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Yesterday the now tabloid Aftenposten printed the right wing Morten A. Meyer's feeble arguments for abolishing our current and vital protection of Norwegian literature.

As Minister of Modernization he has delusions of grandeur regarding market mechanisms: Reading popular literature will lead to an increased interest for better literature.

He's however flying high on his sole right wing, totally oblivious of the fact that products which cannot pay for display and promotion won't be seen or sold.

As the former publisher Brigt Jensen once asked his friend, the cantankerous misogynist philosopher Arild Haaland on the telly: - Don't you think that what's being made invisible at last will disappear?

Mr. Meyer referred to Sweden, where depopulation of country districts has been increasing since the fifties, and where local book stores now are hard to come by. He also referred to Britain, where serious writers have very bad conditions indeed, few manage to survive with their project until they might be discovered and appreciated. (Ian McEwan.)

The one winged Mr. Meyer didn't refer to the major Norwegian publishers who've bought most book selling chains and also own the book clubs, thus controlling the public's attention, taste and purses, while already cooperating on setting both prices and standard for the literature fit for profit.

Mr. Meyer's smirking for mass societies' market liberalism shows an adamant weakness towards the political and economic forces a Norwegian government has to negotiate with. Norway is a small country with particular terms for its existence. The result of Mr. Meyer's weakness will be a country still more insignificant as a cultural and economic self contained unit.

Sacrificing Norwegian literature and culture on the altar of The European Commission in order to gain access for a financially more important export industry, is signifying how Norwegians are easily abashed abroad, while brawling at home.

Sadly Aftenposten exiled to their economy section a far better informed enclosure by Erling Roed Larsen, the editors knowing full well that few, other than the stock market speculators, like Ulrichsen and Must (majority owners of the publishing house Gyldendal – and of the cheese-producing Synnoeve Finden) may read it. Erling Roed Larsen stated:

'Our cultural heritage doesn't always give a profit. Therefore it shouldn't be administered by the market.'

I sincerely hope that no Norwegian in the foreseeable future should sport international fame reflecting upon Mr. Meyer and his co-dilettante modernization visionaries. *Mona Lyngar*