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AQUARIUM Autokorso BEROLINA Bibliothekar CHEMIKER Champagne DRESDEN Danemark EISENBERG Elektromotor FAKSIMILE Fruhdrucke GERNRODE Gewandhaus HUMORIST Handschrift ILSENBURG Indonesien JORDANIEN Journalist KARNEVAL Konstruktion LUNAPARK Lindenblute MANEBACH Merseburg

NUSSBAUM Neandertaler ORGANIST Osnabruck PORTUGAL Panoptikum QUALITAT Quarantane RECHNUNG Radiogramm SAALFELD Strassenbahn TRUTHAHN Technologie USEDOM Universitat VIEHZUCHT Verbannung WELTRAUM Weltmarkt XYLOPHAN Xylographie YPSILON Yokohama ZOOHANDLUNG Zierde

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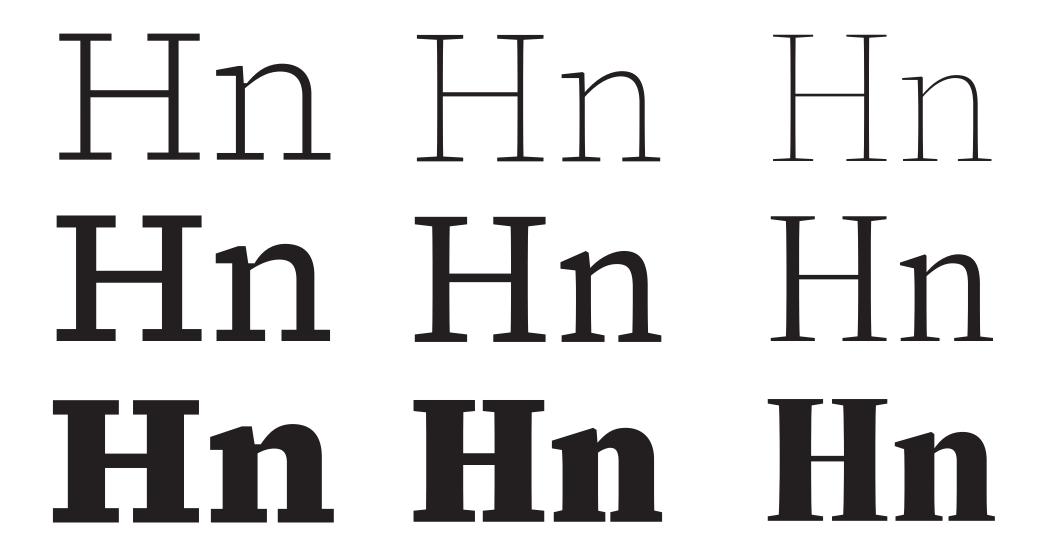
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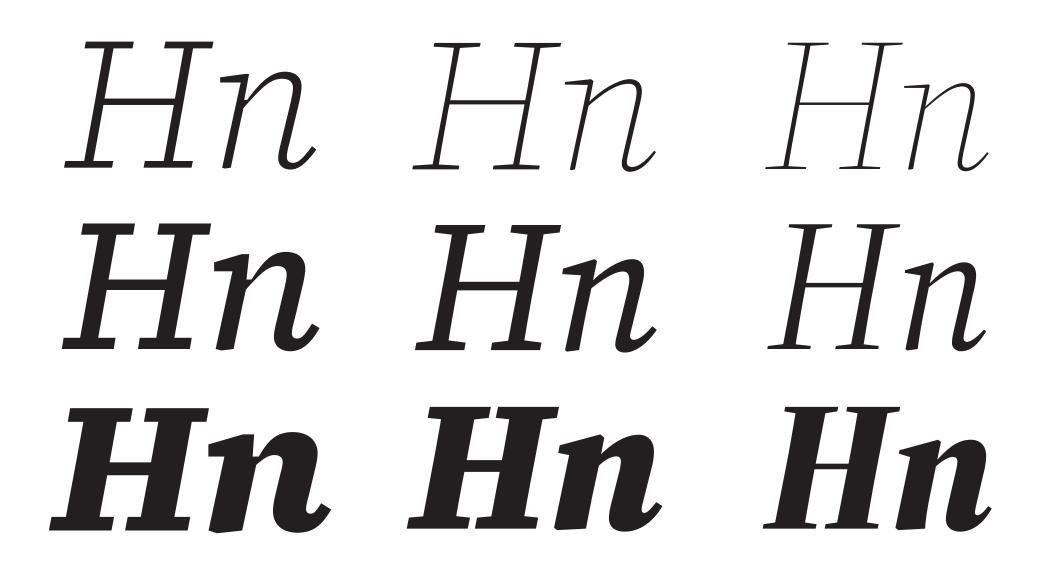
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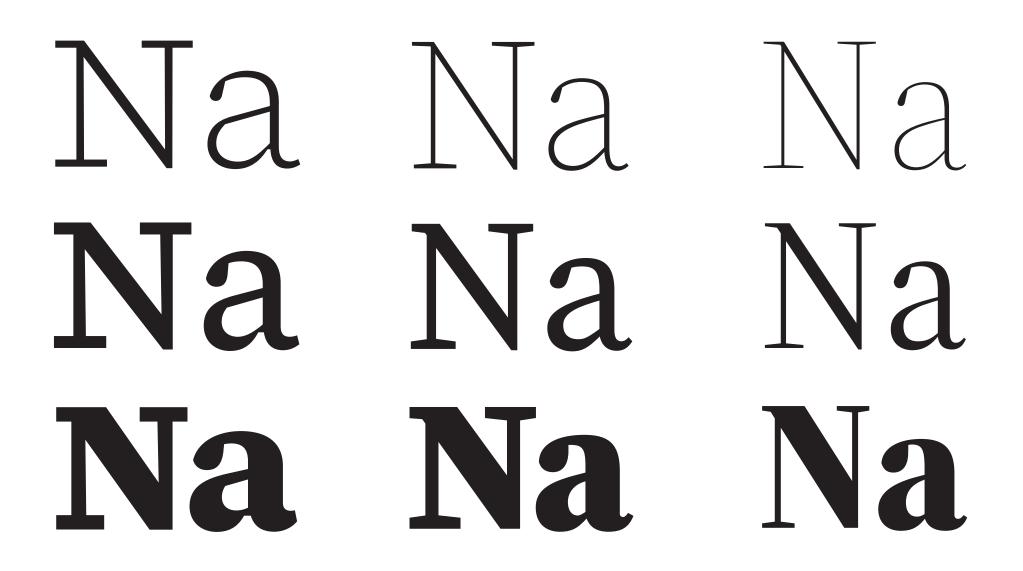
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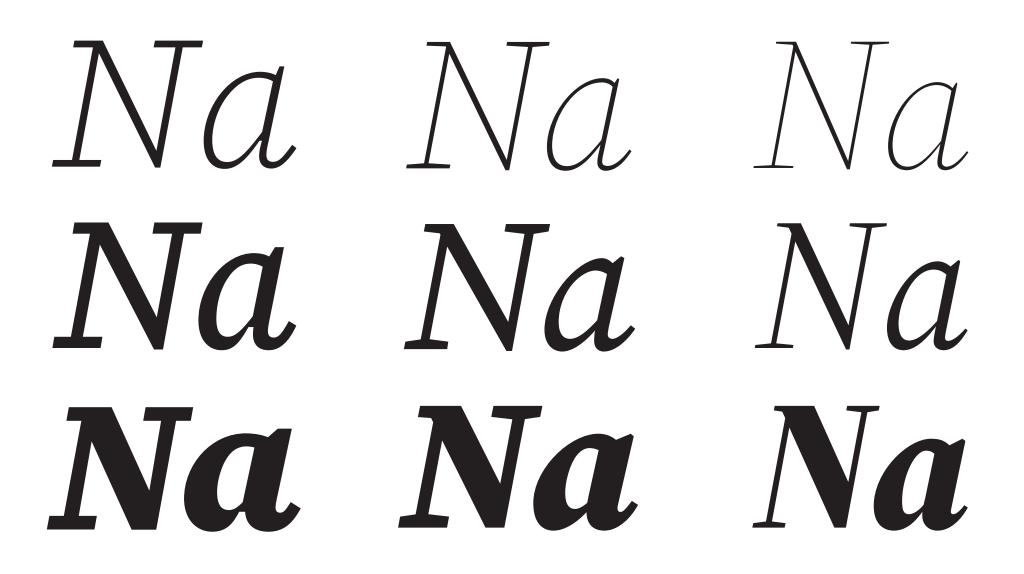
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2019-07-30

Olga Tokarczuks Novels Against Nationalism

Tokarczuk herself was outside: crowds make her anxious, and she was steeling herself. After staying out late the night before, she had had trouble sleeping. Tokarczuk, who is fifty-seven, is petite and striking, with the focussed energy of a yoga teacher. She favors artfully draped clothing and layered bracelets. Her long brown hair was twisted into dreadlocks, threaded with blue beads and piled on top of her head. Her mouth is often pursed in a wry smile.

Tokarczuk finished her cigarette. Small balls of gray catkin fluff blew on the wind, seedpods from poplars, which bloom all over Warsaw in the spring. She brushed them off her smocklike black dress and headed inside. Excavating something forgotten from Polish history and reframing it in a contemporary context has become Tokarczuk's signature. She is best known internationally for "Flights," her sixth novel, which was published in the United States last year, more than a decade after it appeared in Polish, and won the 2018 Man Booker International Prize. The Warsaw Book Fair takes place each May in the National Stadium, a basketlike structure flecked with the red and white of the Polish flag. On a bright Saturday morning, hundreds of orange balloons given out by an audiobook company bobbed from children's hands, and crowds of readers browsed the booths of publishers from across Europe. The



National Fryderyk Chopin Institute had a grand piano at its booth, and a young woman played "Bohemian Rhapsody." At a pop-up bookstore, a clerk with long brown hair and hipster glasses obligingly showed a customer a copy of "Forever Butt," a queer-magazine anthology ("pocket-sized, pink and super gay"). A long line of people snaked out of the booth of the venerable publishing house Wydawnictwo Literackie and around several of the other displays. They were waiting for a signing by Olga Tokarczuk, who in recent years has established herself as Poland's preëminent novelist and is frequently mentioned as a contender for the Nobel Prize in Literature.

Tokarczuk calls the book—a genre-crossing agglomeration of fiction, history, memoir, and essay—a constellation novel. Its over-all preoccupation is with the idea of journeying, but its sections are often linked by just a word or an image, allowing readers to discover their own connections. When I first submitted it to my publishing house, they called me back and asked if perhaps I mixed up the files in my computer, because this is not a novel, she said.