

Selection 2202

2022 uon!c@e|e

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Liez-vous

2022 le belge ?

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This selection was made possible thanks to experts for each genre. We warmly thank them for their contribution.

Prose

Adrienne Nizet, Co-director of Passa Porta  
Muriel Collart, Manager of the Librairie Wallonie-Bruxelles  
in Paris

Comics

Thierry Bellefroid, RTBF journalist and curator  
Isabelle Debekker, Director of the Belgian Comics Museum

Poetry

Gérald Purnelle, Professor at the University of Liège  
Rony Demaeseneer, Librarian and literary critic

Youth

Luc Battieuw, Editor-in-Chief of the magazine Libbylit  
Brigitte Vanden Bossche, Coordinator of the Ateliers  
Texte Image in Liège

Non Fiction

Frédéric Saenen, critic and lecturer  
at the University of Liège  
Michel Zumkir, Critic

Responsible editor: Wallonie-Bruxelles International  
Editorial coordination: Primaëlle Vertenoel (Altura Consulting)  
Graphic design: colorimetric.be  
Translation: Rhona Kappler (Impact Traduction)

# Editorial

Wallonie-Bruxelles International (WBI) is the institution responsible for international relations in Wallonia and Brussels. Its mission is to increase the international impact, influence and recognition of its actors, including, among others, literary professionals.

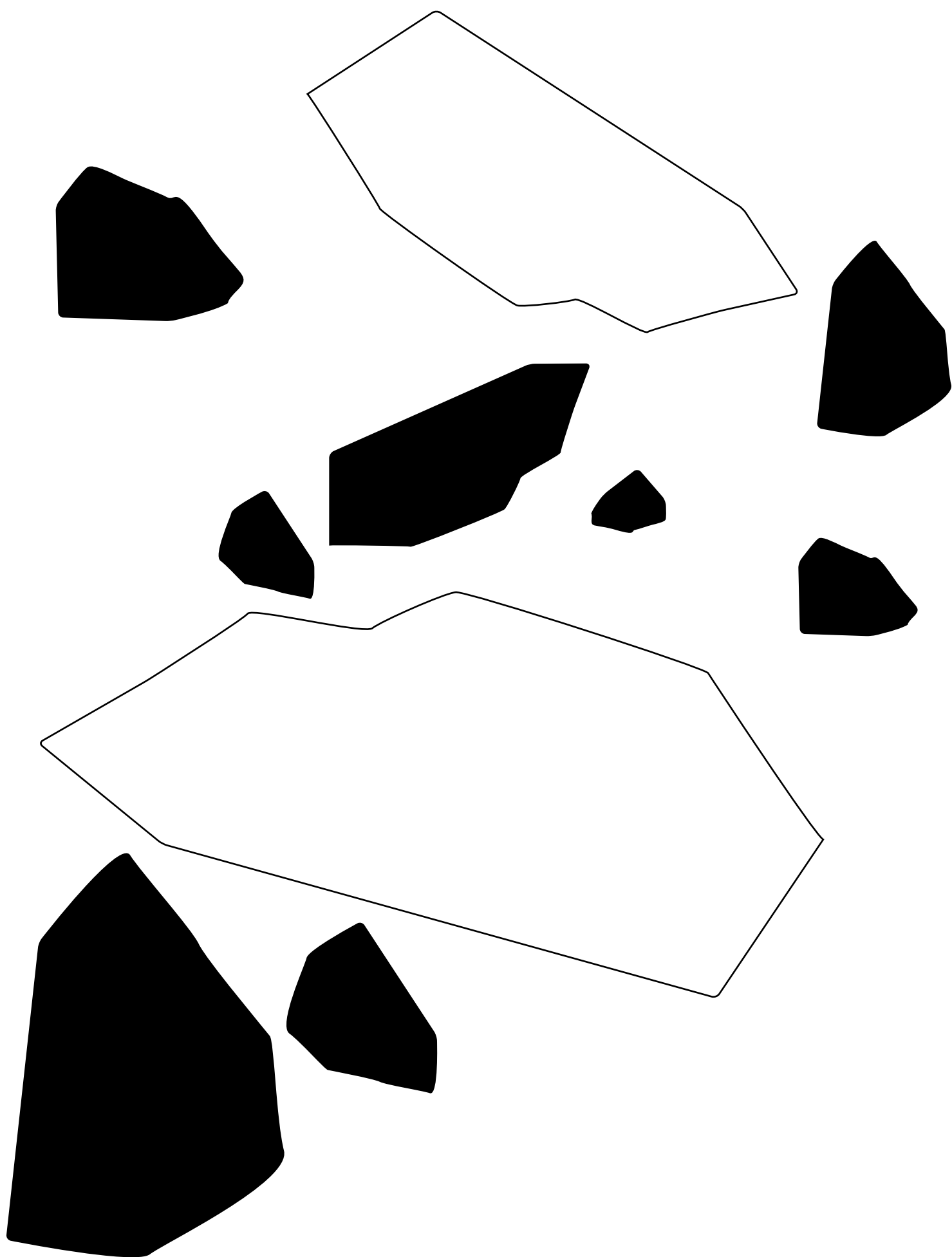
Now approaching what we hope to be the post-pandemic era and with the world map turned upside down, how do we share the work of French-speaking Belgian authors and publishers with the rest of the world? How do we actively help to promote them, without being able to travel around the world to present these works in person? And finally, how do we establish a structured digital marketing campaign under our slogan *Lisez-vous le belge? (Do you read Belgian?)?*

This selection is the result of this reflective process: a yearly assortment to serve as a representative sample of the diversity of contemporary creative production in French at this moment in time — all brought together in a digital catalogue that can be widely distributed to our partners.

This selection includes a total of 45 titles published between November 2020 and November 2021 chosen by a panel of experts and focusing on five main publishing genres: 10 children's picture books and/or novels, 10 works of fiction, 10 works of non-fiction, 10 graphic novels and/or comic books and 5 poetry titles. For each text selected, paratextual information (blurb, author's biography, etc.) is provided and a sample text has been translated.

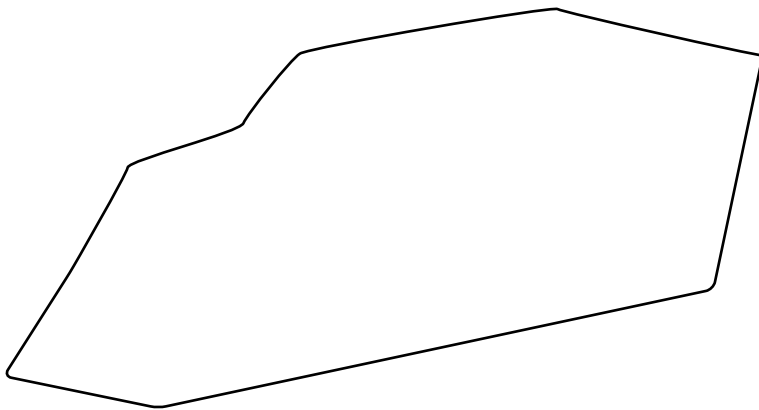
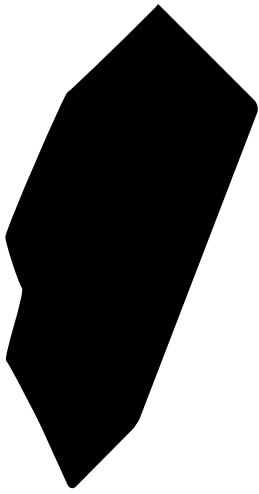
This achievement has been made possible thanks to our collaboration with the *Service général des Lettres et du Livre de la Fédération Wallonie-Bruxelles (The Department of Arts and Literature of the Wallonia-Brussels Federation)* to whom we extend our most sincere gratitude, along with our panel and finally the authors and publishers whose work we are proud to present to you here.

This 2022 *Lisez-vous le belge?* selection will be distributed to foreign publishers, translators, and agents as well as international cultural associations in the aim of showcasing the best of Belgian francophone literature.





# Poetry





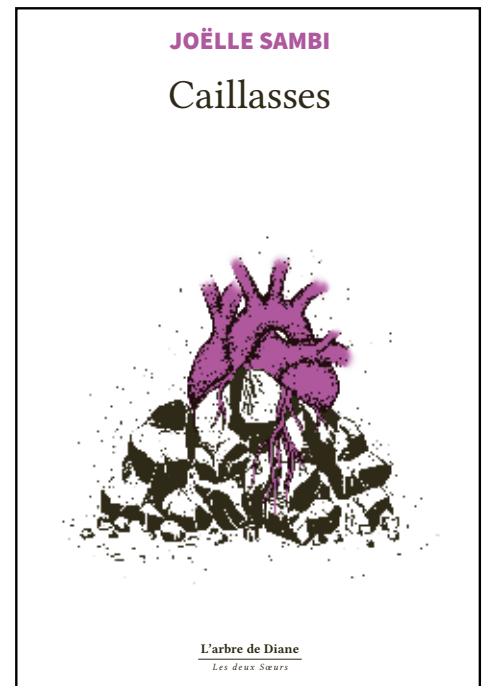
Born straddling the linguistic barrier between Brussels and Kinshasa, Joëlle Sambi reads, shouts, writes and creates novels, books, slam poems, poems, documentary, radio programmes, and militant spaces. Since 2003, her independent and collective works slit the world open for all to see.

# JOËLLE SAMBI ——— Caillasses

Title: *Caillasses* (Stones)  
Author: Joëlle Sambi  
Publisher: © L'Arbre de Diane  
Genre: Poetry  
Format: 110 x 180 mm  
Number of pages: 120  
ISBN: 978-2-930822-19-8

*Caillasses* ("Stones"), is an existential Big Bang, a poetry to be read as a shout, the beating of a heart. With her first collection of poems, Joëlle Sambi weaves together a quilt to protect the living and ensure the free movement of language.

*A razor-sharp pen, as deep and as lush as the rainforest. Presenting a kind of poetic political manifesto, she bares the scars of a body-soul while delving into themes of racial, sexist and homophobic violence. Her words leap out with a thousand lightning bolts as she shares with the reader the ripe fruits of her anger.*



Blood.  
Blood. Blood. Blood. Blood. Shame.  
Blood. Blood. Blood. Blood.  
Blood. Blood. Shame. Blood. Blood. Sun.  
Blood. Summer. Blood. Concrete. Blood.  
Curtains. Blood. Cheap black curtains.  
Blood. Blood. Blood. My temples.  
His dick. Blood. His weight. Blood. My breath.  
Blood. A cut. Blood. Blood. Blood. My scream.  
Blood. Blood.  
Blood. Blood. The tram. Blood. Shame. Blood.  
Forget. Blood. Shame. Blood. Silence.  
Blood. Blood. Blood.  
Blood. Blood.  
Must I cross every Rubicon, blood.  
Weave between the gazes of men, blood.  
Avoid those unwanted cast on my body. Blood.  
Blood. Blood. Blood.  
Must I duck my head, must I dodge the bullets, blood.  
Fight my way from assault, claw with all my fingers' might,  
Blood.  
Bite to draw blood, blood.  
Find refuge under a bed,  
sprint through hallways, blood.  
Learn and repeat to myself, blood.  
Blood. Blood. Blood.  
This body is mine. Blood.  
Learn it from childhood, blood.  
Blood. Blood. Blood.  
Learn, live with it, blood.  
Live in spite of it, blood.  
Blood. Blood. Blood. Blood. Blood. Blood.  
Virgin  
I am the sum of casual selection  
Intentional mistake  
Forgotten in a smothering system  
that attacks our memories, without any shame  
I join the line of the condemned who know  
They hope to deal the final blow  
By urging us to choose  
By forcing us to pick a side  
What use if neither the good nor the pigs are denied  
the flash of a blade?  
I am the flying shrapnel, fomented rage  
I am every day that violently breaks  
On the corpses of my embalmed dreams  
I am the horizon enshrouded gleams  
Oh do not be fooled  
It is true that we citizens are shifty  
Nifty and brazen as we drop our bombs  
On your fantasies of cardboard and glass  
Rage, O, my rage! Let my anger gain in mass  
Let my unyielding point of no-return grow  
These stone-throwing voices  
will no longer trespass

# Stones



Jan Baetens is the author of twenty books of poetry. The styles and themes of his works vary considerably, but they always share the same starting point: daily life, rewritten and re-imagined through literature. He is also the author of a number of studies on the relationship between text and image, including *Le roman-photo* (*The photo-novel*), co-written with Clémentine Mélois, and *Adaptation et bande dessinée* (*Adaptation and the graphic novel*). He has recently published *Une fille comme toi* (*A girl like you*), a “scrapbook” of film photo-novels taken from his private collection.

# JAN ————— Après, depuis BAETENS

Title: *Après, depuis*  
(*After, ever since*)  
Author: Jan Baetens  
Publisher:  
© Les Impressions Nouvelles  
Genre: Poetry  
Format: 145 x 210 mm  
Number of pages: 96  
ISBN: 978-2-87449-879-4

*Après, depuis* (“*After, ever since*”) is a book about grief. This common experience shared by us all is dealt with here in a unique way, shifting the subjective tone that comes with this unique experience into a more general context that can resonate with any reader.

*From the empty room to the house for sale, each of the six stages is written and composed in a different style and rhythm, guiding us through all that remains and all that changes after the death of a loved one. The tone of the book occasionally reminds us of the great lyrical texts of John Ashbery, but also of the love of lists we find in the works of Borges or Sei Shonagon. Après, depuis is an elegy that, above all, aims to offer an offbeat yet perfectly recognisable echo of its readers’ lives.*



Website: <https://lesimpressionsnouvelles.com>  
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## First wall

I call white  
The empty room that is blue  
I mean filled with blue  
And yet it is empty  
Théâtre de table toy theatre  
Even named nook or cranny  
The sky hangs from coat hooks  
Little proverb well said poorly done  
The steps the black  
Curtains the forgotten awakening  
The feeling of space  
Moorings out of grasp  
In this room there is  
Someone who says  
The room is empty  
And yet it is empty

## Second wall

Glances towards objects  
Forge their correspondence  
And one after the other  
They lean in and pass by  
Steps are counted  
Angles and dimensions flout  
Convention we also do away  
With their standard use  
The ground remains passable  
Only embarrassment  
Skirting boards so little of too much  
Sky hanging from coat hooks  
Each word of each  
Room reaches a superfluous end  
To teach me a lesson  
Running and a young girl's shouts

## Third wall

Colours like lamps  
Extinguished in broad daylight  
Words drop  
From lolling tongues  
Each term's end  
Falsely expelled  
With nothing to follow  
Clauses left ajar  
And at the conclusion again  
Empty inhabits the full  
Let me condemn  
This wall without a door  
I close my eyes  
And there is black  
Which becomes white  
All rhymes with nothing

After,  
ever since



Karel Logist was born in Spa in 1962 to a German mother and a Flemish father. Since the release of his first collection of poems, *Le séismographe* (*The Seismograph*), in 1988, Logist has published twelve works, several of which have been awarded prizes in Belgium and abroad.

# KAREL LOGIST

## Soixante-neuf selfies flous dans un miroir fêlé

Title: *Soixante-neuf selfies flous dans un miroir fêlé*  
(Sixty-nine blurred selfies in a cracked mirror)

Author: Karel Logist

Publisher: © l'Arbre à paroles

Genre: Poetry

Format: 120 x 200 mm

Number of pages: 84

ISBN: 978-2-87406-707-5

*Karel Logist's latest work is more than just a catchy title. In many ways, it is reminiscent of his very touching work *Desperados*, which was awarded the Prix SCAM-SACD in 2013. This is not contemporary poetry in terms of form, but rather through the choice of themes and the manner in which they are explored. For example, Karel Logist writes directly on his smartphone. It almost seems as if he wants to make sure that his words, even in how they are written, reflect the true state of the world, the world we live in. And, above all, the world he lives in. What the poet offers us is a self-portrait, a portrait of someone who has committed his life to language and who views the world with never-ending astonishment. It's true, we also feel lassitude and sadness. It's true, the poet's feathers are easily ruffled. But the great strength of his 69 blurred selfies is their refusal to descend into despair. On the contrary, they remind us that life "is made to be loved and desired, to feel the wind in your face, to feel and to give in, to let yourself be surprised." During these uncertain times, who could say no to that?*

Website: [www.maisondelapoesie.com](http://www.maisondelapoesie.com)

Contact: [contact@maisondelapoesie.com](mailto:contact@maisondelapoesie.com)



Certain friends of mine are scared  
to feel the first icy breath of old age  
creep down the back of their neck  
I join them in their worries  
and I offer them warm  
and multicoloured scarves  
But my compassion only reaches them  
for the time of a furtive  
embrace that we share  
They suspect me of irony  
Strike a pose, sulk and sigh  
in protest of what they call  
my indifference to death  
which is no more, I swear  
than a murmuring prayer  
that softly vows my deference to life.  
I who once found existence too curt  
today I am burdened with impossible strife  
I drift off at work, sweating in a yurt  
where I awake a fool for letting slumber run rife.  
I seek out answers; my friends I accuse  
and every notebook of mine scorning their tortuous  
will to self-confine fails to amuse  
Yes, they straighten every path and dream I define.  
Nothing strikes me as fun, from the water to the sun  
Consumed by this boredom I am the sea urchin  
happily hostage of my reef's red motif.  
If I could maybe just poison someone  
strike a sweet fisherman with my bitter spines  
I would make peace with senses benumbed.  
Certain friends of mine advise  
that I should take a little distance  
from the conditions of my very existence  
to live every day as I best think is wise  
to start instead from the foot of the stair  
rather than trek through the mountain pass  
But this advice only drives me, alas  
far from the vows we once would share  
I fear the comfort they extol  
would leave me rather disinclined  
I could break their necks in kind  
if I did not still love them so.

## Sixty-nine blurred selfies in a cracked mirror



Françoise Lison-Leroy was born in the south of Belgium, and grew up attending a rural school surrounded by sprawling landscapes. She now lives in Tournai and writes for the Culture section of the journal *L'Avenir / Le Courrier de l'Escaut*.

As a poet, she has published 30 works. From *La mie de terre est bonne* (*The Earth's crumb is good*, 1983) to *Les blancs pains* (*White loaves*, 2019), she has worked to communicate the same little idea, an idea that is novel, essential and fervently conveyed. Her recent works have been published by Esperluète, Rougerie, Luce Wilquin, L'Âne qui butine, and Les Déjeuners sur l'herbe.

# FRANÇOISE – Sauvageon LISON-LEROY

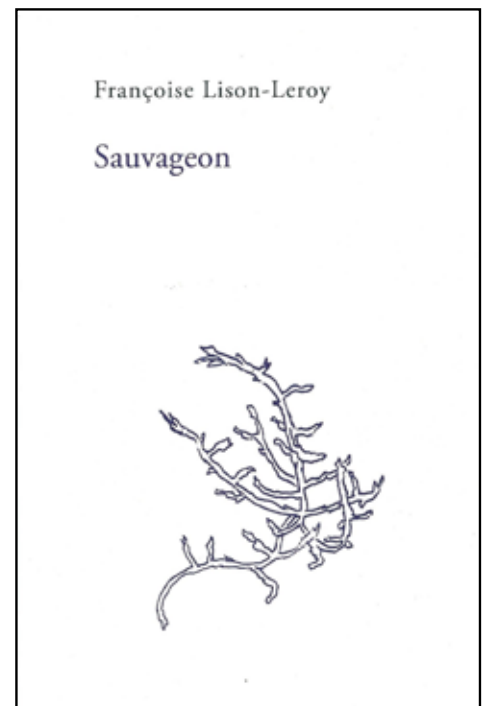
Title: *Sauvageon (Wildling)*  
Author: Françoise Lison-Leroy  
Publisher: © Bleu d'Encre Editions  
Genre: Poetry  
Format: 120 x 200 mm  
Number of pages: 38  
ISBN: 978-2-930725-38-3

*Forty-eight prose poems to convey the harsh, painful journey of a "wildling", a transient being, a migrant searching for a welcoming world in which to find his place. An arduous journey filled with obstacles and disappointments, a voyage where the poet immerses the reader in the quest of the wandering, restless man.*

## Reviews

*"This is undeniably a poem of pure humanism, which defends the self against megastructures, against indifference."*

*"An unaffected, stripped-down book that is both harsh and essential reading, like a balm, an ointment to treat our most urgent needs."  
(Philippe Leuckx).*





## Recent prizes

2017 and 2018: «*Le silence a grandi*» (“*The silence has grown*”, Éditions Rougerie)  
*Prix triennal de poésie de la Fédération Wallonie-Bruxelles*, and *Prix du poème en prose Louis-Guillaume* (Paris).

2020: “*Les blancs pains*” (“*White loaves*”, Éditions Esperluète): *Prix François Coppée of the Académie Française* (Paris).

# Wildling

He is a wildling. His parents had no choice. There he was, freshly born, in his crib trimmed with synthetic fringe. Not famished nor feverish, he already rejects the rules around him. We would have offered him the skies, a hundred soft toys or the sea, if he so desired.

Annoyed to be in the world. To have appeared on this unsteady, hostile sphere. He feels it out with a sniff or two. Takes no time to see that he is an object examined, weighed, measured with great doses of arrogance. Salutary screams.

Fit for duty, life tailor-made for an unruly world. We will soon see if the day will break, if the newborn's attention will be ensnared by the whiskers of his surroundings. He is on his guard, lord of his domain, at the heart of a giant workshop.

No. He says no to all that is not vital, only his mother's breast and stolen shut-eye. A connoisseur's love of water, like a pebble sculpted many moons ago. Opens one eye, sweeps a glance over his great swaddling of white.



Born in 1960 to a poet father and actress mother, Carl Norac was bathed in language from a very young age.

His way of looking at the world is like that of an enchanted child, which explains why he is most famous for his volumes of children poetry.

This perspective challenges the distinction between what some would define as “poetry for children” and “poetry for adults”.

# CARL NORAC ————— Piéton du Monde

Title: *Piéton du Monde*  
(*Pedestrian of the World*)  
Author: Carl Norac  
Publisher: © Espace nord  
Genre: Poetry  
Format: 120 x 185 mm  
Number of pages: 300  
ISBN: 978-2-87568-552-0

*Carl Norac is part of the tradition of travel writing, following in the footsteps of writers such as Nicolas Bouvier or Blaise Cendrars. He sees travel as a journey taking you “deep into the self”. In this anthology covering the entirety of his poetic career up to the present day, we follow the path left by this poet during his worldly travels, where towns and places resonate far off in the distance*

## Reviews

*According to Norac, could poetry be a way of looking at the world through the minute details, an art of giving a voice to objects and things, a way of life, in fact?*



## For a legend

What threads have you stitched into your dreams, you who runs unarmed into the fray? The sheet that you unfurled across the walls of your prison is waiting to dress your eyes. At the first dawn, you held out a gloved hand to the wolf and stroked him. At the second dawn, you stole the keys with which to save light. But at the glimmer of the third, by a still-amber door, you found a thread so silky you took it to mend the wolf's dream and offered it from your naked hand. After this indiscretion, the dreams unravel to the saddle of your escape, and the night departs with a wounded finger.

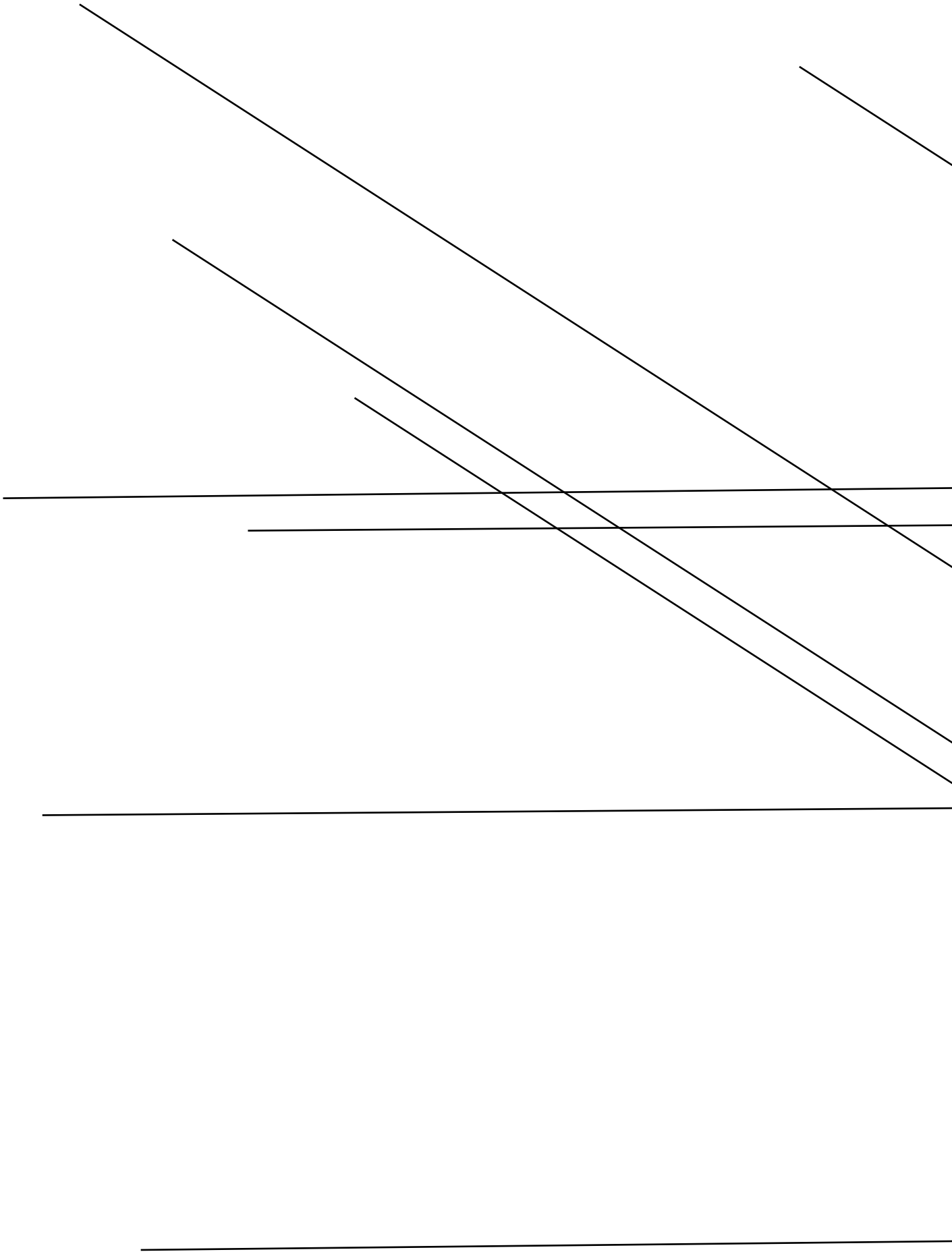
## Louisa

My grandmother worked spinning yarn.  
My grandmother worked in a giant sewing machine.  
My grandmother pushed the machine to wind the wool.  
My grandmother traced a spider's web with each spool of yarn.  
My grandmother had sore legs, sore hands, sore arms.  
My grandmother never stopped.  
My grandmother never asked for anything.  
My grandmother would sing often, I remember.  
My grandmother would tell tales that could give cradles wings, I remember.  
My grandmother had such an elegant laugh.  
My grandmother dressed very nicely on Sundays.  
My grandmother could cook macaroni like no other.

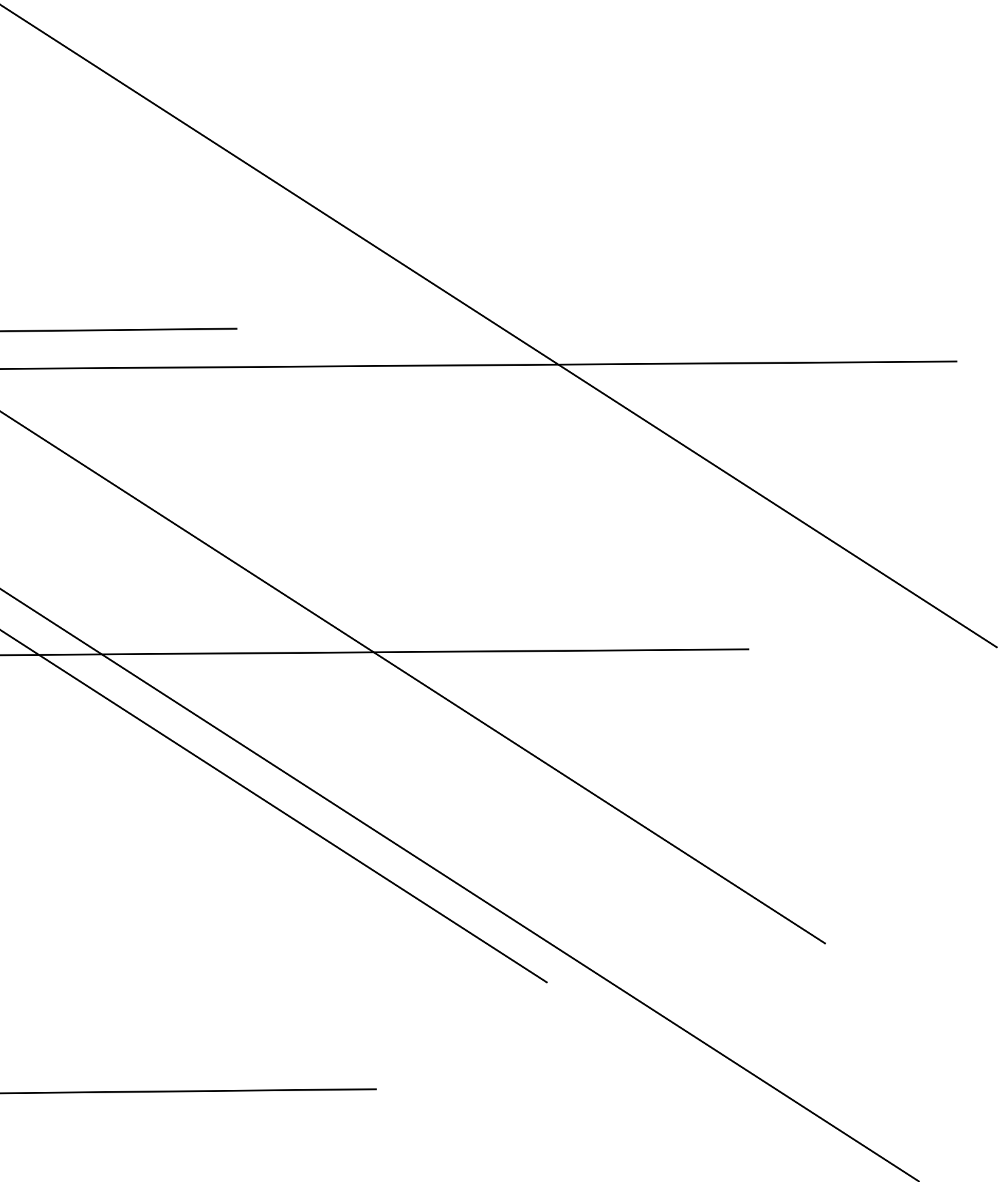
## Question about a chequerboard

When you know light,  
other kinds of darkness reach out towards you  
and find your face familiar.  
These do not possess the simple ceremony of the dark.  
They pretend to be born  
from a hidden drawer of sunbeams,  
that all light runs deeper  
than you might believe,  
that lightning would have no force  
if it were not cajoled  
by the night's near end.  
And yet, I tell them again:  
I know light,  
why is my face so familiar?

# Pedestrian of the World



# Novel





After graduating from law school, Geneviève Damas trained as an actor at the Institut des Arts de Diffusion, then moved into various roles in the theatre industry, as an actor, director, adaptor and playwright. To make her creative vision a reality, she started the Brussels theatre company Albertine in 1998, which she has managed ever since.

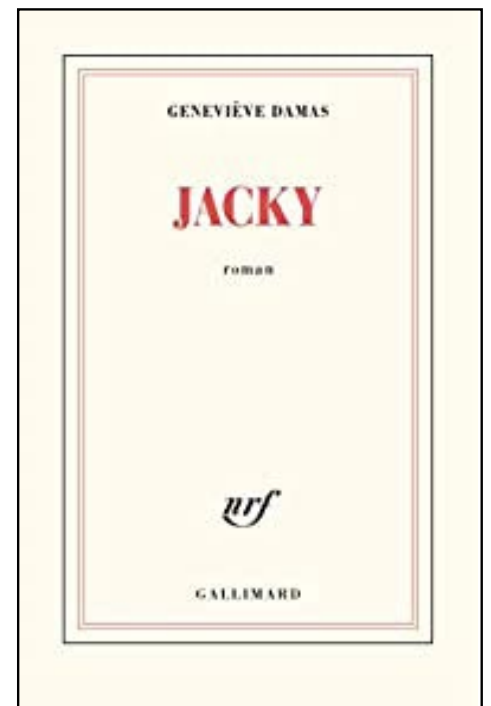
The author of 20 theatrical works, she has published seven of these with Lansman. In 2004, her play *Molly à vélo* (*Molly on a Bike*) received the 2004 Prix du théâtre/ meilleur auteur (Theatre/Best Author Prize), as well as the 2006 Coup de cœur des lycéens de Loire-Atlantique (Loire-Atlantique High School Favourite) and her work *STIB*, published in 2007, was awarded the Prix du Parlement de la Communauté française.

# GENEVIÈVE – Jacky DAMAS

Title: *Jacky*  
Author: Geneviève Damas  
Publisher: © Gallimard  
Genre: novel  
Format: 118 x 185 mm  
Number of pages: 160  
ISBN: 9782072924569

*Ibrahim Bentaieb, a young Belgian boy of Moroccan origin, registered on the government's "S-file" watchlist, has to write his high school final year essay on a societal issue. But after already missing more than a few classes, he decides to just throw in the towel, even if it means repeating the year. His teacher, however, wants him to keep going at all costs: "Pick a subject that interests you, it can be anything." Ibrahim then decides to do his essay on Jacky, a boy he met a few months earlier during an inter-school project; Jacky is a student at Beth-Yaldout, a Jewish school in one of Brussels' posher areas.*

*Geneviève Damas brings together two seemingly opposite worlds with precision and emotion.*



She is also the author of five novels and a collection of short stories. In 2011, her first novel *Si tu passes la rivière* (*If You Pass the River*), published with Luce Wilquin, received the 2011 Prix Victor Rossel, the 2012 Prix des cinq continents de la francophonie, the 2012 Plume d'Or du premier roman, as well as the 2013 Prix du roman de la ville de Seynod.

Dear Mr. Lebrun,

On the last Monday in June, when I came to collect my report card and the material for the final exams, you mentioned my end-of-year project again. You were worried because I hadn't sent you anything, no title, no plan, no project. I explained that I hadn't written anything, that I won't be writing anything, to be perfectly honest, not some essay on Baudelaire, the environment or the rise of the far right in Europe. I didn't see the point or how I would find the energy, that it would be a waste of time, even. You said to me: "But what about knowledge, Ibrahim?" I didn't answer. Knowledge can be a nasty business. You reminded me once again that without this project I wouldn't get my high school diploma and that it would be stupid, because I only have three exams to resit. That I was a smart kid, maybe the smartest in the class, and I wondered how you could tell, seeing as I barely even open my textbook in maths. Smart, yeah, in a way, but intelligence isn't everything. If you spend your time thinking so hard, you can end up doing something stupid or totally losing it, then what's the point of having a sharper mind than everyone else? You really wanted me to give it a go. You suggested I could write about what I've experienced, despite my situation. I liked the fact that you tried everything, and when I was about to leave the class, you added: "It can be on anything you're interested in, Ibrahim, as long as I get it before the end of August!" I blurted out: "I'm interested in nothing, nothing" and I slammed the door.

# Jacky



© Martin Santander

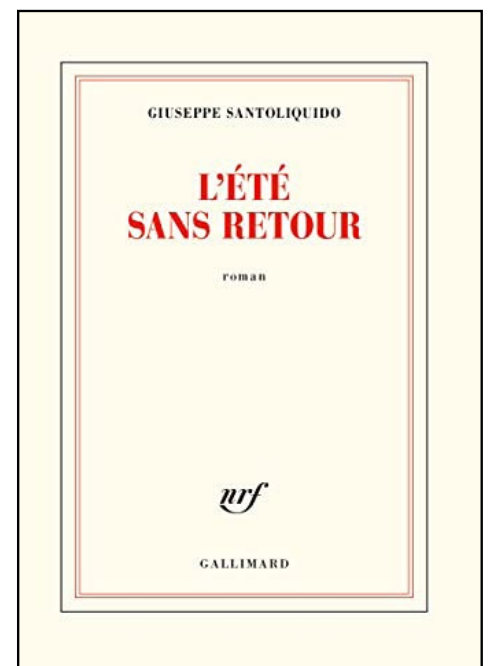
Giuseppe Santoliquido is a Belgian writer. Specialising in politics and Italian culture, he works with a variety of Belgian and foreign medias. *L'été sans retour*, his fourth novel (2021), published by Gallimard, has been a huge success with French readers. As well as hosting regular events in bookshops and libraries, he is the founder and facilitator of the Prix de l'Écrit Citoyen in the schools of the Liege Province.

# GIUSEPPE — L'été sans retour SANTOLIQUIDO

Title: *L'été sans retour*  
(*The Summer of No Return*)  
Author: Giuseppe Santoliquido  
Publisher: © Gallimard  
Genre: novel  
Format: 140 x 205 mm  
Number of pages: 272  
ISBN: 9782072915758

*"Life can be earned over and over again, provided we convince ourselves that salvation is always possible, and that nothing happens that does not take root in ourselves."*

*Italy, Basilicata, Summer 2005. It's festival time in the village of Ravina and fifteen-year-old Chiara has vanished into thin air. The villagers all set off on a search mission. The days go by with little progress: the teenager is nowhere to be found. A horde of journalists set up camp in a neighbouring farm, filming the distressing events. The tragedy of these humble village folk becomes a national story. Years after the fact, Sandro, a friend of the missing girl, recalls these few months that irrevocably changed the course of destiny. A novel dripping with suspense, *L'été sans retour* is the story of an ill-fated family living on the fringes of society, confronted by buried secrets and the obscene cruelty of the media circus.*



Website: [www.gallimard.fr](http://www.gallimard.fr)  
Contact: [Nathalie.BEUL@gallimard.fr](mailto:Nathalie.BEUL@gallimard.fr)



Since then, the years have gone by like one very long day, and I am not quite sure where to begin this story. For a long time now, I have been wrestling with my remorse, trying to banish it to the confines of my memory, all to no avail. It still finds its way back to the surface. To rub salt in the wound. But there's nothing I can do now. It's been fifteen years since I left Ravina. With the passing of time, the past becomes fuzzy, the faces and the voices start to fade away, along with the forms, the landscapes. For in the story I have finally decided to tell, humans are inseparable from the nature into which they were born, becoming its most faithful portrait, unnerving in their beauty and age. This story is first and foremost one of a family, more specifically a man. His name was Pasquale Serrai, even though everyone in Ravina called him Serrai, just Serrai, with an emphasis on the last syllable, as if letting out a long cry of pain. However, to Lucia, his only daughter, and to me, after the death of my parents, he was simply known as *papone*. It was only later, much later, that I too came to call him Serrai, when we had become mere strangers once again. At the time of the incident, he was in his early fifties. He was a strange, prickly character, rough around the edges, with eyes narrowed like the slits of a piggy bank and a capricious ear, which he always kept cocked to one side, as close as possible to the words he would struggle to pick up. When I think of him, I see his tired face, weathered by the sun, his fearful demeanour, as if constantly falling prey to the little flames that burned him up inside. At the turn of his teenage years, as did so many of his compatriots eaten away by hunger and the promise of easy money, he tried to build a career as a metal worker in a factory in Wallonia. The dream of a decent life, far from poverty. It was like leading a cow into a bog. Ravina was the only geography his soul knew, his vital essence.

## The Summer of No Return



Caroline De Mulder is a Belgian author, born in 1976 in Gand. She also works as a course convener at the University of Namur. Her first novel *Ego Tango* won the Prix Rossel in 2010. She has since published the works *Nous les bêtes traquées*, (*We, Hunted Beasts*), *Bye Bye Elvis* and *Calcaire* (*Limestone*). *Manger Bambi* is her fifth novel.

# CAROLINE — Manger Bambi DE MULDER

Title: *Manger Bambi* (*Eating Bambi*)

Author: Caroline de Mulder

Publisher: © Gallimard

Genre: novel

Format: 140 x 205 mm

Number of pages: 208

ISBN: 9782072893490

*Bambi, fifteen going on sixteen, has decided to get herself out of poverty. She and her friends have found a way out: sugar dating sites that put broke young girls in touch with older men looking for a protégée to spoil. Bambi seems like the perfect victim.*

*But Bambi isn't much of a flirt or a temptress, let alone one to be bossed around. What she can't get for free, she takes by force. And in a world in which women are denied even the right to violence, Bambi gives as hard as she gets. Even unprovoked.*



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“Caroline de Mulder continues to translate rage in all its forms - self-destruction, degradation, marginality - by choosing a different, always inventive language each time, reaching its peak with this gritty and tragic noir.”

Christine Ferniot, *Télérama*

## ONE

She instinctively pulls back, a Sig Sauer hidden behind her back. She is slender and stunning, with a terrifying face of make-up. Eyes smeared with war paint in the colours of trenches and devoured mud, but a heart-shaped, finely chiselled face. She wears skinny jeans and walks barefoot. Someone knocks at the door again. She says to another girl lurking behind her, “You go, you look older.” The girl, hardly older than her, has a rather undistinguishable appearance, hidden behind a mass of unnaturally blonde hair. She wears a slightly baggy faded blue dress, but by the looks of it, is not accustomed to wearing dresses or heels. She opens the door a crack, very intimate-like: “Leave everything in front of the door, please.” She closes the door. She waits, opens it again carefully: the waiter’s gone, the coast is clear. The little cart she pulls inside is stocked with glasses and beautiful dishes under metal cloches. Champagne and room service. She puts everything on the table of the suite and, finally, the designer candleholder with an electric flame. Dinner for lovers. Wow. It’s beautiful. The stunning one takes the bottle from the table. “Shit, how do I open this? I can’t do it.” The cork pops out with the sound of a gunshot. She spills champagne on the carpet and fills two flutes with foam. “Dom Peri. We’ve earned it.” The girls sit at the table, face to face, by the light of the artificial candles, the weapon lying between them. The blonde lifts the cloche from one of the dishes: “Lobster. There are two halves. Here’s yours.” She picks up half of the animal with her hand and places it on the stunning one’s plate. She inspects it closely. She grabs it by the claw and brandishes it in front of her. “What is this? Shit, all this money and they don’t even shell them. Do you know how to do it? With this hook, here? With this ball-breaker thing?” They burst out laughing, as happy as two very poor girls in a very fancy hotel suite.

## Eating Bambi



© Lorraine Wauters

Antoine Wauters is a Belgian writer, poet and screenwriter. After the poetry collection *Césarine de nuit*, published by Cheyne, his novel *Nos Mères* (Prix Première de la RTBF, Prix Révélation de la SGDL and shortlisted for the Prix des Cinq-Continents), made him “the Belgian literary revelation of recent years”. In 2015, he co-wrote *Préjudice*, a feature film by Antoine Cuypers with Nathalie Baye and singer Arno. In September 2018, two books were published by Verdier: *Pense aux pierres sous tes pas* and *Moi, Martha et les autres*. Both books were praised, in France and in Belgium. In 2021, he was awarded Prix Wepler and Prix Marguerite Duras *Mahmoud ou la montée des eaux*.

# ANTOINE WAUTERS — Mahmoud ou la montée des eaux

Title: *Mahmoud ou la montée des eaux*  
(*Mahmoud or the Rising of the Waters*)

Author: Antoine Wauters

Publisher: © Verdier

Genre: novel

Format: 140 x 220 mm

Number of pages: 128

ISBN: 9782378561123

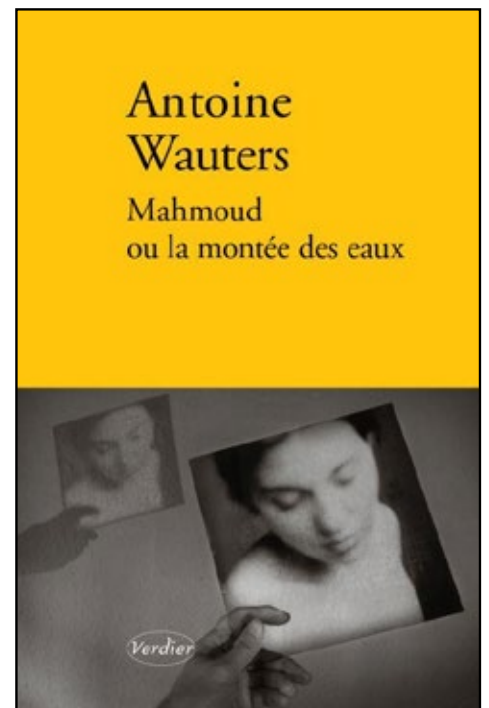
*Syria. An old man rows a boat, alone in the middle of a huge expanse of water. Below him, his childhood home, swallowed up by Lake El-Assad, created by the construction of the Tabqa dam in 1973. Closing his eyes to the rumbling war, equipped with a mask and a snorkel, he dives in – and it is his whole life which he sees once again, his children, back in the days before they left to fight, his wife Sarah, madly in love with poetry, the prison, his first love, his dreams of freedom.*

## Reviews

*“We are carried away by the brightness of the writing and by the solidity of a conviction: evil is powerful, but to exhibit it in detail, to force it to be what it is, is already to resist it.”*  
*Le Monde*

*“A true splendour of language, an overwhelming epic... Rarely had present day history been summoned with such power and grace that can only be experienced in constant tearing.”*

*Diacritik*



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The green and gold passages of my torchlight

Standing up, the first few seconds, I keep touching my heart to check if it is still beating. Because it feels like I am dying. I adjust my mask, holding on to the ship's bow. I kick my legs. The wind howls loudly. It is telling me something. I listen to what it has to say. In the distance, watermelon fields, the roof of the old school and saffron flowers. The sun shines down and yet the water is cold, and the current is only getting stronger. Soon, this will all be gone. Do you think that all the cameras of the world will flock to witness such a sight? Do you think I'll be photogenic enough for them, Sarah? It doesn't matter. Clinging on to the bow, I see my cabin, a cow grazing in between the trees, under the great sky. Everything is so distant. Further and further away. I put on my snorkel. I adjust my head torch to make sure it won't budge.

I slowly paddle with my hands to keep my body steady. Then I take a big, deep breath, and everything I know and am running from, everything I can no longer stand but which persists, everything which falls upon us against our will, I leave it all behind. A delightful sensation. The best. Soon, I start sinking, I disappear without fear as my heart has grown accustomed. The water carries me, full of bits of trash. I ignore them. Pieces of dead seaweed. I ignore them. I want to be blind to the night. All is yellow and murky green at such depths. The water is increasingly cold. Pure. If I switch off my torch, I will be in total darkness and apart from the air bubbles I release ever so slowly and the plankton before me, there will be nothing. I keep paddling. At this point of my descent, I think of you in our bed, lying so still, I'm sure, or under the plum tree, reading one of those Russian poets you adore so much.

Maïakovski.  
Akhmatova.

Your heart becomes a shrub of light whenever you read your Russian poets. And I can no longer tell you I love you. We have seen Beirut and Damas, Paris where my poems led us in the summer of '87. We gave each other so much pleasure so many times, lived together without the slightest dry spell, known fear, hunger, isolation, and at the moment I talk to you, I am broken, Sarah, detached from my own life. I cannot do it any longer, that is all. When you lose a child, or children, or a brother, or anyone else you love with such intensity, you can no longer have a shrub of light in your heart. You are limited to the most meagre drop of joy. A tiny foetus. And you feel as I have felt this entire time: detached. Destroyed.

## Mahmoud or the Rising of the Waters

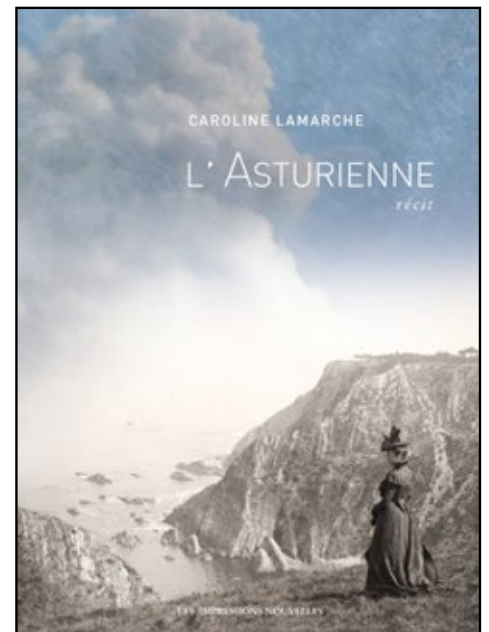


Novelist and short-story writer Caroline Lamarche is the winner of the Prix Rossel for her book *Le jour du chien* (*The Day of the Dog*, 1996) and the ADELFPrix Europe of the ADELFPrix for *Dans la maison un grand cerf* (*In the House a Large Deer*, 2017) and has been awarded the Belgian Prix Quinquennal de Littérature. After the death of her father, the author fell upon a great wealth of archives and began this memorial project which would take her several years to complete. In the meantime, her previous book, *Nous sommes à la lisière* (*We are at the Edge* (Gallimard, 2019) has won the Prix Goncourt de la Nouvelle.

# CAROLINE — L'Asturienne LAMARCHE

Title: *L'Asturienne*  
Author: Caroline Lamarche  
Publisher: © Les  
Impressions Nouvelles  
Genre: novel  
Format: 145 x 210 mm  
Number of pages: 340  
ISBN: 978-2-87449-893-0

*Caroline Lamarche tells the epic tale of a family that appeared in Liège at the start of the industrial revolution and pioneered the art of zinc smelting in the Spanish region of Asturias. Spanning an era which saw the dawn of capitalism and all its accompanying inequalities, she writes about the lives and work of these adventurers, living in the heyday of an ever-expanding Europe. The strong personalities and feminine voices captured by the author and the homage she pays to the father who helped her to discover a world of archives, makes her the enlightened heiress of a fascinating and cosmopolitan family history. The author uses these contemporary accounts to shift the perspective and question hidden truths, which she reveals with lucidity, aware that she is caught between two worlds.*



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# L'Asturienne

Everything has always been perfect here. And a tad imposing, I must say. Even in the cellar, under the thirty-metre high façade, which housed the workshop where my father stored his hammers, saws, planes, gouges, chisels, rivets, screws, light bulbs, electrical wires, all he needed to keep a business going for a century, with the fruit store where apples would ripen away until rotten, with the crypt as well, which stored our childhood bikes, lying in wait of being ridden again, and three deserted but freshly painted beehives. There was not a single spider web, even in the wine cellar, in the empty corners untouched since the property belonged to my grandparents, where my cousins used to drink vintage wines straight from the bottle. A little further in you would find the boiler room and its pipes dressed in old-fashioned insulation of cloth and plaster. The iron trunk is kept in the corridor just past the stair, to the left of the fruit store.

On that day, twelve years after the death of my father, as I head down into the basement to find a light bulb for my mother's bedside lamp, I don't know what sort of intuition pushes me to open this trunk, which bears the name HAUZEUR in red capital letters. Slipping my hand inside, I count out several folders which my father had labelled in his delicate, neat handwriting, in black ink. Four photocopied and stapled pages lie on top of them. The pages have been taken from a fifty-year old bestseller, *Of People and Plants* by Maurice Mességué. Strange, I think to myself, that Papa should have taken an interest in herbal medicine, he who would only be seen by a tired old cardiologist who had probably done little but hasten his death. I sit on the basement floor, which is so clean you could eat off it, and I start to read the pages taken from the Mességué book. The first shows the cover, decorated with a plant motif I recognise at once: a branch of honeysuckle.





Hubert Antoine was born in Namur in 1971. After obtaining a Law degree as well as a degree in Philosophy and Literature as an auditor, he moved to the Mexican city of Guadalajara in 1996, where he opened a small crepe and waffle restaurant named *Le coq à poil*. In 1998, he was awarded the Prix Polak of the Académie Française for his manuscript *La terre retournée* (*Turned Soil*) and was soon recognised as one of the greatest writers of his generation.

# HUBERT — Les Formes ANTOINE d'un soupir

Title: *Les Formes d'un soupir* (*The shapes of a sigh*)

Author: Hubert Antoine

Publisher: © Verticales

Genre: novel

Format: 140 x 205 mm

Number of pages: 272

ISBN: 9782072932250

*Aided by a hallucinogenic experience, a Mexican free-thinker is able to once again hear the voice of his daughter Melitza, killed during the Oaxaca uprising two years previous. She tells him of her final moments spent with Evo, a Huichol shaman who offers her, through a dizzying ritual of oblivion, the most romantic of metamorphoses.*

*The second novel by Hubert Antoine is a road movie that takes us through the lands of Quetzalcoatl, one that breaks down the doors of mourning and destroys the barriers between the living and the dead, revealing a Mexico that is as captivating and intensely-coloured as ever.*





*Oaxaca, 27 October 2006*

The pain is so intense I can no longer feel a thing. Only bumps from running footsteps. Like a ball bouncing down a staircase.

Evo is carrying me. My neck under his right bicep, knees slung over his left forearm. My fifty-three kilos of weight don't even make him break a sweat. He leaps like a crazed jaguar through the streets of Santa Lucía and, without stopping for breath, he soon reaches the outer city limits. The bloodstain on my dress grows bigger with the violent shaking of each stride. My legs bounce around chaotically, along with my head and my breasts. I have lost my sandals. So, I shall enter the realm of the dead barefoot.

I have closed my eyes. Occasionally, in a final flicker of consciousness, I open them, whenever the man who I loved (and still love) so dearly makes a sudden movement. With my head tilted back, I see the upper halves of houses go by, accompanied by the occasional pair of eyes watching us out from under a straw hat or a sweep of white hair.

As we take a sharp turn, I see the dusty track left behind us. Drops of my blood have left dark spots at regular intervals on the ground. Like buttonholes marking my last remaining seconds of life.

We reach the carretera 175 which links Oaxaca to Tuxtepec. We are now in the outer suburbs, near San Agustín. We are getting further and further away from the first revolution of the 21st century, one that has been stirring up the most democratic city in the world for the last six months... What good is the ideal society when you've taken a bullet to the stomach? Death is the only true democracy.

The last gas station is on our right. Just behind it is a common Mexican chain store with a facade painted the same scarlet red as my stomach.

Evo heads towards the store entrance. He pushes the glass door open with his foot and we enter clumsily. Two customers are queuing at the counter, one skinny young man with a baseball cap and a coconut earring and one large stubbly man in a grubby t-shirt that doesn't quite cover his belly. Behind the counter, a heavily made-up woman in an orange uniform is giving change. All three of them turn to stare at us, stupefied.

The shop's air conditioning feels cool on my skin. My eyelids remain ever so slightly open. I awake painfully, in a haze. Evo walks towards the counter and with a nod of the chin points towards an item behind the cashier, between the AAA batteries and the cigarettes.

Still too stunned to move, the woman stares at us, paralysed by the frightening spectacle before her: Evo's naked torso, muscles gleaming, his eyes brighter than ever, and me in his arms, deathly pale, in my floral print dress, drenched in blood from my thighs to my chin.

After the cashier fails to move, Evo shouts at her:

- Condoms!

## The shapes of a sigh



Born in Belgium in 1985, Katia Lanero Zamora is a writing consultant for Belgian television series and the digital projects of the RTBF's fiction department. She has published two children's books, *Albigondine est une fée* (*Albigondine is a Fairy*, 2010) and *Günther le menteur* (*Günther the Liar*, 2011), the *Chroniques des Hémisphères* trilogy (*Chronicles of the Hemispheres*) and the novel *Les Ombres d'Esver* (*The Shadows of Esver*), which was nominated for the Prix Imaginales des Lycéens. She also hosts the RTBF podcast *Doulange* along with Caroline Prévinaire.

# KATIA ————— La Machine LANERO

Title: *La Machine*  
(*The Machine*)  
Author: Katia Lanero  
Publisher: © ActuSF  
Genre: novel  
Format: 140 x 200 mm  
Number of pages: 368  
ISBN: 978-2-37686-337-3

*Born into the comfort of the noble Cabayol family, brothers Vian and Andrès are inseparable. But in a country where revolution is brewing and old royalists polish their weapons to overthrow the young Republic, they are forced to pick a side... A great family epic where political battles meet personal turmoil, *La Machine* is a strong, uncompromising and powerful piece of writing.*



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Vian Cabayol always felt a twinge of apprehension before knocking on the door of his father's study. Even though he was expecting him - Agustina had passed on the message -, stepping over the threshold of this forbidden world made him feel like he was six years old again. He kept his eyes fixed on the hallway floor, before his eyes met the polished metal handle, then the copper plate that spelled out «Duen Colin Cabayol» in imposing letters. He smoothed out his shirt and his hair. After mustering up the courage, he lifted his fist to the door with more determination than he thought possible and knocked. Three sharp knocks. They were immediately met by the deep voice of his father.

“Come in.”

The young man obeyed with the timidity of a child who has been granted new honours. At twenty years old, the decorated Vian Cabayol was the pride of the family, and to be received in his father's office was the ultimate reflection of this.

After two years of outstanding military service, he had been given his first posting: he had been sent to the front at Azomar. He felt both proud and afraid, knowing his greatest dream was about to come true.

Brimming with emotion, he stepped across the dark floor, onto the Maurabe carpet, and held back the urge to stand at attention. His father was behind his impeccably varnished cherry wood desk. Towering bookcases were crammed with leather-bound books. A globe sat on a small table and portraits of ancestors lined the walls along with reproductions of works by the Panimian masters. The summer sun crept in through the slats of the closed wooden shutters.

Sleeves rolled up, Duen Cabayol was just finishing signing some documents. Once the papers had all been signed, he put them in a leather folder embossed with four golden arrows and slid them rather haphazardly into the top drawer of his desk. Vian raised his eyes to the ceiling so as not to be caught by his father in any potentially overprying glances.

“Well, then. Are you ready for your despedida, son?”

Vian nodded.

“I have almost finished packing. All that's missing is my uniform, but it's in Agustina's capable hands.”

The young man swelled at the thought of the farewell party that had been organised in his honour, a party that happened to fall on the same night as the Festival of Sant Joan, where he hoped to head later with his brother Andrès after having fulfilled his family commitments.

Colin Cabayol rose from his armchair, walked around the cherry wood desk and placed a hand on his son's shoulder. With a heartfelt smile, he murmured in his ear:

“I have something for you.”

He walked over to an enormous cupboard by the fireplace and pulled out one of the smaller drawers near the top. He returned carrying a worn leather case. The young man stared at the object before daring to reach out for it.

“Go on, take it.”

He took the case and opened it. The young man's face lit up.

“Are you serious, Papa?”

—Yes!”

# The Machine



Philippe Marczewski was born in 1974. He lives and works in Liège, Belgium. He is the author of *Blues pour trois tombes et un fantôme* (*Blues for Three Graves and a Ghost*) (2019 Prix Rossel Finalist), published by Éditions Inculte.

# PHILIPPE — Un corps tropical MARCZEWSKI

Title: *Un corps tropical*  
(*A tropical body*)  
Author: Philippe Marczewski  
Publisher: © Inculte  
Genre: novel  
Format: 140 x 190 mm  
Number of pages: 400  
ISBN: 9782360841226

*In a northern town, an ordinary man unlocks an exotic imagined world by diving under the artificial waves of a tropical-themed water park swimming pool. Seduced by this humid and hot environment, he experiences a feeling of well-being like never before; the jacuzzi triggers a thirst for tropical climes and the feeling of escaping his dull and dreary life.*

*When he agrees to deliver a package to Madrid for a mysterious client, he ends up setting off, despite his best interests, in pursuit of an illusion of escapism that quickly spirals out of control - but had he ever been in control? Having never been much of a traveller, he finds himself straying further from home than ever before. He becomes helplessly caught up in a series of strange schemes and circumstances that send him on adventures beyond his wildest imagination. These adventures soon become unlike anything he has ever dreamed of, even in his worst nightmares.*



*Un corps tropical is the story of an honest modern man. Without ever losing his stubborn good nature, he discovers the other side to tourist fantasies, pre-packaged El Dorados and the false exoticism of travel brochures. This magnificent loser, flung unwillingly into the frenetic whirlwind of the world, experiences the brutal reality of the various kinds of conflict and trafficking that feed it.*

*An absurd, hilarious story that offers a shrewd commentary on the illusions created by our imaginations.*

I discovered the existence of the tropical park's wave pool one day when visiting a client in the town. It was the first time I had made this hour and a half-long journey, but the meeting barely lasted twenty minutes. It could hardly even be called a meeting, as my role consisted of simply handing the client some documents, unaware of their contents, and to have her sign the delivery slip, which really only took a short moment. The rest of the time was spent waiting for the client in a sort of waiting room with a window looking out onto the swimming pool of the tropical park, its red and yellow waterslides catching my eye, the only spots of colour on the landscape. After the client had signed the slip, I asked her about this see-through dome flanked by water slides. "It's the tropical park," she answered after a brief silence, without meeting my gaze, still scanning the slip she had just signed. "It's kind of obvious, isn't it?" she added with a hint of indignation at my question, making me aware of the fundamental difference between us - she who not once travelled to collect some documents, and I who had travelled an hour and a half to hand them to her in person and take her signature, I who had been forced to wait for her in the waiting room - and this difference in professional and social status had just been made clear by my interest in the tropical park swimming pool, a small detail of reality no doubt unworthy of her attention, perhaps even a repulsive intrusion in the visual environment of her workplace.

# A tropical body

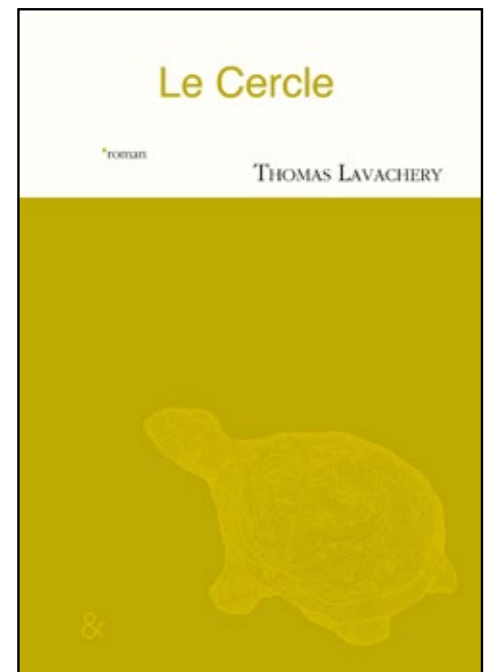


Thomas Lavachery is an iconic figure in the world of Belgian literature. Well-known for his YA novels, including the hit series *Bjorn le Morphir* published by l'Ecole des Loisirs, he is also an illustrator and documentary maker, with an interest in pretty much anything that can inspire his imagination and his writing, including archaeology, zoology and anthropology.

# THOMAS — Le Cercle LAVACHERY

Title: *Le Cercle (The Circle)*  
Author: Thomas Lavachery  
Publisher: © Esperluète  
Genre: novel  
Format: 140 x 200 mm  
Number of pages: 64  
ISBN: 978-2-35984-136-7

*This is the story of Henri Juel, a man who, at sixty years old, is blissfully starting all over again. After randomly placing his finger on a map, he moves to the village of Versol and adopts a new way of life. At the café, he meets a wonderfully depicted array of local characters: the landlady, the mayor, and, most importantly, three cynical men who discuss the unusually-shaped pebbles collected during their travels. Juel longs to join their inner circle and gets to work on his own remarkable stone collection. Captured by the writer's mischievous pen, he gets caught up in the game with the earnestness of a child. The illustrations that accompany the text, like the colour plates of a geology textbook, reflect this desire for a perfectly curated collection. Somewhere between fiction and a cabinet of curiosities, *Le cercle* is a real treasure trail. It invites the reader to open their eyes wide and, by the power of acute perception, transform the ordinary into the marvellous.*



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Now, at sixty years old, he had become the last of his six brothers. The youngest, the twins, had died on the same day, within one hour of each other, one from a pulmonary embolism, the other from peritonitis. A newspaper even wrote about this coincidence. He had lost his wife the year before, nine years after the death of Fernand, their only son, who had fallen on October 18 in Pont-Faverger. He was the last skittle standing, the last of the Juels, the last in a line of clerks and lawyers. Sat cross-legged on the little wall that bordered his garden, he gazed proudly upon his new residence. He had officially been the owner since 10 o'clock this morning. It was a traditional country house, formerly a cobbler's, a bit on the modest side and sound from its foundations to the tip of the roof. A date had carefully been engraved over the front door: 1814. What a funny idea to come here, with only a suitcase containing his clothes, books, a little gold and his title deeds. He rose cheerfully and set off once again on his promenade, which consisted of walking the length of the road, the only road in the village, and back again. Versol only had around thirty houses, including one bakery and a closed-down tavern. Juel had not told the local inhabitants of his reason for coming here, choosing to invent a rather vague version instead. How could one admit that chance, childish chance, had acted as arbiter? It was true, he enjoyed the landscape for its rugged beauty, its changes in atmosphere that came over it like mood swings. He had his reasons for choosing this region. The village, however, had been chosen in a playful manner far removed from Joel's usual habits, which were clearly undergoing some changes. He had bought a map, spread it out on the floor of his hotel room, closed his eyes and placed down his finger at random.

# The Circle





© Sylvère Petit

A philosopher and psychologist, Vinciane Despret has always asked questions of our relationship to animals in a number of internationally acclaimed works. She is also the curator of the exhibition *Being Animal* at the Cité des Sciences in Paris. This is her fourth work with Actes Sud after her highly acclaimed *Habiter en oiseau* (Mondes sauvages collection, 2019). For 2021, Vinciane Despret has been appointed “intellectual of the year” at the Centre Pompidou in Paris, where she will be organizing a series of events throughout the period including an octopus performance in November.

# VINCIANE — Autobiographie d'un DESPRET poulpe ou la commu- nauté des Ulysses

Title: *Autobiographie d'un poulpe ou la communauté des Ulysses* (Autobiography of an octopus or the community of the Ulysses)

Author: Vinciane Despret

Publisher: © Actes Sud

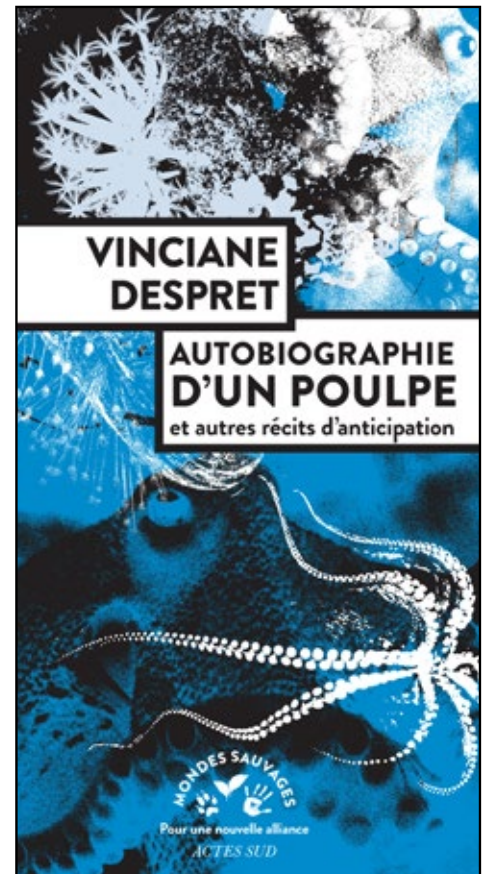
Genre: novel

Format: 115 x 217 mm

Number of pages: 160

ISBN: 978-2-330-14763-1

*Are you familiar with the vibratory poetry of spiders? Or the sacred architecture of Australian wombats? Or perhaps the ephemeral aphorisms of octopi? Welcome to “therolinguistics”, a discipline invented in the early 1970s by the science-fiction writer Ursula Le Guin, resuscitated here by Vinciane Despret for the pleasure of all. For indeed, animals do talk and they do have something to say, we simply have to learn how to listen and work out their codes in order to decipher their mysterious messages. Vinciane Despret takes a series of fascinating scientific debates and situates them in an indeterminate future then lets her imagination run wild. Inspired by recent scientific discoveries Vinciane Despret*



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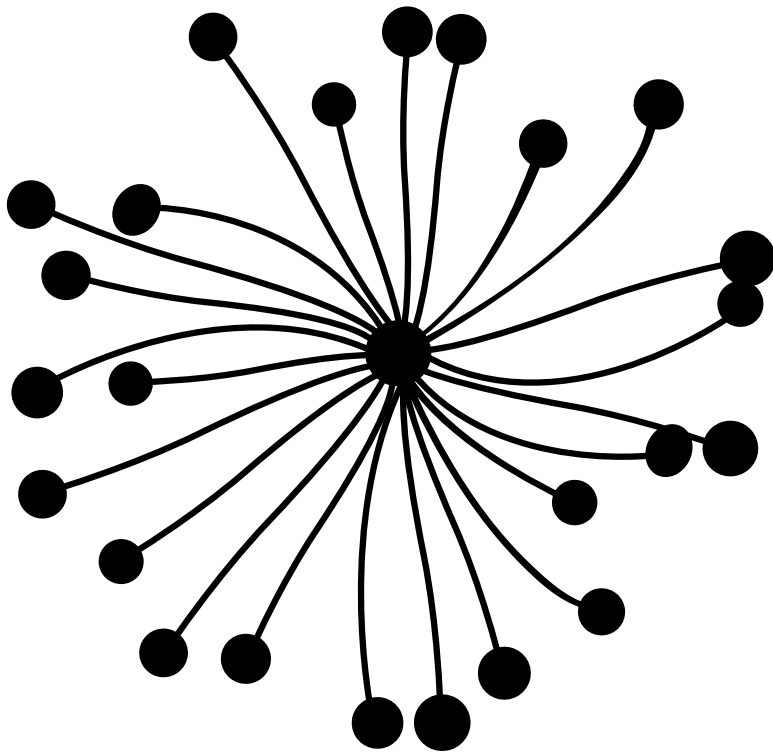
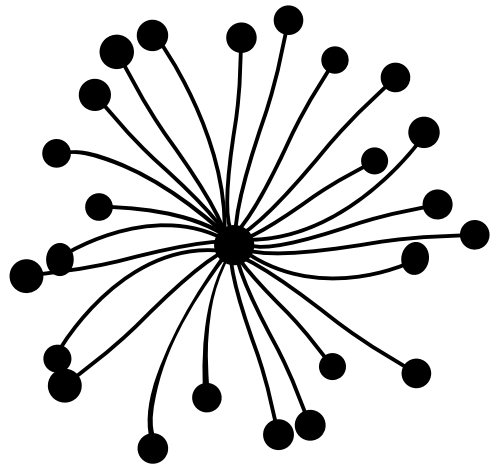
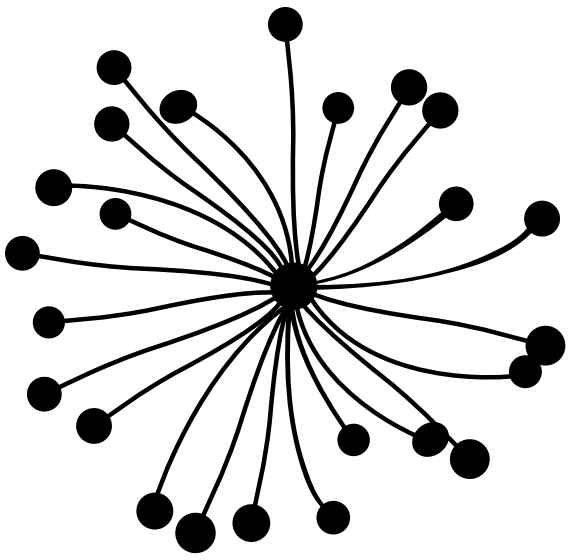
*imagines animal behaviors, whole life stories and perfectly feasible narratives, which who knows, might one day be proved right by future research.*

*She cleverly blurs the boundaries between scientific facts and poetic meanderings to create a fascinating alternative reality: what if indeed spiders are trying to send signals to us to stop the incessant white noise of the human machine? What if through their strange constructions of cubic feces, wombats are demonstrating a new form of all-inclusive cosmology for whoever might pass, visible or invisible, animal or human, thus offering us a formidable lesson in life and tolerance? And what if octopi, as early believers in metempsychosis, were frantic not to be able to guarantee the reincarnation of their souls due to overfishing and ocean pollution? Through this surprising thought experiment, Vinciane Despret shows a new salutary vision that opens up the path to different ways of being human on Earth.*

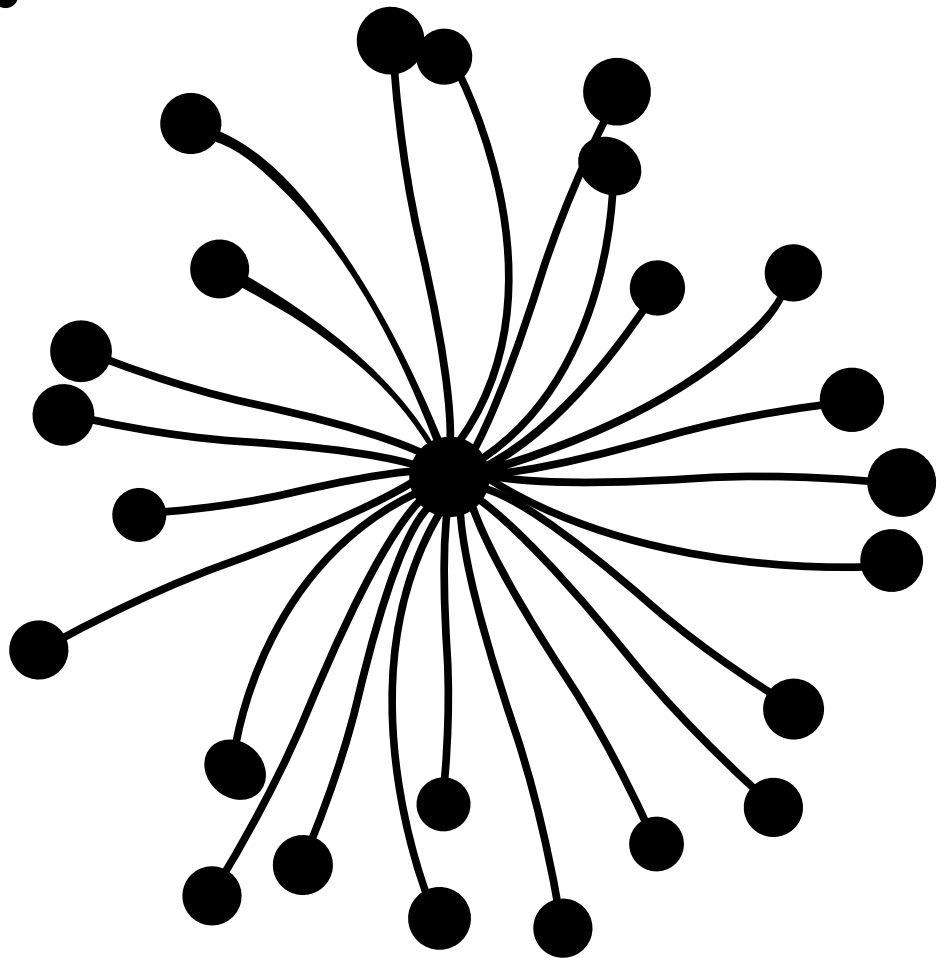
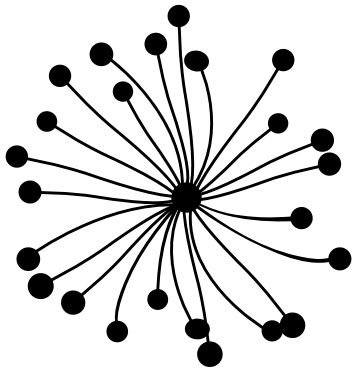
The Association of Therolinguistics was called upon some time ago by a group of fishermen working in the rocky inlets of Cassis. The fishermen had found fragments of text written in an unfamiliar language on old pieces of ceramic. The ink used had turned out to be that of the common octopus (and not cuttlefish as had been initially assumed due to the extremely delicate calligraphy). Genetic analysis revealed that these fragments were all written by a single author - which did not seem, at first, to be consistent with several variations found in the handwriting from one fragment to another. The Association had been tasked with the translation of these fragments. Upon initial analysis, it would appear to be a literary text that has been written, we believe, in the form of aphorisms, although this remains but a speculation - its fragmentary and therefore aphoristic nature could equally be the result of many missing pieces, lost or erased by time and tide.

It was the first time we had ever encountered an archive of this type; and even if it was indeed octopus ink, there was no proof that an octopus had been the author of these texts. Furthermore, if it were possible for writing to exist among octopuses, to our knowledge it must have always been, and deliberately so, an ephemeral art. Whether this took the form of ink used without a writing surface, by simply projecting it underwater, or perhaps through drawing colourful patterns on their skin by catching the light, creating the most temporary of tattoos, it seems that these creatures have always been careful not to leave any long-lasting traces. According to the fishermen who informed us, this was hardly surprising: the octopus is a master in the art of stealth, and perhaps even its inventor. They are constantly changing their shape and colour, and their use of space is no exception to this rule: the only habitual behaviour that can be recognised among octopuses, the fishermen say, is their tendency to break away from these habits. They never occupy the same den for longer than a few days and, when venturing away from the den, they always make sure to take a different path home from the way they came.

## Autobiography of an octopus or the community of the Ulysses



# Young readers





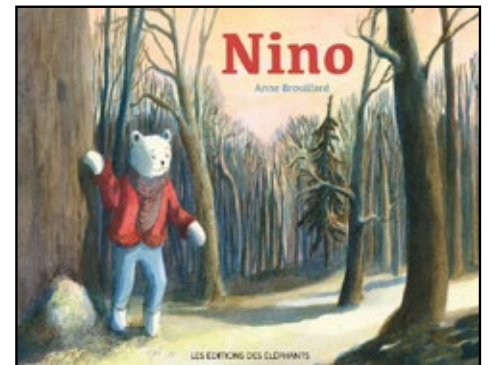
Born in Belgium in 1967, Anne Brouillard studied art in Brussels. With around sixty works to her name, she has established herself as the author of a unique, poetic universe and has published multi-award-winning books. She lives in Ostende, in Belgium. Anne Brouillard, Éditions des Éléphants: *Les Aventuriers du soir* (*The Night Adventurers*)

# ANNE ————— Nino BROUILLARD

Title: *Nino*  
Author: Anne Brouillard  
Publisher : © Editions des Elephants  
Genre: Young Readers  
Format: 22,5 x 17,5 cm  
Number of pages: 36  
ISBN: 978-2-37273-107-2

*No one saw Nino the teddy-bear fall from the buggy. No one apart from Rabbit, who happened to live close by. He helps Nino get back on his feet and invites him round for a cup of tea. Nino meets Squirrel, a pair of coal tits, and Fox, who show him around their beautiful, wild forest... But soon, night falls. Will Nino ever see Simon again, the little human who adopted him?*

*This illustrated book has all the charm we usually find in Anne Brouillard's stories: animals with human habits living in hollow trees or underground in their own miniature houses, the importance of nature, fear of the night - which reveals itself to be just as precious as the day - and where the imaginary meets the real.*





No one saw Nino fall.  
Simon was fast asleep.

Personne n'a vu Nino tomber. Simon dormait.

# Nino



Mum and Dad were looking up at the trees.  
Really?

Papa et Maman regardaient les arbres. Personne, vraiment ?

« Bonjour, dit Lapin. Tu t'es fait mal ? »  
« Non, répond Nino, le sol est tout moelleux. »



“Hello,” said Rabbit. “Are you hurt?”  
“No,” replied Nino, “the ground is very soft.”  
Rabbit invites Nino to his house for a cup of tea.  
Rabbit has a big family, but everyone is asleep  
at this time of night.

Lapin invite Nino à prendre le thé chez lui.  
Lapin a une grande famille mais,  
à cette heure-ci, tout le monde dort.





The author Charlotte Bellière was born in 1981 and works as a teacher in Brussels. Her belief is that the secret to a great story lies in its simplicity. She loves writing about the extraordinary adventures of ordinary characters. And yes, these characters are brought to life by some beautiful drawings...

The illustrator Ian De Haes is one of publisher Alice Jeunesse's star illustrators. With a degree in computer graphics and illustration, he has lived in Brussels for several years. After spending some time working in a children's bookshop, he became a full-time illustrator in 2017.

# CHARLOTTE BELLIÈRE & IAN DE HAES

## Et toi, la famille ?

Title: *Et toi, la famille? (And What About Your family?)*  
Author: Charlotte Bellière  
& Ian De Haes  
Publisher : © Alice Jeunesse  
Genre: Young Readers  
Format: 21 x 27 cm  
Number of pages: 48  
ISBN: 978-2-87426-453-5

*In the playground, some children are getting ready to play a game that everybody knows: Mum and Dad. The thing is, not everyone has a Mum and a Dad... So, while discussing their respective family situations, the children change the rules of this age-old game to fit their era and points of reference.*

- A specific universal situation that works as a common starting point for all children;
- Children discuss their family experiences and point out the advantages and disadvantages of all these situations;
- A double-page spread picture book where children's chalk scribbles are juxtaposed with family portraits full of poetry and heart





# And What About Your family?





Marie Colot was born in Belgium in 1981. After training as a teacher, she published her first novel in 2012 with Alice Jeunesse. Since then, she has written several YA novels (*Deux secondes en moins* (*Two Seconds or Less*), Magnard Jeunesse, and books for younger readers (*Le jour des premières fois* (“The Day of Firsts”) series, Alice Jeunesse).

MARIE  
COLOT

Eden,  
fille de personne

Title: *Eden, fille de personne* (*Eden, daughter of nobody*)  
Author: Marie Colot  
Publisher : © Actes Sud junior  
Genre: Young Readers  
Format: 13,5 x 21,5 cm  
Number of pages: 256  
ISBN: 978 2 330 153250

*When you have been adopted and rejected for the umpteenth time, when you hide such a terrible secret you feel like a monster, how can you possibly think about the future? Eden is a girl with no family, a belly full of rage and a remarkable grit.*

*At almost sixteen years old, Eden has already had four different last names, three foster homes, and lived in two states, from Salt Lake City to Page in Arizona. A bunch of lives for the price of one. Each one even more of a failure than the last. Since her last family abandoned her, Eden has been keeping a dark secret that prevents her from imagining a brighter future.*





*Despite her attempts to claim her freedom, her tutor forces her to register with a new adoption agency.*

*She is forced to endure once again the circus of child catalogues, pageants, and speed-dating-type events where she must sell herself to bag a new set of parents.*

*Eden then crosses paths with a mysterious, handsome boy in a hoodie, a collector of stones, dozens of cats and dogs, a track runner who asks strange questions and a kind old couple happy to take her in.*

- A novel inspired by a real-life phenomenon, the American private “re-homing” market, the “unwanted kids” constantly abandoned and resold using various marketing strategies: catalogues, children’s pageants, speed-dating or little ads placed online.
- A touching portrait of a character with a turbulent past, tough on the outside but soft on the inside, just trying to find her place in the world.

## Eden, daughter of nobody

Some babies don’t cry when they’re born. They scream. They let out all their pain before finding the warm skin of their mother. I have never touched such skin. A stranger gave me life and a first name before leaving me in my crib on the roadside like a dog.

Now, at almost sixteen, I have had four family names, lived in three foster homes and in two states, all the way from Salt Lake City to Page. A bunch of lives for the price of one\*. Each one even more of a failure than the last. The one I was living for the last two years had been the worst. It was my own fault. When Ann and Blake left town, they ditched me at *The Moorage*, a children’s shelter in an old residential area full of swing sets that only drew attention to our loneliness. In this huge house, everything stank of misery.

Myself included. Only Clyde kept his chin up, never one to complain. For as long as I had known him, his eyes had never betrayed the slightest hint of darkness. My best friend had chosen hope. He never talked about his past or his family.

“I have nothing to say about those bastards.” He lived in the present, as if he had nothing left to lose but his time. He was a hungry guy with an appetite that couldn’t be tamed, a guy who couldn’t stay still and who would run impressive distances in his track training. After his half-marathons, he would read *Born to Run* in his room, which he shared with three other boys.

When the girls of my dormitory started getting on my nerves, I would cross the corridor to go and hang out with him on his bed. Back propped up against the pillow, his magazines on his knees, Clyde would give me a painstakingly detailed run-down of the achievements of athletes I couldn’t care less about.

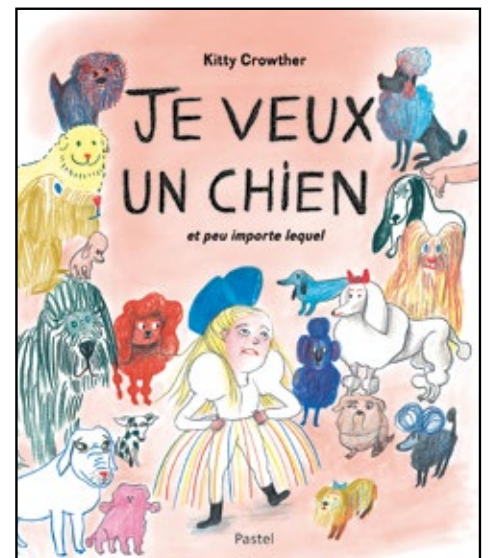


Kitty Crowther was born in Brussels in Belgium, from a Swedish mother and a British father. Because she's hearing-impaired, Kitty has always been captivated by images, signs and the hidden meaning of things. Since 1994, she's devoted herself to children's books. In 2010 she received the prestigious Astrid Lindgren Memorial Award (ALMA).

# KITTY CROWTHER ————— Je veux un chien et peu importe lequel

Title: *Je veux un chien et peu importe lequel*  
(*I want a Dog, any Dog*)  
Author: Kitty Crowther  
Publisher : © Pastel - Ecole des Loisirs  
Genre: Young Readers  
Format: 215 x 260 mm  
Number of pages: 56  
ISBN: 9782211307017  
English translation © 2021  
Kitty Crowther & Sam McCullen

*Miss Millie hates: one, waking up early in the morning, two, going to school. But she loves one thing: dogs. She wants a dog, any dog! Day after day, she asks her mom and, one morning, surprise! Her mom answers with a big "YES!!!". Once at the shelter, which one should she choose? What should she call it? If only dogs could speak!*





“A BIG dog! Strong like Daddy to protect me. His name would be Albert, just like Daddy!”  
“No.”

“A dog with long hair, just like yours. He would be as sweet and as adorable as you are. We’d call him Dior.”  
“You’re silly,” laughs Mummy.

# I Want a Dog, any Dog



“Or a teeny-tiny little dog, so cute that you would never be able to say no.”  
“No.” Mummy closes her newspaper.

“Chop-chop! Off to school you go!” says Mummy, tugging Millie along.  
“You’re my little Millie dog! Come on, follow me!”  
“Hilarious,” mumbles Millie.



“Yes, Millie, I think this is the right place,” says Mummy.

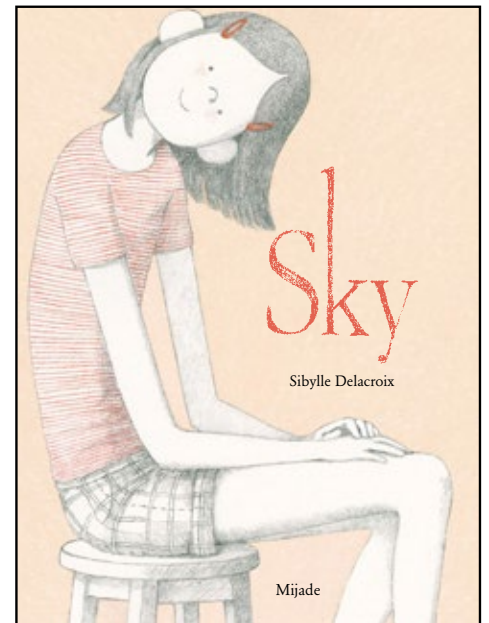


Sibylle Delacroix was born in Brussels in 1974. After a rather unremarkable childhood enlivened by the stories she read in books and a very musical adolescence, Delacroix graduated from the ERG (School of Graphic Research, Brussels) with honours. Her final year project, an illustration of Charles Perrault's *Bluebeard* in acrylics, was published by Casterman in 2000. She continued to work with Casterman, publishing 3 more interpretations of classic tales and providing illustrations for several children's novels. During these years, she also worked as a graphic designer for several Brussels-based communications firms. In 2007, Sibylle Delacroix moved to the Southwest of France to pursue her work as an illustrator. For the last few years, she has been focusing on her favourite medium, pencil, using a limited palette 2 or 3 colours. She also works for the publishing houses Mijade and Kaléidoscope.

# SIBYLLE — Ma grande DELACROIX

Title: *Ma grande (Sky)*  
Author: Sibylle Delacroix  
Publisher : © Mijade  
Genre: Young Readers  
Format: 32 x 24 cm  
Number of pages: 32  
ISBN: 9782807701168  
English translation © 2021  
Jane Singleton Paul

*Elise is tall. Very tall.  
Too tall to play with dolls.  
So tall that she often has her  
head in the clouds.  
She would very much like for  
people to realize  
she is still a little girl.*

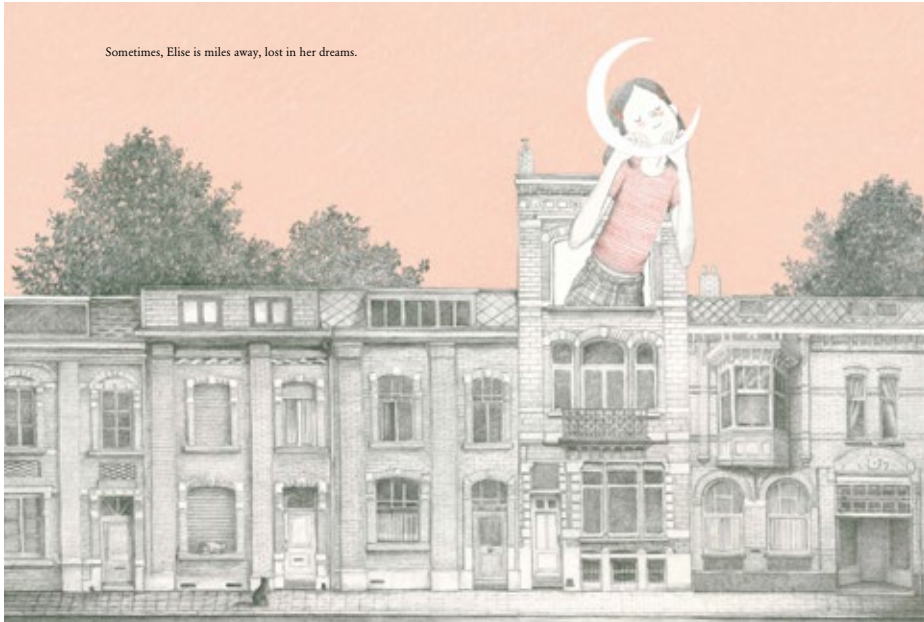




Elise often has her head in the clouds.



Sometimes, Elise is miles away, lost in her dreams.



# Sky

That for once, just once,  
someone would call her "my little one".  
Just to see how it feels.



So she folds in half, doubles over,  
and leans over backwards.  
Sometimes, she even completely bends over backwards.



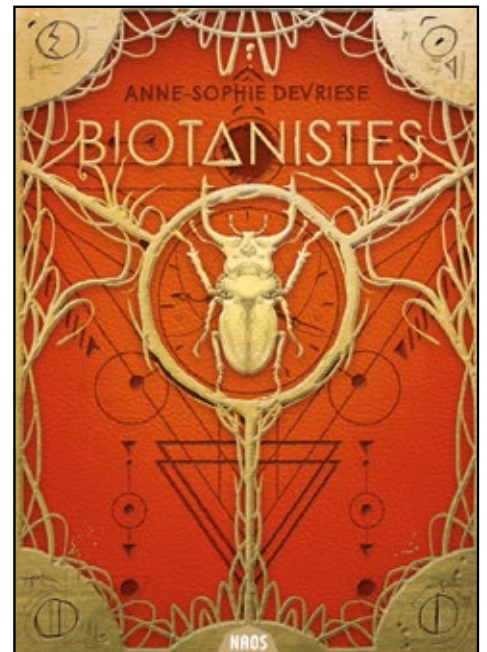


Anne-Sophie Devriese was born in March 1981, between a cow and an apple tree, no instructions provided. Her rebellious spirit found its path in a foundation course in literature. Her imagination already bursting with ideas, she developed a preference for modern literature and travelled to Spain to write her dissertation on ogres and giants in folk tales. After a brief time spent in Jersey, she left for a weekend in Belgium... And never came back. This was where she married her prince charming. They live happily together in a house full of hallways and doors where their four little dwarves make a glorious mess. When she has a moment to herself, Anne-Sophie writes stories that explore the contemporary issues closest to her heart through fiction.

# ANNE- SOPHIE ——— Biotanistes DEVRIESE

Title: *Biotanistes (Biotanists)*  
Author: Anne-Sophie Devriese  
Publisher : © ActusF  
Genre: Young Readers  
Format: 21,1 x 15,1 cm  
Number of pages: 592  
ISBN: 978-2-37686-349-6

*Somewhere in the future. The earth is dry. Only small clusters of humans survive in the last oases. No more rivers, no more animals, and no more... Male domination. As they seem to be the only ones to have survived a disease that wiped out most of humanity, women hold the power and men occupy the role of breeders. Rim, a young witch raised in the convent, is looking forward to her first time-leap with anticipation and excitement: what if she doesn't land in the purpose zone and is forced to give up time travel forever? And who is Alex, this disruptive newcomer who pushes her to question her beliefs? And what if... What if men could actually survive the plague?*



A novel that tackles modern-day themes: feminism, ecology, societal organisations. It also includes the classic themes you would expect of the genre: growing up, finding your own truth, finding yourself, building your values and fighting for them. Rich world-building: a mix of post-apocalyptic, witchcraft and steampunk, *Biotanistes* blends it all together with the plot of an adventure novel. The book also offers more mature characters: *Biotanistes* is not only a book for teenagers, but also deals with more complex and serious themes: mourning the loss of a child or a relationship, death, remorse.

Somewhere downwind, a farm had gone up in flames. The stench tormented Ulysse, grimacing under the headscarf that offered him protection from the sand swept up by the winds. From high up on his saddle, he saw the arid landscape flicker below. The hawker put a hand to his visor to get a better view. Under the rippling waves of heat, the cracked earth stretched for miles into the distance, a chequerboard only punctuated by a sparse scattering of bushes. A fresh gust of wind whipped up tufts of grass and the smell of fire into the air. The plague had struck again.

Ulysses adjusted the large hood that sheltered him from the heat and clicked his tongue.

“We’d better get a move on, Merlin, old pal. If my nose doesn’t mistake me, we’re almost there.”

The donkey huffed and puffed as the wagon rattled along, straight over the remains of the fire.

*Had the sisters already sent in help?* As he always tended to do when pondering something, Ulysses raised a hand to the moustache hidden under the folds of his headscarf and wetted his cracked lips with the tip of his tongue. He was thirsty, but his supply was running so low that he could only afford himself a single gulp. The donkey drank first. He would have to make a stop at the farm. *I just need to find enough to keep me going... If the wind catcher has burned down, the water tank might be dry.*

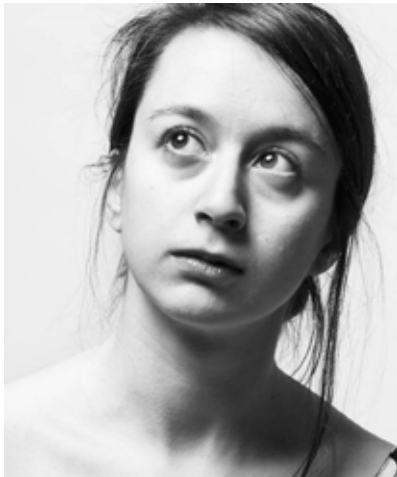
“Now I’ve really got myself in a mess.”

At least the fire indicated that the mistresses of the neighbouring farms had already come to burn the buildings and the dead.

The ruins were shrouded in a greyish twilight by the time he finally reached the buildings. The sharp smell of smoke cut through the fabric and prickled the back of his throat. Keeping his wits about him, he picked his way through the rubble. Although some houses were still burning, the area seemed to be deserted. The vultures would only come after nightfall. There was no sign of the neighbours, either. He let out an exasperated sigh. It was still up to the convent matriarch to call on her huntresses to rescue any survivors.

*At what point had the plague broken out here?*

# Biotanistes



Sara Gréselle is a French illustrator living in Brussels. She studied applied arts at the ENSAAMA in Paris before attending the LASSAAD International School of Movement Theatre in Brussels. For Gréselle, theatre and drawing were a match made in heaven.

Her first illustrated book, *Princesse Bryone* (*Princess Bryone*), was published in 2019 by Esperluète, written by Ludovic Flamant. That same year, she was awarded the FWB's "Discovery" grant (Bourse Découverte) for her illustrations in *Bastien, ours de la nuit*, written by Ludovic Flamant and published by Versant Sud.

# SARA GRÉSELLE — Bastien, & LUDOVIC ours de la nuit FLAMANT

Title: *Bastien, ours de la nuit*  
(*Bastien the Night Bear*)  
Author: Sara Gréselle /  
Ludovic Flamant  
Publisher: © 2020 Éditions  
Versant Sud Jeunesse  
Genre: Young Readers  
Format: 24 x 18 cm  
Number of pages: 48  
ISBN: 978-2-930938-27-1

*It's wintertime in the city. Sébastien is homeless and is getting ready to spend the night outside. He makes himself a cardboard shelter. As he falls asleep, a form rises from his body: it's Bastien the bear. This bear is Sébastien's dream, his body heat, out for a midnight stroll. Off on his jaunt, in search of food, the bear meets a string of characters: an old lady and her dogs, a violinist... Bastien dreams of days gone by, when cities were nothing but forests. He returns to Sébastien and covers him with his warm body. A subtle and honest tale, which looks at the lives of the marginalised in a new light. Bordering on magical realism and far from sanctimonious, the book gives pride of place to its characters and the world of dreams.*







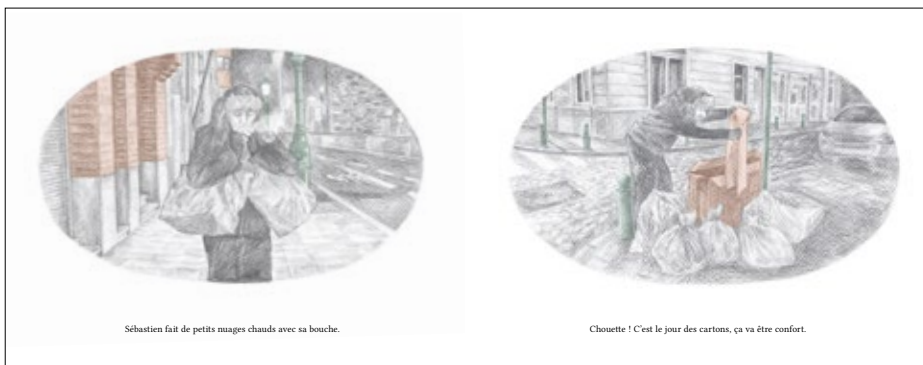
© Lucie Flamant

Ludovic Flamant was born in 1978 in Namur (Belgium). He was awarded the Belgian International Young Writers' Prize in 1995 and 1996, followed by his first play in 2002 and his first adult fiction novel in 2003. He published his first children's book in 2005 with Pastel and has worked as a children's author ever since, with some twenty books to his credit, working with publishers such as Pastel - L'école des loisirs, Thierry Magnier, Les fourmis rouges, Bayard, and Esperluète and with a variety of illustrators including Pascal Lemaître, Louis Joos, Emmanuelle Houdart, Jean-Luc Englebert, Émilie Seron, Delphine Perret and Émile Jadoul. As well as doing children's book readings at the library, he is also currently working on several theatre and film projects.



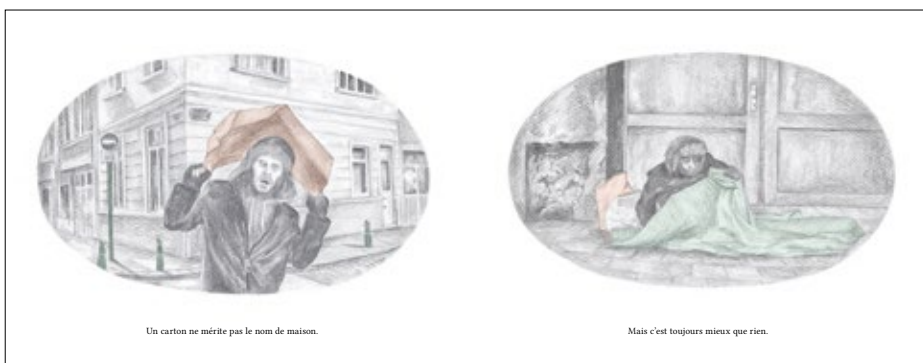
The city is covered in frost

## Bastien the Night Bear



Sébastien makes hot little clouds with his mouth.

Great! It's cardboard day, I'll be nice and comfy.



You can't call a piece of cardboard a home.

But it's better than nothing.



© T. Bellacene

ANNE Herbauts was born in Uccle in Belgium in 1976. A graduate of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts of Brussels, multi-award winner and internationally renowned, she is the author of more than fifty works published by Casterman, Esperluète, Pastel, Ecole des Loisirs among others. Her work concerns mainly children's books and graphic books but she sometimes experiments with other narrative media such as short films (video and animated films). She received in 2021 the triennial literary prize of the Wallonia-Brussels federation and in 2022 the Libbylit prize for her work *Quand Hadda reviendra-t-elle ?*

# ANNE HERBAUTS ————— Quand Hadda reviendra-t-elle?

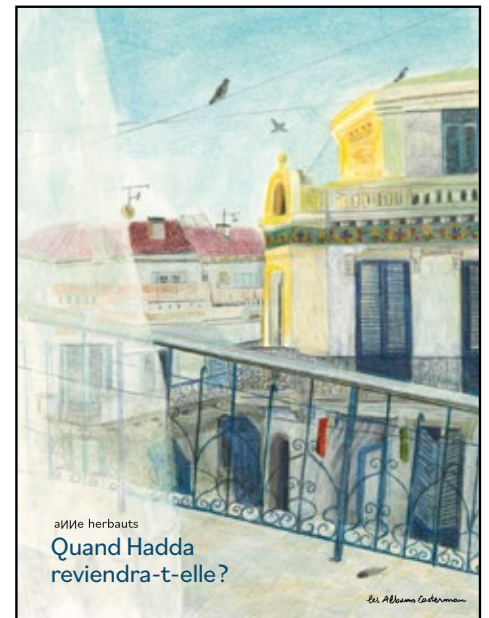
Title: *Quand Hadda reviendra-t-elle? (When Will Hadda Come Home?)*  
Author: Anne Herbauts  
Publisher : © Casterman  
Genre: Young Readers  
Format: 220 x 293 mm  
Number of pages: 32  
ISBN : 9782203222687

*The new illustrated book by Anne Herbauts celebrates the strength and memories that connect us to the people we love.*

*Beautiful hand-painted illustrations that take us on a tour of a house chock-full of memories.*

*A text that sensitively deals with themes of absence and loss.*

*A truly moving book for younger and older readers alike.*



Quand Hadda reviendra-t-elle ?

Mais je suis là, bonhomme  
Écoute, tu as mon pays tout entier



When will Hadda come home?

But I'm right here, young man  
Listen, you have my whole  
country

Quand Hadda reviendra-t-elle ?

Mais je suis là, mon chéri.  
Sens, tu as mon soleil



# When Will Hadda Come Home?

When will Hadda come home?

But I'm right here, my dear  
You can feel it, you have my sun

Quand Hadda reviendra-t-elle ?

Mais je suis là, mon étoile  
Regarde, tu as ma volonté

When will Hadda come home?

I'm right here, my little star  
Look, you have my ambition







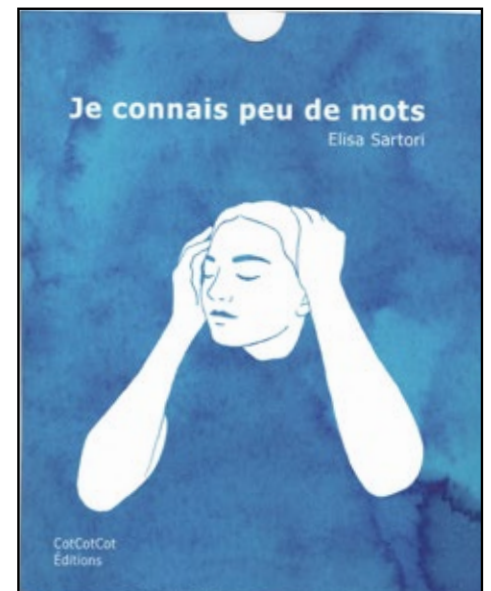
Elisa Sartori was born in 1990 in Cremona, a small city in Northern Italy. She studied multimedia arts at the Academy of Fine Arts in Venice before moving to Belgium to study illustration at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts of Brussels under Anne Quévy. Since obtaining her master's degree in education, she has been working as an art teacher in secondary schools. Since 2015, Elisa Sartori has also been pursuing a career in street art as part of the 10e Arte collective (10emearte.be). She received in 2021 the literary prize of the Wallonia-Brussels Federation for *First work*.

# ELISA SARTORI ————— Je connais peu de mots

Title: *Je connais peu de mots (I know few words)*  
Author: Elisa Sartori  
Publisher : © CotCotCot éditions  
Genre: Young Readers  
Format: 105 x 148 mm  
Number of pages: 16  
ISBN 978-2-930941-28-8

*Elisa Sartori questions our relationship with language and the act of learning a foreign language.*

*How do you make it your own? And what if investing in a new language was about much more than simply learning grammar?*





je connais peu de mots

I know few words

mes phrases ne sont pas justes

my sentences are all wrong



je fais trop d'erreurs

I make too many mistakes



il y a tellement de règles

there are so many rules



I know  
few words



© Lou Verschueren

Victoire De Changy was born in 1988 in Brussels, where she still lives and works as a poet.

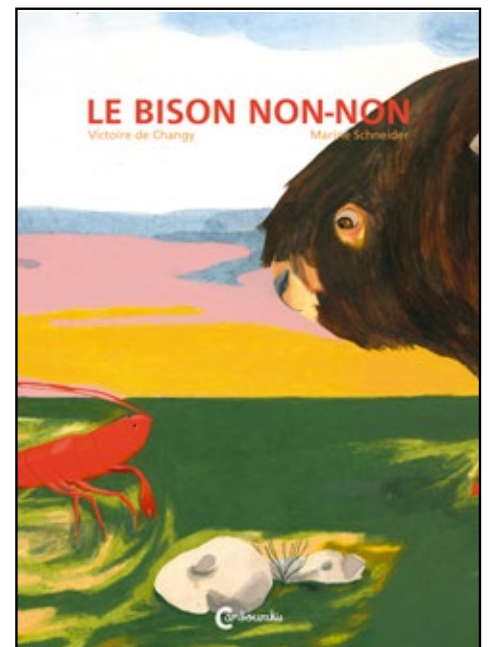
She has published two books: *Une dose de douleur nécessaire* (*A Necessary Dose of Pain*, Autrement, 2017), finalist for the Rossel Prize, and *l'île longue* (*The Long Island*, Autrement, 2018). Following their recent work on *l'Ours Kintsugi* (*Kintsugi the Bear*), Victoire De Changy and Marine Schneider have teamed up again for this book.

# VICTOIRE DE CHANGY & MARINE SCHNEIDER

## Le bison non-non

Title: *Le bison non-non*  
(*No-no the bison*)  
Author: Victoire De Changy  
& Marine Schneider  
Publisher: © Éditions  
Cambourakis  
Genre: Young Readers  
Format: 240 mm x 330 mm  
Number of pages: 40  
ISBN: 9782366245868

*When No-no the bison was born into this autumnal world of yellows, oranges and browns, it was clear he wasn't like the other little bison. He was born so hairy that you couldn't see his mouth or nose, only two round eyes peeping out! So, his parents think about what name to give the baby bison, and as they consider all the possibilities such as Tyson, Wilson or even Biscuit, they only answer comes from those eyes which seem to say "no, no!" In the end, everyone agrees that the bison's name should be No-no. The little bison grows up and everyone continues to take his gaze for a "no": no to pinecones, no to chestnuts, no to snow-covered grass, no to games. It all seems so extreme, we can't help but wonder: if he could talk, would he still say "no" to everything? An unfortunate encounter with a little lobster - and his pincers - will be sure to answer our question.*



Website: [www.cambourakis.com](http://www.cambourakis.com)  
Contact: [melissa@cambourakis.com](mailto:melissa@cambourakis.com)



© La Kabane

Marine Schneider was born in Brussels in 1991. She studied illustration at LUCA School of Arts in Gand (Belgium) and at the Bergen Academy of Art and Design (Norway). After starting her career as an illustrator in Norway, she moved into the world of children’s literature and has since published a number of books with various publishers (Albin Michel, Versant Sud and Cambourakis). With Cambourakis, she has published *L’Ours Kintsugi* (2019) and the series of board books *Petit ours* (Little Bear, 2020).



Quand le bison nouveau est arrivé sur la terre,  
la terre jaune, orange et marron d'une forêt d'automne,  
la terre humide et feuillue,  
douce et moelleuse,  
comme un petit matelas  
qui rebondit sous nos pas,  
quand le bison non non est arrivé sur la terre, donc,  
ses parents ont cherché comment l'appeler ;  
le nom qu'on donne à un bébé bison,  
un mot qui sonne,  
et qui résonne.



The day that No-no the bison is born,  
into the yellow, orange and brown world  
of the autumn forest,  
the moist and leafy ground,  
cushiony soft,  
like a little bed  
that bounces back up wherever we tread  
the day that No-no the bison is born  
his parents exclaim, “we must think of a name!”  
a name they could maybe give a bison baby  
a word that sings,  
a word that rings.

# No no the bison

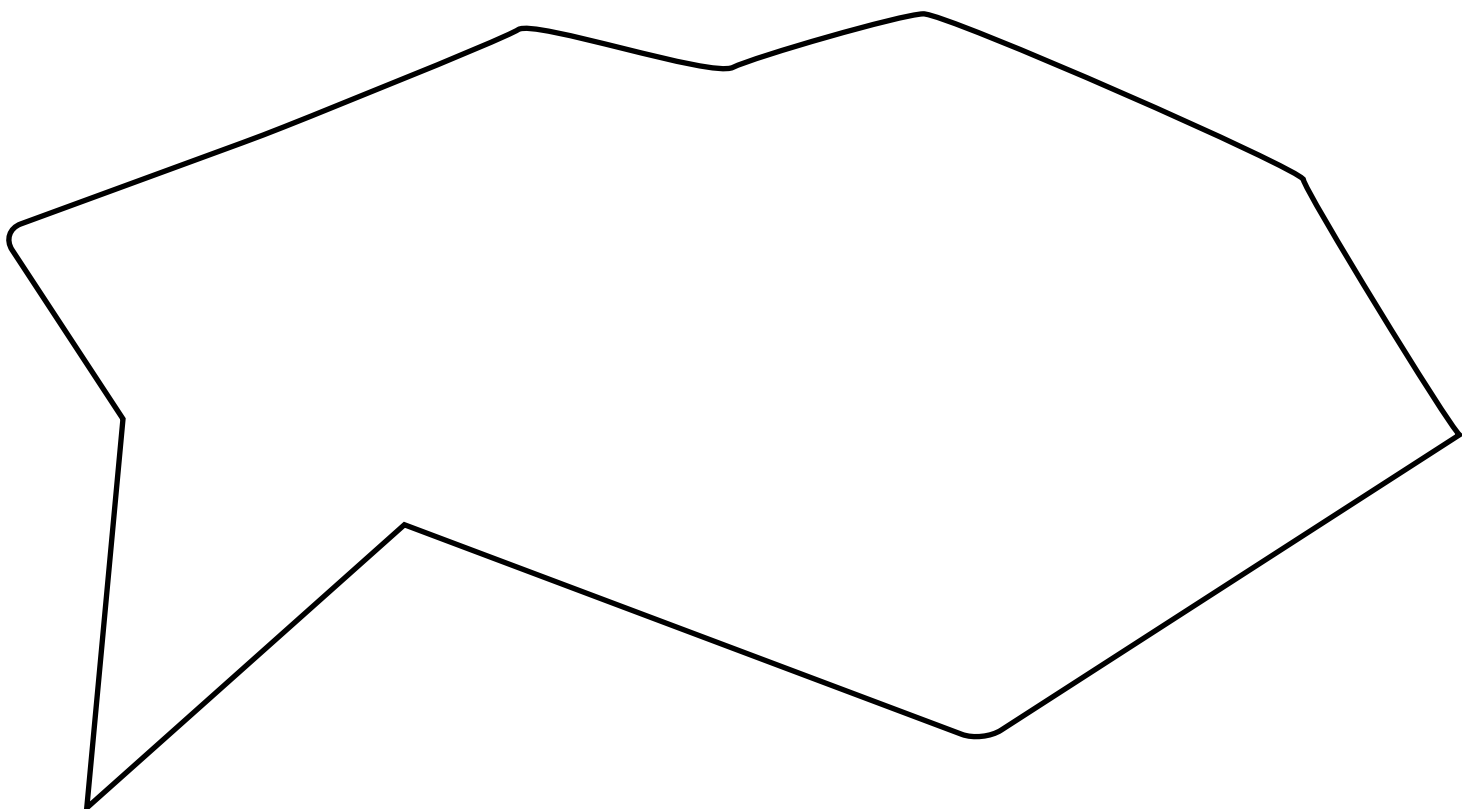
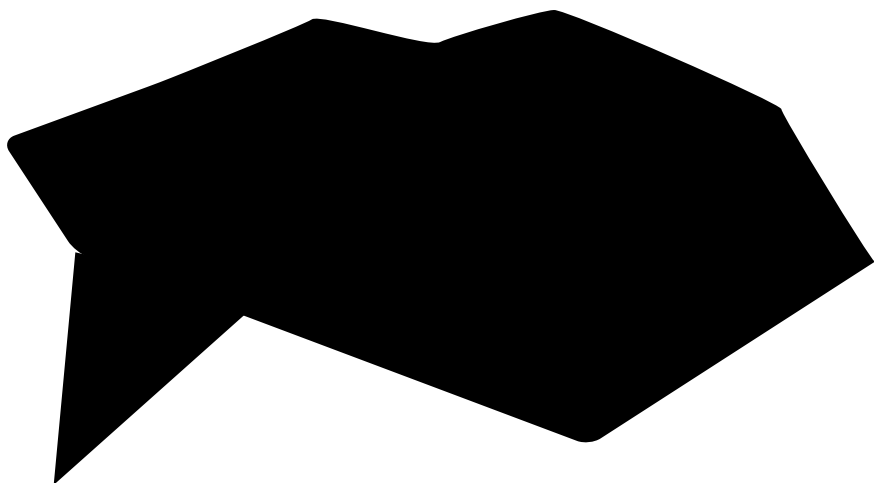


Le mot pour le petit du lapin, c'est le liouretteau.  
Le mot pour le petit du paon, c'est le paonneau.  
Le mot pour le petit du blaireau, c'est le blaireoutin.  
Le mot pour le petit de la tortue, c'est le tortillon.  
Mais non,  
rien de rien non !  
pour les petits bisons.

Le bison non non est né avec une particularité,  
c'est à dire quelque chose de rare, une qualité  
que n'ont pas tous les bisons, non !  
Le bison non non est né vraiment très poilu,  
tellement poilu, d'allure,  
que sur le visage du bison,  
on n'aperçoit ni bouche, ni nez, non !  
Sur le visage du bison,  
on ne peut voir  
que deux yeux tout ronds.

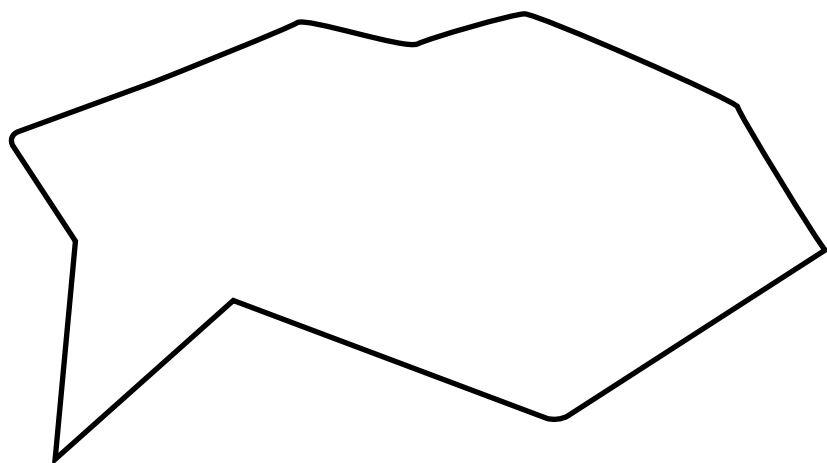
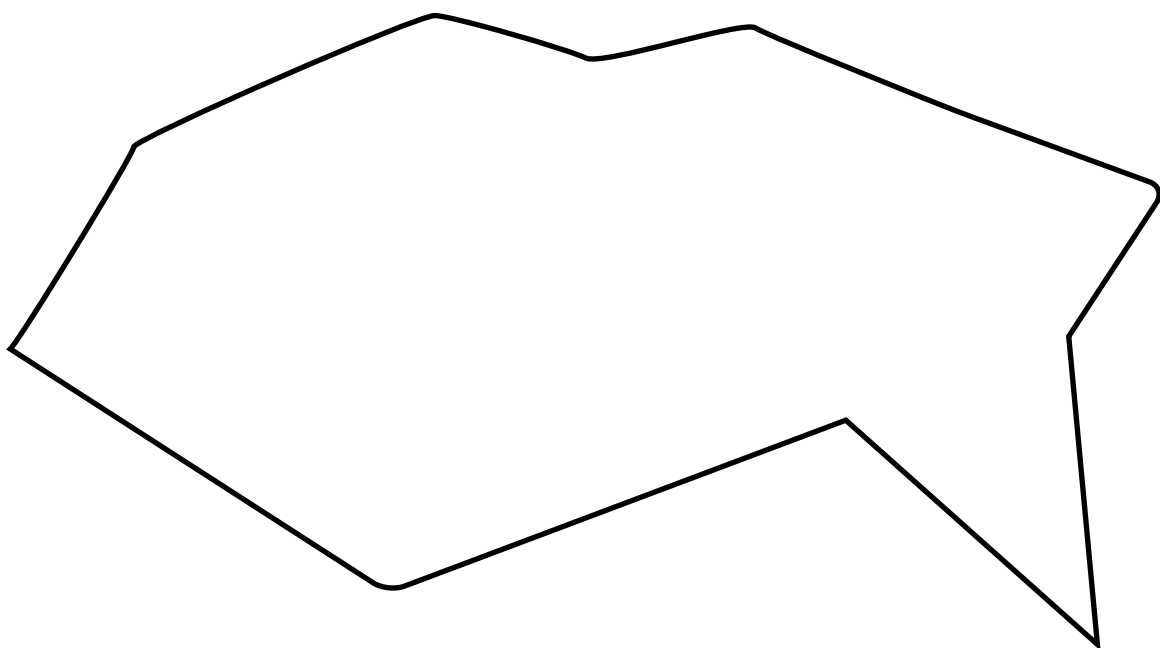
The word for a baby wolf is a pup.  
The word for a baby peacock is a peachick.  
The word for a baby badger is a cub.  
The word for a baby turtle is a hatchling.  
But there is no word,  
not one! –  
for the baby bison.

No-no the bison was born with a unique trait  
a rare little feature, hard to imitate  
that not every bison possesses, it’s true!  
No-no the bison was born very hairy  
so hairy, in fact  
that on the bison’s face  
there was not a mouth to be seen nor a nose, not a trace!  
On the bison’s face  
there only lies  
a staring pair of big round eyes.





# Comics





Born in Brussels in 1984, Mathieu Burniat was drawn to graphic arts from a very young age. As a teenager, he participated in the animated film collective Zorobabel. In 2007, he obtained his degree in industrial design from the École Nationale Supérieure des Arts Visuels de la Cambre. He worked for two years as a designer for the company Chacon, a role in which he made several trips to China to meet local industry representatives. He collected many images and memories from these trips, using them as inspiration for his drawings in *Shrimp* (Dargaud), his first comic book. Since then, Mathieu has published *La Passion de Dodin-Bouffant* (*The Passion of Dodin-Bouffant*, Dargaud, 2016) and, alongside Thibault Damour, a fascinating work entitled... *Mysteries of the Quantum Universe* (Dargaud, 2016). In 2016, he worked with Benoist Simmat on *Les Illustres de la table* (*Masters of the Table*).

# MATHIEU — Sous terre BURNIAT

Title: Sous terre  
(Underground)  
Author: Mathieu Burniat  
Publisher: © Dargaud  
Genre: BD  
Format: 200 x 268 mm  
Number of pages: 182  
ISBN: 9782205088250

*After Mysteries of the Quantum Universe, a funny and captivating docu-fiction on the earth that gives us life, informed by the scientific knowledge of Marc-André Selosse.*

*After thousands of years of rule, the god of the Underworld decides to pass the torch.*

*His goal: to make everyone on the surface aware of the importance and true value of the earth under our feet.*

*But Hades wasn't born yesterday: he won't leave the keys to the kingdom to just anyone! Possible candidates Suzanne and Tom go head-to-head in this battle of wits*

*which involves a series of enlightening but deadly challenges.*

*Only one will emerge victorious: he or she who is able to look beyond prejudice and understand the true nature of this invisible world...*



Do you ever dream of being immortal? Of possessing countless riches and being the master of a realm even more vast than the five continents? Hades, God of the Underworld, is seeking a replacement. Please head to Door 23 of the World of the Dead.

# Underground



- I'm here about the job listing
- Your name
- Um, Suzanne
- Do you have children?
- No, no?
- A family you would regret leaving behind if your destiny became one with that of the Underworld?
- Put this on. First door on your right.



Born in Liège in 1965, Clarke was brought up surrounded by comics, with two parents trained in fine arts and Pierre Seron as his uncle, the author of the famous comic series *Petits Hommes*. As a result, Clarke's decision to pursue an artistic career came quite naturally. After completing his studies, Clarke spent some time working in fashion illustration before being employed at Spirou in 1990 and going on to have his biggest success with the story of a young witch called *Mélusine*, written by Gilson. After *Nocturnes*, published in the prestigious collection *Signé, Les Étiquettes*, an autobiographical illustrated book published by Glénat, and the spooky and unusual tales of *Réalités Obliques*, he worked on some ambitious projects such as *Dilemma*, *Les Danois* and *AKKAD*. His latest work is the teenage-adult series *Urbex*.

# CLARKE & VINCENT — Urbex, DUGOMIER Villa Pandora

Title: *Urbex - VILLA PANDORA*  
Author: Clarke / Vincent Dugomier  
Publisher: © Éditions du Lombard (Dargaud Lombard sa ) 2021  
Genre: BD  
Format: 222 X 295 mm  
Number of pages: 56  
ISBN: 9782803677009

*During just another evening of urban exploration, their favourite hobby, Julie and Alex cross the threshold of Villa Pandora. They have no idea that this innocent exploration will change their lives and turn their world upside down. First, the space around them changes: the old mansion seem to go on forever. Then time: terrifying ghosts watch over them and hunt them down. Luckily for them, the abandoned house seems to have taken on some extraordinary physical characteristics which allow them to escape. Or so they think... They are yet to find out that their reality has been tainted by the supernatural, and that from now on, all their night-time expeditions will be filled with strange and cryptic visions. To get themselves out of this mess, they must head deep into the shadowy depths of Villa Pandora... And decipher the revelations that lie within.*









- Whoah!
- Check this out!
- Awesome!
- Take some photos!
- It's crazy that an old dump like this has never been visited!
- Old dump?
- This is all classic art nouveau!
- If only my mum could see this...
- Unbelievable! We've had this crazy find, we're going to be Urbex superstars and you're thinking about your mummy dearest!
- Yeah, yeah. I only said it 'cos she's always yapping on about art nouveau...
- ?
- There's someone in that room!
- Why is the light on?
- What should we do? Should we just get out quietly? We'd better, don't you think?
- Wait!!
- We're freaking out over nothing!
- It's just the streetlight lighting up the room from across the street!
- We got spooked like two little kids!
- I nearly lost it, man.
- Um, what's that?!



- What the fuck?!
- Chill.
- What are you doing here, girls? Is... Is your mum around here somewhere?
- Our mum?
- A mother's love, a mother's love
- No!
- Is a warm breast As soft as a dove
- Stop singing!
- Oh, hell no! Let's get out of here!
- Alex, no! You'll get yourself killed!
- A mother's love
- A mother's love
- Is a warm breast As soft as a dove
- Shut up!
- Wait for me, Alex!!







© Jean Poucet

Antoine Boute is a Belgian poet with many published works to his name. He works with a number of literary collectives and teaches literature and performance art in several prestigious art schools.



Stéphane de Groef is a Belgian visual artist and has published *You Don't Own the Road* with publisher Frémok. He teaches graphic art in several prestigious art schools.

# BOUTE & DE GROEF & HERDA

## Manuel de Civilité Biohardcore

Title: *Manuel de Civilité Biohardcore* (Handbook of Biohardcore Behaviour)

Author: Antoine Boute, Stéphane de Groef and Adrien Herda

Publisher: © FRMK

Genre: BD

Format: 200 x 280 mm

Number of pages: 64

ISBN: 9791092159240

*Antoine Boute, Stéphane de Groef and Adrien Herda look to the future with blind confidence. This is reflected in the Manuel de Civilité Biohardcore ("Handbook of Biohardcore Behaviour") which, in an explosion of colour, poetry and typography, reconstructs everyday life with advice on how to live happily by taking a power-washer to the sewers to make a petanque court or by taking your children on a camping trip in a «really dodgy spot» and waking them up by telling them they are on TV.*

*Drawn in the style of instructional or educational posters, narrative elements, political statements and environmental issues come together to create a fascinating tableau of discomfort and poetry combined. Produced in an unusual and secretive manner, this strange work of graphic and literary ingenuity will delight a wide audience of social rebels, struggling poets and fans of independent comics.*



Website: [www.fremok.org](http://www.fremok.org)

Contact: [stephanedegroef@gmail.com](mailto:stephanedegroef@gmail.com)



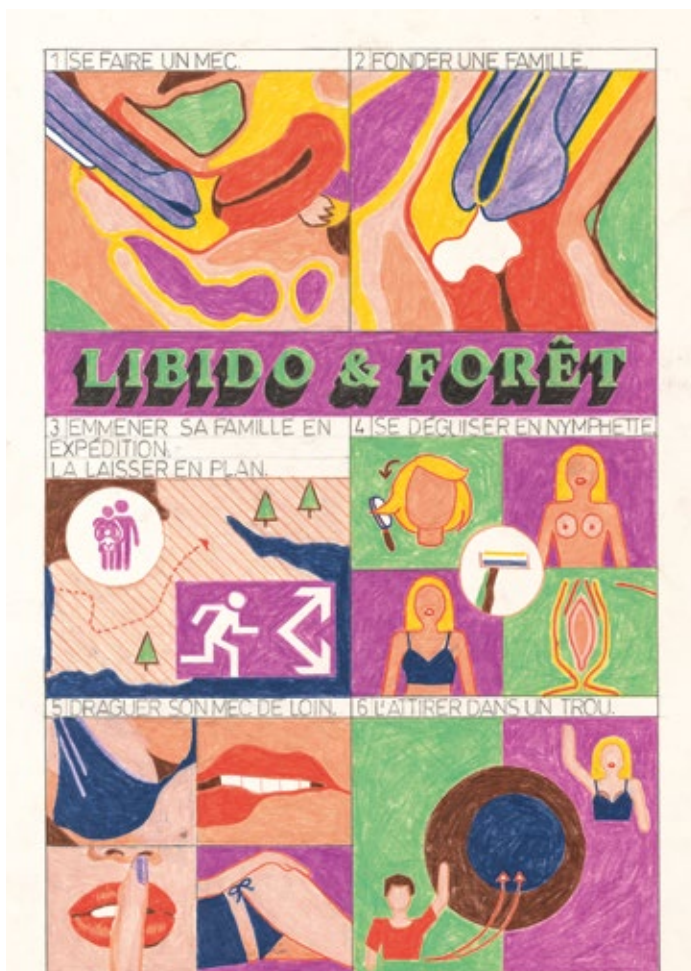


Adrien Herda is an illustrator full of talents. He has lived in Brussels for many years and teaches illustration in several prestigious art schools.

*Useful advice for every situation. The feeling of finally having the right guide to a happy life.*

*A book eagerly anticipated by thousands of fans on social media.*

## Handbook of Bio-hardcore Behaviour



1. SLEEP WITH SOME DUDE.
2. START A FAMILY.

### LIBIDO & FORESTS

3. TAKE THE FAMILY ON A TRIP TO THE OUTDOORS. DITCH THEM.
4. DRESS UP AS A NYMPH.
5. SEDUCE YOUR MAN FROM AFAR.
6. COAX HIM INTO A HOLE.



1. WATCH THE PEOPLE GO BY.  
LOOK DOWN ON THEM.
2. BRAINWASH THE YOUTH

### BIG FAT OBJECTIVE

3. CONVINCE THEM TO GO LIVE IN HOLES.
4. TAKE A SHIT.
5. HAVE A BAD TRIP.



1. STEAL BIKES.
2. FIND AN IMPOSSIBLY LARGE FOREST.

### WHEELIES TO SURVIVE

3. HEAD IN AS A GROUP.
4. TIRE OUT THE KIDS
5. MAKE THEM SPEND THE NIGHT IN A REALLY DODGY SPOT.
6. IN THE MORNING, MAKE THEM THINK THEY'RE ON TV.





1. BE BORN GREEK.  
32 kg of love  
49 cm of sweetness
2. EXPERIENCE THE CONSEQUENCES OF  
THE FINANCIAL CRISIS.

#### DESTROY CAREER

3. ADOPT A (NOT TOO CREEPY) RICH GUY.  
SEXYDADY 72 YEARS OLD  
#SALTANDPEPPER
4. GET RAPED.
5. HEY, HUMANS...
6. YOU CAN ALL GO FUCK YOURSELVES!



© Marie Tercats

Originally from Charleroi, Olivier Grenson displays a turning point in his career by using the direct colouring technique, seen in both *La Femme Accident* (*Accident Woman*) published as part of Dupuis' *Aire Libre* collection, and especially in his solo work *La Douceur de l'Enfer* (*The Sweetness of Hell*), published as part of Le Lombard's *Signé* collection, which won the Diagonale-Le Soir prize for best illustrated book in 2012.

Aware of his calling from a very young age, he took classes with Léonardo and Paape, studied graphic design and Super 8 at the ERG (École de Recherche Graphique) and soon started publishing his first drawings in *Tintin* magazine from 1984 to 1987, then in *Circus* with Patrick Chaboud in 1988. By 1989, he had taken on a number of roles, reporting on new comics on RTL TVI, teaching drawing at the ERG and later comics and storytelling.

# OLIVIER ——— Nageur solitaire GRENSON

Title: *Nageur solitaire*  
(*The Lone Swimmer*)  
Author: Olivier Grenson  
Publisher : © Kennes  
Genre: BD  
Format: 160 x 250 mm  
Number of pages: 400  
ISBN: 9782380755176

*Early 2020: still no sign of Covid-19 in Europe. Olivier Grenson sets himself a challenge, a sort of New Year's resolution we decide upon one day and forget about the next. The challenge is to let his imagination run wild, recording it with a drawing every day, filling the 365 pages of his brand-new diary. Just like a game of Exquisite Corpse, every day's drawing is a surprise. To stay motivated, he posts his drawings every day on his Facebook page, keeping it up for his followers even when lacking will or inspiration. It all culminates in a dream-like story of unparalleled beauty, tying together the strange events of 2020 - not the least of which being lockdown - and his most absurd dreams met with a sometimes just as absurd reality. *The Lone Swimmer* is one in a million, that's for sure!*



Website: <https://kenneseditions.com>  
Contact: [benchoquet@kenneseditions.com](mailto:benchoquet@kenneseditions.com)

He met Michel Oleffe in 1990 and started the *Carland Cross* series, which was released as 7 graphic novels and a 24-episode animated series. From 1999 onwards, Jean Dufaux gave him the opportunity to create his wizard hero Niklos Koda in the 15th and final issue, *Le dernier masque*.

He also worked on the creation and production of 10 issues of the magazine *64page* alongside Vincent Baudoux.

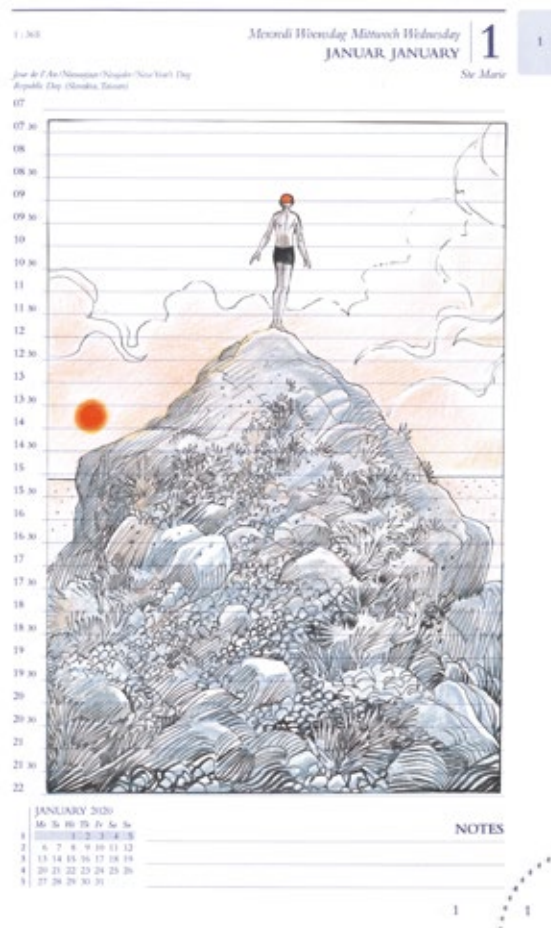
In 2018, Olivier Grenson joined the team for the series *XIII Mystery* based on a script by Jean Van Hamme.

In 2019, he wrote a brand new story for the new movie book *Tintin, c'est l'aventure n°2*, published by Moulinsart and Géo magazine.

In 2020, he produced a graphic novel alongside scriptwriter Sylvie Roge (his other half), entitled *Angel of Death*, published in 12/02/2021 by Lombard.

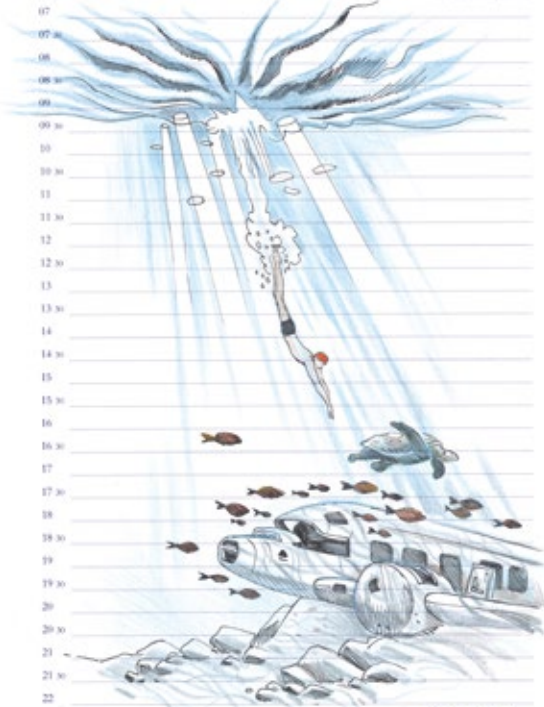
Along with his comic book work, Olivier Grenson continues to teach at the ERG.

# The Lone Swimmer





S. Milanez *Epiphany (Austria, Croatia, Cyprus, Finland, Greece, Italy, Poland, Slovakia, Spain, Sweden)  
 New Year Holiday (Brazil)*



NOTES

*« Rien n'est réel, sauf le hasard »  
 Paul Auster*

JANUARY 2020						
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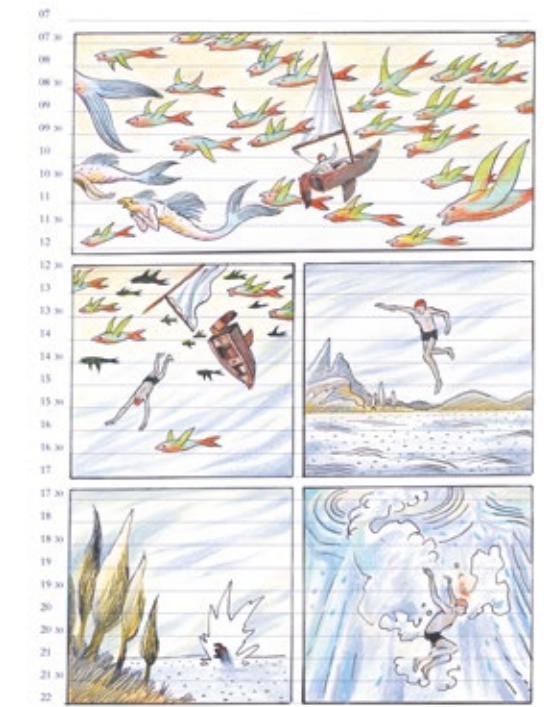
S. Raymond *Oktober Christmas Day (Russia)*



FEBRUARY 2020						
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24	25	26	27	28	29	

NOTES

S. Vincent



NOTES

*« Quand on s'ébroue, il y a toujours  
 un moment où tout bascule,  
 où ça comme le bateau ».*

JANUARY 2020						
M	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa	Su
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S. Banaud



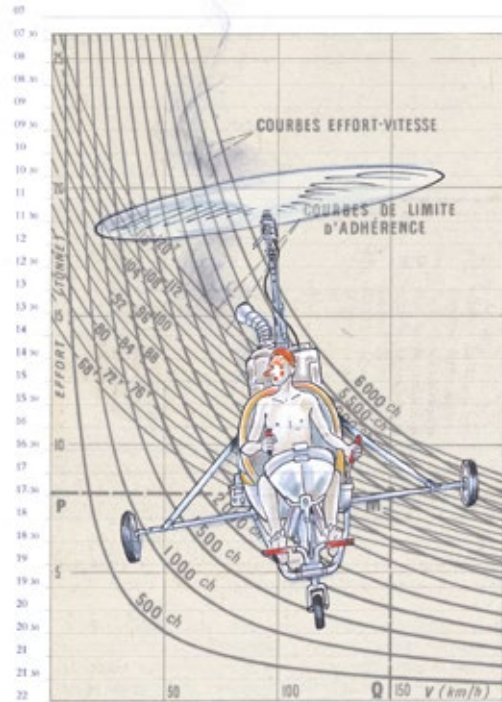
FEBRUARY 2020						
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MARCH 2020

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NOTES



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Zidrou is the author of dozens of series and one-shots for both adults and children. *Ducobu* and *Tamara*, two of his series, have been adapted into films. He is also the writer of *Rosko* (Delcourt) and *Emma G. Wildford* (Soleil).

# ZIDROU & DAVID — Amore MERVEILLE

Title: *Amore*  
Author: Zidrou/Merveille  
Publisher : © Delcourt/  
Mirages  
Genre: BD  
Format: 198 x 263 mm  
Number of pages: 128  
ISBN: 9782413011224

*Seduction, temptation, passion, separation... Amore is a superb love symphony in 9 movements, warmed by the Italian sun. Zidrou has the rare ability to create emotions and feelings. Amore is a compilation of poignant love stories written by a duo of gifted authors - whether these stories end well or badly, no one can remain indifferent to these magnificently illustrated stories.*







David Merveille has illustrated over 30 books for children. His adaptations of Jacques Tati's works have received numerous awards, among which the 2010 Crescer Award (Brazil) and the 2020 Bologna Ragazzi Award.

# Amore



HIM.  
HER.  
THEY ARE IN LOVE.



ELLE, IL.



ILS FONT L'AMOUR TOUS LES JOURS.



UNE NUIT, QUAND IL EST PARTI, ELLE FAIT L'AMOUR AVEC UN AUTRE.

UNE NUIT, UNE SEULE.

HER. HIM.  
THEY MAKE LOVE EVERY DAY.  
ONE NIGHT, WHILE HE IS OUT,  
SHE MAKES LOVE TO ANOTHER MAN.  
ONE NIGHT, JUST ONE



UNE NUIT, PARFOIS, ÇA VAUT  
TOUTES LES HISTOIRES D'AMOUR !...



JE T'AI TRAHÉ.



IL PLEURE.



FAIS L'AMOUR AVEC  
UNE AUTRE, COMME ÇA,  
NOUS SERONS QUITTES.

SOMETIMES, ONE NIGHT IS WORTH  
A THOUSAND LOVE STORIES!  
I BETRAYED HIM.  
HE BURSTS INTO TEARS.  
SLEEP WITH ANOTHER WOMAN,  
THAT WAY WE'LL BE EVEN.



WITH ANOTHER WOMAN?  
HE LEAVES.





José Parrondo lives and works in Liège. Originally trained as a photographer, he is a self-taught illustrator and comic book artist.

He is the author of around forty children's books and comic books, first published by l'Association and Le Rouergue, then later by Delcourt, MeMo, Les Requins Marteaux, etc. His comic book *Allez raconte* (*Go on, tell us*), produced in collaboration with Lewis Trondheim, was adapted into an animated series (90 episodes and one feature-length film).

# JOSÉ ————— I'm the Eggman PARRONDO

Title: *I'm the Eggman*  
Author: José Parrondo  
Publisher : © L'association  
Genre: BD  
Format: 140 x 190 mm  
Number of pages: 304  
ISBN: 978-2-84414-810-0

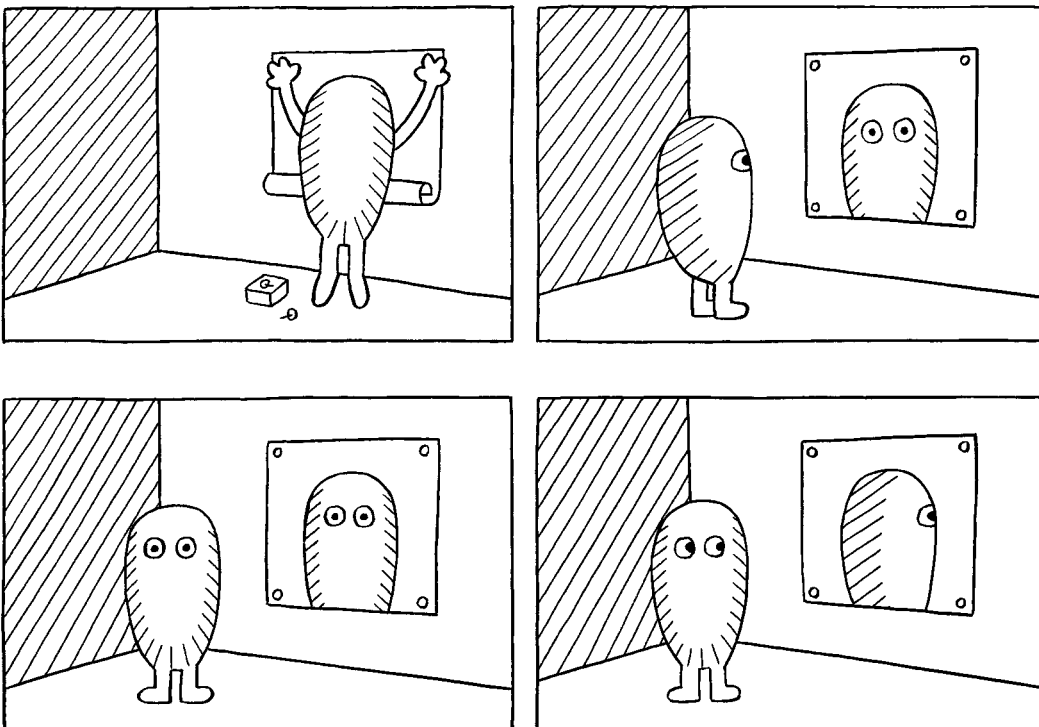
*José Parrondo's comic strips are like riddles. Simple lines, clean images, minimalist style, instant charm. But faced with these seemingly silent pages, many questions come to mind: is this window a painting? Is this landscape real or imaginary? Is this tree two- or three-dimensional? Is there one Eggman or are there several? Is he here or elsewhere? Is the story taking place indoors or outdoors? Is what we see before us really as it seems? The reader must delve deep into their psyche in order to navigate all these questions, revealing the comedy in the nonsensical.*

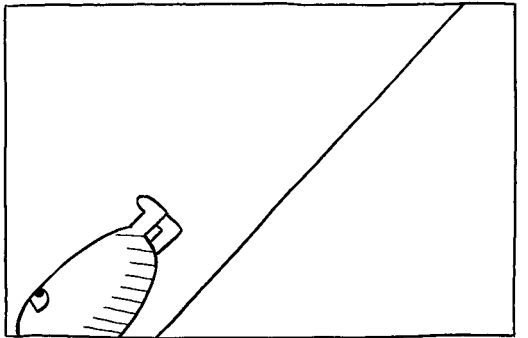
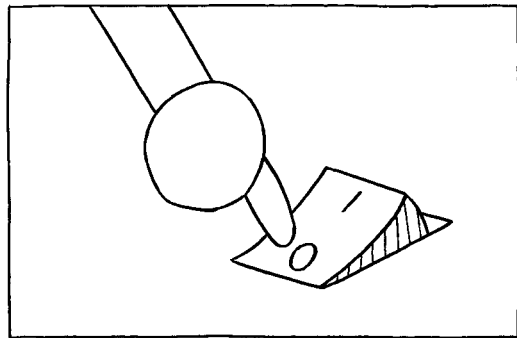
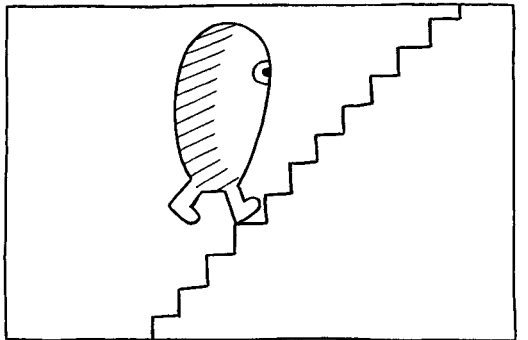
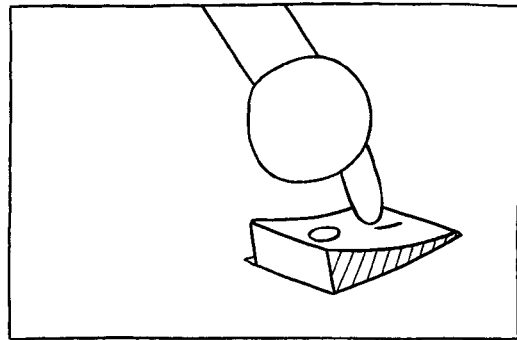
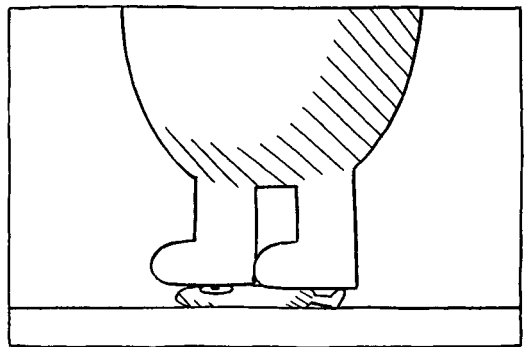
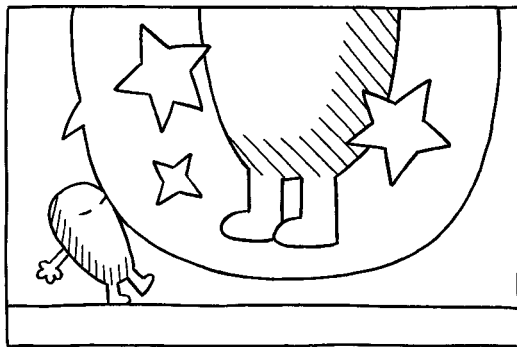
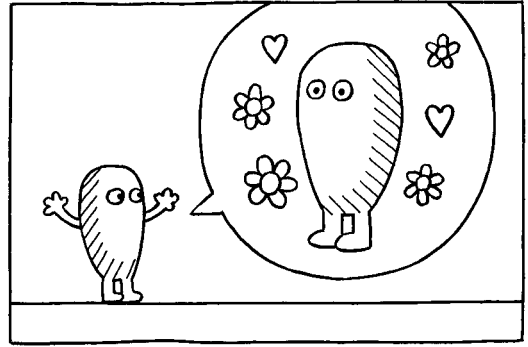
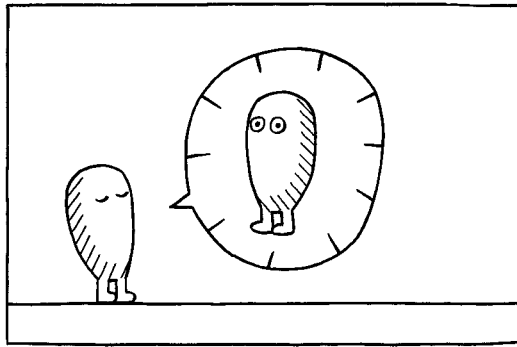


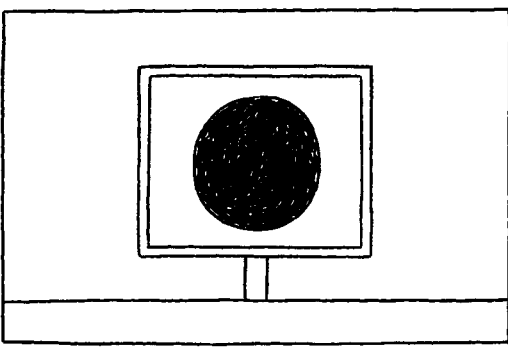
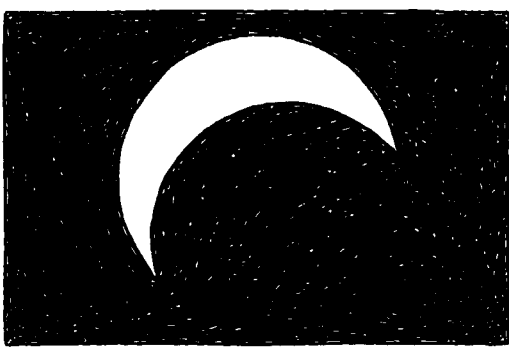
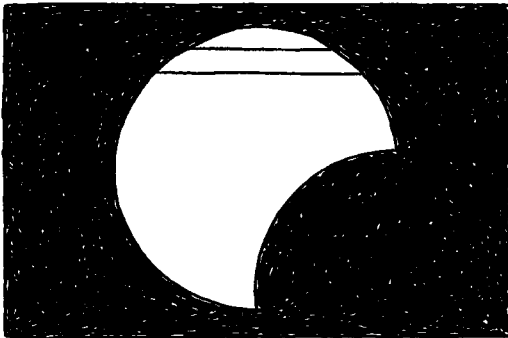
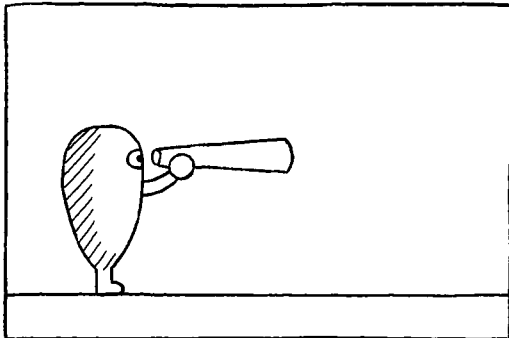
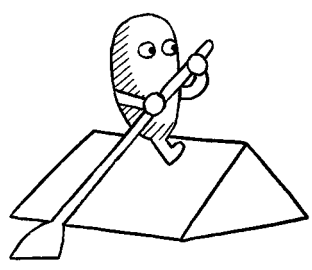
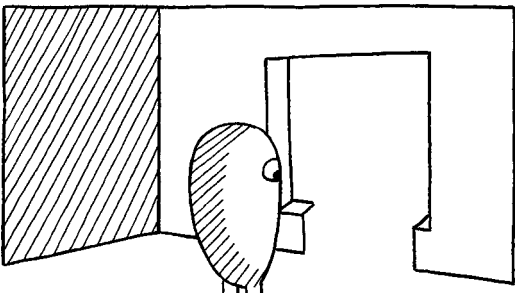
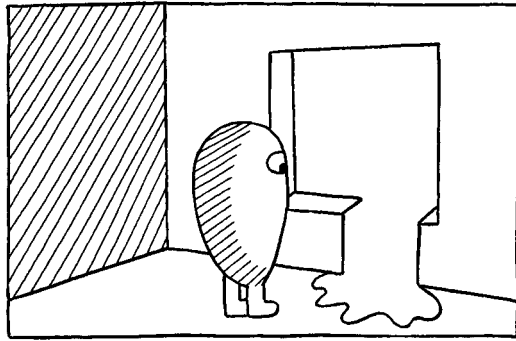
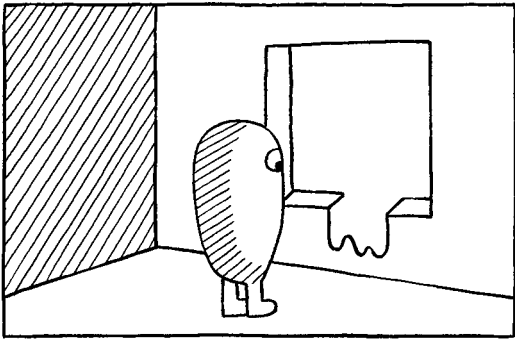


*Eggman, a little egg with two arms, two legs and two googly eyes, welcomes us into his strange world where platform games, illusion and trickery abound. A painting, a telescope, a window, a staircase, a lock, cartoon speech bubbles, circles, squares and dashes are scattered throughout his adventures. By blending identifiable objects and purely graphic elements, José Parrondo plays with the signs and codes of comic books to create a delightfully absurd universe full of poetic dissonance, all while playing non-stop with the eyes and wit of his readers. For this book, José Parrondo once again uses a range of techniques: silent strips in black and white appear alongside a series of acrylic painting blending illustration, wordplay and photography.*

# I'm the Eggman









After graduating from the Montpellier School of Fine Arts, Émilie Plateau moved to Brussels, Belgium. She is never seen without her pocketbook, in which she jots down observations on her everyday life, conversations and situations which she then uses in her zines. This material has inspired autobiographical comics published by her two favourite publishing houses, 6 Pieds Sous Terre (*Comme un plateau - Like a Plateau - 2012* and *De l'autre côté à Montréal - From the Other Side to Montreal - 2014*) and Misma (*Moi non plus - Me Neither - 2015*). In 2019, she published a comic book adaptation of Tania Montaigne's book *Colored: The unsung life of Claudette Colvin* with Dargaud, which was very well received by the press and was published in several foreign countries.

# ÉMILIE ——— L'épopée infernale PLATEAU

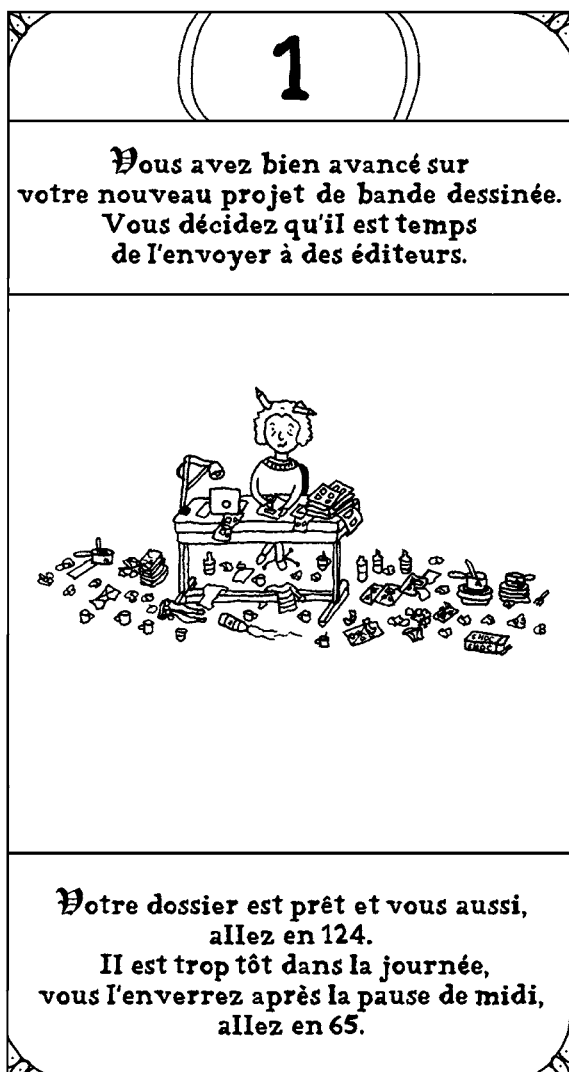
Title: *L'épopée infernale*  
(A Hellish Tale)  
Author: Emilie Plateau  
Publisher : © Misma  
Genre: BD  
Format: 120 x 180 mm  
Number of pages: 280  
ISBN: 978-2-916254-89-0

*Have you ever dreamed of going on an adventure, a real adventure, with a capital A? Are you seeking excitement, adrenaline? Buckle up, because your wish is our command! Please leave you animal hides, horned helmets and all other ridiculous armour in the cloakroom. You won't need them where we're going. You won't be needing that big sword, either. In the big bad world of comics, you'll have to rely on your pencil and sketchbook to defend yourself. You'll need to have a strong heart, especially since, to increase the difficulty level and really spice up the challenges ahead, you will be playing as a female author.*



With *A Hellish Tale*, Émilie Plateau offers a new parodic twist to the “Choose Your Own Adventure” genre, popular among young readers in the 1990s. This time, instead of going on a heroic fantasy adventure, we will tackle the daily trials of a woman working in the comic industry. From sending a new manuscript to publishers to your work actually being published, getting invited to festivals or bookshop meet-ups, Émilie Plateau takes an in-depth look at the inner sanctum of the comic book industry and humorously calls out not only the unstable working conditions faced by authors but also the way women must fight their way through what too often remains a sexist and misogynist environment. Readers will have to make choices to progress through this interactive quest, avoiding the traps that lie in their path. And who knows? Maybe your quest will end in the Holy Grail coveted by so many comic book authors: the Angoulême Fauve d’or award!

# A Hellish Tale



You have almost finished the manuscript of your new comic book. You decide that it's about time you sent it to some publishers.

Your submission is ready and so are you: go to page 124.

It's too early in the day, you'll send it after your afternoon coffee break: go to page 65.

2

**Vous vous lancez sur la première pierre émergée. Puis la deuxième. Vous glissez légèrement à cause de la vase qui s'est développée au fil des ans sur la roche calcaire. Vous enjambez un branchage pour atteindre la troisième pierre, mais votre carnet de croquis tombe dans l'eau. Vous tentez de le rattraper et chutez lamentablement dans la rivière glacée.**



**Le courant qui vous semblait inoffensif se révèle être puissant et chaotique. Vous êtes happée par une force redoutable venue des profondeurs de la rivière. Vous cognez violemment votre tête contre un rocher pointu. La rivière, jusque-là vert émeraude revêt peu à peu une couleur rouge sang. Le rouge de la mort sournoise et inévitable. Votre aventure s'arrête là. Mais, bonne nouvelle : vous êtes libérée du lourd poids d'être une femme dans la BD.**

You jump onto the nearest rock sticking out of the water. Then the second. You slip a little on the film of algae that has grown on the limestone rock over the years. You scramble your way across a log to reach the third stone, but your sketchbook falls into the water. You try to catch it but sadly you slip, tumbling into the icy river below.

What initially seemed to be a mild current turns out to be strong and wild. You are swept away by a terrible force coming from deep within the river. Your head smashes violently against a jagged rock.

The emerald-green river slowly turns blood-red. The red of insidious yet inevitable death.

Your adventure ends here.

But, hey, it's not all bad: you no longer have to carry the heavy weight of being a woman in the comic book industry.

3

**Ils sont nombreux. Agissent souvent seuls. Et quand ils viennent en famille c'est uniquement pour utiliser leur progéniture à des fins démoniaques. On les appelle les sacs à dos ou plus communément les chasseurs de dédicaces. Ils achètent des bandes dessinées par kilos qu'ils ne liront jamais et n'hésitent pas à être sans pitié avec leurs concurrents. Ils ont parcouru des dizaines de mètres dans les allées des chapiteaux du festival pour demander un dessin gratuit à leur idole qu'ils revendront peut-être sur eBay, une fois rentrés chez eux..**

Tu restes bien dans la file et tu demandes...  
...un dessin de femme nue. Je saiiis, Papa !



**Maintenant que vous êtes prévenue, reprenez le cours de votre aventure. Si vous avez une chambre à l'hôtel en plein centre-ville, allez en 44. Si vous êtes hébergée chez l'habitante, allez en 22. Si vous logez dans un gîte, allez en 185.**

They are many. They often act alone. And when they act as a family it is often to use their offspring for their demonic bidding. We call them backpacks, or autograph-hunters. They buy kilos upon kilos of comic books they will never read and they will fight tooth and nail to get what they want. They have travelled tens of metres through festival stands to ask for a free drawing from their hero, which they might well sell on eBay when they get back home.

You just stay right here in the queue and ask for...

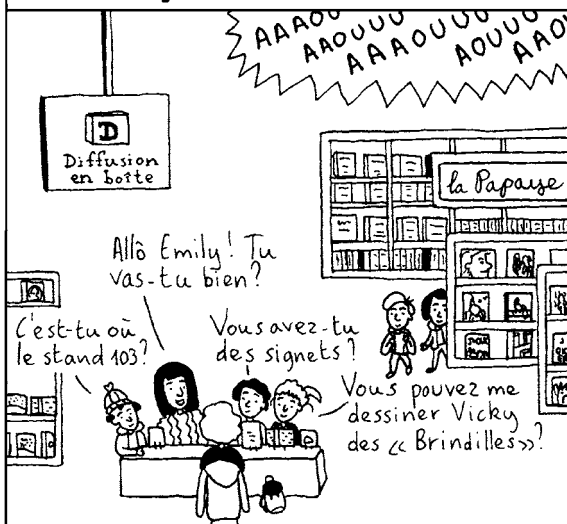
...a drawing of a naked woman. I knooow, Dad!

Now that you have been warned, you may continue on your adventure. If you have a hotel room in the city centre, go to page 44. If you're staying at someone else's place, go to page 22. If you're staying in a country house, go to page 185.



4

**Vous sortez du lit beaucoup trop tôt. Vous vous rendez lentement au salon Érable BD. Vous avez l'impression d'atterrir dans un monde parallèle essentiellement constitué d'enfants surexcités qui hurlent à intervalles réguliers comme s'ils étaient possédés par une force obscure. Bienvenue à la journée des scolaires!**



**Après avoir pris une pause, vous poursuivez votre séance de dédicace sur un autre stand en 251.**

You get out of bed way too early. You slowly make your way to the Érable Comic Book room. You feel like you have been transported to a parallel world full of overexcited, screaming kids who seem to be possessed by some sort of evil spirit. Welcome to school visit day!

Boxing & Postage

Do you know where stand 103 is?

Hi Emily! How are you?

Do you have bookmarks?

Can you draw Vicky from "Brindailles" for me?

AAAAHAAAHHHAAAAHH

After taking a break, you continue your signing session at another stand on page 251.



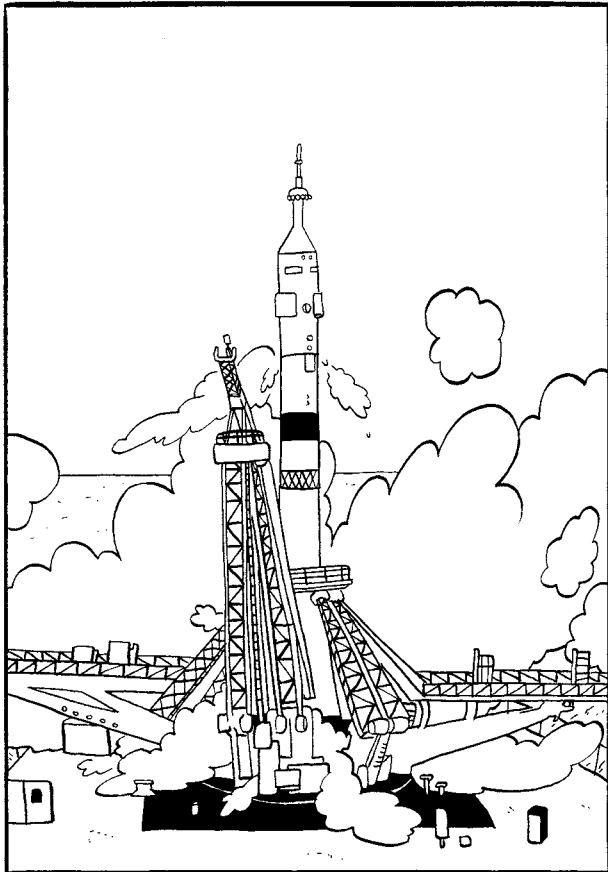
Born in Belgium in 1982, Max de Radiguès is a comic book author, editor at publishing house l'Employé du Moi and Collection Director at Sarbacane. He has published his work *Bastard* with the Écritures collection of Casterman as well as his book *La Cire moderne (Modern Wax)*. The former was awarded the Prix Polar SNCF and the Prix des lycéens du rectorat de Poitiers at the 2018 International Festival of Comics and is currently being adapted into a TV series in the USA.

# MAX ————— Alert 5 DE RADIGUÈS

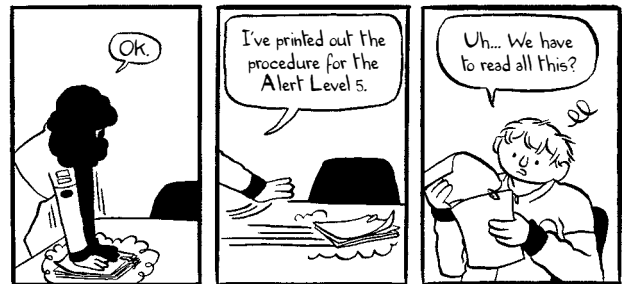
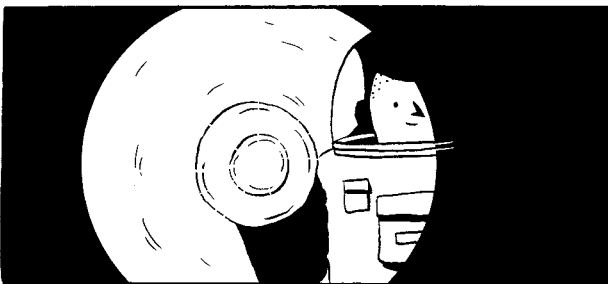
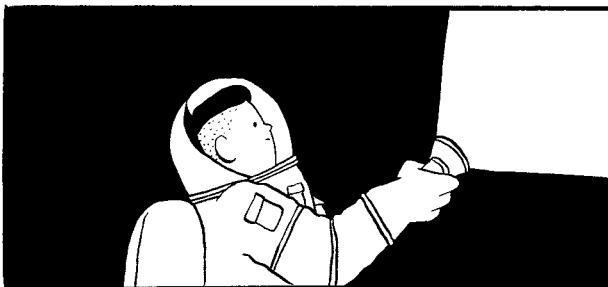
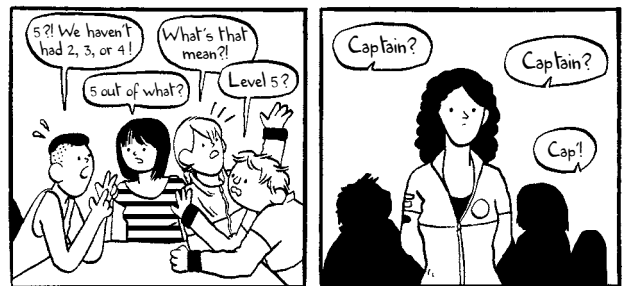
Title: *Alert 5*  
Author: Max de Radiguès  
Publisher : © Casterman  
Genre: BD  
Format: 150 x 190 mm  
Number of pages: 192  
ISBN: 9782203215795

*As NASA launches a manned flight, the ship explodes just after take-off, following an act of sabotage. The terrorist nature of the attack causes the security level to be raised to an Alert 5, triggering increased security on all sites and missions in progress. As a result, the Martian base, where five astronauts live in isolation, becomes even more cut off from the world, with all communication with the outside world now prohibited... Little by little, tension levels rise, pushing everyone to their limits, until the inevitable ensues...!*





# Alert 5





Born in 1972 in Tripoli, Lebanon, and now living in Brussels, Barrack Rima studied Comics and Illustration at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Brussels and Film, Radio & TV at the Institut des Arts de Diffusion in Louvain-la-Neuve, Belgium. Both a comic book author and film-maker, Rima is a member of the editorial board for the Lebanese magazine Samandal (Winner of Best Alternative Comic at Angoulême 2019) and has worked with the international press since 1996. Barrack Rima is an eclectic and polyglot author and is often invited to exhibit her work in Europe and further afield.

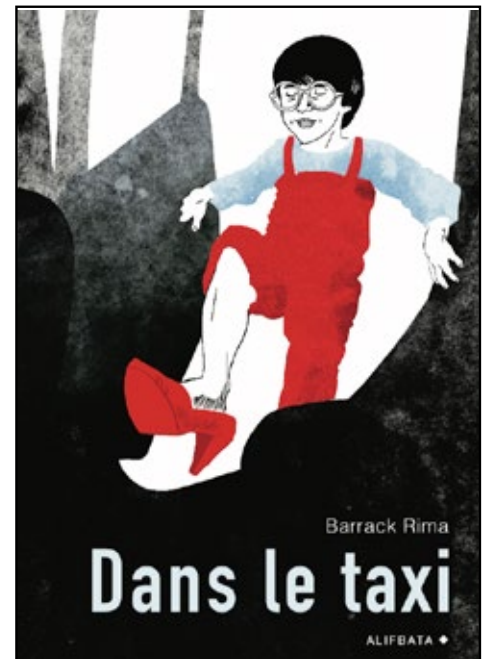
Her comic book works include: *Beyrouth (Beirut, 1995)*, *Le Conteur du Caire (The Cairo Storyteller, 1998)*, *Beyrouth bye bye (Bye Bye Beirut, 2015)*, *Beyrouth, La trilogie (The Beirut Trilogy, 2017)* et *La sieste du matin (Nap Before Noon, coming soon)*.

# BARRACK — Dans le taxi RIMA

Title: *Dans le taxi*  
(*In the taxi*)  
Author: Barrack Rima  
Publisher : © Alifbata  
Genre: BD  
Format: 290 x 210 mm  
Number of pages: 96  
ISBN: 978-2-9553928-9-8

*After the Beirut Trilogy, Barrack Rima returns to Lebanon to take the reader on a tour around his hometown, Tripoli. This time, Rima takes us on a more intimate visit, returning to the family dynamic, to childhood, and to the burdens inherited and passed down from one generation to the next. A wander through time and space that blends dream and reality, taking us from an enigmatic childhood dream to the unfulfilled desire to find its meaning.*

*Rima decides he should make this return to his roots in a shared taxi. This means of public transport, so commonly seen in Lebanon, is a real microcosm teeming with life and different lives, where passengers share not only a car but also stories, becoming both narrators and spectators. This moving public space also becomes a theatre where everyone's stories feed into the author's own journey.*



In the press: the weekly columns *De Brusselmansen* in the Brussels newspaper *Brussel Deze Week* and *Sociologia* for the Lebanese daily paper *Al Akhbar* along with several graphic reports and illustration for the “Graphic journalism” column in the Italian weekly paper *Internazionale*, as well as for *Médor*, *Imagine*, *Mic mag*, *Rukh*, *Défis-Sud*... Her films include: *Souvenir de Beyrouth (Memory of Beirut, 1999)*, *La terre de 48 (The Land of 48, 2003)*, and *L'étude du chercheur ambulante (The Story of the Ambulant Researcher, 2009)*.

*The act of leaving, forced and voluntary exile, the feeling of otherness, the dimension of the in-between, the masculine and the feminine, prohibitions and taboos - both imaginary and those found in classical Arabic poetry - are among the many subjects explored in this taxi that takes Barrack Rima on his personal quest to the end of his childhood dream.*

*To give meaning to this journey and to the many narratives and timelines that make up the story, Rima uses various techniques and graphic languages: drawing, brushwork, collage, family photos, archive photos, newspapers and books taken from the rich tradition of Arabic erotic literature. Here, the taxi becomes the theatre for a collective search for meaning, as well as being a space in which to question the possibilities and limitations of language, particularly that of comic books.*

## In the taxi



WAAAHH!

After Beirut, I decided to return to Tripoli. That's where I was born, in the back seat of a shared taxi.







Tripoli, Lebanon.  
Former wonder, city of trade and knowledge,  
orange groves and palm trees.

Memories passed on and  
stitched back together  
a thousand times over.

Tales taken  
from novels and  
old exercise books.

\*Khaled Ziadé, The City Gates and the Virtual  
Wall Riad Dabliz, The Tripoli of the Past,  
Customs and Traditions  
Jean Abdallah Touma, Diary of a City  
This workbook belongs to Mohamad Zeki son  
of Abdelkader Zailah



A thousand-year-old city of three parts, formerly a  
federation,  
founded by the three great Phoenician cities.

TRI - POLI  
I LOVE IT TRIPLY

A city of conquests,  
reconquests, destruction  
and bloodshed.

The three cities are ours!

Ours! Ours!

Raymond de  
Saint-Gilles, 1102

Utopian  
memories:  
My parents' generation were raised  
with a real thirst for freedom  
and dreamed of Arab unity.

Memories of avant-garde building projects  
and ambitious development strategies.

With the international fair, you can  
offer the city a generous approach  
to public space.

My dream is to build new urban community  
between the fair and the sea: apartments,  
parks, schools, clubs, cinemas...

Oscar Nemeyer, 1962



Alix Garin, born in 1997, studied at the École Supérieure des Arts Saint-Luc in Liège. Winner of the 2017 Young Talent Prize (Prix Jeunes Talents) at the Quai des bulles festival in Saint-Malo, she works for the creative agency Cartoonbase in Brussels.

# ALIX ————— Ne m'oublie pas GARIN

Title: *Ne m'oublie pas*  
(Don't forget me)  
Author: Alix Garin  
Publisher : © Le Lombard  
Genre: BD  
Format: 202 x 268 mm  
Number of pages: 224  
pages  
ISBN: 9782803676231

*While at the nursing home visiting her grandmother, who suffers from Alzheimers, Clémence makes a sudden, crazy decision: to smuggle her Nana out of there and take her back to her childhood home. They embark on a road trip which rolls the pursuit of the impossible, the return to childhood and the final farewell between the old woman and her granddaughter into one. A moving story full of humour, with a touch of the absurd through the tricks played by memory, all captured by the delicate illustrations and joyful storytelling by Alix Garin.*



# Don't forget me



Diderot  
Jacques the Fatalist



Great performance by  
the Troupe du Cédre

Because, without knowing  
what is written up above...

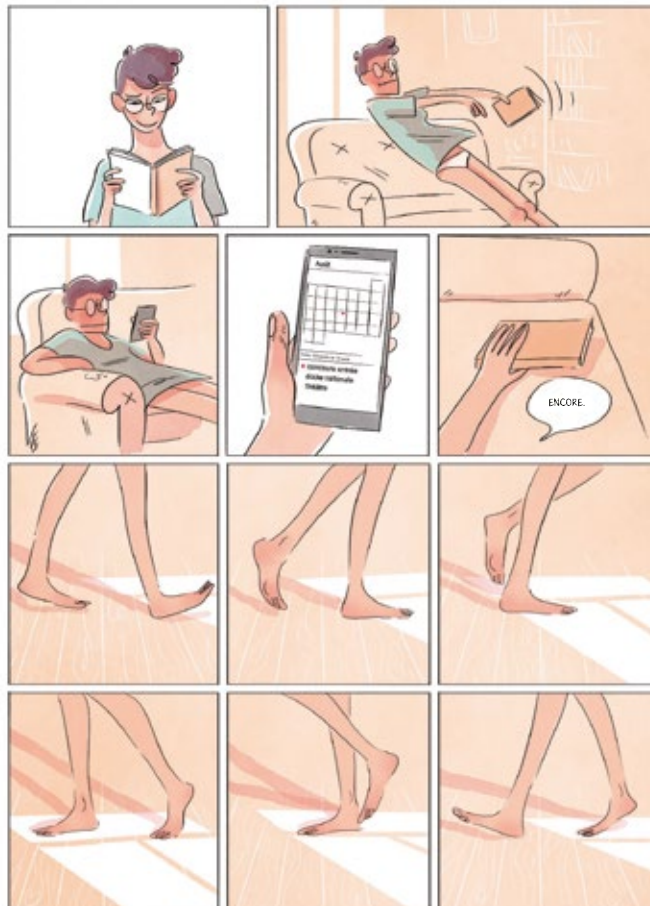
none of us knows  
what we want  
or what we are doing...

and we follow our whims  
which we call reason...

or our reason  
which is often nothing  
but a dangerous whim...

which sometimes  
turns out well...

sometimes badly.

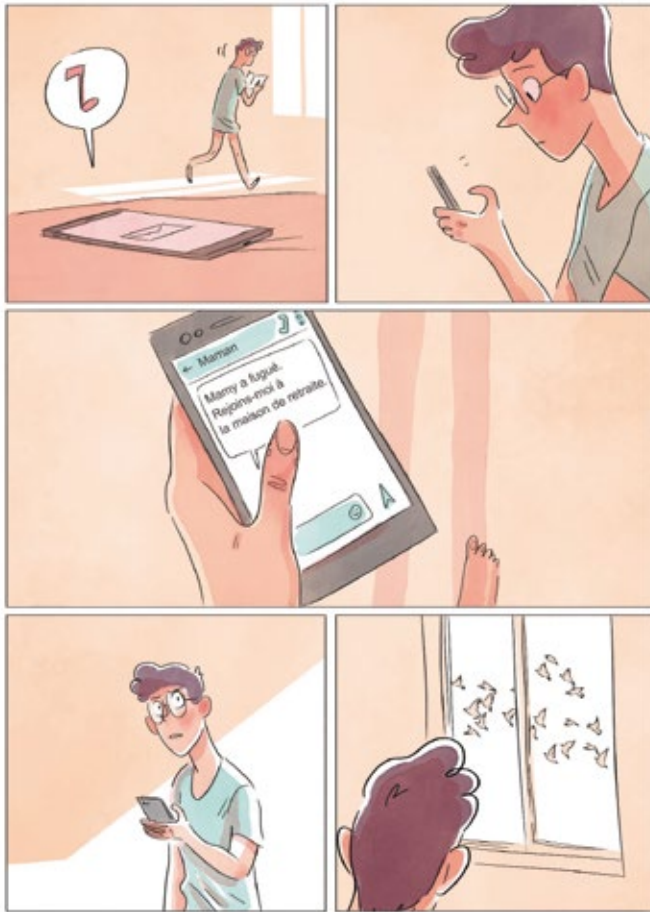


August

In 103 days, 19 August  
Theatre School entrance exam

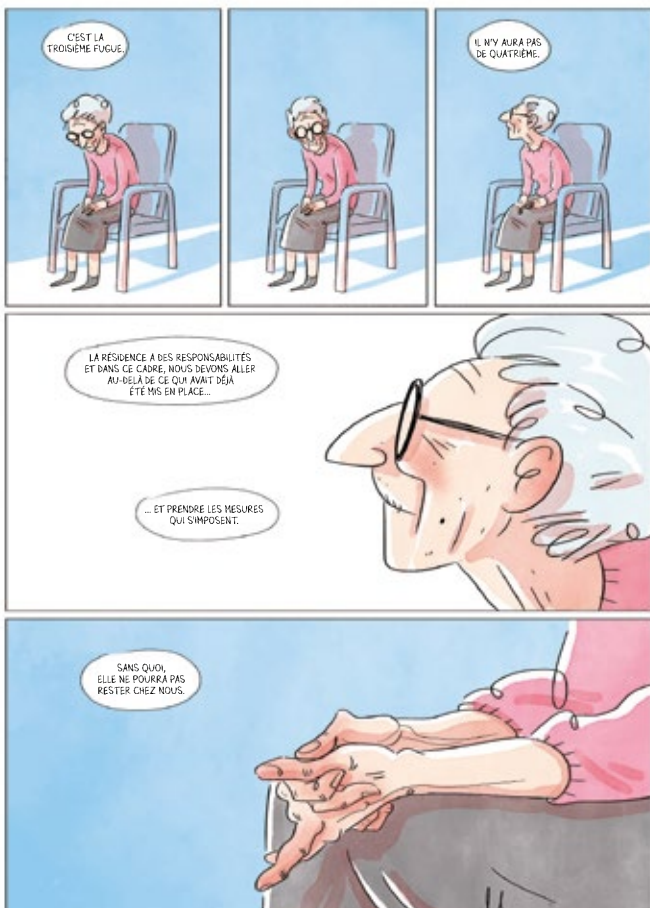
Again...





Mum

Nana's escaped again.  
Meet me at the  
retirement home.



That's the  
third time now.

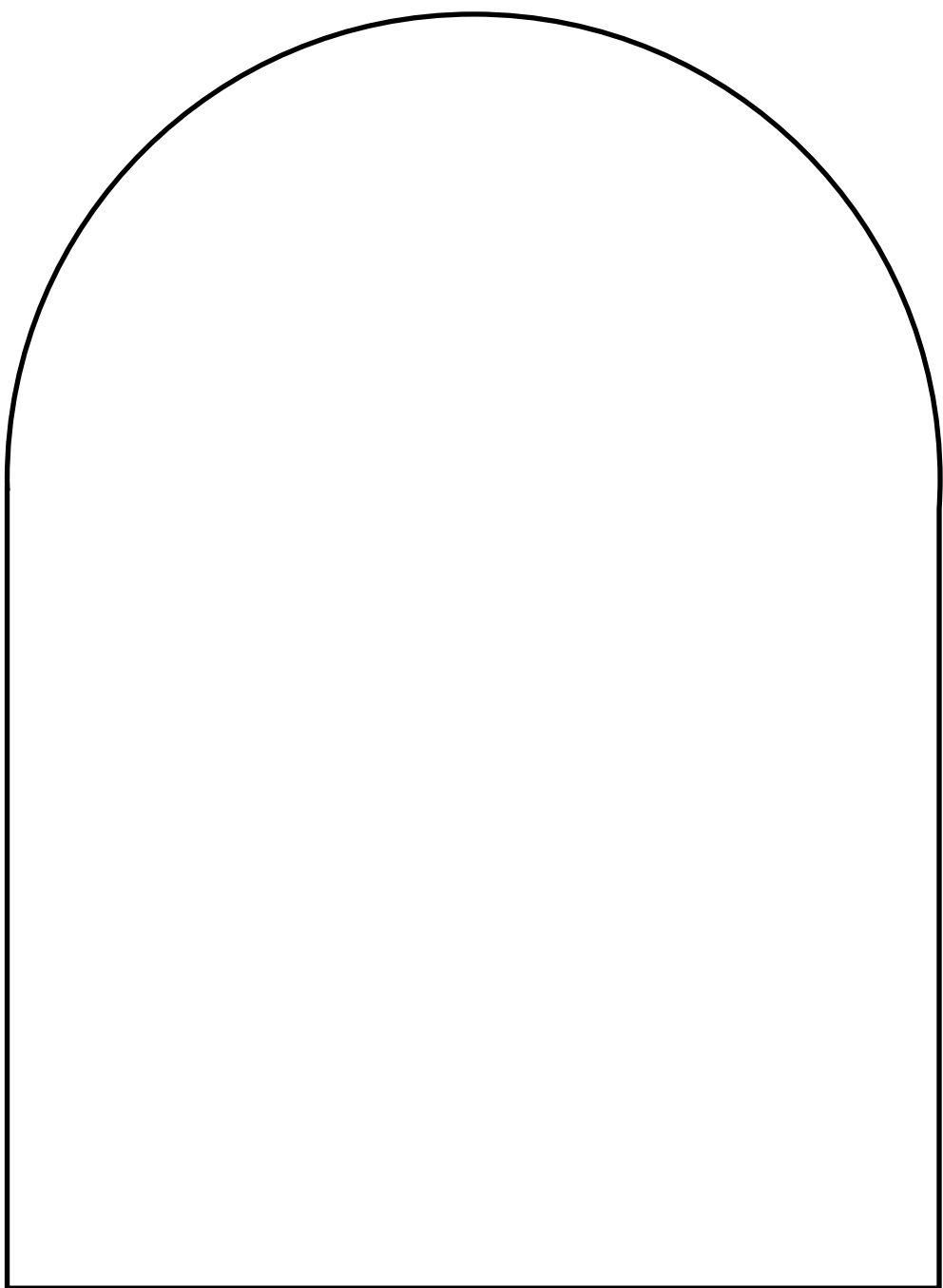
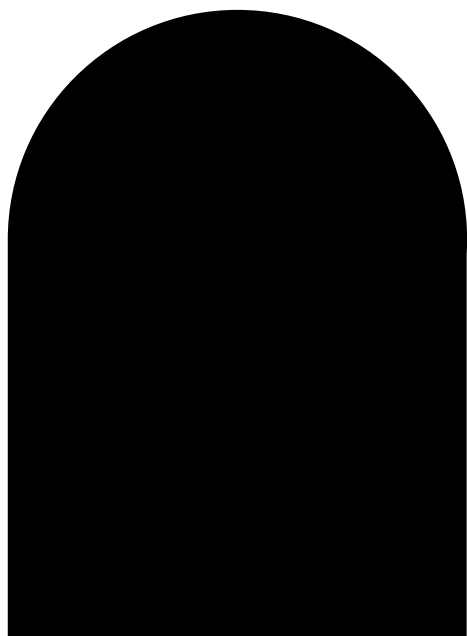
There won't  
be a fourth.

The home has certain responsibilities  
and in this case, we have no choice  
but to take a new approach...

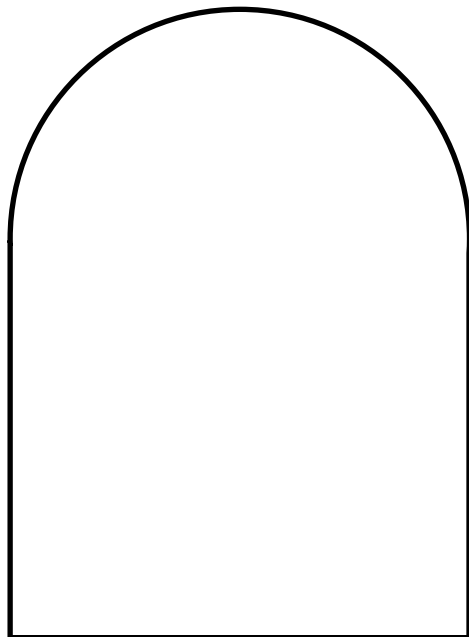
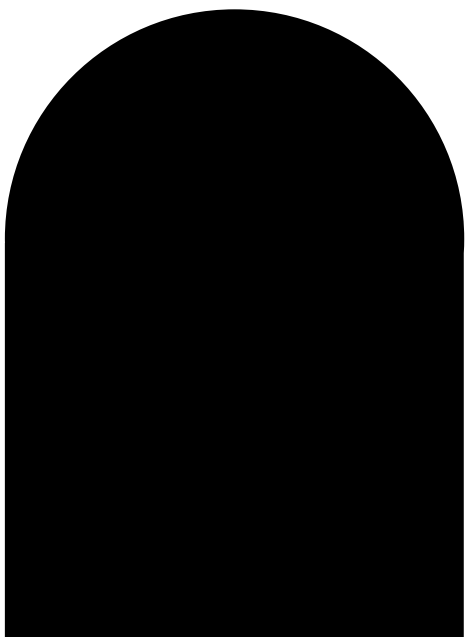
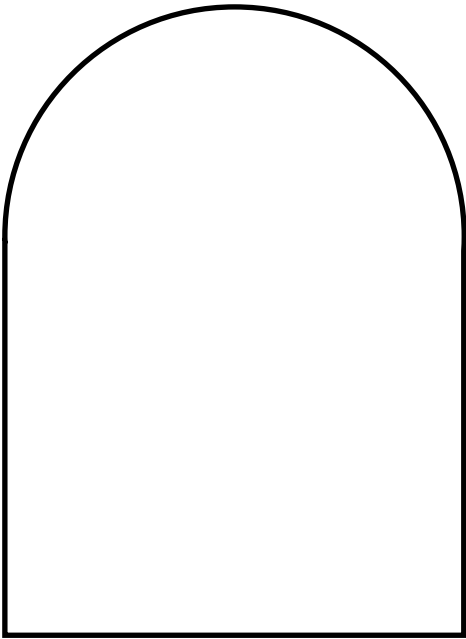
...and apply the appropriate measures.

Otherwise, she will no longer be able  
to stay here with us.





# Non- Fiction





Pascal Chabot is a philosopher and teaches at the IHECS in Brussels. He is the author of *Global burn-out*, *Exister, résister (Exist, Resist)* and *Traité des libres qualités (Treatise on Free Qualities)*, all published by Presses Universitaires de France (PUF). *Avoir le temps* is his second book.

# PASCAL CHABOT — Avoir le temps

Title: *Avoir le temps (Having the time)*  
Author: Pascal Chabot  
Publisher : © PUF  
Genre: Non-Fiction  
Format: 125 x 190 mm  
Number of pages: 224  
ISBN: 978-2-13-082534-0

*To be is to have time. To never have time is to not be whole, to live a half-life. The distinctive feature of our civilisation is how we live simultaneously under four conflicting temporal regimes: Destiny, Progress, Hypertime and Delay of environmental collapse. This explains both the fabulous complexity of what we are experiencing and its dreaded impasses. Because our attitude towards time has a profound impact on our life. We navigate between nostalgia for the past, addiction to the present and the hope of days to come. So, which time frame should take priority? In contemporary Hypertime, the time of day is all around us, yet time itself is nowhere to be found. How do we find it? The whole challenge is to construct an understanding of time to fit the issues of today: a chronosophy.*



## Not enough time

We don't have time any more. On this planet, hundreds of millions of us find ourselves in this predicament, repeating the same phrase several times per day: "I'm sorry, I don't have the time." We would like to listen more closely to what others had to say, to sit down and really delve into the subject. We would prefer not to become impatient or cut the conversation short, to be able to answer the phone calmly, and not just reply: "Sorry, I can't" to an important request. We would like to give more of our time to the curious little child who asks us a question. And perhaps to calmly read that book about daily life on a space station. Or even to laze for a little longer in the morning, to listen to the sounds of nature, just as the flower buds start to open.

But, well, we just don't have the time for any of that. This rushed regime is in opposition with reality. We walk a little faster, we talk a little louder. We work from morning to evening. We look straight ahead, forcing those who try and question us to keep up, while hastening ourselves to match the pace of others. We are but troops launched onto the fast lanes of life, set out to take on the future, spurred on like steeds by ideas of obligation, future plans, money, better days and upcoming holidays. Our *to do lists* are Danaid's barrels, filled up again as soon as everything has been ticked off. In the forgotten folders of our inboxes, little guilt-inducing flags point out all our incomplete tasks. Sometimes, all these unfulfilled obligations can become overwhelming. We are quick to forget what we've done, as it has already been accepted as part of the past, while all that still has to be done looms imperiously as a challenge for tomorrow. You will be up to the job! And you will be on time!

Yes, everyone is on time. Respect for commitments is a basic principle of social etiquette. And we complete our everyday tasks, not without pride. But our haste does not equal sloppiness. Adherence to deadlines, however willing or unwilling, does not prevent us from doing a good job or fulfilling our obligations. We had to rush, push ourselves, even, grab whatever food we can, but by the end of the day we've done it. *We've put in our time*, as the saying goes, time that has produced a satisfactory result. This pain of achieving the impossible doesn't always result in *burn-out*. In most cases, the feat is possible, we reach the end: the result is in front of us.

# Having the time



François De Smet is a Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Brussels (2010). Alongside his various professional roles in associations, politics, and institutions, he has for the past several years devoted his time to writing philosophical essays on contemporary issues of identity, ethics, the relationship between science and philosophy, and political theory.

# FRANÇOIS — Hannah Arendt, ou le DE SMET mal comme absence de pensée

Title: *Hannah Arendt, ou le mal comme absence de pensée (Hannah Arendt, or Evil as the Absence of Thinking)*

Author: François De Smet

Publisher : © Midis de la Poésie Éditions

Genre: Non-Fiction

Format: 140 x 200 mm

Number of pages: 42 pages

ISBN: 978-2-931054-04-8

*What do we have here? What has been buried right here? Right where it itches. Right where you can't avoid it. Right where it gets harder to breathe. Right where danger looms. It is in this space full of shadows and torturers where François de Smet scatters his words. He unfolds his perspective, summons Hannah Arendt, and examines the meanderings of our perceptions.*

*We must look once again at what it means to not become a sleepwalker. To look the world in the eye. To bear witness to it. To never stop talking about it, describing it, questioning it. "That is why resistance fighters or righteous people usually answer that they "couldn't have done anything else" when asked why they did it," writes the author.*

*In the same way, he cannot do anything else but think and write so as not to let us drift away.*

Marie Robert

**Hannah Arendt**  
**ou le mal comme absence**  
**de pensée**

*François De Smet*



A witness. In a word, Hannah Arendt is a witness. A witness to a century of totalitarianisms. To an era that she lived through and that, perhaps more than any other thinkers, she desperately tried to understand. By making sense of both the events and the misfortunes of men.

A witness, firstly, of her own life story. Born in Germany in 1906, this model student of philosophy fled her country as the Nazis came into power. She spent some time at an internment camp in France before being able to emigrate to the United States. In New York, she pursued an outstanding academic career. For her entire life, she defined herself as more of a political theorist than a philosopher.

Arendt then bore witness to a century, with her rich body of work initially focusing on examining era defined by the rise and fall of totalitarianisms: the 20th century. All with an original perspective that makes her an outstanding political philosopher: the idea that one must look at the evolution of groups, specifically nations and ideologies, and the passions of those who preside over them. Indeed, political history is often disconnected from that of ideas or that of human aspirations. The point of understanding we can reach thanks to Arendt is the moment where small histories and great histories come together.

This tipping point is illustrated by a particular event that finds itself at the crossroads of the history of a man and the history of men: Arendt's analysis of the Eichmann trial. The year is 1960. Hannah Arendt is 54 years old and lives in New York. Along with the rest of the world, she hears some shocking news on the radio: Adolf Eichmann, senior S.S. official and one of the major organisers of the "Final Solution", was kidnapped by the Israelis in Argentina and taken to Jerusalem.

## Hannah Arendt, or Evil as the Absence of Thinking



Laurent de Sutter is a professor of legal theory at the Vrije Universiteit Brussel. He is the author of around twenty works, which have been translated into ten languages. With Presses Universitaires de France, he has published, among other works, *After Law* (2018, Prix Léopold Rosy 2019, French Voices Award 2020) and *Qu'est-ce que la pop'philosophie?* (*What is Pop-Philosophy?*, 2019).

# LAURENT — Pour en finir DE SUTTER avec soi-même

Title: *Pour en finir avec soi-même* (*How to Do Away with Yourself*)

Author: Laurent de Sutter

Publisher : © PUF

Genre: Non-Fiction

Format: 115 x 176 mm

Number of pages: 224

ISBN: 978-2-13-082700-9

*Who are we? This is a question everyone now expects us to answer. From personal development to identity documents, from political debates to personal relationships, from the world of work to moments of mystical enlightenment, finally managing to be yourself seems to be the be-all and end-all of life. But where does this obsession with being someone come from? And, above all, what does it tell us about the order of the world we live in? In his latest book, Laurent de Sutter calls for an unusual response to these questions through a flow of ideas combining the Coué method, ancient Roman law, the philosophical invention of the ego, Chinese philosophy, psychoanalysis, Indian spirituality, theatre and neurology. What if being yourself was just the name of the font? What if, in order to reject these demands to be "someone", we had to learn to become just anyone?*



Website: [www.puf.com](http://www.puf.com)

Contact: [alexandra.pernin@humensis.com](mailto:alexandra.pernin@humensis.com)

We must do away with ourselves, because we must do away with anything based on the idea that we might be something to better assure ourselves that we are not something else — that we do not start to stray beyond the ontological perimeters that form the borders of political possibility. We must do away with all discourse that attempts to put us in a box by assigning us an identity — and that, because the limitations of this box have been pre-determined, concede the right to police individuals who do not fit into, conform to, or correspond with them. No, we will not be good workers, good voters, good fathers, good mothers, good sons, or good daughters; no, we will not be perfect *representatives* of the category our identity places us in, like a coloured block in a children's game. If we must be something, then let it be a problem, a nuisance, an embarrassment or even a scandal - the stick in the far too well-engineered spokes of what we can only call *identity management* i.e. the integral management of bodies subject to assigned or self-imposed categories. Like the protesters in the streets of contemporary cities, dotted with surveillance cameras equipped with facial recognition software, we only wish to accept the possession of the troubled anonymity of masks - of an artificial *persona* which conceals nothing. We prefer to be no one who, interchangeably and indifferently, can help us to fade into the teeming crowd of the city without ever standing out except in the way we choose, through the encounters we make. To be a self, to be someone, is no longer of interest to us; what we want is to disappear, fade away, let ourselves be carried by the ebb and flow of life to better handle its twists and turns, instead of attempting to stand firm in the middle of it all, like an unmoveable rock staring narcissistically at its own reflection. We want to do away with ourselves, because we want to do away with military training, with disciplinary exercises, with the duty of reconciliation, with the tears of reunion, with the pining of worry, with the sad satisfaction of being a nobody. Yes, we want to be nothing - because we prefer to embrace the possibilities that open up before us with each encounter brought to us by chance, to explore new worlds beyond our knowledge, and, finally, discover powers we did not know we possessed.

## How to Do Away with Yourself



© Martin Codefroid

Doctor of philosophy Pascale Seys divides her time between teaching and radio, where she produces and presents shows on the world of ideas. She is the author of several works such as *Connais-toi! Toi-même!* (*Know Thyself!*, 2021), *Si tu vois tout en gris, déplace l'éléphant* (*If Everything Looks Grey, Move the Elephant*, 2019) and *Et vous qu'en pensez-vous?* (*And you, what do you think?*, 2018), published with Éditions Racine. She also published *La Poésie comme mode d'emploi du monde* (*Poetry as a manual for life*) in 2019 with Éditions des Midis de la Poésie and *H. Taine et l'avènement du naturalisme. Un intellectuel sous le Second Empire* (*H. Taine and the Advent of Naturalism: An Intellectual Living Under the Second Empire*, L'Harmattan, 1999).

# PASCALE SEYS

## Le panache de l'escargot: philosophie vagabonde sur l'humeur du monde

Title: *Le panache de l'escargot : philosophie vagabonde sur l'humeur du monde* (*The Panache of the Snail: A Vagabond Philosophy of World Humour*)

Author: Pascale Seys

Publisher : © Racine

Genre: Non-Fiction

Format: 212 x 142 mm

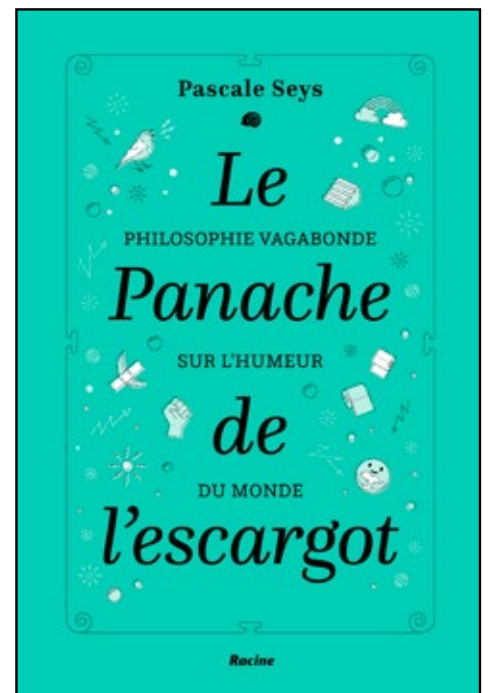
Number of pages: 190

ISBN: 9782390251392

*An intelligent, candid and mind-opening take on our everyday life.*

*"Look further, smell closely, feel deeply and explore a higher dimension": this is exactly the journey this devil of philosophy takes us on, helping us to see ourselves and others under the cover of butterflies, lobsters, scorpions and frogs, strangely and deliciously paired with Dostoyevsky, Plato, Socrates and Thoreau, delectably spiced with some Tarantino, Brian De Palma, David Hockney and Louise Bourgeois, all cleverly doused in nitrous oxide.*

*Béatrice Delvaux, journalist*



Website: [www.racine.be](http://www.racine.be)

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## In the shelter of books

How can we write about or describe absence? What words or movement can translate this lack, a lost friend, a parent who has passed away, a child who has left the nest, a lover who has walked out the door one last time, abandoned houses and lost loves?

Marcel Proust dealt with the notion of the pain caused by loss and the process of forgetting in *The Sweet Cheat Gone*, the sixth volume of his novel *In Search of Lost Time*, time in this case being his own particular loss. In the opening lines, the maid Françoise announces that “Mademoiselle Albertine has left” and the narrator, who has ceased to love Albertine, suddenly understands the gravity of this departure. In one particularly wonderful passage set during a stroll through Venice, the vision of an embroidered cloth whose design Proust attributes to a painting by Carpaccio is juxtaposed with Albertine’s coat, superimposed. The ghost of Albertine is enclosed within him, writes Proust “as in the dungeons of an internal Venice”. In Brussels, Albertine is also the name of a library. In 2016, the writer and publisher Maurice Olender published his intellectual biography entitled *Un fantôme dans la bibliothèque* (“A Ghost in the Library”). He tells the story of how as a child “of survival” born in 1946 to a Polish family that spoke exclusively in Yiddish, without any reading or writing, he became - despite being illiterate until the age of 20, working as a diamond cutter - a true erudite with an inexhaustible vocabulary. It’s true, you must read and write to make absence exist in language and to give a voice to the ghosts that inhabit us. But the title of his book has another explanation: in French, the little card that is used as a shelf marker when a book has been borrowed and is missing from the library shelves is called a *fantôme*: a “ghost”. The ghost of the library is the sign of the book’s presence-absence. Reading opens and unfolds the world, the book we open is the flip-side of hell: books observe, observe us, look at, nuance and interpret the world.

# The Panache of the Snail: A Vagabond Philosophy of World Humour





Christine Aventin is a lefty kinda girl—a writer who’s not takin’ it anymore. With a fluid approach to literary genre, she writes poetic novels, narrative poems and fictional essays. In 2017 she received the Prix Quinquennal de l’Essai for her work *Breillat des Yeux le Ventre*, a celebration of the cinema of Catherine Breillat. At the same time as *Fem-Spunk*, like a diptych, she is publishing *Scalp*, a collection of autobiographical poems.

# CHRISTINE AVENTIN — FéminiSpunk Le monde est notre terrain de jeu

Title: *FéminiSpunk Le monde est notre terrain de jeu* (*Fem-Spunk: The World is our Playground*)

Author: Christine Aventin

Publisher : © Zones –

Editions La Découverte

Genre: Non-Fiction

Format: 140 x 205 mm

Number of pages: 136 pages

ISBN: 9782355221644

*With her character Pippi Longstocking, the Swedish novelist Astrid Lindgren gave young girls the gift of a fierce, untamed, intelligent and strong representation of themselves, a radical anti-heroine. In this explosive essay, Christine Aventin uses this character to take a modern look at the “revolutionary potential of girls” and disrupt gender norms.*

*Fem-Spunk is a fantasy, like Pippi Longstocking. It tells the underground, infectious story of little girls who decided to be pirates rather than well-mannered young ladies. Dreamers with unwelcome dreams, we become smugglers. Such is our political fiction, the story we tell ourselves to enable our inner riot to transform the world into a playground. Rather a relationship of equals than the logic of power.*



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*Rather contagion than co-optation. Rather affinities than identities. Between militant desexualisation and every-which-way pansexuality, this is a place where anyone who blows up the categories of the universal standards—chick, queer, butch, trans, queen, drag, fem, witch, sista, freak—counts as a “girl.” Here nothing is true, but everything is possible. Opposing the masquerade of white neoliberal feminism, Fem-Spunk speaks up for the permeability of the imagination, the complicity of intersections, and constructs a real nose-thumbing theory. Totally untameable!*

## What’spunk: The discovery that pipi longstocking is the inventor of punk

I knew it. I had a feeling, a personal conviction. Pipi Longstocking was the first Fem-Spunk! A wealth of empirical evidence dating back to my childhood: you no longer had to play as a boy to have a mildly interesting role in games—once I even played as the boss’s son—you just had to be Pippi. Proof that was validated again, forty years later, when the little human I am mother to, and to whom I had just shown the first episodes of the TV series, said the words: “I would like to be Fifi.” This was the first time and the only time I have heard him express the desire to be a female character. And that, I can tell you, can only be the result of a political miracle. We have worked so hard, day in, day out, to dismantle the traps of systemic sexism, but there still remains in every little boy’s head the awareness that he has won the toss of a coin. The luck of being a boy, coupled with the luck of having narrowly escaped the catastrophe of being a girl. But Fifi is a girl, without a shadow of a doubt. She wears a dress (in her own way), long hair (in her own way), she cleans, cooks and goes shopping (in her own way), she’s stylish (in her own way), she dances and she sings (in her own way).

She jumps rope, she plays hopscotch, she drinks tea.

Nothing borrowed from the masculine, nothing rejected from the feminine. There are no attempts made to negotiate societal gender norms; they are only overcome. She doesn’t need to perform masculinity to be strong, free, loud and funny.

## Fem-Spunk: The World is our Playground



Gil Bartholeyns is a historian, head of the *Sciences et Cultures du Visuel* master's degree programme at the Faculty of Historical, Artistic and Political Sciences of the University of Lille, where he co-leads the SHS doctorate programme seminar and the Material and Visual Culture division of the IRHiS Research Institute. His works focuses on images of pre-industrial Europe found in the medieval West and in material culture. He leads a debate and ethnographic study on the uses and status of the past in the arts (cinema, photography, games) and contemporary sciences.

# GIL ————— Le hantement du monde: BARTHOLEYNS Zoonoses et pathocène

Title: *Le hantement du monde: Zoonoses et pathocène (The Haunting of the World: Zoonoses and the Pathocene)*

Author: Gil Bartholeyns

Publisher : © Éditions dehors

Genre: Non-Fiction

Format: 135 x 205 mm

Number of pages: 120

ISBN: 978-2-36751-028-6

*We have been haunted in unexpected ways: from huge forest fires to the 2020 pandemic, the common denominator of these global events is the violence inflicted on the natural environment and on human beings.*

*Le hantement du monde is a short essay, a meditation, a lockdown diary. In this book Gil Bartholeyns looks back on recent pandemics (e.g. COVID-19, H5N1) to question our relationship with life, both wild and domestic. Over the pages, the author, both as a historian and observer, unravels a genealogy of human activities and ideas to that lead us to the abyss, from the birth of zootechnics to the intensification of animal farming, from the continuous mixing of species to the destruction of habitats, from animal trafficking to intellectual falsehoods.*

LE HANTEMMENT  
DU MONDE  
ZOOLOSES  
ET PATHOCÈNE

GIL  
BARTHOLEYNS

ÉDITIONS  
DEHORS

Website: [www.editions-dehors.fr](http://www.editions-dehors.fr)

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*By retracing the links between the events of spring 2020, zoonosis and intensive animal farming, he arrives at a devastating conclusion: in parallel with progress, humanity created the condition for its own demise. And for this era in which humanity gradually plunged the world into a pathological state, he has proposed the term “pathocene”. A sad concept that still leaves hope for a possible cure.*

# The Haunting of the World: Zoonoses and the Pathocene

## We must keep our heads

(...)

With each event, we experience history several times over. As passive inheritors or instigators. As those incapable or rendered incapable of pulling the breaks. As victims, in the ancient sense of being offered in sacrifice to a deity. The Sars-cov-2 pandemic which swept the world in 2020 is only another in a long list of health crises in a historical timeline that started, according to popular opinion, in the 1990s, with the mad cow disease crisis, followed by the H5N1 virus and SARS. But this actually all began much earlier, in the 19th century at the latest, if we take into account not the sporadic events themselves but their infrastructuring by human activities. This is where we see the first traces emerge of an era I call the Pathocene.

The Pathocene is deeply haunted. Invisible entities haunt the world and strike like poltergeists. When they strike, it is because a disruptive force has upset the natural order. And they will continue to turn the house upside down as long as history is not understood, confronted, averted. This haunting is defined by our fear of these ghosts entering our home. The word “haunting” comes from the old Norse *heimta*, to bring home, to frequent a place. Perhaps the Pathocene dates back to that moment around the year 1800 when “haunting” a domestic space was dematerialised, leaving only the ghosts of insecurity to haunt us because we are pursued, obsessed. Those who come back to haunt us in the Pathocene are the billions of animals killed every year.



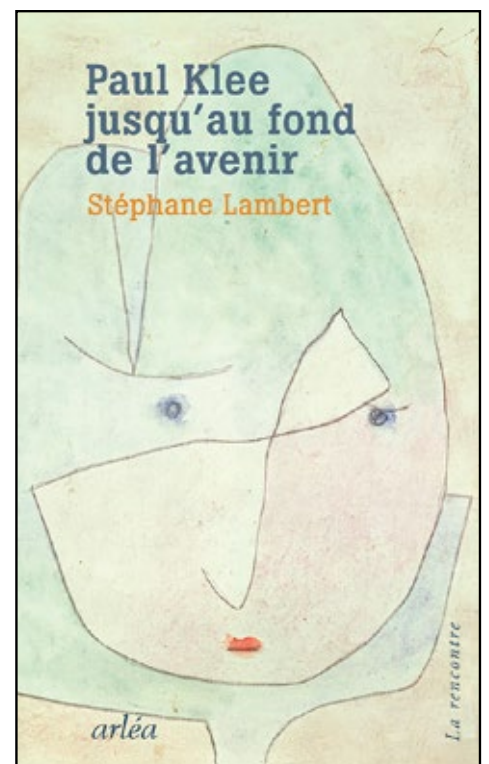
Born in Brussels in 1974, Stéphane Lambert is a novelist, poet and essayist. He has published the following works with Arléa: *Nicolas de Staël, le vertige et la foi* (2014; Arléa-Poche, 2015), *Mark Rothko, rêver de ne pas être* (Arléa-Poche, 2015), *Monet, impressions de l'étang* (Arléa-Poche, inédit, 2016), *Avant Godot* (2016, winner of the Prix Roland de Jouvenel 2017), *Fraternelle mélancolie* (2018), *Visions de Goya, l'éclat dans le désastre* (2019, winner of the André-Malraux Art Essay Prize), *Être moi toujours plus fort on Léon Spilliaert* (2020), and *Paul Klee, jusqu'au fond de l'avenir* (2021).

# STÉPHANE — Paul Klee jusqu'au LAMBERT fond de l'avenir

Title: *Paul Klee jusqu'au fond de l'avenir* (Paul Klee to the future's end)  
Author: Stéphane Lambert  
Publisher: © Arléa  
Genre: Non-Fiction  
Format: 125 x 225 mm  
Number of pages: 126  
ISBN: 9782363082732

*The painter tries to chase the presence from its hiding place. His gaze is, in essence, a deep-sea dive. "We are absolutely reduced to living in the clouds", he once said. To collide with invisible icebergs.*

*The space that opens up before the painter is a continuation of his inner musings. This dimension, without a doubt, was what instantly drew me to Klee's work: its fundamental language can be read with the naked eye. Stéphane Lambert takes us to Berne, where Paul Klee (1879-1940) was born and died, to question the link between landscape and creativity, between roots and vision, between reality and mythology. He explores the subjects and the effects of his work by subtly weaving together the trajectory of the man and that of the artist.*



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*A hundred metres separate the tomb of Paul Klee and the foundation that bears his name (a wonderful creation by architect Renzo Piano using shapes inspired by Klee), this closeness between concrete reality of the abyss and the vitality of creation is emotion in its purest state. Each chapter's title is a quote by Klee. In this way, the painter's spirit accompanies the reader in this journey through his work and reveals the breath of the invisible that passes through it.*

# Paul Klee to the future's end

## writing and drawing are essentially the same

The mountain range is shrouded by the morning mist. My spirit senses its presence, given away by the rugged landscape. I arrive in Zurich. Switzerland has inhabited my subconscious since my very first memory. A family picnic on the roadside. I was barely two years old. The image is ineradicable. It's so green there. The green of vegetation in the early summer. A screen of plant life where the presence of my parents is only the product of my reconstruction of the scene, inspired by old holiday photo albums. Over the years, the original image has become tarnished by the various pieces of debris that time has left behind in its wake, like a tide of dirty water. The memory is an agglomeration of memories. What I date back to a precise moment of my early childhood is an ageless composite material, different threads tangled together, forming an unbreakable ball. Although I cannot see these mountains, I sense their presence. What we call "seen" is an unreliable reconstruction of a fragment of reality by our limited perception - a fabrication of our thought and imagination. Pessoa: what we see isn't what we see but what we are. A warped reflection. The image of my first memory stays with me because I bring it to life by refusing to let it slip away - the act of seeing gives off as much information as it takes in. Perhaps that outdoor lunch was just my memory's own perfect invention, sparked by a family story? What would my mind have seen if no atlas had ever referenced the presence of mountains beyond the mist?



© Alice Piemme

Laurence Boudart has a degree in translation and a doctorate in modern literature. After teaching French language, literature and culture as well as translation at the University of Valladolid, she became Director of the Archives and Literature Museum (*Archives & Musée de la Littérature*) in Brussels. She has written around sixty articles and papers primarily on the subject of Belgian literature and has contributed to a number of collective works and critical publications.

# LAURENCE — Martine une aventurière BOUDART du quotidien

Title: *Martine une aventurière du quotidien*  
(*Martine, the everyday adventurer*)

Author: Laurence Boudart

Publisher : © Les

Impressions Nouvelles

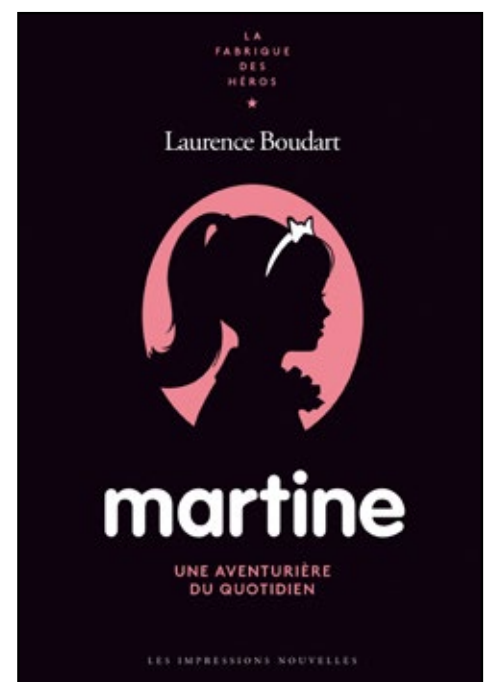
Genre: Non-Fiction

Format: 130 x 190 mm

Number of pages: 128

ISBN: 978-2-87449-858-9

*An exhaustive work on the iconic character who defined the childhoods of many a generation. “Martine Swims up the Crocodile-Infested River”, “Martine Walks on the Moon”, “Martine Does Kung-fu” or “Martine Discovers a Vaccine” are all books we’ll never read. Because Martine is a different kind of adventurer. In her world, there are very few, if any, problems, dangers or hardship. We only see the world in its most endearing light, to the great delight of social media satirists who are constantly hijacking her famous book covers to poke fun at the madness of the modern world. This eternal good little girl, forever ten years old, was invented in 1954 for the publisher Casterman by author Gilbert Delahaye and artist Marcel Marlier, drawn in that unmistakable pencil line, so often imitated but rarely equalled.*



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*The character became a publishing phenomenon, without once starring in her own heroic tale, other than that of her long-lasting success and her ability to evolve unperceived over the years. Unless, however, we look at the notion of the epic tale through a different lens or, better still, we dare to see once again, as a child would, the trivial, the banal and the everyday for what they are: playgrounds where infinite and authentic adventures can always be found.*

## Not enough time

So, who exactly is Martine? For starters, it is worth pointing out that, despite her appearance, there is not *one* Martine but in fact *many* Martines, as the character has so greatly evolved over her fifty-six years of fictional existence. It is, of course, a slow and subtle evolution - which we will look at in more detail - but an evolution all the same, which could help to explain the long-lasting success of the series and this cross-generational character. Martine “is the perfect, sweet little girl who has everything she needs... We want to be like her, she goes on little adventures. It’s the stuff of dreams when you’re a little girl. We think to ourselves, “I’d like to be like her.”” This is how a thirty-year-old fan reminisces about the character, highlighting what is without a doubt one of the heroine’s greatest qualities. Martine’s adventures allow her to be relatable, as the little girl resembles her young readers to a fault, with one - rather major - difference: that she lives permanently in an ideal world, surrounded by comfort, well-being and serenity.

Unlike some of her sisters, Martine possesses no magical powers, nor is she your standard fairy-tale princess. Nor does she take on the role of the unruly or badly-behaved little girl. For the artist who created her, a sensitive soul eager to constantly transmit a positive image of his character, happiness is not to be found in the extraordinary: it is “there, all around us, in the thousand and one gestures of an ordinary day.” Is capturing the true essence of everyday happiness enough to go down in the history books? The star of publisher Casterman’s children’s collections, with more than sixty million editions sold worldwide, Martine has, in any case, been able to cross generations and resist the changes of fashion, trends and social changes with a resilience that came as a surprise even to her creators. In 2010, a year before his death, Marcel Marlier admitted that he had initially believed it to be “a three, four-year deal”.

## Martine, the everyday adventurer



© Raphaël Gaillarde

Art historian and archaeologist, Marie-Ève Sténuît practices underwater archaeology and participates in digs on land in the Middle East. She spends the rest of her time between Belgium and Indonesia. She is the author of several historical texts and novels.

# MARIE-ÈVE — Pionnières du risque STÉNUÎT Histoires de femmes intrépides

Title: *Pionnières du risque  
Histoires de femmes  
intrépides (Pioneers of Risk  
Stories of Intrepid Women)*  
Author: Marie-Ève Sténuît  
Publisher : © Editions  
du Trésor  
Genre: Non-Fiction  
Format: 147 x 210 mm  
Number of pages: 180  
ISBN: 979-10-91534-58-1

*Hot air balloon pilot, parachutist, human cannonball, extreme tightrope walker, deep-sea diver or whale hunter are all professions we do not readily, even nowadays, associate with women... Nevertheless, women have been present in these disciplines since their very beginnings!*

*Marie-Ève Sténuît introduces you to a few heroines who paved the way to adventure for the women of today. The intrepid Jeanne Labrosse, who became the first female parachutist in 1799, the tenacious Georgiana Leonard, a stowaway in 1862 on a whaling ship with an entirely male crew, or even the fantastic Zazel, the first human cannonball in 1877, are just some of the pioneers of risk you will meet in this book.*



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The first ladies to hop aboard an air balloon did so less than a year after the Montgolfier brothers made their first demonstration flight. Ever since, despite the weight of societal constraints, women have continued to break, one after the other, the various glass ceilings that men have tried to place between them and the sky, then between them and space. The pioneering women of aviation and space travel who followed in the footsteps of these aeronauts are found beyond the historical scope of this book, which arbitrarily takes us up to the start of the 20th century. These heroic women nevertheless deserve a mention, however brief, as their endeavours, just like those of their predecessors, are far too often overlooked. The first female passenger on an aeroplane was a Belgian woman, Miss. P. van Pottelsberghe de la Potterie, who accompanied the French pilot Henri Farman on a flight carried out at Gand, in June of 1908, only five months after he had successfully managed to fly his aircraft unaccompanied for a distance of one kilometre. And although the journalist from *Patriote Illustré*, who covered the event, noted that “the aeroplane proved to be rather unsportsmanlike”, struggling to take off and eventually flying “only at a very low height”, this was still a significant feat: even on his first flight, Farman had not flown higher than two or three metres. In September of the same year, Thérèse Peltier becomes the first woman to take the helm of a Voisin byplane... For a flight of 200 metres at a height of 2.5 metres. These were, in reality, quite modest achievements, considering that the hot air balloons of the time were capable of carrying several passengers over hundreds of kilometres at an altitude of over three thousand metres, but they were big steps for the emerging world of aviation. Also in 1908, Élisabeth Deroche (daughter of a humble Parisian plumber despite her pompous nickname “Baroness Raymonde de Laroche”) is accepted into the Charles Voisin flying school and is given her licence on the 8th of March 1910 (licence no. 36 of the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale). This is the first French pilot licence to be granted to a woman, as this type of certification did not exist in Thérèse Peltier’s era. Élisabeth Deroche then worked as a test pilot until her death in July 1919, when her plane crashed on the beach at Le Crotoy. It was a prototype of the Caudron G3. She wasn’t the one flying the plane that day.

## Pioneers of Risk Stories of Intrepid Women





Holder of a permanent professorship at the Belgian National Fund for Scientific Research (FNRS) and lecturer at the University of Liège, Sémir Badir applies the study of semiotics to the fields of humanities, literature and the arts.

# SÉMIR ————— Magritte et BADIR les philosophes

Title: *Magritte et les philosophes (Magritte and the Philosophers)*

Author: Sémir Badir

Publisher : © Les

Impressions Nouvelles

Genre: Non-Fiction

Format: 145 x 210 mm

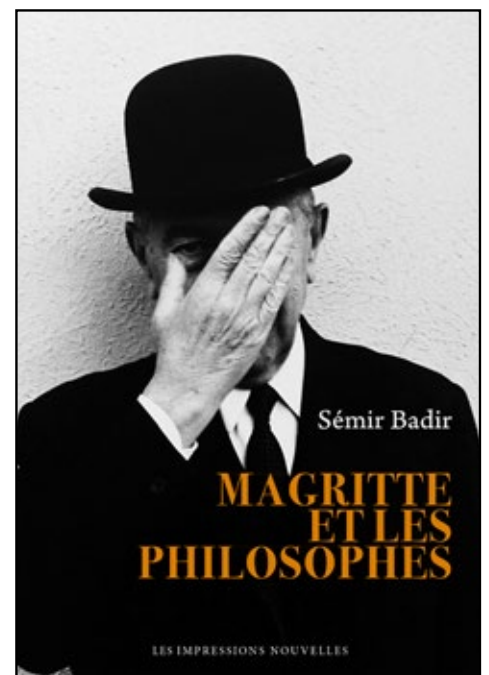
Number of pages: 176

ISBN: 978-2-87449-874-9

*A totally new perspective on this iconic painter. Magritte was a lover of philosophy and was in contact with several philosophers.*

*The work of René Magritte is very popular indeed. However, art theorists sometimes tend to look at him with a certain disdain. Some even call him a bad painter. Everyone makes of his art what they will... But have these critics understood the intention behind this body of work? For a deep process of reflection runs through it. I would even go so far as to say that the work of Magritte is just that: the exercise of thought represented through images.*

*With this book, I propose an investigation. Working from writings and accounts on the artist, I attempt to shed some*



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*light on this process of thinking through images. The paintings alone do not hold the key: no matter how much we try to interpret them, we still do not comprehend their necessity. I therefore place these in relation with philosophical concepts. I demonstrate, using seven different studies, that the images created by Magritte can be compared to philosophical arguments and that they reveal, within the works themselves, parallels with the reflections of philosophers such as Plato, Kant, Hegel, Nietzsche, Wittgenstein and Sartre, not to mention Michel Foucault.*

## Magritte and the Philosophers

“Responding to one of the academicians who had questioned the origins of his “art”, [Magritte] protests that he is not an artist, that he refuses this label, that he is a man who thinks and who communicates his thoughts through paintings, just as others do through music, speech, etc.” Magritte failed to answer the academician’s question. He could have, if he had wanted to. The question is not without value, gave way to a wide variety of responses and could have helped to legitimise his “art”. He instead chose to scold the academician. We’ll never know what provoked such a bluntly defensive reaction from Magritte. It is true that in institutional spaces we do, to a greater or lesser extent, become the representative of a category of people, even an abstract one, where we belong to its cast, its profession, its role. This is not always a voluntary process. With this response, Magritte makes an abrupt refusal of any type of belonging assigned to him, rejecting a power that sought, innocently I’m sure, to put him in a box. He even more clearly refuses that the power of this institution, an “Academy”, could be reinforced by that of the ultimate administrators of categorisation: words. Any essayist looking to comment on the work of Magritte would do well to take this diplomatic incident as a warning. For they are about to use a power that Magritte does not take to kindly. Their commentary must therefore be critical, in a freedom limited by the constraints of language. Here, the platitude criticised by Magritte is that painting leads to the creation of art. To challenge this assumption in the academician’s question, Magritte makes a distinction between means and ends. Painting was only a means, the end associated with these means remains open. Magritte’s ambition is to think through painting, just as, for example, a philosopher would do through words. But what does that make a man who expresses his thoughts through the means of painting? Would that not be, ultimately, an artist? That is what Magritte leads us to believe, as being placed in the artist category does not seem to have been a constant source of frustration for him: “Philosophers and artists together have one thing in common: they both defend the cause of the spirit.”

# Grants

# Translation grants

The Ministry of Wallonia-Brussels Federation supports the translation of literary works written in French by authors from Wallonia and Brussels. Foreign publishers can apply for financial assistance to cover 75% of the translation costs. This refers to novels, short stories, poetry, plays, children literature, comic books and literary essays. Concerning classical authors, the financial assistance will be up to 50% of the translation costs. The grant application must be submitted for review at least 6 months before the planned publication date of the translated work.

Informations: <https://urlz.fr/hxa2>  
Contact:  
Silvie Philippart de Foy:  
[traduction.lettres@cfwb.be](mailto:traduction.lettres@cfwb.be)

# Literary residency of Seneffe

In August, the translation and writing residence in Seneffe - 30 minutes from Brussels - welcomes literary translators from all over the world in an ideal environment for a period of two weeks to one month. Its primary aim is to promote the circulation of French-speaking Belgian literature abroad. These thirty days allow for exchanges between practitioners of these same languages and source territories. The residents are provided with accommodation and food and receive a per diem. Candidates are selected on the basis of an application form and a curriculum vitae. They are required to have their translation published. During their stay, they will also have the opportunity to work with French-speaking Belgian authors, either in residence or invited for meetings.

Contact:  
Anne-Lise Remacle:  
[seneffe@passaporta.be](mailto:seneffe@passaporta.be)

# Travels grants & support for the transfer of rights

Wallonie-Bruxelles International (WBI) offers various grants to French-speaking Belgian operators with a view to their internationalization:

- Transfer of rights for the following genres: youth (albums and novels), comics, human and social sciences, fine arts, heritage, tourism, popular science.

The aid is delivered to the French-speaking Belgian publishing house that applies for it, so as to offer financial aid on the advance due by the acquiring publishing house.

- Support for the international mobility of authors: on the basis of an invitation to an international event or residency and subjected to validation by the dedicated committee, WBI can support the travel of authors around the world.

Other grants are available and can be consulted on our website.

Informations: <https://urlz.fr/hxaR>  
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