

MARYSE CONDE



THE NEW ACADEMY LITERATURE PRIZE 2018



Kära Maryse Condé

Välkommen till Sverige, Stockholm och Rinkeby bibliotek! Vi tycker att det är en ära att få träffa en så speciell och härlig person som dig.

Vi bor i Rinkeby tillsammans med 16 000 andra människor. Rinkeby är en gammal ort, namnet Rinker betyder Krigare. Det moderna Rinkeby invigdes 3 november 1971. Nu bor det folk från hela världen här, från Irak, Turkiet, Somalia, Kurdistan och många andra länder.

Vi som har gjort det här häftet till dig är 14 år och vi går i Rinkebyskolan. I vår skola finns det knappt 200 elever som talar 30 språk! Bara i våra klasser talar vi arabiska, engelska, franska, grekiska, romska,

rumänska, ryska, somaliska, spanska, svenska, turkiska och ukrainska.

Det finns nackdelar och problem här, men för det mesta har vi nog det bra och trivs.



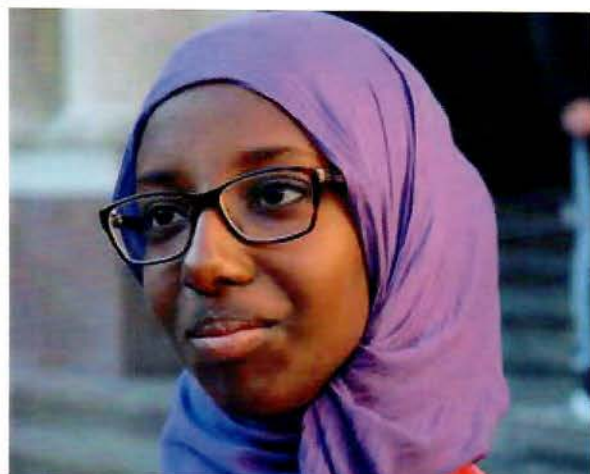
Dear Maryse Condé

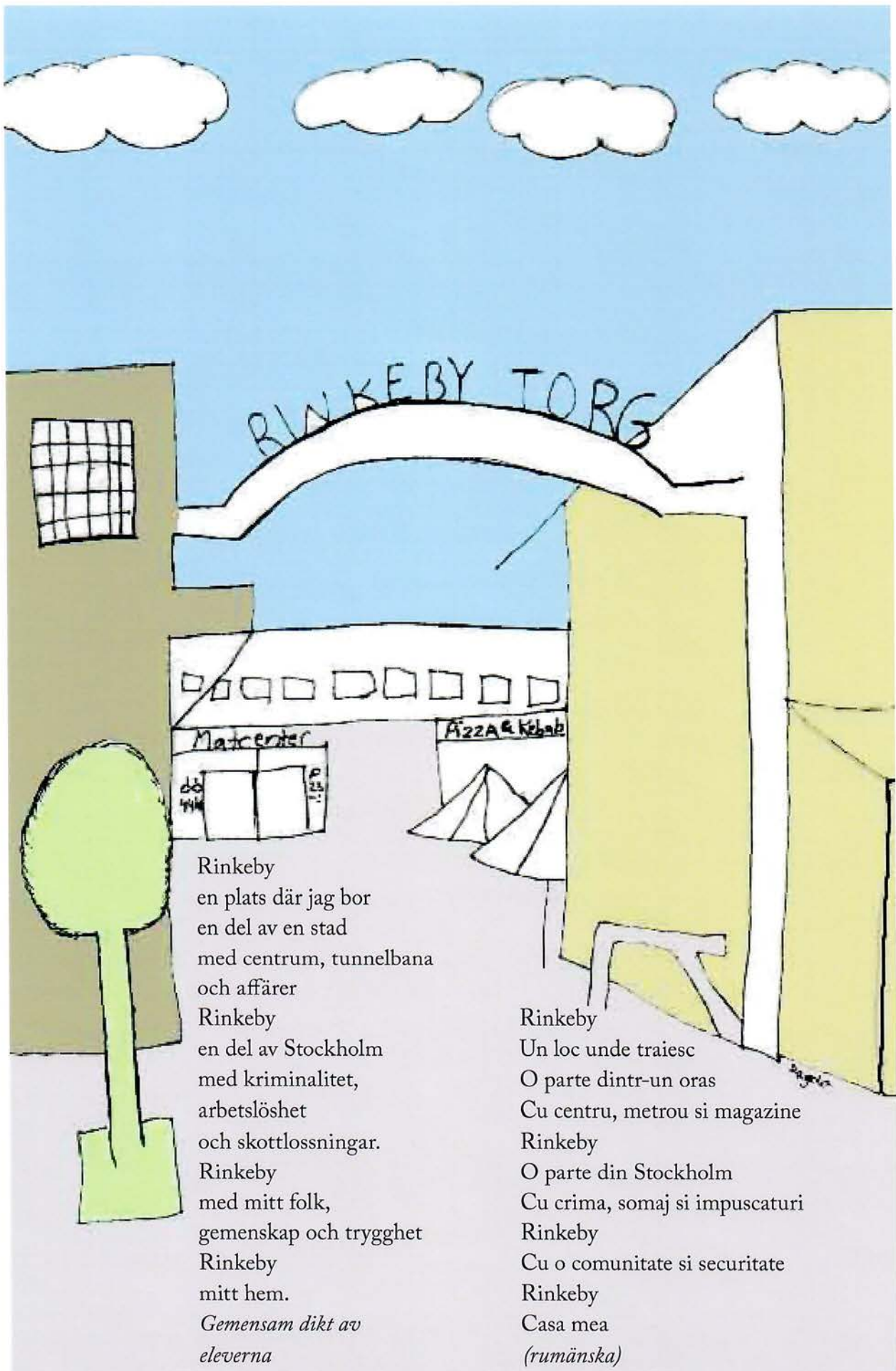
Welcome to Sweden, Stockholm and the Library in Rinkeby! It is an honor to meet such a special and beautiful person like you. We live in Rinkeby together with 16,000 other people. Rinkeby is an old hamlet, the name Rinker means Warrior. The modern Rinkeby, as we know it, was officially inaugurated November 3, 1971. Today there are people from all over the world living here, from Iraq, Turkey, Somalia, Kurdistan just to name a few.

We, who have produced this booklet to you, are 14-year-old students from Rinkeby School. In our school there are almost 200 students who speak 30 languages! Only in our class alone we speak Arabic, English, French, Greek, Romanian, Romany, Russian, Somali, Spanish, Swedish, Turkish and Ukrainian.

There are disadvantages and problems living here, but for the most part we are well and happy.

Amina, Cecilia, Duha, Ragda, Ramla, Rania and Salma

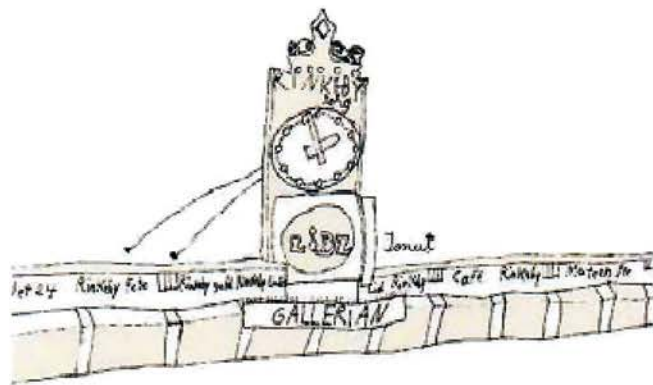




Rinkeby
 en plats där jag bor
 en del av en stad
 med centrum, tunnelbana
 och affärer
 Rinkeby
 en del av Stockholm
 med kriminalitet,
 arbetslöshet
 och skottlossningar.
 Rinkeby
 med mitt folk,
 gemenskap och trygghet
 Rinkeby
 mitt hem.

*Gemensam dikt av
 eleverna*

Rinkeby
 Un loc unde traiesc
 O parte dintr-un oras
 Cu centru, metrou si magazine
 Rinkeby
 O parte din Stockholm
 Cu crima, somaj si impuscaturi
 Rinkeby
 Cu o comunitate si securitate
 Rinkeby
 Casa mea
 (rumänska)



Rinkeby

A place where I live,
a part of a city
with a shopping center, metro station
and business.

Rinkeby

a part of Stockholm
with crime, unemployment
and shooting.

Rinkeby

with my people,
solidarity and friendship.

Rinkeby

my home.

A poem written jointly by the pupils

Rinkeby

Un endroit où j'habite

Une partie d'une ville

Avec un centre, un métro
et des boutiques

Rinkeby fait partie de Stockholm

Avec la criminalité, le chômage,
des tirs et des fusillades

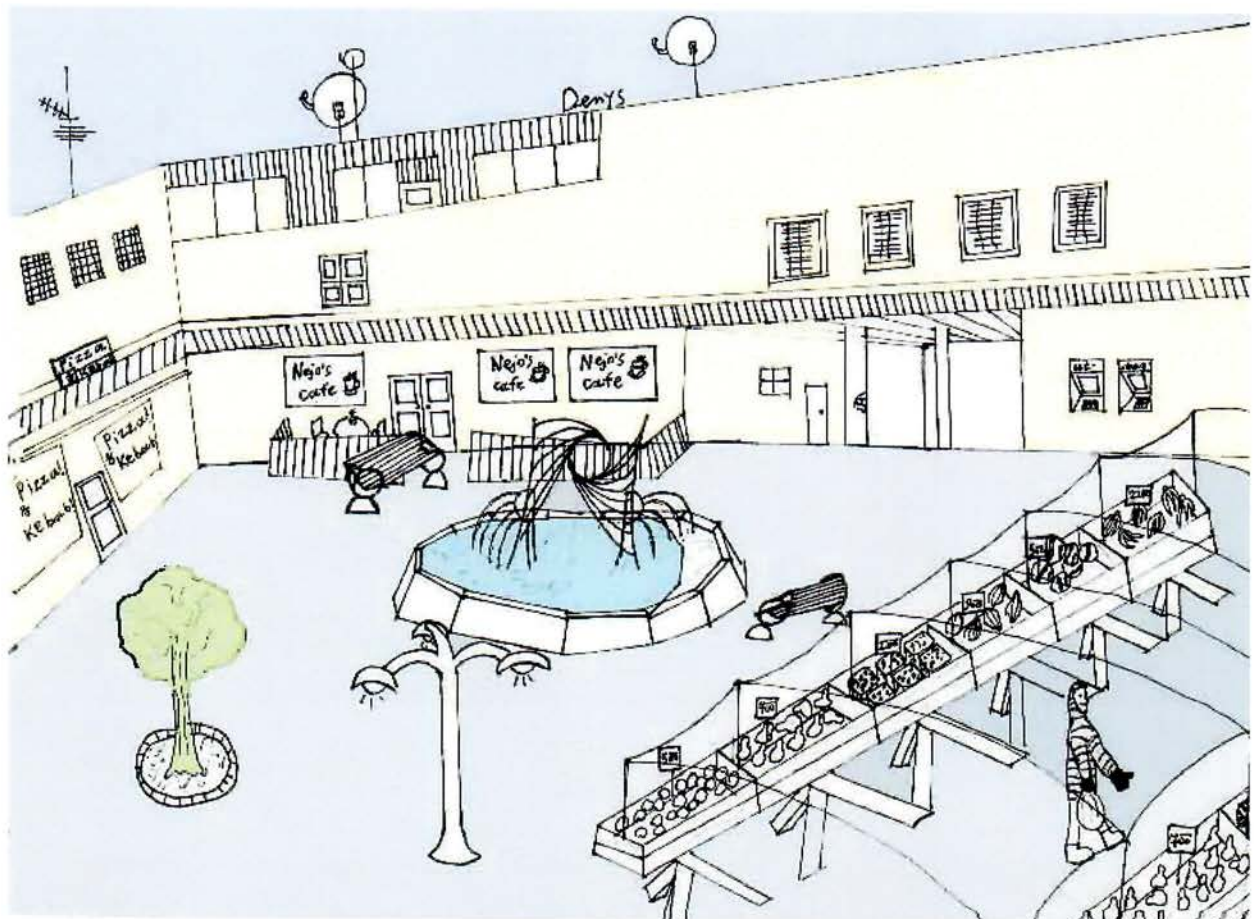
Rinkeby

Avec mon peuple

Solidarité et sécurité

Rinkeby est mon domicile

(franska)





Ilhaan

Livet

Livet?

Vad är viktigast?

Familj och vänner,
min mamma och min tro.

Livet?

Det viktigaste är kärlek,
gemenskap och lojalitet.

Att känna sig trygg
i livet, i framtiden.

Vida

Vida?

Que es lo mas importante?

La familia y los amigos

Mi madre y mi fe

Vida?

Lo mas importante son
los sentimientos

La lealtad y la comunidad

Sentirte seguro

En la vida , en el futuro.

Life

Life?

What is most important?

Family and friends,
my mom and my faith

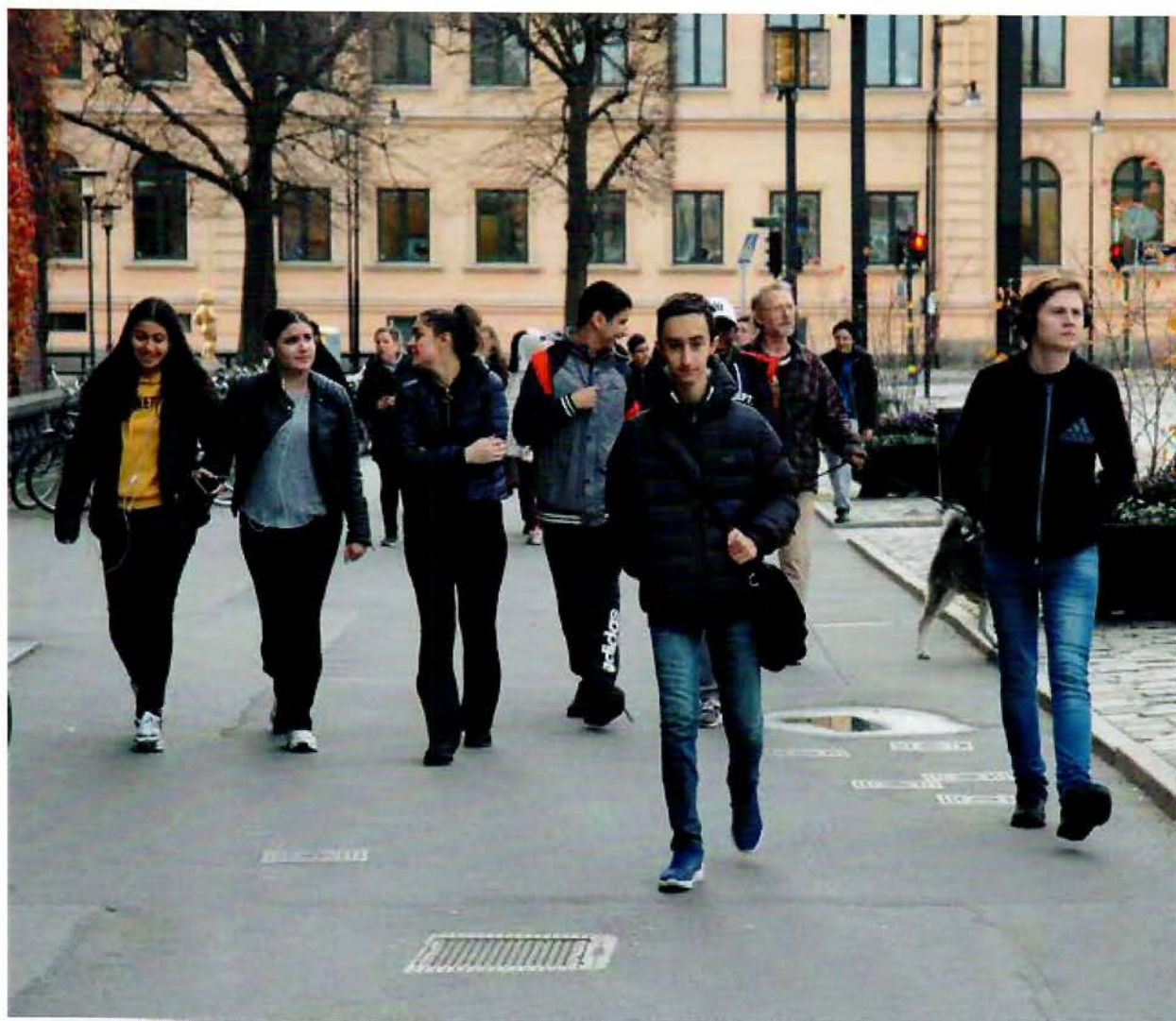
Life?

The most important thing is love,
community and loyalty.

To feel safe

in life, in the future.

*Abdikarin, Adrian, Cici,
Denys, Duha, Evin, Halil, Ionut,
Jasmine, Jonas, Ragda,
Ramla och Salma*



The announcement New Academy Literature Prize 2018



Lokaltidningen Vi i Rinkeby/Olof Plym Forsbell

On October 12, we went to Stockholm City Library to find out who would receive the New Academy Literature Prize 2018.

The library at Sveavägen, in central Stockholm, is big and beautiful. When we entered the main hall, the Rotunda, there were many people and numerous journalists from different countries. We were the only young ones, so it felt exciting. We were interviewed and photographed, a journalist even came from Hong Kong.

Alexandra Pascalidou, who grew up in Rinkeby, spoke about the prize. The process of nomination and selection began with Swedish librarians announcing a shortlist, from which the whole world had to pick two women and two men. Finally, out of these four, an expert jury selected you, Highly Honored Maryse Condé as the winner.

We saw a video with you telling us how much this price means. Guadeloupe is a small country, you said, only mentioned when there are hurricanes or earthquakes and things like that. And how happy you are that your country now is known for other reasons, a literature award you so happily and proudly accept.

We had not heard of you before, but now we are very fortunate to have gotten to know you by reading and hearing about you. You are a great narrator who write about colonialism, racism, class and gender.

We think you write about things that are important, things that happen every day in the world. It's a great experience for us to meet you.

Adrian, Emirhan, Evin, Ionut and Jasmine.

MARYSE

Condé

Hello Dear Maryse!

When you grew up in Guadeloupe your parents were "Les Grands Nègres". You only spoke French and you didn't learn anything about the West Indian culture. Your parents sent you to Paris, France when you were only 16 years old. The other Parisians looked down upon you since you had children outside of marriage and because you were black. You felt hurt.

You met other West Indians in Paris and you talked about racism: If we are not West Indians and not French – what are we then? You started to talk about Africa. You wanted to see how other Africans lived and you wanted to escape France.

You traveled to Africa and moved to Guinea. You made new friends. They wanted you to adapt to their language, clothes and hairstyles. But you hated the word 'adapt'! Others telling you what to do and how to act. You didn't want to obey others, you wanted to be yourself. We understand how you felt. It's a hard feeling to always have to think about what others want you to be. We don't understand why everybody have to be the same. People are different, with different personalities. If we are always told that we have to change it will affect our self-confidence.



I have drawn a portrait of you when you were young. I found the portrait on the cover of one of your books.

Emirhan

You write that you felt like a non-creature, without a family or a country. That feeling is not because of you. It's because of your surroundings. It's the national borders that created it. The French invaded the West Indies and took African slaves there. Colonialism created racism and hate. It would be a better world without national borders, because we are all humans and we all have the same worth.

We have read parts of your book: Life without masks. Wearing different masks means wearing different faces. To pretend to be someone you're not. To be fake. We think, that instead of feeling ashamed, you should embrace who you are and show your true self.

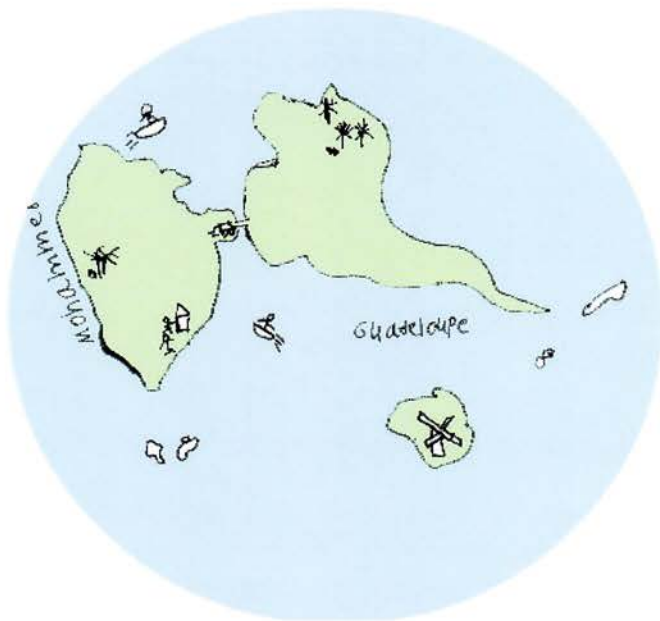
Adrian, Jasmine och Rania

We illustrated your book "La vie sans fards"

Dear Maryse!

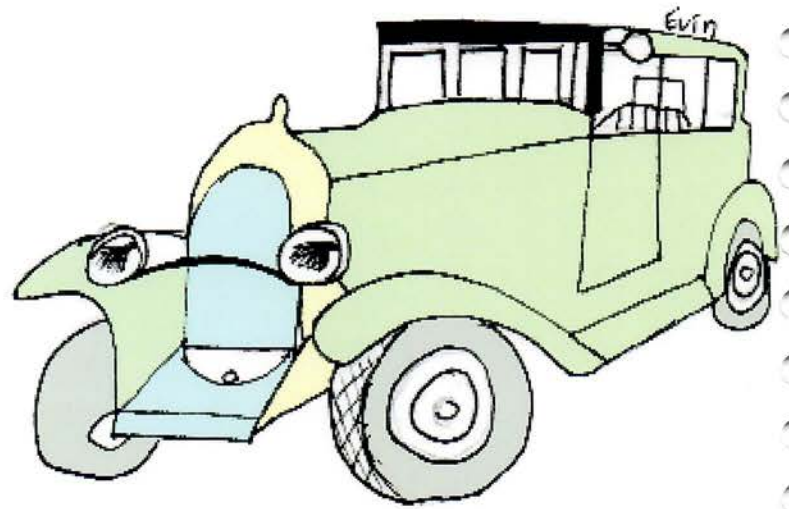
We find it amazing that your parents succeeded so well in life. They had good jobs; could buy a car, and lived in a two-story house. You made a mistake marrying Jean. He never kept in touch. He should have sent you a postcard.

Abdikarin, Halil, Hiboladan, Jonas and Mikael



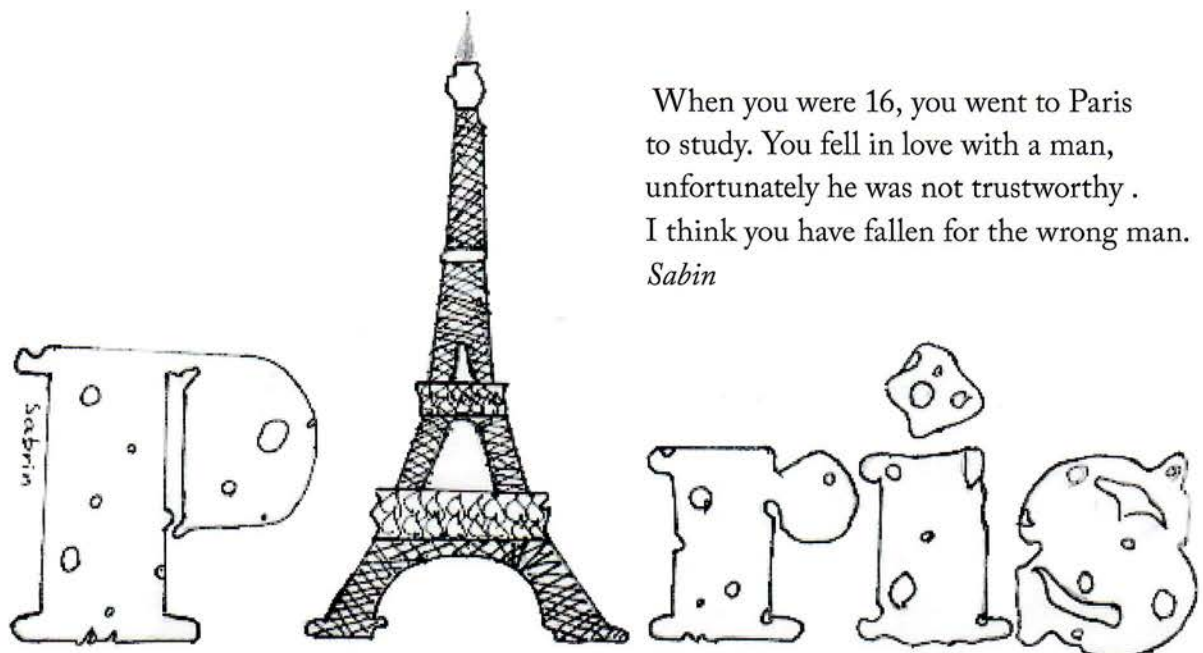
You were born on an island called Guadeloupe. I draw a map of it so that you remember where you were born.

Mohammed



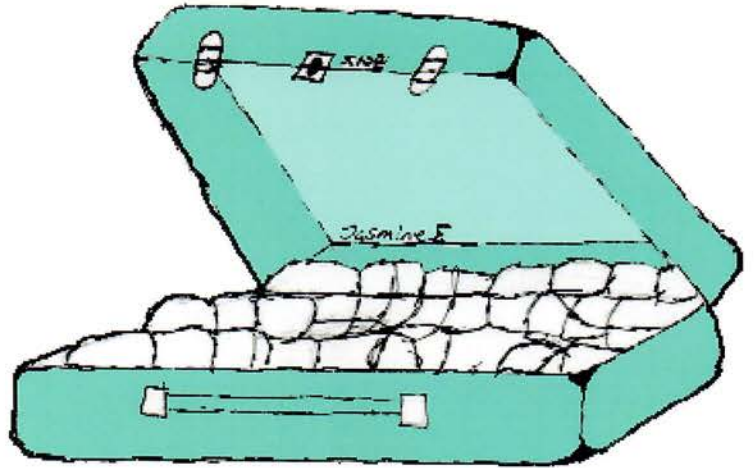
Your mother was a teacher and your dad worked at a bank. They were so well off that you could buy a Citroën C4. They didn't teach you anything about the West Indian culture.

Evin



When you were 16, you went to Paris to study. You fell in love with a man, unfortunately he was not trustworthy. I think you have fallen for the wrong man.

Sabin



When you got pregnant, your husband packed his clothes and left you. You became very depressed.

Duba

He is missing you alot
He is calling for you all
the time.

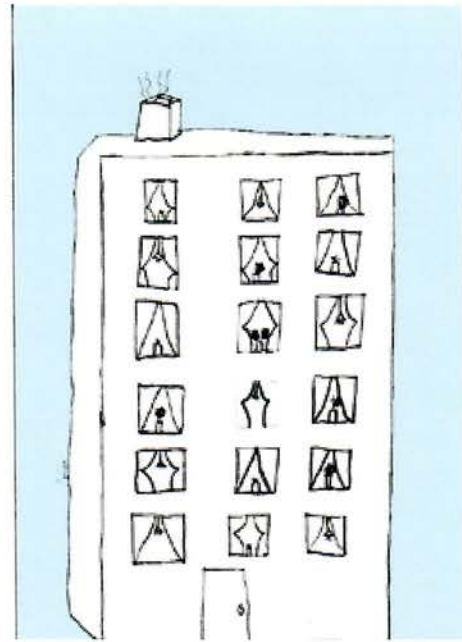
Han saknar er miyket
han par etter er hela tiden

Randi

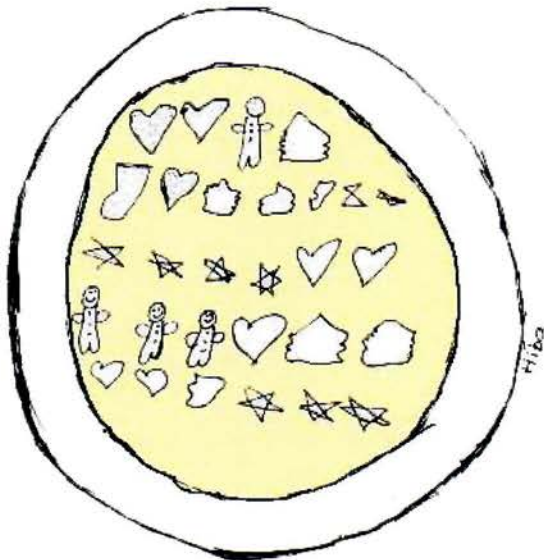
I know you did not have the money to buy food and clothes for your son Denis. You were very poor, you cried every day. It was completely tragic. You had to leave Denis to an orphanage and later to another mother. I know you wanted to take care of him.

Ramla

The foster mother wrote you a letter." He misses you a lot. He is calling for you all the time."

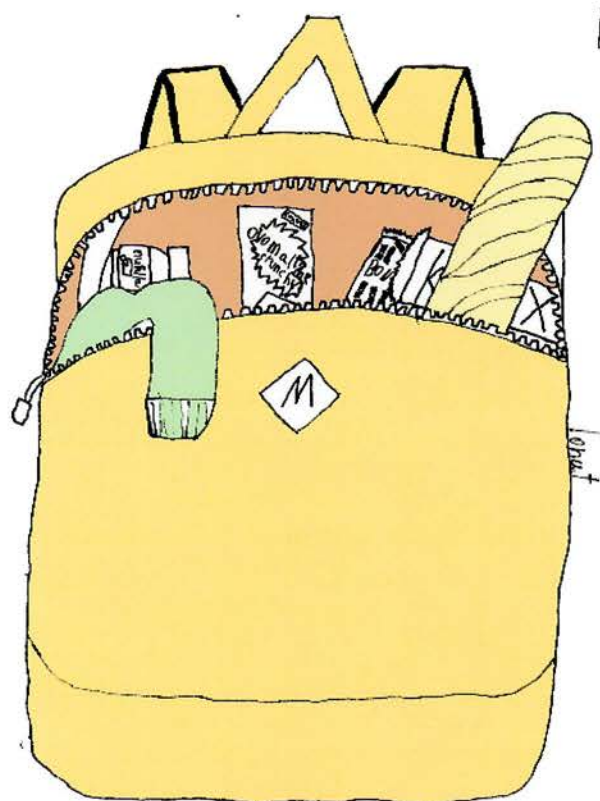


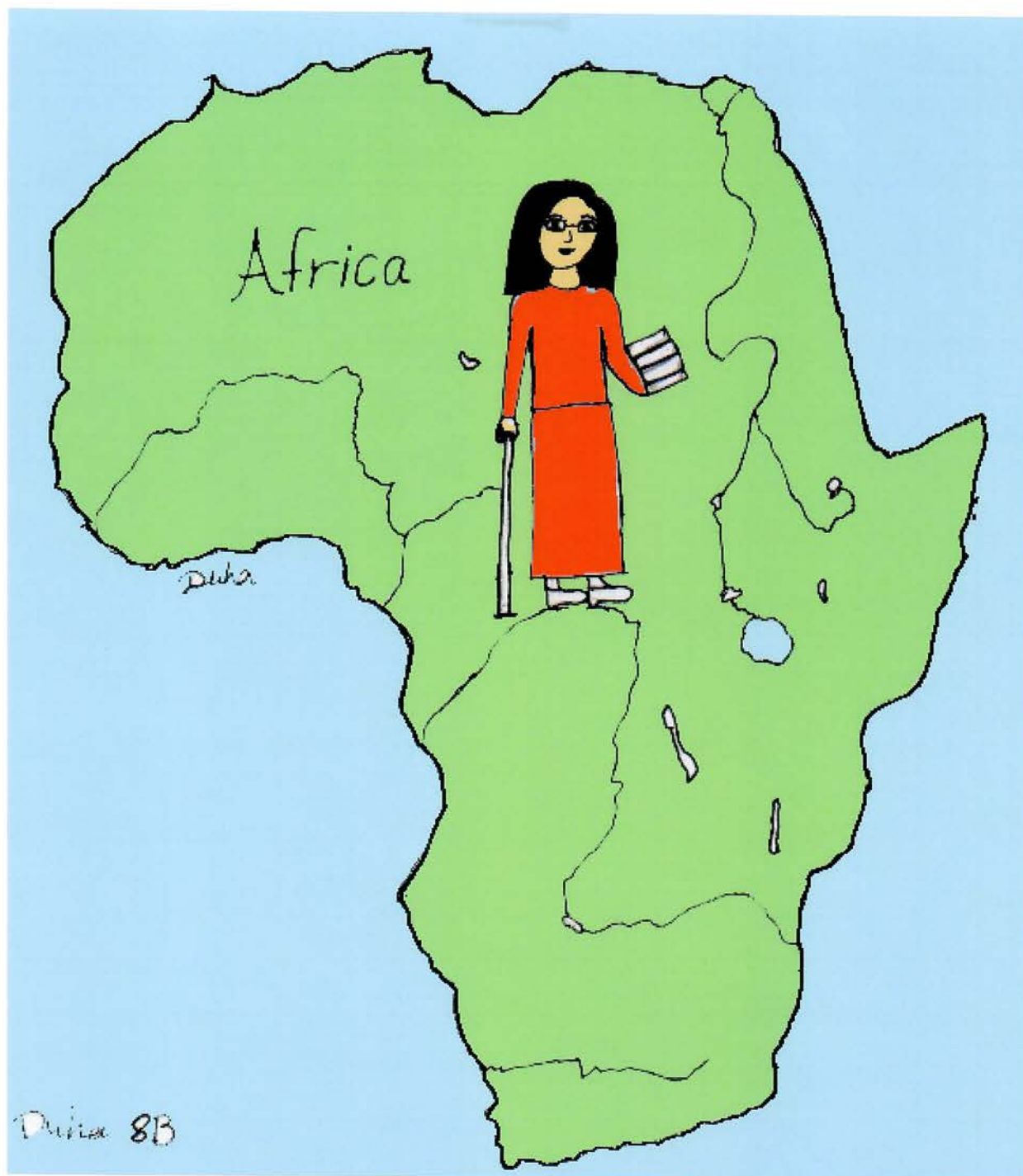
You did not want Denis to grow up in an orphanage so you took care of him. You lived in a small room, six floors up in a house without elevator. You had no money for the rent. He who owned the house became angry, and walked all the six stairs up to your room and shouted: "I'm not your father!"
Duba and Hiba



This drawing is about you when you were having lunch with your colleagues. They gave you food and clothes for your son. When you came out the street you cried.

Ionut





Dear Maryse,
You have lived in many countries in Africa.
But you did not feel welcome, you felt like a stranger. You write that you felt like having no family and no country. Others wanted you to adapt to them, to their languages, manners, clothes and hairstyles. But you didn't want to "adapt". It must have been tough.
Duha

Kära Maryse,
Du har bott i många länder i Afrika. Men du kände dig inte välkommen, du kände dig som en främling. Du skriver att det kändes som att du inte hade någon familj och inget land. Andra ville att du skulle anpassa dig till dem, till deras språk, vanor, kläder och hårstil. Men du ville inte anpassa dig. Det måste ha varit jobbigt.

Medverkande och tack

Thanks to Alexandra Pascalidou, The New Academy and all the dedicated volunteers who made this possible.

Tack till

Rinkebyskolan, box 5018, 163 05 Spånga
Rinkeby bibliotek
Stockholms Stadsbibliotek

Ingrid Johansson, bibliotekarie
Judith Hollander, regissör
Marianne Clemens korrläsare, engelska
Ömer Saygin webbansvarig

Luciatåg:
Askebyskolans Luciatåg under ledning av
Rolando Pomo

Medverkande
Klass 8B

Abukar, Sabirin Abdullahi
Al-Rubaye, Dhuha Ali Hossam Al Deen
Darag, Mohammed
Demirok, Yunus
El Masri, Ragda
Elmi, Jasmine
Erol, Emirhan
Hassan, Ramla
Ionesco, Ionut-Catalin
Issa, Adrian
Kelderass, Cecilia
Klym, Denys
Köyluoğlu, Evin
Matoussi, Amina
Nasrudin Hassan, Salma

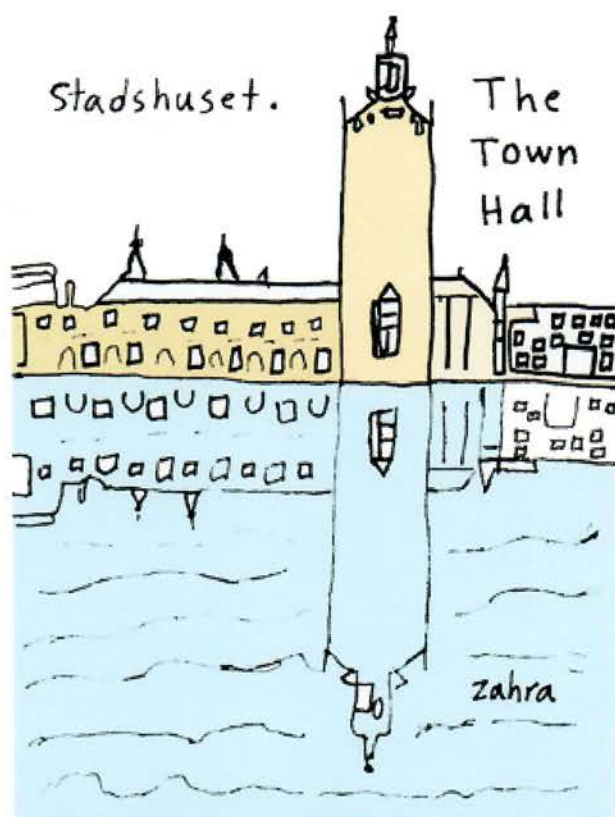
Klass 8C

Hiboladan Olad
Mikael Zouaier
Abdikarin Hassan
Halil Simsek
Jonas Serry

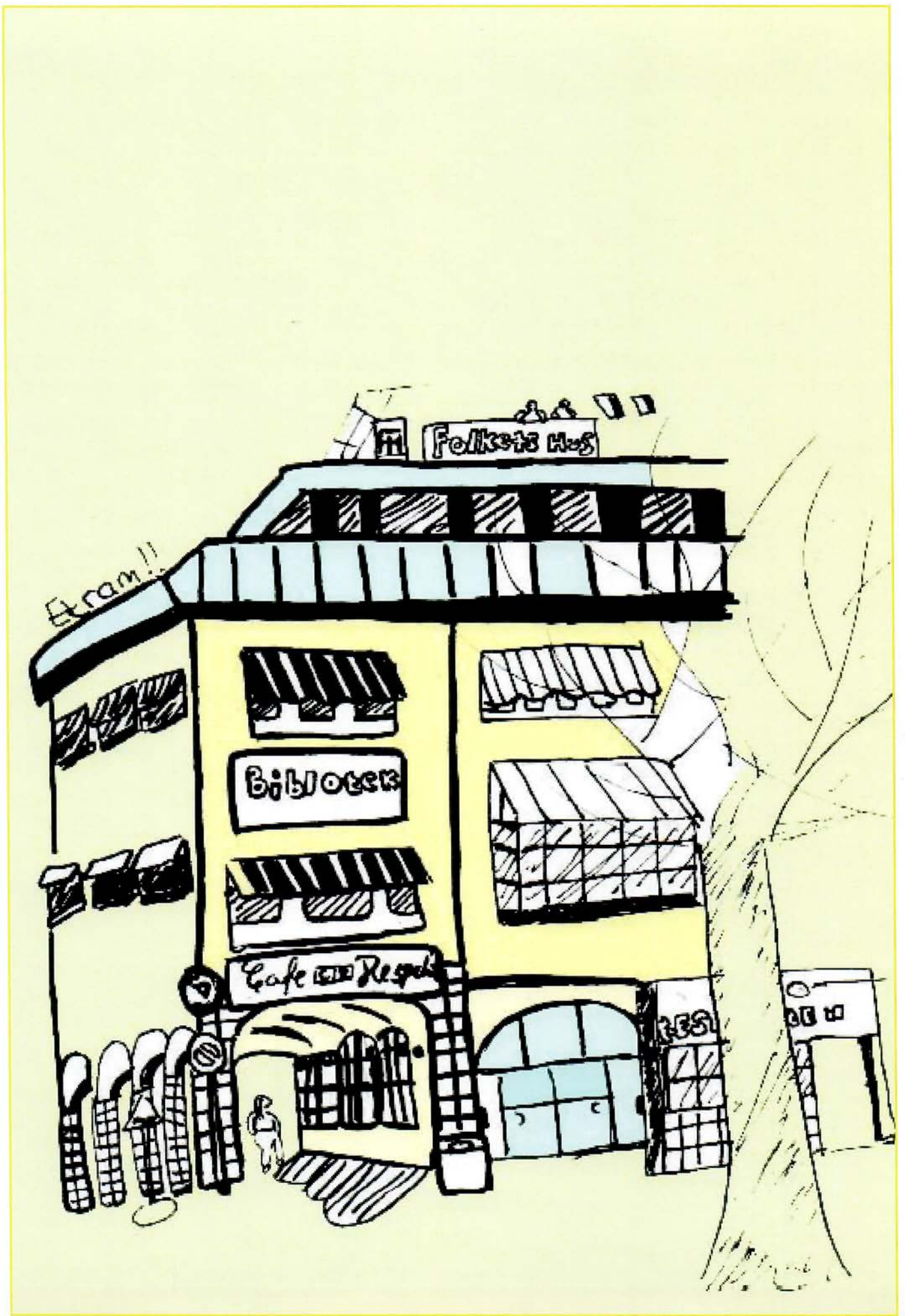
Lärare
Nina Halmkrona
Ingela Henriksson
Annika Hynge
Elena Peterson
Calle Zetterlund
Goizeder Caballero Martinez
Najet Abdennabi
Projektledare

Gunilla Lundgren författare
Lotta Silfverhielm tecknare

Grafisk form och foto
Lotta Silfverhielm









Min berättelse

Förut bodde jag i Bagdad med min familj. Bagdad är Iraks huvudstad. Vi var fem personer: min mamma, min pappa, jag, min lillebror och min lillasyster. Vi bodde i en lägenhet i ett hus som min farbror ägde. Jag tyckte om Bagdad, men det var krig. Jag tyckte inte om skolan för lärarna slog barnen. På fritiden var jag hemma eftersom det var krig. Det var farligt att vara ute. Jag hade många vänner i Irak. Jag vet inte var de är nu.

När jag var elva år lämnade min familj Bagdad. Vi orkade inte med kriget längre. Resan var mycket svår och tog lång tid. Först tog vi flyg till Turkiet. Sen tog vi båt till Grekland och sen åkte vi buss och tåg tills vi kom fram till Sverige. Först kom vi till Malmö, sen flyttade Migrationsverket oss till Boden som ligger i norra Sverige. Där var det mycket snö och kallt. Vi bodde på en flyktingförläggning. Sen kom vi till Gällivare och sen tillbaka till Boden och sen till Koler som ligger nära Piteå. Sen kom vi till Långträsk.

Vi bodde i skogen. Det var långt till affären och vägen var väldigt hal. Den var som is. Det var mörkt nästan jämt. Mamma orkade inte bo i skogen längre och vi hade inte uppehållstillstånd. Då åkte mamma tillbaka till Irak. I december 2017 fick vi uppehållstillstånd. I april, precis på min födelsedag, åkte vi till Iran bara för att få träffa mamma. Vi kunde inte åka till Irak. Vi var i Iran i 10 dagar, sen åkte pappa tillbaka med mig och mina syskon till Långträsk. Pappa sa till Migrationsverket att vi ville flytta till södra Sverige, och i juli i år flyttade de oss till Rinkeby. Nu har jag bott här i fyra månader. Förut kunde inte pappa laga mat, men nu kan han laga vad som helst. Han lagar arabisk mat som mamma brukade göra. Jag städar och tar hand om min lillasyster. Vi trivs i Rinkeby men vi längtar efter mamma och väntar på att hon ska komma tillbaka till Sverige.

Duba