



QUESTIONS 27  
AND ANSWERS

Bart  
Moeyaert



**M**atthew Higgs of White Columns, the oldest alternative art gallery in New York, first came up with the idea of the 20 Questions Interview. Twenty people, all with a professional or personal relationship with an interviewee, are invited to ask him or her one question.

**B**art Moeyaert has created his own spin on Higgs' idea. He invited twenty-seven people, all of whom have touched him in some way because of who they are and what they do, to ask him a single question. They were happy to agree. Here are the twenty-seven questions. With answers from Bart Moeyaert.

## 1 / DAVID ALMOND

### What is your earliest memory?

- (1) I'm about five and I'm at school. I have to stay for lunch. Someone slops food onto my plate: a mush of potatoes, carrots, minced meat. I refuse to eat it. The nun makes a terrible fuss.
- (2) My father comes home from Hannover. He has developed a writing method and is working with a pen manufacturer to design a fountain pen for left-handed people. He's brought back an easy reading book for me. It's a book with illustrations too, so I can pretend I can actually read. I feel very proud.
- (3) My grandmother is sitting by the stove. She is old. She wants to take off my nylon jacket, but one sleeve gets caught up. I fall and hit my head on the stove. My brother takes me to the doctor's on the back of his bike. The scar of that earliest memory is still visible. Memories (1) and (2) left their marks on me too.

“ I first met Bart about twelve years ago, when we were on a panel together in Antwerp, with others like Philip Pullman and Anne Provoost, and I really liked him right from the start. Afterwards I read *Bare Hands* and *Brothers*. When I was artistic director of the Bath Children's Literature Festival he was the first international author I invited, because I liked him so much and he is so great with audiences. He is very charismatic and very intelligent, and he's good fun. *Bare Hands* shows Bart writing to the full extent of his powers. He is not dodging anything and is not holding back, as some writers for young people feel they have to do. That gives the book a feeling of fearlessness. It is brilliantly written, and to be honest quite scary at parts. His work appeals both to children and adults, which is explained by the simple fact that he writes so well, and so clearly. Good writing for young people does appeal to everyone. You see it in his book *Brothers* as well. It's about family, and it says something about the human drama that everybody can relate to. His work is not just for children, it's for all of us.” - David Almond

## 2 / ROTRAUT SUSANNE BERNER

### Do you ever wake up at night? If so, are you afraid?

I don't mind lying awake at night when I can feel a story growing. Then, after a while, I get up and start to work. I don't complain when that happens. What's worse is when I'm deeply concerned about the state of the world. Then the night can feel very long. (The show on Belgian radio that summarises all the newspaper opinions feels like a particularly irritating mosquito to me. The tone of those reports can poison me for days. You should be glad you don't live inside my head then – unless you're particularly keen on gloomy wallpaper.)

## 3 / FREEK BRAECKMAN

### What would you have liked your children to do when they grew up?

I'm a senior lecturer in writing on the Performing Arts course at the Royal Conservatoire in Antwerp. I see young people change within just a couple of years. They're studying at the college where I would like to have studied, they're delving into literature, learning how to deal with texts, making radio documentaries. Sometimes, when I see them at work or read the stories they write, I simply gasp. It makes me wish I was eighteen again and that I could go and immerse myself in that stream of language along with them. I wish I'd been as free as they are when I was twenty. I know one thing for certain: I would want to see the children I don't have become free when they grew up.

## 4 / STEF KAMIL CARLENS

When I see the genuine surprise on my young son's face, I'm overcome by a vague sense of nostalgia for that time when music could overwhelm me and hit me like a storm. How open and uninhibited do you feel?

I love that scene in *The Little Prince* by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry: the little prince asks the narrator to draw him a sheep. The man does so, but the little prince isn't easily satisfied. He thinks the first sheep looks sickly, the second one looks like a ram, the third is too old – he wants a sheep that will live a long time. The narrator doesn't get it right until his fourth attempt. He draws a box with three holes in and tells the little prince that the sheep he asked for is inside the box. When the narrator asks the little prince if he wants him to draw a post and a piece of string to tie the sheep up during the day, the little prince doesn't see the point. 'Tie him! What a queer idea!'

When I'm writing, there's this author, a real know-all, who wants to read everything over my shoulder. I have to block out that interference before I can really get down to work. It's not always easy, but because I've relied on my gut feeling for so long – it allows me to spot tricks, systems and formulas, but also enables me to disregard them – things still hit me like a storm at times. That's what happened, for example, when I read Sandro Veronesi's *Quiet Chaos*, when I heard Melody Gardot for the first time and when I discovered William Kentridge's video art.

## 5 / AIDAN CHAMBERS

**How far would you go, how much and who would you be prepared to sacrifice so that you could keep on writing – if you were forced to choose?**

Writing is my way of breathing. That isn't a licence to start displaying strange behaviour, but it's true that I can get carried away by a story. When that happens, I become a different person. If someone were to ban me from writing, it would be a shock to my system, to say the least.

Don't force me to choose. That's a fatal question. Whichever choice I made, it wouldn't turn out well for me.

## 6 / KITTY CROWTHER

**Do you ever feel lost?**

I was in the Yodobashi shopping complex in Osaka, on the vast third floor, where all they sell is computers. Above every computer was a sign with red Japanese characters. All around me I could see hundreds and hundreds of these signs, thousands of red Japanese characters – but I couldn't read a single one. Being lost isn't a feeling, but a sensation. And I really enjoyed it. On that computer floor at Yodobashi, it hit me for the first time that my language is within me and that that's worth a great deal but, at the same time, nothing.

## 7 / KATELIJNE DAMEN

**Imagine if love were to become lost, how would it find the way?**

There's a bus full of Great Loves travelling all around the world. Someone gets on or off at every stop and sometimes mistakes are made, and it also seems to be the case that you can't wait for the bus, because then you'd spend more time waiting than living. The bus of Great Loves will arrive anyway, sooner or later. It's all a matter of patience, sometimes a lot of patience, and it also depends on where you live.

## 8 / GERDA DENDOoven

**Can you whistle?**

I'd like to be a natural whistler, but I'm not. Natural whistlers make me happy. Sometimes I whistle tunes in my head to shut out nonsense. Like when someone's saying something I don't want to hear. I'm good at that sort of whistling to myself.

## 9 / WOLF ERLBRUCH

**Do you ever think about your death?**

My dog died in summer 2002. They gave her the injection as she was lying there with her sweet head on my lap. I think I saw the moment

when she left: she was looking at me and then her gaze was empty. It seemed just like slipping away.

I think about my death more often now than I used to – not just because, statistically speaking, it's getting closer and closer, but also because the news has given me the impression that peacefully slipping away hardly ever happens anymore.

## 10 / SONYA HARTNETT

### What memory always makes you happy?

The pebble beach at Étretat. The holiday at the house I'd pointed at ten years before and said: one day I want to spend my holiday in that house, with a view of the sea. The faded glory of Trouville. The parasols on the beach at Deauville. Cider. Shellfish. The Bois des Moutiers in Varengeville-sur-Mer.

## 11 / HELLE HELLE

### What's your favourite first sentence and which book does it come from?

My favourite first sentence must come from the bookshelves in my study, because that's where I have the books I want to keep close to me. And of course I don't want to pick a beautiful first sentence from a book that I don't like. So, I reach for *De eikelvreters* by Els Pelgrom ('We kept the door closed.'). I open *Mrs Dalloway* by Virginia Woolf ('Mrs. Dalloway said she would buy the flowers herself.'). My favourite one today is the first sentence of Jeanette Winterson's *Oranges Are Not the Only Fruit*: 'Like most people I lived for a long time with my mother and father.' I see that I like deceptively simple first sentences. In Winterson's case, the tension of her entire story is there in just a handful of words – but you have to read the whole book.

## 12 / JUDITH HERZBERG

### What do you do between two books?

After I've definitely finished, I'm euphoric for three and a half minutes. As I'm tidying up, clearing the book out of my study bit by bit, I keep smiling. That cheerfulness is just a pretence. The mourning period has begun long ago. Saying goodbye to a book also means saying goodbye to a phase of my life. The publisher and I discuss the design; we look forward to the publication. Perhaps I manage to do *almost* nothing for a few days – there's no such thing as doing nothing. When the first interview happens, I call the book that I finished six months ago 'my new book'. But at that moment I'm quietly working away on something that really is new – it's a strange phenomenon.

## 13 / ANNA HÖGLUND

### Is there anything you've not dared to do yet, but that you'd still like to?

When I was on an author tour in Curaçao, I went snorkelling for the first time. As long as the bottom was a metre and a half beneath me, with pebbles and sand and a shoal of fish, everything was fine. Once I was outside the bay though, I discovered that I'm a bathophobe – that's what it's called when you're afraid of depths and think you're going to fall into the deep water. When someone was swimming with me, I managed to keep calm and look around at all the beautiful flora and fauna, but not for too long. I love swimming though and I thought it was really beautiful down there, so I'd like to go out and snorkel on my own in very deep water for once. For hours. Humming a tune to myself, of course.

## 14 / JANINE JANSEN

### You can invite four people from the past or the present for a dinner. Who will your guests be?

I'll invite author Carson McCullers. She won't say a word about her books (which I discovered

when I was twenty and still treasure). Perhaps she'll talk nineteen to the dozen about what the 1930s were like. She shared a house in New York for two years with lots of interesting people, including the composer Benjamin Britten, W.H. Auden, writers Jane and Paul Bowles, Klaus and Erika Mann and a striptease dancer. I think she'll do a lot of drinking and smoking and remain silent.

Maybe Alma Mahler will refuse the invitation, because she knows Carson's coming. The two of them know each other from stories they've heard on the grapevine – not positive ones. After everything I've read about and by Alma, I want to form my own opinions about her. Her love life was a tumultuous one, to say the least: she loved composer Gustav Mahler, artist Oskar Kokoschka, architect Walter Gropius, and poet Franz Werfel, to name a few.

I want my grandmother to come too, but I know that she'll keep escaping to the kitchen, under the pretext of coming to help me. Meme died before I was seven. I know her from photographs and a few vague memories. I think I'll have lots of questions for her about the castle where she was caretaker before, during and after the Second World War, and where my mother grew up.

These three women from the past will be pleased to find artist Elizabeth Peyton sitting at the table with them (Google her name, discover her atmospheric work). Carson and Alma knew a lot of people in the arts and Elizabeth likes to create portraits of such people, but ones who are at the heart of modern life: Kurt Cobain, Keith Richards, Liam Gallagher.

I'm going to cook a really good meal for them.

## 15 / JEF NEVE

**Words and music can reinforce each other, as in the songs of Schubert and Schumann. What does the chemistry between text and music mean to you?**

I listen to songs in the same way as I read poetry: the first beautiful image that comes along carries me away, and I might come back to the song (or the poem by Goethe or Heine), but maybe not.

In order to come up with new thoughts, I repeatedly have to listen to a song. I've noticed, however, since working with Tijs Delbeke on our album *Rood Rood* (Red Red) and consciously had to write lyrics myself, I more often stay focused on the text of a song.

## 16 / PER NILSSON

**Is language the tool or the material?**

In the 1980s and 90s, author Janni Howker wrote some impressive books and then withdrew from the literary world. She lives in the Cumbrian countryside now, where she keeps sheep. Her works include *The Nature of the Beast* and *Martin Farrell*. When *Martin Farrell* came out, I really wanted to translate it into Dutch. It turned out to be untranslatable though, because it's 'composed' in a particular rhythm and in a particular dialect, which it's impossible to find a good equivalent for in Dutch. A French translation was published, but it doesn't have the same power as the original book. Translation isn't a matter of pulling on a pair of boots and just swaggering your way through a foreign book.

In other words: language is not the hammer, but the wood.

## 17 / MIRJAM PRESSLER

**Do you ever worry that real life is passing you by and that you're just living in your head?**

Real life hits me hard. My senses work too well. I see the essence, but I also notice the unimportant details. I see a face in a stain on the wall. At the cinema I pay more attention to the woman munching popcorn than to the film. I hear some blunt remark from the guy at the ticket desk and I remember what he said for far too long. I analyse the smells in the train compartment. I wish I paid less attention to everything, but at the same time I know that I'll always do something with that big, bustling life: one day, it will all end up in my work in some form, whether I'm aware of it or not.

## 18 / MAX RICHTER

### Do you have a morning ritual?

Wake me after some REM sleep. I'll have finished a complete sleep cycle, I'll have had a few dreams, my head will be clear. My morning ritual isn't any different than on other mornings then; it just happens more quickly. The first decision when my feet hit the floor beside the bed is whether to go swimming. There are weeks when the answer is always yes. There are weeks when the answer is always no. The morning also calls for some sort of breakfast: bread or fruit or yoghurt with muesli and a big cup of coffee (freshly ground). The plate or the bowl is beside my keyboard by nine at the latest (even when I go swimming).

NOTE: Everything is different when I'm 'inside a book'. Then every ritual ceases to matter and I'm the only one who pretends that nothing has changed.

## 19 / DIRK ROOFTHOOF

**Where is paradise? Straight ahead, the final destination at the top of a mountain, something that you work towards and that you've already envisaged, at least vaguely? Or does it lie in the unknown, around a corner, on the other side of a mountain, where you can't see it, something that you are unable or unwilling to envisage right now?**

Mario Puzo, the author of *The Godfather*, wrote a young adult novel in 1966, *The Runaway Summer of Davie Shaw*. I read the book when I was thirteen and the Dutch title, *Na elke bocht ontdek je wat* (You Discover Something New at Every Turn), became something of a catchphrase for me. When I'm in Rome, for example, and having fun getting lost, with a map in my back pocket, I think of that title. I wouldn't like it if you could just point to paradise: there it is! I think I'll probably bump into it around the corner, not the next corner, but one day, when I'm not expecting it.

## 20 / MEG ROSOFF

**What would you like to be written on your gravestone?**

The late Bram Vermeulen wrote a wonderful song about death. It's called *Testament* and it offers a great deal of consolation. 'And when I'm dead, don't cry for me. You should know I'm not really dead. It's just a body that I've left behind. I will not be dead until you have forgotten me.' I'd like it to be that last line. For comfort and security: to remind people.

## 21 / BART SCHNEEMANN

**First there was *De Schepping* (Creation), then came *Het Paradijs* (Paradise), the third part is *De Hemel* (Heaven). You and the Nederlands Blazers Ensemble worked together on a trilogy about creation, life and death. If you had the chance to add a fourth story, what would it be about?**

I think it'll be a powerful experience to go through all that there is to be told in just a short space of time: creation, life, death. I'm tempted to say I have nothing to add. At most a short epilogue about happiness.

## 22 / JÜRIG SCHUBIGER

**Your books have told me all about your inner world. I know my way around there by now, just as I know the way through the woods I knew in my childhood. However, I don't know much about your outside world. What can you see when you look out of the window in your study?**

When I first walked into the house where I live now, I knew straightaway that this would be my home. The light was good, the materials, the style, and I also saw instantly where my study would be: in the heart of the house. Doors open out onto a balcony where the sun shines only in the morning; there are plants and flowers. I look out over a few roofs of the neighbouring houses, and in the distance there's a huge hotel that looks like a toy hotel. Lights shine in the 150 windows at night. That appeals to my

imagination: all those little boxes with different lives inside them. I also like the thought that my window and balcony are part of their panoramic view over the city.

### 23 / ANDRÉ SOLLIE

**What scent do your most beautiful memories have?**

The North Sea. Without a doubt.

### 24 / TOON TELLEGEN

**What clothes do you like to write in, and do you write with or without shoes?**

In pyjama bottoms. And with bare feet.

### 25 / DOROTHÉE VAN DEN BERGHE

**Is there much difference between writing for children and writing for adults?**

I don't believe in the idea of the foolish child who doesn't know anything. Children are introduced to the adult world soon enough: after all, they're surrounded by it. They absorb everything they see. They learn the tricks of life through the people around them. The difference between them and adults might be that they know all the tricks, but they're not always so good at weighing up the consequences.

Jim Morrison said in a poem that clear lines can be drawn between childhood, puberty, adolescence and adulthood. These phases are connected by death, celebrations, rituals, stories, songs and a few other personal milestones. We experience things differently, but with equal intensity.

I make a point of constantly questioning the dividing line of 'for children' and 'not for children'. Emma Thompson once spoke about her father Eric Thompson in a Belgian newspaper, saying that he thought writing for children was 'a strange concept. Why should there be any difference between writing for adults and writing for children?' I was pleased that she said that. Then people can hear it from someone else for a change.

When I was thirteen, I watched Carlos Saura's film *Cría cuervos*. It's a slow, melancholy film, but I enjoyed it and I remember precisely how I felt when I saw it. I'm certain that everyone – even the grumpiest educationist – has positive memories of something that touched him or her as a child, but which wasn't actually intended for him or her at all.

### 26 / DRIES VAN NOTEN

**What motivates a writer constantly to open himself up, to put so much of himself into a book and to expose himself to criticism?**

Knowing that a reader will never really read exactly what you wrote yourself, that is – I have to say – immensely sad. That's why it's so great when it turns out that someone has really understood what it's about. That someone has actually read the book, not just the book that he himself would like to have read. That can sometimes result in strange situations. A glowing review that doesn't touch the essence of the book. People who think your book is bad for the same reason that you think it's good. But those opinions don't stop me from writing books or having them published. I have to keep myself happy, and with a bit of luck my writing will have more readers than just that very first reader, which is me.

### 27 / TIM VAN STEENBERGEN

**Do you sometimes hate your own work?**

I wouldn't say: sometimes. It's more like: regularly. Especially when a book is still growing, and certainly when the end is approaching. I have my nose so close to every word that I run the risk of losing sight of the big picture. Then it's easy to find my entire story redundant and think that every sentence is nonsense. On average I give it up seven times a week, I curse my own characters all the time, and, of course, I find it completely unfair that I'm the only person in the world who always has to do everything on my own.

**DAVID ALMOND**, author of *Skellig*, lives in Northumberland; recent work: *A Song for Ella Grey*, a new version of the Orpheus myth. [WWW.DAVIDALMOND.COM](http://WWW.DAVIDALMOND.COM)

**ROTRAUT SUSANNE BERNER**, illustrator, lives in Munich, illustrated several books of Bart Moeyaert (e.g. *Blote handen* and *Durf voor drie*). Honoured with the 2016 Hans Christian Andersen Award.

**FREEK BRAECKMAN**, fencing champion (25 times Belgian champion, placed 32nd in the world rankings), journalist and TV host, former anchorman on Het Journaal.

**STEF KAMIL CARLENS**, singer/songwriter, producer, founded Zita Swoon in 1996; recent work: *Nothing that is everything*. [WWW.ZITASWOONGROUP.COM](http://WWW.ZITASWOONGROUP.COM)

**AIDAN CHAMBERS**, author, journalist, lives in Stroud, recent work: *The Kissing Game*, short stories – including some flash fiction pieces of under 1000 words. [WWW.AIDANCHAMBERS.CO.UK](http://WWW.AIDANCHAMBERS.CO.UK)

**KITTY CROWTHER**, illustrator, author; recent work: *Mère Méduse*, first Belgian recipient of the Astrid Lindgren Memorial Award, illustrated Bart Moeyaert's book *Grote oma's*.

**KATELIJNE DAMEN**, actress, winner of a Theo d'Or, has worked with directors including Ivo van Hove and Guy Cassiers, achieved widespread public success for her role as Helena De Keyser in the TV series *De Smaak van de Keyser*.

**GERDA DENDOOVEN**, illustrator, author, playwright; recent work: *Hoe het varken aan zijn krulstaart kwam*, illustrated *Luna van de boom*, *Broere* and *Het beest heet Mona* by Bart Moeyaert.

**WOLF ERLBRUCH**, illustrator, lives in Wuppertal, known for *The Story of the Little Mole Who Knew It Was None of His Business*, winner of the Hans Christian Andersen Award, illustrated titles including *De Schepping* and *Het Paradijs* by Bart Moeyaert.

**SONYA HARTNETT**, author, lives in Melbourne, known for *Thursday's Child and Of a Boy*; recent work: *Golden Boys*, winner of the Astrid Lindgren Memorial Award.

**HELLE HELLE**, author, lives on Sjælland, won Lifetime Award from the Danish Statens Kunstfond; recent work: *Hvis det er*. [WWW.HELLEHELLE.NET](http://WWW.HELLEHELLE.NET)

**JUDITH HERZBERG**, poet, playwright, lives in Amsterdam, poems translated into German, Turkish and English, two of her plays have been made into films; recent poetry collection: *Liever brieven*.

**ANNA HÖGLUND**, illustrator, lives in Stockholm, titles include *Kun je fluiten*, *Johanna?* with author Ulf Stark, illustrated Bart Moeyaert's *Afrika achter het hek*.

**JANINE JANSEN**, violinist, recordings include concertos by Tchaikovsky and Mendelssohn, worked with Bart Moeyaert on the production of Stravinsky's *L'Histoire du Soldat*. [WWW.JANINEJANSEN.COM](http://WWW.JANINEJANSEN.COM)

**MIRJAM PRESSLER**, author, translator from Dutch and Hebrew, received the Deutscher Bücherpreis for her oeuvre, has translated 14 books by Bart Moeyaert into German. [WWW.MIRJAMPRESSLER.DE](http://WWW.MIRJAMPRESSLER.DE)

**JEF NEVE**, jazz pianist, composer, received MIA Awards in 2008, 2009 and 2010, wrote the film music for *De helaasheid der dingen* by Felix Van Groeningen. [WWW.JEFNEVE.BE](http://WWW.JEFNEVE.BE)

**PER NILSSON**, author, lives in Sölvesborg, known for titles including *Heart's Delight*; recent work: *En morgon stod hon bara där*.

**MAX RICHTER**, composer, lives in Berlin, has written ballet music (Infra for The Royal Ballet, with Julian Opie) and film music (Waltz with Bashir, Die Fremde, Shutter Island); recent work: *Sleep*. [WWW.MAXRICHTERMUSIC.COM](http://WWW.MAXRICHTERMUSIC.COM)

**DIRK ROOF THOOFT**, actor, known for his role as Pietje de Leugenaar in *Terug naar Oosterdonk*, won the Louis d'Or for his leading role in *Mefisto For Ever* (Het Toneelhuis, Antwerp).

**MEG ROSOFF**, author, American in London, had a huge hit with *How I Live Now*, soon to be made into a film, winner of the Astrid Lindgren Memorial Award. [WWW.MEGROSSOFF.CO.UK](http://WWW.MEGROSSOFF.CO.UK)

**BART SCHNEEMANN**, oboist, lives in Amsterdam, artistic director of the Nederlands Blazers Ensemble, involved since the inception of the trilogy *De Schepping/Het Paradijs/De Hemel*, created by Bart Moeyaert and the Nederlands Blazers Ensemble.

**JÜRIG SCHUBIGER**, author, died in 2014 in Zurich, known for *Als die Welt noch jung war* (translated from German by Bart Moeyaert as *Toen de wereld nog jong was*), winner of the Hans Christian Andersen Award.

**ANDRÉ SOLLIE**, author, illustrator, his novel *Nooit gaat dit over* has been made into a film by Bavo Defurne, known for *Wachten op Matroos* (with illustrator Ingrid Godon, published in English as *Hello, Sailor*), illustrated the first edition of Bart Moeyaert's *Duet met valse noten*.

**TOON TELLEGEN**, author, doctor, poet, lives in Amsterdam, known for his animal stories, such as *The Squirrel's Birthday and Other Parties and Letters to Anyone and Everyone*, received the Constantijn Huygensprijs for his oeuvre.

**DOROTHÉE VAN DEN BERGHE**, director, screenwriter, lives in Brussels, made her name with the films *Meisje and My Queen Karo*. [WWW.MYQUEEN.KARO.COM](http://WWW.MYQUEEN.KARO.COM)

**DRIES VAN NOTEN**, fashion designer, lives in Lier, has had his own fashion line since 1986, with exclusive boutiques in Antwerp, Paris, Singapore, Hong Kong and Tokyo. [WWW.DRIESVANNOTEN.BE](http://WWW.DRIESVANNOTEN.BE)

**TIM VAN STEENBERGEN**, fashion designer, theatrical costume designer, lives in Antwerp, recent work: creations for Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen* (a co-production by La Scala, Milan, and Staatsoper Berlin). [WWW.TIMVANSTEENBERGEN.COM](http://WWW.TIMVANSTEENBERGEN.COM)

# Bart Moeyaert

‘Some pieces of news are more important than they seem.’

Oskar in *De Melkweg*  
(Querido, 2011)

## / BIOGRAFIE /

After three decades, *Duet met valse noten* (Off-key Duet), Bart Moeyaert's debut, is gradually assuming the status of a classic. Since 1983, readers of all ages have discovered the prose and poetry of Bart Moeyaert, giving him a unique position in Dutch literature. His books have won many awards at home and abroad, including the Gouden Uil, the Boekenleeuw, the Woutertje Pieterseprijs, the Deutscher Jugendliteraturpreis, and the Norske Oversetterpremien, and have appeared in twenty languages to date. In 2015, Bart Moeyaert was nominated for the international Hans Christian Andersen Award for the fourth time and received his thirteenth consecutive nomination for the international Astrid Lindgren Memorial Award. In 2014 Bart Moeyaert was appointed artistic director of the project Frankfurt 2016 by the Dutch Foundation of Literature and the Flemish Literature Fund. Flanders and The Netherlands are Ehrengast of the Frankfurter Buchmesse 2016.

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