of the tales.

Krisztina Tóth: A LONDONI MACKÓK  
(LONDON TEDDY BEARS)

Time Shift from London to Budapest

Written by Emese Révész

<http://kotvefuzve.postr.hu/londoni-mackok-takacs-mari-illusztracioi>

Published on 9th April 2014



The launch of a new renaissance of contemporary children's book illustration can be linked to various events. One of the possible dates is the founding of the Csimota Publishing House in 2003, as the publisher has been a representative of the renewable visuality of Hungarian children's books in the past ten years. Csimota celebrates its jubilee in their usually unique way: they republished their very first book, Krisztina Tóth's book titled London Teddy Bear in a very new outlook. It is a special twin screw, because at the end of the magic skipping, the volume remains the same, but it will be quite different. In addition, it does not lose its magic during the transformation: what was once a pioneer in its time, it become still unique in this new outlook.

Ten years ago, the poems in the ten brochures were accompanied by the pictures of seven young artists. Then the presentation was surprisingly original, because the text and image appeared in the booklets with equal weight. Krisztina Tóth got all the poems of linguistically ingenious but non-crunching and eloquent writings based on life-like situations. This was not the case with the pictures: there were technically experimental compositions, paintings, collages, photos, shadow pictures. The publisher obviously had no intention of being polish together the art of Kata Pap, Gergő Magyar, Bori Ruttkai, Hilda Simon, István Csáki, Csaba Szentesi, and Catherine Burki. The publisher's eclectic ambition with a solo intention: to make a distance from the floral layer of the baby's illustrations, taking up expressive, experimental imaging tools. The dominant, stylistically free-flow of suggested the same mood – subject can be different form by the different reader (or drawer). This was closely related to the basic idea of design books that started three years later, and now stands out with the complete elimination of the text, along with the freedom of visual interpretation and, consequently, the freedom of personal interpretation.

The new edition of the London Teddy Bear has outgrown its baby failures: Mari Takács's re-tuned image is just an eclectic, in fact professionally solved, in every detail. Its basic idea is nostalgia, as you say on the blog of Mari Takács: "antique store fragrance". The reason for this retrospective is that it is a new edition of a book that was published ten years earlier. The little hero of Krisztina Tóth's poems became a schoolboy now who flips through poems such like as a journal of his early days. But the nostalgia of Mari Takács is not an emotional despair, rather a loving enumeration of old odds and ends, and puts all of the charming childrens' poems in the quotation mark of remembrance. What happened in the pictures of the mysterious publications was an eventful event, now an associative mesh woven from the special threads of remembrance, which is proudly nostalgic, where the retrospective retreats. Each picture is a wall of Madelaine biscuits, which frees the waterfall of memories. The unique taste of the volume comes from this distance. Mari Takács does not give birth to the heroes of the poems, but unlike the ten-year-old images, neither the protagonist nor its specific environment appears. Her work is much more "illustrare" – in the original meaning of the word,

i. e. "illuminating" the text, its inner circles.

Mari Takács tied Krisztina Tóth's poems. In the fullest sense of the word, as we hold a volume that is not just a collection of images attached to texts, it is a book object with a separate visual image, a literary art object. Not only does this mean that pictures and texts are typographically fitting together. Mari Takács considers the whole volume, including the individual poems and spreads, to be a self-contained visual unity, in which the body of the poem is a self-contained visual element, as well as image forms covering the side planes. These shapes are not limited to the finite plane of the paper, they only penetrate through the sign that they are the inhabitants of a wider world, who spin through the pages of the book in transit. Remaining with the metaphor of remembrance: frustrating thought fragments, personal calling words. Despite the fact that neither the image nor the text has a fixed place, the visual whole of the volume is seamless. The fundamental principle of unity is freedom of diversity, continuous renewal, surprising visual sensation. Eclecticism as an organizing force, with its surreal pendulum, keeps the viewer in constant excitement, constantly placing him in a new role, scaling freely from emotional to ironic.

The quotation marks of the style game already define the cover. It is free from misconceptions and biases, which is not advantageous in the book market – but unmistakably sets the tone. The poet's name is a little bird singing (from a sailor's tattoo here), and the teddy bears an eye on an old TV screen. Mari Takács applied her own name to the shape of a scissor, indicating that the main tool for this time is not the brush, but the scissors that shape the image. Gesture deliberately binds her work to the tradition of art history in the collage. The boom in the artistic application of technology is typically the twentieth century, when French surrealists – most notably Max Ernst – used it with great pleasure. As a tool for the visualization of associative, thought-based associations, Hungarian surrealism has often used the technique. After Lajos Kassák and Béla Kondor, Endre Bálint, Lili Ország and many neoavantgarde artists experimented with collage. Mari Takács refrains from stacking motifs in line with the framework of a children's book, and instead of the Dadaist absurd, she unravels surreal image associations closer to the childhood. At the same time, when placing the first poems of the title poem, she indicates that she calls her viewer-reader an informal game where the verses of the poem are churning out of a teapot, where a tear-off teddy bear sits on a wing of a centennial engraved flying wings, with the winged heads of renaissance angels flying above him. This associative style game includes the shaping of page numbers that are varied per poem.

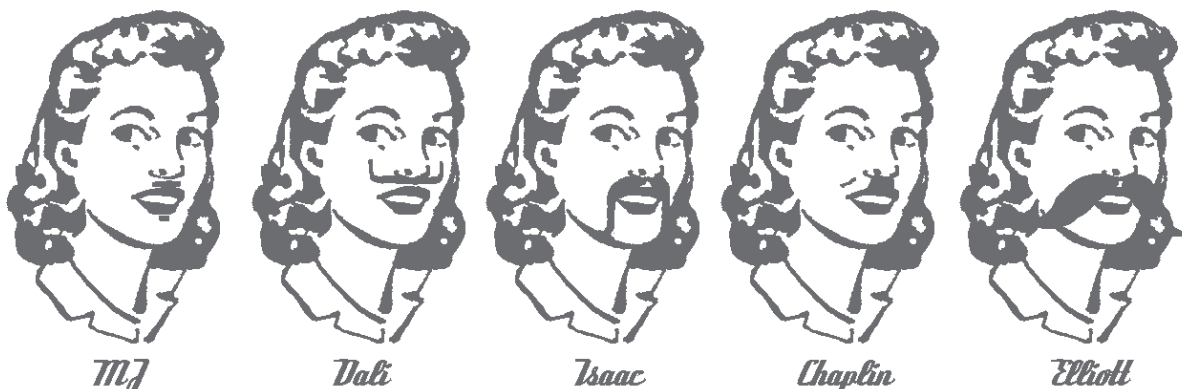
The greatest virtue of her book is the way in which she unifies the different layers of image style that are radically different. Free travel between style layers, pictorial methods leads the viewer to a real visual adventure park, this roller coaster follows the science chart with an emotional 19th century section, from our grandmothers' world only in the sixties, back to the Biedermeier prints, go while retouched photos, old games photos appear. With this, Mari Takács radically kicks the statute of the style unit (child) to illustrate. Calculations will work, because the visually impaired viewer of today's visual changes has become one of the channels of visual forms without problems. What's more, this Z-generation's visual mother tongue, which collects the whole picture from time-to-time slideshows, surfs the web surfing. (All this fits well with the world of Marci, who has grown up from the kindergarten in the past ten years, whose presence is brought to life by Krisztina Tóth's new poems adapted to the old ones.)



The illustrations of Mari Takács are not servants of the text, they abandon the countless details of poems rich in subjective descriptions and events, with great self-control to finally highlight a single but more focused motif. In addition to the poem titled Tiger, in which the animal is a fictional form of darkness, a small paper tiger comes down from the side of the page, most of the page is dominated by a light switch that brings comfort and safety feeling. The text of Brummogda (caa 'Growly Workshop') describes the teddy bear workshop in detail, while the picture shows only the image of an old teddy bear restrained on the archive. And there is the poem of a little bear with his hiking mother only to be illustrated by a botanically authentic picture of the forest spice of bear leek. Krisztina Tóth's poetry is supplemented by Mari Takács with pictorial-style games. Flower-Eating Dezső Giraffe put a new shape in each picture: first he looks at the window of a century-old dwelling house, and then gets a new shape on the cover of the style of the technical manuals of the 1950s, eventually leaning towards a microphone in the style of the sixties pop.

In other places Mari Takács's composition adds an emblematic concentrate to the poem, such as the poem titled Responsive Poem's Superman figure who is holding hands for taking oath or the schematic female figure borrowed from the advertising clichés of the fifties in the poem Marci and the Train. The summoning of the latter suggests that the images of the volume are a collection of visual memories of several generations, which call from the grandmothers of the reading quite different memories than their grandchildren. This does not mean, however, that the "Caravan Porsche Mazda" could not be interpreted by today's child reader, who has probably visited the Transport Museum once or more and maybe knows more about railway history from educational books and films than we ourselves. Mari Takács's style has some postmodern flavors, for example when calls Warhol with his dog food can or a surrelistic picture of a shark head.

In this way Mari Takács puts the viewer in the role of a creator. This is similar to the position that contemporary art expects from its viewer. What it provides is not a visual chewing gum, but a partnership that engages in creative instincts. Why would we think that a child is not suitable for this partnership, however he is at the peak of his creativity at the age between 3 to 10? When I asked my seven-year-old son about the tape measure on the paginas, he answered in the most natural way: that is "the other end of time". The images of most of the children's books in Hungary serve their viewers, giving a faithful explanation of the events that emerge from the words. They are not assumed to be capable of anything other than reassuring equivalence. Dezső Tandori's bears are brought to life by Irisz Agócs fairy teddy bears. Mari Takács's relationship with Krisztina Tóth's poems is much more distant: humorous, self-heroic, sometimes grotesque rather than emotional. This stretches a long, but broadly safe rope between text and images, where the viewer and adult are both enjoying the pleasure. Up to the Adventure!



Mari Takács: PIROSKA ÉS A NAGY MÁGUS  
(LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD AND THE GRAND MAGICIAN) (Paper Theatre)

<http://www.artlimes.hu/cikk?id=221>

Written by Éva Miglinczi, critic

Takács Mari - The Magician

On the pages of Little Red Riding Hood and the Great Magician (Csimota, 2015) characteristic wisdom of Mari Takács is richly displayed. Once you have used a tailoring pattern, you know that it is easy to get lost in the jungle of lines. The illustration of the forest upon a tailoring pattern is a hit, as it is the use of collage technology. In the illustrations, there are some text in French, such as the inscription of the grandmother's bedding, "Magique de beauté", which also appears on the roof. The inscription "may our dress fashionable" on Little Red's bag, or the laces and their prints in every detail of the picture surfaces involve an important message. Reading the pictures is just reading the story itself. The story's language is Mari's visual narrative. The characters, the gentle irony and the symbolic gestures come together with the story of Piroška and the Great Magician.

Custom-made, full-bodied color tone and shape set are always made of accented elements. The passionate, swirling color fields typical Mari-type solutions and they are similar, but never unanimous. It combines graphic and painting elements into a new unit with the assemblage technique. Illustrations of smoldering points, light-shadow contrasts, paper cuts, laces, and viewpoints create a balance between seeing and verballity.



András Bátky: **MIRKA – AVAGY HOGYAN KELL SZERETNI?**  
(MIRKA OR HOW TO LOVE?)

<http://olvasovanevels.gportal.hu/gindex.php?pg=35308302&nid=6649114>

Review by Hanna Győri 24 August 2016

General Press, 2012

Mirka, a restless girl, is trying to find out if her parents love her at all. (...) To find it out, she leaves her home behind and steps into an imaginary world where elements of reality transform now and then and the world shows how different kinds of love you can see.

You can love in many ways, but maybe the best is to love the way we are being loved. (...) I think the book is the type of which its story allows us to tell a little on our own, based on the huge paintings that make it a fantastic volume. Each page spread is composed. And it's eye refreshing, the whole volume is extremely playful.

Mari Takács has now made collages. In her scenic style she photographed parts, samples of materials, graffitis, and prints. She starts from a unique view: in the first story, we see cars, the street from above, the imaginary skyscraper – from here we jump into the story.

In the puddle there is a huge whale growing - behind it, there is millimeter paper indicating its dimensions - and there are a few small buses.

The zebra crossing turns into an animal, the sidewalk has a real lion standing next to the painted Mirka. The sandbox will be a vast desert that fills the page, with a tiny camel on top, and then we can see colorful packs of camouflage camels in a huge picture.

The anthill community, where everything, even love, is common, and nobody has their own affairs is illustrated by a fine line of insect-drawing, with many siblings and cousins as a picturesque ironic family tree. The many little ants gather around a big donut circle, while many small circles around Mirka indicate how much she has got – however, she is alone.

At home, Mirka naturally finds her peace and real love by her parents, though.





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GÚFÓ A CSILLAGOK KÖZÖTT (GÚFÓ SERIES #4; GÚFÓ THE LITTLE OWL IN THE SPACE)







## FULL TRANSLATION OF LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD AND THE GREAT MAGICIAN PAPER THEATRE IN FRENCH AND GERMAN LANGUAGE

Mari Takács: PIROSKA ÉS A NAGY MÁGUS (LITTLE RED RIDING  
HOOD AND THE GREAT MAGICIAN) (Paper Theatre)

Written and illustrated by Mari Takács

1st edition: Budapest, Csimota, 2015

### LE PETIT CHAPERON ROUGE ET LE MAGICIEN

1

Il était une fois une petite fille que tout le monde appréciait. Sa grand-mère lui faisait plein de cadeaux, un jour elle lui offrit un joli bonnet tout rouge tricoté avec amour. La petite fille l'adorait, qu'il pleuve ou qu'il vente elle ne le quittait jamais. Alors tout le monde l'appela Le Petit Chaperon Rouge.

2

Un matin, sa maman lui demande :

- Grand-mère est malade, elle doit garder le lit, peut-tu lui apporter ce panier, j'y ai mis les galettes qu'elle préfère et une bouteille de vin.

- J'y vais tout de suite, maman.

- Et surtout, Petit chaperon rouge ne t'écarte pas de la route.

- Bien sûr, salut Maman !

Mais à peine la porte fermée, la fillette aperçoit, bondissant près du grand arbre un lièvre au pelage tout blanc, aux yeux tout rouges...

3

...et aux grandes dents ! Il allait vers la forêt, tout excité en parlant très fort d'un grand magicien aux talents extraordinaires.

4

Curieuse, Petit chaperon rouge suit le capucin. Ils s'enfoncent au cœur de la forêt, loin de la route. Enfin ils rencontrent le Grand magicien, debout dans une clairière à côté de son grand chapeau noir quelques animaux font la queue devant l'enchanteur, mais notre ami resquille.

- Salut petit lièvre blanc, aimerais-tu que je fasse un tour de magie pour toi ?

- J'aimerais..., j'aimerais me trouver dans un immense champs de carottes, oranges et craquantes !

Le lièvre ferme les yeux, le Grand magicien lève sa baguette, dessine trois cercles et soudain d'une voix forte déclame :

- ABRACA...

5

- ...DABRA !

6

Le petit lièvre disparaît sous les applaudissements des animaux de la forêt. Il ne reste pas le moindre poil blanc.

- Au suivant, salut petit renard orange, quel tour de magie aimerais-tu que je fasse pour toi ?

- Je voudrai..., je voudrai me trouver au milieu d'un poulailler, avec plein de poules dodues !

Le renard ferme les yeux, le grand magicien lève sa baguette, dessine trois cercles et d'une voix forte déclame :

- ABRACA...

7

- DABRA !

8

Le petit renard disparaît, Petit chaperon rouge applaudit aussi. Il ne reste pas le moindre poil orange.

- Au suivant, salut petit oiseau noir, quel tour de magie aimerais-tu que je fasse pour toi ?

- Je souhaiterai..., je souhaiterai voyager sur la lune, plus haut que tous les autres oiseaux !

Le petit oiseau ferme les yeux, le grand magicien lève sa baguette, dessine trois cercles et d'une voix forte déclame :

- ABRACA...

9

- ...DABRA !

10

L'oiseau disparaît sous les yeux du Petit Chaperon Rouge fascinée, il ne reste pas une petite plume noire. Curieuse elle regarde le grand magicien tout poilu, qu'elle n'avait jamais rencontré et il lui semblait normal, gentil. Elle le salue avec chaleur. Le grand débraillé à la queue touffue au sourire roublard lui demande :

- Salut petite fille toute rouge, toi aussi tu souhaites que je fasse un tour de magie ?

- S'il vous plaît..., s'il vous plaît, monsieur le magicien, envoyez-moi chez ma Grand-mère, elle est malade et je lui apporte ce panier avec des galettes et du vin.

- Oh! C'est mignon tout plein. Alors vite je vais exhausser ton vœux, tu es prête ?

La petite fille ferme les yeux, la baguette magique se lève, s'agite et une voix caverneuse éructe :

- ABRACA...

11

- ...DABRA !

12

Le petit chaperon rouge et le grand magicien ont disparu, il ne reste pas le moindre bout de laine rouge, pas le moindre petit poil gris.

Petit chaperon rouge n'est pas arrivé chez sa grand-mère, elle est là, au milieu d'un grand champ de fleurs. Mais où est le grand magicien ?...

13

... là, tout près d'une maison, celle de la grand-mère.

Et il use de tout ses talents, fait disparaître la vieille, mets ses habits et puis confortablement s'installe dans son lit pour attendre le petit chaperon rouge, un sourire gourmand sur les lèvres.

14

La petite fille arrive, joyeuse, c'est la maison de grand-mère, elle entre.

15

Comme elle a changée :

- Bonjour Mamie, comment vas-tu ? Mais, comme tu as de grands yeux !

- C'est pour mieux te voir, mon enfant !

Grand-mère a une voix bizarre, la même voix que le grand débraillé à la queue touffue et au sourire roublard.

16

- Mamie, comme tu as de grandes oreilles !

- C'est pour mieux t'entendre ma petite fille.

- Ta bouche, comme tu as une grande bouche !

- C'est pour mieux énoncer mes sortilèges.

17

La voix est tonitruante. La petite fille est terrorisée. Par magie elle disparaît instantanément.

18

Mais la voix est si forte qu'un chasseur qui passait par là s'interroge :

- Bizarre, je ne savais pas que la vieille s'était mise à la magie.

Il s'approche de la maison, toque une fois, deux fois à la porte, vite fait tomber la chevillette, entre, et tout de suite comprend la situation.

Discrètement il prend la baguette magique, et tel un magicien expérimenté la lève, fait les trois cercles et crie :

- ABRACA...

19

- ...DABRA !

20

Aussitôt, le loup grand magicien disparaît, et, la grand-mère un peu endormie, petit chaperon rouge un peu engourdi, le renard et le lièvre tout tremblotants sortent du chapeau magique. Ils se mettent à danser, heureux d'être à nouveau libres. Qui pense au petit oiseau et au grand loup ?

Le chasseur, intimidé, prononce encore quelques formules magiques qu'il avait entendu dans sa jeunesse :

21

- ABRACADABRA, ABRACADABRA !

Le Grand débraillé à la queue touffue ne réapparut jamais. Parfois au fond du chapeau on entend son rire roublard, surtout les nuits de pleine lune.

## DAS KLEINE ROTKÄPPCHEN UND DER ZAUBERER

Mari Takács

Übersetzung: Jürgen Hackstein

1

Es war einmal ein kleines Mädchen, das von allen geliebt wurde.

Und besonders seine Großmutter machte ihm viele, viele Geschenke.

Eines Tages gab sie ihm ein wunderschönes, rotes Mützchen, das sie liebevoll selbst gestrickt hatte.

Das kleine Mädchen mochte die Mütze sehr und trug sie immer, ob es nun regnete oder stürmte.

Also nannten es alle Rotkäppchen.

2

Eines Morgens sprach die Mutter:

Großmutter ist krank und liegt im Bett. Kannst du ihr diesen Korb bringen?

Ich habe ihr Kuchen eingepackt, den sie so mag, und eine Flasche Wein.

Ich gehe sofort, Mama.

Doch pass' auf, Rotkäppchen, verlass' niemals den Weg!

Aber nein, Mama! Bis bald!

Sobald es die Tür hinter sich zugezogen hatte, sah das kleine Mädchen in der Nähe eines Baumes einen Hasen mit schneeweißem Fell, roten Augen ...

Ziehen Sie die Bildtafel langsam heraus

3

... und zwei großen Zähnen! Er lief ganz aufgeregt Richtung Wald und sprach laut von einem großen Zauberer mit ungeheuren Kräften.

4

Neugierig geworden folgte Rotkäppchen dem Hasen tief in den Wald, weit ab vom Weg.

Nach einiger Zeit stießen sie tatsächlich auf einer Lichtung auf den Großen Zauberer: hoch aufgerichtet mit seinem großen schwarzen Hut in der einen und seinem Zauberstab in der anderen Hand.

Einige Tiere hatten sich bereits vor dem Zauberer aufgereiht, doch unser Freund trat direkt auf ihn zu.

Hallo, kleiner weißer Hase. Soll ich einen Zaubertrick für dich machen?

Oh ja!, ich wäre gerne ... wäre gerne ... in einem riesigen Feld voller Möhren, ganz orangefarben und knackig!

Der Hase schloss die Augen, der Große Zauberer hob seinen Zauberstab in die Höhe, ließ ihn dreimal kreisen und sprach jäh mit lauter Stimme:

Abraka ...

Warten Sie ein wenig, bevor Sie die Tafel herausziehen

8

Und schwuppdwupp verschwand der kleine Fuchs, sodass auch Rotkäppchen klatschte. Kein einziges seiner roten Haare blieb mehr übrig.

Auf ein Neues ...! Hallo, hübsches, kleines Vögelchen, was soll ich denn für dich zaubern?

Oh, ich würde gerne ..., ich würde gerne ..., bis zum Mond fliegen, höher als alle anderen Vögel!

Der kleine Vogel schloss die Augen, der Große Zauberer hob seinen Zauberstab in die Höhe, ließ ihn dreimal kreisen und sprach mit lauter Stimme:

Abraka ...

Warten Sie ein wenig, bevor Sie die Tafel herausziehen

9

... dabra!

5

... dabra!

6

Und schwuppdwupp verschwand der kleine Hase unter dem Applaus der Tiere des Waldes. Kein einziges seiner weißen Haare blieb mehr übrig.

Auf ein Neues ...! Holla, kleiner roter Fuchs, welchen Zaubertrick soll ich denn für dich machen?

Och, ich ..., ich wäre gern ..., inmitten eines Hühnerstalls, mit lauter gutgenährten Hühnern! Der Fuchs schloss die Augen, der Große Zauberer hob seinen Zauberstab in die Höhe, ließ ihn dreimal kreisen und sprach mit lauter Stimme:

Abraka ...

Warten Sie ein wenig, bevor Sie die Tafel herausziehen

7

... dabra!

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10

Und schwuppdwupp verschwand der kleine Vogel unter den Augen des ganz erstaunten Rotkäppchens. Keine einzige seiner schwarzen Federn blieb mehr übrig.

Fasziniert blickte das kleine Mädchen auf den über und über behaarten Großen Zauberer. Es hatte ihn noch nie zuvor getroffen und er schien nett zu sein, und gar nicht so unheimlich.

Es grüßte ihn freundlich.

Der große, etwas zerzauste Zauberer mit buschigem Schwanz und einem listigen Lächeln sprach:

Hallo, kleines Mädchen mit dem roten Käppchen, möchtest du auch, dass ich einen Zaubertrick nur für dich mache?

Bitte ..., bitte, Herr Zauberer, zaubern Sie mich zum Haus meiner Großmutter, sie ist krank und ich bringe ihr einen Korb mit ihrem Lieblingskuchen und einer Flasche Wein.

Oh! Das ist eine Kleinigkeit. Rasch! Ich werde dir deinen Wunsch erfüllen, bist du bereit?

Rotkäppchen schloss die Augen, der Zauberstab hob sich, kreiste dreimal und mit tiefer Stimme ertönte es:

Abraka ...

Warten Sie ein wenig, bevor Sie die Tafel herausziehen

11

... dabra!

12

Rotkäppchen mitsamt dem Großen Zauberer war verschwunden. Kein einziger roter Wollfaden, kein einziges graues Schwanzhaar blieb zurück.

Doch zum Hause seiner Großmutter ist Rotkäppchen nicht gelangt ...

Dort, inmitten einer Blumenwiese ist es gelandet.

Und der Zauberer, wo war der ...?

13

Na da!, direkt neben dem Haus!, dem Haus der Großmutter.

Und er nutzte all seine Zauberkraft, drückte die Klinke herunter, öffnete die Tür, ließ die Großmutter verschwinden, zog sich ihre Kleider an und setzte sich dann ganz bequem ins Bett, um auf Rotkäppchen zu warten,  
... ein gieriges Lächeln auf den Lippen ...

14

Das kleine Mädchen kam fröhlich heran. Das war ja das Haus der Großmutter! Es öffnete die Tür und trat ein.

15

Aber wie Großmutter sich verändert hatte ...!

Guten Tag, Großmama, wie geht es dir ...?

Doch warum hast du denn so große Augen?

Damit ich dich besser sehen kann, mein Kind!

Großmutter hatte eine merkwürdige Stimme, die gleiche Stimme wie der große Zerzauste mit dem buschigen Schwanz und dem listigen Lächeln.

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16

Großmutter, was hast du für große Ohren?

Damit ich dich besser hören kann, mein kleines Mädchen!

Aber dein Mund, was hast du für einen großen Mund!

Das ist ..., damit ich ...,

... meine Zaubersprüche besser sagen kann!

17

Die Stimme klang wie Donnerhall. Das kleine Mädchen war ganz starr vor Schreck.

Auf magische Weise verschwand es augenblicklich.

18

Die Stimme war so laut, dass sich ein Jäger, der an dem Haus vorbeikam, wunderte.

Seltsam, ich wusste nicht, dass die alte Dame Zauberei betreibt.

Er näherte sich dem Haus, klopfte einmal, klopfte zweimal, öffnete die Tür, trat ein und verstand sofort was geschehen war.

Vorsichtig nahm er den Zauberstab und wie ein erfahrener Zauberer hob er ihn in die Höhe, ließ ihn dreimal kreisen und rief:

Abraka ...

Warten Sie ein wenig, bevor Sie die Tafel herausziehen

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19

... dabra!

20

Augenblicklich verschwand der große Zauberwolf und die Großmutter, noch ein wenig schläfrig, das Rotkäppchen, noch ein wenig erstarrt, der Fuchs und der am ganzen Körper zitternde Hase sprangen aus dem Zauberhut.

Vor lauter Glück darüber, wieder frei zu sein, fingen sie an zu tanzen.

Wer denkt da noch an den kleinen Vogel und den großen Wolf?

Der etwas eingeschüchterte Jäger jedenfalls murmelte weiterhin noch einige Zaubersprüche, die er in seiner Jugend gehört hatte:

21

Abrakadabra ..., Abrakadabra ...!

Der große Zerzauste aber mit dem buschigen Schwanz tauchte niemals wieder auf. Manchmal kann man jedoch vom Grunde seines Hutes sein listiges Lachen hören, besonders in den Nächten des Vollmonds.

Am Ende schließen Sie das Butai ... und lassen es wie durch Zauberhand verschwinden.

