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**from** **Luxembourg**

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# Support and development of Luxembourgish Culture and Creativity

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## Literature in Luxembourg: A Case of New Contemporaneity

Luxembourg's literary landscape is one of great diversity and versatility. One of its most unusual characteristics, since its very beginning, is its multilingualism. German, French and Luxembourgish are the predominant languages of literary expression, but this linguistically volatile and creative environment also allows for other languages to assume literary relevance and become an integral part of the cultural landscape. A look into Luxembourg's author's dictionary ([www.autorenlexikon.lu](http://www.autorenlexikon.lu)) reveals a grand total of 44 languages and dialects, all somehow linked to the literary output of the Grand Duchy.

While this may seem like the quirky idiosyncrasy of a small country, this openness to new linguistic and literary cultures is of wider relevance in the 21st century: Luxembourg's experience of the effect of a multilingual society on literary expression allows to highlight developments that can increasingly be seen in other literary cultures.

Luxembourg's geographic and demographic particularities have meant that the country has always been a literary laboratory, where writers have experimented with narrative and linguistic fusion. In combination with a growing interest in political and socio-cultural topics, this currently makes for a new contemporaneity in Luxembourgish literature, where a wide array of authors and languages meet around a complex discourse of identity and literary expression that is relevant across all borders.

**Nathalie Jacoby**  
Centre national de littérature - National Literature Archive

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# Voices from Luxembourg: Novels, Short stories and Poetry

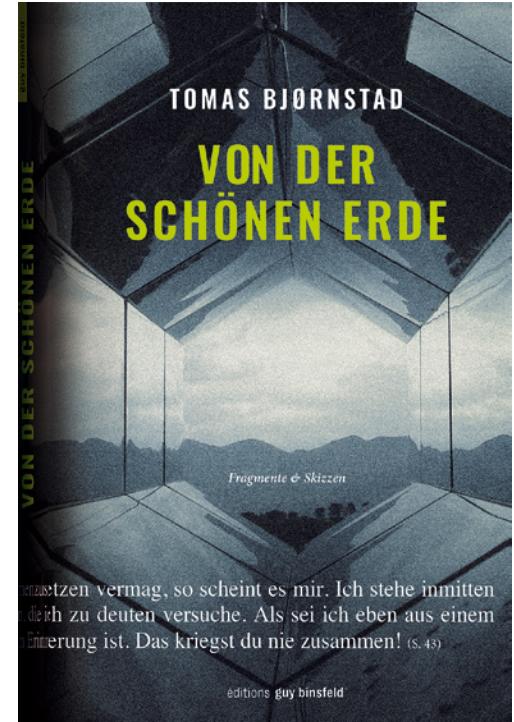
Tomas Bjørnstad (aka Nico Helminger)  
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Tullio Forgianini  
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Jean Portante  
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Jeff Schinker  
Lambert Schlechter  
Elise Schmit  
Margret Steckel  
Nora Wagener

## Von der schönen Erde

Of This Fair Earth

Tomas Bjørnstad creates a desolate universe that the reader discovers through a game: eight different narrators act as guides through the chapters, each indicating the two next possible chapters to read. As the reader tries to find their way through the book, the figures seem to be on a similar mission to piece together their fragmented environment. They scramble to find a sense of stability in the formerly industrial town of Bjørnstadt. An employee at one of the newly installed AI companies commits suicide by jumping off the building.

A partygoer witnesses his fall. A writer investigates the growing suicide rate. A manager in the company couldn't care less. What connects all the characters is the feeling that they cannot keep up with the fast-paced changes in their environment as it transforms into a 'smart city'. Combining this panoply of different voices and genres, the reader plays an active role in the unfolding of the story. Satiric passages and dark humour border existential fears and supernatural events.



Biography

Tomas Bjørnstad was born in Trondheim in 1984 and now lives in Luxembourg. He is a heteronym created by the award-winning Luxembourgish author Nico Helminger who publishes poetry, fiction and drama in German, Luxembourgish, and French. His themes revolve around political events and the mundane every day.

This chessboard-like literary construct follows the characters' struggles as they deal with an ever more consumerist and technologically-advanced society.

Genre: **Fragments and sketches**  
Publication: **May 2022**  
ISBN: **978-99959-42-82-3**  
Price: **26.00 €**  
Language: **German**  
Format: **13.4 x 21.0 cm**  
**Hardcover**  
Number of pages: **464**

**Contact details:**  
Éditions Guy Binsfeld  
Inge Orlowski  
14, Place du parc  
L-1027 Luxembourg  
+352 49 68 68-1  
editions@binsfeld.lu  
[www.editionsguybinsfeld.lu](http://www.editionsguybinsfeld.lu)

Excerpt

Ich verstehe nicht, warum es ausgerechnet immer wieder mich trifft. Ich bin der geborene Zeuge. Tut sich etwas, so bin ich dabei. Ob Sie es glauben oder nicht, am 11. September war ich in New York. Ich sah das Flugzeug. Nicht, wie es in den Tower raste. Ich war in Chinatown und sah es von dort aus. Über dem Flügel eines spuckenden Drachen. Die ganze Katastrophe sah ich später auf dem Schirm. Auch dort sprangen Menschen in die Leere. Ich verstehe es nicht. Und ich mache mir Vorwürfe, weil ich mich nicht um den Mann kümmerte. Obwohl es sicher zu spät war. Warum passiert mir das? Beständig. Heute Morgen die Frau auf dem Balkon. Bei 8 Grad Celsius. Auf dem Hometrainer. Ich sehe rüber, also zufällig, wie sie sich abstrampelt. Auf dem Hometrainer auf dem Balkon.  
Sehe zufällig rüber und seh sie vom Rad fallen. Sie kippt einfach vom Rad. Ein übler Sturz auf glatter Strecke auf dem Balkon. Als sei sie einen Berg runter. Unfassbar. Steht nicht mehr auf. Bleibt hinter der Balkonbalustrade liegen. Und du hast nichts unternommen?  
fragte Miss Touch. Was hätte ich tun sollen? Rüber zum Haus. 42 Klingeln gibt es da. War's im fünften oder sechsten Stock? Jetzt weiß ich nicht einmal mehr. Also, wem sag ich: Da ist eben eine Frau im fünften oder sechsten Stock vom Rad gefallen. Alle Klingeln gleichzeitig drücken und heulen: Ich bin der aus dem gegenüberliegenden Block, der eben eine Frau auf dem Balkon vom Rad fallen sah. Quatsch. Ich ruf doch nicht die Feuerwehr, bloß weil ich meinen Augen nicht traue. Vielleicht trainiert sie einfach nur Hinfallen. Ihr alltäglicher Abgang. Mal sehen, ob sie morgen wieder fit ist. Jetzt ist es bereits zu dunkel. Aber da ist Licht bei ihr. Klar, dass da Licht ist.

Translation

I don't understand why it always happens to me. Me, of all people. I was born to be a witness. If something happens, then there I am to see it. Believe it or not, I was in New York on 11 September. I saw the plane. Not how it tore into the tower, though. I was in Chinatown, and saw it from there. Over the wing of a fire-breathing dragon. I saw the whole disaster later on TV. People leapt into the void there too. I don't understand it. And I'm cross with myself because I didn't look after the man. Even though it was definitely too late. Why does this happen to me? All the time. This morning, it was the woman on the balcony. It was 8 degrees Celsius. On an exercise bike. I happened to look over at her pedalling away. On her exercise bike on the balcony. I looked over by chance and saw her fall off her bike. Just like that, she toppled off the bike. A nasty fall on a flat stretch on the balcony. As if she was coming down a mountain. Incredible. Didn't get up again. Stayed there. Lying behind the balcony railings. And you did nothing? Miss Touch asked. What should I have done? Gone over to her building. That has 42 buzzers. Was it the fifth or sixth floor? I don't even know anymore. Who would I have told: a lady on the fifth or sixth floor has just fallen off her bike. Pressing all the buzzers at the same time and screaming: it's me, from the block opposite. I just saw a lady fall off a bike on her balcony. As if. I'm not calling the fire brigade, only because I don't believe my own eyes. Maybe she's just training to fall off. Her daily dismount. Maybe she'll be back on her feet tomorrow. It's already too dark now. But there's a light on at her place. Of course, there's a light on.

## Irresistible Blending

In a secluded commune in Vermont, Eleanor Adams lives a quiet life. She paints, her son comes and goes, the community kids are working on a surprise performance to be unveiled in the late summer. But as time unwinds, questions turn into mysteries turn into threatening forces: Why has Eleanor rejected her wealthy past in New York?

What does commune "guru" Samuel Summer really want? What do her son's special powers really mean?

This psychological thriller, creeping with science fiction, seeks to uncover the truth of humanity by means of frogs, butterflies, stars – and something else altogether.

Mary Carey's world is gripping and disturbing, and it won't let you go.



### Biography

Born in Toronto, Mary Carey studied at the University of Toronto and the Humber School for Writers. In 1991, she moved to Luxembourg where she still works as a corporate writer. She started a creative writing group and co-edited the anthology *Writing from a Small Country* in 2004. *Irresistible Blending* is her first novel.

Eleanor, a stunning, ravishing, ingenious painter discovers an uncomfortable truth – and the magic behind it. Will she be killed for her knowledge?

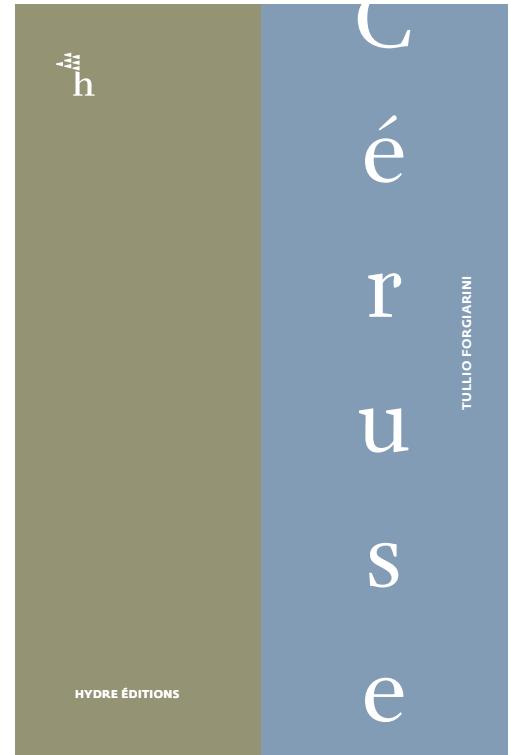
Genre: **Psychological thriller**  
Publication: **January 2022**  
ISBN: **978-99959-998-9-6**  
Price: **22.00 €**  
Language: **English**  
Format: **13 x 20 cm**  
**Paperback**  
Number of pages: **308**

**Contact details:**  
Black Fountain Press  
Anne-Marie Reuter  
1c, rue de Luxembourg  
L-8140 Bridel  
+352 691136164  
anne-marie.reuter@  
blackfountain.lu  
[www.blackfountain.lu](http://www.blackfountain.lu)

**Excerpt**

The forest is like death. Dark and still. The tall, sinister trees tower and dominate the landscape, twisting their fingers into barbed wire meshed tightly to block out the night sky. Everything under the tops of the trees is as if subterranean, sealed under the lid of a coffin. Here and there is the illuminated glow of neon lime moss, of strangely fluorescent decaying leaves and round glimmering stones, the ethereal flashes normally found buried deep in the sea. Only one shaft of palest light spears through the tentacles of the trees. In the beam, disproportionately large moths flutter their furry skull-head wings. At the bottom of the beam, spot-lighted on the forest path as she rests on all fours like a vulnerable beast, is Eleanor. Her translucent nightgown glows aquamarine. Her body underneath it is clearly visible, round, and lush as she breathes in and out, in and out in a quiet rhythm. Her hands and knees press roughly onto the forest floor. Random insects scurry across her dirty knuckles. Her bare toes wiggle and dig into the dirt and leaves. Her hair is savage, coiling Medusa-like, woven insanely with bits of dirt and random sticks. Her strong haunches are bare and pale, poised, and ready. She feels brittle with tension as she sniffs the air. She is electric with nervous energy, surrounded by a vacuum of silence broken only by the sound of the papery wings of the butterflies of the night. Stop. She senses something else hiding beyond in the stillness. She listens, freezing all movement except her panting. The humid breath of the frightened animal.

Nino Bianchi is a writer of relative talent and success who, following legal problems that cost him his teaching job, is forced to sell his services as a ghost-writer to celebrities who want to write their memoirs. One of them, old Céruse, a wealthy businessman, has built his empire on brutality and fear. In interviews with Bianchi, Céruse omits no sordid detail, as if being remembered as the archetypal bastard were his ultimate goal. That such a book could see the light of day is not to everyone's liking. Bianchi receives visits from strange individuals. All of them invite him to think about the consequences of what he is writing. The further he advances in Céruse's life, the more he feels his own life slipping away from him. The characters' contours become blurred, the chronology is diluted and, in the end, Bianchi finds it hard to tell the difference between what is and what is written.



**B**iography  
Tullio Forgiarini was born in Luxembourg in 1966 to an Italian father and a Luxembourgish mother. He writes noir fiction, mostly in French. *Amok*, his first novel in Luxembourgish, was awarded the European Union Prize for Literature, translated into several major languages and adapted for the screen as *Baby(a)lone*.

**Céruse** is a thriller about a ghost writer tasked with completing the memoirs of a dying magnate as the lines between writing and reality become blurred.

Genre: **Novel**  
Publication: **November 2020**  
ISBN: **978-2-9199541-6-2**  
Price: **16.00 €**  
Language: **French**  
Format: **14.0 x 21.5 cm**  
**Paperback**  
Number of pages: **188**

**Contact details:**  
Hydre Éditions  
Ian De Toffoli | Jeff Thoss  
12, rue Biergerkraiz  
L-8120 Bridel  
info@hydreditions.eu  
[www.hydreditions.eu](http://www.hydreditions.eu)

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xcerpt

Je fréquente Céruse depuis deux semaines. Je n'ai pas le choix. Depuis que j'ai perdu mon emploi d'enseignant, je suis contraint de vivre de ce que j'écris. Et ce que j'écris habituellement – des romans, des pièces de théâtre – n'a jamais rapporté grand-chose. Alors je me suis mis à écrire pour d'autres. Pour cet ancien coureur cycliste, par exemple. Un champion. Il n'a jamais gagné le Tour, mais presque. Un type charmant. L'éditeur voulait un beau livre, plein de photos. Et un texte court et vibrant. J'ai fait ce texte, en me demandant ce qu'il entendait par vibrant. Alors j'ai parlé de la lueur noire au fond de ses yeux, de son sourire triste qui traduisait la beauté inutile du geste qu'il ne pouvait s'empêcher d'accomplir, je voyais en lui un animal sacrificiel qui s'immolait sur les pentes du Galibier pour partager avec nous, spectateurs impuissants, le sublime de l'instant, je le comparai à Sisyphe et, en invoquant Camus, je finissais en disant qu'il fallait l'imaginer heureux. Je l'ai livré dans les délais et le coureur cycliste et l'éditeur étaient très satisfaits. J'ai été correctement rémunéré et le bouquin a été un grand succès. Mon nom ne figurait nulle part. J'ai eu plusieurs commandes de ce genre par la suite. Puis, il y a deux semaines, il y a eu Céruse. Lors de notre premier rendez-vous, il me dit qu'il était sur le point de crever d'un adénocarcinome pancréatique. Il me dit qu'il voulait publier très vite. Que, par conséquent, il fallait que je fonce. Que je ne pose pas trop de questions, mais que je fonce. Et, bien sûr, que je serais extrêmement bien payé. J'ai accepté. L'argent a commencé à couler dès le premier jour. Un débit impressionnant. En contrepartie, j'ai dû écouter des horreurs. Je les ai enregistrées, je les ai réécoutes plusieurs fois et j'en ai tiré un texte lapidaire et pan-dans-la-gueule, comme il m'a été demandé. Plus le temps pour une biographie exhaustive, m'a-t-il dit. Juste quelques chapitres courts. Un best-of, en quelque sorte. Lapidaire et pan-dans-la-gueule. Un best-of de l'abjection.

Translation

I've been meeting with Céruse for two weeks. I have no choice. Since I lost my teaching job, I'm forced to live off my writing. And what I usually write – novels, plays – has never earned much. So I've started writing for other people. That former racing cyclist, for instance. A champion. He never quite won the Tour de France, but almost. A charming guy. The publisher wanted a tasteful book, full of photos. With 'snappy, vibrant' prose. I wrote the text, wondering what he meant by 'vibrant'. So I described the dark light in the depths of his eyes, the sad smile conveying the useless beauty of a feat that he couldn't help but perform; I saw in him a sacrificial beast burning on the Galibier slopes so that he might share a moment of sublimity with us powerless spectators; I compared him to Sisyphus, and, quoting Camus, I ended by saying that one must imagine him happy. I delivered it by the deadline, and the racing cyclist and the publisher were both very satisfied. The pay was decent, and the book was a great success. My name appeared nowhere. I had several more commissions of this sort. Then, two weeks ago, there was Céruse. During our first meeting, he told me he was on the verge of dying from pancreatic cancer. He told me he wanted to publish very quickly. And so I'd have to throw myself into it. Not ask too many questions, just throw myself into it. And, of course, I would be extremely well paid. I accepted. The money has been pouring in since day one. An impressive sum. In exchange, I've had to listen to horrors. I've recorded them, I've listened to them several times, and I've turned them into text that is 'hard-hitting and in-your-face', as he requested. No time for a full biography, he said. Just a few short chapters. His greatest hits, so to speak. Hard-hitting and in-your-face. Greatest Hits: Infamy Edition.

# Georges Hausemer

capybarabooks  
Batty Weber Prize, 2017

## Fuchs im Aufzug

The Fox in the Lift

They could be ordering Asian food, out on a winter's stroll, on the road all alone or simply looking out the window. But every single one of the events and encounters that the protagonists experience in Georges Hausemer's 16 stories has consequences. No matter how trivial these occurrences appear to be, they still trigger an unavoidable sequence of events with far-reaching repercussions. Hard truths are on the horizon, even if they are only a faint glimmer similar to the hazy flash of a streetlight on wet tarmac. It is realisations like this that lead the heroes in one of the stories to take a wholly unexpected course. Using a combination of powerful imagery and language with a chilling clarity or an oppressive sense of melancholy, Georges Hausemer succeeds in conjuring up an eerily dreamlike atmosphere. Life stands still for just a moment to give the characters in the stories the chance to reflect or simply pause.



Biography

Georges Hausemer, born in Differdange in 1957, lived as author, travel writer, translator and painter in Luxembourg, a small village in the German Eifel, and in San Sebastián in the Basque Country. In 2017, he was awarded the Batty Weber Prize, Luxembourg's most important literature prize, for his work. He died in 2018.

A series of melancholy stories, underpinned by a disturbing sense of intensity and beauty, about moments when life simply stands still.

Genre: **Short stories**  
Publication: **February 2017**  
ISBN: **978-99959-43-10-3**  
Price: **18.95**  
Language: **German**  
Format: **12 x 20 cm**  
**Hardcover**  
Number of pages: **208**

**Contact details:**  
capybarabooks  
Susanne Jaspers  
52, rue de Colmar-Berg  
L-7525 Mersch  
+352 661 50 17 15  
contact@capybarabooks.cpm  
[www.capybarabooks.com](http://www.capybarabooks.com)

Excerpt

An einem nebligen Morgen im März kam der Fuchs über den Parkplatz. Es war bitterkalt. Geduckt schlich er um die abgestellten Fahrzeuge. Grauer, feinkörniger Firn hatte sich auf die Autofenster gelegt. Spitzer Wind wehte. Die mit Holzschindeln verkleidete Haube des alten Wasserturms verschwand in den Wolken. Nichts spiegelte sich in den stumpfen, gefrorenen Pfützen. Ein paar Schritte weit benutzte das Tier den Fußweg für Angestellte, Patienten und Besucher. Reste von Schnee säumten die asphaltierten Flächen. Das ehemals unschuldige Weiß war mit der Zeit schmutzig geworden, mit feinen, dunklen Spritzern gesprankelt. Der Fuchs hinterließ kaum merkliche Spuren. Weiter oben, an einem der Fenster im vierten Stock, stand der Mann mit dem Pflaster hinter dem rechten Ohr. Er kniff die Augen zusammen. In seinem Rücken fuhr gerade der ständig Hüstelnde vorbei, der in seinem Sitzwagen festgeschnallt war. Der Pfleger, der den Wagen über den Flur schob, trug in der Nase einen Ring. Sein Hals war tätowiert. Neben dem Revers seines Kittels hing ein Schild mit dem Namen „Pawel“. Der Mann mit dem Wundpflaster beobachtete den Fuchs, der sich dem Aufgang zum Hauptgebäude näherte. Er wunderte sich, dass weit und breit keine Menschenseele zu sehen war. Niemand, der gewillt schien, einzutreten und dem wilden Tier Einhalt zu gebieten. Stattdessen kam der gepiercte und tätowierte Pfleger gleich noch einmal vorbei, diesmal ohne Begleitung, auch ohne Gefährt. Er steuerte das Zimmer gegenüber dem Aufzug an, an dessen Tür ein Zettel mit der Aufschrift „Isolation“ hing. Zusätzlicher Text forderte etwaige Besucher auf, sich vor dem Betreten des Patientenzimmers beim Pflegepersonal zu melden.  
(Aus: Der Fuchs im Aufzug)

Translation

The fox made its way across the car park on a misty March morning. It was bitterly cold. Crouching down low, it skulked around the parked cars. Fine, grey, compacted snow had formed an icy layer on the car windows. A sharp wind was blowing. The wood-clad cover of the old water tower disappeared into the clouds. The dull, frozen puddles reflected only the vast expanse of nothingness above. After a few more steps, the animal crept along the footpath used by employees, patients and visitors. Remnants of old snow lined the paved areas. Time had sullied the once innocent whiteness, spattering it with delicate, dark splashes. The fox left hardly a trace. Up above, the man with the plaster behind his right ear stood at a window on the fourth floor. He narrowed his eyes. The constant cougher passed behind him, strapped into his trolley in a seated position. The nurse who wheeled the trolley down the corridor wore a nose ring. His neck was tattooed. He had a badge with the name 'Pawel' next to the collar of his scrubs. The man with the plaster was watching the fox as it approached the steps up to the main building. He was amazed that not a living soul was to be seen. Nobody who seemed willing to intervene and stop this wild animal from going any further. Instead, the nurse with the piercing and tattoos passed by once more. Alone this time, without the trolley. He headed for the room opposite the lift. The sign on the door said 'Isolation'. It also asked visitors to report to nursing staff before entering the patient's room.  
(From: Der Fuchs im Aufzug / The Fox in the Lift)

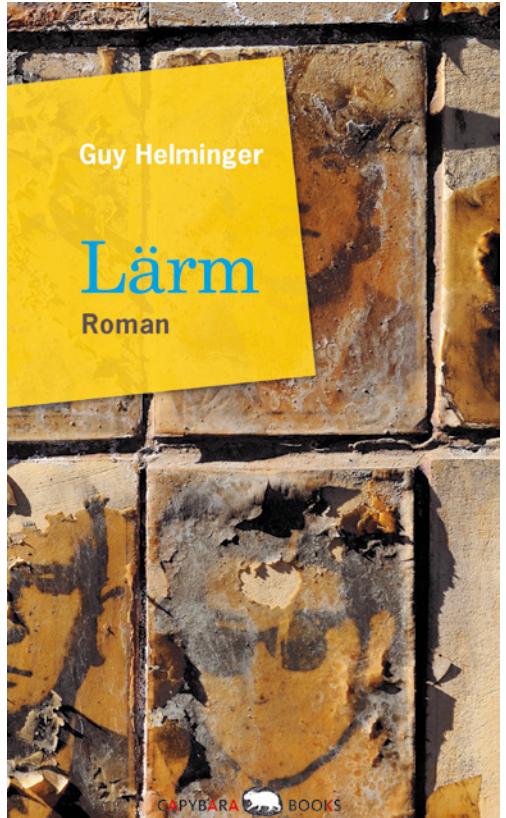
# Guy Helminger

capybarabooks  
Servais Prize, 2022

## Lärm

Noise

Is it true that psychotherapist Konrad Schnittweg has planned an assassination? The letter with his name on it, sent to the press before he disappeared, certainly suggests so. Police Officer Schnok is determined to track him down, by piecing together the life of this vanished suspect. But no matter who he interviews, be it the wife, friends, former government workmates or the journalist investigating the case, their stories offer nothing but contradictions. Some see Schnittweg as helpful and thoughtful. But for others he represents the very revival of political terror. Schnittweg has always been a man of words rather than action. A man who has always seen talking as part of the solution. Could Europe's political climate really have radicalised him over the years? Or did he get in the way of one of the interviewees? There's no denying that some of them have a motive.



### Biography

Guy Helminger was born in 1963 in Esch-sur-Alzette in Luxembourg and has lived in Cologne since 1985. He writes poems, novels, audio dramas and theatre plays. He has received multiple awards for his work, including the Servais Prize, the 3sat Prize and the Gustav Regler Prize. For his piece *Madame Köpenick*, Guy Helminger has received the Luxembourgish Theater Prize in the categorie "On Stage - Text, Concept and Direction". He regularly speaks at literary and cultural events, both in his home country and abroad.

An intricate, multiplayer mind game about political irresponsibility, betrayal and a quest for the truth. Except this truth is not the same for everybody.

Genre: Novel  
Publication: December 2021  
ISBN: 978-99959-43-41-7  
Price: 23.00 €  
Language: German  
Format: 12 x 20 cm  
Hardcover  
Number of pages: 328

Contact details:  
capybarabooks  
Susanne Jaspers  
52, rue de Colmar-Berg  
L-7525 Mersch  
+352 66150 1715  
contact@capybarabooks.com  
[www.capybarabooks.com](http://www.capybarabooks.com)

Excerpt

Ich habe Konrad Schnittweg nicht wirklich gekannt. Ich bin ihm im März 2018 ein einziges Mal begegnet. Wobei Begegnung ein etwas merkwürdiges Wort für einen Unfall ist. Es dunkelte bereits. Ich bog nach rechts von der Hauptstraße ab und übersah den parallel zu mir dahinrollenden Radfahrer, obwohl er zusätzlich zum Fahrradlicht eine Stirnlampe trug. Ich erschrak, als ich den Aufprall hörte. Dann sah ich einen Mann auf der Windschutzscheibe landen, bevor er über die Kühlerhaube vor den Wagen rutschte. Weder ich noch er waren schnell unterwegs gewesen, sonst wäre der Mann nicht sofort wieder aufgestanden. Ich blieb wie unter Schock regungslos hinterm Steuer sitzen. Er aber zog die Stirnlampe ab und seine Wollmütze gerade, hob sein Fahrrad hoch und betrachtete die verbogene Felge. Mich ignorierte er. In dem Moment begann es zu regnen. Ich riss mich zusammen, stieg aus dem Wagen, murmelte Entschuldigungen, versuchte mich zu erklären. Er sah mich ruhig an, nickte, ließ mich ausreden, bevor er leise, geradezu freundlich antwortete: „Glauben Sie, dass das die Welt besser macht?“ Ich begriff nicht, was er mir sagen wollte. Es klang nach einem ironischen „Sparen Sie sich Ihre Entschuldigungen“, aber zugleich hatte ich das Gefühl, dass er mich fragen wollte, ob ich glaubte, dass die Welt ohne ihn eine bessere sei? So als hätte ich ihn bewusst überfahren wollen, um alle von einem Übel zu befreien. Ich geriet außer Atem, weil mein Herz unregelmäßig zu schlagen begann, und erwiederte: „Nein. Ja. Also ...“ Dabei wusste ich selbst nicht, auf welche Frage in meinem Kopf ich nun antwortete. Er lächelte, nickte noch einmal, schulterte sein Rad und ging über die Straße. Der Regen fiel mittlerweile in dichten Linien. Durch meine Brille sah die Welt schraffiert aus, eine Schwarz-Weiß-Zeichnung, hastig, aber mit sicherer Hand aufs Papier geworfen. „Soll ich Sie nach Hause fahren? Soll ich Ihnen helfen?“, rief ich ihm hinterher. Da hielt er inne, blieb einen Augenblick stehen, stellte sein Fahrrad ab, ehe er zurück über die Straße zu mir kam.

### Translation

I never really knew Konrad Schnittweg. I only met him once, back in March 2018. I say 'met' but this is a rather strange word to use to describe an accident. It was already getting dark. I turned right off the main road and failed to notice the cyclist who was riding along beside me, even though he was wearing a headlamp and had a light on his bike. I got the shock of my life when I heard the impact. Then I saw a man land on my windscreen and slide down my car bonnet. Neither of us had been travelling fast. If we had, I very much doubt the man would've got up again so quickly. I remained sitting there behind the steering wheel, completely motionless in a state of shock. But he took off his headlamp and his woolly hat, lifted up his bike and looked at the bent wheels. He ignored me. Just then, it began to rain. I pulled myself together and got out of the car. I began mumbling my apologies, trying to explain myself. He looked at me calmly, nodded and let me finish speaking. Then, in an almost friendly tone, he quietly answered: "Do you believe that makes the world a better place?" I didn't understand what he wanted me to say. It sounded like an ironic way of telling me to spare him my apologies. But, at the same time, I had the feeling that he wanted to ask me whether I believed that the world would be better off without him? As if I'd wanted to run him over on purpose, to free us all from some kind of evil. My heart began pounding erratically and I felt short of breath. I managed to reply: "No. Yes. I mean..." But I didn't even know which question I was answering in my own head. He smiled, nodded once more, lifted his bike up onto his shoulder and crossed the road. By this point, the rain was sheeting down. Through my blurred glasses, the world looked like a black and white sketch, hastily scribbled onto paper with a steady hand. "Should I drive you home? Should I help you?" I called after him. Then he paused, stood still for a moment and put down his bike, before he started back across the road towards me.

## Die Mutationen

The Mutations

The housefly Leon Sumsa wakes up one morning and finds itself transformed into a ‘monstrous vertebrate’, that is, a human being. The lion from Kurt Tucholsky’s satire *Der Löw ist los!* (The Lion Is Loose!) mutates into a polar bear exploring hip Berlin. The model of the Venus statue from Prosper Mérimée’s tale *La Vénus d’Ille* (The Venus of Ille) works as a young slave in a ‘venture’ that shows amazing parallels to today’s working world. Heinrich von Kleist’s *Die Anekdote aus dem letzten preußischen Kriege* (The Anecdote from the Last Prussian War) is moved to the future, where the last four people are at war with each other. Ingeborg Bachmann’s *Anrufung des großen Bären* (Invocation of the Great Bear) is crossed with Lovecraft’s Cthulhu Mythos and the result is a poem that strangely sounds like Gottfried Benn.



### Biography

Francis Kirps lives and works in Esch-sur-Alzette (Luxembourg). He first started publishing in the nineties before joining the German poetry slam circuit and editing the satirical magazine *EXOT*. Since then, he has published two short story collections, a novel and numerous texts in anthologies. He is also a regular contributor to the satire page of *die tageszeitung*.

*The Mutations: seven stories and a poem, each with a classic text as a template and starting point, from Little Red Riding Hood to Virginia Woolf.*

Genre: **Short stories**  
Publication: **November 2019**  
ISBN: **978-2-9199541-3-1**  
Price: **20.00 €**  
Language: **German**  
Format: **11 x 18,7 cm**  
**Paperback**  
Number of pages: **220**

**Contact details:**  
Hydre Éditions  
Ian De Toffoli | Jeff Thoss  
12, rue Biergerkraiz  
L-8120 Bridel  
info@hydreditions.eu  
[www.hydreditions.eu](http://www.hydreditions.eu)

Excerpt

Es war Tag der offenen Tür im Berliner Zoo und ausgerechnet heute – vielleicht lag es ja am Joint, den er sich zur Feier des Tages mit Herrn Özgüntürk vom Raubtierhaus und Frau Süskind aus dem Sekretariat geteilt hatte – vergaß Tierpfleger Pfleiderer, die Tür des Eisbärgeheges hinter sich abzuschließen. Was Roald Björnsson, der dienstälteste Eisbär, wiederum als Aufforderung verstand, sich unter die Leute da draußen zu mischen. Vielleicht wurde es ja von ihm erwartet. Und die vielen bunten Luftballons! Björnsson trat hinaus. Von Pfleiderer keine Spur. Dafür gerieten die Besucher sofort in helle Aufregung. Überall lief und rief es durcheinander. Kinder quiekten, Frauen kreischten, Männer weinten, es war, als seien soeben die Beatles aus dem Flugzeug gestiegen.

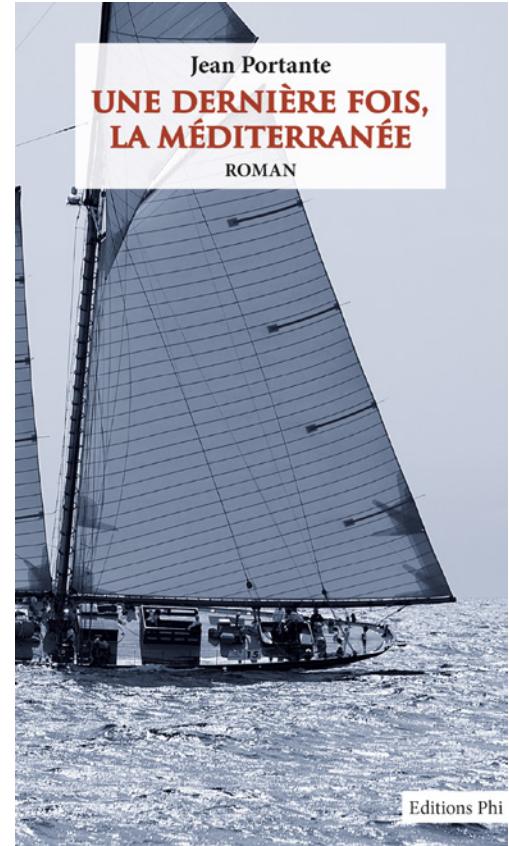
### Translation

It was Open House at the Berlin Zoo and that day of all days – maybe it was the fault of the celebratory joint which Zookeeper Pfleiderer had shared with Herr Özgüntürk from the Predator House and Frau Süskind from administration – the zookeeper forgot to lock the door of the polar bear’s cage after him. Which, in turn, Roald Björnsson, the longest-serving polar bear, took as an invitation to mingle with the people outside. Maybe it was even expected of him. And all those colourful balloons! Björnsson stepped outside. No sign of Pfleiderer. Instead, the visitors immediately broke into a mighty uproar. The crowd shouted and ran around everywhere. Children squealed, women screamed, men wept – it was as if the Beatles had just got off the plane.

## Une dernière fois, la Méditerranée

One last time, the Mediterranean

*Une dernière fois, la Méditerranée* brings to a close the trilogy started in 2013 with *L'Architecture des temps instables* (The Architecture of Unstable Times) and continued in 2019 with *Leonardo*. The Nardelli family, from the first books, who became the Rossis as the writing continued, are back, as are Jean Portante's favourite themes of migration, war, generational mixing, the father-son relationship, family secrets buried in the sands of time, and the skilful amalgam of fiction and autobiography. This time, we take a detour into the etiological myths of travel and exile.



Biography

Jean Portante was born in 1950 in Differdange (Luxembourg), of Italian parents. He lives in Paris. His work, comprising some forty books - poetry, novels, essays and plays - has been widely translated in over 25 countries. Winner of the Mallarmé Prize in France in 2003, he was awarded the Batty Weber Prize in 2011 for his body of work.

A father reconstructs Aeneas' journey across the Mediterranean before perishing at sea. Key words: migration, identity, mythology, war, generational mixing, secrets buried in the sands of time etc.

Genre: Novel  
Publication: December 2022  
ISBN: 978-2-919818-03-3  
Price: 22.00 €  
Language: French  
Format: 12 x 20 cm  
Paperback  
Number of pages: 364

Contact details:  
Editions Phi  
Roland Kayser  
14, chemin Rouge  
L-4480 Belvaux  
16, avenue de Criel  
B-5370 Havelange  
+352 691 43 03 83  
administration@phi.lu  
[www.phi.lu](http://www.phi.lu)

Avoir un père liquide versé dans une bouteille, est-ce suffisant pour devenir écrivain ? Probablement pas, mais ça peut aider, je veux dire : je crois que le gène de l'écriture a dû rôder depuis ma naissance, et même avant, dans l'ADN de notre famille. Mon oncle paternel a écrit une flopée de romans, et de la poésie, mon père, lui, est mythologue, spécialiste de Virgile. Était. Nous l'avons inhumé il y a six mois, au début d'août 2019, à l'ombre du cénotaphe de Palinuro, le nautonier mythologique de L'Énéide. Enfin, ce n'est pas vraiment lui que nous avons enterré, nous avons enfoui sous terre, sans curé ni rien, une bouteille remplie d'eau salée, et en avons même gardé, ma mère et moi, quelques gouttes pour nous, dans une fiole. Jadis on y versait ses larmes, nous y avons fait couler mon père. Son corps s'est liquéfié au fond de la Méditerranée, au milieu du canal de Sicile, à moins que les poissons passant dans les parages n'en aient fait leur festin. La Méditerranée a été pendant toute sa vie son espace d'investigation, son « territoire de recherche » comme il avait l'habitude de l'écrire dans ses essais, et Palinuro, le timonier d'Énée, son guide, englouti comme lui par la mer. Afin d'avoir quelque chose à enterrer, ma mère a eu l'idée d'aller à peu près à l'endroit où son cadavre a disparu dans les flots pour y puiser un demi-litre d'eau de mer. Mon père ne sera jamais poussière. Ni cendres. Il est devenu eau. Eau de Méditerranée.

Translation

Is having a liquid father poured into a bottle enough to become a writer? Probably not, but it might help, I mean, I think the writing gene must have been lurking in our family DNA since I was born, and even before. My paternal uncle has written a host of novels and poetry, while my father is an expert in mythology, specialising in Virgil. Was. We buried him six months ago, in early August 2019, in the shadow of the cenotaph of Palinurus, the mythological helmsman from The Aeneid. Well, we didn't really bury him, we buried a bottle full of salt water in the ground, without a priest or any further ceremony, my mother and I even kept a few drops for ourselves in a vial. We poured my father where tears were shed long ago. If his body wasn't feasted upon by passing fish, it turned to liquid at the bottom of the Mediterranean, in the middle of the Strait of Sicily. Throughout his life, the Mediterranean was his area of investigation, his "research territory" as he used to write in his essays, and Palinurus, Aeneas' helmsman and guide, was engulfed, like him, by the sea. In order to have something to bury, my mother had the idea of going to the spot where his body disappeared into the waves to draw half a litre of seawater. My father will never be dust. Nor ashes. He became water. Mediterranean water.

Except

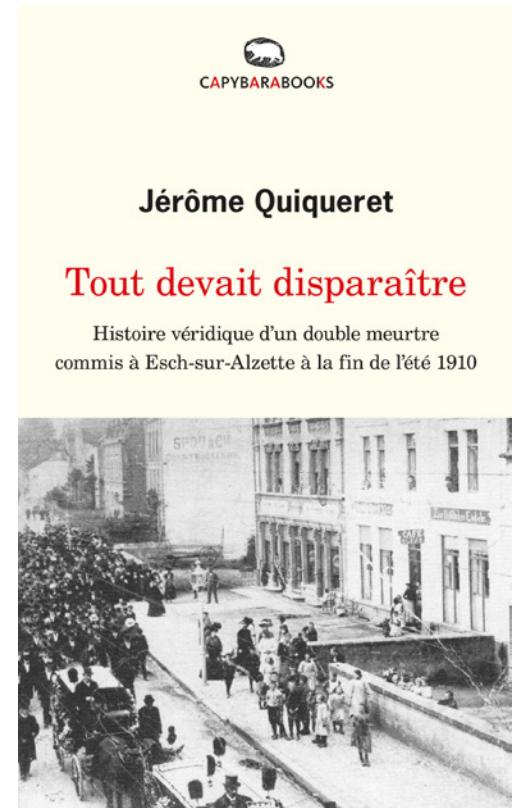
# Jérôme Quiqueret

capybarabooks  
Servais Prize, 2023  
5<sup>th</sup> print run

## Tout devait disparaître

Everything Had to Disappear

In the early hours of 14 September 1910, the bodies of Françoise and Henri Kayser-Paulus – two fifty-somethings from the industrial town of Esch-sur-Alzette – were found in their bedroom. They had been murdered. Their spacious rustic house was on the edge of Grenz, a working-class neighbourhood where thousands of foreign workers had flocked since the start of the year, attracted by the construction of a new steel plant to the west of the town. It was in this working-class district that investigators hoped to find the perpetrator of the much-talked about crime among the new arrivals with murky pasts and members of established Esch families who still controlled society. Who the killer was, mattered. It would affect what citizens thought about technological change, what different political groups hoped to gain from the murder, and the reputation of a town with more of a name for revolutionary ideas than ever. The killer just had to be found.



### Biography

Jérôme Quiqueret moved from Nancy to Luxembourg in 2003 equipped with his history degree and the aim of producing innocent translations of lurid news stories in French. Then guilty of writing more honourable texts for different media. Ended up having a relapse of his dangerous addiction to news stories.

**Esch-sur-Alzette, 1910.**  
A shopkeeping couple is murdered at home in the night. While it would have been convenient if the killer had been a foreign worker, the reality was much more complex.

Genre: **Narrative non-fiction**  
Publication: **April 2022**  
ISBN: **978-99959-43-43-1**  
Price: **25.00 €**  
Language: **French**  
Format: **12 x 20 cm**  
**Paperback**  
Number of pages: **480**

**Contact details:**  
capybarabooks  
Susanne Jaspers  
52, rue de Colmar-Berg  
L-7525 Mersch  
+352 661 50 17 15  
contact@capybarabooks.com  
[www.capybarabooks.com](http://www.capybarabooks.com)

Excerpt

Vingt-cinq ans de débats sur la criminalité galopante n'ont pas dissuadé les Kayser-Paulus de laisser leur porte arrière ouverte. Plusieurs apparitions dans les faits divers non plus. Les époux avaient été victimes d'un cambriolage nocturne en octobre 1890. Les journaux locaux avaient évoqué l'œuvre d'une bande bien organisée, puisque le cabaret Marabese voisin avait été visité le même soir et que, le mois précédent déjà, Louis de Wacquant avait connu pareille mésaventure. Finalement, on avait arrêté deux ouvriers de la proche commune française de Thil, de l'autre côté de la frontière, un mineur de fond et un homme de chambre. Le même de Wacquant avait fini par payer de sa vie, en août 1895, l'intérêt des voleurs pour la fortune qu'il cachait dans sa demeure. Ce meurtre aurait dû faire impression sur le couple, leur rappeler qu'un cambriolage peut mal tourner. Certes, leur richesse était toute relative par rapport à celle du frère du président de la Chambre des députés. Ils ne pouvaient s'identifier tout à fait au rentier célibataire abattu en rentrant chez lui, dans sa maison isolée de la rue de Luxembourg. Vivre dans un quartier très peuplé et populaire pouvait de surcroît leur offrir une protection.

### Translation

Twenty-five years of debates about rampant criminality hadn't stopped the Kayser-Pauluses from leaving their back door unlocked. Nor had several sensational human-interest stories. The married couple had even been the victims of a night burglary in October 1890. That time, the local press had suggested an organised group was involved: the neighbouring Marabese bar had been visited the same night and Louis de Wacquant had suffered a similar misadventure the previous month. In the end, a pit worker and a manservant were arrested. They came from Thil, the nearby French municipality on the other side of the border. Louis de Wacquant actually went on to die in August 1895 at the hands of robbers who were interested in the fortune he had hidden in his home. This murder must have made an impression on the couple and reminded them that a burglary can go wrong. But they had much less to hide than the brother of the Chamber of Deputies' President. The couple couldn't easily identify with this single pensioner who was murdered as he arrived at his isolated home on Rue de Luxembourg. They thought living in a densely populated working-class area would protect them.

# Jeff Schinker

Hydre Éditions  
Shortlist European Union  
Prize for Literature, 2023

## Ma vie sous les tentes

My Life in Tents

A (no longer so) young man whose past overlaps in part with the author's withdraws from a world on the verge of collapse to live in the forest. In the summer, he goes back out to tour the music festivals that marked his youth. Back in his tent, whose walls he gradually covers with a final text, he recalls his festival life, marked by a first love with a traumatic outcome, the acquaintances that were made and the wild odysseys of a circle of friends who, out of a passion for music and a desire to have one's senses deranged, wander the roads of Europe to naively seek refuge from a drifting world.



### Biography

Jeff Schinker, born in 1985, is a writer and journalist. His debut novella *Retrouvailles* was published in 2015. His next book, *Sabotage* – a work in four languages – was nominated for the Servais Prize, the Lëtzebuerger Buchpräis and the European Union Prize for Literature. It was followed by *Ma vie sous les tentes* in 2021 which was also nominated for the European Union Prize for Literature in 2023.

*My Life in Tents* combines autobiography, dystopia and music festival anecdotes in a rambunctious tale that is at times hilarious and at times heart-wrenching.

Genre: Novel  
Publication: October 2021  
ISBN: 978-99987-883-0-5  
Price: 22.00 €  
Language: French  
Format: 14 x 21.5 cm  
Paperback  
Number of pages: 312

Contact details:  
Hydre Éditions  
Ian De Toffoli | Jeff Thoss  
12, rue Biergerkraiz  
L-8120 Bridel  
info@hydreditions.eu  
[www.hydreditions.eu](http://www.hydreditions.eu)

Excerpt

J'ai passé l'âge de dormir dans une tente. Tiana tenait en main un maillet en plastique dont, à première vue, on pouvait penser qu'il s'agissait d'un de ces jouets taille réelle qui permettent à l'enfant de déjà se penser adulte (le pauvre) et aux entreprises de fabrication de jouets de s'en mettre plein les poches mais qui, en vérité (je m'y connais), servent à enfoncer dans la terre, qu'elle soit meuble et peu résistante ou au contraire sèche et diablement récalcitrante, les piquets qui assureront à eux seuls la stabilité de votre tente. Ou non. Ce marteau, elle le faisait tantôt virevolter dans l'air, tantôt le balançait d'une main à l'autre, exprimant ainsi sa lassitude à être là, sous une forêt de bouleaux, à m'observer dérouler, sous mes airs d'expert, une fois encore les différentes bâches et toiles et piquets et autres pièces dont l'utilisation future me paraissait obscure, ces pièces me toisant presque comme pour moquer mon manque d'expertise en la question ou pour me confirmer qu'elles avaient été glissées insidieusement parmi le matériel d'installation afin de défier narquoisement le propriétaire de la tente à réussir à séparer le bon grain de l'ivraie, le vrai du faux, l'utile de l'encombrant, causant bien des accès de rage et de folie sur maint camping, dans mainte forêt ou sur maint terrain de festival.

Comme celui où nous nous trouvions en cet instant.

### Translation

I'm too old to sleep in tents. Tiana was holding a plastic mallet which, at first sight, one could take to be one of those life-size toys that allow children to think they're already adults (poor them) and the toy companies to fill their pockets, but which, in reality (I'm well-versed in these matters), are used to drive into the earth, whether it is loose and not very resistant or on the contrary dry and fiendishly recalcitrant, the stakes that will ensure the stability of your tent. Or not. This mallet, she sometimes twirled it in the air, sometimes swung it from one hand to the other, expressing her weariness of being there, under a forest of birches, watching me once again unroll, under my expert airs, the various tarps and canvases and stakes and other pieces whose future use seemed obscure to me, these pieces looking me up and down almost as if to mock my lack of expertise in the matter or to confirm that they had been insidiously slipped in among the assembly materials in order to taunt the tent's owner to succeed in separating the wheat from the chaff, the true from the false, the useful from the cumbersome, causing many fits of rage and madness on many a campsite, in many a forest or on many a festival ground. Like the one we were on at this moment.

# Lambert Schlechter

Editions Phi  
Batty Weber Prize, 2014

## Mais le merle n'a aucun message

But the blackbird has no message

This collection of poems is part of the “Neuvains” (Novenas) series by Luxembourg poet, Lambert Schlechter, bringing together 99 new novenas. This is the “Vie” (Life) series. The book is complemented by colour drawings by Lysiane Schlechter.



### Biography

Lambert Schlechter, born in Luxembourg in 1941, has published around thirty books in Luxembourg and France, including nine collections of poems published by Editions Phi in the Graphiti collection, and an anthology of his work for his 80th birthday. Lysiane Schlechter, born in Luxembourg in 1943, lives and works in Rotterdam, and has exhibited in the Netherlands, France and Luxembourg.

In this collection of poems Lambert Schlechter is celebrating nature, the elements and love. Throughout his work he covers a wide range of subjects.

Genre: Poetry  
Publication: September 2020  
ISBN: 978-2-919791-43-9  
Price: 22.00 €  
Language: French  
Format: 20 x 23 cm  
Paperback  
Number of pages: 104

Contact details:  
Editions Phi  
Roland Kayser  
14, chemin Rouge  
L-4480 Belvaux  
16, avenue de Criel  
B-5370 Havelange  
+352 691 43 03 83  
administration@phi.lu  
[www.phi.lu](http://www.phi.lu)

### Excerpt

pas si facile de faire des exercices de subsistance, de vie, de survie

lorsque la belle fée d'un ancien conte révise ses sentiments de bienveillance

elle ne veut pas vraiment ta mort mais te souhaite plutôt inexistant

elle ne veut pas vraiment de tuer mais préférerait une ontologie assez précaire

après le mitraillage nous avons retrouvé & rassemblé les débris

page à jamais abîmée le cœur du message a disparu

contempler la béance où ne reste aucun indice

supporterons-nous le vertige ou oserons-nous réécrire le message

qui peut-être nous aurait sauvés

not so easy to do exercises in subsistence, life, survival

when the beautiful fairy from an old tale revises her feelings of benevolence

she doesn't really want you dead but rather wishes you no longer existed

she doesn't really want to kill you but would prefer a rather precarious ontology

after the gunfire we found & collected the debris

a page forever spoiled the heart of the message has disappeared

to look upon the gaping hole where no clue remains

can we bear the vertigo or dare we rewrite the message

which might have saved us

## Stürze aus unterschiedlichen Fallhöhen

Falling From Various Heights

Watching from the kitchen window how tourists plunge to their deaths, driving aimlessly through all of Germany out of love sorrow until the money runs out, repairing a radio, because devices are easier to mend than a broken existence: the characters in Elise Schmit's narrative *Falling From Various Heights* have had to come to terms with life after the great personal catastrophe. Whether they fall from rocks or in love - in the end everything revolves around the question of how life will continue after the decisive upheavals.

### Biography

Elise Schmit writes essays, plays and poems in German, English and Luxembourgish. Her latest publications include: *Stürze aus unterschiedlichen Fallhöhen* (Hydre Éditions, 2018, Servais Prize), *Blue like a Tangerine* (with illustrations by Antic-Ham, Redfoxpress, 2021). Her latest productions include: *Fisch im Limbus* (Die neuen Todsünden, premiere at Badisches Staatstheater Karlsruhe 2020, director: Anna Bergmann), *So dunkel hier* (premiere at Abtei Neimënster 2021, director: Anne Simon), *Under the Sun / Ênnert der Sonn* (premiere 2021 at Théâtre National du Luxembourg, director: Mahlia Theismann).



For the protagonists of *Falling from Various Heights*, everything revolves around the question of how life will continue following decisive upheavals.

Genre: **Short stories**  
Publication: **2018**  
ISBN: **978-2-9199541-0-0**  
Price: **15.00 €**  
Language: **German**  
Format: **11.0 x 18.7 cm**  
**Paperback**  
Number of pages: **144**

**Contact details:**  
Hydre Éditions  
Ian De Toffoli | Jeff Thoss  
12, rue Biergerkraiz  
L-8120 Bridel  
info@hydreditions.eu  
[www.hydreditions.eu](http://www.hydreditions.eu)

Excerpt

Wenn „wir“ uns vor zwei Jahren begegnet wären, sagte er, hätten „wir“ kein so angenehmes Gespräch geführt. Ich hätte garantiert nicht mit ihm geredet. Was fiel dem ein, mir Vorurteile zu unterstellen, die ich längst abgelegt hatte, dachte ich. Keine Arbeit, keine Freunde, keine Marcia. Wellen, Salzwasser, immer weiter abwärts, bis kein Licht mehr durchdringt, Meeresboden, ein paar Schichten Sand und Dreck, dann irgendwann ich, so tief war ich gesunken. Es hatte Monate gedauert, bis ich verstanden hatte, dass ich mich nicht in einem Haus verstecken konnte, das bald nicht mehr meines wäre.

### Translation

If “we” had met two years ago, he said, “we” would not have had such a pleasant conversation. I certainly wouldn’t have talked to him. What was the idea of accusing me of prejudices that I had long since discarded, I thought. No work, no friends, no Marcia. Waves, salt water, ever deeper to where no more light penetrates, seabed, a few layers of sand and dirt, then, eventually, me. That is how far I had sunk. It took me months to understand that I could not hide in a house that would soon no longer be mine.

## Jette, Jakob und die andern

Jette, Jakob and the others

On the eve of the Second World War, a sheltered countryside childhood borne out of an idyllic, rural way of life is increasingly overshadowed by omens threatening impending disaster. At the beginning, siblings Jette and Jakob are still surprised when they hear news of the strange 'evil Brownshirts' on the radio. Their mum loves to curse these members of the Nazi paramilitary wing – secretly, of course. But all too soon, they have to learn where the real evil lies. Their childhood innocence cannot protect Jette and Jakob, nor their family and friends, from coming face to face with the dawning of a war. A war that is drawing ever closer, eventually reaching their parents' farm.

With affection and tenderness, Margret Steckel describes the fate of her young protagonists. In elaborate detail, she tells a remarkable story of war, escape and loss, all from an unusual perspective. A moving book that commemorates, above all, the author's brother, as well as their lost childhood home. And all the others, too.



**Biography**  
Margret Steckel was born in Mecklenburg in 1935. She left East Germany in 1955. After her time working as a dramaturgy and screenplay assistant and also translating scripts for dubbing in West Berlin, she spent 14 years in Ireland and England. In 1983 she moved to Luxembourg. She was awarded the Servais Prize in 1997 and the Batty Weber Prize in 2023.

A childhood in the countryside on the eve of the Second World War, and an idyllic, rural way of life that is increasingly overshadowed by omens signalling impending disaster.

Genre: **Novella**  
Publication: **November 2017**  
ISBN: **978-99959-43-13-4**  
Price: **17.95 €**  
Language: **German**  
Format: **12 x 20 cm**  
**Hardcover**  
Number of pages: **160**

**Contact details:**  
capybarabooks  
Susanne Jaspers  
52, rue de Colmar-Berg  
L-7525 Mersch  
+352 661 50 17 15  
contact@capybarabooks.com  
[www.capybarabooks.com](http://www.capybarabooks.com)

Excerpt

(...) Spätsommer, warmes Nachmittagslicht. Jette und Jakob hocken mit Lissi auf einem Stoß Winterholz. Von einem Beet her leuchten gelbe und rote Kresseblüten, überhaupt leuchtet alles warm und heiter, und dazu passt es gar nicht, dass sich ein dumpfes, fremdes Geräusch nähert, ein schweres Brummen irgendwo hinter dem Wald. Es wächst langsam auf sie zu, die Erde zittert, das Brummen wird zum Dröhnen, es füllt die Welt bis in den Himmel hinauf, und Staubwolken dringen durch die Buchen und Hecken längs der Chaussee. Motorisiertes Militär, Panzer, offene Wagen, Motorräder, ein endloser Strom windet sich aus der Kurve und rollt am Gartentor vorbei. Die Kinder springen von ihrem Holzstoß herunter und laufen zum Tor. Plötzlich leuchtet der Tag nicht mehr, alles Frohe und Heitere ist abgestürzt. Trotzdem winken sie, aber nur wenige Soldaten winken zurück. Da lässt man den Arm sinken und sieht schweigend zu. Etwas Sprachloses liegt über dem Zug, kein Widerhall, kein menschliches Zeichen, als wäre alles Maschine geworden, grau und streng und bedrohlich. Jette erschrickt, als der Vater hinter sie tritt. Sie sucht sein Gesicht ab. Seine hellen Augen sind ganz schmal, sie sehen aus, als ob sie lächelten, aber sie lächeln nicht. Jakobs Fragerei zerrt an seinen Gedanken, der Kleine muss schreien, um gehört zu werden, und endlich erklärt der Papa ihm die einzelnen Fahrzeuge. Die interessieren Jette nicht, aber es lockert ein wenig auf. Nur die Mama reagiert absolut nicht. Niemand kann so sorgenvoll dreinschauen wie sie, es macht Jette ungeduldig und ärgerlich. So schlimm wird es ja wohl nicht sein! Schließlich ist das Wort „Krieg“ schon eine Weile da, auch in der Sandburg an der Ostsee. Krieg, ein kurzes, hackendes Wort wie die Axt im Holz.

Translation

(...) It's late summer. The afternoon light is warm. Jette and Jakob are perched with Lissi on a pile of logs ready for the winter. Little bark boats. Red and yellow nasturtiums brighten up one of the flower beds. Everything has a warm, cheerful glow and so it makes no sense at all that a strange, muffled noise is drawing closer, a deep rumbling sound coming from somewhere behind the woods. It advances slowly towards them, the ground trembling as the rumbling morphs into a deafening roar. The sound fills the world right up to the sky, and clouds of dust burst through the beech trees and hedges that line the country road. A motorised military force, with an endless convoy of tanks, open wagons and motorbikes, winds around the corner and rolls past the garden gate. The children jump off their log pile and run to the gate. Suddenly, the day has lost its glow. The happy and cheerful atmosphere comes crashing down around them. They wave nonetheless, but only a few soldiers wave back. They lower their arms and watch in silence. There's an air of speechlessness hanging over the convoy. No response, no signs of being human at all, as if they'd all turned into machines. Grey, rigid and menacing. Jette jumps when her father appears behind her. She scans his face. His light-coloured eyes are narrowed. They almost look as though they're smiling, but they're not. Jakob's stream of questions is interrupting his thoughts. The little chap has to shout to be heard over all the noise and, in the end, his dad explains all the different types of vehicle to him. Jette isn't really interested, but it provides a bit of relief. It's only her mum who doesn't react at all. Nobody can look quite so consumed by worry as her. This tries Jette's patience and makes her rather cross. Surely it can't be that bad! After all, the word 'war' has been around for a while, even when building sandcastles on the Baltic Sea beaches. War. A short, cutting word that lands like an axe hitting wood.

## Was habe ich verpasst

What have I missed

Following day-to-day scenarios, the reader takes part in the lives of various individual characters. And while these leading characters couldn't be any more different from each other, they all share one life-overshadowing similarity: they are haunted by missed chances and by the question: "What would have been, if...?". They feel that things cannot stay the way they are. Nora Wagener's narrative style could be compared to a camera panning along the facade of a skyscraper. Now and again making stops, zooming in on windows, observing their residents intently. The profiles created in the process remind the reader of torn-up posters on advertising pillars: disjointed and yet in undeniable relation to each other.



### Biography

Nora Wagener studied creative writing and cultural journalism in Hildesheim. She writes novels and short stories, mainly in German. For her literary works, she received numerous awards in both Luxembourg and Germany, such as the Servais Prize in 2017 for her short story collection *Larven* (2016).

What have I missed – that is the predominant question Nora Wagener's protagonists constantly (have to) ask themselves in these 12 short stories.

Genre: **Short stories**  
Publication: **November 2021**  
ISBN: **978-99959-42-76-2**  
Price: **22.00 €**  
Language: **German**  
Format: **13.4 x 21.0 cm**  
**Hardcover**  
Number of pages: **144**

**Contact details:**  
Éditions Guy Binsfeld  
Inge Orlowski  
14, Place du parc  
L-1027 Luxembourg  
+352 49 68 68-1  
editions@binsfeld.lu  
[www.editionsguybinsfeld.lu](http://www.editionsguybinsfeld.lu)

Excerpt

Der Blister liegt mit der Aluminiumseite nach oben auf dem dunkelbraunen Ikea-Regal. Zwischen der Zahnpastatube und der Nachtcreme. Sie drückt die Pille durch, schluckt sie runter, behält den Blister in der Hand. Mit dem Finger fährt sie über die Stellen, an denen die Folie unversehrt ist, unter denen noch welche liegen. Pillen, die sie hätte nehmen sollen. In letzter Zeit unterlaufen ihr immer häufiger Fehler. Sie verwechselt Wochentage, verpasst Termine, verschläft Geburtstage. Fühlt sich irgendwie schlapp. Als würde sie seit Jahren laufen. Ein Wettkennen, das gar kein Ende nimmt; hinter jeder Kurve verbirgt sich verlässlich die nächste. Und wenn die Beine mal kurz schlapp machen, wenn man plötzlich die Zeit hat, sich umzuschauen, merkt man, dass man die Strecke ganz allein läuft und dass weder klatschende Zuschauer am Wegesrand stehen, noch es eine Garantie dafür gibt, dass am Ende je eine Ziellinie in Sicht kommt. Gerade so, als wäre es vollkommen egal, wie gut oder wohin man rennt. Vielleicht bin ich einfach nur sinnlos nach vorne geprescht, denkt sie. Und jetzt bin ich ausgelaugt. Vier Stück hat sie diesen Monat schon vergessen. Sie zieht den Kalender in ihrem Telefon zurate, versucht rückwärts zurechnen, wann ihre letzte Periode zu Ende ging. Wann der nächste Eisprung dann ungefähr wäre. Schaut sich auf dem Blister die Wochentage, an denen sie die Pille nicht genommen hat, genauer an. Braucht nicht lange zu überlegen, wann sie die Nacht das letzte Mal mit Marek verbracht hat. Erneut wirft sie einen Blick auf den Kalender, schüttelt den Kopf und legt das Handy wieder weg. Wie oft hat sie diese Panik bereits miterlebt. Es gehört schon fast zum Initiationsritus einer jungen Frau dazu, einmal diese Ängste auszustehen. Noch nie war der Test bei einer ihrer Freundinnen positiv.

Translation

The pill packet lies foil side up on the dark brown Ikea shelf. Between the tube of toothpaste and the night cream. She pushes a pill out, swallows it down and holds the packet in her hand. She runs her finger over the places where the foil is still intact, covering the pills underneath. Pills she really should have taken. Lately, she's been making mistakes more and more often. She muddles up the days of the week, skips appointments and misses birthdays. She feels shattered, somehow. As if she's been running for years on end. Running an endless race. Around every corner, sure enough, the next one lies hidden. And as her legs grow tired for a moment, as she suddenly has time to look around, she notices that she's running entirely alone. No clapping spectators are standing on the roadside, nor is there any guarantee that the finishing line will come into sight at the end. As if it wouldn't matter in the slightest how hard or in which direction she ran. Maybe I'm just pointlessly dashing onwards, she thinks. And now I'm utterly exhausted. She's forgotten to take four pills already this month. She checks the calendar on her phone and tries to count backwards to work out when her last period finished. And then roughly when her next ovulation would've been. She takes a closer look at the packet, at the days of the week when she didn't take the pill. It doesn't take her long to work out when she last spent the night with Marek. She glances at her calendar once more, shakes her head and puts her phone away again. The number of times she's already experienced this sense of panic. Going through this fear at least once is quite a rite of passage for a young woman. None of her friends has ever had a positive test before.

# Hot off the Press

Raoul Biltgen  
John-Paul Gomez  
Guy Rewenig  
Florent Toniello

# Raoul Biltgen

Hydre Éditions

## Meine Insel. Eine Robinsonade

My island. A Robinsonade

A man stands on the beach on a desert island and tells a joke about a man on a beach on a desert island. Except he's got nothing to laugh about. This shipwrecked man, who was once called Jean-Marie and now goes by the name of Robinson, has made a whole new life for himself. He's gathered supplies, built a shack – and put up fences. That'll stop anyone taking away the possessions he has so painstakingly stockpiled. Pirates, for example. Or even cannibals, like in Robinson Crusoe. Who knows how long someone can survive all alone on a desert island?



### Biography

Raoul Biltgen was born in 1974 in Esch-sur-Alzette (Luxembourg), now lives in Austria, where he works as a freelance author, theatre producer and psychotherapist. He has published short stories, novels and poems. His plays, many of which are aimed at children and young people, are regularly performed at theatres in German-speaking countries. His awards include the Dutch-German Youth Theatre Award in 2017, the Gläuser Prize in 2021 in the short crime fiction category, and the Youth Jury Prize at the Mülheim Theatre Festival in 2022.

My Island is the tragicomic story of a castaway obsessed with defending his possessions against (imaginary) intruders on his desert island.

Genre: Novel  
Publication: October 2023  
ISBN: 978-99987-883-6-7  
Price: 17 €  
Language: German  
Format: 14.0 x 21.5 cm  
Paperback  
Number of pages: 216

Contact details:  
Hydre Éditions  
Ian De Toffoli | Jeff Thoss  
12, rue Biergerkraiz  
L-8120 Bridel  
info@hydreditions.eu  
[www.hydreditions.eu](http://www.hydreditions.eu)

Excerpt

Robinson.

Das ist das erste Wort auf seiner Inventarliste.  
Robinsons Inventarliste.

Inventarliste ist das zweite Wort.

Er besitzt nicht nur die Liste, er besitzt sich. Er hat sich. Robinson. Das ist er. Er gehört sich. So wie die Kartoffeln. So wie die Hose, das Hirn, das Hemd, das Messer aus Stein und die vielen Messer aus Muscheln. Ein Dach, eine Ziege, ein Garten, Apfelbäume, Flöte, zweite Hose, Regenschirm, Hut, Sonnenschirm, Hut, Hut, Flasche, Heft, Bleistift, Tisch, Stuhl, Bett, Harpune, Netz, Dosen, Angelhaken, Angelschnüre, Haus, Insel, Palmen, Steine, Quelle, Hund, tot, Spießchen, Speer, Feuer, Topf, Steinschleuder, Vogelkopf, Nüsse, Beeren, Eichviecher. Seins.

Zaun.

Blumen vor dem Haus.

Eine Leiter, um über den Zaun drüber zu kommen.

Robinsons Zaun ist hoch und hat keine Tür. Das hat etwas mit Sicherheit zu tun. Hoch muss er sein, der Zaun, weil Robinson hat keine Lust darauf, eines Tages aufzuwachen, und dann sieht er, wie irgendwelche Leute mit seinem Hab und Gut in See stechen und er liegt da und hat nichts mehr, absolut gar nichts mehr.

Sich hat er noch.

Und die Liste, vielleicht, die lassen sie ihm, damit er sich an das zurückrinnern kann, was er mal hatte. Aus purer Bosheit. Piraten.

Translation:

Robinson.

That's the first word on his inventory.

Robinson's inventory.

Inventory is the second word.

He owns the list, but he also owns himself. He has himself. Robinson. That's him. He belongs to himself. Just like the potatoes. Just like his trousers, his brain, his shirt, his stone blade and all the knives fashioned out of shells. A roof, a goat, a garden, apple trees, flute, another pair of trousers, umbrella, hat, sunshade, hat, hat, bottle, notebook, pencil, table, chair, bed, harpoon, net, tins, fishing hooks, fishing lines, house, island, palm trees, stones, well, dog (dead), spit, spear, fire, pot, catapult, bird's head, nuts, berries, little critters.

It's all his.

Fence.

Flowers in front of the house.

A ladder to climb over the fence.

Robinson's fence is high and there's no gate. It's a matter of security. It has to be high, the fence, as Robinson has no desire whatsoever to wake up one morning to find someone setting sail with all his worldly goods, while he's left lying there with nothing, absolutely nothing at all.

Although he'd still have himself.

And maybe the list. Maybe they'd leave that with him as a reminder of what he once had. Out of sheer malice. Pirates.

# John-Paul Gomez

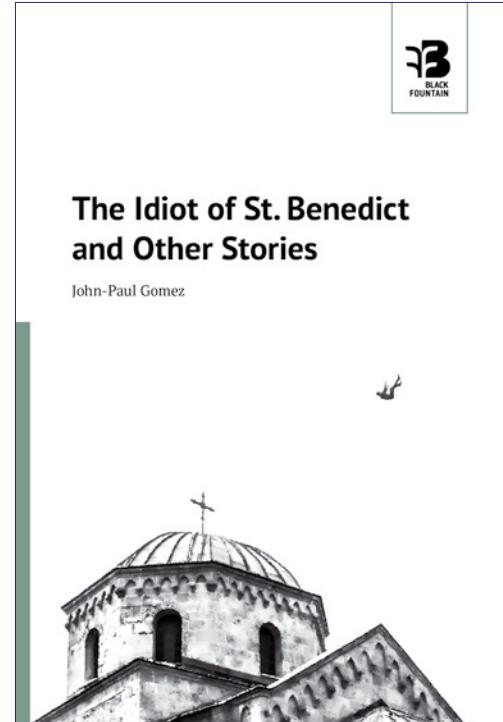
Black Fountain Press  
Winner of the National Literary Competition, 2022

## The Idiot of St. Benedict and Other Stories

An impossible medieval church, a dreaded hospital appointment, figures re-emerging from a past that is buried but not gone.

In narratives somewhere between *Black Mirror* and Ray Bradbury, John-Paul

Gomez's characters find themselves at the uneasy junction of reality and otherworldly forces beyond their control. Dystopian *what if* scenarios are juxtaposed with everyday grievances and relationships that have lost their luster. Things are getting away from us, our collective attention span is waning more and more, and something is going very, very wrong...



**Biography**  
Originally from the state of Colorado in the U.S., John-Paul Gomez has resided in Luxembourg since 2007. He lives with his wife and his two children. He is the creator of the satirical blog the Luxembourg Wurst. *The Idiot of St. Benedict and Other Stories* is John-Paul Gomez's first short story collection and winner of the 2022 National Literary Competition.

'(...) the collection manages to immerse its readers in its slightly dreamlike world thanks to an almost cinematic atmosphere, imagining with anguish and realism, cruelty and tenderness what our near future may be like.'

(extract from the justification of the National Literary Competition jury)

Genre: **Short stories**  
Publication: **September 2023**  
ISBN: **978-99987-713-0-7**  
Price: **18.00 €**  
Language: **English**  
Format: **13 x 20 cm**  
**Paperback**  
Number of pages: **136**

**Contact details:**  
Black Fountain Press  
Anne-Marie Reuter  
1c, rue de Luxembourg  
L-8140 Bridel  
+352 691136164  
anne-marie.reuter@blackfountain.lu  
[www.blackfountain.lu](http://www.blackfountain.lu)

Excerpt

They loved observing our speeches, especially those which offered the grandest displays and the purest human emotions. The magnificence of a queen's coronation day address. The gravity of the sentencing of a wretched pedophile. The jitteriness of a young actress accepting her first big award.

In short, They liked looking where we like looking. Their attention followed ours because They wanted to feel They were among us, part of an audience of humans witnessing important moments. They took a liking to certain speeches (*actments*, as They logically referred to them) so much that one day it was demanded that the participants, the actors as it were, perform enactments on the stage. Why the stage?

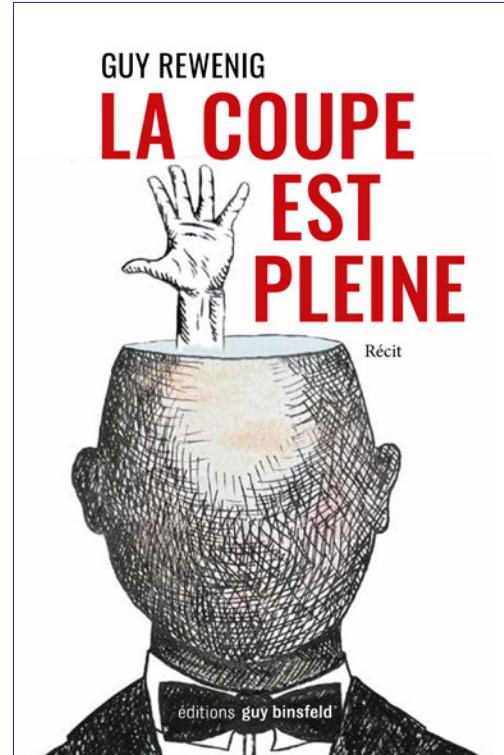
They abhorred film, television, and videos on devices of any sort: a distasteful simulation, not suitable for a conquering class. They wanted enactments from none other than the people originally involved. This meant that every Friday afternoon, the former Prince of Monaco was summoned to a theater and obliged to recite, in front of an audience of Them, the same words delivered at his abdication. Each Tuesday morning, bombmaker Zandro Plozny, mastermind of the Geneva attacks, was let out of prison for an hour to breathe the crisp air of freedom while transported to a theater where he'd be cued to spit the same vile insults at the judge who sentenced him to life in prison, all in front of an audience of Them.

(From: 'Twice Daily, at 8 a.m. and Noon')

## La coupe est pleine

Enough is enough

A tortuous threesome made up of husband and wife Céline and Robert Lamalle, and their pet, is in danger of crashing at the most inopportune moment, New Year's Eve. In this story, reduced to its most pertinent expression, i.e. dialogue, Guy Rewenig depicts the escape routes, subterfuges and posturing of a certain well-to-do class, untouched by the misfortune of others. *La coupe est pleine* is a biting caricature of false well-being in a time of war and widespread violence. With a positive lack of respect, the author vigorously parodies the whims of self-righteous opportunists and profiteers disguised as charitable souls.



### Biography

Guy Rewenig was born in Luxembourg in 1947 and is one of Luxembourg's most outstanding literary figures. He writes prose, poetry, and theatre, as well as journalistic texts and essays in German, French, and Luxembourgish. His *Hannert dem Atlantik*, published in 1985, is the first modern novel in Luxembourgish.

Out pure magnanimity, the Lamalles have invited a couple of refugees for New Year's Eve. But throughout the 31st of December, tensions rise ...

Genre: Novel  
Publication: November 2023  
ISBN: 978-99959-42-97-7  
Price: 22.00 €  
Language: French  
Format: 11 x 17 cm  
Hardcover  
Number of pages: 132

Contact details:  
Éditions Guy Binsfeld  
Inge Orlowski  
14, Place du parc  
L-1027 Luxembourg  
+352 49 68 68-1  
editions@binsfeld.lu  
[www.editionsguybinsfeld.lu](http://www.editionsguybinsfeld.lu)

### Excerpt

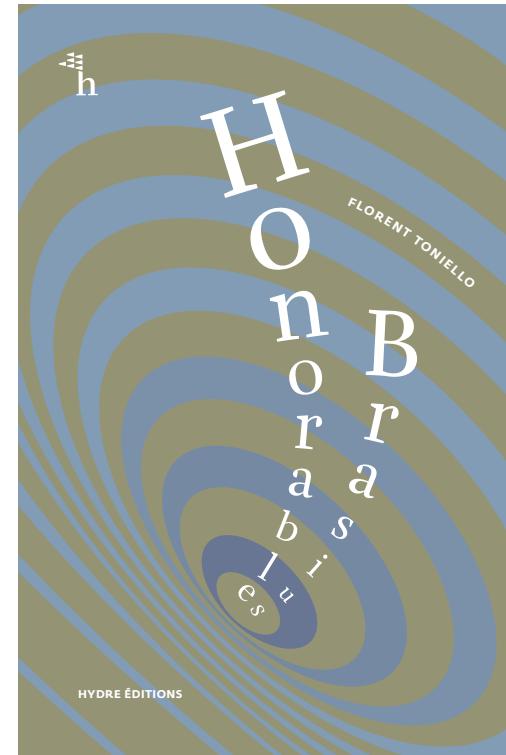
- Nos invités ont de la chance. Ils vont rencontrer un couple bien rodé. Un homme et une femme du terroir. Parfois querelleurs, mais essentiellement soudés.  
- Qui sait.  
- Il faut dire modestement : Nous avons de la classe.  
- Je ne dis rien.  
- Entre nous, Céline : Les femmes solitaires m'intriguent. Les retranchées. Comme Iris ou Madame Delcourt. Pourquoi vivent-elles seules ? Pourquoi elles ne trouvent pas de bénévole à partager leur vie ? Il y a quelque chose qui cloche.  
- C'est leur choix.  
- Je parie qu'elles n'ont pas choisi. Elles ont échoué. Lourdement. La solitude, c'est de leur faute. Leurs partenaires ont pris la fuite. Ils ne supportaient plus.  
- Qu'en sais-tu ?  
- Nous au moins on ne va pas se quitter.  
- Je t'ai déjà quitté.  
- Quand ?  
- Il y a longtemps.  
- Tu plaisantes.  
- Pas du tout.  
- Attention. C'est une mauvaise blague.  
- C'est la vérité.  
- Mais tu es bien là. Je te vois.  
- Tu vois une absente.  
- On n'a jamais opté pour la séparation.  
- C'est tout comme.  
- Tu me fais peur.  
- La Ville foisonne de femmes qui ont quitté leurs maris.  
- Tout en restant chez elles ? C'est absurde !  
- C'est la règle.

### Translation

- Our guests are in luck. They're about to meet a well-matched couple. A local man and woman. Sometimes quarrelsome, but essentially united.  
- Who knows.  
- We have to say, modestly: We've got class.  
- I'm not saying anything.  
- Just between us, Céline: Single women intrigue me. The isolated. Like Iris or Madame Delcourt. Why do they live alone? Why can't they find someone who wants to share their life with them? There's something not quite right.  
- It's their choice.  
- I bet they didn't choose. They failed. Badly. It's their fault they're lonely. Their partners fled. They couldn't take any more.  
- What do you know?  
- At least we're not leaving one another.  
- I've already left you.  
- When?  
- A long time ago.  
- You're joking.  
- Not at all.  
- Look. That's a bad joke.  
- That's the truth.  
- But you're here. I see you.  
- You see someone who isn't present.  
- We never opted to separate.  
- It's just the same.  
- You're scaring me.  
- The city is teeming with women who have left their husbands.  
- By staying at home? That's absurd!  
- That's the rule.

## Honorable Brasius

Sorcerer, celestial tramp, interloper? In any event, for those who call upon his services, blind Brasius is “honourable”. With his dog, Enza, he untangles a web of problems that can only be solved or explained by the supernatural. This is a gift that excuses many faults, such as his grumpy nature and vulgar language. In the uncertain future in which these two evolve, genetic engineering of cows has led to a particularly singular civilisation on Callisto, and space mining operations could well endanger the whole of Earth. Five short stories, linked by strangeness, which question the future of humanity.



### Biography

Florent Toniello, born in Lyon in 1972, worked as an IT manager for a transnational company in Belgium and France before setting up as a proofreader and journalist in Luxembourg in 2012. His favourite reads are poetry and fantasy literature, which he writes about in columns in magazines and in his blog, accrocstich.es, while also publishing collections of poems in Luxembourg, France and Belgium. Sometimes, as evidenced by this book, he ventures into writing texts where science fiction vies with strangeness.

*Honorable Brasius* is a collection of five science-fiction short stories that mix the uncanny and the quotidian, future worlds and today's Luxembourg.

Genre: **Short stories**  
Publication: **October 2023**  
ISBN: **978-99987-883-5-0**  
Price: **15.00 €**  
Language: **French**  
Format: **14.0 x 21.5 cm**  
**Paperback**  
Number of pages: **128**

**Contact details:**  
Hydre Éditions  
Ian De Toffoli | Jeff Thoss  
12, rue Biergerkraiz  
L-8120 Bridel  
info@hydreditions.eu  
[www.hydreditions.eu](http://www.hydreditions.eu)

Excerpt

« C'est la première fois que vous atterrissez sur Callisto ? » La contrôleuse me scrute de ses yeux... puis-je les qualifier de bovins ? Le terme serait rigoureusement exact, mais ici, on pourrait se méprendre sur le sens du mot. Je m'attarde un peu trop sur les trayons qui pointent sous sa toge flottante. La-t-elle remarqué ? En tout cas, elle ne semble pas pressée de briser le silence. Je juge quand même plus prudent de remonter mon regard vers le sien, sourire automatique aux lèvres. Bien sûr, je m'attendais à son apparence ; seulement, se trouver en présence d'une de nos riches commanditaires est tout de même autre chose que de reluquer des vidéos. Mes yeux échappent à nouveau à mon contrôle pour chercher, sous sa chevelure rousse abondante, la trace des microcornes.

« Monsieur Reynert ? »

J'avale ma salive aussi discrètement que possible. Elle secoue ses oreilles, un peu élancées mais à peine poilues. J'espère que ce geste n'est qu'un simple réflexe et qu'il ne trahit pas un éventuel agacement. Il me faut sur-le-champ retrouver une contenance. Je convoque les images les moins suggestives et m'arrête sur celle de Mlle Defrez, ma maîtresse à l'école primaire, avec son énorme grain de beauté d'où dépassaient des poils de sorcière d'un blanc à la limite du transparent. Si ça ne coupe pas court à mes fantasmes... J'inspire lentement une bouffée d'atmosphère quasi terrestre, puis me rabats sur l'excuse passe-partout : « Désolé, l'air frais me tourne un peu la tête. »

Je ferme un instant les yeux en plissant le front, paumes appliquées sur mes joues. Pour un peu, je sentirais de véritables fourmis crapahuter le long de mes neurones. Même si la question semble toute rhétorique, je réponds enfin : « Oui, c'est ma première mission. »

Translation

“Is this your first time landing on Callisto? “The controller scrutinises me with eyes that can, perhaps, be described as cow-like. The term would be strictly accurate, but in this instance, the meaning could be misinterpreted. I’m focusing a little too closely on the udders peeking out from under her flowing gown. Has she noticed? In any case, she seems in no hurry to break the silence. Still, I think it prudent to raise my gaze to hers, smiling automatically. Of course, I’d expected her to look like this, but being in the presence of one of our wealthy patrons is quite different from just watching videos. My eyes are once again out of my control, searching under her abundant red hair for a trace of micro-horns.

“Mr Reynert? ”

I swallow my saliva as discreetly as possible. She wiggles her ears, a little skinny, but not too hairy. I hope that this is simply a reflex action and does not betray any irritation. I need to regain my composure immediately. I conjure up the least suggestive images I can and stop at that of Miss Defrez, my primary school teacher, with her enormous beauty spot from which protruded white, bordering on transparent, witch hairs. If that doesn’t put an end to my fantasies... I slowly take a breath of what is almost an earthly atmosphere, then fall back on the all-purpose excuse: “Sorry, the fresh air’s making my head spin a bit.”

I close my eyes for a moment, wrinkling my forehead, palms pressed to my cheeks. For a while, I can feel ants crawling along my neurons. Even though the question seems entirely rhetorical, I finally answer: “Yes, this is my first mission.”

# Supports for translation and Publishing

Publishing support

Translation support

## Support from Kultur | lx

Kultur | lx – Arts Council Luxembourg is a major contact for the support and promotion of Luxembourgish professionals from the following sectors: architecture, design and crafts; multimedia and digital arts; visual arts; literature and publishing; music; and performing arts.

When it comes to literature and publishing, we advise and support foreign publishers and professionals from the book sector who wish to contribute to the development and dissemination of Luxembourg's authors and literary creation.

Support is available via our platform [www.kulturlx.lu](http://www.kulturlx.lu). Among a variety of funds, two are dedicated specifically to foreign publishers: publishing and translation supports.

For 2024, Kultur | lx wishes to give priority to certain linguistic and geographical territories in line with the actions carried out and platforms organised in these territories, whether in literature or in other creative fields.

Priority will be given to publishing and translation projects in:

- French-speaking countries;
- German-speaking countries;
- Spanish-speaking countries;
- Brazil;
- Ireland;
- Italy;
- Portugal;
- United Kingdom;

This does not exclude projects not corresponding to these priorities, which will also be assessed by the Literature Selection Committee of Kultur | lx.

# Translation support

The contribution to translation costs aims to pay for the growth and distribution of Luxembourg's literary creation and heritage by supporting foreign professional publishers (commercial companies or non-profit organisations) with the translation of Luxembourg literature.

Eligible literary genres: Biography; Children's and youth literature; Drama; Literary anthology; Literary essay; Poetry; Prose.

**Three deadlines in 2024 for the submission of projects: 15 February / 27 June / 5 December.**

The projects will be assessed by the Literature Selection Committee of Kultur | Ix.

Kultur | Ix – Arts Council Luxembourg will be happy to discuss any opportunity that contributes to the circulation of literature and authors from Luxembourg.

# Publishing support

Publishing support provided to foreign professional publishers (commercial companies or non-profit organisations) for the publication of Luxembourgish authors aims to contribute to the international movement of Luxembourg's literary creation and the dissemination of Luxembourg literature among the players within the book industry.

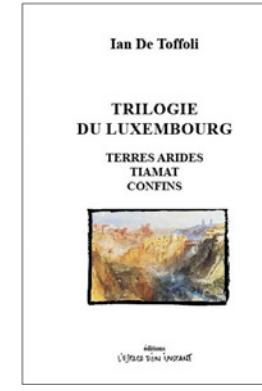
Eligible literary genres: Biography; Children's and youth literature; Drama; Literary anthology; Literary essay; Poetry; Prose.

**Three deadlines in 2024 for the submission of projects: 15 February / 27 June / 5 December.**

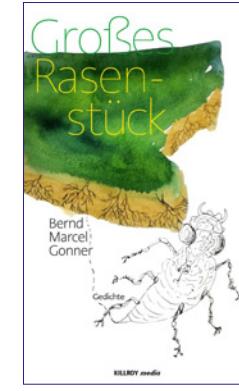
The projects will be assessed by the Literature Selection Committee of Kultur | Ix.

Publications recently supported

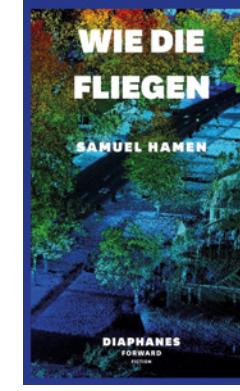
# Publishing



Ian De Toffoli  
*Trilogie du Luxembourg*  
éditions l'espace d'un instant, 2022



Bernd Marcel Gonner  
*Großes Rasenstück*  
Killroy Media, 2022

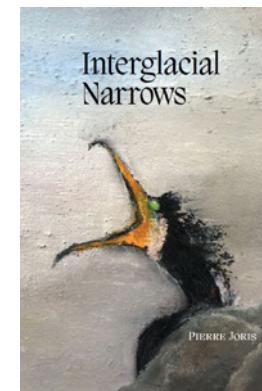


Samuel Hamen  
*Wie die Fliegen*  
Diaphanes, 2023



Jean Portante  
*Diario de un olvidador íntimo y otros poemas / Journal d'un oublier intime et autres poèmes*  
Mantis Editores, 2023

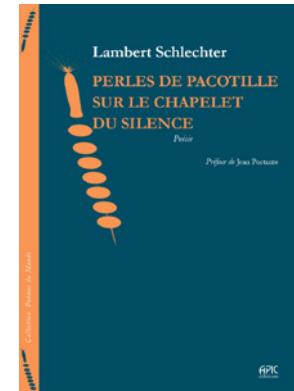
# support



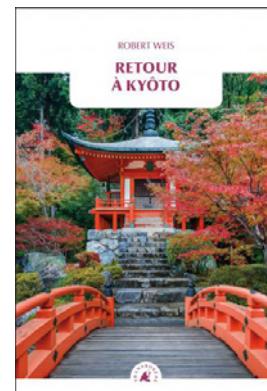
Pierre Joris  
*Interglacial Narrows*  
Contra Mundum Press, 2023



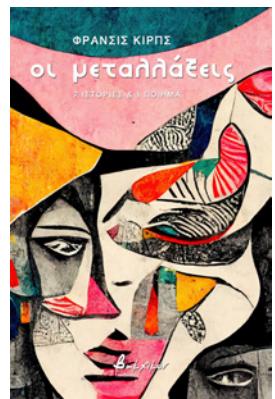
Pierre Joris  
*Always the Many, Never the One*  
Contra Mundum Press, 2022



Lambert Schlechter  
*Perles de Pacotille sur le Chapelet du Silence*  
APIC Editions, 2023



Robert Weis  
*Retour à Kyoto*  
Transboréal, 2023



**Francis Kirps**  
*Die Mutationen*  
Hydre Éditions, 2019

Published in Serbian by:  
Treći Trg, 2022  
Translated by:  
Jelena Radovanović

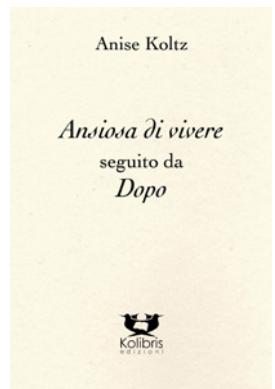
Published in Macedonian by:  
Antolog Books, 2022  
Translated by:  
Ksenija Cockova

Published in Greek by:  
Vakxikon Publications,  
2022  
Translated by:  
Christina Panagiota  
Grammatikopoulou

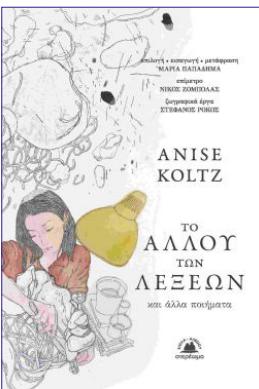


**Elise Schmit**  
*Stürze aus unterschiedlichen Fallhöhen*  
Hydre Éditions, 2018

Published in Greek by:  
World Books, 2022  
Translated by:  
Christina Drekou



**Anise Koltz**  
*Aniosa di vivere*  
seguito da  
*Dopo*



**Anise Koltz**  
*Pressée de vivre*  
suivi de *Après*  
Éditions Arfuyen, 2022

Published in Italian by:  
Associazione Edizioni  
Kolibris (2022)  
Translated by:  
Chiara de Luca



**Tullio Forgiarini**  
*AMOK. Eng Létzebuerger Liebeschronik*  
Editions Binsfeld, 2011

Published in Greek by:  
Vakxikon Publications, 2022  
Translated by:  
Ioanna Karamanli

# Translation support

Publications recently supported



**Robert Schofield**  
*The treasury of tales*  
Black Fountain Press,  
2020

Published in Bulgarian by:  
Aviana Publishing House,  
2022  
Translated by:  
Krasimira Kirova



**Nathalie Ronvaux**  
*Le chesterfield du cinquième*  
Editions Binsfeld, 2021

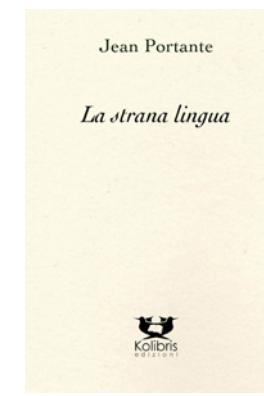
Published in Bulgarian by:  
Aviana Publishing House,  
2023  
Translated by:  
Kasimira Kirova

Published in Greek by:  
Vakxikon Publications,  
2024  
Translated by:  
Adriana Chondrogianni



**Tom Reisen**  
*Les Bulles*  
Hydre Éditions, 2018

Published in Greek by:  
World Books, 2022  
Translated by:  
Adriana Chondrogianni



**Jean Portante**  
*La strana lingua*

**Jean Portante**  
*Mrs Haroy ou la mémoire de la baleine*  
Editions Phi, 1993

Published in Italian by:  
Associazione Edizioni  
Kolibris, 2023  
Translated by:  
Chiara de Luca

**Jean Portante**  
*L'étrange langue*  
Le Taillis Pré 2002

# Publishing

## BLACK FOUNTAIN PRESS

Our aim is to provide a platform for writers who choose to express themselves in English rather than in the traditional languages of Luxembourg. Writers of all nationalities who are in one way or another connected to Luxembourg will find us interested in their work. We wish to open doors to those novelists, poets, short-story writers and playwrights who, so far, have not been able to reach Luxembourg's multicultural readership. We also want to help Luxembourg's established authors make their way across the border and widen their audience by publishing English translations of their work. Founded in 2017, Black Fountain Press has the ambition to promote English-language literature in Luxembourg and abroad.

**Contacts:**

Anne-Marie Reuter | anne-marie.reuter@blackfountain.lu  
blackfountain.lu

**Foreign rights contact:**

Stefanie Drews | stefanie.drews@orange.fr

## CAPYBARABOOKS

When Georges Hausemer and Susanne Jaspers founded their publishing house in 2012, it was this charming way of life that prompted them to make this likeable animal the star of their company logo. Ever since then, the little hog has been proudly emblazoned on all their publications, which include literature, travel guides, non-fiction and scientific books. In August 2018, Georges Hausemer passed away before his time, at the age of 61. Susanne Jaspers continues to run the publishing house alone. Well, not entirely alone – she still has the trusty water hog by her side.

**Contact:**

Susanne Jaspers | japsers@capybarabooks.com  
capybarabooks.com

# houses

## ÉDITIONS GUY BINSFELD

Our aim is to immortalise stories that shape and reflect Luxembourg's culture. There are many different ways of telling great stories like these. We like to find just the right one. Our collection speaks many languages, tracing what has left its mark on our country and what roots it in the present. Promoting young voices is just as important to us as looking after our portfolio of renowned authors. We are actively involved in all domains, be it literature, non-fiction, illustrated books, travel guides, children's books or business books. For us, it's about quality over quantity every time. That's why we publish just over a dozen books a year. And this means we can do what we like to do best: bring individual concepts to life.

**Contact:**

Inge Orlowski | editions@binsfeld.lu  
editionsguybinsfeld.lu

## EDITIONS PHI

Editions Phi was founded at the end of the 1970s, and it was thanks to passionate editorial work that Luxembourg literature experienced a revival in the 1980s. Novels, poetry, drama and children's literature soon came to the fore. This was followed by essays and monographs. Over the years, éditions phi has built up solid collections and expanded its circle of authors: more than 140 authors contribute to the Phi prose, graphiti French and German poetry, amphithéâtre, essays, philou, scientific, aphinités and prophil collections.

**Contact:**

Roland Kayser | administration@phi.lu  
phi.lu

## HYDRE EDITIONS

Since its foundation in 2012, Hydre Éditions has published literary fiction in German and French. Recently, its programme has focused on novels, plays, novellas and short story collections, with publications by both confirmed writers and an emerging generation of Luxembourg authors.

**Contacts:**

Ian De Toffoli / Jeff Thoss  
info@hydreditions.eu  
hydreditions.eu

**Foreign rights contact:**

Stefanie Drews  
stefanie.drews@orange.fr

# impressum

**Publisher:**  
Kultur | Ix – Arts Council  
Luxembourg  
5-7, rue de l'Alzette  
L-4011 Esch-sur-Alzette  
info@kulturix.lu  
RCS Luxembourg J145  
N° TVA : LU34743164

**Graphic design and artistic direction:**  
Studio Polenta

**Editorial concept and content:**  
Kultur | Ix - Arts Council  
Luxembourg

**Printing:**  
reka print +  
September 2023  
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Kultur | Ix would like to thank all those who have contributed to the contents of this brochure and the partners for their involvement in the success of the Luxembourgish presence in Frankfurt.

**Kultur|lx** Arts Council  
Luxembourg



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