



Joke van Leeuwen (1952)

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nection with Flanders and its inhabitants. She sometimes struggles with Dutch respectability and trend sensitivity, she once conceded in an interview. Border crossing defines both Van Leeuwen's life – she sometimes refers to herself as a 'Netherbelgian' – and her work, where she navigates effortlessly between the vague boundaries of literature for toddlers, children and adults. Setting one above the other strikes her as nonsense. Alternatively, as Nelleke Noordervliet put it when awarding her the Gouden Ganzenvaar (Golden Goose Quill) literary prize in 2010, 'She turns adults into children and takes children seriously.'

In 1978 Van Leeuwen debuted with *De appelmoesstraat is anders* (Applesauce street is different), a black and white picture book, strikingly non-conformist for its time, about a new resident who wants to break through the uniformity of the street. Right away this was unmistakably a Van Leeuwen book.

The author consciously avoids conforming to the hype around the realistic children's book, in fashion in the 1970s, in which readers were burdened with the world's big social problems. Humour and cabaret-type hilarity have always been important ingredients of her work. Misery and sadness are not avoided, but are implicitly given their place, without pedantic emphasis. A philosophical undertone is never far away. Recurring themes such as loneliness and lack of understanding are subtly handled in her stories, an approach which heightens their impact.

In her second book *Een huis met zeven kamers* (A house with seven rooms, 1980), a girl makes a journey of discovery through her 'Nice Uncle's' house. Each room is associated with its own funny story, accompanied by songs, poems, puzzles and handwritten letters. Language virtuosity comes up trumps: from then on word games, fitting names for people and objects, and unique use



of language and dialogue, along with Van Leeuwen's own peculiar illustrative style, became her trademark. 'Some things are simply easier to draw and others to write,' she explains. Her scratchy drawings and paintings offer a special interpretation of the narrative and are often a substitute for the text itself. The characters she draws do not belong in a woolly-minded children's world. No Barbie cheeks or cute snub noses; instead there are crooked noses, strange, beady eyes and messy, spiky hair.

Van Leeuwen repeatedly succeeds in constructing perfectly composed stories from what at first glance appear to be chaotic associations.

In *De metro van Magnus* (Magnus's metro, 1981), for example, the storyline is determined by eight metro stations. By chance Magnus turns up in his own drawing of the underground. At each stop he withstands tests, undergoes strange adventures and meets unusual characters. At the last station he visits his granny, who lives in an old people's home called the 'Warm Waiting Room'.

### Candid and articulate

In almost every book, even her novels for adults, Van Leeuwen's heroes go on a journey or quest. The characters are always on their way somewhere, to a place of safety. The journeys are like lessons in life and, on closer inspection, are all models for life itself. Every journey is also full of absurd meetings and witty coincidences. The children she introduces into her stories are surprisingly emancipated and articulate, in spite of their childish naivety. The young heroes look at the world around them with a candid, non-conformist gaze, withstanding unusual situations with surprising energy. The adults tend to come across as less heroic in the children's books, often appearing washed out and wrapped up in their own affairs, with little interest in the children entrusted to their care.

Only the rather strange, marginal adult characters are granted a reprieve. They are generally odd, sidelined personalities who, by dint of not fitting in themselves, are sensitive to the young heroes.

In *Deesje* (1985) a rather unworldly girl is sent by her father to stay with her 'half aunt'. It is another sparkling journey full of intrigue and peculiar meetings. Here again, loneliness and lack of understanding are recurring themes. The same theme emerges in *Het verhaal van Bobbel die in een bakfiets woonde en rijk wilde worden* (The story of Bobbel who wanted to be rich, 1987). Again the heroine is different, struggling to fit into an orderly society.

*De wereld is krom maar mijn tanden staan recht* (The world is crooked but my teeth are straight, 1995) is a kind of comic strip about 'the light and dark sides of the beginning of a woman's life'. That beginning is revealed in a perfect combination of text and illustration with snappy, often poignant humour. Once again, a book about the many questions of a girl who understands nothing about adults.

*Iep* (Eep, 1995) at first appears to be a hilarious story, but there's more to it. It is a moving book about deprivation and loss, about the drive for freedom and emancipation, about loneliness and alienation. The little bird-girl Viegeltje redefines reality for everyone she meets, literally watching and experiencing the world from the air. The lively word games, tender observations of the *comédie humaine* or adult world, boundless imagination and disarming illustrations make the book one of Van Leeuwen's masterpieces. *Iep* unites all the trump cards of her writing, playing on language and emotion like no one else can.

A carefully balanced combination of humour and seriousness in word and image makes her poems, stories and novels unique in their class. As in *Kukel* (1998), for example, where Van Leeuwen introduces a rootless little boy, left to his fate by his seven singing sisters. In his great longing to belong to someone he makes a gift of himself to the childless queen. The queen's manner of speech is magnificent and particularly amusing.

In *Wijd weg* (Far away, 1991) and *Dit boek heet anders* (This book is different, 1992) the author experiments with symbolic narrative material, less accessible perhaps, but still intriguing, another virtuoso piece of writing. *Bezoekjaren* (Visiting years, 1998) is intended for an older readership, a novel inspired by stories told to Van Leeuwen by Malika Blain. The girl Zima narrates the story of her family during the politically turbulent 1970s in Casablanca. The impoverished but warm suburban existence of a large family is thoroughly shaken up when



first the eldest son, then the second, is arrested and imprisoned for 'dissident activities'. Years of uncertainty, long trials and endless strings of prison visits are slipped almost nonchalantly into accounts of everyday life. Viewing everything through Zima's guilelessness, the reader can only guess at the political machinations behind the events.

In *Toen mijn vader een struik werd* (The day my father became a bush, 2010) and her latest book *Maar ik ben Frederik, zei Frederik* (But I'm Frederik, said Frederik, 2013) the adult world is portrayed with sharp irony. The pointlessness of each war in the former and almost Kafkaesque misunderstandings in the latter are thought-provoking.

*Kweenie* (2003) is another experimental book, different from usual. In her earlier children's books Van Leeuwen wove fairly consistent, gripping stories around her illustrations. In this book *the story* is the protagonist and narrative art is the theme. A strange story about strange stories, how they come into being and how they work. A story also about what was, is and will be. Colourful illustrations, collages, photo arrangements, excerpts of comic strips, paintings and inventive typographic effects surprise us on every page. A feast for the eyes!



The books for 'novice readers' are often hilarious. The limited language resources such stories impose tend to result in boring reading material. In *Sus en Jum* (Sus and Jum) and *Fien wil een flus* (Fien wants a flus), Van Leeuwen again proves her boundless inventiveness, making a treat of learning to read.

Two non-fiction books are equally surprising. In *Waarom een buitenboordmotor eenzaam is* (Why an outboard motor is lonely, 2004, commissioned by Ons Erfdeel), 'a book for children and other people', Van Leeuwen answers twenty-one language questions. It's never boring, even if the book is all about the origins of languages, sound changes, spelling rules, difficult conjugations, rhymes, etymology, synonyms and proverbs. With her different take on the world, Van Leeuwen succeeds in making all that rather dry, academic information easily digestible and exciting. She does so by immediately putting each serious, documented account in its place with language jokes and gags, virtuoso verse or lively illustrations and hilarious comic strips. *Een halve hond heel denken* (Thinking a half dog whole, 2008) is about looking, manipulation of images, the golden ratio, the way advertising wins us over, and how imagination plays tricks on us. Instructive, crystal clear, and as always disarmingly funny.

## Hopping in my head

Adults are also generously served by Van Leeuwen - and not only by her children's books for any age. From 2008 to 2009 she was the city poet of Antwerp. She used the city as a 'vehicle' for her poetry, immediately showing involvement in the ups and downs of her Flemish home. A particularly ingenious work was her 1100 metre long poem which, with the help of designer Bob Takes, she mounted on the wall of the Antwerp pedestrian tunnel under the Scheldt river, as a gift to the residents.

In four novels and four collections of poetry for adults she gives her readers the freedom to enjoy her masterful inventions in their own ways. Her poems are full of the same exuberant, playful and highly individual manipulation of language, giving words a life of their own. The sound games and linguistic quips of the children's poems in *Ozo heppie* recur in her poetry for adults. Anecdotal poems, pure language games and interesting observations abound in *Vier manieren om op iemand te wachten* (Four ways of waiting for someone), *Laatste lezers* (Last readers), *Wuif de mussen uit* (Wave goodbye to the sparrows) and *Grijp de dag aan* (Seize the day). She repeatedly starts out from small, everyday words, fanning out to grander distances, like sparrows rising into the air. Sound sometimes takes over from meaning. Here, too, text and image are peculiarly integrated. The intriguing scratchboard illustrations set viewers free to make their own interpretations.

In the novel *Vrije vormen* (Free forms, 2002) Van Leeuwen penetrates the clichés of the art world. The tone in which she observes the hyped-up art scene, bureaucratic society and the relationships between people is gently ironic and contrary once again. Dok (an acronym for 'Door Oefening Kunst', meaning 'art through practice') is a talented artist who finds herself in an artistic and emotional impasse after a relationship break-up. She takes in a foreign woman to fill the gap, but communication with Mara is awkward. One way or another, things get dramatically out of hand. The neologisms, imaginative as always, sound funny and succinct, but there is a melancholy behind them.

*Alles nieuw* (Everything new, 2009) returns to the theme of *Vrije vormen*. Here again the story centres on an elderly landlady (Ada) and her young tenant (Lara), and once again artistic experiments come into play. A couple of characters even pop up again. Van Leeuwen's two main characters take it in turns to speak. Young Lara wants 'to artistically manipulate reality', doctoring old pictures and photos. An old photo of Ada's missing daughter receives a new face. Misunderstanding, incomprehension and crippled communication are important themes in this book too. This powerfully composed story is about young and old, memory and future, reality and falsehood. The many drawings and graphic inventions make it a typical Van Leeuwen product.

With her latest novel *Feest van het begin* (Celebration of the Beginning, 2012) the reader tumbles into the eighteenth century. The setting appears to be that of revolutionary Paris, but Van Leeuwen has opted for intimate stories of the little people behind the history, and that produces an overwhelming world. With her perfect eye for detail and impressive empathy she introduces four main characters of flesh and blood living through the first two years of 'the new freedom'. A wonderful book about beauty and truth.

Van Leeuwen sees what we do not. Like Catho from *Feest van het begin* she can stand on her head, continually viewing the world differently. 'It has to be hopping in my head,' she says; and so it does, 'hopping' in her special sentence structures, graphic work and springy tales. She writes just as she talks and draws. Whether she is on stage, writing a story or drawing, the same unique voice emerges, the voice of Joke van Leeuwen. Time and again she surprises her readers with her uninhibited view of people and the world; she succeeds in enduringly enthusing readers of all ages, piquing their curiosity about what might happen. ■

Translated by Anna Asbury



## An Extract from *Celebration of the Beginning*

By Joke van Leeuwen



On an October Monday in the first year of the new freedom rain pours down uncompromisingly on the capital city. It beats a multitude of tiny pits in the water of the river, which runs through the city like a crooked spinal column, drawing twisting rivulets in the mud of still unpaved streets. The open gutters can no longer cope with the flow, and water spurts from drainpipes, which only reach halfway across the house fronts, pouring down onto shivering horses' flanks and flimsy carriage roofs. Passersby attempt to avoid splashes from the wheels, which throw up dirt and remnants of nitric acid that could burn holes in their clothing. Sparrows and cats hide in spaces too small for humans.

The rain gushes past the severe façade of an orphanage in one of the faubourgs, where for fifteen years, alongside other children with lost parents, a foundling girl has lived who can stand on her hands. The nuns who clothe her and set her to prayer have named her after two holy women.

That afternoon she looks through one of the few windows free of the ridged stained glass which distorts and discolours the outside world. She knows from hearsay what is happening and looks out on the silent street outside the orphanage. However little she sees, she is not permitted to continue looking, for there is cleaning to be done and new words to be learnt in a dead language that must be kept alive.

The water drums on a wallpaper manufacturer's damaged house, where everything has been smashed to smithereens by workers who came to take what was rightfully theirs, making off with the excellent wines from the cellar while they were at it. In gloomy attic apartments women and children of tanners' assistants and water carriers put down buckets and pans to catch the drips leaking in.

The rain soaks a young woman with a black patch in the skin of her upper lip. She came to the bakery expecting long queues at the door again, but the shop is closed and she returns to her mistress without bread.

The rain drums on the low house of a painter who remains indoors. He heard the alarm bells this morning, saw children pass by violently swinging hand bells, as if trying to call everyone out of the house, but he does not go to see what is happening. He avoids the unknown masses, although he wishes they all knew who he was and what he did.

Grey pools form on the roof of the workshop where an instrument maker is working on deepening the keys of a new pianoforte. It is a rectangular upright model. This smaller format sells better than the more beautiful, richer sounding grand.

The executor of court orders listens in his drawing room to the noises outside, then continues to play his cello, while his wife comes to sit with him, tucking a stray lock of hair behind her ear.



The rain falls on the cafés where men drink coffee with milk and discuss the general will and their own, and it soaks the long skirts of market women who have already been out and about for hours, that morning a good thousand of them went to the town hall to demand that the king come to the capital city, as it was promised that he would return in person from his palace, a short twenty kilometres away, where he lives with his foreign queen and small children, as if they prefer to have nothing to do with the frenzied capital and are grateful for the road around it, enabling them to circumvent its heart.

The women have thrown piles of official documents into a heap in the town hall lobby, for no bread can be baked from all that prattle on paper, they have found pikes to wave proudly in the air when they go to collect the king, as they need to make an impression, and their cheap clothing will not suffice for that. A couple of cannons will be needed too, thick tubes on wooden carts, even if no one has the cannon balls for them.

The deluge soaks the tens of thousands who have gathered to march on the palace. The water trickles down the leather apron of a saddler who has armed himself by fixing a handle to a block of wood, it saturates the white cap of an auctioneer woman with a professional scream. She screams an opening in the curtain of rain. The drips slide down the cheeks of the seamstress who has brought a broom to wave and the young actress who strikes up a simple song with just one line about what they will do today. Her words are taken over and transmitted through the throng, who like to be handed tailor made texts. No one thinks of hiding, everyone wants to be visible and remain so, shouting and singing about the arrival of the

great baker of the fatherland, their national bread supplier, for his corporeal presence, his entire royal embonpoint, will improve the situation and bring the bread within reach.

The rain soaks the curious, who approach the bridges en masse to watch the demonstrators set off, eight drummers at the front, all here thanks to whispered rumours and peeling alarm bells. They see a number of women grasp the long pikes they have obtained while others take up cutlery, the cannons coaxed along, the flags that were meant to fly proudly clinging to their poles, and sashes in the approved colours hanging around shoulders and bellies as if their bearers were making gifts of themselves. The drumming, shouting and monotonous singing rises high into the air, letting off thick clouds of rage and ingrained timidity, stale and dark, the crowd becomes one enormous buzzing creature, radically christened in the name of something in need of a new name, the mud spatters on skirts and aprons, dirty clogs, worn out jackets and new uniforms.

A long avenue leads like a length of carpet to the palace, where the rain forms pools between the stone legs of symbolic women. The water gushes down the stone necks of prestigious men, turning as it hits the secret part of the roof, where the king sometimes withdraws when he wants a little peace and quiet, to think of the ingenious mechanisms of locks and shotguns rather than the realm.

The man is grieving with his wife for their little heir, who died of consumption, his emaciated body buried for a sum that would buy bread for tens of thousands. Now their house seems even more roomy and they are never alone, constantly surrounded by servants to dress and undress them, open doors and bring bouquets, beggars of favours, portrait

painters, masseurs, wine pourers and whisperers, guards, cleaners, revellers, flatterers, lovers, seers and diviners, and the surgeon who succeeded in making him potent.

The endless procession of devotees walks out of the city, into the woods, through a village where there is insufficient food for so many passersby, and along the straight avenue towards the palace. Most of the women participating do not yet have children, or their children are grown up, they can afford to make the march, in their increasingly heavy skirts, their legs underneath fiercely striding forth. All afternoon they keep on thinking that they belong together, on their way - muscles aching, thirsty and red cheeked - to a better future.

Before darkness falls they reach the National Assembly building, not far from the palace. A chance delegation finds its way inside on tired feet clad in muddy shoes or clogs like sunk boats. They sit down on the platform, some staying below to take over the remaining empty benches. When they hear that the esteemed representatives are talking about compensating the lapsed rights of nobles, they become impatient, for the matter in hand is false grain speculation and the coming of the king to the heart of the capital, they have a petition to hand over, but is a rain soaked petition enough, will a petition result in food.

The clergy who try to hush them into deference are met with a mouthful of abuse, those who think they can calm the ladies present with a kiss to the hand are pushed away, they did not come for kissing of hands, what can they buy for a kissed

hand. Some remove their coats and lay them on the floor to dry, there lie the coats on their bellies, sleeves spread out, as if wearier than the bodies that wore them.

Outside the impatience grows, what is going on, where can they find a dry place to sit, it rains on and on and darkness has long fallen. The guards are coming, it is said, latecomers, what do they want.

A small, wet group of protesters is permitted to enter the palace to demand that the king accompany them to the capital, for everyone wants to be certain, wants their delegation to hear it from his full lips in person, to hear the voice of their saviour who struggles to speak in public, from their inspiration who likes to eat large chunks of game, but they are a weak bunch, those allowed through the two gateways, who cross the large square and are received among mirrors and on-looking images of ancestors. A girl of seventeen among them faints, how can their demands impress when they are conveyed by such a young thing, who collapses at the drop of a hat, how can such a child make demands when she receives smelling salts and is embraced by those she came to speak out against.

They return without guarantees, without promises written in black and white.

Those who have not fallen asleep on the benches of the National Assembly, on the chairman's seat or somewhere outside under a shelter, who do not think enough is enough now, but want to press on in the dark, find the royal gates locked, but they will get through, they are cold, their clothes stick to their skin.

The rain is less fierce, but still has not stopped.

Guards on horseback come to drive them back, the nervous beasts snort and the guards become unsettled, they do not have their fear of this gigantic crowd under control, one of them begins to shoot, he would have said it was in self-defence, had he had the chance – and it was not the protesters wielding cutlery who deprived him of that chance.

His bullet hits the son of the saddler who has been carrying a block of wood with a handle for hours to defend himself. Now he sets the heavy implement aside, kneels down and tries to scream his son back to life.

The crowd transforms into a maul, forcing an opening, the man who fired the shot is pulled from his horse, someone has an axe, someone hacks his head off, it goes crosswise through the thin flesh of the throat, through blood vessels, muscles, windpipe, oesophagus, thyroid. Others hang his headless body upside down on one of the gateposts. He would have been four or five years' older than the saddler's son. His blood thins in the rain.

Finally, in the early morning, while it is still dark, the squalls disappear above the restless throng, now forcing their way into the palace, as many as can press through the doors on either side, they tear upstairs to the royal quarters, trailing mud on the white marble, spattering the walls, they strike out at the vases, cast a quick glance at the medieval stone statues towering unmoved above the caps and hats, richly decorated little tabourets stand in their way, a couple of women throw open a window onto the garden as if inviting the rest of the world along. The advance guard forces the door to the chamber of

the bodyguards, who have retreated for the sake of self-preservation. They push on through to the queen's bedchamber. Her four-poster bed is empty. Curious hands tug at her bed linen, the absent queen is cursed with everything that has already been said about her, so often that it has begun to resemble truth: that she is a whore, that she orders hearth fires lit with banknotes, that she is the cause of all misery, the devil who came from elsewhere, and should have stayed there.

They stand there in their muddied clothes amidst the gilding, shouting and singing and cursing.

In panic the queen has taken the secret route to her husband's quarters, Open up, open up. The multitude storms into the hall of mirrors and multiplies. The royal family barricaded in the bull's eye salon is rescued by the guards, the king will appear on the balcony, if everyone goes back outside he will appear on the balcony, he will promise that they will come to the city, yes he will do what he can, he loves his people, they must just dress appropriately and have their trunks packed, but the whole family will come.

The rain has passed, but the road to the capital is still covered in puddles, through which the many thousands wade, barely capable of putting one foot in front of the other. In stiff clothes they reach the capital, shivering with cold, but burning with pride at their own unexpected prospects. Among them a carriage carries a sleep-deprived family, and behind the carriage follow carts full of sacks of flour found in the stores. Loaves of bread weighing four pounds are speared on pikes like umbrellas. The participants of this victory march

wave branches they have pulled from the trees on the way, young women hang on the arms of guards. Along the side of the road stand the onlookers who slept in their own beds last night, and are now present because they realise that history is being written and that sidelines have their place. A child looks out of a first floor window to see two dead heads on pikes going by. The image is branded on his brain to remain there seventy years.

The victors are weary, they have not slept, they have not had much to drink and have barely eaten, they want to continue to be lifted up, but time moves on, the crowd breaks up, empty space opens up between the bodies once again.

Some seek to prolong the flush of excitement in a café. Others crawl into their own bed or amble back to work, open their front door, grab a pan to piss in, sink down onto a chair and lay their head in their arms.

*Translated by Anna Asbury*

From: *Feest van het begin* (Prologue),  
Querido, Amsterdam, 2012

## Two Poems

By Joke van Leeuwen

### Four Ways of Waiting for Someone

- 1 Sitting. Thinking of lying. Hands smoothing the tablecloth around a dish that's difficult and much too much for two and not like the picture, but smells fantastic, out through the windows, doing its best not to collapse, like a sucked-in tummy trying not to bulge – inversion too is simile.
- 2 Walking. To the window and back, perhaps, then back to the window again, because sound confounds the brain with what you hope to hear, but isn't there. A procession dances past, people in fancy dress who call a scrawl of words and know each other all by name, certain by the look of things that someone must be looking.
- 3 Standing. At an exit, entrance where you said you would, but there are three, and you're not sure if this or that. Standing still won't get you there, but moving might mean missing what you'd almost had. Forgot to mention who's to stay and who's to move, who sees who again and when, and from how far.
- 4 Not.

### Vier manieren om op iemand te wachten

- 1 Zittend. Denkend aan liggen. Je handen strijken rimpels in het tafellaken glad rond een gerecht dat moeilijk en te veel voor twee en niet als op het plaatje is, maar ruikt, het ruikt de ramen uit, het doet zijn best niet in te zakken, zoals een ingehouden buik niet bol te zijn - ook andersom is vergelijken.
- 2 Lopend. Bijvoorbeeld naar de ramen en terug en toch weer naar de ramen, omdat geluid zich buigt naar wat je horen wilt, maar het niet is. Er danst een stoet voorbij, verklede mensen die iets onverstaanbaars juichen, van elkaar goed weten hoe ze heten en te kijken dansen dat je kijken moet.
- 3 Staand. Bij een ingang, uitgang waar je zei dat, maar er zijn er drie, je weet niet meer of die of deze. Van blijven staan komt niemand tegen, maar met bewegen wordt haast bereikt wat net verdween. Zeker nog niet gezegd wie blijft en wie beweegt en wie dan wie wanneer en van hoe ver weer ziet.
- 4 Niet

From: *Vier manieren om op iemand te wachten. Gedichten*  
(Four Ways of Waiting for Someone. Poems),  
Querido, Amsterdam, 2001



## She Said

She said, we'd ordered new compassion,  
we had, they were going to deliver  
the new compassion on Friday.  
On Friday they say, is Saturday okay.  
We say yes, but only in the morning.  
They say, not on, that's not on,  
the morning. My husband says, fine,  
I'll come and pick it up myself,  
Saturday in the morning, okay?  
Okay, they say. He gets there  
Saturday, they say, no compassion.  
He says, how come, it's supposed  
to be here? No, sorry, all out, come back  
Friday. He says, what do you mean,  
Friday, I need it right now. They say,  
sorry, it's not in yet. He says,  
but you said you had it already.  
They say, are we supposed to say  
we haven't, is that what you want  
to hear, us saying we haven't?

## Zei ze

Zei ze hadden we nieuwe ontferming  
besteld wij, ze zouden die brengen,  
de nieuwe ontferming, op vrijdag.  
Zeggen ze vrijdag kan het op zaterdag.  
Zeggen we ja, maar dan wel in  
de morgen. Zeggen ze gaat niet,  
dat gaat niet, de morgen. Zegt mijn  
man goed, dan kom ik die zelf halen,  
zaterdag dan in de morgen, dat kan?  
Ja dat kan, zeggen ze. Komt hij daar,  
zaterdag, nergens ontferming. Zegt hij  
hoezo niet, die zou er toch wezen?  
Nee nee, die is er niet, komt u maar  
vrijdag. Zegt hij wat vrijdag, ik moet  
die meteen. Zeggen ze gaat niet, die  
is nog niet binnen Zegt hij u zei toch  
dat die er nu was? Zeiden ze  
moeten we zeggen van niet dan,  
wilt u dat horen,  
van zeggen van niet?

*Translated by David Colmer*

From: *Wuif de mussen uit. Gedichten en beelden*  
(Seeing Off the Sparrows. Poems and Pictures),  
Querido, Amsterdam, 2006