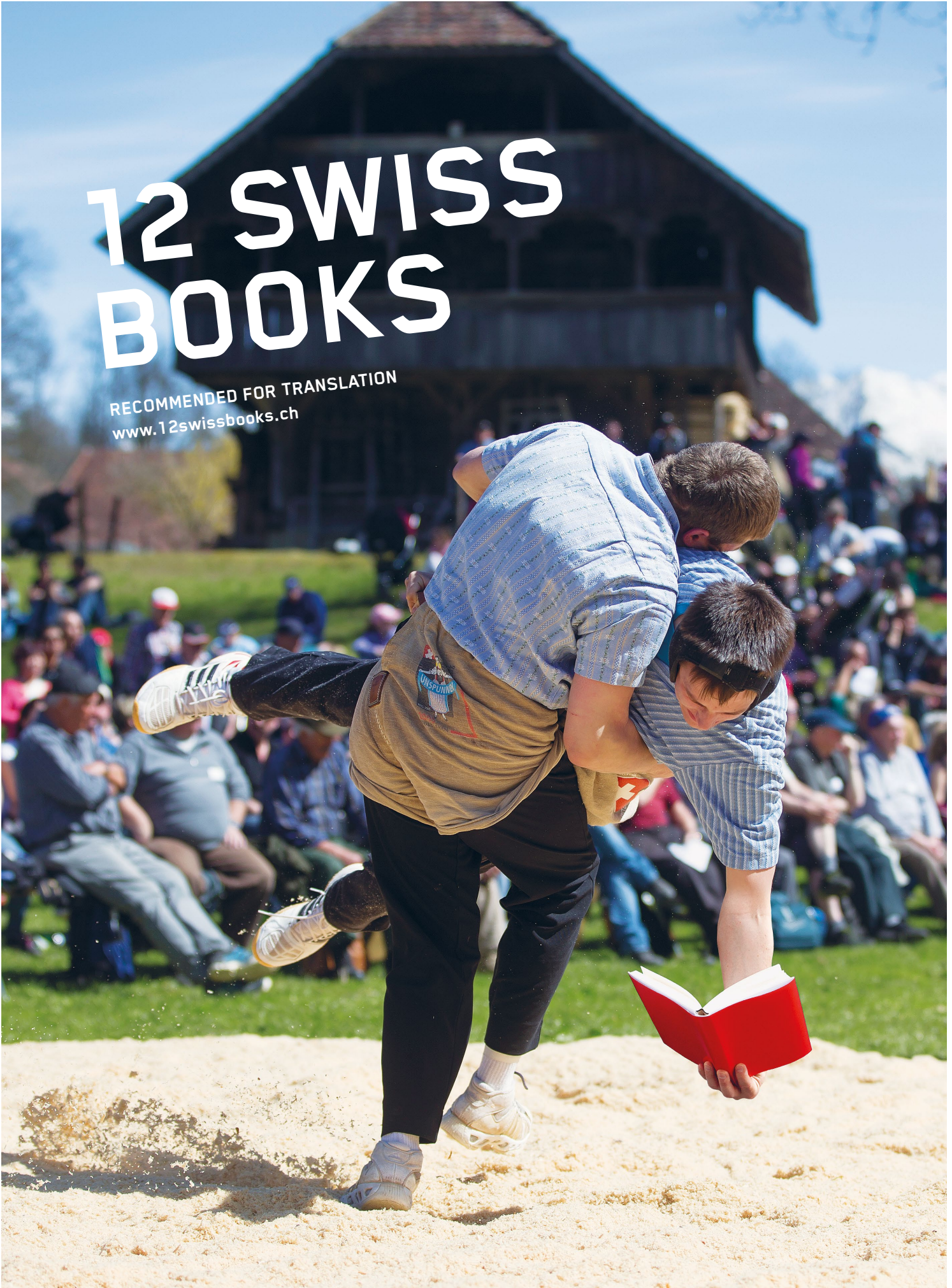


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PUBLISHER Pro Helvetia, Swiss Arts Council
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EDITORIAL

Freshly baked Book Food from Switzerland: nutritious, tasty and varied. Swiss food for the mind – that’s what we have to offer in our new season of Swiss literature. We’ve chosen twelve books from three of our language areas, which we’d especially like to recommend to you for translation, dear publishers, translators and agents. This year we’re not only offering you novels and stories but also, for the first time, a book of poetry and a book of essays. You can get a first look at all these books thanks to the excerpts we’ve provided for you; but we’re also happy to put you directly in touch with copyright-holders, translators and the authors themselves, should you so wish. And, not least, we’re always happy to consider an application from you for financial support for a translation!

Ultimately, the reasons a book travels beyond its own language out into the big, wide world are manifold. So the fact that we promote it here in our magazine is just one small piece of the jigsaw – but it may sometimes be the key piece. Nevertheless we are proud of the fact that numerous books featured by us in previous years have been translated thanks to our support: Lukas Bärfuss’s *Koala*, into Turkish, Bulgarian, Chinese, Belarussian, French, English, Spanish and Croatian; Jonas Lüscher’s *Frühling der Barbaren (Barbarian Spring)*, translated into French, Italian, Belarussian, Russian, English and Finnish, as well as Croatian and Bulgarian, and – maybe because it’s set in the desert – also into Arabic. David Bosc’s *La claire fontaine (The Clear Fountain)* has, since we recommended it, appeared in German, Spanish, Polish and Romanian, and the English translation will follow soon; Roland Buti’s *Le milieu de l’horizon (The Middle of the Horizon)* has been translated into German, Danish, Latvian, Italian and will soon be made into a film – so the rumour goes!

We hope that this year too you’ll find something special in our selection of books that you’d like to translate into your own language. And with that thought in mind we wish our Swiss books *Bon Voyage!*

For the editorial team,

Angelika Salvisberg (Pro Helvetia, Head of Literature & Society Division)

REFLECTIONS IN MIRRORS. ON THE SELF AND THE OTHER

VERBEUGUNG VOR SPIEGELN. ÜBER DAS EIGENE UND DAS FREMDE

GENRE Essay, LANGUAGE German



“Vivid descriptions honed from his own experiences and portrayed with elegant, well-argued imagery.” BEAT MAZENAUER, VICEVERSA



MARTIN R. DEAN was born in 1955 in Menziken, Switzerland. He studied Ethnology, Philosophy and German Language and Literature, and lives in Basel as a freelance writer, essayist and journalist. His first novel *Die verborgenen Gärten* appeared in 1982. He has received various prizes, including an award from the Swiss Schiller Foundation. His latest novels are *Falsches Quartett* (2014) and *Ein Koffer voller Wünsche* (2011).

PHOTO © Claude Giger

As the son of a Swiss mother and an Indian-Trinidadian father, Martin R. Dean has first-hand experience of the arguments surrounding foreignness and the hostility towards everything ‘other’. Throughout his literary career, in his books and essays, he has debated this question of the ‘Other’. The search for his own roots led him to Trinidad and London and finally to northern India, from where his ancestors originally set out for the Caribbean in 1867 as contract workers. His novel *Meine Väter* (2003) is a memorial to both his natural father and to his stepfather.

Just as his forefathers set off into the unknown to attempt to improve their lives and prospects, so Martin R. Dean also enjoys being on the move to new places and cities, in search of rich encounters with the ‘Other’. Cities like Paris and London are key for him: Paris, where so many different ethnicities come together; and London, where, as he writes, whole continents meet in a kind of “people’s laboratory”. In his wide-ranging and substantial essay, *Reflections in Mirrors*, he considers the question of *the Self and the Other*, and in so doing, brings to bear the sum of his own experiences thus far on this complex topic. “Identity”, he suggests, “is nothing more than an echo-chamber, in which the Self and the Other both reflect, and merge into, each other.” Dean pursues his exploration of the Self with numerous references to the work of Thomas Mann, Elias Canetti and Friedrich Nietzsche, and, almost incidentally creates an image of a world in which the Other must remain just that: “It takes the Other to cause the Self to vibrate.”

TITLE *Verbeugung vor Spiegeln. Über das Eigene und das Fremde*
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TRANSLATION RIGHTS Jochen Jung, office@jungundjung.at

VERBEUGUNG VOR SPIEGELN MARTIN R. DEAN**German original (p. 7-8)**

Das Fremde ist am Verschwinden. Die Fähigkeit, es noch auszuhalten, verkümmert in dem Maße, wie die globale Freiheit zunimmt. Das Fremde ist zum Kleingeld geworden im alltäglichen Gezänk politischer Parteien um die Ausländer, denen die Fremdheit durch »Integration« genommen werden soll. Sie sollen sein wie wir, sie sollen sich anpassen und jeden Rest abweichenden Verhaltens verlieren. Auch die Fremdheit zwischen den Geschlechtern wird durch eine Strategie, die sich an den Partnerbörsen alphabetisiert, verkleinert. Die globale Fremdheit wird durch Google Earth beseitigt, und wo in den Köpfen noch Unverstandenes lauert, wird es durch die am Kommerz schlagkräftig gewordene Rationalität getilgt.

»Ohne Weltenkenntnis fehlt's an Herdverständnis. Ohne Globus auch kein Heimatbonus«, schreibt Botho Strauß. Heimat gibt es, in der Tat, im Überfluss. Aber was wird, wenn unser Bewusstsein nur noch Bekanntes wiederkaut? Das Wagnis der Differenz, auf das wir mit unserem Denken die letzten fünfzig Jahre gebaut haben, scheint verloren zu gehen.

Die Austreibung des Fremden bringt kein Heil, nicht mehr Vertrautheit und nicht mehr Gerechtigkeit; sie beraubt uns lediglich unserer Fähigkeit zur Toleranz. Sie nimmt uns ein Rätsel, eine Dimension der Erfahrung weg, die im Staunen, in der Überraschung oder im Schock ihren Ausdruck findet. Und in der Verwandlung.

Dem Reisenden wird heute die Fremde nicht mehr richtig fremd. Was wir an Erfahrung mit nach Hause bringen, ist oft nicht aufregender als die Souvenirs, die wir noch schnell am Flughafen kaufen. Reisen bedeutet nur mehr Auszeit von der Arbeit.

So besteht die Gefahr, dass das Ausgeschlossene zur Bedrohung wird. Dass es, gänzlich vom Eigenen abgespalten, zum Feind wird. Die grundsätzliche Einsicht Freuds, dass es keine Welt gibt, in der wir je völlig zu Hause wären, hat sich nicht durchsetzen können. Der Kampf gegen das Fremde führt vielmehr zu einem Verlust an Innenraum, in dem nichts anderes mehr Platz hat als das, was wir selber sind. Freuds Einsicht war ein Gegenmittel dazu, auch gegen das Gefühl der »Heimatlosigkeit«, das ganze Völker wie eine Krankheit heimsucht.

[...] Im vorliegenden Buch unternehme ich Spaziergänge durch die Gärten des Fremden, die, wie wäre es anders zu erwarten, das Eigene zum Vorschein bringen.

REFLECTIONS IN MIRRORS MARTIN R. DEAN**Excerpt translated by Michael Hofmann**

Strangeness – the Other – is on the way out. Tolerance for it is withering away as global freedom increases. The Other is collateral damage in the daily political bickering about foreigners, whose Otherness is to be taken from them by "integration." They are to be like us, they are to adjust and conform and lose every vestige of difference from us. The strangeness between the sexes is under attack from strategies and formulas once pioneered on dating-sites. Global otherness is removed by Google Earth, and wherever there is an alien concept still lurking in someone's head, it will soon be wiped out by rationalization steered by commerce.

"You need a notion of the world to get a notion of home. Without the planet no local bonus," as Botho Strauss had it once. Indeed, the local is everywhere. But what if our consciousness is only given familiar things to chew on? The challenge of difference on which we have built our thinking for the last fifty years is under threat. But if the Other were to disappear, it won't make us more secure, confident or just; it will just make us narrow-minded. It will deprive us of a conundrum, one dimension of experience that finds expression in surprise or shock. And, over time, in transformation.

To the traveller, abroad is not really foreign, not any more. The experiences we bring home with us are often no more exciting than the souvenirs we pick up at the airport. Increasingly, travelling just means time away from the workplace.

There is the risk that what is excluded will be perceived as a threat. That, split off from anything we recognize as ours, it will simply become "the enemy." Freud's foundational insight that no world exists in which we were ever completely at home, has not prevailed. The fight against the Other leads to a loss of mental space; nothing finds room within us any more – just us. Freud's insight tried to remedy that feeling, and the sense of "homelessness" that persecutes whole peoples like an illness.

[...] This book is a stroll through the gardens of the Other, where, how could it be otherwise, each produces its own blooms.

"The author offers us his experiences of Otherness in well-crafted prose. He swings between 'self-preservation' and 'self-loss', and makes a plausible case that this vacillation is actually a positive way of life."

WIENER ZEITUNG

SIMELI MOUNTAIN

SIMELIBERG

GENRE Prose, LANGUAGE German



Awarded the 2014 Kelag Prize at the Ingeborg Bachmann Competition



MICHAEL FEHR was born in Bern in 1982. He studied at the Swiss Institute for Literature and the Bern University of the Arts, where he graduated with a Masters degree in Contemporary Arts Practice. He is the Swiss curator for the *Babelsprech* Project for the promotion of young German-language poetry. *Simeliberg* is his second prose work. His readings are often accompanied by music.

PHOTO © Affolter/Savolainen

An old man is brought before the Social Welfare Board. He's suspected of murdering his wife. Furthermore, he has a store-room full of weapons, a box full of gold and a head full of mad ideas. Seven young men will become his victims. He's already abducted the young people of the village, to transport them to Mars. And right in the middle of all this is the Chairman of the Council, Griese, who means no harm to anyone and just wants to get on with his job. There's so much to say about both the plot and the language of *Simeli Mountain*: the plot is "a Kafkaesque parable from the backwoods"; the language "sparse, sharp-edged, sculpted". This story of a local council leader, who innocently becomes guilty, unfolds inexorably in the telegrammatic text. Terse sentences, totally shorn of punctuation, laid out like song-lyrics, evoke eerily powerful images, images of a Switzerland that Fehr has wiped clean of its idyllic features. Black, white and grey are its dominant colours; secrets, mistrust and madness its driving forces. Form and content make a powerful combination in this second book from Michael Fehr. It has all the characteristics of a police report – nothing but the essential details, presented with all the immediacy of reported speech – nevertheless it reads as thrillingly as a crime novel and as rhythmically as a poem.

TITLE *Simeliberg*
PUBLISHER Der gesunde Menschenversand, Lucerne
PUBLICATION DATE February 2015
PAGES 144
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SIMELIBERG MICHAEL FEHR**German original (p. 5-6)**

Erstes Kapitel

Grau
nass
trüb
ein Schweizer Wetter
ziemlich ab vom Schuss
nur über einen pflotschigen Karrweg von oben
herab zu erreichen
in einem Krachen ein wüstes
tristes Bauernhaus mit ungestümem Dach
ein zerklüfteter Haufen aus grauen und schwarzen
Tupfen
unter dem ein Haufen blinder Fenster leer in die
Öde starrt
in der wenig heiteren Stube hocket der Landmann
mit dem Rücken zur Fensterzeile
nach der drückenden Stille
mit der das Gebälk lastet und den Raum niedrig hält
der einzige Mann und Mensch im Haus
draussen motort es schwankend von oben herab
zum Haus heran

Zweites Kapitel

Nachdem er eine Weile bei abgeschaltetem Motor
und allmählich erkaltendem Wagenschlag
geradeaus aufs Haus starrend sitzen geblieben ist
steigt aus dem Landrover
der untenherum verkotet ist
eigentlich aber grau wäre
wie man der Dachpartie ansieht
Griese
Gemeindsverwalter
als solcher wegen der hiesigen Abgelegenheit
betraut mit allen möglichen behördlichen
Aufgaben
die örtlich anfallen
auch als eine Art Abgeordneter obrigkeitlicher
kantonaler Fürsorge für den ganzen Flecken
zunächst einmal zuständig für alle
denen der Sinn zur Selbstverwaltung aus blossen
Bildungsmangel
aus Verwehrlosung
Krankheit oder sonstigem Irrsinn zu sehr abgeht
als dass man sie auf sich beruhen lassen könnte
in dreckigen Gummistiefeln
sonst anständig

SIMELI MOUNTAIN MICHAEL FEHR**Excerpt translated by Tess Lewis**

First Chapter

Wet
gloomy
grey
Swiss weather
some way off the beaten path
only way to it a soggy cart track
down from up top
a run-down farmhouse in the ravine
bleak with a roof gone wild
a raggedy heap of blotches
black and grey
and a heap of blind windows
staring out underneath blankly into the void
farmer sits hunched in a room no one'd call cheerful
his back to the window
under the rafters' heavy silence
weighing down on the room holding it down
only man and human in the house
car outside lurches and sways down from up top
and up to the house

Second Chapter

He sits a while the engine off
the car's interior cooling bit by bit
stares straight at the house
then gets out of the Land Rover
bottom half coated with crap
though actually grey
you can tell from the roof
Griese
community administrator
charged as such because of the remote locale
with all kinds of administrative
duties
that come with the territory
but also a kind of representative for official
cantonal welfare in these sticks
in charge for a start of all
those whose minds for self-government veer too far off
out of a simple lack of education
out of waywardness
illness or this madness or that,
for them to be left to their own devices
wearing muddy rubber boots
but otherwise respectable

“Books sometimes come along, of which one can with justification claim that it would be salutary for the readers of any country to spend some time mulling over. *Simeli Mountain* is one such.” NEUE ZÜRCHER ZEITUNG

HAPPINESS IS A FOUR-SPOTTED CHASER

VIERFLECK ODER DAS GLÜCK

GENRE Novel, LANGUAGE German



“Katharina Geiser’s portrayal of a grandiose ménage à quatre bristles with comedy and wit and yet we glimpse the rumbles and tremors shaking the foundations of what seems superficially to be a happy arrangement.” Radio Ö1

KATHARINA GEISER was born in 1956, studied German and English Literature and Educational Theory. She lives near the Lake Zürich and in the Schleswig-Holstein countryside in Germany. *Vierfleck oder Das Glück* is her fourth book, following her debut novel *Vorübergehend Wien* (2006), the short-story collection *Rosa ist Rosa* (2008), and the novel *Diese Gezeiten* (2011).



PHOTO © Tobias Humm

Eugen Esslinger is the son of a corset-maker and wants to be an artist. He travels through Italy, climbs the Matterhorn, takes courses in painting and is fascinated by dragonflies – above all, by the four-spotted chaser, which has, like himself, a real genius for survival. For he is a Jew and that is not easy in Germany; it’s not made any easier that he’s also a homosexual. He really wants to lead a ‘normal’ life. When he meets Mila Rauch, the two quickly marry and travel across all of Europe. But after the First World War, there’s nothing left of his once considerable fortune.

In a pension in Heidelberg, Mila makes the acquaintance of Heinrich Zimmer, a lecturer in Indian Studies, and the two fall in love. Mila has three children by him in quick succession; Eugen wants to protect his marriage, so he stands in as the official father of the three children. In 1928, Zimmer marries Christiane, Hugo von Hoffmannsthal’s daughter, and with her also has three children: a *ménage à quatre* with the full knowledge and approval of all parties. Christiane remarks at one point that Heinrich needs two women, two times three children, two houses, and two gardens full of sunflowers, all for his own well-being. But at the same time, he makes twice as many people happy.

Katharina Geiser’s historically authentic tale is thrillingly and entertainingly told; it’s based on the 1,700 letters that Heinrich Zimmer wrote to Mila Esslinger-Rauch. They were kept by Maya Rauch, Heinrich and Mila’s daughter – who was also once Katharina Geiser’s German teacher.

TITLE *Vierfleck oder Das Glück*
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VIERFLECK ODER DAS GLÜCK KATHARINA GEISER**German original (p. 8-9)**

1907

Jetzt hat der Himmel die Farbe von Sardinen. Aale und Zeppeline, oben und unten. Oder sehr nahe beieinander.

Es ist Winter.

Eugen steht in unvertrauter Umgebung an einem Fenster und blickt auf den See. Eine ölige Stille liegt in der frühen Stunde. Auf der Fensterbank des Nachbarhauses steht eine Flasche Apfelwein oder Bier, andere Länder, andere Sitten, schau an, der Winterlaube Zier. Eine Krähe und bald noch eine zweite torkeln über den Dachfirst, Spatzen sind durch Vorfenster und Fenster zu hören, Rinnsale von Schwitzwasser irren über die Glasscheiben. Auf einer fernen Hügelkuppe liegt ein letzter, von Wäldern gesäumter Schneefleck, schön rechteckig und einladend. Wie ein unbeschriebenes Blatt. Aus dieser Entfernung ist es aber nicht größer als ein Daumennagel.

Mit einem Taschenmesser putzt Eugen sich jeden Morgen die Fingernägel, öffnet Briefe, schält Früchte, spitzt Bleistifte an. Seine Hände sind die Hände eines Niederwarenfabrikantensohns. Das Messer hat einen perlmuttbesetzten Schaft und eine goldene Klinge. Manchmal stößt Eugen es in einen Stapel Zeitungen oder in eine Schnecke, zweimal, fünf-, siebenmal.

Mit einem ähnlichen Messer, so hat der Biologe am Vorabend bemerkt, während er die Apfelschalenspirale unter Eugens Hand auffing, hätte mancher Arzt noch vor wenigen Jahren Luftröhrenschnitte vorgenommen.

Eugen sah in die grauen Augen seines Gastgebers.

Kleines Fest der Sinne gefällig, Monsieur?

Dieser Ort scheint ganz schön auf der Höhe der Zeit zu sein. Und doch ist es manchmal besser, etwas nicht zu berühren, als es zu berühren.

Eugen könnte einige Tage beim Biologen Blum und dessen Familie wohnen bleiben. Seine Frau werde für eine Diät aus Nüssen, Milch und eingemachten Äpfeln sorgen, sofern dies der Wunsch seines Gastes sei, so Blum. Aber eine Nacht reicht, ganz nach Plan will Eugen heute die Kur in der anderen Seegemeinde antreten. Auch darum, weil man ohne festen Wohnsitz einen Anker in den Zeitläuften benötigt.

Als er sich vom Fenster abwendet, haben vor seiner Zimmertür die Kinder des Biologen die Flurdielen auf und ab zu hüpfen begonnen, sie hüpfen, quietschen, glucksen, hüpfen. Das will ausgehalten sein. Das hält Eugen aus, denn er braucht sich nur Maxi zu vergegenwärtigen, Maxi mit baumelnden Zwillingskirschen an den abstehenden Ohren, seiner Zahnücke und den zerkratzten, braunen Beinen.

HAPPINESS IS A FOUR-SPOTTED CHASER KATHARINA GEISER**Excerpt translated by Steph Morris**

1907

Now the sky is the colour of sardines. Eels and zeppelins. Above and below. Or very close to each other.

It is winter.

Eugen is standing in unfamiliar surroundings, at a window, looking out at the lake. An oily stillness coats the early morning. On the bench below the neighbours' window stands a bottle – apple wine or beer. When in Rome. And isn't the cabin delightful in winter. A crow – and another – lurches over the crest of the roof. He hears sparrows through the double windows. Rivulets of condensation wander down the panes. On a distant hilltop the last patch of snow, fringed by woods, nice and square and inviting. Like a blank page. No larger than a thumbnail at this distance however.

Using a penknife Eugen cleans his fingernails every morning, opens letters, peels fruit, sharpens pencils. His hands are the hands of a corset maker's son. The knife has a mother-of-pearl handle and a golden blade. Sometimes Eugen stabs it into a pile of newspapers or a snail, two, five, seven times.

Till very recently some doctors still used knives like these to conduct tracheotomies, the biologist had noted the night before, catching the coiled apple peel as it fell from Eugen's hand.

Eugen gazed at his host's grey eyes.

Would monsieur appreciate a little feast for the senses?

This place seems to be thriving. And yet sometimes there are some things it is better not to touch.

Eugen could stay for a while with Blum the biologist and his family. His wife could offer a diet of nuts, milk and preserved apples, if that were to his liking, Blum has said. But one night is enough. Eugen intends to stick to his plan and check into the spa in the other lakeside village today. Not least because with no fixed abode, one needs to be anchored in the times.

As he turns from the window, the biologist's children start jumping around on the wooden floor in the hallway outside his room, jumping, squealing, gurgling, jumping. Quite something to put up with. Eugen does put up with it, because all he has to do is recall Maxi. Maxi, with twin cherries dangling from his sticking-out ears, the gap in his teeth, his scratched, brown legs.

“Four lives marked by jealousy, subtle messages, longing and pragmatism. Katharina Geiser relates events not chronologically, but in flashbacks and flash-forwards. What might sound complex is in fact a multi-faceted portrait of four decades of German history. An absolute must-read.”

WESTDEUTSCHER RUNDfunk

THE LIVING

IL NUMERO DEI VIVI

GENRE Poetry, LANGUAGE Italian



“A book [...] characterised by the relationship that things and humans (or whatever is left of them) have with the world.”
CARTEGGILETTERARI.ORG

MASSIMO GEZZI was born in Sant’Elpidio a Mare (in the Italian region of Marche) in 1976. He now lives in Lugano, Switzerland, where he teaches Italian in a high school. *Il numero dei vivi* is his fourth collection of poetry. For Mondadori, he has edited *Diario del ’71 e del ’72* by Eugenio Montale and *Poesie 1975-2012* by Franco Buffoni. In 2015, Italic Pequod published a collection of his essays on poetry, *Tra le pagine e il mondo*.



PHOTO © Silvestar Vrljić

Six years after his collection *L’attimo dopo*, Massimo Gezzi, with *The Living*, has reached a new stage in his poetic journey. If, in his previous work, the influence of certain poets was evident – Eugenio Montale and Vittorio Sereni, for example, as well as Fabio Pusterla – in *The Living*, such influences are less pronounced, and Gezzi comes fully into his own with poems that tend progressively towards prose. The title reveals a need: to start counting again, to enumerate the topics and things which, in the previous book, focused on the theme of time; which were so precarious and ephemeral as to prove tragically elusive. *The Living* instead suggests a different ethical position and a new necessity: one that is born of being part of a community that is local (a house, a classroom, a city), but also planetary, that finds itself in an uncertain and violent time, and tries, sometimes without hope, to resist or oppose it. It is a book about the living and about their existence, deeply flawed, yet full of dignity. In *Alias*, the weekly literary feature of *Il Manifesto*, the literary critic Massimo Raffaelli writes of this new collection of poems by Gezzi: “*The Living* testifies not only to a further deepening of his exploration but, in particular, it reveals the author’s true character. The lessons of the masters and of his poetic peers have been absorbed and processed into a style that progressively tends towards prose [...], while the themes that in the past were linked to a historical or generational situation here are developed according to a pattern that is essentially existential: the uncertain and ambiguous light of everyday life; the privilege and the burden of fatherhood; the Socratic enigma of those who, in order to make a living, must teach every day, and must therefore take upon themselves the experiences of younger individuals, who are even more vulnerable and helpless.”

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e.munafò@donzelli.it

IL NUMERO DEI VIVI MASSIMO GEZZI**Italian original (p. 80)**

Unisci i puntini

Da un cancello socchiuso ognuno vede
 la propria vicenda sotto forma
 di rogge, campi di colza,
 profili impettiti contro i colori
 variabili delle albe. Cos'è rimasto, si chiede,
 di quelle tracce, che disegno ho fatto emergere
 dai puntini da unire collegando le cifre
 che ne indicavano la successione? Fuori dalla finestra
 un vento acerbo maltratta un oleandro,
 una palma, una magnolia dai fiori sfatti.
 Attraverso questi rami si compone
 il disegno di una casa dai serramenti
 verde scuro – o non erano arancioni?
 e si affacciavano sul mare? –,
 una delle tante case perse di cui si tiene in mente
 ogni particolare.

Ecco, se alza lo sguardo,
 una mattina di metà maggio mentre
 perde del tempo, riflette, osserva il gesto
 grazioso di una ciocca di capelli sistemata
 dietro l'orecchio, ognuno può comporre
 i punti di luce che un mattino di un altro secolo
 gli ha impresso nella memoria: *trova le differenze*,
 sembra dire quest'altro gioco
 che il vento si ostina a suggerire.
 Vedo solo ciò che è uguale, risponde,
 mentre il verde della porta trasuda
 arancione e un campo di colza
 si tinge di marea.

THE LIVING MASSIMO GEZZI**Excerpt translated by Moira Egan with Damiano Abeni**

Connect the Dots

From a gate ajar everyone sees
 their own stories in the form
 of irrigation ditches, fields of rapeseed,
 profiles strutting against the changing
 colours of sunrises. He asks himself
 what's left of those traces, which drawing did I bring
 to the surface from the dots to be joined by linking
 the figures that marked their sequence? Outside the window
 a bitter wind mistreats an oleander,
 a palm tree, a magnolia whose flowers are withered.
 Through these branches emerges the design
 of a house with shutters
 of dark green – or were they orange?
 And did they face the sea? –
 one of the many lost houses whose every particular
 we keep in mind.

Here, if he looks up,
 one morning in mid-May as
 he wastes time, reflects, observes the graceful
 gesture of a lock of hair arranged
 behind the ear, anyone can compose
 the points of light that a morning of another century
 has impressed upon the memory: the wind insists
 on suggesting this other game
 that seems to say, *find the differences*.
 I see only what is the same, he answers,
 while the green of the door exudes
 orange and a field of rapeseed
 is tinged with the tide.

**"This is a book about the living and about their existence, deeply flawed,
 yet full of dignity." DONZELLI EDITORE**

ALL THE STORIES I KNOW

ALLE GESCHICHTEN, DIE ICH KENNE

GENRE Novel, LANGUAGE German



“Rarely have we read such tight, funny dialogue, which makes any question about sense or nonsense superfluous.”
NEUE ZÜRCHER ZEITUNG

DAGNY GIOLAMI was born in 1970 in Bern, and now lives in Zürich. She studied at the Zürich University of the Arts, and then worked as an actor at, amongst others, the Städtische Bühnen Münster, the Theater Basel and the Schauspielhaus Zürich. Since 1998, Dagny Gioulami has been a writer of song lyrics, librettos and plays. *Alle Geschichten, die ich kenne* is her first novel.

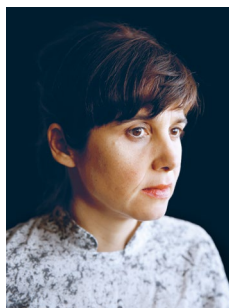


PHOTO © Shirana Shahbazi

The young woman, who recently took over the dry-cleaners shop across the street, is soon to get married – and in Constantinople. The beautiful green taffeta dress, which she will wear for the occasion, is in a poor state. The narrator gets hold of some green taffeta and happens to know just who can make a copy of the wedding dress for her: her Aunt Irini, who lives in Greece. So she sets off for Greece, accompanied by a “tattooed policeman”, who is a “colleague”. The two of them travel to meet the storyteller’s relatives, aunts and uncles, and get involved in countless minor but often rather shady incidents. *All the Stories I Know* revolves around a wonderful expedition into the undergrowth of family history. When the two travellers eventually arrive at Aunt Irini’s, she wants nothing to do with making the dress. She’s too old, her husband is ill, and in any case they’re none of them young any more, these aunts and uncles. At the same time, they’re full of absurd stories, and are forever coming up with new ones. Dagny Gioulami is a great storyteller, with a keen eye for an anecdote, who at just the right moment eschews an obvious punch line, never shines a bright light but prefers a gentle glow: quiet slapstick with verbal wit. Above all, she has a practised ear for droll dialogue.

Of course, the narrator has to sew the dress herself. And when she goes to deliver it – with the tattooed policeman – everything turns out to be quite different.

TITLE *Alle Geschichten, die ich kenne*
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weiss@weissbooks.com

ALLE GESCHICHTEN, DIE ICH KENNE DAGNY GIOULAMI**German original (p. 58-60)**

Die Tankstelle der unabhängigen Petrole am Zubringer zur Umfahrungsautobahn. Der tätowierte Polizist gibt dem Mann an der Tankstelle seinen Autoschlüssel. *Innere und äußere Reinigung zehn Euro.*

Wir sitzen auf Barhockern an einer Werkbank zwischen Tankstellenshop und Waschanlage und trinken Sprite.

Ich halte das Paket mit dem grünen Taft auf den Knien.

Der tätowierte Polizist sagt: »Überall gibt es Schneiderinnen, die das Kleid nachnähen könnten.«

»Tante Irini konnte die Kleider auf die Körper der Frauen nähen. Sie hat meiner Tante Marianthi einen Tailleur genäht, der seine Form behielt bis zu dem Tag, als Tante Marianthi ihn wegwarf.«

»Irini ist fast neunzig.«

»Sie ist eine Meisterin.«

An einem Tisch in unserer Nähe sitzen Angestellte und Kunden der Tankstelle und trinken Café frappé.

»Worüber reden die Leute?«, fragt der tätowierte Polizist.

»Über die Krise und warum es so heiß ist.«

»Die Menschen sind klug, sie werden sich zu helfen wissen.«

Wir fahren im frisch gewaschenen Auto zum Sommerhaus meiner Tante, das in einer Kolonie von Sommerhäusern in der Art russischer Datschen liegt.

Ich bringe meiner Tante Medikamente mit, die meine Mutter in der Schweiz für sie gekauft hat. Der tätowierte Polizist wartet im Wagen. Mittagszeit. Meine Tante tritt in Unterhosen und Hemd aus dem gekühlten Wohnzimmer auf die Veranda.

»Wen hast du dabei?«, fragt sie und versucht, ins Innere des Autos zu sehen.

»Einen Arbeitskollegen.«

»Warum kommt er nicht herauf?«

»Er muss arbeiten.«

»Was arbeitet er im Auto?«

»Er hat einen Computer.«

»Deine Mutter hat gesagt, ich muss die Medikamente nehmen, sie waren teuer. Was soll ich euch kochen?«

»Nichts, Tante, es ist zu heiß zum Essen.«

Onkel Chrysostomos, der Mann meiner Tante, ist dazugetreten und sagt: »Ich schneide Früchte auf. Ich mache euch zwei Teller.«

Im Fernsehen läuft Gewichtheben. »Könnte dein Arbeitskollege das?«, fragt meine Tante und deutet auf den Bildschirm. »Könnte er das heben?«

»Deine Tante läuft in Unterhosen herum«, sagt mein Onkel.

»Kein Wunder, dass dein Arbeitskollege nicht raufkommen will.«

ALL THE STORIES I KNOW DAGNY GIOULAMI**Excerpt translated by Damion Searls**

The independent oil company petrol station on the approach road to the bypass. The tattooed policeman gives his car key to the attendant. *Interior and exterior cleaning, ten euros.*

We sit on bar stools at a work bench between the convenience store and the car wash, drinking Sprite.

I'm holding the box of green taffeta on my knees.

The tattooed policeman says: "There are seamstresses all over who can copy a dress."

"Aunt Irini could sew dresses on a woman's body. She sewed my Aunt Marianthi a suit that kept its shape until the day Aunt Marianthi threw it out."

"Irini is almost ninety."

"She's a master."

At a table nearby, petrol station attendants and their customers are sitting and drinking frappés.

"What are the people talking about?" the tattooed policeman asks.

"About the crisis, and why it's so hot."

"People are clever, they'll figure out what to do."

We drive in our newly washed car to my aunt's summer-house, in a community of Russian dacha-style summer-houses.

I am bringing my aunt medicines that my mother has bought for her in Switzerland. The tattooed policeman waits in the car. Noon. My aunt steps out of the air-conditioned living room onto the porch in knickers and a shirt.

"Who's that with you?" she asks, trying to see inside the car.

"A colleague."

"Why isn't he getting out?"

"He has to work."

"In the car?"

"He has a computer."

"Your mother said I had to take the medicines, they were expensive. What should I make you?"

"Nothing, Auntie, it's too hot to eat."

Uncle Chrysostomos, my aunt's husband, has come in, and he says: "I'm slicing fruit. I'll make you two plates."

There's weightlifting on the television. "Could your workmate in the car do that?" my aunt asks, pointing to the screen. "Could he lift that?"

"Your aunt is running around in her underwear," my uncle says. "No wonder your workmate doesn't want to get out of the car."

"Dagny Gioulami's tale of a journey across northern Greece is on the one hand magical; on the other it resembles Beckettian absurdity."

NEUE ZÜRCHER ZEITUNG

AN INSTINCTIVE FEELING OF INNOCENCE

DAS PRIMÄRE GEFÜHL DER SCHULDLOSIGKEIT

GENRE Novel, LANGUAGE German



Awarded the 2015 3sat-Prize at the Ingeborg Bachmann Competition



DANA GRIGORCEA, born in Bucharest in 1979, studied German and Dutch philology in Bucharest and Brussels. Her first novel, *Baba Rada*. *Das Leben ist vergänglich wie die Kopfhare*, was published in 2011. She has received grants for her work from the city and the canton of Zürich.

PHOTO © Ayşe Yavas

Victoria has recently returned to her home town of Bucharest and then things start to happen thick and fast. The bank she works in is robbed – whether or not she played a part is not yet clear. Did she perhaps send the security guards home too early? The police will have to settle this question and Victoria is suspended from her job until they do. So now she has time to re-discover the Bucharest of her youth: she strolls through those neighbourhoods and encounters people she has not seen in years. There is, for example, Codrin or ‘Dinu’, her neighbour when they were children, then her lover for a time, who now works as a stunt man. Memories resurface of the bizarre tenants in the apartment building where Victoria grew up, of a strange General and of the pharmacist Aristita, who took a taxi to work every morning and home every evening, or of the old family friend Rapineau who wanted to watch black and white television in colour and so glued sheets of coloured cellophane onto the screen. And finally there is Flavian, Victoria’s boyfriend, just named head of the Institute for City Planning.

In her novel *An Instinctive Feeling of Innocence*, the Romanian-born writer Dana Grigorcea paints a series of extraordinarily colourful pictures. With much good humour and wit, she describes a world full of myriad surprises and where the new still contains a great deal of the old – a world bursting with character and spirit.

TITLE *Das primäre Gefühl der Schuldlosigkeit*

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DAS PRIMÄRE GEFÜHL DER SCHULDLOSIGKEIT DANA GRIGORCEA**German original (p. 7-9)**

Ein metallenes Schimmern, von dem anstehenden Gewitter herrührend, tilgt das Relief der Stadt und lässt sie zu einer gemalten Kulisse werden, so wie jene im Fotostudio Diamandi, in dem meine mondäne Großmutter die ominöse Aufnahme von sich als erster Bukaresterin in kurzem Rock machen ließ, am Arm meines Großvaters, der, ungeduldig, samt Spazierstock und Gangsterhut, in die Unschärfe der Zeit hinaustritt.

Jetzt, im aufziehenden Sturm, erscheint Bukarest ohnehin wie eine Nostalgie-Kulisse, eine, vor der keine Pose unpassend wirkt – ganz im Gegenteil, würde ich sagen.

Ich setze mich auf die marmorne Treppe vor der Nationalen Spar- und Anlagebank und rauche die allerletzte Zigarette, bevor ich definitiv mit dem Rauchen aufhören werde – ganz bewusst die Tatsache missachtend, dass dabei zwei weitere Zigaretten übrig bleiben werden im Päckchen und mich die in meinem Beruf unabdingbare Disziplin zwingen wird, angefangene Sachen immer schön abzuschließen. Die Ruhe für eine letzte Zigarette ist mir aber nicht vergönnt. »Küss die Hand, Fräulein Direktorin, mit ihrer Erlaubnis gehen wir jetzt, bevor es stürmt. Ihre Kollegen gehen auch.«

Unser Chef-Sicherheitsmann nennt fast alle Kollegen Direktor oder Direktorin. Das ärgert nicht einmal die, die es tatsächlich sind und die sich, laut unserer Direktorin für Teambuilding und Angleichung an Europäische Standards, vom Rest der Angestellten wenn, dann nur durch die Tatsache unterscheiden sollten, dass sie auf Betriebsausflügen den Fisch mit der Hand essen dürfen.

Den Chef-Sicherheitsmann selbst nennen wir nur »Chef«. Schließlich streben wir eine flache Hierarchie an.

War ich es, die den Sicherheitsleuten die Erlaubnis gab zu gehen? Die Polizeiakte wird das offenlassen.

Ich stehe draußen vor der großen Schiebetür, abgewendet von den in den Feierabend hinausziehenden Kollegen, ziehe den Rauch tief ein und wieder aus, sehe der bläulichen Wolke nach, einen halben Meter hoch, sehe darin das Museum für Nationalgeschichte gegenüber; ein Schritt nach hinten würde den Rauchalarm auslösen.

Vorbeifliegende Blätter und Äste scheinen die Distanz zur weiter unten liegenden Passage in immer kleinere Segmente teilen zu wollen. Flavian wartet dort auf mich. Einen Tag zuvor war er zum Vorsitzenden des Rumänischen Instituts für Urbanistik ernannt worden – eine kleine Sensation. »Weil es niemand sonst übernehmen wollte«, sagte mir Flavian am Telefon. Wie dem auch sei, wir wollen es feiern.

AN INSTINCTIVE FEELING OF INNOCENCE DANA GRIGORCEA**Excerpt translated by Tess Lewis**

A metallic sheen caused by the impending storm flattens the relief of the city and turns it into a painted backdrop just like the one in the Diamandi photographic studio, where my glamorous grandmother had had the fateful picture taken of her as the first woman in Bucharest to wear a short skirt. The portrait shows her on the arm of my grandfather, who, complete with walking stick, gangster-style fedora and impatient look, materializes from the haziness of time.

In any case, Bucharest looks now, in the approaching storm, like a nostalgic backdrop, in front of which no pose would appear out of place – exactly the opposite, I'd say.

I sit down on the marble steps of the National Savings and Investment Bank and smoke my very last cigarette before giving up smoking for good – quite consciously disregarding the fact that there will be two cigarettes left in the pack, which will compel me to exert the inflexible discipline of my professional life and neatly wrap up anything I've started. However, I'm not granted enough peace and quiet for a last cigarette. "My respects, Director, Ma'am, but with your permission, we should leave now, before the storm breaks. Your colleagues are leaving too."

Our chief security officer calls almost all his colleagues "Director, Sir" or "Director, Ma'am". This doesn't even annoy those, who actually are directors and who, according to our Director of Teambuilding and Alignment with European Standards, should only be differentiated from the rest of the employees by the fact that they are allowed to eat fish with their hands on company outings.

We just call our chief security officer "Chief". After all, we're striving for a level hierarchy.

Was I the one who gave the security people permission to go? The police files will leave that open.

I stand outside, in front of the large sliding door, my back to my colleagues, who are heading off to enjoy some free time. I inhale the smoke deeply and blow it out again, watch the blue cloud float a few feet off the ground and, through it, see the Museum of National History across the street. One step backwards would set off the smoke alarm.

As they fly past, the leaves and twigs seem to want to break up the distance to the passageway below me into smaller and smaller segments. Flavian is waiting for me there. The day before, he was named head of the Institute for City Planning – a small sensation. "But no one else wanted the position anyhow," Flavian told me on the phone. Be that as it may, we want to celebrate.

"All the elements of good literature come together in this book: humour, comedy, tragedy, poetry, melancholy, sadness, misery and love."

NEUE ZÜRCHER ZEITUNG

WRITERS' CENTRE NORWICH: A BEACON OF EXCELLENCE



AN INTERVIEW WITH WRITERS' CENTRE NORWICH DIRECTOR CHRIS GRIBBLE

Writers' Centre Norwich (WCN) is one of the best known regional literature and translation houses in the UK. The UK literary and arts scene is often criticised for being over-centralized and London-focused but there is a new drive to encourage regional culture. WCN is barely a decade old but has already won high praise. The Chief Executive Officer Chris Gribble is the powerhouse behind WCN, successfully leading the bid to make Norwich England's first UNESCO City of Literature and with plans to create the UK's first National Centre for Writing. In 2015 WCN moved to its stunning new Norwich home, 'Dragon Hall', which is where Rosie Goldsmith interviewed Chris Gribble.

ROSIE GOLDSMITH: What's your 'mission' at Writers' Centre Norwich?

CHRIS GRIBBLE: We believe that literature, reading, writing and literary translation can transform individual lives, transform communities and make places better to live, work and visit. So we work with readers, writers and translators across a whole range of projects here in Norwich, the East of England, England itself and internationally.

RG: You yourself Chris actually 'masterminded' WCN this last decade but you are not originally from Norwich?

CG: This is furthest south I've ever lived – I'm from Newcastle-upon Tyne! I studied German Literature and Philosophy at university. I then did a Master's Degree in European Literature and Theory and finally a PhD in German Poetry. I worked in poetry publishing, got interested in delivering festivals of all sorts and freelancing as a cultural strategy specialist. I was building a career running Manchester Poetry and Literature Festivals and working for a cultural strategy team at the City Council. And then, literally out of nowhere, this job in Norwich turned up on my radar. I'd never been to Norwich! Nine years later I'm still here and I've certainly fallen in love with the city, with its radical difference to most other places I've lived, its heritage and its esteem for literature.

RG: Norwich is now a UNESCO City of Literature. What makes Norwich a City of Literature?

CG: First of all there's the literary heritage of the place, a thousand years of it. Fifty yards from here is Julian of Norwich's Anchorite Cell and the Chapel of Julian. She was the first woman to be published in book form in English in the 15th century and she had a radical view of God. She was the first person to refer to God as a mother, which was fairly heretical at the time. Norwich also has a long history of publishing. We were the first city outside London to adopt the Public Libraries Act; the first city to commit to making public libraries free of charge to its residents. We are home to the busiest public library in the country. And we are a home to the University of East Anglia (UEA) which started the UK's first Creative Writing MA programme and is still one of the most famous in the world. In 1973 it had one single student, Ian McEwan, so it was a fairly good start! I guess it was all uphill from there! UEA also has the British Centre for Literary Translation.

RG: That's the heritage side of the Norwich story: what about today?

CG: The *contemporary* is the second strand: between 7-8 per cent of independent publishing in the UK happens in Norfolk, which is high given that this is a rural area. We've also got brilliant bookshops – independent, family



DRAGON HALL © PHOTOS WCN

and chain bookshops. We've got the country's oldest City Arts Festival: the Norfolk and Norwich Festival is over 300 years old and literature is a strong and growing presence in it. There is a reading culture and a debating culture in Norwich, which you can see in the poetry readings, slam events and live literature-art crossovers. And the final thing which makes us a City of Literature, which sounds a little dry but is possibly the most crucial of all, is its civic and cultural commitment to literature as an art form, to understanding how important it can be for a place, its communities, the people who live, work and visit it. It's different to theatre, visual arts and music in all sorts of ways: it's perhaps quieter, there are fewer buildings involved, fewer high profile launches and parties and it may be economically harder to track the impact of reading and writing, but we know how fundamental it is to our lives. We want to be a city that cherishes that art form.

RG: You talk about literature as 'a national art form' but how do you fund it in this current financial crisis in the arts?

CG: We have to be very realistic about the limitations and the competition for funding. Recently I was at a meeting with a group of excellent regional businessmen and I was the only arts person there. There were the usual jokes about "fluffy arts" and "luvvies". But I was thinking to myself, well, actually I employ 14 people, we have a turnover of nearly a million pounds, we've a huge impact on the city, so, hold on a minute! I'm not going to be called 'fluffy' just because I don't make a widget! We run a business that is economically important to the city and the wider region. In addition we have an artistic vision and mission which is more important in some ways than our bottom line. When the arts receive money from public bodies or government, it's called 'subsidy' but when money is given to attract large factories or an Amazon plant, that's called 'investment'. That's rubbish! It's *all* investment!

RG: Do you see Norwich as a model for other cities?

CG: I think what Norwich is doing with culture and literature might be useful as a model for other cities here and abroad, but only if it's driven by the reality of each city and region. You can't just transplant this – it must come 'from within'. But you can try some of the models we've created, such as our partnership schemes, means of engaging communities and writers. All these things have to be based on a truth and understanding about where you are.

RG: Are the different regions and cities in the UK very competitive? Big developments are going on in Norwich but also in Birmingham, Manchester, Newcastle and so on. There's been a big leap in the support of literature regionally. That's a new development, isn't it?

CG: The competition between cities, and the investment in literature across cities, is a really interesting thing to look at. Take festivals – there's almost no village in the country today that doesn't have its own literary festival. The good ones will thrive, the others will wither away. The industry will change, the caravan will move on and dogs will carry on barking. The cities work together; the infrastructure works well together. So in literature terms if we were too competitive it would be like two bald men fighting over a comb. There wouldn't be much point because we are still a small sector in comparison to other art forms. Arts Council England is a brilliant supporter of literature but we get less than three per cent of ACE's funding for the arts. That's because of the dominance of commercial publishing primarily and the separate nature of the library networks – we are slightly segregated. I think the really exciting thing will be when we *all* start joining up with libraries, commercial publishers, the digital world and with broadcasters. Then we will see another step change in the progress of this art form.

Resurrection of Words



MIKHAIL SHISHKIN,
AUTHOR AND
TRANSLATOR

All that's most important takes place in a wordless dimension. Love, birth and death exist beyond words. Any language is, in and of itself, a translation of life into words. Such translation is already impossible – banal, clapped-out words cannot express what's felt by lovers. To this end, we need the writer – one who takes dead words and resurrects and re-animates them. Each time I see one of my books translated into some other language, I'm gripped by an odd sensation, more akin to apprehension than joy. Words I resurrected with such difficulty escape from my grasp into an alien linguistic domain, a universe of dead, alien words. Will the translator be able to breathe life into them? Generally speaking, translations of my books into languages I can check myself – German and English – tend to spawn feelings of panic and impotence at the realisation of how much is lost. What panics me isn't even the fact that the translator is compelled to select just one of the multiple meanings and nuances with which every word is endowed, or that translation is ultimately interpretation, simplification, standardisation of a limitless living palette; no, it's rather the disappearance of a pressure exerted not by words themselves, but by the spaces between them – a pressure that binds them together. But this pressure requires a generator – a reader, my Russian reader. And it is precisely my Russian reader who is lost in translation. On the other hand, readers the world over are not, in their human depths, all that dissimilar, each of them seeking warmth and love, each naked and mortal. Which is exactly what makes translation of living words possible. And if the miracle of translation succeeds, then my words, unearthed during bouts of torturous insomnia, will take root in people on the other side of the world, will germinate and spring into life.

RG: It's often said in this country that we know little about international literature, that we don't support translation enough: how international is your work?

CG: International engagement is key to our work. It's not just about *export* of our writers and our stories round the world, but about *import*. It's giving our readers access to really amazing stories. We have a series of long partnerships with countries particularly in South East Asia, India and China. We also work with the British Council and in 2016 we will be working in six countries on five continents, taking their Shakespeare-in-translation programme round the world as part of the Shakespeare anniversary. We are also developing the International Literature Showcase with the British Council, which brings together outstanding emerging writers and literary translators from the UK with amazing curators, programmers and festival managers from around the world. So, international working is absolutely key to opening the horizons of our literature. The writer Ali Smith described it as 'oxygen in the bloodstream of our national art form'. Without understanding other countries, without sharing the stories, without feeling empathy and joining those people in the stories of their lives, we lose out on a huge amount. We become closed, stale and self-obsessed.

RG: Why do you think it's got to this 'crisis stage' in the UK, where international literature and translation are not developing as fast as they should?

CG: The reason is that English is a global language and it's becoming more and more dominant. It's making us lazy. It fosters the belief that we don't have to go to the mountain but it will come to us. It's also partly due to the dominance of English language publishing. And I think we've lost the notion of 'the talented reader'. We've lost confident, adventurous readers in our education system, because we are not asking young people to read for pleasure but for literacy. People want to read for *stories*, not for *literacy* - and great stories at that, not just any old stories.

RG: What do you at Writers' Centre Norwich do to further literary translation?

CG: Each year we run a mentoring programme for emerging translators. 10-16 translators from a range of languages work with specialist translators who help them technically and professionally, introducing them to people, helping them find publishers to develop their careers as translators. We also publish 'In Other Words' in partnership with the British Centre for Literary Translation at UEA - a sort of trade magazine for literary translators with all sorts of articles about what's going on in the world.

RG: How do you work with the rest of Europe?

CG: I was a bit slow in developing European partnerships because of other commitments. Now however we are really exploring our European partnerships. Recently we had Peter Stamm here, the Swiss writer; we've had fantastic writers from the Netherlands; we've been working closely with Norway, Scandinavia. It's about finding some shared practical benefits for our partners in Europe, enabling their authors and translators to gain access to this English language market. Over the next few years Europe will be one of the most exciting areas for us.

RG: There is going to be an EU referendum in this country about Britain's place in Europe: does that make it more important to encourage these literary contacts?

CG: It's vital that we promote contacts with European literary culture to understand how we are seen and how we see our other partners. We are

Untranslatable is only that which sunders us from one another. Everything that makes us a single humanity, everything that's most important in life, is translatable indeed: birth, love, death, immortality.

MIKHAIL SHISHKIN is a Russian writer, journalist, and translator. He started writing in 1993, when his short story *Calligraphy Lesson* was published in *Znamya* magazine. Shishkin's books have been translated into more than ten languages. After many years in Zürich, he now lives in the canton of Solothurn, Switzerland.

PHOTO @ Evgeniya Frolova

Maverick in Brooklyn and Bloomington



HILDEGARD ELISABETH KELLER, PROFESSOR AND LITERARY CRITIC

In October 2014 the Swiss writer Arno Camenisch (b. 1978) travelled to the USA. It was his first visit to the States. If it's possible to talk of contemporary Swiss literature having godfathers, Arno is certainly one of them. Writing in his native languages of German and Rhaeto-Romanic, this bilingual author stresses sound and rhythm in both his live performances and his written stories. A strong live performer, he has risen through the ranks of Swiss literature, establishing himself as a star of the Swiss-German and Grisons spoken-word scene.

Before I got to know Arno in person on his America trip, my knowledge of authors from the Sursilvan mountains language and culture was limited to another bilingual author, Iso Camartin, a highly appreciated orator and essayist, who, like me, divides his life between Zürich and America. When I heard Arno perform in Brooklyn (and he too is a powerful performer!), I felt the stark contrast with Camartin's classic gravity. Arno is a rather wild guy on his own alp. Like the cheesemaker who mixes milk from all kinds of cows,

an island, but we are an island next to a major continent of which we are part. When we do our 'Brave New Reads' programme – a series of seventy events across the library network in Norfolk, Suffolk and Cambridgeshire – it's about encouraging 'adventurous readers' and we ensure there are books in translation too so readers will go to a bookshelf, choose a story and say, "this is not a book in translation, it's just a good book!"

RG: Does WCN have contacts with the Swiss? If not, what would you like?

CG: We don't have a huge range of contacts with Swiss cultural agencies or literary contacts. It is something we welcome. We are all 'time poor', but there should be a conversation, because Switzerland has a special literary culture, a confluence of four languages, and a physical and psychological space crucial for the rest of Europe to understand. The Swiss have a huge amount to offer in terms of understanding the tensions – linguistic, cultural and other tensions – in Europe that we must get a grip on to make Europe a success. The way Switzerland has managed those relationships, languages, cultures and borders is interesting for us to study. With globalization and the shrinking world in some senses '*we will all be Switzerland*', having to balance minority languages and competing cultures. Countries like Switzerland are going to be beacons in the coming decade.

RG: What are your plans for the future?

CG: Our plan for the future is to develop the National Centre for Writing. So WCN will become NCW! We want to create a place of exchange, experiment and discussion. What I love about Dragon Hall is that it was a market place in the 15th century. We want to make it a market place again, a *literary* market place for the exchange of stories, ideas, passions and enthusiasms. We will build a new wing to Dragon Hall, a set of connected education spaces, offices and places for writers to work. We hope to have publishers-in-residence as well as artists-in-residence here. We have this amazing 120-seat venue in the Great Hall itself for events all year round as well as festivals. We want to have a digital presence that allows our Talent Development Programmes to grow, gain new partners and provide remote access to writers who otherwise wouldn't have the support that they need to develop their talents. We want it to be a place both of in-bound exchange, where we welcome people from around the world, but also a portal for partners round the world. It's a tremendously exciting time for our art form, despite the challenges. I believe that literature as an art form is flexible, diverse, democratic and powerful and that it can contribute to a whole range of objectives. We've got a chance in Norwich to show how you can use literature in those ways. That's what I want to achieve at the National Centre for Writing. If I achieve a third of that, we will be lucky and happy!

WRITERS' CENTRE NORWICH is a literature development organisation interested in both the artistic and social impact of creative writing, and work with writers, readers and diverse communities. WCN is supported by Arts Council England, the University of East Anglia, Norwich City Council and Norfolk County Council in addition to a number of trusts and foundations for specific projects. In 2015 WCN took on responsibility for the British Centre for Literary Translation's public programme of activity. In 2017 a specialist venue for literature – the National Centre for Writing – will open on the grounds of Dragon Hall. WCN has fifteen members of staff.

Translators can benefit from a range of career development opportunities through WCN's Summer School programme and its Emerging Translators Mentoring Scheme. Publishers can submit their titles for inclusion on Brave New Reads, a shared reading programme which promotes bold new writing. www.writerscentrenorwich.org.uk

Arno throws together spoken and written registers of his mother tongues, stirs his cheese vat filled with German, Swiss German and Sursilvan with a great intuition for rhythm and rawness and smirks about the holes. Don't they make the cheese? Arno came to New York to promote the English translation of *Sez Ner – The Alp*, translated by Donal McLaughlin with a very fine ear for its tonality. On October 12th, it was my privilege as moderator to introduce him to an audience in Brooklyn that gave him a warm welcome. It was his third performance that weekend in New York City. Then we left the urban cliffs behind us and travelled to the Midwest. I had invited Arno to a *Swiss Afternoon without Heidi* at Indiana University in Bloomington (the programme included the film *Sister* by Ursula Meier).

Would my students of German literature at Indiana University react to Arno's energy like the consistently restrained East Coast urbanites? It's true that the bilingual Camenisch phenomenon is not easily conveyed in a third language, in this case English. *The Alp* is straightforward in terms of its plot, but its narrative structure takes the form of a multilingual loop. For his part Camenisch had nothing to fear. Having held his own as a smart mountain dweller in the rest of Switzerland, now he was like Maverick in New York and Bloomington. The students were immediately enthralled by the dynamic between Arno's Rhaeto-Romanic culture and the raw charm of his Grison dialect. Camenisch lit the fire, piled on wood, played with the flames in every tongue he had, pushed the English translation till it groaned, and stood ready to weather any storm like a pine on a mountain cliff-edge. The lecture theatre will never be the same again. Camenisch's fumes are still sweeping over the campus today.

HILDEGARD ELISABETH KELLER is a literary critic, author, and filmmaker, who teaches German literature at Indiana University in Bloomington and at the University of Zürich. Since 2009 she has been a jury member at the Ingeborg Bachmann Competition and since 2012 a member of the team of critics for the Literaturclub on Swiss television.

PHOTO © SRF

BANTU TRINITY

LA TRINITÉ BANTOUE

GENRE Novel, LANGUAGE French



“The freedom of his language is matched by the freedom of his tone. Max Lobe doesn’t waste his time with nice sentiments or political correctness.”

LE TEMPS



MAX LOBE was born in Cameroon in 1986 and arrived in Switzerland at the age of 18. He studied Communications and Journalism in Lugano, then Political Science and Public Administration in Lausanne. In 2011, he published his first novel, *L’Enfant du miracle*, with Éditions des Sauvages. In 2013, his novel, *39 rue de Berne*, published with Éditions Zoé, established him as one of the leading writers of his generation.

PHOTO © Yvonne Böhler,
Éditions Zoé

Mwána, a young graduate from Africa who has settled in Geneva, tries to land a job befitting his level of education. The controversy over foreigners as ‘black sheep’ is dividing Switzerland. Mwána plays along with this in his interviews with his unemployment officer, and shares the contents of the care packages his Bantu mother sends from home with his partner Ruedi, though he always rejects the idea of accepting welfare. Passive and indolent, Ruedi refuses ‘gombo’ or financial support from his family while Mwána’s efforts to find work run up against a wall of racial prejudice. Mwána’s mother’s illness, and her move to a hospital in Ticino, where his sister Kosambela works, open a barely visible gap in his blinkered horizon. Mwána begins to commute between the bedside of his mother, Monga Míngá, where he is inspired by her fighting spirit, and the Geneva office of Madame Bauer, the training manager who has hired him as an assistant in her fight for a wide variety of causes: racial, social, women’s and, above all, animal rights. Madame Bauer’s indignation, Kosambela’s religious and mystical enthusiasms, Monga Míngá’s dignity, Mwána’s own luminous view of the nightmares that plague him are sources of hope that elevate the narrative to the miraculous.

The inventiveness of Max Lobe’s prose, its musicality and colouring, are deployed in Mwána’s story in order to transform his dejection into joy. The particular contours of his language, both oral and literary, are the fruits of an inexhaustible lexical and grammatical resourcefulness, coupled with a sense of irony as exquisite as it is efficient. Whilst they are sometimes self-mocking, his words are always precise and luminescent.

TITLE *La Trinité bantoue*
PUBLISHER Éditions Zoé, Carouge
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TRANSLATION RIGHTS Yannick Stiasny,
yannick.stiasny@editionszoe.ch

LA TRINITÉ BANTOUE MAX LOBE**French original (p. 31-32)**

Je vais devoir mentir. Ça arrangera tout le monde.

Je vais lui dire que tout va bien ici. Que je suis heureux. Très heureux même. Je vais lui inventer des trucs invraisemblables : que je lui ferai bientôt parvenir du gombo bien glissant et en masse. Que je viens de trouver un boulot très bien payé dans une grande organisation de la coopération internationale genevoise. Que je vais bientôt m'acheter une très grande villa au bord du Léman ou un chalet dans les hauteurs de Davos. Que je lui rendrai visite au Bantouland tous les mois et même tous les week-ends si elle le souhaite. Je lui dirai même que mon compagnon a un retard de plusieurs semaines et qu'il mettra bientôt au monde un très bel enfant. Qu'elle aura l'honneur de bercer ce premier môme biologiquement né de deux pères. Qu'elle pourra l'accompagner à l'école, lui cuisiner un plat de manioc accompagné d'une sauce à base d'huile de palme, lui chanter des berceuses bantoues et lui conter des fables des Alpes grisonnes qu'elle ne connaît pas.

– Je vais commencer un petit stage dans quelques jours, je finis par souffler au téléphone.

– Ah Nzambé ! Tu ne m'as rien dit avant. Comme tu sais jouer à cache-cache avec ta mère.

Maman parle avec une voix éraillée.

– Laisse ça. Il n'y a même pas de cache-cache là-dedans. C'est juste un petit truc de trois mois.

– En tout cas, que Nzambé soit loué ! Tu dois être content. Tu vois ? La patience paie. Il suffit de prier. Nzambé, Élolombi et les Bankóko aident toujours leurs pauvres petits enfants.

– C'est même comme ça.

Ma mère continue de parler de Nzambé, Dieu Le Père. De Élolombi, Dieu des esprits qui planent sur nos âmes, entre ciel et terre. Et des Bankóko, nos Ancêtres qui veillent sur nos vies et répondent à nos désirs les plus profonds. «C'est même comme ça», «Qu'il en soit ainsi», je continue de répondre machinalement.

BANTU TRINITY MAX LOBE**Excerpt translated by Tess Lewis**

I'm going to have to lie to her. It'll suit everyone.

I'll tell her that everything's fine here. That I'm happy. Very happy, even. I'll come up with all sorts of incredible things: that I'll be able to send some gombo soon, slick and fast; that I just got a job that pays very well in a large organisation for international cooperation in Geneva; that I'll be able to buy myself a great big villa on Lake Geneva or a chalet up near Davos; that I'll visit her in the Bantu country once a month, even every weekend if she wants. I'll even tell her that my partner is a few weeks late and will soon bring a beautiful baby into the world; that she will have the honour of rocking this first kid born of two biological fathers; that she'll be able to walk him to school, cook him a dish of manioc with a palm oil based sauce, sing him Bantu lullabies and tell him folk tales from the Grison Alps she hasn't seen yet.

"I'm going to start a short trainee programme in a few days," I end up whispering into the telephone.

"Oh Nzambé! You never told me about this. You really know how to play hide and seek with your mother." Mother's voice is hoarse.

"Let it go. I'm not hiding anything. It's just a three-month thing."

"Well, praised be Nzambé, in any case! You must be happy. You see? It pays to be patient. All you have to do is pray. Nzambé, Élolombi and the Bankóko always help their poor little children."

"That's how it is."

My mother keeps talking about Nzambé, God the Father. About Élolombi, God of the spirits that hover over our souls, between heaven and earth. And about the Bankóko, our Ancestors who watch over our lives and answer our deepest desires. "That's how it is," "So be it," I repeat mechanically.

"What is most delightful about *Bantu Trinity*, is the sense that this book has been constructed with and against language, both inside and outside of a language, a language that has itself been created from other languages. The novel is shot through with the question of language, of incomprehension between people, and the desire to draw closer to one another through speech." VICEVERSA LITTÉRATURE

INERTIA

INERTIE

GENRE Novel, LANGUAGE French



“As with *Swiss Trash* and *Fille Facile*, Dunia Miralles ploughs the same stylish and mordant furrow: an etching chiselled with dark precision.” LE NOUVELLISTE



DUNIA MIRALLES was born in Neuchâtel, the daughter of Spanish émigrés. She chose a challenging career in the world of journalism. In 2000, she published *Swiss Trash*, which was a bestseller in French Switzerland and achieved cult status in certain sections of the French underground. In 2012, she published her collection of short stories *Fille Facile*. *Inertie* won the 2015 Bibliomédia Prize.

PHOTO © AdS, M.F. Schorro

Béa’s life is one of inertia, a precarious existence brought about by her reliance on welfare payments. In her heavily subsidised council flat, she lives as a recluse, her marginalisation completed by her obsessive brooding, as she watches from the side-lines the dramas played out around her. There’s Chloe, the drug-addicted young mother; Skate and Ninja, punks who maltreat their dogs; the Djamba family, beset by cultural and racial discrimination... But the wall of indifference, which this young woman has erected around herself after a major break-down, crumbles when she meets Prune, a little girl who never speaks, to whom she tries to offer the affection she lacks in her life. This fragile emotion, alongside a burgeoning love affair with Fulvio, a labourer separated from his wife, seems to offer the basis for a stable life-style. But reality inevitably re-asserts itself, dashing their hopes – though failing to prove their futility.

The strength of Dunia Miralles’ writing lies in her intriguing use of neutral language, which sweeps aside pessimism and value judgments in order to convey people’s unspoken fates. Her prose expresses the remorseless order of nature that keeps victims trapped in their past and present, unable to get a grip on their future whilst still powerfully suggesting their capacity for life. Trash, cash, the concepts which define the author’s language, are drawn from the milieus she describes, with the black and brilliant empathy of someone who has survived them.

TITLE *Inertie*

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PUBLICATION DATE September 2014

PAGES 280

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TRANSLATION RIGHTS Florence Schluchter,

florence.schluchter@agedhomme.com

INERTIE DUNIA MIRALLES**French original (p. 190-192)**

Sur le canapé, juste un drap nous couvre. Les jambes de mon amant s'entremêlent aux miennes. Mon visage repose sur son torse. Entre veille et sommeil, je plane. Un cliquetis lointain se mêle à mes rêveries. «Espèce de salaud ! Avec quoi je vais nourrir les gosses ?!» Sursaut. Les biceps de Fulvio se contractent autour de mon corps. Il râle : «Quelle maison de merde ! Qu'est-ce qui se passe encore ?» Des portes claquent. Des enfants sanglotent. La voix de Jacky gueule un «Lâche-moi !». Fulvio embrasse tendrement mes cheveux, inquiet. Magali crie : «J'en ai marre ! Tu veux quoi ? Que je fasse la pute comme la pétasse d'en haut !?» Jacky ricane. «Tu crois que quelqu'un raquerait pour tes fesses ? T'es même pas bonne à ça !» [...] «Salaud ! Salaud ! Salaud !» Une porte claque. Les enfants pleurent avec des stridences angoissées. Je tremble. Fulvio me presse gentiment contre lui. Sa voix virile tente de m'apaiser. N'y parvient pas. J'espérais que mon bonheur éloignerait toutes les misères mais la misère danse derrière mes murs en se répandant sur mon palier.

Son dernier vendredi de vacances, Fulvio nous emmène à Bâle. Il avait invité sa fille à venir avec nous. L'adolescente a refusé. Plus envie de suivre Papa. Elle préfère la compagnie de ses copines. Durant le trajet, Fulvio a passé sa déception en chantant Henri Dès pendant que j'improvisais les chœurs. Sur les genoux de Prune, le lapin sautillait en mesure.

INERTIA DUNIA MIRALLES**Excerpt translated by Tess Lewis**

We lie on the couch, covered only with a sheet. My lover's legs are entangled with mine, my cheek resting on his chest. I hover between sleep and wakefulness. A distant crash pierces my dreams. "You bastard! How am I going to feed the kids?!" I wake with a start. Fulvio's arms tighten around my body. He grumbles, "Shit building. What is it now?" Doors slam. Children cry. Jacky bellows, "Let go!" Fulvio tenderly kisses my hair, worried. Magali screams, "I've had enough! What d'you want? You want me working the street like the bitch upstairs?" Jacky sniggers. "You think anyone'd pay you to spread your legs? You're not even up to that!" [...] "Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you!" A door slams. The children cry, anxious and shrill. I'm shaking. Fulvio hugs me sweetly. He tries to calm me down with his deep voice. Doesn't work. I had hoped my happiness would chase away all my distress, but misery dances behind my walls and spreads over the entire floor.

On the last Friday of his vacation, Fulvio takes us to Basel. He had invited his daughter to come with us. The teen refused. Doesn't want to tag along with Dad anymore. She'd rather spend time with her friends. During the drive Fulvio gets over his disappointment by singing Henri Dès songs while I improvise the choruses. On Prune's lap, the toy rabbit hops to the beat.

"The strength of *Inertia* lies in how – in her 'trash style' – she reveals the thin line between a marginal and a normal life." RTS

THE PRIZE

LE PRIX

GENRE Novel, LANGUAGE French



Awarded the 2015 Prix Michel-Dentan



ANTOINETTE RYCHNER, born in 1979, worked as a theatre technician and scene-painter. Following her studies at the Swiss Institute of Literature, she devoted herself to writing drama and fiction. In 2013, she received the Prix SACD de la dramaturgie francophone for her play *Intimité Data Storage*. *Le Prix* is her first novel.

PHOTO © AdS, M.F. Schorro

Husband of S. and father of Mouflet, the narrator "Me" tries to reconcile his family life with his artistic vocation. At first sight, Me appears to be the archetype of the egoistical and self-regarding artist, obsessed with creating The Work that will reveal his true greatness. This sculptor-cum-procreator locks himself away in his 'inner sanctum' and hatches his Ropfs, organic creatures extracted from his navel and shaped in a ferocious struggle that subsumes the artist both physically and morally. As he does every year, Me withdraws and agonizes over creating an exceptional Ropf he can submit to the jury of *The Prize*, a Ropf that will sing its own special song. In vain. Shackled by material and familial circumstances, which his practical and unselfish wife cannot completely control, the intemperate and ill-tempered Me struggles against the odds, behaving unreasonably towards those around him, who improbably indulge his excesses. But then the birth of Remouflet forces Me to re-assess this fragile equilibrium and to face his responsibilities as a father. This is incompatible with his artistic obsession, and his tentative re-entry into normal social life, which is subtly orchestrated by S. and which requires him to work in a gallery and care for their children, heightening the drama before it subsides, as both Me and his art are swept away in its wake.

In tackling the conflicts between an artist, his work and his world, Antoinette Rychner brings a note of farce to her exploration of the tension that divides sanity from madness. With both clarity and detachment she depicts creative obsession in its most essential and ridiculous forms with a powerful, joyful and liberating intensity.

TITLE *Le Prix*
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PAGES 288
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TRANSLATION RIGHTS Christine Bonnard Legrand, christine.bonnardlegrand@libella.fr

LE PRIX ANTOINETTE RYCHNER**French original (p. 69-70)**

Aujourd'hui même, j'en fais le serment devant ma cafetière, je terminerai l'extraction de ce Ropf. Oui je m'en occuperai quoi qu'il arrive. De toute façon l'expulsion est si avancée qu'il n'est plus besoin maintenant que de trois, peut-être deux heures seulement pour y arriver,

je porte à mes lèvres la tasse brûlante, me glisse sans bruit dans la chambre consacrée où je m'assieds et pose les mains sur mon Ropf qui tressaute de joie. Et je n'ai plus qu'à le suivre, à me jeter tout entier dans le mouvement du Ropf qui pousse, se dégage, s'extorque – l'arrière du crâne ne va plus tarder à se détacher, je me coule dans l'allégresse et la félicité de ce Ropf qui ne demande qu'à être délivré, c'est bon, meilleur que tout ce que j'ai connu jusqu'ici en matière de sculpture, c'est puissamment juste et je m'oublie vraiment Moi et mon époque, mes pensées d'existence et les aiguilles de l'horloge qui tournent dans la cuisine,

en dehors du plaisir m'éclaboussant à fond le Ropf je ne pense plus à rien quand la voix de Mouflet brusquement me fait atterrir. Le perfide ! qui demande où je suis, sachant pertinemment que son père travaille dans la chambre consacrée et que quand il s'y trouve il s'agit de le laisser tranquille. J'ai sursauté et quelque chose dans l'élan du Ropf s'est brisé net. Il semble tout à coup affaîssé, replié comme un escargot au fond de lui-même, alors qu'il débordait de vie quelques instants plus tôt. Me croyant capable de ramener ultérieurement mon Ropf à l'amour je m'interromps, enfile mon T-shirt. Soutenant du mieux que je le peux ma protubérance à travers l'étoffe, je vais ouvrir à Mouflet qui gratte la serrure.

THE PRIZE ANTOINETTE RYCHNER**Excerpt translated by Tess Lewis**

Today without fail, I swear before my coffee pot, I will finish the extraction of this Ropf. Yes, I'll take care of it no matter what. In any case, the expulsion is far enough along that it will take only three, maybe just two, hours to finish,

I lift the burning-hot cup to my lips, slip noiselessly into the inner sanctum where I sit down and place my hands on the Ropf, which wriggles with joy. Now all I need to do is follow it, to throw myself completely into the Ropf's movement as it strains, comes into being, wrests itself free – the back of its skull will soon detach itself, I let myself slide into the joy and delight of a Ropf asking only to be delivered, it's good, better than anything I've known until now in matters of sculpture, it's powerfully right and I forget myself completely, Me and my era, my thoughts of existence and the hands of the clock turning in the kitchen,

I am thinking of nothing beyond the pleasure this Ropf is drenching me with, when Mouflet's voice suddenly brings me back to earth. The impudence! He wants to know where I am although he's perfectly aware that his father is working in the inner sanctum and when he's in there, he is to be left in peace. I flinched and something in the Ropf's momentum stopped short. It suddenly seems to sag, to fold in on itself like a snail in its shell, although it had been bursting with life a moment earlier. Confident that I will be able to return my Ropf to love, I stop and pull on my T-shirt. Supporting my protuberance under the fabric as best I can, I open the door for Mouflet, who is scratching at the keyhole.

"Antoinette Rychner has taken a risk in tackling the well-worn theme of artistic creation. She revitalizes it with brio in a fable that unites fantasy, realism and ridicule." LE TEMPS

HOW WE GROW OLD

WIE WIR ÄLTER WERDEN

GENRE Novel, LANGUAGE German



“A book for our age, which jumps from one story to another but also tells the time-old story of world history across the generations.” THURGAUER ZEITUNG

Ruth Schweikert’s novel *How We Grow Old* is a fine and richly orchestrated portrait of family life, which reflects the many facets of both world history and the modern age. Two Swiss families, the Brunolds and the Seitzes, are the focus of the story, bound together from the 1950s right down to the present by a secret, which only the parents know about.

Jacques Brunold and Helena Seitz were a couple for many years and almost got married. But Helena suddenly decided for Emil and Jacques eventually married Friederike. But they both continued to love each other, until it emerges that Jacques isn’t only the father of three children by Friederike, but also of Helena’s two daughters. When the children learn the truth, many things begin to happen. With the lightest of touches, Ruth Schweikert reveals how the two families are entwined. She lets her characters look back over their past lives in a series of cross-fades and loops, viewed from different perspectives. Their life stories are shown to rest on shifting sands: as they get older, their experiences continually develop new facets and new values. Life is a tangled web, as Ruth Schweikert’s novel so beguilingly shows.

TITLE *Wie wir älter werden*
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TRANSLATION RIGHTS Katrin Meerkamp,
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RUTH SCHWEIKERT was born in 1965 in Lörrach, Germany, and grew up in Switzerland. She lives with her family in Zürich and works as a novelist and playwright. In 1994, her collection of short stories *Erdnüsse. Totschlagen* brought her great acclaim; her first novel *Augen zu* (1998) was entered in the Ingeborg Bachmann Competition and won the Bertelsmann Scholarship. Her last novel, *Ohio*, was published in 2005.

PHOTO © Andreas Labes

WIE WIR ÄLTER WERDEN RUTH SCHWEIKERT**German original (p. 9-10)**

Friederike saß, wie fast immer in letzter Zeit, mit dem Rücken zum großen Wohnzimmerfenster, das auf den Balkon ging; ihre schmal gewordene Gestalt beinahe reglos, dabei erstaunlich aufrecht; die Beine hatte sie waagrecht ausgestreckt und die Füße, in dicke braune Wollsocken verpackt, auf einen zweiten Stuhl gebettet, so dass Ober- und Unterkörper einen rechten Winkel bildeten; wie die Zeiger einer Uhr, dachte Jacques einmal mehr, die stehengeblieben war auf Viertel nach zwölf. Das Bild hatte sich festgesetzt in seinem Kopf; ausgerechnet Kathrin hatte ihn darauf gebracht bei ihrem überraschenden Besuch in Saanau Ende November – eine knappe Stunde nur war sie da gewesen, auf der Durchreise von Zürich nach Genf, wo sie fürs Radio über irgendeine Ausstellungseröffnung berichtete; ihr strenges Gesicht blass und angespannt unter den aschblonden Locken, der dunkelblaue Satinstoff ihres Hosenanzugs zunehmend dichter gesprenkelt mit winzigen Hautfetzen, die sie sich ununterbrochen von den Fingern pulte; als hätte Friederike die ihr zugemessene Frist gleichsam unbemerkt überschritten, hatte Kathrin angefügt und ihre Mutter kaum aus den Augen gelassen, als könne sie die Wandlung nicht fassen, die allerdings, dachte Jacques, weniger Friederike vollzogen hatte als vielmehr Kathrin selbst, ihre rätselhafte Tochter, die seither jeden zweiten Tag anrief; einfach so, ohne besonderen Anlass, nur um nachzufragen, ob und wie sie zurechtkamen.

Es war der 30. Dezember 2013. Auf dem Couchtisch stand noch das grasgrüne Plastikbäumchen, das Jacques kurz entschlossen anstelle der Nordmantanne besorgt hatte, für 25 Franken samt integrierter wechselfarbiger LED-Beleuchtung, die sie jeweils nach der Tagesschau für eine Viertelstunde anmachten. Jacques löschte die Deckenlampe, setzte sich neben Friederike auf das Sofa und stimmte eines der Weihnachtslieder an, die er halbwegs auswendig konnte; Es ist ein Ros entsprungen, O Tannenbaum oder O du fröhliche, laut und deutlich, damit sie es sicher hörte. Wenn sie einen guten Tag hatte, fiel Friederike ein, und sie sangen zweimal die erste Strophe, bevor sie sich auf den Weg machten ins Bad; Jacques hielt ihren rechten Arm, und mit der linken Hand stützte Friederike sich an der Zimmerwand ab, den Blick fest auf den Parkettboden gerichtet, damit ihr nicht schwindlig wurde.

Nur noch selten bat sie ihn, eine Bachkantate aufzulegen oder die große Messe in c-moll von Mozart, die sie zuletzt im Kirchenchor gesungen hatten, bevor sie beide austraten, weil es einfach keinen Sinn mehr machte; das war an Weihnachten vor drei Jahren gewesen.

HOW WE GROW OLD RUTH SCHWEIKERT**Excerpt translated by Damion Searls**

Friederike was sitting, as she almost always did these days, with her back to the large glass doors leading out from the living room to the balcony. Her body, grown thin, was almost motionless but marvellously straight; she had stuck her legs out horizontally, nestled her feet wrapped in thick brown wool socks on a second chair, so her upper and lower body formed a right angle, like the hands on a clock, Jacques thought once again, that had stopped at a quarter past twelve. The image was firmly planted in his mind, and it was Kathrin of all people who had said it first, on her surprise visit to Saanau late last November: she had stayed barely an hour, on her way from Zürich to Geneva, where she was to report on the opening of some exhibition for the radio; her severe face pale and tense under her ash-blond hair, her dark-blue satin pants suit sprinkled with an increasingly thick cover of the tiny flakes of skin she constantly picked off her fingers; as though Friederike had exceeded as it were her allotted time without noticing, Kathrin had added, keeping her eyes fixed on her mother, apparently unable to grasp the change, which had, to be sure, Jacques thought, come over not so much Friederike as Kathrin herself, her enigmatic daughter, who since then had called every other day, for no special reason, just because, to check in and ask how and if she was getting along.

It was December 30, 2013. The little grass-green plastic tree that Jacques had decided on impulse to get in place of the Nordmann fir was still standing on the coffee table, 25 francs with colour-changing LED lights included, that they turned on for fifteen minutes after the news. Jacques turned off the overhead light, sat down next to Friederike on the sofa, and struck up one of the Christmas songs he more or less still knew: "O Christmas Tree," "Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming," "Oh, how joyfully, oh, how merrily," loud and clear so that she could hear. When she had a good day it came to Friederike too and they sang the first verse twice before making their way to the bath, Jacques holding her right arm, Friederike supporting herself against the wall with her left hand, keeping her gaze fixed on the parquet floor so that she wouldn't lose her balance.

She only rarely asked him to put on a Bach cantata now, or Mozart's Great Mass in C minor, which they themselves had recently sung in the church choir until they both left because it just didn't make sense anymore; that was Christmas three years ago.

"Ruth Schweikert is a master at understanding how to capture moods, actions and motivation, so that when we read her novels we often feel we're looking at ourselves in a mirror." SCHWEIZ AM SONNTAG

ONE INSIDE THE OTHER

EINS IM ANDERN

GENRE Novel, LANGUAGE German



Long-listed for the 2015 German Book Prize

It's evening. The two children are in bed, and in the next room her husband Philipp is going through the week's e-mails. The narrator is sitting at her desk – and suddenly feels compelled to look for Peter on the internet: Peter, the name of her first boyfriend. What had become of him?

In *One Inside the Other*, the protagonist investigates her life. Having worked as a dramatist and theatre director, she now attempts to lay bare her own life story; in the process, twelve male characters appear, men she's met over that lifetime. Some of them are still linked to her, and all are still around. They have names, which distantly recall those of the twelve Apostles.

This is still, though, a novel about the real world, and by the end, past and present become almost indistinguishable. "Love comes and love goes. One merges into the other, one love inside the other." Monique Schwitter describes this complex tangle of love in a way that is pacy, exciting and entertaining.

TITLE Eins im Andern
PUBLISHER Droschl, Graz
PUBLICATION DATE August 2015
PAGES 229
ISBN 978-3-85420-969-0
TRANSLATION RIGHTS Annette Knoch,
 annette.knoch@droschl.com



MONIQUE SCHWITTER was born in 1972 in Zürich and has lived in Hamburg since 2005. She studied acting and directing in Salzburg and has had theatrical engagements in Zürich, Frankfurt, Graz and Hamburg, amongst others. In 2006, she received the Robert Walser Prize for *Wenn's schneit beim Krokodil* (2005). Her novel *Ohren haben keine Lider* appeared in 2008, her second book of short stories *Goldfischgedächtnis* in 2011. Her reading of an excerpt of *Eins im Andern* at the 2015 Ingeborg Bachmann Competition was highly praised by the jury.

PHOTO © Matthias Oertel

EINS IM ANDERN MONIQUE SCHWITTER**German original (p. 9-10)**

Wenn man plötzlich nach seiner ersten Liebe googelt, ist das eine Reaktion auf die Klopfgeräusche, die man vor dem Einschlafen und, noch kräftiger, beim morgendlichen Blick in den Spiegel, beim Anblick der tiefen, senkrechten Falte zwischen den Augenbrauen, vernommen hat. Vergeblich hat man das Klopfen zu orten versucht, hat es immerfort abwechselnd außen und innen vermutet – auf dem Dachboden / unter der Schädeldecke –, aber niemals zu fassen bekommen.

Immer häufiger taucht es auf, immer unerklärlicher, so auch an diesem späten Freitagabend im Januar. Die Kinder waren, wie meistens am Ende der Kindergartenwoche, erschöpft und überreizt; den ganzen frühen Abend haben sie gemeinsam gestritten und abwechselnd geheult, und später, weil sie ins Bett gehen sollten, wie Verrückte geschrien. Endlich schlafen sie, es ist einen Augenblick völlig still, selbst der Hund liegt reglos auf seiner Decke unter meinem Schreibtisch, ich starre auf sein schwarzes Fell, bis ich sehen kann, dass der Brustkorb sich hebt und senkt; ich atme auf, und das Klopfen wird laut. Kurze Hammerschläge erst, dann abwechselnd auch längere. Ich male Striche und Punkte in mein Notizbuch. Es ist nicht so, dass ich viel vom Morsen verstehe, aber ich beuge mich solange über die Tabelle, bis annähernd etwas Sinnvolles herauskommt. Annähernd. RAUCH. ZEIT. KIND. Naja. (Die Alternativen wären LXCH. TDIA. CRNE oder ETINAKSI. MESA. NDKI. Ich kenne keine Sprache, in der das auch nur ansatzweise Sinn ergäbe, also entscheide ich mich für Rauch, Zeit, Kind.) Stille. Mein Mann, nehme ich an, ist in seinem Zimmer damit beschäftigt, die Emails der ganzen Woche aufzuarbeiten, wie jeden Freitagabend, wenn er keinen Dienst hat, um kurz vor Mitternacht *Wochenende* zu rufen. Wir nehmen uns schon länger vor, wieder einmal etwas gemeinsam zu machen. *Etwas*. Mal hat er keine Zeit, mal ich. Rauchzeitkind! Flitzt es mir durch den Kopf. Ich schlage mein Notizbuch zu, schließe die Word-Datei und öffne ein neues Fenster. Ins Suchfeld gebe ich Petrus' Namen ein, den Namen meiner ersten Liebe.

Ich bin darauf vorbereitet, gar nichts zu finden und unbefriedigt abzurechnen. Auch mit Hinweisen auf eine Frau und Kinder rechne ich. Warum sollte nicht auch er inzwischen Familie haben? Sogar auf Fotos bin ich gefasst. Nicht aber darauf. Darauf nicht.

ONE INSIDE THE OTHER MONIQUE SCHWITTER**Excerpt translated by Michael Hofmann**

When you start googling your first boyfriend or girlfriend one day, that's a response to the sounds of tapping you hear as you go to sleep, and, more loudly, when you look in the mirror first thing in the morning, at the sight of the deep vertical crease between your eyebrows. All attempts to find the source of the noise – is it inside, outside, from the attic, under your skull – are futile.

It crops up more and more frequently, more and more inexplicably, here it is again late this Friday evening in January. As usual at the end of the week in kindergarten, the children were exhausted and difficult; they squabbled all evening, took turns crying, and finally, when it was bedtime, they screamed. At last they're asleep, for a brief moment there's silence, even the dog is lying there on his rug under my desk, I stare at his black fur, watch his ribs rise and fall, I take a deep breath – and there's the tapping at full volume. Brief taps first, then longer, heavier blows. I transcribe it into dots and dashes in my notebook. It's not as though I knew Morse code, but I pore over the table until something close to sense comes out. Close. SMOKE. TIME. CHILD. Well. (Among the rejected alternatives are LXCH. TDIA. CRNE or ETINAKSI. MESA. NDKI. I don't know the language in which those exist as words, so I have to plump for Smoke, Time, Child.) Silence. My husband, I'm assuming, is in his room, going through the week's e-mails, as he does every Friday, before coming out a little before midnight and calling out: It's the weekend! For a while now we thought we should do something together. No idea what. Sometimes he has no time, sometimes it's me. Smoketimechild! Flits through my brain. I shut my notebook, shut the document file, and open a new search window. I write the name of my first boyfriend, Peter.

I'm perfectly prepared to find nothing and to give up. I'm also prepared to find references to a wife and kids. Why shouldn't he have a family as well by now? I'm even prepared for photos. But not this. Not this.

“Her prose works so well precisely because she leaves lacunae: these are the fundament of good literature. Her characters are well aware why they keep silent even when they're speaking.” STEFAN GMÜNDER AT THE INGEBORG BACHMANN COMPETITION

OUTSIDE - NOW

DRAUSSEN UM DIESE ZEIT

GENRE Short stories, LANGUAGE German



“Ulrich’s prose is serene but at the same time objective in a way that is both graphic and concise, empathetic yet melancholic.” ENTWÜRFE

Ulrike Ulrich’s stories play out in New York, Paris, Zürich, Vienna and Rome. Her characters travel on the Metro, swim back and forth in the pool or sit in the café: they look for happiness not within their own four walls, but always ‘outside’. There’s the man, who rides on the trams, day after day, looking for his wife who went missing years ago; or another man who repairs bikes at night at the railway station, in the hope that one day he’ll be written up in the newspaper as the ‘good spirit of the bicycle park’; and then there’s the woman who sits with her feet in a pool of turtles waiting to see once again the young man she saw last week. They’re all looking for something, pursuing their desires. They meet each other outside by chance, or miss each other, or get together, or kiss, make bets, believe in coincidence... and, together, get arrested. These eleven short stories each highlight a brief episode from the main character’s life. We only get to know them fleetingly; but still we get a touching insight into their thoughts and feelings. This is not least thanks to Ulrich’s finely tuned prose, which, in just a few pages, paints pictures that remain long in the mind. Her stories unfold with good humour, dense narrative and polished rhetoric; together they create a carousel of great insight and run the gamut of human emotions.

TITLE Draussen um diese Zeit
PUBLISHER Luftschacht Verlag, Vienna
PUBLICATION DATE July 2015
PAGES 198
ISBN 978-3-902844-61-3
TRANSLATION RIGHTS Jürgen Lagger,
lagger@luftschacht.com



ULRIKE ULRICH was born in Düsseldorf in 1968. She has been living and working as a writer in Zürich since 2004. Her first novel *fern bleiben* was published in 2010 and was followed in 2013 by *Hinter den Augen*. Her writing has been singled out for praise on many occasions and she’s received a number of awards: the Walter Serner-Prize in 2010, the City of Zürich Prize for Artistic Recognition in both 2010 and 2013, and the Lilly-Ronchetti-Prize in 2011.

PHOTO © Ute Schendel

DRAUSSEN UM DIESE ZEIT ULRIKE ULRICH**German original (p. 93-94)**

Stadtgärtnerei

Jeden Freitag geht sie zu den Schildkröten. Jeden Freitag, wenn es nicht regnet, setzt Hanna sich auf die rote Bank, die am Rand des Goldfischgrabens steht, direkt neben das Schildkröten-Warnschild, über das sie mit ihm gesprochen hat, über das sie überhaupt erst ins Gespräch kamen. Er hat sie angesprochen. Sie hätte sich nicht getraut.

Letzten Freitag, als es geregnet hat, ist sie am Graben vorbei ins Palmenhaus gegangen und hat sich auf die Bank gesetzt, die dem Innenbecken am nächsten steht, aber sie hat dann genauso wenig daran geglaubt, dass er kommen wird, wie sie daran glaubt, dass die Schildkröten beißen. Trotzdem blieb sie zwei Stunden lang im Palmenhaus. Trotzdem hat sie den Schildkröten noch nie über den Panzer gestreichelt, obwohl sie Lust dazu hätte, besonders über den verbeulten Panzer von Agnes würde sie gerne mit den Fingerspitzen fahren, er erinnert sie an die Beifahrertür ihres ersten Kadetts, die auf eine ähnlich unnachvollziehbare Weise eingedrückt war, schon damals vor fast dreißig Jahren, als sie den Wagen von ihrem Großvater zum Abitur geschenkt bekam.

Gerade jetzt kriecht Agnes an den Rand des großen Steins, auf dem heute alle Schildkröten neben- und übereinanderlagern, und taucht ihre Vorderfüße ins Wasser, während eine andere Schildkröte, der Hanna noch keinen Namen gegeben hat, sich ganz in den Wassergraben rutschen lässt und dabei eine weitere mitreißt. Bis die unfreiwillig untergetauchte Schildkröte, die Burkhard heißen könnte, den Stein wieder erklimmen hat – zweimal fällt sie mit dem Panzer voran zurück ins Wasser – vergeht eine Minute, in der Hanna sich fragt, ob die Unterseite der Weibchen und Männchen gleich aussieht. Es vergeht eine Minute, in der Hanna beinahe gar nicht daran denkt, wo er bleibt und wieso er nun schon an zwei Freitagen nicht da war, wieso er vielleicht auch an diesem nicht kommen wird, obwohl die Sonne scheint und die Schildkröten sich alle auf der großen Steinplatte versammelt haben, Elsa wie immer obenauf, die kleine Elsa, deren Panzer ausfranst und aussieht, als wolle er zu Federn werden.

OUTSIDE – NOW ULRIKE ULRICH**Excerpt translated by Stephen Morris**

City Botanical Nursery

Every Friday she goes to see the turtles. Every Friday, unless it's raining, Hanna sits on the red bench beside the goldfish pond, right next to the warning sign about the turtles, which was what they had talked about, what got them talking in the first place. He had started the conversation. She wouldn't have dared.

Last Friday, when it rained, she'd walked past the pond into the palm house and sat on the bench nearest the indoor pool. She had no more believed he would come than that the turtles would bite. But she still stayed two hours in the palm house, she still didn't stroke the turtle's shells, although she wanted to. She would especially have liked to run her fingertips over Agnes' indented shell. It reminded her of the passenger door on her first Opel Kadett, which had also had an unexplained dent when her grandfather gave it to her nearly thirty years ago, to celebrate her success when she passed her final exams at Grammar School.

At this moment Agnes is crawling round the edge of the large stone, where today the turtles are all sitting next to and on top of each other, dipping her front feet into the water, while one of the other turtles, whom Hanna hasn't named yet, decides to slide right into the water, taking another with him. It takes a minute for the turtle who's been dunked involuntarily, his name could be Burkhard, to climb back onto the stone. Twice, he falls back into the water, shell first. A minute in which Hanna wonders if the underbellies of the males and females look the same. In which Hanna nearly manages not to wonder where he has got to, and why he has now missed two Fridays, why he may not come this Friday either, although the sun is out and the turtles have all gathered on the large flat stone, Elsa on top as usual, little Elsa, whose shell is tattered and looks like it's turning to feathers.

“The moment of happiness is central but it functions only in contrast to the rarity of happy moments in this book. Ulrike Ulrich writes about these moments in an artistically elegant narrative style.” SRF

6 MORE UNMISSABLE SWISS BOOKS



MUSCLES & LA MAISON
(MUSCLES and THE HOUSE)
JULIEN BURRI

GENRE Novel & Short Story
PAGES 360
PUBLISHER Bernard Campiche Editeur,
Orbe 2014
ISBN 978-2-88241-377-2
TRANSLATION RIGHTS Bernard
Campiche, info@campiche.ch

Two books in one: *Muscles*, a novel about a young man trying to heal his wounds by sculpting his body to the point of self-destruction; *The House* shelters a love that is crumbling, bit by bit, each brief chapter a short, sharp blow.



AUF BEIDEN SEITEN
(ON BOTH SIDES)
LUKAS HARTMANN

GENRE Novel
PAGES 336
PUBLISHER Diogenes, Zürich 2015
ISBN 978-3-257-06921-1
TRANSLATION RIGHTS Susanne
Bauknecht, bau@diogenes.ch

Just before the fall of the Wall, Mario, a Swiss journalist, travels to East Berlin to cover a news story. A highly charged political novel about the recent past.



PLAINE DES HEROS
(FIELD OF HEROES)
YVES LAPLACE

GENRE Novel
PAGES 360
PUBLISHER Fayard, Paris 2015
ISBN 978-2-213-68591-5
TRANSLATION RIGHTS
rights@editions-fayard.fr

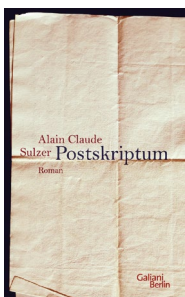
Against a backdrop of anti-Semitism and family secrets, *Field of Heroes* brings inter-war Geneva brilliantly to life and traces its echoes in the present day.



TAMANGUR
(TAMANGUR)
LETA SEMADENI

GENRE Novel
PAGES 144
PUBLISHER Rotpunktverlag,
Zürich 2015
ISBN 978-3-858-69641-0
TRANSLATION RIGHTS Daniela Koch,
daniela.koch@rotpunktverlag.ch

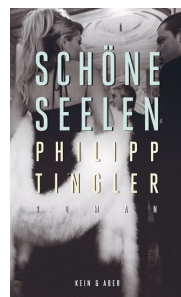
The story of a grandmother, her granddaughter, and their shared memories of the girl's grandfather who has gone to Tamangur: a stone pine forest in the Engadin but also the mysterious realm of the dead.



POSTSKRIPTUM
(POSTSCRIPT)
ALAIN CLAUDE SULZER

GENRE Novel
PAGES 260
PUBLISHER Verlag Galiani, Berlin 2015
ISBN 978-3-86971-115-7
TRANSLATION RIGHTS Iris Brandt,
ibrandt@kiwi-verlag.de

We follow a Jewish movie star of the early 1930s from Sils Maria to New York, where he tries, but fails, to create a new life. A novel about the loneliness of exile and the turmoil of the European catastrophe.



SCHÖNE SEELEN
(BEAUTIFUL SOULS)
PHILIPP TINGLER

GENRE Novel
PAGES 352
PUBLISHER Kein & Aber, Zürich 2015
ISBN 978-3-0369-5723-4
TRANSLATION RIGHTS Lisa Mühlemann,
l.muehlemann@keinundaber.ch

A scathing portrait of those who are cosseted by life but are never satisfied. A caustic look at the social circles in which appearances and illusions are as real as Botox and diet pills.

A NEW EDITION OF HERMANN BURGER'S COLLECTED WRITING

Hermann Burger's writings had a definite goal: to make the ground sway under his readers' feet. In honour of the 25th anniversary of the death of one of the most independent-minded and surprising Swiss writers in recent times, an edition of his complete writing is re-issued in eight volumes. Hermann Burger's substantial body of writing in the genres of fiction, poetry, and literary non-fiction is now available in full. This edition includes all works published in Burger's lifetime and, from his literary estate, the unfinished novel *Menzenmang*, the second volume in his projected four-volume *Brenner* cycle.

Eloquent, witty, obsessively and exactly researched down to the most extraordinary detail – Burger's stories entice, seduce, and bedazzle, which can also be said of his persona as both *savant* and *bon-vivant*. Now that this complete edition of Burger's works is available in German, it's also a great opportunity to make them available in translation.

“Beyond all the labels usually applied to Burger (word-conjurer, enchanter, cigar smoker, Ferrari driver, and so on), we now have the opportunity to rediscover a literary oeuvre that, in its radicalness and originality, still stands like some aberrant boulder on the Swiss literary landscape.” NEUE ZÜRCHER ZEITUNG



TITLE Hermann Burger. Werke in acht Bänden
PUBLISHER Nagel & Kimche, Zürich
PUBLICATION DATE February 2014
PAGES 3184
ISBN 978-3-312-00561-1
TRANSLATION RIGHTS Stefanie Eckl,
 Stefanie.eckl@hanser.de



HERMANN BURGER was born in 1942, in the canton of Aargau. He studied German Literature and wrote his doctoral thesis on Paul Celan. He published his first collection of poems, *Rauchsignale*, in 1967. His highly acclaimed first novel *Schilten* appeared in 1976. Burger was also a lecturer in Modern German Literature and a literary editor. He received many awards, including the Hölderlin Prize in 1982 and the Ingeborg Bachmann Prize in 1985. Hermann Burger died in 1989.

PHOTO © Yvonne Böhler

RECENTLY TRANSLATED



Frühling der Barbaren by Jonas Lüscher was recently translated with support from Pro Helvetia into the following languages a.o.:

LA PRIMAVERA DEI BARBARI

Translated into Italian
by Roberta Gado
for Keller Editore, Rovereto

LE PRINTEMPS DES BARBARES

Translated into French
by Tatjana Marwinski
for Editions Autrement, Paris

BARBARIAN SPRING

Translated into English
by Peter Lewis
for Haus Publishing, London

ВЯЧА БАРБАРАЎ

Translated into Belarussian
by Iryna Herasimovich
for Paperus, Minsk

BECHA BARBAPOB

Translated into Russian
by Maria Zorkaja
for Ripol Classic Publishing House, Moscow

10 YEARS OF TRANSLATION HOUSE LOOREN

Since 2005, the Translation House Looren in the Swiss canton of Zürich has been offering professional literary translators from all over the world a place to work and study. For ten years now, it has helped increase interest in Swiss literature abroad by promoting its translation into a variety of languages worldwide. At Translation House Looren all language combinations are welcome. As the first institution of its kind in a country that, with its four national languages, has always been a land of translation, Translation House Looren sees itself primarily as a location for concentrated work. In addition, a programme of events aims to increase the visibility of literary translation and to support its practitioners. Through readings, workshops, and conferences, we offer translators a forum for continuing professional development and for enhancing the public's awareness of their activities.



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Association of Swiss authors, with useful information on authors, translators, residencies, rights, and more:

www.a-d-s.ch / www.ssa.ch

Publishers' Association of German, French, and Italian-speaking Switzerland:

www.sbv.ch / www.asdel.ch / www.editori-sesi.ch

Independent portal for Swiss literature with search engine, catalogue of Swiss books from the past 60 years, events and other useful information:

www.swissliterature.ch

Viceversa Literatur, the trilingual online platform with reviews and background information on Swiss literature:

www.viceversaliteratur.ch

Swiss National Library with extensive catalogue and archives:

www.nb.admin.ch

SWISS LITERATURE AWARDS 2015

presented by the Federal Office of Culture, FOC

Every year, the Federal Office of Culture awards the Swiss Grand Prix for Literature, plus from five to seven Swiss Literature Awards. The latter are awarded for literary works that have been published in the previous year, in one of the national languages or in a Swiss dialect. The Swiss

Grand Prix for Literature honours a personality who stands out through their exceptional dedication to Swiss literature. For more information, visit www.literaturpreise.ch Sample translations of the 2015 laureates' texts can be provided upon request.



DOROTHEE ELMIGER
SCHLAFGÄNGER
(THE BED LODGERS)

GENRE Novel
PUBLISHER DuMont, Cologne
ISBN 978-3-8321-9742-1
TRANSLATION RIGHTS Judith Habermas,
Judith.Habermas@dumont-buchverlag.de



ELEONORE FREY
UNTERWEGS NACH OCHOTSK
(ON THE ROAD TO OCHOTSK)

GENRE Novel
PUBLISHER Engeler Verlag, Solothurn
ISBN 978-3-906050-07-2
TRANSLATION RIGHTS Urs Engeler,
urs@engeler.de



HANNA JOHANSEN
DER HERBST, IN DEM ICH KLAVIER
SPIELEN LERNT
(THE AUTUMN I LEARNT TO PLAY THE PIANO)

GENRE Journal
PUBLISHER Dörlemann, Zürich
ISBN 978-3-03820-011-6
TRANSLATION RIGHTS Sabine Dörlemann,
s.doerlemann@doerlemann.com



GUY KRNETA
UNGER ÜS. FAMILIALBUM
(AMONG US. A FAMILY ALBUM)

GENRE Novel
PUBLISHER Der gesunde Menschenversand, Lucerne
ISBN 978-3-905825-90-9
TRANSLATION RIGHTS Matthias Burki,
info@menschenversand.ch



FRÉDÉRIC PAJAK
MANIFESTE INCERTAIN 3
(AMBIGUOUS MANIFESTO, VOL. 3)

GENRE Narrative with illustrations
PUBLISHER Noir sur Blanc, Lausanne
ISBN 978-2-88250-353-4
TRANSLATION RIGHTS
Christine Bonnard Legrand,
christine.bonnardlegrand@libella.fr



CLAUDIA QUADRI
SUONA, NORA BLUME
(PLAY ON, NORA BLUME)

GENRE Novel
PUBLISHER Casagrande, Bellinzona
ISBN 978-88-7713-629-9
TRANSLATION RIGHTS Ilaria Antognoli,
edizioni@casagrande-online.ch



NOËLLE REVAZ
L'INFINI LIVRE
(THE INFINITE BOOK)

GENRE Novel
PUBLISHER Zoé, Geneva
ISBN 978-2-88182-925-3
TRANSLATION RIGHTS Yannick Stiasny,
yannick.stiasny@editionszoe.ch

SWISS GRAND PRIX FOR LITERATURE



ADOLF MUSCHG born 1934 in Zürich, is an author and intellectual, who has shaped Switzerland and its political and cultural discourse. His first novel *Im Sommer des Hasen* was published in 1965. His Parsifal novel *Der rote Ritter* (1993) is considered his major literary work. Adolf Muschg lives in Männedorf close to Zürich.

PRO HELVETIA'S SUPPORT FOR TRANSLATION

The Swiss Arts Council Pro Helvetia awards grants for translations of contemporary literary works from Switzerland, with an eye to promoting cultural and linguistic diversity and helping Swiss authors reach larger audiences, both within the country and around the world.

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- books for children and teenagers (it may also cover part of the licensing fees)
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- plays by Swiss dramatists (including theatre surtitles)
- samples of up to 15 pages upon request

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translator by Pro Helvetia upon publication. Translation fees are based on the translation contract and calculated according to the current rates in the country of the language of translation.

Deadline: We accept applications at any time, but they must be submitted at least three months before printing, to allow time for Pro Helvetia to proof-read the translation.

All applications should be submitted at the application portal: www.myprohelvetia.ch

Please contact us if you have any further questions. We look forward to receiving your application.

Contact

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