



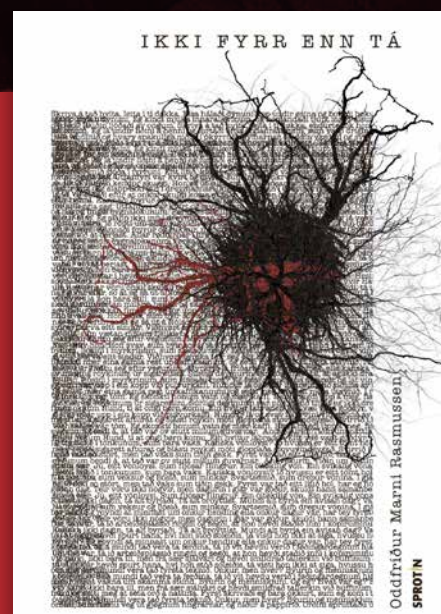
Oddfríður Marni Rasmussen:

IKKI FYRR ENN TÁ

Oddfríður Marni Rasmussen (1969) grew up in the village of Sandur on Sandoy, the Faroe Islands. He is a primary school teacher. He has authored 19 poetry collections, of which the first was published in 1994 and one is being published this year. Between 1998 and 2000, he attended "Forfatterskolen", a Writers' Academy in Copenhagen. Oddfríður Marni Rasmussen is also one of two editors of the contemporary literary periodical "Vencil"

He has been awarded the Faroese national M.A. Jacobsen's Award for fiction twice, and last year he won the Faroese Book Shop Association's novel competition with the novel "Ikki fyrr enn tá" (*Not Until Then*). In the motivation the Committee says: "With this new novel Faroese literature welcomes a new voice. It is a convincing novel written by a convincing author about an important subject which needs to be expressed". The story is about losing a spouse to brain cancer, and it's the

story of the one left behind which is so skillfully described. Not only is this a frightening and heartfelt story, it is equally important to have such a story in Faroese language. The story has all the right ingredients and they all work well together to make up a fully composed novel which leaves you with a wish to read it again. The story is exceptionally moving, shocking, sad, honest, realistic, optimistic and relevant. The novel was published 22 February 2019 by Sprotin.



Title: Ikki fyrr enn tá

Pages: 288

Publisher: Sprotin

Year of publication: 2019

English sample available

NOT UNTIL THEN

Translated by Marita Thomsen

4.
Not until all the tests were taken could they see for certain that there was a tumour in the brain. Not until then did Elsa really start changing. Then there was proof beyond refute.

Not until then.

Her body was strapped to a stretcher slowly sliding into the scanner. Elsa breathed heavily. The only audible sounds came from the motor conveying the stretcher into the scanner and Elsa's slow breathing. The sterile hospital smell reeked of death rather than life. A pungent emanation from warm equipment and patient fluids assaulting the nostrils. Sometimes my thoughts skipped from the sound of the scanner to the hospital stench. It felt as if all my senses had been separated and now existed independently.

"Where are you?"

"I'm here, love."

"Where?"

"Here," I said turning away from the apparatus that had eaten Elsa in order to shine through her body and find the tumour and then spit her out again like a prune pit. The machine was supposed to take images of the tumour, so the doctors could see precisely where the growth was and how big it was and, not least, what the prospects were.

The future.

"Lie still. Don't speak," said a loudspeaker.

All the tests were drawn-out. It felt like abuse, violent abuse. Attacks. Time became alien.

Neither Elsa nor I could recognise time. It always passed too quickly, and though we tried to stretch it, use it sparingly, it ran away from us faster than we knew how to run.

We had a barrage of terms thrown in our faces, as if the words were a Sunday dinner shopping list. Elsa sat beside me holding my hand. I could see it in her face, I could visualize it, and I could see that she didn't understand a word of what was being said, and I tried to write down all the words, so that I could look them up online when we got home. The uncomprehending expression

on Elsa's face showed obvious signs of stress and bewilderment. A blonde lock caressed her cheek. Her eyes looked empty. Her mouth crimped. The teeth dry behind the lips. And a dark blush circled both eyes.

Almost crimson.

A battery of tests followed. Scanners. Back and forth between departments and doctors, between doctors and departments. Flights to Denmark for further tests at the central hospital in Copenhagen for shorter and longer periods of time, and time still hadn't come. Just illness.

And no time.

Time grew more and more alien. It had not fixed beat. Sprinted when it felt like it, crawled when it felt like it, and all we could do was follow the time we had at any given time.

One thing was that we didn't manage to keep up with time, but in the wake of time came all these strange words.

*Metastases,
 glia,
 meninges,
 oligodendroglioma,
 glioplastoma multiforme,
 fourth grade,
 Prednisolone,
 adrenal gland cortex,
 chemotherapy,
 neurone,
 astrocytomas.*

Like a shopping list, so long. The words frothed in the mouth every time I had to say them. These were all words I couldn't relate to human beings, and certainly not Elsa. There was nothing tried or true about them. Elsa had always been anything but those words. She didn't understand the words either. In her head there was only death, and how he would get her, and when he would come and lead her into heaven. And how he would be dressed when he arrived to hold her heart in his cold hand. The black cloak and that curled hand



Carl Jóhan Jensen:

SÆR – EIN FUGLABÓK AV GLOYMSK

Carl Jóhan Jensen, born in Tórshavn in 1957, is one of the most original and provocative writers on the Faroese literary scene. Poet and novelist, Carl Jóhan Jensen is also a prominent figure in the public debate on culture and politics in the Faroe Islands

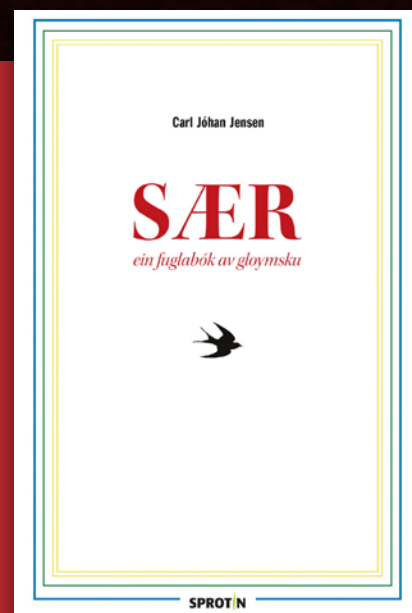
Since his publishing début in the early eighties, he has produced eight volumes of poetry, five novels, a collection of essays, as well as satirical rhymes, and he is a regular and respected reviewer of the latest in Faroese arts.

Carl Jóhan Jensen has been awarded the Faroese M.A. Jacobsen Literature Prize three times, and is a five time nominee for the prestigious Nordic Council Literature Prize, most recently in 2016 for his novel *"Eg síggi teg betur í myrkri"* (2014). Jensen's

work has appeared in literary journals and anthologies in Denmark, Norway, Sweden, the Netherlands, Germany and the USA.

In 2017, a collection of his poems was translated to Portuguese and published in Brazil, and a chapter from his 2005 novel, *"Tales of Devilry"* was featured in the Nordic anthology *"The Dark Blue Winter Overcoat"*.

Carl Jóhan Jensen celebrated his 60th birthday in December 2017 by publishing his fifth novel: *"Sær – Ein fuglabók av gloymsku"*.



Title:

Sær – ein fuglabók av gloymsku

Pages: 388

Publisher: Sprotin

Year of publication: 2017

English sample available

AN ORNITHOLOGY OF OBLIVION

Translated by Marita Thomsen

1.
Sweat clings to my body. I could turn down the heat, but instead I'm lying here on top of a pale grey quilt. Huddled against the slats of a gilded footboard. One foot off the bed, sole pressed against the side of the mattress. My bent leg draws a gently sloping convex bow along the footboard, its weight tugs at the mound so the slit peeks through a tuft of dark hair, ajar. I have curled the right leg up under me. My left hand rests on the calf right below the knee joint, fingers splayed across the shin. The wrist on my other arm is wedged between thigh and torso, and the hand is clenched, as if it were hiding something in its fist while concealing the lower breast, but the other one, the upper breast, sags a little with its large irregular pale-red nipple.

I observe myself like this, etched in the windowpane, and I do it now without any sensation that another me is haunting me from in there. It strikes me that you can't see how lame I am like this. That one leg is shorter than the other and how misshapen the foot really is. On the other hand, the skin is oddly pale to behold on the body, like bird skin. I might just as well never have left this place. Not been away all these years. Or for that matter I could as easily be staring at a corpse in that windowpane. That is how clear the full frontal of myself is, cheek resting on a spray of black hair. The eyes are grey, almost like polished mirrors, under long and, towards the nose bridge, fairly bushy brows. The face has a vulnerable look of meditation, of something pent up. But you can't read anything else from it. It was always like that with me. What couldn't be read, didn't exist. And I don't have the imagination to conjure up mental images either, even of what I know. Say, for example, the area around the hotel, the harbour and warehouses below the lighthouse, well, it's all there of course, hidden somewhere. Right where it was the night before last. Clearly legible in the windowpane when I came to Tórshavn from the airport and here to the hotel. Bringing practically

no luggage into the hazy greenness gleaming off the walls.

There is no legible way out, though. Tonight. Fog chokes the town.

Inside I see myself etched, as I mentioned, in a windowpane, because a flush ceiling light shines its sallow light on me. Over this corpse of mine with its mottled pallid hide, its hideous thickset appearance.

And in the gloom where the rays don't quite stretch, it is as if a silhouette emerges behind me and slips out the door in the background.

To my relief.

But then there is that other thing, whether I dare to know what the heart wants to tell me now, or if my brain shies too far from the silence inside.

From all the things unsaid by the others also resting here tonight. At the hotel.

And there is no need to tell you, returned to this shrouded town that the thing with me is, firstly, I never found the strength for release in anything if it didn't give me the space to deny it, at least once and preferably repeatedly. Loving for example. Or believing for that matter. Otherwise they both feel so oppressive and definitive.

Secondly, I haven't been much for thinking. Not that I am dim or anything. I have just mostly relied on what I sensed in the moment, rather than on thoughts that last. Trusted that intelligence. Or maybe I was, all things considered, what Álvhild thought of me, she whose name was aunt when she moved herself in with us back then, in Brekkugøta, under the pretext of keeping house for me and the old man. But in my young mind she was a crow. I still shudder at the whiff of loneliness that clung to her.

She said to me on the very first day she came, "You are an angel. Neither cold nor hot."

It was that spring in the early 1950s, when the other one took to the attic chamber. The one whose name was mum then, but who was a dove, and week after week was busy fading into the heavens bristling with resentful cooing.

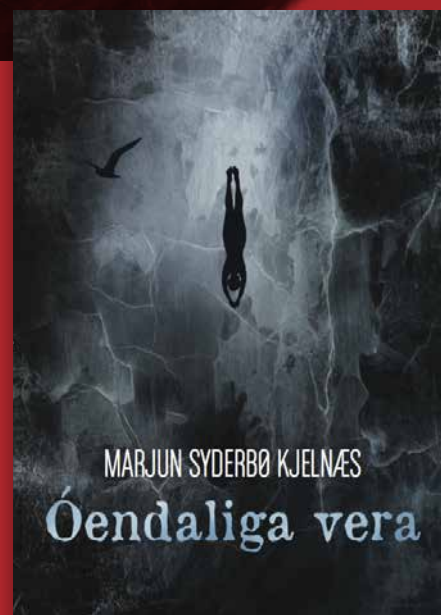
Photo: Kdm-foto

Marjun S. Kjelnæs: ÓENDALIGA VERA

Marjun S. Kjelnæs, born in 1974, is a trained nurse, but has been working as a full-time writer for some years. With a number of 1st place wins in short story competitions, Marjun S. Kjelnæs was awarded a 3-year grant from the Faroese cultural fund in 2009

Predominantly known for her works in children's and Young Adults literature, Kjelnæs is also an author of a number of poetry collections and short stories and published her first play "Tóm rúm" (Empty rooms) in 2014, which garnered many positive remarks from audience and critics alike. She is very versatile and productive, and during the last two years she has written

a film manuscript, lyrics for singer-songwriter Eivør, published a poetry collection "Opna" and in July this year "Óendaliga vera" – her first novel for adults – was published for which she has won a novel competition. A number of Kjelnæs' stories have been translated into other languages such as French, Norwegian, Danish, and Icelandic.



Title: Óendaliga vera
Pages: 310
Publisher: BFL
Year of publication: 2016
 English sample available

“I know nothing of the role I play I only know that it’s mine. I can’t exchange it.”

Wisława Szymborska (Life while-you-wait)

Translated by Marita Thomsen

(leon)

The Postman

In the beginning I wrote my name in small letters: leon. And then I just kept on doing it. It was easier for everyone, I think. Easier to distinguish me from Him: Leon the good, the mild, the fair. He, who was my grandfather, whom I loved the way so many others loved Him. For a long time. The way one tends to love heroes and saints. A lot could be said about my grandfather, and still is, but by others, not me. I remember granddad with my childhood feelings, I sense him all the way back to before I had words to express what I felt. Later I tried both not to be like him and to be like him. But I failed miserably at both tests, shamed and failed myself and others.

Now I am nothing, not really. I am a postman, who carries messages to people. I take unopened letters and parcels to them, without knowing what is inside, stuff dragged all the way here from every corner of the world: China, USA, Europe. The weight in my hands tells me a little. Books, yes, but what about? Gadgets, sure, but what for? And then all the things you have no clue about. I don’t even guess, just trudge on in the dark, I don’t really feel anything anymore, I don’t want to know anything either. What difference is it to man whether he conquers or renounces the entire world, and whether he loses or keeps his soul? None. So I have let go of both, and that is how come I don’t hang on to anything, worldly or spiritual. I no longer make any efforts, neither to change anything, nor come to terms with anything. Everything that I thought mattered slipped through my fingers. I am leon with small letters, a 52-year-old postman. One day after the other takes me by my limp hand and leads me sluggishly towards evening.

I have unearthed a song I used to listen to when I was younger. I didn’t actually look for it, for me that would have meant making a decision about stepping back in time, and good rarely comes of such decisions. But when I, by chance, saw that somebody had posted the song to their profile, I accepted that the decision had been made for me. Now I listen to it on my phone, a tune from times gone by. I remember the lyrics. The melody is dreadful, but I have always paid more attention to lyrics than to music. Have rarely ever taken any notice of the whole picture of anything. Of course a passage from scripture would pop into my head right now: “... Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I am fully known.” Leon the first still drones on like voice-over to my thoughts. The scripture has

words for every occasion and every feeling, I also learnt that early on: “Your word is a lamp for my feet, a light on my path.” Well, somewhere along the way mine went out. Somewhere I veered off track. In my internal desert I take no notice of paths, be they broad or narrow. “... Their deeds amount to nothing; their images are but wind and confusion.”

It is Saturday today and I am off work. I drive north on black asphalt. It is supposedly summer, but the cold is not minded to let go. A hail shower woke me this morning, but once I had gulped my half-stirred cup of instant and ready for the road stepped out on the flagstones in the yard, astonishingly, the sun had broken through the clouds, still, hail crunched under my soles.

I accelerate on the long slope down to Hvítanes and don’t slow down again, I speed through the villages: Kollafjörður, Hósvík, Hvalvík, Streymnes. I am not in a hurry, but I can’t be bothered to slow down. There is never anyone on the road at this time in the morning at the weekends. Heavy-laden family cars streaming out of Tórshavn to visit grannies and granddads in the villages will not be loaded for another few hours, not until late morning, when children and adults slowly start to wake up. And youths fleeing the lifeless provinces to party in the barely animated capital will not be piling into their cars until late afternoon. I pull my earbuds out, this mercury morning stillness is all mine. There is, of course, the possibility that I might run over some animal, a suicidal sheep or a lost hare, but I still let the hand in the speedometer quiver between one hundred and one hundred and ten km/h.

The bridge across Streymurin appears in the horizon, I will be driving across the Atlantic Ocean in a minute, though I will only actually be moving from one minute island to another. The petrol station on the other side of the sea welcomes me with crimson arms – I need a pack of King’s.

“Smoking kills” adorns the pack in thick black letters. My dad never quit either. I light up and smoke one hunched on the stonewall encircling the station, staring straight ahead. They are planning to plant a forest here somewhere, have also gotten their hands on some money for it. I try to imagine thick trunks and the quiet between trees. I always enjoyed wandering deep into some forest when I was living in Denmark. Go off track. Stand still. All ordinary sounds were suddenly gone, replaced by delicate rustling and birdsong. The light changed colour too.



Bjørk Maria Kunoy:

IKKI FYRR ENN TÁ

Bjørk Maria Kunoy is born in 1991 and raised in Denmark and the Faroe Islands. She has studied law at the university in Copenhagen, but has for the past couple of years lived and worked in the Faroe Islands. *"Vit, Føroya fólk"* is her debut novel

"Vit, Føroya fólk" is a political crime novel. The governmental coalition presided by Magnus Tindholm has prepared a bill establishing a constitution for the Faroe Islands, requiring a referendum the following spring. The Danish government is displeased and cannot accept the bill as it provides the Faroese parliament, Løgtingið, with the highest authority in the Faroe Islands. The four Faroese governmental parties are seeking to challenge the framework of the collision between Faroe Islands and Denmark in order to exploit self-interests that

are not met by the Danish government. Thus, the Faroese people are indifferent to the case, and disputes within the parties threaten the foundation of the referendum of the Faroese Constitution, *Føroya grundlóg*. Several characters take the reader through the plot including the heads of the parties that form the Faroese government, the vessel owner of the arrested fishing vessels and a young female civil servant. The novel goes through their political, emotional and personal development throughout the story and challenges these on various accounts.



Title: Vit, Føroya fólk

Pages: 286

Publisher: Forlagið Norðan

Year of publication: 2019

English sample available

WE, THE FAROESE PEOPLE

Translated by Lena Anderssen

“The Prime Minister has a press conference Monday morning,” Anna said to Jákup, who sat next to her staring at something on his phone. Anna looked out the window. As they drove by, she noticed the waterfalls as they cheerfully ran down into the pasture east of Kaldbaksvegur. They were on a charter bus on their way back to Tórshavn. They, Vision Bank, had organized an informative meeting in Vágar that afternoon. They had called the events Constitution Conferences, which were to take place in various parts of the country over the next three weeks prior to the referendum. Tonight the meeting was to be held at “The Cottage” in Tórshavn.

“A last attempt to stop the votes, I imagine.” Jákup sounded indifferent and continued to stare into his phone.

“Is everything alright?” A brief moment passed before he answered. “Sólrun is pregnant.” Startled, Anna felt her pulse throb in her chest. She also felt disappointed, even though she didn’t have the right to be nor did she expect this reaction.

“We were together one night. It was just the one time. I felt lonely. It was shortly before that first Vision Bank conference, when we...” He paused, because what could he say? Nothing had happened between the two of them, even though every cell in their bodies was telling them otherwise.

“And what are you going to do?” Anna tried to sound as if she didn’t care what the answer would be.

“I don’t know...” Jákup sighed and looked at Anna.

“Maybe I won’t get another chance to become a father.” Anna nodded understandingly but could hardly speak. Jákup saw she was upset.

“On the other hand, we couldn’t stand each other these past few years. We did and said things that are hard to put behind us.” Jákup stared again at his phone and Anna felt ashamed for being pleased with his ambiguity. Jákup gently placed his hand on top of hers, which rested on the seat between them. Anna stroked his palm with her fingers as her eyes turned again to the waterfalls outside the window.

The Cottage had a large dugout basement where a panel stood at one end and café chairs and tables throughout the rest of the area. The venue was already full of people a good ten minutes before the event had started and many were sitting in the

smaller rooms upstairs. The recent media emphasis on the ship scandal and Denmark’s role had caused the public to show concern and take part in the discussion regarding the Faroese Constitution. Djóni and Janus Havnará were sitting at opposite ends of the panel and between them sat a professor of social science at the university, and an economist. The four of them were to discuss the Constitution for the next hour and a half.

Kári had also arranged for a Danish expert in Supreme Court affairs to come to the Faroes and explain how the Danish Constitution could be loosely interpreted to the advantage point of an independent Faroe Islands, within the framework of the Danish Kingdom. Kári was pleased to see that nearly all of the news media had shown up, including a journalist from the Jutland News as well as a Danish radio journalist.

“So what did you think of the Danish opinion poll this morning? They’re probably quite fond of us after all.” Laura smiled as she read the poll results from her phone. Nearly seventy percent were against the Faroe Islands leaving the Danish Kingdom.

“The Danes can hardly tell you where the Faroe Islands are located or whether or not we ride horse carriages to work, but still they don’t want to get rid of us.” Kári laughed peevishly, pulled his long bangs behind his ear and took a sip of his beer.

“I think you’re too hard on the Danes. It’s only natural for them to tend to their own interests first and foremost. We’re the only ones doing other things instead of tending to our interests.” Anna smiled, but Kári didn’t seem to like this much.

“It’s the first time I’ve ever heard you talk about the Faroes and the Faroese people as we and us.” Anna was taken aback by Jákup’s words.

“True, perhaps I haven’t felt at home here until now,” she answered after a moment of thought. “Cheers! And welcome back to the backwater.”

Kári laughed and pushed the beer towards the centre of the coffee table. Anna, Djóni and Laura clinked their bottles together and made a toast.

Everyone drew back their bottles to drink, except for Jákup who continued to hold his up while he contemplatively looked around at the people sitting with him. When his gaze stopped at Anna, he stared straight into her eyes. He was silent for a brief moment but then got up and began to ad-lib right then and there, his beer in the air. With a strong and clear voice, the words chimed out of him. It was hard to believe that he was making it up on the spot.



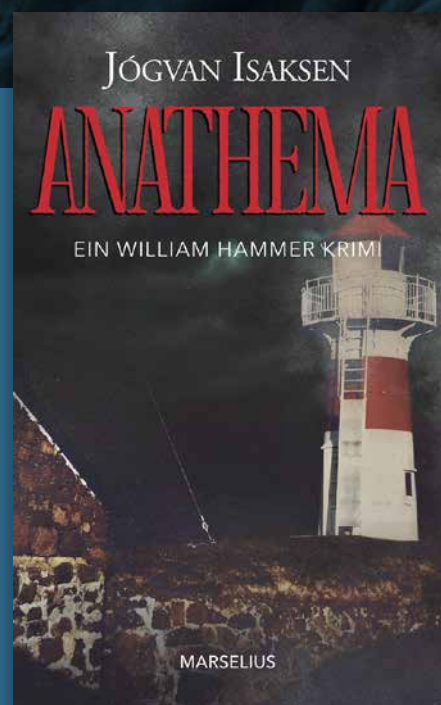
Jógvan Isaksen:

ANATHEMA

Jógvan Isaksen, born in 1950, holds an MA in Nordic Literature and has taught Faroese literature and language at the University of Copenhagen since 1986. He has published a range of books about Faroese literature and painting, and is primarily known for his crime novels set in the Faroe Islands.

Isaksen's first crime novel, "*Blíð er summarnátt á Føroyalandi*" published in 1990, made him a household name. Since then he has written crime novels for adults and children, and his works have been translated into Danish, German, Icelandic, English, Norwegian, and a translation into French is in process. He has written 10 crime

novels in the series about investigating journalist Hannis Martinsson, and his latest novel "*Heljarportur*" is his fourth in the series about detective William Hammer. A TV series based on the crime novels about investigating journalist Hannis Martinsson is also in the pipeline.



Title: Anathema
Pages: 293
Publisher: Marselius
Year of publication: 2018
 English sample available

ANATHEMA

Translated by Lena Anderssen

One Friday night William is at a bar on the main street when an unruly man from Mykines spills a beer on his lap. William knocks the man down and from that moment on incidents begin to occur. A Russian Mafioso tries to kill William and it's revealed that the incidents are connected to the Faroese fish exports to Russia. Gradually, disputes between the Ukraine and Russia come into play and it's discovered that a Fabergé egg is in the Faroe Islands, namely in Mykines.“

Friday, July 13

The first time he jostled me, I ignored it. A short while later he did it again and this time I got a splash of beer down my shoulder. I turned around in my chair and told him to watch what he was doing. He was in the process of shouting something to the man standing next to him in the bar. But he heard me nevertheless, turned his head and stared down at me with his red eyes.

“Did you say something?”

He was both big and hefty, around forty and wearing a black leather jacket, light blue shirt and jeans. His dark hair was trimmed down to a millimetre in length.

“You spilled beer on me. Next time be more careful,” I said calmly.

“Are you trying to teach me how to behave? You probably don't think I have any manners, eh?”

He scowled at me as he took a sip of his beer.

“I just asked you to stop jostling me and spilling beer on me,” I said, still keeping my calm.

It was Friday night and Gunnleyg and I had been to the cinema and seen Mission Impossible featuring Tom Cruise. It was Gunnleyg who had insisted. I myself didn't care too much for movies like that, but for Gunnleyg it couldn't get any better. After the film we decided to go have a beer before heading home. So we had gone to Blábar on the main street because there was usually good music there. And the music was quite alright – blues and jazz, but there were quite a lot of people and when we arrived there were only seats available right next to the packed bar. Already when I walked in I had noticed the big man, who was clearly not subdued or sober. The person he was talking to seemed more even-tempered but he was chubby and didn't have an ounce of hair on his head, which made me think he didn't look Faroese. He was wearing a long black leather coat, which wasn't typical attire here on the islands. However, the big man was speaking to him in Faroese, and so loudly that you could barely hear the music. He bragged mostly about trips to Greenland and Newfoundland and how

good he was at getting women in the sack. It was no fun having to listen to this kind of talk, but he was so vociferous that you didn't have a choice. Gunnleyg had gone to the bathroom and now here I sat staring into the eyes of someone who mostly reminded me of an angry bull.

“You're not to decide what I should or shouldn't do,” he stressed.

He bent forward and glared straight into my eyes. His face was so close that the stench of old beer flooded down towards me. I waved my right hand in front of my nose to get the smell away.

“Are you trying to shoo me away?” His voice was lower now but it made him seem even more dangerous. “Is an office rat from Tórshavn going to tell me what to do? A spoiled coward like you who's never been in the fishing industry is in no position to tell us fishermen what's what. We are the ones carrying this society on our shoulders.”

Some of the words had a tendency to curl up in his mouth and his speech was incoherent.

“Leave it be, Arngrímur,” his friend said putting his hand on the angry man's shoulder. “It isn't worth it.”

You could tell by his throaty pronunciation that English wasn't his mother tongue. I suspected he knew some Faroese; otherwise this Arngrímur was drunker than I thought.

The angry man didn't seem to be listening much to what was being said. He jerked his shoulder, causing his friend's hand to slide away, all while keeping his eyes steadfast on me.

“No arrogant arse from Tórshavn is going to tell me what to do.”

“Calm down,” I said. “I only asked you to stop spilling beer on me.”

“So, you want me to calm down? Not spill beer on you?” He suddenly seemed to be all smiles. But then the next thing I knew he knocked the rest of his beer onto my lap and broke out in laughter.

A second after that I thrust the fingers of my right hand into his diaphragm and when he bent over like a pocket knife, I punched him under the chin. He made a couple of stifling noises as he let go of his beer glass, claspng his throat with both hands before dropping to the floor.



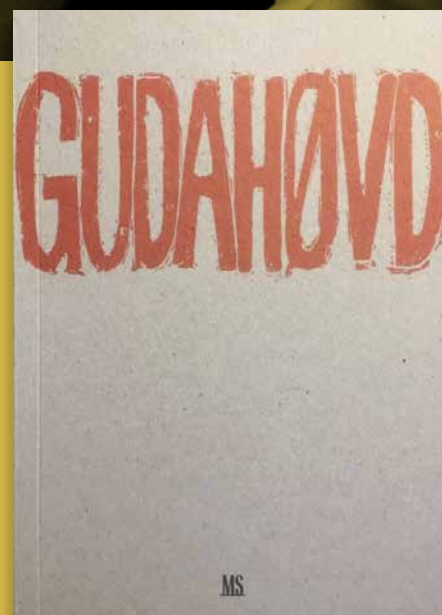
Jóanes Nielsen:

GUDAHØVD

Jóanes Nielsen, born in 1953, made his debut in 1978 with the poetry collection *"Trettandi mánaðin"*. Since then he has written several plays, short stories, poetry collections and novels, many of which have been translated into other Nordic languages

Nielsen's works deal with political and existential issues, with alternating use of irony and sarcasm to scrutinise the construct of society. Jóanes Nielsen has been awarded the M.A. Jacobsen's Award in literature on two occasions, lastly for his novel from 2011 *"Brahmadellarnir"* for which he was also nominated the

Nordic Council Literature Prize in 2013. The sequel *"Bommhjarta"* was published by MS in 2016. *"Gudahøvd"* is Nielsen's most recent poetry collection and has awarded him with another nomination for the Nordic Council Literature Prize. Rights are sold to Denmark and Norway.



Title: Gudahøvd
Pages: 84
Publisher: MS
Year of publication: 2017
 English sample available

GUDAHØVD

Translated by Matthew Landrum

GLASS HOUSES

October 14, 2012

A common chiffchaff hit a kitchen window in Norðdepil.
 Three days before, the same bird had been banded at Lista Bird Observatory just south of Stavanger. The crash was barely audible and maybe the chiffchaff was already dead when rough northern hands cautiously picked him up with a glove and carried him into the kitchen. There was no first aid equipment up there in the north — no cervical collar for the bird's twisted neck, not even an oxygen mask to fit over a tiny beak. For three days his nine-gram body drifted along on the wind approximately 850 kilometers from Stavanger to Norðdepil.
 Then he hit the kitchen window. Didn't he know that humans live in glass houses?

DOORPOST

When my children were still growing
 I would carve their height into the doorpost,
 with their name
 measurements and date
 beneath the mark.
 Now that they are full-fledged and gone,
 I ask myself
 which doorpost I should carve my loneliness into.

THE HEART

The heart
 trusty bodyguard of the body
 its four chambers
 registering joy and torment
 as it pumps out calendarless days.
 The heart will not lay down in the straw
 to take in the scent of loam in the aorta.
 The heart doesn't have a babysitter
 to take over on Saturday nights.
 Everytime the ear hears a Keith Richard riff
 or sees eyes sees pubic hair bristling from the edges
 of panties,
 it grows clamorous and grips the chest's rim with all
 its might.
 Every second
 the whole life through,
 its bloody chambers are filled and squeezed out.
 Just one missed beat
 would be one too many
 and death would wall up its entrances and exits.

BRUISED POEM

I'm thinking about the Price brothers —
 yes them — the distinguished celebrity chefs,
 the pair of them the dignified embodiment of
 distinguished cooking.
 Firmaments of whipped cream,
 babbling brooks of gravy,
 heartstrings sprinkled with cinnamon sugar.
 Maybe the sibling chefs provision the royal family
 on holidays,
 listen patiently as her majesty the queen spins yarns
 perhaps about the Knud, the hereditary prince of
 Denmark,
 or how her grandfather once attempted a coup
 d'état
 and didn't even lose his succession rights over it.
 I mean, if I got eighty million krona a year from
 the state,
 all I would do is regurgitate old tales and piss and
 moan.

At the bar last night,
 a stranger got in my face.
 He called me a poetaster and a damned prole.
 Lucky for me, a woman intervened.
 She said she had a thing for poetasters and the
 proletariat
 but hated idiots.

Oh, what a rotten world.
 Oh, what a pinched life scraping by as a proletar-
 iat,
 always having to worry,
 to be sneered at,
 to scrimp and save each penny,
 to have people shove in my face the idea that the
 individual has the right to choose.

There comes a day when your kids get the taste for
 alcohol.
 Sometimes you hear them crying
 and ask what's wrong?
 Their answer:
 you wouldn't understand, you fucking prole.

I know that too much anxiety can break a poem,
 that it should be undaunted, able to throw itself
 from a cliff,
 trusting the angels of heaven to bear it up.
 And should the angels fail to show,
 the bruised poem may yet find shelter
 where their injuries can get patched up
 while somewhere the Price brothers season the royal
 sauce to taste.

WAITING ROOM

He's waiting for a liver
 now he's pickled his own.
 On the outskirts of existence
 he dreams that someone who's a DNA match
 will be hit by a car
 or choke on a fishbone.

ANOTHER WAITING ROOM

The night lost its keys
 an empty pram is waiting for Jesus
 empty vessels are waiting for all of us.
 Along the milky way leaky taps drip
 madness.
 They sold the stars
 slandered the rain
 disrupted the night's system of light.
 Heaven's a nursing home for the gods
 nevermind
 but the angels
 the flautists of our shining dreams
 I demand to know the names of their killers!

THE BRIDGE

What is a village?
 Two houses
 One on each side of the river
 Spanned by a bridge
 The rest is details.
 But the bridge is a town's hope.



Katarina Nolsøe:

LEITANIN EFTIR AT VERA

Katarina Nolsøe is born in 1964 and is an actress by profession. In 2006 she had a depression and was admitted to the psychiatric ward several times

In her debut book "Leitanin eftir at vera" she describes her journey through depression, fear and anxiety. In a literary blog, editor Marna Jacobsen writes: "the book is exceptionally good, everything is a coherent whole; brilliant illustrations, brilliant poems and they are so well written that it makes me in-

credibly happy to be part of the people who understand Faroese: everything can be said and written in Faroese". Katarina Nolsøe gives an account of how she slowly returns to her normal self and learns to live with the scars of depression. The Book is published by Sprotin



Title: Leitanin eftir at vera
Pages: 52
Publisher: Sprotin
Year of publication: 2019
 English sample available

THE SEARCH FOR BEING

Translated by Lena Anderssen

4: THE MOTHER CREATURE

*A constantly tired person.
A disconnected mother.
You are there, but you don't know how.
It's hard not to be in the present moment.
It's hard not being able to reach them.
Sorrow.
They are somewhere else then when their mother came to a standstill.
Their words are disjointed.
You only understand bits.
The mood is not heavy.
Accepts.
Understands.
Has no words to speak with.
A stabbing pain cuts deep into the bone.
"Daddy, look at this drawing."
Not mommy.
But you understand.
A budding feeling of love awakens.
Tears.*

*You're crying!
You see the stones of the labyrinth walls slowly begin to loosen and the light begin to peek in.
The dark hindrances come tumbling down.
You see at that very moment where you are: see the fallen rocks around you and a fog-filled abyss below you.
You sit down at the edge.
Let the misty drops of fog wet your tongue.
The maternal instinct is in the water.
A mother creature sits at the edge.*

*The house: breathes.
Becomes more and more a home.
The mother creature tries to recover the ruins.
Recover the little everyday tasks as if they were like the big, fallen rocks.*

*The former female omniscient and all-encompassing face knocks on the door, wants to be everywhere at the same time.
Wants to give everything at the same time.
Wants to know who is coming and who is going.
Wants to know what they are doing and when.
Wants to live through knowing how they are doing.
Wants so much.
Tries to make decisions in the midst of all the tumbled rocks.*

*Tries to make decisions in the tiny pieces of gravel that sift through the fingers.
Tries, but gets lost in the ruins.*

*The face freezes in a mask of numb anxiety.
The mask is glued on tight and creates an uneasy atmosphere.
The mother creature knows it.
Her patience has almost run out.
She knows it all too well.*

*Wishes it knew how to laugh out loud again.
Wishes it knew how to hug back with its long feminine arms.
Wishes it knew how to be something in itself.
Blow thousands of colourful balloons in thousands of shapes up into the air.
Just be a little poop and fart on everything.
Forget everything about trying to control it all.
Forget everything about "should've" and "could've" and guilt.
Just jump right in, swim out to its desires and suck in food for growth.*

*But the strength isn't there.
Can't see beyond the ruins.
Constantly tired.
And afraid.*

*Shaking, takes the pills necessary to create some peace.
Disappears under the blankets, becomes invisible.*

Even though the intestines feel like vomiting all the numbing pills into the toilet.

*Rivotril
Aripiprazol
Mirtazapin.*

A foul-smelling squirt into the sewage.

*Rivotril
Aripiprazol
Mirtazapin.*

*But you don't do it, because you know that in the intestines is an interaction between the strange chemicals in these pills, the good intentions and the good, unspoken words.
You don't do it because you continuously swallow smaller amounts.
The sandpaper in your mouth diminishes.
You lie in darkness and are invisible.
You fear closing your eyes and not being able to*

*disappear into the night.
Become more and more beside yourself with terror.
Your heartbeat wants to choke you.
The nightmare is alive, black and endless.*

5: SLEEP HAS POWER

*Sleep has power.
Heard him laugh at night, when the body was a jail, the ribs the bars of the prison cell, and the painful shadow was ever so present.*

*Sleep, like the all-encompassing ocean, lives a life of its own.
Is like the ebb and flow of the tide.
Is a wave that gushes forth with rest and relief and recedes so hard that it dries the ocean floor.
Dries the sleepless brain and the heartbeat remains.
Twisted tension remains.
Twisted thoughts: a little devil sits on your shoulder and whispers:
"Tonight you will not sleep. Tonight you will not sleep."*

You want peace and wait for the tide to rise.

*Wait for the giant wave that seeps through the house walls.
Out into the street, where people are.
It tickles out through the ribs.
Words awaken.
Good words.
But they are never spoken, because the fear is always close.
You do not know when the tide is high or when the tide is low.*

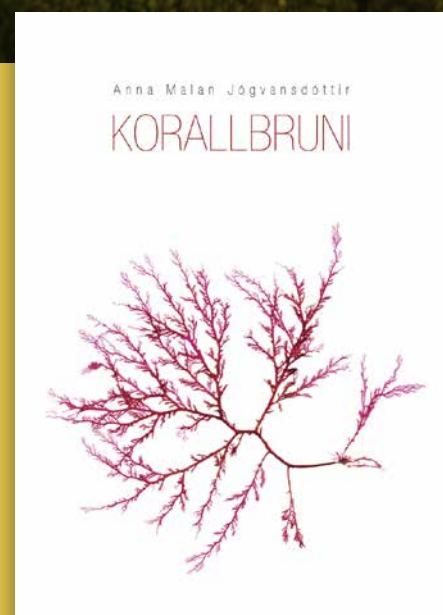


Anna Malan Jógvansdóttir: **KORALLBRUNI**

Anna Malan Jógvansdóttir, born 1995, has just finished her two year course at Forfatterskolen (Authors' Academy) in Denmark

She made her debut in 2015 with the poetry collection "*Undirfloyma*". In 2016 Anna Malan was awarded the National Culture Prize for young talents. Her second poetry collection "*Korallbruni*" was released in 2017 by Forlagið Eksil. The poet says that "*Korallbruni*" is an attempt to write

herself out of human nature and into nature and let nature take control. With this poetry collection Anna Malan wants to remind us that we need to reconsider our place on Earth, and that earthly matter is not just dead and idle but a part of everything, not least ourselves.



Title: Korallbruni
Pages: 48
Publisher: Forlagið Eksil
Year of publication: 2018
English sample available

CORAL FEVER

Translated by Lena Anderssen

*petrified I swim towards land
digging my nails into the rocky
shore
the stones cut my fingers
the blood runs
slowly down the obscure
darkness
as I lose my grip*



*sinking
mercilessly
further
and
further
away
from
the
sunbeam*



*lying at the bottom
skin ice white
blood wounds
eyes stare
empty blue*

*I
am
crimson*

*my
blood
and*

*the
ocean
I
am
crimson*



*green-brown crabs gather
fix their claws
into the cold meat
gash open the ribcage*



*the sea snails catch my scent
crawl through the ribcage
fattening themselves on the blue
muscle*

*I
am
white*

*a slimy snail
underneath
the heart's shell*

*I
am
white*

*my heart
carries
the skeleton
on the outside*



*the ocean:
"I hope your calcium is strong
a storm is coming"*

*the sea snail heart:
"I can hear it sing
through the spiral shape"*

*the ocean:
peace waits in the deep-sea sand
"Undulating I bury myself
under
feel the graininess
stick against the slime
throb quietly in the sand"*

*the sea snail heart:
"dig myself up
feel the new current
wash fondly*

*I
am
yellow*

*lay my roe
deep in the seaweed forest*

*I
am
yellow"*



Tóroddur Poulsen:

TAKRENNUTÓNAR

Tóroddur Poulsen, born in 1957 in Tórshavn, is a poet, musician and graphic artist. He made his debut in 1984 and has since then been very prolific and a characteristic voice in Nordic literature

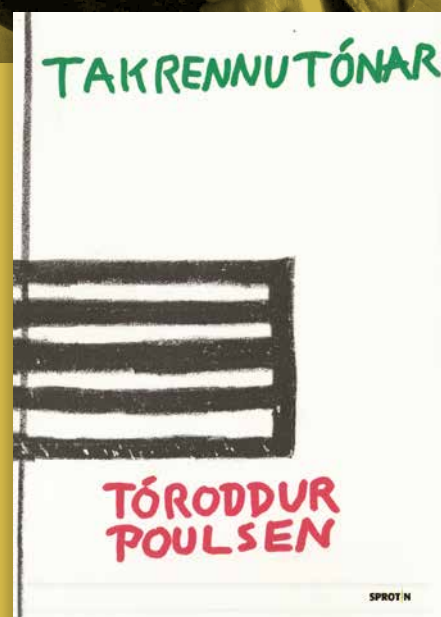
Poulsen's works are provocative and humorous in character, which he carries out with an acute awareness of expression. His multi-pronged approach to the arts bears mark on his poetic work, which in turn is characteristic in its audio-visual expression.

Tóroddur Poulsen has been awarded the Faroese Culture Prize in 2012 and the M.A. Jacobsen's Award twice. He has also been nominated for the Nordic Council Literature Prize on several occasions and has received awards in Denmark where he has

been living for several years.

His works have been translated into Danish, Swedish, German and English and have appeared in a number of literary journals.

His latest poetry collection "Takrennutónar" was published earlier this year by Sprotin, and in a review it was said stated that "the poems are so light and elegant that they almost evaporate as you are reading them. What trickers the reader's imagination is when something unexpected is being introduced".



Title: Takrennutónar

Pages: 104

Publisher: Sprotin

Year of publication: 2019

English sample available

TAKRENNUTÓNAR

Translated by Matthew Lamdrum

10.

*in
those
days
every
oarstroke
made
history*

11.

*a thought
or a
snowball
startled
the cold
out of me
and i
warmed up*

13.

*i've seen
birds
fly past
my window
and wondered
if they had
a message
for me
that i just
couldn't understand
but maybe that was
the message*

24.

*words
drift
down
from the sky
like
epiphanies
but before
i can
grasp
them
i get
all wet*

31.

*through a haze come sharp memories
of days you weren't allowed outside
and were fed with the gods
you'd learned by heart
who do you belong to tonight
there's no song you want to hear
your one naked wish
of which you are ashamed
is for one square acre of sleep
the angels wear spotless clothing
the day can only conceive of itself
as something that looks like tomorrow
we used to eat ships for breakfast
and bombers for dinner
on sundays they served us icebergs
topped with aircraft carriers for dessert
moon rockets and starships were fattening
so we only had those at christmastime
but on easter we boiled hellfire and eggs
and rolled them out to the latest front lines*

63.

*it isn't hard
for the bright souled
to walk in darkness
this isn't some kind
of contradiction
it's just that
the bright souled
have good eyesight
so do the unenlightened
for that matter
but only in fair weather
and they don't constantly feel
the need to reassure themselves
that they are unenlightened
not like those winsome few
who always have to remind us
just how bright souled they are*

83.

*i read
some words
about me
on a wall
the same words
i'd once
written
about someone
i didn't like*

88.

*he ate
his wife's
favorite plant
and died
the very same
plant sprouted
from his grave
a year later
his widow
ate it
and lived
a happy
life until
she reached 105
at which point
she regurgitated
the plant
back
into her diary*

100.

*with sleek
speed
lowering
thunderheads
keep pace
above
the hearse
as it makes its way
to the valley
where the
gaping
grave
awaits
even after
it's filled
the clouds
wait to open
they'll need
their rain
to cast
a pall over
the mourners
as they make
their way
back home*



*NORDIC
COUNCIL
CHILDREN &
YOUNG PEOPLE
LITERATURE
PRIZE NOMINEE*

Photo: Amy Hansen

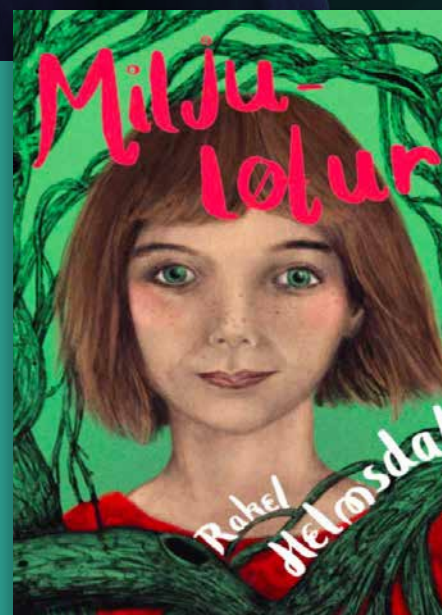
Raket Helmsdal:

MILJULØTUR

Raket Helmsdal (b. 1966) made her literary debut in 1995 and for almost 25 years has written books that have become part of the upbringing of many Faroese children

Most – including *Miljuløtur* (“*Milja’s Moments*”) – take place in the fictional town of Port Janua, which has become a well-known universe for many readers. Raket has also become a well-known name in Nordic literature for children and young people. In 2016, she entered the IBBY Honour List and received the West Nordic Council’s Children’s and Youth Literature Prize for the book *Hon, sum róði eftir*

ælaboganum (“*She Rowed Towards the Rainbow*”), and in 2018, together with Áslaug Jónsdóttir and Kalle Güettler, she was awarded the Icelandic Literature Prize in the children’s and young people’s literature category for *Skrimslí í vanda* (“*Monsters in Trouble*”). Earlier this year, her musical fairy tale “*Veidda Vind*” from 2011 was performed and narrated by the London Symphony Orchestra.



Title: Miljuløtur
Pages: 142
Publisher: BFL
Year of publication: 2018

MILJULØTUR

Text from norden.org

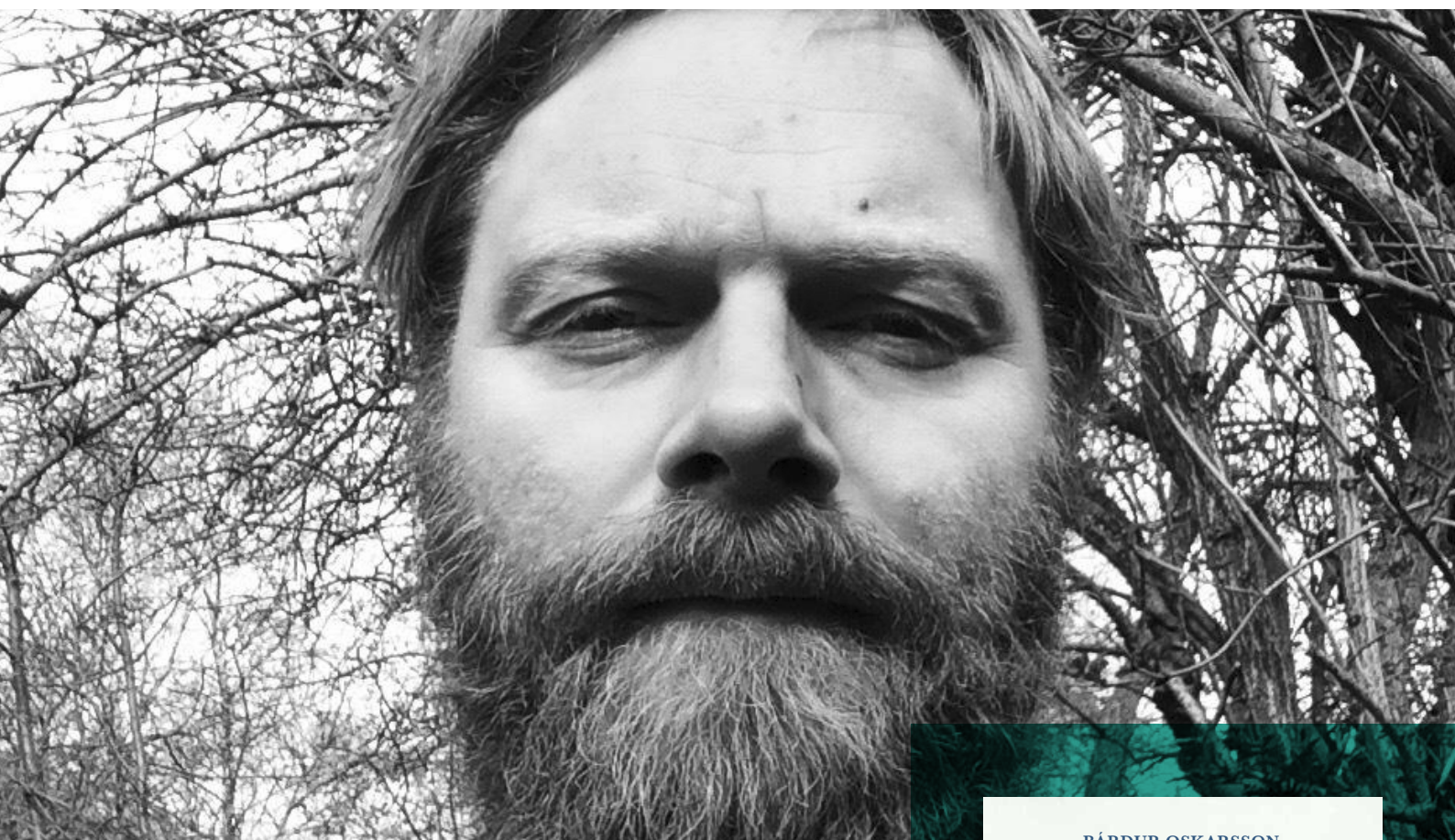
With her stories about Milja, Rakel Helmsdal enters the core of the child's mind with a credible, beautiful and stylish depiction of Milja's life. The book is made up of twelve stories in which twelve-year-old Milja talks about her experiences over the past five years. The reader is introduced to Milja's emotional states, provoked by everyday events such as a scout camp, tobogganing on a winter's day, or a visit to her grandmother – events in which the reader, together with Milja, is given an opportunity to feel loss, joy, fellowship, guilt, loneliness, etc.

The child is given a voice in these stories, which show confidence in the child as a thinking and reflecting being. Milja is a girl who is sensitive and conscientious, yet robust and energetic. She sees people, and has empathy with those closest to her, and sympathy with those who do not fit in, for example due to psychological problems – and she also manages to act on these impulses.

The portrayal of human beings in the book is

so fundamental that both children and adults can recognise Milja's emotional roller-coaster trips caused by the small things in everyday life.

Between the individual stories are small breathing spaces where time stands still, while space is provided for orientation in the dramatis personae and the world of the book, which are presented for reflection. In these breathing spaces, the illustrator Kathrina Skarðsá augments Milja's role as a narrator by adding small, quite childish drawings that serve as guides for the reader. The more nuanced drawings, which are found both on the book cover and as elements in the various narratives, are on the other hand obviously created by an adult, and add emotional depth to the stories. The narratives, in text and pictures, are beautiful, integrated stories, but they are given a boost when they are linked with each other with a thread of small remarks and small things that are repeated and create a whole.



Bárður Oskarsson:

TRÆIÐ

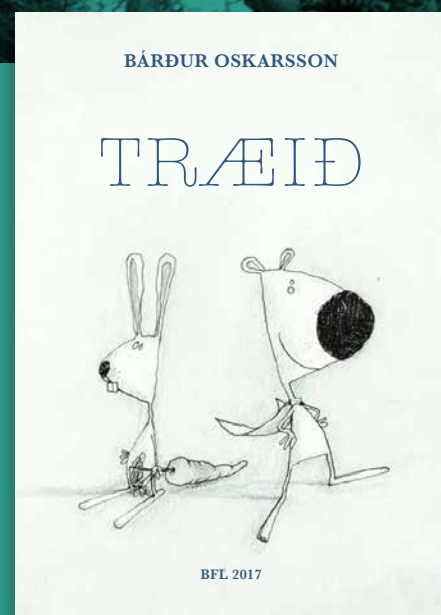
Bárður Oskarsson, born in 1972, is a Faroese author and illustrator. He started out as an illustrator for the Faroese Children's Magazine and the first book he illustrated was one of his grandfather's in 1992: "*Undir tussafjøllum*". Since then he has illustrated books by several Faroese authors

In 2004 he published his first book, both written and illustrated by himself: "*Ein hundur, ein ketta og ein mús*" (A Dog, a Cat and a Mouse). The book enjoyed great success and was designated as a White Raven in 2006 by the International Youth Library (IYL) in Munich, Germany, for being especially noteworthy.

Bárður Oskarsson's illustrations are unique; they resemble cartoon illustrations and clearly convey moods and atmospheres in a tiny wink or a

minute movement.

In 2006 he received The Children and Youth Literature Award from The West Nordic Council and is nominated for the Panprize 2016 ny IBBY – Sweden. Bárður received the Faroese Children's Literature Award in 2007. His book "*Stríði um tað góða grasið*" (The Battle for the Good Grass) was designated as a White Raven in 2013 by The International Youth Library in Munich, Germany.



Title: Træið

Pages: 32

Publisher: BFL

Year of publication: 2017

English sample available

THE TREE

Translated by Marita Thomsen

One day on his way home from the shop Bob stopped and thought... "I wonder what is on the other side of that tree over there?"

He had been all the way over to the tree once, but he couldn't see what was on the other side. And then a dog came along, and then Bob had to run away.

As Bob was thinking, Hilbert came walking towards him.

When Hilbert reached Bob he asked him why he was just standing there.

Bob said, "I have never been to the other side of that tree, and I would like to see what is there."

"Oh, there are just more trees, dogs and other animals. Nothing special really," Hilbert replied, and was about to talk about something else.

"WHAT? YOU HAVE BEEN THERE?" Bob asked amazed.

"Oh yes, several times, and much further than that, because there is nothing interesting there."

"Further away than the tree?" asked Bob and dropped his carrot. He couldn't quite imagine what could be further away than the tree.

"Oh yes, I have travelled around the whole world," said Hilbert.

"AROUND THE WHOLE WORLD?" Bob thought he had heard wrong. It sounded just a little incredible and he hesitated, because Hilbert had never been gone for long. And it takes a long time to travel around the whole world...

"But how can you have been around the world, when you are always here?" asked Bob.

"Well, it is a little strange, but I can fly, and then it doesn't take that long."

"FLY!?" shouted Bob and nearly hopped. It sounded totally wild that Hilbert could fly.

"I have never seen you fly," said Bob cautiously, "how do you do it?"

"Like this! Can you see?"

"I have always known how to fly. I run and then I just jump into the air... And then I fly," said Hilbert.

"You haven't seen me, because I fly pretty fast. And also I fly very high in the sky.

Bob picked up his carrot. He was a little doubtful and asked, "but can't you show me then?"

No, I have just flown, and I'm a little tired now, because I have to lie flat in the air for so long," Hilbert excused himself.

"But just a little bit," said Bob "Just right up in the air and down again?"

"No, no, but maybe some other time... not now," Hilbert replied and looked up towards the sky first for a moment and then over at the tree for a moment and then back up to the sky again.

"Ok..." said Bob.

And then they stood there a little while longer without saying anything.

"Right," said Hilbert, "I have to go to the shop." And then he left.

Walking.

Bob spent quite a long time looking at the tree over there before he went home.



William & Jørgen-Frantz:

VINALIGA

Letters between Jørgen-Frantz Jacobsen and William Heinesen

They had humour, were philosophical, politically conscious and were exceptionally good writers. They were visionary and everything but narrow-minded.

They were fond of their fellow countrymen, however they were easily amused by their shortcomings. We can read all this in their letters. In the letters from 1920 to 1938 they

write each other about their thoughts, their dreams, their plans and how life in general treats them. It's all on paper, heartfelt, honest, humorous and well thought out.

345 letters between the two friends, relatives and authors, William Heinesen and Jørgen-Frantz Jacobsen, are included in this unique book which Sprotin has published.



Title: Vinaliga

Pages: 1,232

Publisher: Sprotin

Year of publication: 2019

English sample available

VINALIGA

Translated by Lindy Falk van Rooyen

To William

Vejle fjord Sanatorium, 7th February 1930

My dear friend,

I trust that Koh-i-noor has found its way into your hands and been read by now. Then you will understand perfectly that this extraordinary opus must be handled with the utmost of delicacy, properly embalmed and stored in the securest vault imaginable. Indeed, one might procure a safety deposit box in the bank, but you could just as well put it in a sealed envelope. Over and above the said opus I am loath to entertain you with the trivial everyday life at the sanatorium – it is a near to caricature existence, my friend, and I am quite aware how fundamentally frivolous our lives must seem to an outsider, as it surely will appear to me once I get the hell out of here. Nevertheless, I believe that the letter's theme has a universal relevance, and is classic in its simplicity, for I have chosen to depict events exactly as I have understood them, without any attempts at some literary effect or artistic intention. It is a self-deliverance of the highest order. But perhaps it will tire you to read such an entirely unedited draft of my writing. I trust however, that this work, once polished, will have terrific potency. This much cannot be denied: for me it has been the most shocking experience ever to grace my little life. Never before have I been so passionately caught up in events, never before have I felt so keenly the real tragedy, the true drama that is human existence. I fear that, before now – with the exception of one of the dramatic dialogues – I have not been able to express how critically I view my environment, not to mention myself, nor could outsiders have had any notion to what extent I have constantly questioned the veracity of my own feelings. Everything was witnessed with La Rochefoucauld close to hand, a slim volume that has all but become my bible.

Well, enough of that. I have fought and lost, albeit hopeful that my defeat might be judged a relatively dignified one. Besides, I have given up agonizing over the whole affair – in so far as it has pertained to me, personally. For what harm have I suffered? None. Nay, I have gained a gem of lived life instead.

I fear my Ekelundian mind conspires against me; it seems to have a pernicious bent. Naturally the stance we take is a question of temperament. But I will note in passing that my rebellious mind holds little promise of some kind of pastoral existence.

Now wholly relieved of life's little excitements, boredom is setting in. You will have to prepare yourself for a great many letters in the time ahead, my friend, for I should hardly succeed in casting myself into a new affair within the remaining months of my residence here.

Indeed, I ought to rejoice in life. I have, as the 'glibrian' observed of the cat, eitt fittligt liv: Good health, a vigorous appetite, a cosy room, many books to read, the leisure to ponder and philosophize, beautiful natural surroundings and a warm bed; as well as the elegant Miss James to sweeten my peaceful existence. Not to mention access to exquisite music. Spring is upon us, too, and the Tønnehaven gardens are beckoning.

Once it was completed, (the Koh-i-noor, that is) my life felt strangely empty. And no sooner had I wrapped it in 'Tingakrossur', than Jean arrived, and he helped me to complete its emballage, oblivious to his picture on the front, as well as his role in the matter. Miss Fabricious departed on her journey today, after a farewell party that filled



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Eksil

Opna (2016)

Marjun Syderbø Kjelnæs
Sprotin

Ein farri av fráferð (2016)

Sólrun Michelsen
Sprotin

Darkening / Myrking (2017)

Sunnudagsland (2016)

Hyasinttið (2014)

Sissal Kampmann
Mentanargrunnur Studentafelagsins

Tað orðið (2015)

Heðin M. Klein
Mentanargrunnur Studentafelagsins

Desembermorgun (2015)

Kim Simonsen
Mentanargrunnur Studentafelagsins

Opus 6 – ein symfoni fyrri æðrar (2014)

Petur Pólson
Sprotin

Úrvalssavn (2019)

Úrtíð (2016)

Gandakendu Føroyar (2016)

Av heilum hjarta (2015)

Oktoberbløð í fallandi sól (2014)

Oddfríður Marni Rasmussen
Sprotin

Messa fyrri ein film (2015)

Katrin Óttarsdóttir
Mentanargrunnur Studentafelagsins

SHORT STORIES

Í løtuni (2019)

Turid Thomsen
Sprotin

Morgunfrúa (2017)

Sólrun Michelsen
Sprotin

43 bagatellir (2017)

Aftanáðrenn (2016)

Katrin Óttarsdóttir
Sprotin

Nýtt flog (2016)

Rakel Helmsdal, editor
Sprotin

So hon starir inn í veggini (2015)

Arnbjørn Ó Dalsgarð
BFL

Glasbúrið (2015)

Sámal Soll
Sprotin

Skuggamynd (2015)

Ingun Christensen
BFL

Svanirnir syngja (2015)

Oddvør Johansen
Mentanargrunnur Studentafelagsins

YOUNG ADULT

Miljuløtur (2018)

Hon, sum róði eftir ælaboganum (2014)

Rakel Helmsdal
BFL

CHILDREN

Luddi og Lundisa spegla sær (2019)

Luddi og Lundisa (2018)

Vár Berghamar Jacobsen
BFL

Marin fær ein litlabeiggja (2019)

Ingun Christensen
BFL

Eg eri ein prinsessa (2018)

Elin á Rógvi
BFL

Haruungin Nelus (2018)

Jógvan Edvard í Geilini
BFL

ÁH ÓH - Mánin (2018)

ÁH ÓH (2015)

Jenny Kjærbo
BFL

Julia og omman (2018)

Tá skrubban fekk heilaskjálvtá (2017)

Julia og bjargingavesturin (2016)

Drongurin í grønum gummistivlum (2015)

Elsubeth M. Fossádal
BFL

Træið (2017)

Wilbert (2016)

Bárður Oskarsson
BFL

Stjørnan (2016)

Heine Hestoy
BFL

Kópakonan (2015)

Simmsalabimm (2014)

Edward Fuglø
BFL

Karlo og Luddi (2014)

Niclas Heri Jákupsson
BFL

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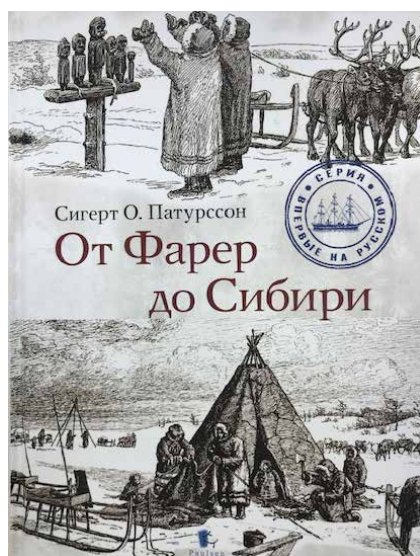
TRÆIÐ

"*Træið*" – The winner of the Nordic Council Children and Young People's Literature Prize 2018 – by Bárður Oskarsson has been in great demand ever since it was announced as the winner.

The story about Bob the rabbit and Hilbert is a classic, perpetually relevant tale of trying to become worldly wise. The book was published in 2017 by BFL and rights have been sold to Slovenia, the UK, Italy, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Bulgaria, Iceland, and Macedonia.

FRACTURA NASI

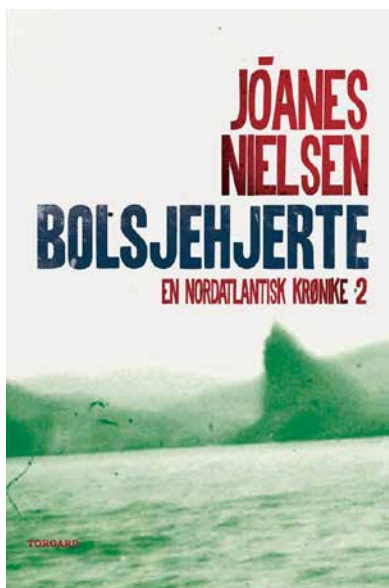
The best selling novel in the Faroe Islands in 2017 was "*Fractura nasi*" – a narrative non-fiction road-trip story by Høgni Mohr. The author goes on a bike trip to all the towns in the Faroe Islands in his search for answers to grief, deception and nonsense traditions. The novel is full of humour, criticism and agony; Høgni cries, laughs and hits hard, but does not get lost in artistic imprudence. Rights have been

**Á FERÐ Í SIBIRIU**

Sigert O. Patursson, born in 1869, was a Faroese explorer. In 1889, at the age of 20, Sigert traveled to western Siberia and the Kara Sea. The journey lasted six years, and when he returned to the Faroe Islands he wrote the book "*Sibirien i vore Dage*" (Siberia Today). The book was published in 12 fascicles from 1900 to 1901, and then combined into a single book with the same title in 1901. In addition to the journey itself, the book focuses on the culture that he discovered there. Among other things, he described a local peasant wedding. Rights have been sold to Russia.

GUDAHØVD

"*Gudahøvd*" is Jóanes Nielsen's 10th poetry collection and was released by Mentunargrunnur Studentafelagsins in 2017. "*Gudahøvd*" is the Faroese nominee for the Nordic Council Literature Prize 2018. There are 38 poems in the book, and the cover and illustrations are made by Faroese artist Rannvá Holm Mortensen. Rights sold to Denmark and Norway.

**BOMMHJARTA**

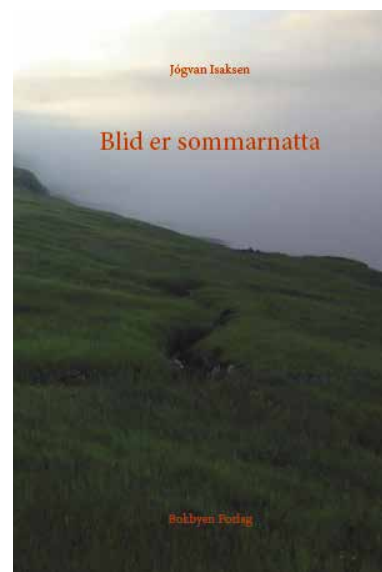
"*Bommhjarta*" (Candy Heart) is a novel by Jóanes Nielsen and is a sequel to his novel "*Brahmadellarnir*" (2010). "*Bommhjarta*" is a continuation of the story about Tóvó who has been released from prison for crimes he committed in the previous novel. The story moves back and forth in time but spins around Tóvó and his hometown Sumba in the Faroe Islands. Rights have been sold to Denmark and Germany.

BRAHMADELLARNIR

The novel "*Brahmadellarnir*" (2011) by Jóanes Nielsen is the first novel in this epic family story series. The novel is filled with colorful characters and various family intrigues, and incorporates a number of genres and styles as it shifts from individual stories to larger world issues. Rights have been sold to Denmark, Germany and the US.

PRÆDIKARIN

"*Prædikarin*" is the second novel in the crime series by Jógvan Isaksen about William Hammer who is the director of the police unit "*Skansadeildin*" in Torshavn. The crime novel was published in 2013 and Isaksen has since published a third novel in the series. Rights have now been sold to Denmark.

**BLÍÐ ER SUMMARNÁTT Á FØROYALANDI**

"*Blíð er summarnátt á Føroyalandi*" from 1990 is a significant book in the Faroe Islands as it is the first crime novel in a series of ten crime novels about Hannis Martinsson by author Jógvan Isaksen. The story features the freelance journalist, Hannis Martinsson, who's been abroad for many years, and is now going back to the Faroe Islands, because his friend, Sonja Pætursdóttir, has been found dead on a mountain. The police regard it as an accident, but Hannis feels there's something else going on. And soon, he himself has been involved, and must risk his life to find the truth. Rights have been sold to Denmark, Norway and Canada.

TEMA VIÐ SLANKUM

The novel "*Tema við slankum*" by Sólrún Michelsen is her first novel for adults, and earned her the M.A. Jacobsen's Award in literature 2008. Rights have been sold to Denmark, Germany and Norway.

HINUMEGIN ER MARS

"*Hinmegín er mars*" by Sólrún Michelsen is a gripping novel about a woman caring for her elderly mother with dementia. The novel was nominated for the Nordic Council Literature Prize in 2015. Rights have been sold to Norway, Denmark and the UK.

ÓENDALIGA VERA

Marjun Syderbø Kjelnæs' new novel "*Óendaliga vera*" is about old Vera who is suffering from aphasia and young Leon who is struggling with his past. Vera is full of words but cannot speak due to her illness but Leon finds great comfort in her. Rights have been sold to Denmark.



HER SKAL DANSES

"*Her skal danses*" by William Heinesen (1900–1991) is a collection of six short stories published in 1980 by Danish Gyldendal. Rights have been sold to Germany and the Berlin-based Guggolz Verlag has just released the short story collection with the title "*Hier Wird Getanzt*". It has been translated from Danish by Inga Meincke, and Verena Stössinger has written an epilogue.

WILLIAM HEINESEN – LISTAMAÐURIN

The beautiful and unique coffee table book "*William Heinesen – listamaðurin*" featuring Faroese author William Heinesen's visual art works was released in 2016 by Sprotin with text in Faroese and English by Bárður Jákupsson, artist and former head of the National Art Museum. Rights have been sold to Denmark and Forlaget Torgard has published the book in Danish.

SUNNUDAGSLAND

The poetry collection "*Sunnudagsland*" by Faroese author Sissal Kampmann is the Faroese nominee for the Nordic Council Literature Prize 2017 and is set in the village of Vestmanna, where Sissal Kampmann was born (in 1974) and raised. Rights have been sold to Denmark.

TÆÐ ORÐIÐ

"*Tæð orðið*" is Heðin M. Klein's seventh poetry collection and gives an account of the author's lifelong pursuit of the right word for the right moment to suit the connotation or sentiment that the author wants to convey. This long lasting search is somehow also symbolised in the fact that the collection consists of one continuous poem – in fact the longest poem ever written in Faroese. Rights have been sold to Denmark.

SKUGGAMYNDIR

The short story collection "*Skuggamyndir*" by Ingun Christensen which was released by BFL in 2015 will be released, under the title "*Skuggbilder*" in Sweden shortly by Fri Press Förlag, and ready to pre-order from the beginning of September. It is Joakim Lilljegren who has translated the book from Faroese to Swedish, and the publication has been supported by the Nordic Translation & Production Grant

AFTANÁÐRENN

The short stories in the collection "*Aftanáðrenn*" by Katrin Ottarsdóttir are oddly fascinating, and are different from anything else written in Faroese. The whole atmosphere is schizophrenic, and all relations between the characters are disorted, divided and perverted and this is what makes the stories so intriguing. Rights have been sold to Denmark.



HON SUM RÓÐI EFTIR ÆLABOGANUM

Falling in love, friendship and betrayal are some of the themes in this fast-paced coming-of-age fiction novel about the young girl Argantael. The novel is written by Rakel Helmsdal and won her the West Nordic Literature Prize in 2016 and was nominated for The Nordic Council Children's and Young People's Literature Prize in 2017. Published in Denmark and Norway.

ÁH ÓH – MÁNIN

This is Jenny Kjærbo's second book for toddlers about the pufflings, Big chick and Little chick. They are playing by the seashore when they spot the moon for the first time. Rights are sold to Denmark.

ÁH ÓH

"*Áh Óh*" is a picture book for toddlers by Jenny Kjærbo and was published in 2015 by BFL. The book is about a young puffin who is asked to look after an egg. But the puffin gets annoyed because it doesn't understand why this particular egg needs such special care and attention. Jenny Kjærbo has written and illustrated the book and is currently working on the sequel about the puffins. Published in Denmark and Chile, rights sold to the US.



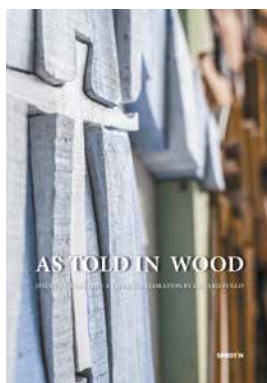
BÁRÐUR OSKARSSON

Author and illustrator Bárður Oskarsson's most successful children's book is "*Flata kaninin*" (The Flat Rabbit) which has been published in Denmark, Germany, Norway, Canada, Czech Republic, Sweden, Iceland, Bulgaria, Slovenia, Hungary, and Great Britain. Rights have been sold to Korea, Macedonia, Spain and South Americas (Spanish speaking).

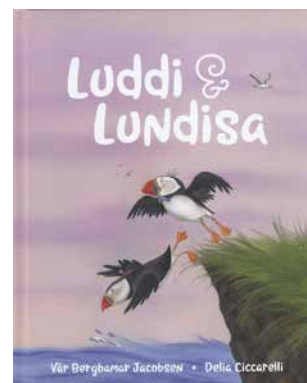
AWARDS: THE M.A. JACOBSEN AWARD



Fiction:
Rannvá Holm Mortensen for the book
"Sólsmakkur"



Culture:
Edward Fuglø for the book
"As Told in Wood"



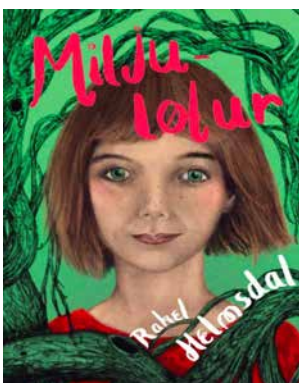
Children:
Vár Berghamar Jacobsen for the book
"Luddi og Lundisa"

AWARDS: THE EBBA AWARD



Trygvi Danielsen:
for the poetry collection
"Silvurbók"

AWARDS: NORDIC COUNCIL LITERATURE PRIZES



Rakel Helmsdal:
Nominated for the Children and
Young People Prize for "Miljulotur"

Nordic translation grant

The grant supports Nordic publishing houses in translating literature from one Nordic country to another. In order to receive funding, you need to apply for the grant in the country in which the work was originally published. For the Faroe Islands, this means applying through FarLit

PURPOSE

The Nordic Council of Ministers' culture and arts programme has taken over the administration of the scheme to support the translation of literature and drama from one Nordic language to another. Grants are available for prose, poetry and drama, non-fiction of general interest (including essays and biographies), comic books and children's books. Grants are also awarded to special issues of magazines with a Nordic focus.

Special consideration is given to applications for grants for the translation of poetry and drama; and works that have been awarded the Nordic Council Prize for Literature will be accorded top priority for up to three years after winning the prize. Priority is also given to the minority language areas in the Nordic countries.

Application form and further information is available at www.farlit.fo.

Any further questions can be directed to the Literary Coordinator at urd@farlit.fo

Application dead-lines:
1 April and
1 October

International Translation and Production Grant

The Faroese Cultural Fund, Mentanargrunnur Landsins, grants subsidy for translation and production of works formerly published in Faroese or by a Faroese publisher. The application must come from a foreign publisher or translator

To process the application the National Cultural Fond needs a copy of the contract with the Faroese right's holder and a copy of the contract with the translator (unless the work has already been translated into the language in question). A translator needs to enclose a presentation of the qualifications and previously translated and published titles. A budget has to be enclosed too.

The application form is available at www.farlit.fo

The application deadline varies and your application, once received, will be processed at the next meeting of the Faroese Cultural Fund. The application should be sent either by snail mail to the following address:

Mentanargrunnur Landsins,
Lützenstrø 4,
P.O.Box 3198
FO-110 Torshavn
The Faroe Islands

or by email: mentan@mentanargrunnur.fo

If you need further information you are welcome to contact FarLit at urd@farlit.fo