

BOOKS
from the
FAROE
ISLANDS



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CATALOGUE 2018



FarLit

INTRODUCTION

FarLit – an abbreviation of Faroese Literature – is a cross-organisational project promoting contemporary Faroese literature on the international book market. The project is supported by the Ministry of Culture.

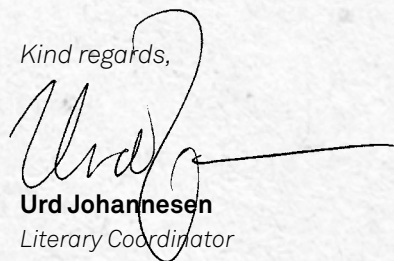
Since the birth of FarLit in 2012 one of the main activity is to attend book fairs as they are an excellent platform for introducing Faroese literature. Thus, we attend the London Book Fair in a joint stand with our NordLit partners, and attend Gothenburg and Frankfurt Book Fairs with our own stand.

This catalogue presents a wide range of contemporary works and authors selected by a literary committee, and a list of book publications from 2012 to 2017. Furthermore, other relevant information on translation and

production grants, recently sold works, artist residencies, the Faroese Book Festival, and Summer Institute 2018 is included.

Enjoy the read!

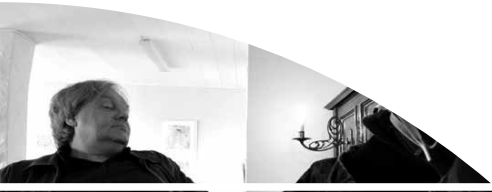


Kind regards,



Urd Johannesen

Literary Coordinator

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PUBLISHERS

CHILDREN AND YOUNG ADULTS

Bókadeild Føroya Lærarafelags

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FO-100 Tórshavn
www.bfl.fo

FICTION, NON-FICTION & POETRY

Sprotin

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FO-350 Vestmanna
www.sprotin.fo

Mentunargrunnur Studentafelagsins

www.ms.fo

Stiðin

Hornavegur 16
FO-100 Tórshavn
Email: zakaris@olivant.fo

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www.forlagideksil.blogspot.com

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Nám

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ACADEMIC PUBLISHING

Fróðskapur -

Faroe University Press

Fróðskaparsetur Føroya
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FO-100 Tórshavn
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Rit & Rák Bookshop is located in the shopping centre SMS in Tórshavn and offers a comprehensive selection of Faroese literature in translation.

Buy books online:
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NEW NOVEL COMPETITION

*Together with Faroese publisher **SPROTIN**, the Bookshop Association in the Faroe Islands has issued a new novel competition*

This is the second time the Bookshop Association issues a competition; the first one was issued in November 2014 in conjunction with the Book Festival held at the Nordic House in Torshavn. The winner of the first competition was author Marjun Syderbø Kjelnæs whose novel “Óendaliga vera” was published in June 2016. The criteria was to write a contemporary story located in the Faroe Islands. However, the criteria for the new competition is somewhat leaner in that there are no restrictions on time or location, the only criteria are that it has to be written in Faroese, be a least 150 pages of 2000 signs, and not be published previously.

The deadline for handing in manuscripts is 1 September 2018 and the winner is awarded 100,000 DKK and a publishing deal with SPROTIN.



The winner of the first competition was author Marjun Syderbø Kjelnæs



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”.

CARL JÓHAN JENSEN:

SÆR / EIN FUGLABÓK AV GLOYMSKU

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.

SÆR / EIN FUGLABÓK AV GLOYMSKU

Elsewhere or not elsewhere?

That is the question in this novel.

Having grown up in Tórshavn mid last century in a household frayed by spiritual and emotional contradictions, a young woman decides to find herself elsewhere.

Determined to break away and free herself from her origins, she leaves the Faroes in the late 1950s and gradually moves across two continents all the way south to the dark heart of Africa, Congo.

A decade later, in August 1968, in the shadow of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, the woman finds

herself back in Tórshavn representing a Danish newspaper. She is there to write about a man from her past, who, though that is not the official account, may have been murdered on board a longliner.

Tórshavn lies blinded by fog, and over the course of a long sleepless night at a downtown hotel, the woman confronts the past and the passing, at no small cost to the future.

Sær / ein fuglabók av gloymsku offers an unsettlingly close examination of conventional notions of Faroese identity.

Translated by Marita Thomsen



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.



ÓENDALIG VERA

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

Now I am nothing, not really. I am a postman, who carries messages to people.

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."

SELECTED WORKS: FICTION

JÓANES NIELSEN:

BOMM- HJARTA

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 Faroese Literature Prize on two occasions, lastly for his novel from 2011 “*Brahmadellarnir*” for which he was also nominated the Nordic Council Literature Prize in 2013. The novel was published by Verlagsgruppe Random House in March 2016 under the title “*Die Erinnerungen*”. His novel “*Bommhjarta*” is a sequel to “*Brahmadellarnir*” and is published by Mentunargrunnur Studentafelagsins in the Autumn 2016.

*NORDIC
COUNCIL
LITERATURE
PRIZE NOMINEE!*

CANDY HEART

The war began in Porkeri

In the late 1920s, Hjartvard had signed on to a few spring and summer salt fish expeditions in Icelandic waters. That had been on board the Henrietta with his contemporary, Volmar í Gjörðum, at the helm, and now that he was living on his own he sought the sea again. Predictably, he did not ask his younger brother if he would do him the favour of looking after the livestock or make hay for the winter while he was gone, he simply ordered him to do it. And Heindrik accepted. Though it was an extra burden, he bore it gladly, because the days were so much brighter without the older brother around.

Just before Christmas 1939, Hjartvard got it into him that he was going to head north to Porkeri to visit his shipmate í Gjörðum, and he explained to Heindrik that he would be on the lookout for a calf to rear and replace Dagros as a breeder, but he could not say when he would return.

As soon as you passed Klivi, Volmar's house appeared with its knee wall and steep pitch, and on the western flank of its stonewall foundation there was

a concrete extension, which was where the hens roosted. The spouses slept in the attic, as did the two youngest children who still lived at home, while the wife's parents had a larger chamber just off the sitting room, and with them slept Lisbita, Volmar's retarded sister. She was two year's older than her brother, and he was her big love. Volli, Volli, Volli, she would always coo when he came home.

Volmar, in all sincerity, said that the only place he could offer the guest was a nook in the basement, and if he would settle for that, then he was welcome to stay. The nook was crammed between the hay store and the cow stall, so he would not freeze to death, and the manure channel was handily to the right, if he needed to loosen his belt. Hjartvard thanked him, and over the months he spent in Porkeri he helped Volmar around the homestead, and they would regularly go fishing together. He would usually have tea with the family, but some evenings he just tenderized a dried coalfish and had it with a stump of blubber from the kench on his own. The rest of the time he spent frequenting other villagers, enjoying their hospitality and arguing with men about old

copyholds and ancient sheep marks, and stormy days he would often while away on the hay mattress in the nook reading that grand heathen book, which is how he referred to the poetry collection Gaman og álvara by his fellow villager Poul F. Joensen.

One day while the shipmates were hauling in a longline by the Dalagrynnna shallow south of Baglhólmur, Hjartvard asked if Lisbita would not be better off with her forebears. He was at the oars, and Volmar, who had been hauling, now paused for a moment glanced at his shipmate with surprise and sent a jet of chewing tobacco across the gunwale, but did not answer the question. Volmar only spoke once they reached the whale stomach buoy. Yes, he said, Hjartvard was probably right. It would be better for Lisbita herself, the in-laws and everyone else, if his sister were with her forebears. A person's right to exist and sense of honour were intertwined and poor Lisbita was not amongst those who had been allotted any of the latter.

And that was all they said of the matter.

Translated by Marita Thomsen



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.

His first crime novel, 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, and Icelandic. Recently, he has sold the rights to his crime novels to Arabic. *“Drotningaringurin”* is his 10th crime novel in the series about journalist Hannis Martinsson

JÓGVAN ISAKSEN:

DROTNINGARINGURIN

THE QUEENS RING

Visibility was terrible. Every now and then he would glance down at a small chart plotter where a blinking blue dot showed his location. The outline of Eystararvág and Tinganes was also noticeable and he could see he was close to Bursatanga.

He wondered why the water was so murky. You could see only a short distance ahead and down below the mud was metres deep. If you were to lose something in that mire, it would practically be impossible to find.

He floated on his back for a while above the murkiness and glanced up towards the surface, which, despite the grimy waters, gleamed promisingly. Above were only blue skies. It had been sunny for weeks with not a drop of rain in this otherwise rain-plagued country.

According to the schedule, the boat would soon be arriving and he had to be careful not to be in its way. He kicked gently with his flippers and moved southward in the bay. He went to the corner of the wharf, where Smyril was docked, to wait.

A moment later he heard the sound of ship propellers and shortly after he noticed a long, narrow shadow above him. It was the royal yacht, Dannebrog. It slowly neared the wharf and docked

But sir, you must be aware that what I'm about to tell you could put you in danger

with its stem facing Bursatanga. When the royal yacht's propellers stopped, he could hear the humming of other propellers further off. Perhaps it was coming all the way from Vestara Bryggja. He knew that a defense ship followed Dannebrog and that was probably where the sound was coming from.

Gently, gently, all the way down towards the muddy sea floor, he moved around the corner of the wharf. A few metres above him he could see the stern of the royal yacht. Kicking cautiously with his flippers he moved up towards the ship. No harsh movements. Even though from above you could only see a short distance down into the water, movements could still be detected. But if you were slow and stealthy there was little chance of being noticed.

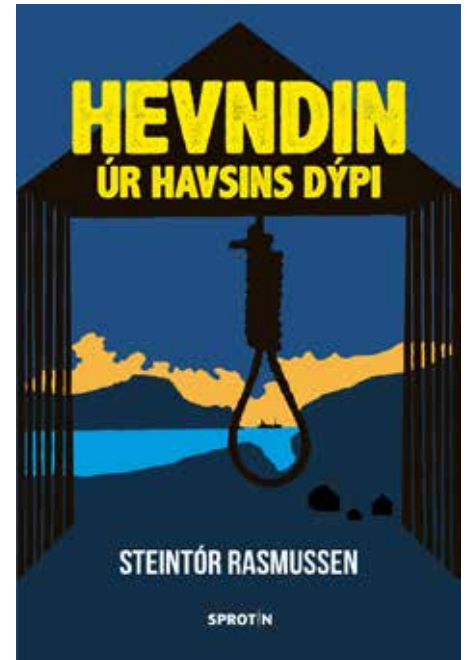
Dannebrog had two propellers and its drive shafts stuck out from the ship's side about three metres further along. The rudder came down behind the propellers and there wasn't much space between the propellers, shafts and rudder. He knew

this because he had seen photos of the ship's hull. It was however different holding on to a propeller blade and observing how tight the space was between the drive shafts and the rudder.

He somehow had to manage to get in between there. After all, that was his reason for being here. He grabbed the front edge of the rudder and pulled himself inside the tiny gap. He did this by first slipping the one shoulder in between and then the other. He then worked his fingers around the edge of the narrow keel in front of the rudder and drew himself in under the ship. For a moment he had a feeling this would work - until suddenly he got stuck.

He tried to pull away but something was preventing him. He moved his left hand along his side and could feel his weight belt was caught in something. He turned his head and looked down along his side and saw that a propeller blade had come between his belt and diving suit. He tried budging backwards slightly so that he could slip the belt off the blade. That's when he heard a sound from inside the ship. The motor had started. He tried frantically to free himself but the propeller began turning - turning him with it.

Translated by Lena Anderssen



STEINTÓR RASMUSSEN:

HEVNDIN ÚR HAVSINS DÝPI

Steintór Rasmussen (b. 1960) is a teacher by profession. He is a well-known cultural entrepreneur and musician and has written numerous songs and lyrics which have become part of the national music dna in the Faroe Islands. In 2006 he was awarded the Tórshavn City Council Children's Culture Award for the CD collection "*Kular Røtur*". Steintór has written a number of crime mysteries and stories for children and young adults.

In 2015 Steintór Rasmussen published his biography "*Lívið er mítt listarverk*" which gives an account of his great contribution to Faroese music life and cultural heritage in general. "*Deyðin fer í bindiklubb*" from 2016 is his first crime novel and the first in a series of four novels. "*Hevndin úr havsins dýpi*" was published in June 2017 and the third novel in the series "*Listadrápið*" will be published in November 2017.

HEVNDIN ÚR HAVSINS DÝPI

PETROL AND METHYLATED SPIRITS were kept in the storehouse, handy for setting the house alight. He wanted the flames to spread slowly. A gentle breeze was blowing towards the valley. The storehouse might be left standing. So be it. It would look like he had done it himself. All alone in the world and tired of life. This was the right punishment. A vengeance from the deep sea. He was in control. The fire would soon catch the furniture, walls and ceiling. And then it would all be ablaze.

Enough. It was crucial to get away before the smoke alerted people down in the village. He had to take flight. There was no time to spare. The path was plotted. He would not be a suspect. There was nothing to fear. It would not be discovered.

Dusk was falling now, and most people would be in bed. It was unlikely that any tourist would arrive at this time of night. And there was hardly any risk of late night revellers this far up the hill. He closed the door behind him and scanned the shadows. It was time to take flight. Then he spotted a nimble woman hurrying up the hillside. What the hell was she up to? Had she maybe seen something that could be used against

What the hell was she up to?

him? And why the fuck did she have to come up here now? He had not intended to hurt anyone else. What was he going to do now?

The cardboard box of Shiraz Cabernet kind of clashed with the old furniture and decorated walls in the sitting room, but it was more convenient to have the box on the table, then they could just hold their empty glasses under the little plastic tap when they pleased and let the red fountain flow. The tone had turned more uninhibited and direct over the last hour. The conversation was at times more emotional and the words less thoughtful. But after all these years they had learned to laugh and cry together. Also to argue and pretend to take offence, for a moment. Tummas Pól had driven Jórún over the line and Björg into the night. Naturally everyone was entitled to get angry or go out to

cool off. The spirits would lift again, just like the soft inescapable dusk over the land.

Anything said in the knitting club stayed between them. It was an unwritten pact. Maria couldn't stop digging in her soul's abyss. There was a lot she needed to get off her chest.

She held her glass under the tap, and the words welled out. No, she was not going to hide that since that terrible night on the pier she and Poul had re-examined their lives. Maria was starting to repeat herself. She didn't spare her beloved banker either, who had been the nice perfectionist his entire life, always having to stay on top of everything. Yes, Poul makes sure that he never steps out of line. He never gets drunk or says anything stupid. Cheers. We only get one life. Right? They had promised each other that. They would be on this green Earth for such a short while that there was no reason to get hung up on the small things. They were planning to take the children to Barcelona in August. The family's well-being was going to be a priority. Would she go back to the school? No, she didn't plan to. She needed to unwind and think of herself. Not only exist for the sake of work or society. Those days were over.

Translated by Marita Thomsen

KATRIN OTTARSDÓTTIR

AFTANÁÐRENN

Film director **Katrin Ottarsdóttir's** debut poetry collection "*Eru koparrør í himmiríki*" (Are there Copper Pipes in Heaven) (2012), was a groundbreaking event in Faroese poetry – and Faroese literature as a whole – and the book was awarded the Faroese Literature Prize 2013.

In her poems Ottarsdóttir pries back the screen of privacy to reveal the dark and dysfunctional private life of a home where a mentally unstable, drug abusing mother terrorizes her weak husband and neglects her daughter. Seldom, maybe never before had there been published such a blunt, strong and and yet sensitive portrayal of a childhood in a dysfunctional family. In 2015 Ottarsdóttir released her second poetry collection "*Messa fyri einum filmi*" and most recently a collection of short stories "*Aftanáðrenn*" (2016) 13 somewhat surreal short stories about vulnerable characters struggling with inner demons and obsessions which often has fatal consequences for their relationship with family, lovers and other people. The stories

are psychologically intense often with an unexpected twist at the end.

Katrin Ottarsdóttir graduated 1982 as a film director from the Danish National Film School and is a pioneer in Faroese filmmaking. Her debut feature film, "*Atlantic Rhapsody*" (1989), was the first Faroese professionally produced feature film. She has written and directed 4 feature films e.g. the award-winning road movie "*Bye Bye Blue Bird*" (1999) and most recently "*Ludo*" (2014) which is based on one of the poems in her debut poetry collection. Ottarsdóttir's documentaries include two portraits of her fellow Faroese writers Jóanes Nielsen and Tóroddur Poulsen.



AFTERFORE FUNERAL

“How can I love my child when my own mother can’t love me?”

The daughter looks over at her mother, who is glaring at her.

“Come now mother, sit down while I make the bed.”

She gently helps her mother take a seat on the bed. The mother groans loudly.

“We have only just laid your father five feet under and you are already bossing me around.”

“Six...”

The daughter sends her a cautious smile. The mother looks at her in disbelief.

“Six feet under is what people usually say.”

The mother mutters impatiently.

“That may well be, but it hardly matters to your father now, does it? I know that much.”

The mother gets up again with a stubborn sigh. The daughter fluffs the pillow, thoroughly.

“I was only going to help you to bed, mother. You did say that you wanted to lie down in your room for a bit.”

Scolding, the mother grabs hold of the pillow.

“I don’t want dust all over the house. You know that!”

The mother’s voice quivers again.

Just lie here and wait for me. I promise I will hurry

“You just want me out of the way. I have nothing to live for now that your father is five feet under.”

The daughter looks as though she is about to say something, but stops herself. The mother looks at her defiantly.

“Well? Say something! Aren’t you going to say that it should be six? No matter, I could not care less; I much prefer the alliteration of five feet.”

She spells it out for her daughter: “ALLITERATION! Do you understand? ALLITERATION!”

The daughter turns away from her mother. Closes her eyes and takes a deep breath, while the skin tightens across her jawbones. The mother glares at her daughters’ back with disdain. She can feel her mother’s piercing eyes.

“When I die... you will be millionaires...”

“You’re not going to die, mother. You will outlive us all!”

The mother fails to stifle a grudging chuckle, and leans back into the bed.

“Where is Janus? Why won’t you let me see my only grandchild?”

“You know you don’t tolerate children when you feel like this! It’s probably best if you get some sleep now. Mother dear!”

The mother sits up with a jerk.

“Don’t you “dear” me, and don’t you dare tell me what I can and cannot tolerate. What would you know about fatigue?”

“Mother! Not now. Please!”

The mother imitates her with a scowl.

“Pleeeeeease”! Go now! I want to be alone.”

The mother climbs out of bed, rushes to the door and signals to her daughter to leave. The daughter halts at the threshold, looks pleadingly at her mother. The mother ignores her and calls down the hallway:

“Janus, come to granny, come. Come to comfort granny. Mummy isn’t very nice to granny today. Come darling, I have lots of those sweeties you like so much. The ones with the pretty shiny wrappers.”

Janus scampers down the corridor; he is five years old. He leaps into the bed and starts to jump giddily. The daughter moves to stop him, but the mother’s gaze nails her to the spot.

Translated by Marita Thomsen

SELECTED WORKS: POETRY

SISSAL KAMPMANN:

SUNNUDAGSLAND



Photo: Rebekka Rafael Photography

Sissal Kampmann, born in 1974, holds her MA in Nordic Language and Literature from the University of Copenhagen. Since her debut in 2011 with the poetry collection *“Ravens in silent flight”* she has released another four poetry collections which all circle around the theme *“home”*; home as a physical, emotional and spiritual place, home as a residence in this world and as a means of finding peace in a world of conflict.

Her most recent collection *“Sunnudagsland”* (Sunday land) from 2016 has a more political tone of voice and gives her account on how it is to return to her home in the Faroe Islands after many years abroad, to a place which pretends to be like an eternal Sunday but where things are not as sunlit or peaceful as they seem at first glance.

SUNDAY LAND

Pages 27–28

*In this reality, I fry the hearts of lambs.
Here in my new home,
in my new skin,
I slice them into small pieces.
I remove the sinews and clotted blood.
I leave the fat intact
and watch them curl up
in the sizzling oil.
I see their final throes,
as life ebbs out of them,
blend with onion, salt, pepper
and a faint ray
of sunlight
nearly obscured by a cloud
over the dam.*

*The cat eats from her bowl.
Noisily.
She has blue eyes.
The man lies napping.
Quietly.
He has blue eyes.*

*The mountains are peeking
into the kitchen.*

*I keep stirring
but turn down the heat.
No one likes scorched hearts.*

Pages 37–38

*We're eating imported
potatoes this winter.*

*Blight ate its way through
the garden all summer
and seems to have eaten its way
further and further
into our home
as autumn's worn on.
The brown slugs are hibernating.
Slumbering while the sun
visits warmer lands.
I remember the white fence
covered with black
patterns,
the narrow alleys between houses
plastered with
a yellowish, thick mucous,
the buckets of poison,
leaves nibbled full of holes,
hollowed potatoes,
dead flowers,
and the rhubarb.
The path from light to darkness*

is slippery and clammy.

*With each step, the sound
of the tiny, creeping,
sticky bodies
smooshing out from under your shoes
as you tramped back and forth
from place to place,
house to house.
Strangely enough,
images of southerly vineyards
bathed in a golden dusting of sunlight,
where laughing,
barefoot, bronzed women
dressed in white
stomp on sweet grapes,
linger at the threshold
of my retina
like an uncracked
mirror.*

Translated by Randi Ward

HEÐIN M KLEIN:

TAD ORÐIÐ

Heðin M. Klein, born in 1950, is a teacher by profession but has been active as an author, politician and has worked within publishing for many years. In 1969 he published his first and highly acclaimed poetry collection “*Væmingar og vaggandi gálv*”.

His most recent collection “*Tað orðið*” is his seventh and gives an account of the author’s lifelong search for and 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.



Photo: Birgir Kruse

“THAT WORD

1

*Give me the innermost
and youngest word
both the cherished
and the un-conceited
the (nearly) unsaid
that cloaked itself
or maybe not
the outermost
the ionic
the weightless*

*And the unwieldy word
the unwanted one
give me the gadfly
give me the word
that grows in march
and blooms midwinter
give me the
inversion
the tangle under the tongue
croaking in the throat
the cross word
give me that
give me that word*

2

*Give me the impetuous
and tenacious word
the reiteration that pays
no heed
give me the word
that breaks the sting*

*and buries the red rag
the one that
quells cancer
bridles the bull
quashes the blood clot
brushes aside every storm*

*And the soothing word
the unruffled
hair of the dog
that reins in urges
and paves a path
the word of goodwill
the one that
whispering between crags
and sighing through grass
strokes the cheek
supples the skin
stems the leak
the healing word
that warms the mouth
give me that
give me that word*

3

*Give me the steep
and straight word
give me the icicle in the ravine
and the summit
the spires and steeple
pining
for the sky
give me the pinnacle and sea stack*

*silhouetted against rising mist
the headland and rock tower
the ash and mast
and include geysers and eruptions
do not refuse me
pillars of fire and cloud
to light my way
by day
and
by night*

*And the tortuous
contortions
the crooked and hunched
give me the trees in the faroes
the gnarled bough
where whirls blow
creepers astray
give me the bowels large and small
give me the kinks in the chain dance
that break the ring and break it again
give me the entanglement
of both longline and brainwave
the ripple and eddy
give me alternating current
give me the drag on the net
pulling in opposite directions
give me waves chasing the wind
the centrifuge in the surf
give me that
give me that word*

Translated by Marita Thomsen



KIM SIMONSEN:

Kim Simonsen, born in 1970, is a poet, essayist and an editor. He holds a PhD in literature and he works as a researcher at the University of Amsterdam. He has published five books.

He was awarded the Faroese M.A. Jacobsen Literary Award for Poetry for his collection "*Hvat hjálpir einum menniskja at vakna hesumegin hetta áratúsundi*" in 2014. The poetry collection ventures into different sciences and takes in new-materiality and natural history, as well as eco critical thinking found in art and poetry today. His latest book "*Desembermorgun*" (2015) is a collaboration with visual artist Jóhan Martin Christiansen. The poetry collection is a one month long exploration and an investigation of a place in the North Atlantic, where time, landscapes and materiality are a part of a meditation on conceptual art,

photography and new nature poetry, connecting landscape and time. In Simonsen's literary style, observation does not necessarily lead to interpretation, but somehow his poetry succeeds in questioning existential themes of self, time and identity. Some of his poems have been translated into e.g. English, Dutch, Swedish, Portuguese and other languages and published in magazines and anthologies in several countries. He has held masterclasses and readings at e.g. Oxford, Hong Kong and at Stanford University.

DESEMBER MORGUN

DECEMBER MORNING

Translated by Matthew Landrum

42.

*The seaweed can't say where it washed
ashore this morning;
soon my grandmother won't know who
I am.*

*Everyone is singing their song,
some sing their last verse.*

*An oak nods above a pond,
marshy banks with rotting trees.*

*I hold my grandmother's hand — her
last days have started.*

*The moon shines over the pond,
the heather on the hill*

has a strange color in the moonlight.

*The tears did not stop before I parked
the car.*

*Now the moon's hidden by clouds —
thanks.*

*Green moss streams
down the hill, clumps against frost-
covered crags.*

43.

*The seabed and the sand
where living seaweed
moves in slow motion
back and forth as if swaying with the
wind,
biding time until the first mornings of
black ice.*

*Hoar-frost settles in at the roots of trees,
creeps along the trunk,
like a human
getting up again after the fall.
Frost will glaze all the branches,
the last leaves
fall to earth
as the wind pulls at the gutters.*

45.

*Sunlight pierces down in between
the frozen fronds of seaweed.
I'm starting to get used to the waves,
the sand, the season.
Bits of a crumbled crow's nest
dance in the wind on the road,
twigs and wool twirling
back and forth,
knocking against the garden wall and
the window.*

*I'm waiting for pinpricks of silence,
a wait that adds up to nothing more
than a cessation
of everything — the frost, the trees, the
animals, the leaves,
forks, plates, mourning clothes in the
dresser,
dried flowers, heather,
the stone we once picked up on the
beach.*

*It all seems strange now.
I'm in love with what used to be.
The cows are freezing like statues in the
fog.
Water pipes burst like clogged arteries.*

58.

*The road is hidden here,
only glimpsed through black branches
that reflect the light.
Tree remember everything in their rings
—
every change from summer to fall,
even this decembermorning
when the direction of the wind, the
season, the shift in light must now
triumph against the darkness.*

59.

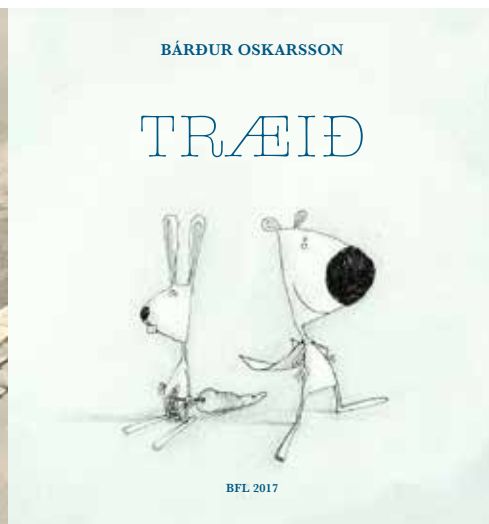
*During the day the house is empty.
Hard wind drives in off the bay.
Breakers wash seaweed ashore.
You are not here.
A lone cat enters the garden.
It will be dark soon.
The day ends faster than it began.
The gusts fling sand and grass against
the window.
The cat has gone.*

SELECTED WORKS: CHILDREN

BÁRÐUR OSKARSSON:

TRÆIÐ

NOMINATED
FOR THE
NORDIC
COUNCIL
CHILDREN AND
YOUNG PEOPLE'S
LITERATURE PRIZE



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 by 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.

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

Hilbert and Bob are friends. But Hilbert is a bit of an odd one, and Bob doesn't quite know whether to believe everything Hilbert says...

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.



Photo: Amy Hansen

RAKEL HELMSDAL:

HON, SUM RÓÐI EFTIR ÆLABOGANUM

Rakel Helmsdal, born in 1966, is an author, marionetteer and artist

She has written novels, plays and short stories for all ages and is the director of Karavella Marionette-Teatur where she produces her own plays. Along with colleagues in Sweden and Iceland, she has co-authored a popular series of Skrímslabækur (Monster books). The monster books have since also been translated into 14 other languages.

“*Veiða Vind*”, a musical fairy tale (English translation available), is her latest children’s book. Her latest publication, “*Hon, sum róði eftir ælaboganum*” is written for Young Adults and for which Rakel Helmsdal entered the Ibby Honor List in 2016 and won the West Nordic Children’s Literature Prize.

SHE ROWED AFTER THE RAINBOW

Winner of the West Nordic
Council's Children and
Young People's Literature
Prize 2016

Summary

This novel reads almost like a collection of short stories. Every second chapter works as a stand-alone narrative connected through Argantael, who has just decided to drown herself. The novel is a literary take on composer Edward Elgar's Op. 36 known as the Enigma Variations and follows the structure of the compositions. The title of each variation heads a new chapter, which is each dedicated to a different person, just like Elgar's variations.

Andante – Torn: The book opens with Argantael down by a little dock tearing up the diary that has been her companion since she was a little girl. She lets the pages whirl into the night and the choppy fjord.

"... She is tearing randomly from the book, aged 7 miserable, aged 15 miserable, aged 9 miserable. Had she ever been happy or had she only written when she wasn't?"

L'istesso tempo – Shackles: Argantael is 9 years old and overhears her father telling his brother about his failed marriage. Argantael's mother is pathologically jealous, probably has a narcissistic personality disorder and repeatedly tries to kill herself. The parents are tied by each other. The father thinks that if he leaves his wife, she will finally succeed and the mother resents owing him her life. Neither of them manages to love their daughter. He has given up, doesn't think he is any good with children and buries himself in a high-flying banking career. She is utterly incapable of loving others, though she does keep up the practical appearances.

Allegro – Two Steps to the Left: Argantael is still by the dock. She has been considering throwing rocks at her boyfriend's boat; after all he cares more for it than for her. She loves Dagan, though she doesn't quite understand him, maybe

because he is 23 and she is 16. Maybe she should really be in love with Sebastian, they would be much more compatible and he is her best friend.

Allegretto – Switch Off!: A couple of months ago Argantael met Dagan at a party her older cousin threw, everyone there was older. They drank and danced, she didn't. Then this man asked her to dance. She refused, it would only dredge up memories of dance school – her mother had insisted, Argantael never got the hang of it.

But somehow Dagan manages to get her to switch off and give in to the music and the movements. The moment and the man enthralled her. Completely taken aback by her own feelings, she ran all the way home.

A few days later she agrees to a date and goes back to his place.

Translated by Marita Thomsen

He draws, cuts, glues, and paints with both pastels and oils. His untamed imagination invites the viewer on a journey through the mythic darkness of trolls and nixes to landscapes adorned with birds, plants and all kinds of creatures, all in exuberant and vivacious movement. The motifs run from the small houses clustered together in his childhood to the rocky mosaic of the headlands; they are drawn from the world of legends and fairy tales, from Nordic mythology, from Arcadia and the Garden of Eden. The inspiration is grounded in a sense for nature, in irony and a subtle jocular, in a solid, playful and unbound joie de vivre and an embracing sense for the ornamental and decorative.



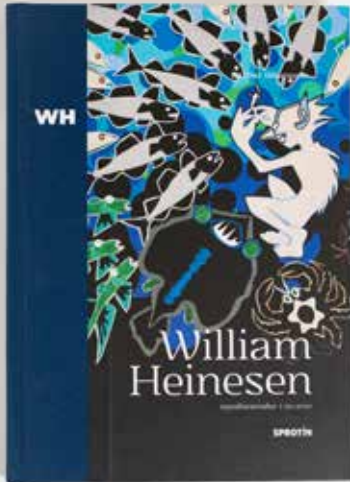
WILLIAM HEINESEN

— LISTAMADURIN

BÁRÐUR JAKUPSSON:

WILLIAM HEINESEN

– THE ARTIST



The book is written by artist and former National Gallery director Bárður Jákupsson. The text is in Faroese and English.

Andreas William Heinesen, 15 January 1900 – 12 March 1991

It is foremost as a poet and author that William Heinesen is well-known throughout the world, less well known is the fact that he was an unusually versatile artist. He was musically inclined and had a vast knowledge of European classical music. He played the piano and composed pieces, some for solo instruments and others for choirs and orchestras.

My grandmother was nigh as important to me as the genie was to Aladdin. I was born two years after she was widowed. Her living room soon became my sanctuary, mostly thanks to the wealth of picture books she gave me to peruse.

So says William Heinesen in “My Romantic Grandmother,” an autobiographical short story. The illustrations to Grimm’s fairy tales were shocking and frightening, but above them all, it was “the German Book,” a wide-ranging collection of the magazine “Fliegende Blätter” that caught his

imagination. Many social critics and excellent cartoonists expressed their views in this satirical magazine, which was published in Munich between 1845 and 1944. For one reason or other, it is especially one contributor whose wit and imagination would find a kindred spirit in the boy who was turning the pages on his grandmother’s floor far away in the middle of the North Atlantic. It was Wilhelm Busch (1832-1908), a master among European cartoonists. He poked fun at religious and bourgeois hypocrisy and narrow-mindedness, and so, not surprisingly, was often both accused and sentenced for his blunt remarks.

I cannot remember finding anything more enjoyable and exciting than these hours, when I—tired after having played a whole day in the fields and by the shore—lay on the floor and flicked through “the German Book.”

Childhood is the workshop of possibilities. And so is the creative artist. Life always contains such wide spaces. It exists in continuous inspiration.



BRAHMADELLARNIR

In December 2012, Verlagsgruppe Random House made a contract with author Jóanes Nielsen to publish his novel *Brahmadellarnir* in German translation. This is an historical event for Faroese literature, because no other Faroese author's work has until now been published on such a large publishing house. The novel „*Die Erinnerungen*“ was published in March 2016.

RECENTLY SOLD

BOMMHJARTA

“*Bommhjarta*” (Candy Heart) is a novel by Jóanes Nielsen and is a sequel to his novel “*Brahmadellarnir*” (2010) for which Nielsen was awarded the Faroese Literature Prize (2011) and nominated for the Nordic Council Literature Prize (2013). “*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 publisher Torgard.

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 publish the novel in 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 ever published on the islands and it's the first in a series of ten crime novels about Hannis Martinsson that author Jógvan Isaksen has written since 1991. 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. The novel was published in Denmark in 1991, and rights have now been sold to Norway and Canada.

TEMA VIÐ SLANKUM

The novel “*Tema við slankum*” by Sólrún Michelsen has recently been published in Norway by Orkana Forlag under the title “*Sprinkeljenta*”. Published in 2007 it was Sólrún's first novel for adults, however, before then she had written several novels and short stories for children and young adults. “*Tema við slankum*” earned Sólrún Faroese M.A. Jacobsen's Literature Award in 2008, and in 2015 the novel was published in German by Unionsverlag under the title “*Tanz auf den Klippen*”. “*Sprinkeljenta*” has been translated into Norwegian by Anne-Kari Skarðhamar.

HINUMEGIN ER MARS

“*Hinumegin 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 to publish the book in Norway were sold to Fonna Forlag and Danish publisher Torgard has bought the rights to publish the novel in Denmark.

FEDGAR Á FERÐ

The Berlin-based German publisher Guggolz Verlag has published the Faroese classic “*Fedgar á ferð*” by Heðin Brú under the title “*Vater und Sohn Unterwegs*”. Heðin Brú is one of the most significant authors in the history of Faroese literature and is still much

read. “*Feðgar á ferð*” was first published in 1940. The book was translated from Danish into German in 1961 but the Guggolz Verlag has chosen to make a new translation from the original Faroese. Richard Kölbl is the translator.

ÓENDALIGA VERA

Marjun Syderbø Kjelnæs’ new novel “*Óendaliga vera*” has been sold to Denmark. The novel 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. The book was published in June 2017 by BFL.

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. “*Sunnudagsland*” has now been translated into Danish and published in Denmark by Torgard with the title “*Søndagsland*”.

RÓT TRIPP – ORÐ EN ROUTE

The poetry collection by Marjun Syderbø Kjelnæs was published by Sprotin in 2012 and has since been translated into English. Norwegian publisher Bokbyen published the book in Norway in 2015.

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 scizofrenic, and all relations between the characters are disorted, divided and perverted and this is what makes the stories so intriguing. The collection was published in the Faroe Islands in 2016 by Sprotin and has been published in Denmark by Torgard in June 2017. The collection has

been called “original, well composed, easy read, with unexpected twists in the end” and was given 4 out of 5 stars by Bogrammet.dk

TAPET MILLUM ØLDIR

The poetry collection “*Tapet millum øldir*” by Jóanes Nielsen was first published in the fAroe Islands in 2012 by MS and is Nielsen’s ninth poetry collection since his debut in 1978. In 2013 the poetry collection was published in Norway by Bokbyen and early 2016 it was published in Denmark by Torgard and has received very good reviews in Danish media.

ÁH ÓH

“*Áh Óh*” is a picture book for toddlers by Jenny Kjærbo and was published in 2015 by BFL. The book was also published in Denmark by Forlaget Bolden in 2015, and now two years later the rights have been sold to Edebé, a publisher in Chile. 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.

TAD ORÐID

In 1969 author Heðin M. Klein made his debut with the acclaimed poetry collection “*Væmingar og vaggandi gjálv*”. “*Tað orðið*” is his 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. Danish publisher Torgard has bought the rights to publish the collection in Denmark.

APOLLONIA & JANUS ER EIN STJØRNA

The Danish publisher, Hovedland, has bought the rights to publish two picture books for children by author and illustrator Edward Fuglø. One of the books, Apollonia, was published in 2007 and was nominated for the West Nordic children and young People’s Literature Prize the same year. Apollonia is about a seamstress at the old theatre who has always wanted to be an actress. One day she puts on Ophelia’s dress and suddenly something very strange happens. Janus er ein stjørna was published in 2009. The book is about Janus who ventures into a journey among the stars and there he meets Ursus the polar bear who needs a fearless helper on a dangerous quest.

BÁRÐUR OSKARSSON

The Faroese publisher of the children’s books by Bárður Oskarsson, BFL, has made an agreement with London based publisher Darf Publishers to translate and publish all seven children’s books by Bárður Oskarsson in the UK. To FarLit this is an exciting happening corresponding well with the aim of bringing Faroese literature to a wider audience.

FROSKARNIR Í NÓLSOY

“*Froskarnir í Nólsoy*” is a children’s book written by Joan Sørinardóttir and was published in October 2016. The story is about granny and granddad’s holiday in Denmark and how they by accident bring back tadpoles in their wellies. This is in fact a true story of how frogs first came to the Faroe Islands. The book has been published in Denmark by ABC forlag.

BOOK PUBLICATIONS:

BOOK PUBLICATIONS 2012-2017

FICTION

Óendaliga vera (2016)

Rights sold to: Denmark

Marjun Syderbø Kjelnæs

BFL



Hinumegin er mars (2013)

Rights sold to: Denmark and Norway

Sólrun Michelsen

**Mentunargrunnur
Studentafelagsins**

Bomnhjarta (2016)

Rights sold to: Denmark

Brahmadellarnir (2011)

*Rights sold to: Denmark,
Norway, Germany*

Jóanes Nielsen

**Mentunargrunnur
Studentafelagsins**

Bókin um tað góða (2015)

**Eg síggi teg betur í myrkri
– Forspæl til ein gleðileik**

(2014)

Carl Jóhan Jensen

Sprotin

NON-FICTION:

Seyður í søgn og veðri (2017)

Helgi í Brekkunum

Sprotin

Føroyska Rokksøgan (2016)

Hans Egholm, Kartin L.

Hansen et. al

BFL

Seyðabókin (2016)

Robert Joensen

Sprotin

Seyður og seyðahald (2016)

Olav Schneider

BFL

Vágamentan (2016)

Nina Reinert

Sprotin

Bót og biti (2015)

Jóan Pauli Joensen

Fróðskapur

Føroya ljóð / Sounds of the

Faroes (2014)

Marianna Clausen

Stiðin

Siglandi arvurin

**– søgan um føroyskt
træskipasmíð (2013)**

Óli Olsen

Kjølur

CRIME

Hevndin úr havsins dýpi (2017)

Deyðin fer í bindiklubb (2016)

Steintór Rasmussen

Sprotin

Zapatista (2014)

Offurmorðið (2013)

Durita Holm

Freyja

Brot (2013)

Páll Nolsøe

Sprotin

Drotningaringurin (2016)

Hitt blindi liðið (2015)

Vølundarhús (2014)

Prædikarin (2013)

Tann fimti maðurin (2012)

Rights sold to: Denmark

Jógvan Isaksen

**Mentunargrunnur
Studentafelagsins**

ART BOOKS

William Heinesen,
listamaðurin (2016)
Bárður Jákupsson
Sprotin

Marius Olsen, prent
1980-2016
Gunnar Hoydal,
Jan Anderson et al
Sprotin

POETRY

Tann lítli drongurinn og
beinagrindin (2017)
Beinir Bergsson
Sprotin

Djúpini (2017)
Vónbjørt Vang
Eksil

Opna (2016)
Rót Tripp (2012)
*Rights sold to: Norway
(English translation available)*
Marjun Syderbø Kjelnæs
Sprotin

Ein farri av fráferð (2016)
Sólrun Michelsen
Sprotin

Sunnudagsland (2016)
Hyasinttið (2014)
Sissal Kampmann
**Mentunargrunnur
Studentafelagsins**

Skriftstøð (2016)
Glopramjólk (2015)
Rustur sum viður
og vindur (2014)
Einglasuð (2013)
Tóroddur Poulsen
**Mentunargrunnur
Studentafelagsins**

Desembermorgun (2015)
Hvat hjálpir einum menniskja
at vakna ein morgun
hesumegin hetta áratúsundið
(2013)
Kim Simonsen
**Mentunargrunnur
Studentafelagsins**

Tað orðið (2015)
Heðin M. Klein
**Mentunargrunnur
Studentafelagsins**

Opus 6 – ein symfoni fyri
æðrar (2014)
Petur Pólson
Sprotin

Úrtið (2016)
Gandakendu Føroyar (2016)
Av heilum hjarta (2015)
Októberbløð í fallandi
sól (2014)
Oddfríður Marni Rasmussen
Sprotin

Messa fyri ein film (2015)
Eru koparrør í
himmiriki (2012)
Katrín Óttarsdóttir
**Mentunargrunnur
Studentafelagsins**

SHORT STORIES

Aftanáðrenn (2016)
Katrín Óttarsdóttir
Sprotin

Nýtt flog (2016)
Rakel Helmsdal, editor
Sprotin

So hon starir inn í
veggin (2015)
Arnbjørn Ó Dalsgarð
**Bókadeild Føroya
Lærafelags**

Glasbúrið (2015)
Sámal Soll
Sprotin

Skuggamynd (2015)
Ingun Christensen
**Bókadeild Føroya
Lærafelags**

Svanirnir syngja (2015)
Oddvør Johansen
**Mentanargrunnur
Studentafelagsins**

Rottan (2011)
English translation available
Sólrun Michelsen
**Mentunargrunnur
Studentafelagsins**

YOUNG ADULT

Hon, sum róði eftir
ælaboganum (2014)
Rakel Helmsdal
**Bókadeild Føroya
Lærafelags**

CHILDREN

Træið (2017)
Wilbert (2016)
*Rights sold to: Denmark, Canada
and North America*

Stríðið um góða grasið (2012)
Rights sold to: Denmark
Flata kaninin (2011)
*Rights sold to: Denmark, Norway,
Sweden, Iceland, Germany,
Canada, Czech Rep., Bulgaria,
Slovenia*
Bárður Oskarsson
BFL

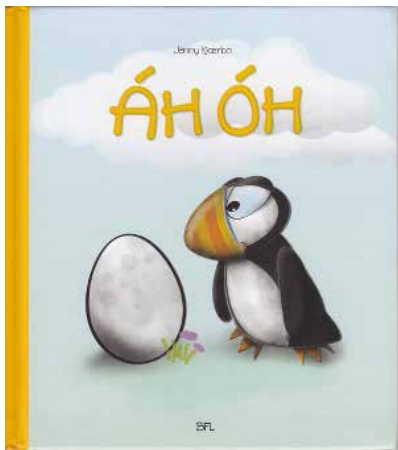
Stjørnan (2016)
Heine Hestoy
BFL

Kópakonan (2015)
Simmsalabimm (2014)
Poetikus (2012)
Edward Fuglø
**Bókadeild Føroya
Lærafelags**

Karlo og Luddi (2014)
*Translated into English,
available as e-book*
Niclas Heri Jákupsson
**Bókadeild Føroya
Lærafelags**

Páll Fangi (2013)
Oddvør Johansen
**Bókadeild Føroya
Lærafelags**

Torkils datur (2013)
Sólrun Michelsen
**Bókadeild Føroya
Lærafelags**



ÁH ÓH (2015)

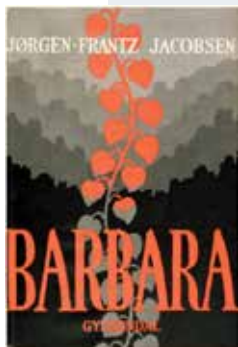
Jenny Kjærbo
Bókadeild Føroya
Lærarafelags

Tá skrubban fekk heilaskjálvtá (2017)

Julia og bjarginga-vesturin (2016)

Drongurin í grønum gummistivlum (2015)

Elsabeth M. Fossádal
Bókadeild Føroya
Lærarafelags



Barbara (1939)

– translated into more than 20 languages.

Det dyrebare liv (1963)

– collection of letters to William Heinesen.

CLASSICS

JØRGEN-FRANTZ JACOBSEN

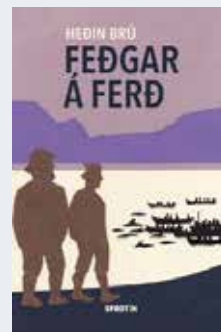
(1900–1938)

Jacobsen has a distinct place in Scandinavian literature as he is the only Faroese writer to achieve international best-seller status. This status derives from his sole novel, *Barbara* which was published posthumously. The novel was translated into five other languages shortly after the first edition in the Danish language. It was also adapted as a motion picture directed by Danish Nils Malmros in 1997. These facts, together with Jacobsen's essays, a study of the Faroe Islands published in the guise of a travel guide, and a volume of his letters, are sufficient to suggest that had he lived longer, he would have been one of the outstanding literary figures in Scandinavia in the twentieth century.

HEÐIN BRÚ

(1901–1987)

Heðin Brú was the penname of Hans Jacob Jacobsen, a Faroese novelist and translator.



Heðin Brú is considered to be the most important Faroese writer of his generation and is known for his fresh and ironic style. His most famous novel, *Feðgar á ferð* (*The Old Man and His Sons*), was chosen as the Book of the twentieth century by the Faroese, and it was his first novel to be translated from Faroese into English. It tells the tale of the transformation of a rural society into a modern nation of fisheries and the conflicts between generations that result.

Feðgar á ferð (1940)

Translated into Icelandic, Danish, Norwegian, German, Greenlandic, English, Polish, Swedish.

MARTIN JOENSEN

(1902-1966)

Martin Joensen was a Faroese teacher and author who wrote two novels and a number of short stories, articles and some poetry. His literary works deal with the everyday life, and social and gender related circumstances of his contemporaries.

Fiskimenn (1946)

Translated into Norwegian



WILLIAM HEINESEN

(1900-1991)

William Heinesen was born in Torshavn, the son of a Danish mother and Faroese father, and was equally at home in both languages. Although William spent most of his life in the Faroe Islands his mother tongue was Danish, and to him it was destiny rather than choice to write in Danish. William Heinesen is generally considered to be one of the greatest, if not the greatest, Scandinavian novelist of the twentieth century. His books have been translated into 19 languages.

Blæsende gry (1934)

Den sorte gryde (1949)

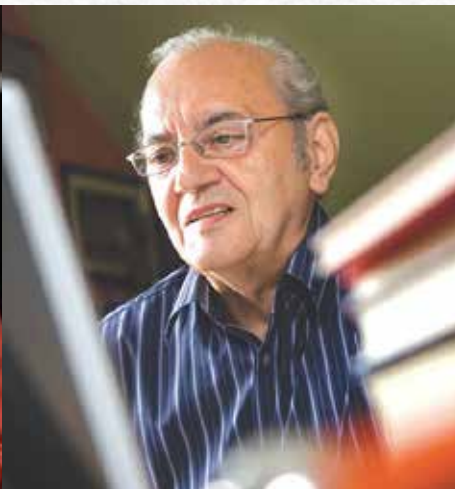
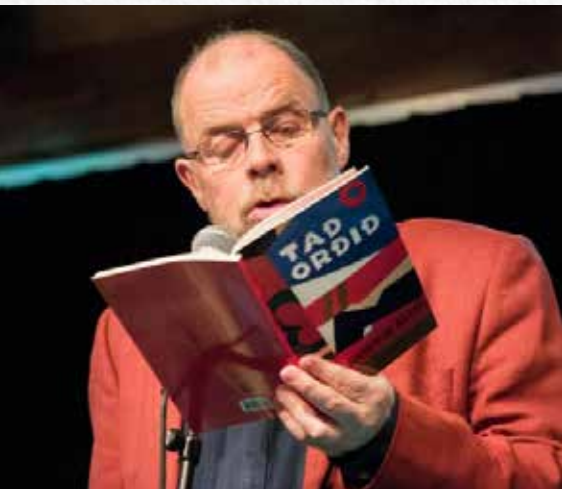
De fortabte spillemænd (1950)

Moder syvstjerne (1952)

Det gode håb (1964) – awarded the Nordic Council Literature Prize together with Olof Lagercrantz



M.A. JACOBSEN'S AWARDS



FICTION

The M.A. Jacobsen Award for Fiction was granted author Heðin M. Klein for his poetry collection "*Tað orðið*" (That Word) which was published in 2015 by Mentunargrunnur Studentaskúlafelagsins. The collection is his seventh and gives an account of the author's lifelong search for and pursuit of the right word for the right moment. This long lasting search is somehow also symbolised in the fact that the collection consists of one continuous poem.

CULTURE

The M.A. Jacobsen Award for Culture was granted teacher and translator Eilif Samuelsen who has translated a number of the antique classics into Faroese. To mention but a few, he has translated works by Plato, Aristotle, Aquinas and Machiavelli and thus made these important classics available in Faroese for students and the general reader alike.

CHILDREN

The Tórshavn Children's Culture Award was granted author Joan Sørinardóttir and editor Beinta Johannesen. Joan Sørinardóttir has recently published two children's books, "*Hvannpoppkorn*" and "*Summardáafрукtsalat*"; both with emphasis on creative food making with local produce. Beinta Johannesen has for many years been the editor of two important publications for children and young people "*Míni Jólábók*" (an annual Christmas anthology) and "*Strok*" (magazine for children and young people).

NORDIC COUNCIL LITERATURE PRIZES

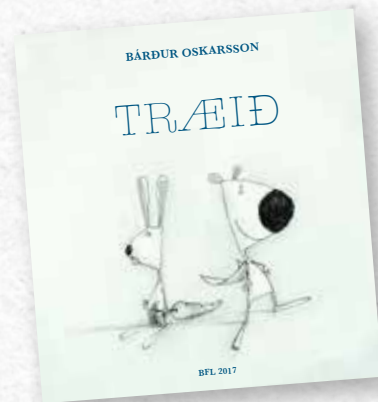
The Faroese nomination for the Nordic Council Literature Prize is the poetry collection “Gudahøvd” by Jóanes Nielsen.



The simultaneously primitive and magnificent title Gudahøvd (in English: “God’s head”) is indicative of the mood of Jóanes Nielsen’s tenth collection of poems. The same can be said of the inherent prose quality of Nielsen’s entire lyrical output. It is five years since Nielsen last published poetry, but in the meantime he has written both plays and novels.

In several of the poems we come across a hackneyed poet in a hackneyed world, a poet who is no longer young and whom we recognise from other, earlier poems, who with equal measures of humour and defiance of death portrays the weariness of the body from age and its gradual decay. Perishability is the most important fuel for these poems. Several of them are about writing poetry and living, all from an existential stance yet with a focus on all that is living, be it a little Norwegian bird flying into a window in the hamlet of Norðdepli or the growing loneliness of a poet’s existence and the many rooms one waits in for new organs, biscuits, or just life and death.

The Faroese nomination for the Nordic Council Children and Young People’s Literature Prize is the picture book “Træið” by Bárður Oskarsson.



The story is about Bob the rabbit who starts wondering about what might be on the other side of the tree. He has only ventured there once and was chased away by a dog before his curiosity was satisfied. The tree and the thought of the exciting and the unknown on the other



side still lure him, but maybe Bob can make do with what his well-travelled friend Hilbert says? Using subtle humour Oskarsson tells the classic, perpetually relevant tale of trying to become worldly wise. Is it worth the effort to see things with your own eyes? Is there anything important on the other side of the tree? Who knows?

The story is illustrated in Bárður Oskarsson’s characteristic minimalist, sensitive strokes. Expansive, almost monochrome surfaces provide space for meditative nuances and focus on the two friends’ expressive body language during their pensive encounter amid the grey humdrum of the everyday, where they sky is the limit and the tree now seems more distant.

BOOKS WITH THE FAROE ISLANDS AS TOPIC & LOCATION



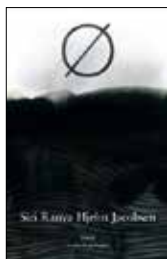
LISBETH NEBELONG,
Denmark:
Færø Blues Trilogy
(2016)



JOHAN HARSTAD,
Norway:
Buzz Aldrin, hvor ble det av deg i alt mylderet? (2006)



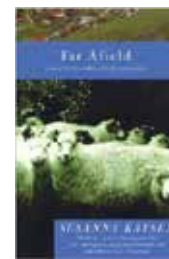
CRAIG ROBERTSON,
UK:
The Last Refuge
(2014)



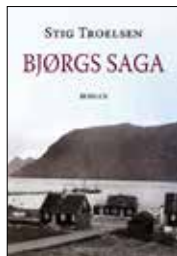
SIRI RANVA HJELM JACOBSEN,
Denmark:
Ø (2016)
Lindhardt & Ringhof



SILVIA HENRIKSDÓTTIR,
Norway:
Sig at du lyver
(2012)



SUSAN KAYSEN,
USA:
Far Afield (2002)



STIG TROELSEN,
Denmark:
Bjørgs Saga (2016)
Hovedland



SILVIA HENRIKSDÓTTIR,
Norway:
Djevelen kan ikke lese (2014)



CHRIS OULD,
UK:
The Blood Strand (2016)
Titan



VERENA STÖSSINGER,
Germany:
Die Gespenstersammlerin (2017)
Edition Bücherlese



ARTHUR KRASILNIKOFF,
Denmark:
Hvalens øje (2011)
Gyldendal pocket



CHRIS OULD,
UK:
The Killing Bay (2017)
Titan

FAROESE

BOOK FESTIVAL

25-26 NOVEMBER



Mynd: Faroephoto

Bókadagur, the Faroese Book Festival is a key event in the Nordic House. The Book Festival offers a programmer for both adults and children with readings, debates, meet the author events and workshops. This year the Book Festival will take place 25 - 26 November and has a special focus on authors nominated for the Nordic Literature Price 2017.

SUMMER INSTITUTE IN FAROESE LANGUAGE AND CULTURE

Many of the participants of the Summer Institute in Faroese Language and Culture run by the University of the Faroe Islands come back for more. Matthew Landrum from Michigan, USA, participated for the third time in 2014. He has learned Faroese so well that he now translates Faroese poetry and fiction into English.



THE NEXT SUMMER INSTITUTE WILL TAKE PLACE 6–24 AUGUST 2018, AND ROOM IS FOR 35 STUDENTS. FURTHER INFORMATION ON WWW.SETUR.FO

Matthew says that in 2011, when he first attended the Faroese Summer Institute, he couldn't have imagined the academic and culture avenues of exploration that it would open up: „The grammar and language lessons and expeditions and lectures in culture gave me the overview I needed to start working with Faroese poetry.

Collaborating with a native speaker (the writer or another Faroese), I've translated works by five Faroese authors. The islands have an astonishing amount of talented writers and it's been great to bring their work to a wider audience online and in print. Attending the Institute has been a great way to keep up my Faroese studies

and to launch into projects with the aid and assistance of the faculty“. Matthews's translations from Faroese have appeared in e.g. The Adirondack Review, Asymptote Journal and in the magazine PANK. Landrum has studied English and Creative Writing. He teaches English at Aim High School in Whitmore Lake, Michigan.

ARTIST RESIDENCIES



WILLIAMSHÚS

Williamshús is the private residence and primary workplace of Faroe Islands most famous writer William Heinesen (1900-1991). The house is now open to the public and remains unchanged since Heinesen's passing in 1991. The museum offers an interesting insight into the artworks on display and the unique interior of the house decorated by Heinesen and his son, painter Zacharias Heinesen. Part of Williamshús also functions as an artist residency where artists can stay and work for a week or up to three months. The small apartment is suitable for one person or a couple with one child. Artists can apply by sending an enquiry to williamshouse@gmail.com.

Further information:

www.williamshus.wordpress.com

LISTAMANNAHÚSINI Á DALATRØÐ

Faroese artist and sculptor Janus Kam-ban (1913-2009) wrote in his will that his home should be used as an artist residency for Faroese visual artists or foreign visual artists if the visit is an exchange with a Faroese artist going abroad. He also mentioned the possibility of a foreign author to stay and work in the residency for a limited period between three and twelve months. Artists can send an application to:

*Listafelag Føroya, P.O.Box 1141,
FO-110 Tórshavn,
or send an email to listafelag@olivant.fo*

SKÚLIN Í TJØRNUVÍK

In the small village of Tjørnuvík the old school which is not in use anymore has been made into an artist residency which LISA, the Faroese Artist Association, administers. The school is on two floors; on first floor there are two work rooms and a bathroom, and on the second floor there is a small kitchen and a bed room. The residency is available for 1-3 months and suited for 1-2 people, and applications should be sent to: lisa@lisa.fo.

Further information:

www.lisa.fo

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**

CONTACTS IN THE OTHER NORDIC COUNTRIES AND REGIONS:

Denmark:

Danish Arts Foundation
(Statens Kunstfond)

Greenland:

Greenlandic Society of
Authors
(Kalaallit Atuakkiortut)

Finland:

FILI
(Suomalaisen
Kirjallisuuden Seura)

Iceland:

Icelandic Literature Center
(Miðstöð Íslenskra
Bókmennta)

Norway:

NORLA

Sami:

Sami Artists' Council
(Sámi Dáiddárráðði)

Sweden:

Swedish Arts Council
(Kulturrådet)

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



FarLit



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