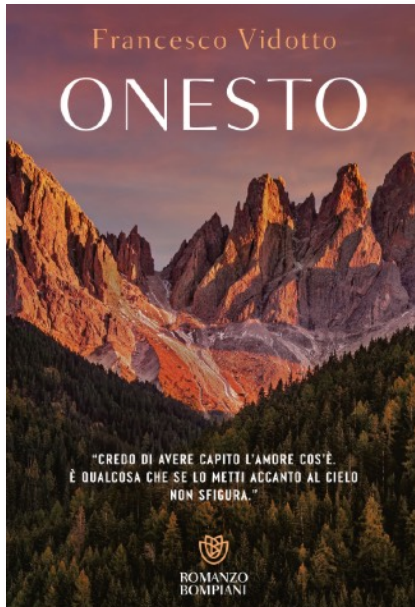




Bompiani
Fiction
Spring 2025

Onesto

Francesco Vidotto



ONESTO (c)

PB + jacket / Euro 19 / 256 pages

Imprint: Narratori Italiani

Rights: V.Mazza@giunti.it

January 2, 2025

Copies in print: 31,000 + 12,000

Partial English translation available



Francesco Vidotto (1976) grew up among the peaks of the Dolomites and worked for twenty years as a consultant and manager for large companies, until he understood that the greatest wealth that each of us has is time. So he returned to his mountains, to Tai di Cadore, where he dedicates himself to nature and writing. Among his novels, *Oceano* was published by Edizioni Minerva: it is much loved by readers and has become a long-seller on the Italian market.

"I believe I understand what love is. It is something that, if we place it next to the sky, it is not diminished."

A missing child, a brother returned, a secret love. A story to warm our hearts and lift our souls.

On a night in the pouring rain, from the window of his cabin in the woods of Cadore, Francesco sees a man standing in the middle of the storm. He invites him to come in.

"I'll gladly take shelter. If it were raining wine, I'd refuse, but it's raining water," is his reply.

This is how Francesco meets Guido Contin, known as Cognac, his face as rugged and lined as the cliffs of the Dolomites, his eyes as blue as the mountain skies.

It is there, while the comforting heat of the fire dries his wet clothes, that Contin/Cognac produces a bundle containing a collection of very special letters. Each letter is addressed to one of the majestic mountains that surround them, and each one tells a segment of the life of Onesto, a man who has lost everything he owned and yet, he still considers himself to be the richest man in the world...

press

- "...a tale that touches the heart, telling of lives that appear to be simple but instead reveal extraordinary events..." - S. Magnoli, F. Rossetti, *Oltre*

excerpt (translated by Brett Auerbach-Lynn)

"It belonged to my great-grandmother Teresa," I said, pointing to it. "She used it to repair mattresses. I found it in the attic, cleaned it up, and now I use it to display my photographs."

Guido "Cognac" Contin hadn't heard a word I said.

He set his cup down on the little table, dug his fists into the cushions, strained and lifted himself enough to move without standing up.

He slid like this until he had it within reach, then extended his hand, bypassed the photo of Grandpa, moved the photo of Grandma, nearly knocked over the candle holder, and picked up a small image in black and white, inside a rusty horseshoe.

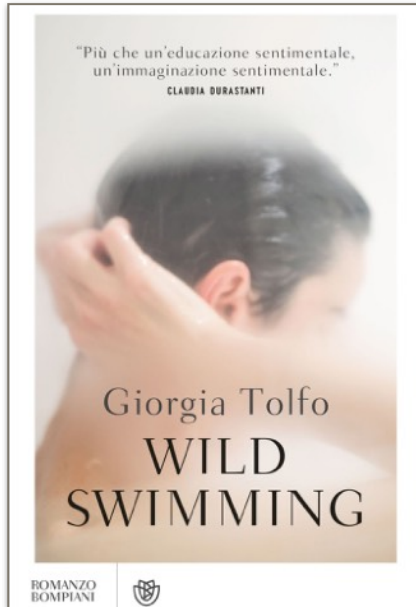
He held it right in front of his face and, with a large, old finger, caressed the subject's features, then slowly looked up and stared at me.

"I don't know who that girl is," I felt obliged to explain. "I found the photograph a few days ago while I was climbing. We were just above Antelao Lodge, on the shield of Pian dei Ciavai and there, at the route's starting point, in a rocky depression, was that portrait. Half of it was beneath a stone, motionless, gazing at eternity. Time was consuming it, so I decided to take it with me and protect it under glass. As soon as this awful weather allows, I'll put her back where I found her, so she can continue to watch the dawns and sunsets from up there."

Guido "Cognac" Contin gazed at the photo in silence.

Wild Swimming

Giorgia Tolfo



WILD SWIMMING (c)

PB + jacket / Euro 18 / 304 pages

Imprint: Narratori Italiani

Rights: V.Mazza@giunti.it

January 15, 2025

First print run: 4,000 copies

Partial English translation available



Giorgia Tolfo (1984) is a researcher, writer, and translator based in London. She has a PhD in Comparative and Postcolonial Literature. Her articles have appeared in Italian and international magazines, including *Il Tascabile*, *Minima et Moralia*, *Doppiozero* and *Full Stop*. She has translated Chantal Akerman, Sophie Divry, Fatima Daas, and others. She co-founded/co-directed the FILL (Festival of Italian Literature in London), collaborates on international cultural projects, and produces podcasts. Her website is www.giorgiatolfo.com.

"For a brief instant I felt in my body, although not yet in my mind, that between the past and the present there was a continuity that surpassed every fractured connection in my life, and this continuity was water."

Two days after meeting via a dating app, J. and the protagonist of this novel meet on the platform of a London train station. They know little about each other, but they have exchanged photos of their bookshelves at home, letting their literary tastes speak for themselves. The attraction between them is immediate, the intimacy of their bodies comes quickly, well before the intimacy of their minds.

J. is from Canada and has a partner with whom she is in a non-monogamous relationship. She is running away from a memory that is difficult for her even to discuss. The narrator grew up in a small town in the Veneto region of Italy, but has lived in various European cities since she was eighteen, her sense of euphoria of living in new places alternating with a sense of uprootedness. Together they find the courage to dive into the unprotected waters of desire and pain, wild swimming through their memories until each finds the words with which to tell her own story.

praise for Wild Swimming

- *"More than an 'educazione sentimentale' this novel is an 'immaginazione sentimentale'."* - Claudia Durastanti, Italian author

excerpt (translated by Antonella Lettieri)

If I'd kept traveling by water that day, I would've gone back to my adolescence and childhood in Veneto, from which I'd run away in a rage at eighteen but which I also knew I could never fully leave behind, and not only because of my mother and grandmother -who, at that time, were surely at home, in Marostica, enjoying the same sun that was warming my skin, my mother on the terrace pruning her plants and my grandmother leaning against the door as she looked at her daughter and maybe told her the latest gossip heard in town during her daily walk to the cemetery to say hello to Granddad- but also because those places, to which I return from time to time, keep overlapping, day after day, with those of my present.

There, on the water, I remembered all the times when I'd sat on a certain remote beach of Lake Garda with Lucìa and, together, we'd watched the sun set. I felt certain that the proximity to water had made those moments memorable, both as the prelude to a love that would soon be consummated and as an unexpected farewell. Then I remembered the times I'd got rid of my shoes and clothes to paddle in streams of icy water and reach the little waterfalls not far from my home, in the hope of finding some respite from the heat of summer. And those other summers spent on the islands of Slovenia and Croatia, sitting on the wharf looking at the sun reflecting on the steel railings of the sailboats around us.

And while I considered how water temporarily relieves me from the need to constantly ask myself whether I'm exactly where I want to be, whether I've taken the right turns at the many forks in my life, I started to understand why I'd taken up that laughable business of wild swimming in the city over the previous summer.

Perhaps, by immersing myself in water and swimming in its depths, I was trying to resurface in all the places that I'd loved the most, those places where I couldn't be in that moment but that continued to inhabit me.

Truth is a Tempest

Flavia Gasperetti



LA VERITÀ QUANDO ARRIVA .../nc

PB + jacket / Euro 18 / 192 pages

Imprint: Narratori Italiani

Rights: V.Mazza@giunti.it

February 5, 2025

First print run: 8,000 copies

Partial English translation available



Flavia Gasperetti (1977) lives in Rome. With a PhD in contemporary history, she works as a translator of fiction and non-fiction. She has collaborated on reviews, articles and stories and has participated as an author in the anthology of female non-fiction edited by Violetta Bellocchio, *Quello che hai amato* (Utet, 2015) and *I figli che non voglio* (Mondadori 2022), an anthology of interventions on parenthood edited by Simonetta Sciandivasci. She is the author of the essay *Madri e no. Ragioni e percorsi di non maternità* (Marsilio, 2020).

What does it mean to be a good father? How ambivalent is the love for a daughter? But above all: what has happened to Cora?

A literary retelling of King Lear; an extraordinary debut.

Every family is a kingdom in miniature. Renata and Gabriella know this better than anyone, because their father, Learco, has always been an absolute sovereign: a successful architect, a man of enormous charm. With his moods and his changing loves, he has made them the women they are today: rich, yet fragile and unhappy.

But they have always accepted everything about him, even Cora, the new, very young wife for whom he has lost his head, and who seems to have given him a new lease on life.

Until old age makes itself present in Learco's life, in the form of a sudden stroke that comes in the middle of the night. Renata and Gabriella quickly find themselves having to organize for the care of a sick father, while Cora makes herself scarce.

Learco's abdication moves slowly bringing latent conflicts to light, undermining solid relationships, but also revealing new and surprising complicities between various members of the family.

excerpt (translated by Brett Auerbach-Lynn)

Of course, Learco thinks Cora is without fault, but it is not clear how much he understands the situation. From the moment he regained consciousness, in the hospital, he kept asking for her.

"Cora! Where's my wife?"

He kept screaming her name, at the top of his lungs, every day, until the paramedics arrived with the sedatives.

"Where's my wife, what have you done with her?" he would then mutter, softer and softer, as the drugs took effect. And Gabriella would start crying. She was crying so loudly that if she had not known her all her life, even Renata would have suspected she was guilty of something. But guilty of what?

In those days in the hospital, she could not shake the feeling that she was covering for someone, maybe even herself. When the doctor asked them if they had noticed any unusual changes in Learco's behavior, they both said no. But from that moment on, Renata never stopped wondering if it was the truth, if the changes were already underway and she simply hadn't noticed them, or hadn't wanted to see them.

"I don't live with him," she told the doctor, but it is also true that she and her father had seen each other the night before, at his house, to celebrate his birthday. What better opportunity to observe the behavior of someone you have known your whole life?

A birthday dinner that traditionally resembles all the ones that have come before it, every year: even the setting was exactly the same, therefore making such a comparison even easier.

Guests

Mario Capello



OSPITI

PB + jacket / Euro 18 / 208 pages

Imprint: Narratori Italiani

Rights: V.Mazza@giunti.it

February 12, 2025

First print run: 6,000 copies

Partial English translation available



Mario Capello lives and works in Turin, Italy, where he is an editor of foreign fiction with the publishing house Einaudi, for the *Einaudi Stile libero* imprint. He has published a novella entitled *L'appartamento* (Tunué 2015).

A love story capable of foreseeing the future.

A story that begins in the snow, and continues in the cold, blue air of Stockholm, under the constant sensation of twilight.

Marco was born in Turin, grew up in Puglia and now lives in Stockholm. His existence is composed of questions rather than of answers. He writes poems that he won't even let his friends read, and he works in the field of Italian wine exports. What on the outside might seem like a comfortable expat life turns out to be neutral, indecisive, uncomfortable.

Lara is also an Italian living in Sweden, and working in a rapidly expanding tech company. She has a son, Oscar, a bright only child whom she is raising on her own after separating from her partner. Lara recently developed a dating app and it is thanks to this that she meets Marco. Living between languages and cultures, looking toward the future but weighed down by the past, both are full of desire but languish in a dull routine in a city that is starting to show its ability to isolate those who do not conform to its rules.

The relationship that Lara and Marco experience is one without promises, and perhaps is impossible: it is under the siege of survival in modern times, which threaten to transform the purity of pristine ice into mud, and the deep and stark beauty of blue into gray.

excerpt

He stood up, took a breath, and went out the door that led into a small vestibule.

Beyond, there was a red door that opened onto the cold, directly onto the chill of winter.

There, on the threshold—was there, anywhere, a better incarnation of that term?—he thought he should write about it once he got home. Yes, a poem made up of sensations, like the best of Sereni.

Then he gathered his courage and ran across that scant meter and pushed the panic bar. He expected the cold, and the light fell on him. He was forced to squint.

The sauna, he realized then, was in a twilight space, while outside there were a few hours of the real light of winter still in the sky. And as for the cold, it was as if the heat he had accumulated was protecting him, he felt it coming out of his skin, surrounding him like an aura.

Then he saw Lara. She was on the edge of the pond, wearing a green bikini and she looked back at him for a moment. He suddenly realized he was stupid for not bringing a swimsuit. What was he thinking? But by now he was there.

"Come on!" she called. She took the ladder and stepped down into the freezing water.

He ran – as fast as he could considering the towel around his waist – down the path to the pond. When he got there, he felt something like elation rising up in his head.

Damè: It is Not Allowed

Noemi Abe



DAMÈ. NON SI FA

PB + jacket / Euro 18 / 256 pages

Imprint: Bompiani Fiction

Rights: V.Mazza@giunti.it

February 19, 2025

First print run: 8,000 copies

Partial English translation available



Noemi Abe is Italian-Japanese. After earning her doctorate in Anglo-American Literature, she has been working full-time as a translator, with a focus on contemporary English and Irish theater.

With the independent, bitter, and romantic voice of Mirì, Noemi Abe brings us a bold novel about the intensity and melancholy with which our bodies and the places in which we live can resonate.

Her name is Mirì, Mirì Saito. Her father is Japanese but her parents divorced when she was young and she grew up in Rome with her Italian mother. As a teenager she spent long holidays in Japan with her relatives and one of the first words she learned was *damè*: “it is not allowed”. There are many things that a young woman from a good family must not do, such as sitting with her legs crossed or looking someone straight in the eye.

For Mirì, the opposite of her Japanese reality is life in Rome, seducing her with every step and still making her feel foreign. Rome is a city that bares its innards, where seagulls sustain themselves on street scraps, where men never think twice about eyeing a woman as she walks by. It is perhaps why she falls for Rugantino, who in his mediocre Roman style of life can lead her to an existential stability even before romance; a salvation for a woman floating between two worlds who is lacking the essentials - love, career, children. Mirì will go to extremes walking in elegant balance on the razor’s edge between morality, sex, and desire, all the while in search of her own identity and a place where no one will ever say *damè*.

excerpt

... In the nights that followed, she readied herself for sleep by trying to impress the images into her eyes, the sharp teeth, the wild orbs, the stylized flames like a royal coat of arms. Instead she randomly found herself in the Chinatown of Yokohama, where she was trying to cross the street to reach a restaurant she had been to with her father, with a large black door and golden sign. In the middle of the street was the New Year parade lead by a huge dragon head with fuchsia-pink gums and red spiral-like eyes. Two darting golden trout formed the cheeks of the huge cranium: it flopped jerkily from side to side as the red-clad men holding up the entire dragon proceeded down the street, moving their wooden poles to the hypnotic drum beat. She tried to pass quickly beneath the dragon, between one man and another, avoiding the strips of shiny synthetic cloth which clung to her everywhere, her hair capturing their electricity and rising straight up toward the sky. She attempted to hold her hair down with her hands, it was annoying, but the more she pushed it down, the more it rose upward, pulling her scalp, her thoughts, the air from her lungs, her nose, her blood, all of her bodily fluids, up and up, toward the sky, beyond the clouds, to the stars. I am going to die, she thought, this is the ascent of the holy virgins, I don’t want to die a virgin, let me go, I just want to get by. In that moment one of the red-clad men hit her on the back and shouted: “Damè!” pushing her across the road to the opposite sidewalk. In the restaurant there was the usual clink of silverware and glasses and the smell of fried food, and in front of her a plate with white filaments: “Eat it, it’s good, it’s jellyfish tentacles.” She remembered his face when he said it, the usual smirk on his thin, dark lips, not knowing whether to believe him or if it was one of his usual tricks. She had taken the transparent filament, perhaps it was only a noodle, but it was hard, it creaked between her teeth, and in front of her she no longer saw her father, but Viola.

Don't Fall in Love with Lovers

Anna Dalton



NON TI INNAMORARE ...

PB + jacket / Euro 17 / 272 pages

Imprint: Narratori Italiani

Rights: V.Mazza@giunti.it

March 19, 2025

First print run: 6,000 copies

Partial English translation available



Anna Dalton is an Italian-Irish writer and actress. She graduated in Literature at the Sapienza University in Rome, and made her debut in fiction with *The Brilliant Apprentice* (Garzanti, 2018), followed by *The Girl with Words in Her Pocket* (2019) and *Everything Happens for a Reason* (2020).

Have you ever met someone who truly changed your life? Eva has, and now she has to accept all the consequences.

A modern fairy tale about desires and their deceptions.

How far can one go to save oneself? Through the hell of relationships and loneliness, Eva and the Angel will have to fall many times before they can finally lift their glance toward freedom.

Eva Marsili is a restless soul who has sought shelter from an unhappy past in a love relationship. However, she feels constrained by the rituals of her bourgeois ties, and discovers increasingly disturbing aspects of violence. She feels she no longer believes in anything: not in God, not in tarot cards, and not even in the novels she translates.

And yet, when on a beautiful July evening she meets the Stranger, she believes in him immediately. When he tells her he is an Angel, she trusts him. Love has not saved her, but the Angel will: he does not want to absolve her of her sins, but rather lead her into temptation and in doing so, teach her to know herself.

Eva begins to express her desires. She wishes that her increasingly oppressive companion would disappear forever. She longs for the love of a married man. She longs for poetry to become a part of her life. But what if the Angel grants her these wishes, one right after the other?

excerpt (translated by Brett Auerbach-Lynn)

And this is the beginning of my story.

Who I am is not important, but if you'd like I will tell you. My name is Eva Marsili.

Eva like Eve, the girl with the original sin.

I don't believe in God or in sin.

They said that it's all a woman's fault if human beings endure pain and suffering. I'm not surprised it was men who came up with this.

My name is Eva Marsili and everything that happened to me after my encounter with the Angel is written in this little book that has no value, because nothing has any value if you read it with eyes closed.

And after meeting him, I opened my eyes. Now opening your eyes might not be appealing to many people, but I've learned that we're not all the same.

There are some people, as I discovered that day, in the park of that villa on that summer evening where my life happened to lead me, there are some people who are even more different than others. And when I met my someone, I had the presence of mind not to lose him. I let him work his way in like those weeds that insinuate themselves in a dog's fur until they're embedded in its flesh. And they get infected. Dogs sometimes die of them. But I'm not a dog.

What's essential is not helping the little blade to enter, it does that on its own; the true effort, what we as hosts must be sure we do, is not to remove it. Do nothing. Be hospitable.

This is the story of how I learned to be hospitable.

My name is Eva Marsili.

No One Knows Sayuki

Francesca Scotti



NESSUNO CONOSCE SAYUKI

PB + jacket / Euro 15 / 176 pages

Imprint: Narratori Italiani

Rights: V.Mazza@giunti.it

March 26, 2025

First print run: 4,000 copies

Partial English translation available



Francesca Scotti graduated with a degree in law, and she is also a musician. She is the author of various novels and short stories. She lived for a long period of time between Japan and Milan. Her novels include *L'incanto del buio* (Orecchio Acerbo, 2022) and *Shimaguni: Atlante narrato delle isole del Giappone* (Bompiani, 2023).

A marriage that dissolves is always more than just a couple breaking up. An enigmatic Japanese woman in Italy, the exposure of family secrets. "Each one chooses their own flower, and only they know the reason."

A wedding photo – the bride and groom and his family – cut into vertical strips, dividing the five people portrayed. “They were a single story and now they are no longer.”

After eight years of marriage, Sayuki has announced to her husband Vittorio that she wants to separate. Without explanation. But no one really knows Sayuki, and she remains as mysterious in her Japanese-ness which she fully expresses in her flower shop. No one knows who she really is, what she is made of.

Cecilia, Vittorio’s mother, elderly, immutable, cold and haughty, doesn’t know; nor Ambra, his sister, a disheartened pianist; nor Samuele, his younger brother, an aspiring academic tied to the handsome personal trainer Robi: everyone is equally disoriented about the dissolution of a bond that included them.

Sayuki has decided on the harshness of pruning, an act which is “unpleasant but necessary, because where a cut can assure better growth of the plant, it is also an open wound”. But the real wound is the one that pierces Vittorio and the others, the trail of silences that they bring with them.

When Sayuki invites them to lunch to say goodbye, they will all have to face the difficulties of being together. Delicate as a flower, strong as a tree, a novel that is like chamber music, a quintet of voices in the silence.

excerpt

She has studied the language of flowers, *hanakotoba*, she knows that the viburnum can say “please don’t ignore me”, the burdock can request that one not be a bully, the white sasanqua can accompany a rejected love, and that the zinnia can correspond to a thought for a far-away friend.

But she speaks a language that is all her own, built on the strength of seeds that contain the entire future, and on the qualities and scents – even when they seem to be absent. A language modeled on the invisible shape of the roots, on that of the leaves, of the petals, and even of the buds that you see blooming in your mind.

A language made of suggestions collected in worlds that only seem to be distant, worlds in which the past and the future coexist.

Sayuki selects a rough wicker basket. She lines it to make it waterproof. She wets and shapes the green foam that will serve as a base. She chooses anemones that have bloomed and some that are still closed, as well as dahlias, safflowers, and Shasta daisies with petals as white as the snow that covers the mountain peak.

Every now and then, the man looks in at her through the window. She adds green amaranth spikes, small berries and twigs, but she does not fill every space, rather, she leaves some room for the elements to change, to transform.

Encyclopedia of Dreams

Mohammad Tolouei



ENCICLOPEDIA DEI SOGNI

PB + jacket / Euro 18 / 192 pages

Imprint: Bompiani Fiction

Rights: V.Mazza@giunti.it

May 21, 2025

First print run: 5,000 copies

Partial English translation available



Mohammad Tolouei (1979) is an Iranian writer and a playwright, and is the recipient of many literary prizes. He has worked with both the *Internazionale* and *The Guardian*. His debut novel, *Fair Wind's Prey*, was published by Ofoq Publications in Tehran in 2007. It tells the story of a young man living in Rasht in WWII during the Allied invasion. It was the winner of the 2007 Farda Award for Best Technical Novel of the Year, and was also nominated for the 8th annual Shahid Ghanipour Award.

The journey of a young man and his accidental companion traveling through modern Iran in search of a truth hidden behind his dreams.

A narrator caught between his choices and the idea of the destiny that awaits him.

A story about contemporary Iran.

A thirty-year-old man has allowed his mother and aunt set up a blind date with the very shy Elham. To get to know each other, they will go to Isfahan and spend one night in a hotel.

The true aim of Elham's journey, however, is to consult an exorcist. She wishes to become free of her dead sister's ghost who haunts her with dreams of an unnerving reality. Elham succeeds, but this makes her less charming in the eyes of the narrator who, during the return journey, meets a strange woman with a prophecy for him.

Now that his fascination with the dreamless Elham has faded, he makes a bold decision: to vanish from the train, as well as from his friends' lives, in order to start his life anew.

about the author

- He has been compared to Martin Amis, and is one of the most prominent authors on the Iranian literary scene today. He has won such prestigious awards as the Shahid Ghanipour Award, and the Wow Literary Prize for his debut novel, *Fair Wind's Prey*.

excerpt (translated by Oscar Sapper & Farzaneh Doosti)

Until we reached Shahreza, I didn't speak at all, didn't ask any questions, didn't give any answers. When our speed rose above 120 kmh, the car's warning alarm went off, and that was the only sound that broke the silence between us. There was snow on the mountains; it seemed as if it had only just fallen, and that it would melt and evaporate as soon as we turned our heads back for a second look, only to soon start falling once more. Elham was looking in the rear-view mirror, moving her lips; it was clear she was experiencing an internal conflict that couldn't be put into words. I had no idea what to say either. I neither liked nor disliked her. I'd known her better yesterday morning when she stepped into the car than I did now. I'd assumed that she'd easily fit into one category, or a compound class of all the women I'd known: one of the shy ones whose silence signifies a certain emptiness of the mind, or one of those vengeful people who plot in silence, or one of the overthinking ones who think, after a quarrel is over, about what they should have said, and note down phrases on their cell phones so they can remember to use them in the next one. Elham wasn't any of these kinds of women, but I couldn't figure out what kind she actually was. Her mind was like a 100-watt lamp in a dark garden, but with a loose bulb that would glow for a moment and cast light over everything, only to go out a moment later and leave only the dark, a garden in the deepest dark.



Like the Bitter Orange

Milena Palminteri

Top Title 2024



COME L'ARANCIO AMARO (c)

PB + jacket / Euro 19 / 448 pages

Imprint: Romanzo Bompiani (*34)

Rights: V.Mazza@giunti.it

June 26, 2024

Copies in print: 207,000 (1/2025)

Partial English translation available



Milena Palminteri (Palermo, 1949)

lives in Salerno where she was active as the Director of the Notarial Archives of Salerno. This was a position that was conferred on her, after having worked for more than twenty years as a Conservator in the Notarial Archives of Florence, Rome, Caltagirone, and Matera. As of 2014 she has been writing in the intense structure of *Lalineascritta*, a group that was formed in Naples and that is currently led by author Antonella Cilento. *Come l'arancio amaro* is her debut novel.

A family saga set in Sicily, saturated with the scents and secrets of a land and a history full of the flavor of life.

Agrigento, 1960. Carlotta studied law but was unable to become a lawyer because she is a woman, and so she has secluded herself in the notarial archive, protecting herself from any emotions. But one day her past revisits her in the archive, in the form of an accusation made by her paternal grandmother against her mother: that is, of not having given birth to her. Sarraca (Agrigento), 1924. As the black wave of fascism descends from Rome, Nardina must give up her desire for jurisprudence to marry the noble Carlo and furnish the Cangialosi dynasty with descendants. Sabedda is unable to resist the young baron, Stefano. She finds herself pregnant with a child she will not be able to raise on her own. The destinies of these women are forever intertwined thanks to the plan hatched by Bastiana, Nardina's mother and Don Calogero. Just as the bitter orange tree is the most fecund plant on which to graft the sweet blood orange, so too Carlotta, a woman born from generations of ancestral pain, holds within herself a beauty and strength found in no other.

press

- "...an extremely enjoyable read that benefits from the wisdom of a classic novel while venturing into the difficulties that women face: past, present, and future..." - Antonella Cilento, *La Repubblica*

International rights (10 editions/languages)

World English (pre-empt, Simon & Schuster USA), **World French** (pre-empt, Harper Collins), **Russia** (Stroki), **Hungary** (Atheneum), **Portugal** (Presença), **Romania** (Book Zone), **Holland** (HarperCollins), **China** (Chongqing Publ.), **Poland** (Wyd. Poznańskie), **World Spanish** (Planeta), **Film/Cinema** (in negotiation)

excerpt (translated by Brett Auerbach-Lynn)

Small, dark-haired, angular, her glance was still embedded in his memory, a shiny black dart, breasts as peaked as the tops of young mountains, her hips soft after her narrow waist. But in his dream something bothered him, a presence disturbed his enjoyment, it urged him to wake up and eliminate the annoyance: a figure rode wrapped in a dark cloak, a gloomy knight of the apocalypse.

Once again it was Calascibetta who assisted his awakening, shooting words like cannonballs: fascism, censorship, lands for the farmers yes, lands for the farmers no, and on and on with politics.

The truth was that early fascism, as seen by the Sicilians from across the sea and with the suspicious soul of the eternally downtrodden, had not held fascination for the islanders. But after the victory in the April elections they seemed to want to get on the bandwagon, all of them, grabbing onto the coattails of those few who had already understood which way the wind was blowing.

In the meantime they reached Ribera, the last stop before Sarraca. Dinnertime was drawing near and the driver urged the passengers to move along as quickly as possible. The empty, silent town gasped in the dusty leaves of the oleander, in the cast iron fountain with its dry mouth, in the balconies thrown open to breathe.

The two nuns disembarked, their lips still whispering in silent prayer.

No One Can Destroy Medusa

Giuseppe Conte



NESSUNO PUÒ UCCIDERE MEDUSA
PB + jacket / Euro 17 / 272 pages
Imprint: Bompiani Fiction (*33)
Rights: V.Mazza@giunti.it
September 18, 2024
First print run: 5,000 copies
Partial English translation available



Giuseppe Conte (Imperia, 1945) is a writer, poet and essayist. Editor of poetry for Guanda, he has written for major newspapers. His novels include *Il terzo ufficiale* (Premio Hemingway; also in French), *La casa delle onde* (2005 Premio Strega finalist; also in French), *L'adultera* (2009 Premio Manzoni best historical novel; also in French), and *Il male veniva dal mare* (2013). For Giunti he has written *Dante in Love* (2020) and *I senza cuore* (2019). Conte is a translator of Blake, Shelley, Whitman and Lawrence, and is an authority on Myth in Italian culture.

The myth of Medusa lives today, in our world: she takes revenge on those who have violated her by turning them to stone.

Amedea, known to everyone as Med, is the youngest of three Sicilian sisters, and the most rebellious. Unlike the two eldest, she does not seem attracted by the solid security of a bourgeois life. She is capable of cultivating special friendships, such as the one with the young greengrocer Abdelnur, who came from the African shores of the Mediterranean, and the one with the Greek professor Homer Grant, who teaches that God is only one, mysterious but full of love, even if men persist in calling him by different names, and the one that she has formed with the beautiful Esmeralda, destined to become a secret love.

Everything changes when a rich and powerful man enters the lives of Esmeralda and Med, a male who cannot tolerate rejection. What until then had seemed like a game suddenly takes on the deeper tones of a timeless tragedy.

press

- “...Conte is able to bring into focus such themes as peace, the environment, gender violence ...in a way that is timeless, universal... they acquire a reassuring solidity, reminding us of who we are...” – Pasquale Vitagliano, *Il Manifesto*

excerpt (translated by Brett Auerbach-Lynn)

He did not wish for poverty to be sorrowful. Or even worse, envy, emptiness, resignation. He desired and he taught a poverty that was rich in spirit. Rich in art. Rich in faith. He was a priest, this is true. Sometimes on Sundays or on other holidays he would wear his sacred vestments, the tunic and the stole, and celebrate the mystery of Mass. He felt entirely inadequate and unworthy. And yet he was the one who must break the bread and drink the wine as Christ instructed two thousand years ago for the salvation of man.

Med did not go to Mass on Sunday. She went to church when she felt the need to pray. And she had just seen Abdelnur pray as he did, for the first time. She told Father Grant.

“There is one God,” he replied, “and humans call him in different ways, and adore him in different ways, but he is one and the same, full of love for all beings on earth and for those, if they are any, who live on other planets in space. He is one, and he is infinite.”

Med listened with the same attention she had given to his lectures on Greek when she was in high school. Homer Grant seemed sincere and profound to her. The other professors were not like this. Her father, the admiral, was not like this. With Grant she did not even feel the age difference that separated them, and all of his knowledge did not repulse her, it did not create an abyss between them; on the contrary, it seemed to bring them closer.

The Winter of the Black Hare

Angela Tognolini



L'INVERNO DELLA LEPRE NERA (c)

PB + jacket / Euro 18 / 320 pages

Imprint: Bompiani Fiction (*33)

Rights: V.Mazza@giunti.it

September 18, 2024

First print run: 6,000 copies

Partial English translation available



Angela Tognolini (Bologna, 1990) has worked for years with asylum seekers and victims of human trafficking. From this experience her first book *Vicini Lontani* was born in 2020. After living in London and Lisbon, she moved to a village in the Trentino mountains. Here she leads a slow life which she talks about on her blog, "La Botanica" between a sloping vegetable garden, an orchard full of ancient varieties, and an old house to be renovated. In addition to writing and cultivating the land, she holds creative writing workshops for adults and children.

"In the darkness of winter the hare sniffs the wind, turns to the south, and begins to run again, searching for spring."

Nadia is eleven years old and her mother never hugs her. One day, after school, her mother asks her to put on a pair of mountain boots and allows her to bring with her the object she holds dearest: the notebook in which she writes down the characteristics and habits of all the animals. They leave together, Nadia and Rosa, on a long journey that leads them to the cabin of Uncle Tone, who lives with his dog in the middle of the forest. It is here that Nadia becomes aware of the brightness of snow and the voice of the mountain; it is here that for the first time she hears the legend of the black hare which in its unstoppable race causes the seasons to change. Here she also begins to uncover the secret that is causing her mother's unhappiness. It will be precisely in the midst of the frozen winter that Nadia and her mother will find the strength to rebel against the cold that is wrapped around their hearts.

press

- *"The author shows a mature hand capable of defining characters, situations, and tensions..."* – Massimo Marino, *Corriere di Bologna*

excerpt (translated by Brett Auerbach-Lynn)

"You can't win at life, Rosa Gei. You can't even fight it. Maybe this is where you were wrong from the beginning. You thought you could challenging yourself with something. You say you lost this battle, and other battles. You say you have many failures on your shoulders. That you've been the losing battle, and for too long.

What you didn't understand is that there is no battle. It's not you on one side, and fate on the other. On one side you, and on the other side everyone else. Things are simpler than that, my girl. Life is more random and more difficult to foresee.

It is not a straight line that you move along from beginning to end. It's not a game of chess with destiny. Instead, life resembles a young person stumbling down a slope. Is the person able to plan their steps or is it the slope that causes them? Does this person choose the pace, or the steepness of the slope? Life does not have an inherent balance, but if you don't stop, then you won't fall.

Do you know what you need for such a long race? You need strong ankles and you must trust the ground you are walking on. Are you afraid of falling? Then you should run. Are you afraid of dying? Then live.

If the hare doesn't stop, the cycle will continue. Every season fades and becomes a part of the past. Every pain recedes and becomes memory. Every mistake is lost to our minds, but we remember our joy.

As long as you have a long path in front of you, all you have to do is put one foot in front of the other and remember to savor every breath."

The Babylonian

Antonella Cilento



LA BABILONESE (c)

PB + jacket / Euro 20 / 384 pages

Imprint: Bompiani Fiction

Rights: V.Mazza@giunti.it

September 18, 2024

First print run: 5,000 copies

Partial English translation available



Antonella Cilento (Naples, 1970) created the creative writing lab *Lalineascrive* in 1993. Since 2019 she has coordinated the first writing and publishing masters in Southern Italy, called SEMA. She directs the literature review *Strane Coppie* and collaborates with *la Repubblica*. Among her works, translated into various languages, *Lisario o il piacere infinito delle donne* (Mondadori 2014 and Bompiani 2024, Premio Strega finalist, winner of the Premio Boccaccio), *Non leggerai* (Giunti 2019) and *La caffettiera di carta* (Bompiani 2021).

“Who can know how many times we have already been here, in this dream that we all live in?”

Nineveh, 6th century BC. The life of Libbali, young wife of the god-king Ashurbanipal, follows an immutable ritual until a young Jewish prisoner arrives at the royal zigurrat. A passion breaks out between them which will cost Liballi the lives of her daughters: but before Libbali is killed too, a little girl armed with a lantern pulls her away in escape. *London, 1848.* Archaeologist Henry Layard, discoverer of the Assyrian cities, is haunted by the vision of a young woman with a little girl.

In a Naples devastated by the plague of 1656, Aniello Falcone, painter of battles, meets the sorceress Albalì and a little girl with blonde hair.

In 1683 the scholar Sebastiano Resta recovered a drawing by Falcone which alludes to a Madonna or a sorceress. It was 1881 when Filomena Argento, the last of a line of silk workers, inherited the design and met the mysterious Madame Ballu and her daughter.

Finally, Alice and Angelo suffer the consequences of failure: men and women whose fate will be marked by the encounter with a mysterious couple made up of a sorceress and a little girl. Even the most violent of revenges subsides, century after century: the fault of memory, erased and lost, from cuneiform tablets to the computers of today.

press

- *“In order to reach its conclusion, the story moves ahead as a novel of novels which is built using the form of the Babylonian zigurrat, interlocking events and scenes ...”* - Generoso Picone, *Il Mattino*

excerpt (translated by Brett Auerbach-Lynn)

In the upper garden her husband is already reclining for the banquet. The eunuchs step out of the procession and position themselves on either side of the king with their fans. Libbali bows to her groom, approaches the throne which lies at his feet, and sits down. The throne's ornamental lion's feet creak. Ashurbanipal smiles at her like a mask, with his braided beard and painted eyes. His resemblance to the winged bulls that ring the city couldn't be more striking.

Libbali is so afraid that she thinks she sees the Chaldean angels detach themselves from her crown and fly up into the sky with the palace's winged bulls.

Meanwhile the wine is poured, the golden plates are filled, and her handmaids work ceaselessly in a mournful silence. The only sound are the cries of the hawks, with an occasional glimpse of an eagle's silhouette high above. Here, the rumble of the lower city has vanished.

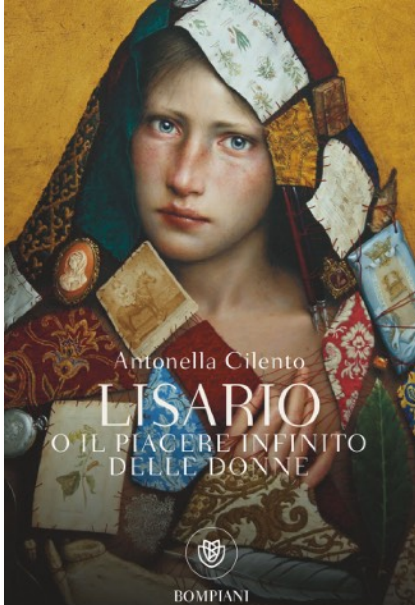
She consciously avoids turning to look to her left.

She has been careful not to, from the moment she entered the upper palm grove.

The smell of roses is nearly suffocating due to the heat that has settled in between the mountains and the steam that rises abundantly from the rivers. Here there isn't a trace of the stench of the dozen or so large, dead lions, piled up in the cedar garden further below. The king does not hunt them anymore, but on his behalf the generals have done their best.

Lisario, or The Infinite Pleasure of Women

Antonella Cilento



LISARIO, o il piacere infinito delle donne (c)

PB / Euro 16 / 336 pages

Imprint: Bompiani Fiction

Rights: V.Mazza@giunti.it

April 17, 2024 (new edition)

Partial English translation available



Antonella Cilento (Naples, 1970) created the creative writing lab *Lalineascrive* in 1993. Since 2019 she has coordinated the first writing and publishing masters in Southern Italy, called SEMA. She directs the literature review *Strane Coppie* and collaborates with *la Repubblica*. Among her works, translated into various languages, *Lisario o il piacere infinito delle donne* (Mondadori 2014 and Bompiani 2024, Premio Strega finalist, winner of the Premio Boccaccio), *Non leggerai* (Giunti 2019) and *La caffettiera di carta* (Bompiani 2021).

A choral novel with picaresque characters who remind us how blurred the boundary between wisdom and madness can be.

Mute as a result of a surgery, Lisario Morales secretly reads Cervantes and writes strange letters to Our Lady in her rich, silent inner world.

She is still very young when she discovers the salvific power of sleep to confront the coercive, violent world of adults: and when she is bound to accept an unwanted marriage she falls asleep.

She has been sleeping for months, like the main character of the classic fairy tale, when she begins a treatment program with Avicente Iguelmano, a failed doctor who has come to Naples to restore his professional credibility.

The therapy, the most predictable and also the most illicit, will be crowned by success.

previous editions

Spain (Alfaguara, renewed*), **France** (Actes Sud), **Germany** (btb), **Lithuania** (Alma Littera), **Finland** (Aporia Kustannus), **Korea** (Samyparkers Baka)

from the novel

Letters to the Most Holy Lady
of the Crown of the Seven Thorns
Immaculate Assumption and Evervirgin Mary

My most esteemed, sweet and most worthy lady, today, the 16th of March 1640, I begin this secret notebook of letters at the age of eleven following a very serious illness, or, as the Mother repeats, an irreparable misfortune and, as Immarella, the servant, comments, 'no trouble too much 'exaggerated'.

You, who see everything from the Stars, certainly know my home but, heaven forbid I confuse you with another Belisaria Morales, known as Lisario, for safety I add: I live in the Castle of His Most Catholic Majesty of Spain, Naples, Sicily and Portugal, Philip IV, God save him, located in Baia, near the Splendid City of Naples and, in any case, just ask and everyone will be able to tell you who the Unlucky Daughter who writes to you is.

You will ask yourself how, since Study is forbidden to Females: I learned to read one day four years ago, while I was growing up without brothers, having been born of a Defective Mother and led to the farmyard like a Hen without an instrument, entering in great secrecy the Room of Father where were the Books. Curious, I climbed onto the bench to grab them, I fell and the tomes fell on my head!"

There I believe You enlightened me, because, like the Hen that I was, I found myself, I regained my senses, a Reading Expert, and, understanding what the book told, I stole it.

Night is the Witness

Daniele Bresciani



TESTIMONE LA NOTTE

PB / Euro 17 / 624 pages

Imprint: Bompiani Fiction/Pocket (31)

Rights: V.Mazza@giunti.it

July 17, 2024

First print run: 6,500 copies

Partial English translation available



Daniele Bresciani is a journalist and a novelist. He has worked at *Gazzetta dello Sport* and was deputy editor of *Vanity Fair* and *Grazia*. Today he is responsible for the editorial content for Ferrari. He has written a number of novels, including *Ti volevo dire* (Rizzoli 2013, winner of the Rhegium Julii Prize and of the Premio Rieti), *Nessuna notizia dello scrittore scomparso* (Garzanti 2017), *Anime trasparenti* (Garzanti 2020) and *Testimone la notte* (Bompiani 2022).

A new investigation for Inspector Dario Miranda which takes place in a dark Milan where the wealthy are determined to keep their secrets.

Siena, 1978.

A school trip, the entire class of a high school from a wealthy neighborhood in Milan.

Too much alcohol, dangerous jokes, then the tragedy.

That's when it all began, a tangle of bonds and resentments that leads to today.

Back in Milan, inspector Dario Miranda is investigating the discovery of a girl's hand at the *Parco delle Cave*.

Other fragments of corpses appear as well in that forest-like area of the city, and in other areas, too. Miranda chases the clues and does not let himself be discouraged by the arrogance of the upper-class society of Milan, into which he enters with nonchalant obstinacy.

press

- *It may seem like hyperbole, but to say that Testimone la notte by Daniele Bresciani is one of the best Italian thrillers of the last few years is not a heresy." - Il Giornale*

excerpt

Engineer Matteo Biancalana lengthened his stride and concentrated on his breathing. Every four steps he blew the air out of his mouth with a loud puff interrupted by the bounce of his heels, and then he sucked it back into his lungs through his nose. Out and back in. Out and back in. Out and back in.

He crossed paths with a girl running in the opposite direction, her ponytail high on her head swinging back and forth in time with her stride. She was wearing a pair of leggings and a tight tank top that highlighted her slim physique. They greeted each other with a half smile and a nod, as is customary among runners. They had already seen each other on other occasions, both almost pre-dawn runners on the paths at the Parco delle Cave, on the western outskirts of Milan, and for a moment, Biancalana was tempted to turn around, come up alongside her and introduce himself.

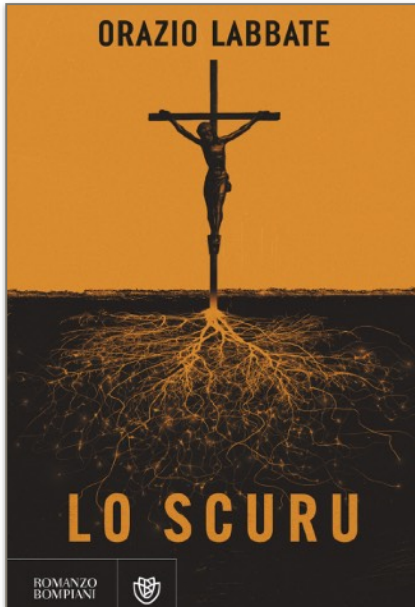
But when he imagined the breathless conversation and the inevitable banalities of the approach – “Good ... day ..., even ... that you like ... ru... running ... in the ... morn...ing, huh?” — he reconsidered. He had set his iPod to shuffle mode and heard *Nothing Compares 2U*, the Chris Cornell version, flowing into his ears: he skipped it, because he didn't need a melancholy ballad right now, he needed something more energetic.

He took a deep breath and his nostrils detected a nauseating odor, a mixture of garbage, rotten eggs and excrement.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw movement among the trees, there was someone wearing a tunic or something: how could he possibly stand that smell?

Lo Scuru

Orazio Labbate



LO SCURU (film tie-in edition)

PB + jacket / Euro 16 / 144 pages

Imprint: Romanzo Bompiani

Rights: V.Mazza@giunti.it

April 24, 2024

First print run: 2,000 copies

Partial English translation available



Orazio Labbate (1985) has published the novels *Lo Scuru* (Tunué, 2014), *Suttaterra* (Tunué, 2017) and *Spirdu* (Italo Svevo Edizioni, 2021), and the essays *Atlante del mistero* (Centauria, 2018), *Piccola Enciclopedia dei mostri* (Il Sole 24 Ore Cultura, 2016), *Negli States con Stephen King* (Giulio Perrone editore, 2021) and *L'orrore letterario* (Italo Svevo Edizioni, 2022). He served as a juror for the XXXV edition of the Calvino Prize and is a contributor for *La Lettura - Corriere della Sera*.

The film tie-in edition of a powerful Sicilian voice's debut on the contemporary Italian literary scene.

Lo Scuru, the film, is currently in production in Sicily (spring 2024).

Razziddu Buscemi, an old Sicilian man who has long since emigrated to Milton, West Virginia, recalls his past life on his deathbed. While unravelling his memories, mixed up with metaphysical suggestions, the old man tells about his visionary childhood triggered by the exorcisms he suffered and a violent and painful evolution towards maturity.

With a writing style inspired by the American Gothic of Faulkner and McCarthy as well as by the bold and baroque prose of his fellow countrymen such as Bufalino and D'Arrigo, ten years after its first publication Orazio Labbate's debut still stands out for its ability to unveil the magic of southern Sicily.

press

- "...it is a successful attempt to show that the 'Sicilian Gothic' can easily keep pace with the canyons of Cormac McCarthy, the mad preachers of Flannery O'Connor, or a top television show like 'True Detective'" - Edoardo Rialto, *Il Foglio*
- "...a sharp and visionary debut ... which looks to the American writers such as Cormac McCarthy and follows with the Sicily of Bufalino, thereby marking a watershed with all other debuts of the year" - Stefano Biolchini, *Il Sole 24 Ore/Domenicale*

Film and video game production details

From May 27 to June 22, 2024 shooting will take place in and around Butera, Sicily for the film based on the ground breaking novel by Orazio Labbate.

In the horror/thriller genre, the film will be produced by Grey Ladder Productions in Italy, along with Nostromo Pictures (*Escape*, *Through My Window*) in Spain and Barnabo Productions Ltd. in the UK.

The theatrical distribution will be handled by Academy Two (*Memory*, *Viaggio in Giappone*) in Italy, and the international distribution will be organized by Altitude Films (*Io Capitano*, *Moonlight*) / A24 International (*Past Lives*, *Love Lies Bleeding*, *The Zone of Interest*).

The film will be directed by Giuseppe William Lombardo, and the cast will include Fabrizio Ferracane, Fabrizio Falco, Vincenzo Pirrotta, Simona Malato, Daniela Scattolin, and Guia Jelo.

A videogame based on *Lo scuru* is in development with Tiny Bull Studios in Turin, Italy and will be released in fall 2024.

Story of My Money

Melissa Panarello



STORIA DEI MIEI SOLDI (c)

PB + jacket / Euro 18 / 208 pages

Imprint: Bompiani Fiction

Rights: V.Mazza@giunti.it

February 14, 2024

Copies in print: 6,000 copies

Partial English translation available



Melissa Panarello (Catania, 1985) is the author of novels and non-fiction books, and a mother of two. Her debut, *Cento colpi di spazzola prima di andare a dormire*, appeared when she was seventeen and became a literary sensation, adapted into a successful movie by Luca Guadagnino. She had also published *L'odore del tuo respiro*, *In nome dell'amore*, *Tre* and *Il primo dolore*. Her latest novel is *Cuori arcani* (2020). She writes for many newspapers and has a column in the magazine *Grazia* since 2011. She lives in Rome with her family.

Melissa Panarello once again places female desire at the core of her novel, along with another taboo: a woman's (non) relationship to money.

Panarello has written a sparkling turn on an auto-fiction story - her own life and authorial past - which elevates quickly into a modern hyper-fiction and social discourse on the damage wrought by the currencies which control our lives. The story is told through the life of the actress, Clara, who played Melissa in the movie based on the author's debut novel.

Clara needs money. Clara was beautiful but is by now consumed by some kind of demon. Clara is hungry, diminished, wasting away, and is unable to swallow, as if she were choking on a small, round object.

Clara's story needs to be told, and the protagonist feels the need to tell it.

An energetic work that flows with intelligence and insight: it is driven by a constant focus, never hesitating in its direction, never slowing in its intense narrative pace.

An entirely unique novel on the Italian literary landscape.

press

- "...it is a magnificent novel, fluid and knowing, that plays with literary doubling and auto-fiction...a voice that is at once ancient and newborn, with no need for disguise ... it is genuinely, naturally magical." - Nadia Terranova, *Premio Strega 2024*

International rights

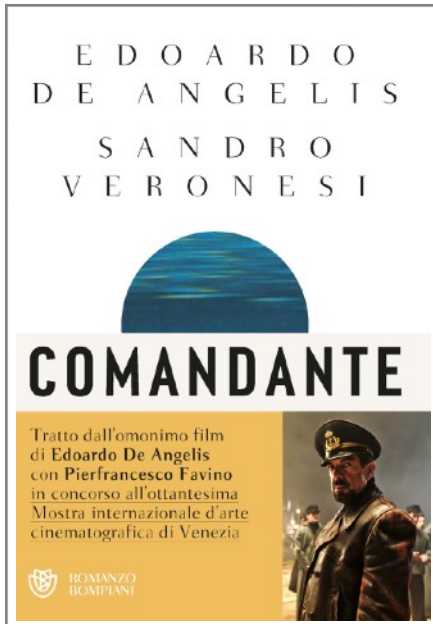
Film/Cinema rights optioned (Italy), **Romania** (Humanitas)

excerpt

...In that moment, with her wide eyes and sharp teeth, Clara T. became my urgency, the person whom for several months I would be unable to do without. The more she talked, the more impatient I grew to share her confessions because, as she'd already told me that day at the restaurant, you only really know a person when you know the story of their money. Everyone may have a different economic reality, but it cannot be denied that that particular story speaks to everyone, because money is what clarifies how poor or princely we are – not the amount we've accumulated, but the way we've spent or lost it, the way we've demanded or squandered it. I had never written about money, it was a topic as foreign to me as soccer and the discovery of neutrinos still are, but that day, for the first time, I associated money with the word taboo, perhaps because the one who had spoken to me about it was Clara, who had demolished the taboo of sex by appearing nude in every single film she was in. Money always creates embarrassment, I thought, whether we possess a lot or a little. Shame is something that I really like and that accurately describes a little-known part of my character, despite the fact that I had been like Clara, a destroyer of walls of shame. Money was the great source of shame and not just because we tend only to talk about it with expressions of disgust or excessive longing, but more so because women don't talk about it and, as a group, it is a topic we struggle to associate with female conversation: we're more inclined to imagine girlfriends discussing shoes or husbands. How had I managed to ignore for so long that the greatest taboo in the world, at any latitude and in any society, is money?

Comandante

Edoardo De Angelis, Sandro Veronesi



COMANDANTE

PB + flaps / Euro 16 / 160 pages

Imprint: Bompiani Fiction

Rights: V.Mazza@giunti.it

January 25, 2023

Copies in print: 31,000

Partial English translation available



Sandro Veronesi (Florence, 1959) has published many titles including, *Per dove parte questo treno allegro* (1988), *Gli sfiorati* (1990), *Venite venite B-52* (1995), *La forza del passato* (2000, Campiello and Viareggio - Rëpaci Prizes), *Brucia Troia* (2007), *XY* (2010, Superflaiano Prize), *Baci scagliati altrove* (2012), *Terre rare* (2014, Baguette Prize), *Non dirlo. Il Vangelo di Marco* (2015). He was awarded the Strega Prize in 2008 for *Caos calmo* and in 2020 for *Il colibrì*. **Edoardo De Angelis** (Naples, 1978) is a director, screenwriter, and producer, as well as a novelist.

A Marine official disobeys German orders mid-battle and saves his drowning enemies with his submarine. An extraordinary, true story.

Italy is at war. Commander Todaro is in charge of the submarine *Cappellini*, cruising the waters of the Atlantic Ocean off the coast of Madeira. A Belgian cargo ship is in sight. It is the enemy. Commander Todaro does what he has to do: he sinks it. Then, violating higher orders but obeying the much more cogent sea law, he rescues the twenty-six survivors and brings them ashore, saving their lives.

This is the story of what happened aboard that tiny submarine, a place of many voices and thoughts, a place of hope and solidarity, of arguments and shared rations. Both of the authors, along with other Italian intellectuals, have been raising the debate about rescuing of migrant boats in the Mediterranean.

International rights

World German (Zsolnay, Austria), **World French** (Grasset), **World Spanish** (Anagrama), **Catalan** (Periscopi), **Russia** (Eksmo), **Netherlands** (Prometheus), **Croatia** (Naklada Ljevak), **Ukraine** (Anetta Antonenko), **Portugal** (Quetzal/Bertrand)

excerpt (translated by Julia MacGibbon)

...One of the things Edoardo contributed to our chat was a link to a piece from the *Avvenire*, reporting on comments made by Admiral Pettorino, at the time Commander General of the Italian Coast Guard. In a speech marking the anniversary of the Coast Guard's founding, Pettorino had given assurances that due obedience would be paid to government orders banning his patrol vessels from going to the aid of people drowning in the Libyan Sea, but he had also felt obliged to point out that, "Saving lives at sea is a legal and moral duty." Following which, and deviating unapologetically from the copy that had been handed to the authorities in advance – in other words, speaking off the cuff –, he had gone on to evoke the figure of Commander Salvatore Todaro, whose submarine had torpedoed a Belgian ship in the middle of the Atlantic during the Second World War and, disobeying orders given by the German Admiral Dönitz, had then saved its crew. Afterwards, Dönitz himself had dubbed Todaro "the Don Quixote of the seas" (a moronic little phrase, even at the time), but Todaro had held his own, vigorously defending his decision to save enemy lives, and offering a justification that Pettorino now borrowed to express his own disapproval of orders received from government: "We are sailors," Todaro had said and Pettorino repeated. "Italian sailors. Our civilization is two-thousand years old. We do these things." Edoardo looked into the story and began to piece together a picture of Salvatore Todaro, one of our navy's war heroes...

A Day Will Come

Giulia Caminito



UN GIORNO VERRÀ

PB + jacket / Euro 16 / 240 pages

Imprint: Bompiani Fiction

Rights: V.Mazza@giunti.it

February 6, 2019; new ed. Jan. 2023

Copies in print: 7,000

Partial English translation available



Giulia Caminito (Rome, 1988) graduated in Political Philosophy. Her mother is an author and her father is originally from Asmara. Her debut, *La grande A*, (2016, Giunti) was awarded the *Premio Bagutta opera prima*, the *Premio Berto*, and the *Premio Brancati giovani*. In 2019 she published *Un giorno verrà* (Bompiani) which won the *Premio Fiesole Under 40*, and in 2021, *L'acqua del lago non è mai dolce* (Bompiani) which was a *Strega* finalist and won the *Premio Campiello* in 2021. Her works are translated in twenty countries.

A little village in central Italy at the beginning of the 20th century. Two brothers and a black nun. The winds of change blowing fast. A mature, gripping novel, full of hope and courage.

Lupo and Nicola Ceresa are born at the very beginning of 20th century, last sons of the baker of the little village of Serra de' Conti, in the Marche region. Life is tough, just as for everyone else in their village of miserable farmers who watch their children die one by one. Rebel Lupo and frail Nicola survive, though, perhaps because of the mysterious force that holds them together. Zari, instead, is born in Sudan, but was kidnapped as a child and converted: very few people know that is the origin of "la Moretta", the little black one, the abbess of the cloistered convent of Serra, who with her music and strength is the polestar of the whole community. But the winds of change blow quickly: socialist and anarchic ideals open up the boys' eyes, and then the Red Week of 1914, the Great War, the Spanish Flu...

The lives of Lupo, Nicola and "la Moretta" are destined for change.

International rights & awards

World French (Gallmeister), **World German** (Wagenbach), **German Academic** (Italian edition, Reclam)

Winner of the 2017 Bagutta Prize for La grande A

excerpt (translated by Ann Goldstein)

Luigi Ceresa was one of the bakers in the town and had a family dogged by misfortune: people said that the crows ate at the table with them. His sons and daughters died, one after the other, like butterflies at night. He tried to keep them all together in the small house above the shop, which faced the spiazzo, the main square of the town, where the tavern was and the public weigh station, and in the past the large population of the countryside and the few inhabitants of the village had come to stock up on loaves of bread and biscotti.

That bakery had belonged to his uncle Raffaele and, before that, to his grandfather Carlo, while his father, Giuseppe, had stayed clear of it. No one ever discovered how he had become lame, but everyone knew that the police were always looking for him, and it was said that he preferred coal to bread.

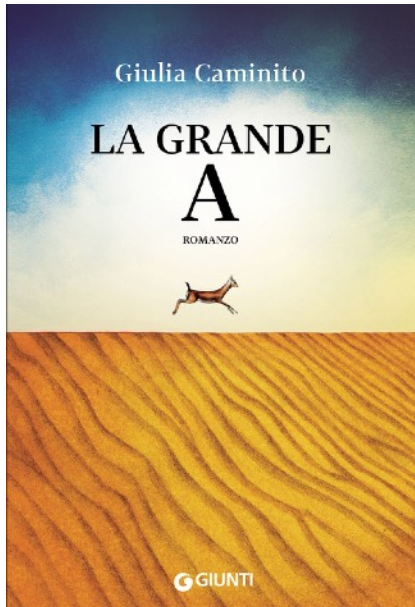
Luigi hadn't been too happy to inherit the shop, since he wasn't much good at daily gossip or morning greetings, and was in fact famous for his thick, curly eyebrows, his belly bloated with air and wine, and his weasel-like face. But he had hands that were good for kneading, with a broad palm and a secure grip, he spun the dough as if it were made of clouds, and he coughed flour before going to bed: he had it in his body.

Ever since his uncle Raffaele died, his son Antonio had been his only helper in the shop, and day by day the bakery seemed closer to ruin; the work was less, the people were angrier.



The Big A

Giulia Caminito



LA GRANDE A

PB + flaps / Euro 14 / 288 pages

Imprint: Scrittori Giunti

Rights: V.Mazza@giunti.it

October 12, 2016; new ed. 5/2021

Copies in print: 11,000 copies

Partial English translation available



Giulia Caminito (Rome, 1988) graduated in Political Philosophy. Her mother is an author and her father is originally from Asmara. Her debut, *La grande A*, (2016, Giunti) was awarded the *Premio Bagutta opera prima*, the *Premio Berto*, and the *Premio Brancati giovani*. In 2019 she published *Un giorno verrà* (Bompiani) which won the *Premio Fiesole Under 40*, and in 2021, *L'acqua del lago non è mai dolce* (Bompiani) which was a *Strega* finalist and won the *Premio Campiello* in 2021. Her works are translated in twenty countries.

A debut novel by a bestselling Italian author.

The Big A is Africa: where the novel is set, in the mid 1940s after the war.

In the late 1930s in Fascist Italy, just before the war, the young mother Adele leaves her children with their aunt and uncle in Lombardy, in the north. Adi travels to Eritrea in East Africa to open a caffè and to work odd jobs, truck deliveries and automobile rentals. Young Giada feels abandoned, even though her mother follows her progress from afar. She dreams of traveling to Africa to be with her mother.

When Giada finally arrives in Africa she discovers that life in Assab is not how she imagined it. She meets Hammed, a boy whom she teaches how to write, Orlando, her mother's beau and a Fascist, and Checco, a wild gazelle that she raises at home. Giada's true story begins when she meets Giacomo Colgada, a brilliant young man: in her relationships she will search constantly for love and for approval as a wife and mother, and even as a daughter, as she battles with her mother's difficult personality.

Her life in Eritrea continues into the 1960s, turbulent and difficult.

At times reminiscent of Ennio Flaiano's surreal *Tempo di uccidere* (Strega winner, 1947), the narrative radiates heat, sun, and scorched earth.

International rights & awards

World French (Gallmeister), **World German** (Wagenbach)

Winner of the 2017 Bagutta Prize

excerpt (translated by Aaron Robertson)

For once, Giadina laughed. The little ones were dressed in black, lined up in a row outside of their classrooms.

The repetitive sound was a folk tune, a festive lullaby amid the dusty marquees, the three-legged dog, the ballerina, the red-nosed man, and the gargantuan, dolled-up woman in her striped costume. That many layers of greasepaint was unheard of in her home, even when Mariuccia left their courtyard on a feast day with black moles edging her monobrow, her oily face and slanted smile thin. Colorful balls were tossed in the air and did not come bouncing back down. The mood was mirthful although children were soberly dressed and the teacher whipped their shoulders with a wooden baton to keep them in single file. Nothing had exploded yet and they browsed the stalls without spending a cent. Giada jealously guarded the tips she received for retrieving their share from the baker: a loaf-and-a-half per person with the ration book. The tips would grow to ten, twenty, one hundred, one thousand *centesimi* and then one lire, two lire, twenty lire, one hundred lire. One hundred lire would give her enough to leave. Even Grandma wished for this under her breath. With one hundred lire, of course she would go. The Big A was around the corner. There she'd hunt tigers with Ma. The Big A must have been full of elongated bones and tigers.

They kept walking, smudging their already tattered shoes with dust.



The Dream of the Sewing Machine

Bianca Pitzorno

Bestseller



IL SOGNO DELLA MACCHINA DA CUCIRE

PB + jacket / Euro 16 / 240 pages

Imprint: Bompiani Fiction (*28)

Rights: V.Mazza@giunti.it

September 26, 2018; new ed. 2024

Copies in print: 60,000 copies

Full English translation available



Bianca Pitzorno was born in Sassari, Sardinia, in 1942. Since 1970 she has published about 50 books both of fiction and non-fiction, of adult and children's literature.

She has sold **more than 2 million copies in Italy** and her books have been translated into many languages.

She is a translator of many authors, from Tolkien to Sylvia Plath, from David Grossman to Tove Jansson.

A historical novel set in an undefined Italian province full of mystery. A varied gallery of unforgettable characters. A young woman fighting for her independence in a world dominated by men and social conventions.

Bianca Pitzorno recalls the 19th century figure of the “day seamstress” who was hosted in the houses of the upper classes to sew the dresses for occasions such as a weddings or the arrival of a newborn. Like in *Downton Abbey*, the daring, young protagonist of the novel observes from her privileged perspective the events of the hypocritical aristocracy in the Italian province. A coming-of-age novel, we follow the young seamstress from her childhood to her evolution into an independent woman who defends her freedom in a world dominated by men. Her story crosses with that of the families she works for: Ester, the Young Marquise, educated and independent, who teaches her to read; a tyrant baron from whose advances she must defend herself; the notary's daughters who buy their silks from a Paris atelier. The young seamstress will soon discover that she comes to know all the hidden secrets of those families, more gripping than any *feuilleton*. But a day will come when she will live as a protagonist, too.

International rights & awards

World English / Aus-NZ (HarperCollins US, Text), **German** (Goldmann), **World Spanish** (Planeta), **Holland** (Signatuur), **World French** (Christian Bourgois), **Slovakia** (Slovart), **Czech** (Grada), **Greece** (Pedio), **Japan** (Kawade Shobo), **Russia** (Alpina), **Arabic** (Almutawassit), **Estonia** (Varrak), **Punjabi** (Cafe World), **Korea** (Hyundae Muhak)

Winner of the 2019 Corsaro Nero Prize

excerpt (from the edition translated by Brigid Maher)

“The stories and characters in this book are the fruit of my imagination.

However, every episode has its origin in a real-life event that I learnt about from stories told by my grandmother, who was of the same generation as the protagonist, from letters and postcards she kept in a suitcase, from newspapers of the time, and from recollections and anecdotes that make up our family vocabulary. I reordered events, filled in the gaps, invented details, added in surrounding characters, sometimes changed the stories' endings. But occurrences of the kind described here did take place once upon a time — even in the best of families, as the old adage goes.

The seamstress paid by the day, the sartina, was a frequent presence in the bourgeois houses up to the time of my early adolescence. All the more so in the post-war years, when everybody was forced to ‘recycle’ and reuse clothing and fabric in new forms. It was not until later than industrially produced linen and clothing came along, as well as ready-to-wear fashion, and then the big designer brands. When low-cost clothing started appearing in department stores, rich people who cared greatly about elegance, or who wanted to stand out, continued to get their clothes made to measure, but by renowned dressmakers at true couture houses.

The era of the sartina was over.

The aim of this book is to ensure that they are not forgotten.”

Sunken City

Marta Barone



CITTÀ SOMMERSA (c)

PB + jacket / Euro 18 / 304 pages

Imprint: Bompiani Fiction (*28)

Rights: V.Mazza@giunti.it

January 10, 2020; July 17, 2024

Copies in print: 12,000 copies

Partial English translation available



Marta Barone was born in Turin, Italy, in 1987. She is a translator and wrote three children's books: *Miriam delle cose perdute*, *I giardini degli altri* and *I 7 colori per 7 pittori*. This is her first novel for adults.

A semi-unknown father and his past, both to be discovered. Terrorism set in 1970s Turin.

A young woman, lonely and in love with literature, writes the chronicle of her fight with her father's death: the two had shared a happy relationship during her childhood, a hard one during her teenage years. But now that the man is dead too many questions are unanswered: who was the young doctor-worker who always sided with the poor, who always had someone to save, who was sentenced to jail for taking part in an armed band? And why did he never tell his daughter about those years? Lawyers, old far-left-winged militants, archives and trial accounts are voices that make up the portrait of a complex and contradictory man, a witness and protagonist of a complex and contradictory time. In the background, Turin, city of rage, pain, and hope, a backdrop of violence that generated deception and ruins. The novel of a man, his families and his choices, retold with love and rage.

International rights

World French (Grasset), **German** (Kiepenheuer & Witsch), **World Spanish** (Literatura RH), **Croatia** (Sandorf), **Holland** (Ambo Anthos), **Greece** (Kelethos), **Portuguese/Moz.** (Trinta Zero Love), **UK/World English** (Profile Books/Serpent's Tail), **Film/Cinema** (ByFriday/Italy)

excerpt (from the UK edition translated by Julia MacGibbon)

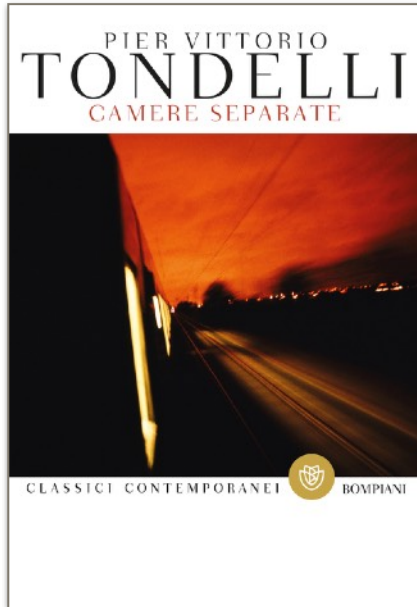
This story has two beginnings. At least two, because, as with everything in life, it is always hard to establish what begins and when, what whirl of fortuitous circumstances lies behind a seemingly unpredictable episode, or which face turned to look at another at some point in the past, setting in train the random chain of events and of beings that led to our existence. First of all – this I can say with some certainty – I was born. It was March and it was snowing, and the year was 1987. My parents had met just two years previously and would separate for good three years later.

I was born to a woman with a hole in her head. My mother had been in a road accident, thirteen years earlier. After my birth, I spent a week under observation because I was in withdrawal from the anti-epileptic drugs she was still forced to take. Of the accident, the coma and the operations, there remained only a slight hollow at the spot where part of her skull was missing – replaced by a piece of metal mesh which, over time, had been masked by her fine, feather-light hair. She always lies on her other side to sleep, because the section of head she doesn't have continues to ache.

It could be said that, for good or ill, I sprang from that hole. My very existence depends on that wound, that open door on to the cliff edge of possibilities. When my mother, at the age of twenty, fell off a motorbike being driven by some-one else, she was accompanying him to pick up the documents that would have allowed them to marry. That's not the way things turned out. At that point, the trajectory taken by my future mother, by the elfin-faced young woman in the photos from back then, by her body as it flew across the tarmac of a B-road, took a new and irreversible course, from which my own trajectory would subsequently emerge.

Separate Rooms

Pier Vittorio Tondelli



CAMERE SEPARATE (c)

PB + jacket / Euro 14 / 304 pages

Imprint: Classici Contemporanei

Rights: V.Mazza@giunti.it

November 11, 2016

Copies in print: 25,000 copies

English translation available (scan)



Pier Vittorio Tondelli (Correggio, 1955-1991). He made his debut in 1980 with *Altri libertini*, the book that depicted the euphoria and desperation of a generation. He published *Pao Pao* in 1982, *Rimini* in 1986 and *Biglietti agli amici* in 1986. His last novel was *Camere separate* in 1989. He curated three anthologies by young writers in the 1980s and edited the magazine *Panta* with Elisabetta Rasy and Alain Elkann. In 1990, he collected his non-fiction in *Un weekend postmoderno*. *L'abbandono*, was published posthumously in 1993.

The last classic of 20th century Italian literature.

A cult writer in the 1990s, Tondelli produced a small but very influential body of work.

This novel tells us about three moments in the life of a 30-year-old writer, Leo, who is mourning the loss of his boyfriend, Thomas, a young German music player.

Their affair is told through long reflections and flashbacks. Leo is a successful writer, who lives in Milan, Paris, London and Florence; Thomas is in West Berlin. The two lovers often meet elsewhere in Europe, they take their holidays together but live in two separate rooms, 2000 kilometres one from another.

They meet whenever they wish but can also seclude themselves in their own loneliness. Then Thomas starts an affair with a girl.

The triangle makes Leo deeply jealous, until Thomas is diagnosed with the illness that will lead to his death in Munich.

International rights

World French (Sous-sol/Seuil), **UK/World English** (Sceptre), **German** (Gutkind), **Greece** (Polis), **Czech** (Meridione), **Poland** (Czarne), **Korea** (Zhan), **Hungary** (Figura), **World Spanish** (Lumen), **Catalan** (in negotiation)

Film rights have been optioned (Fremantle Productions), Luca Guadagnino will direct, with production expected for 2025/26.

excerpt

One day, not so very long ago, he caught himself looking at his face mirrored in the window of a small plane flying from Paris to Munich.

Twenty-five thousand feet below, the Alps looked like ripples of sand, tinged with gold by the setting sun. The deep blue sky seemed fathomless, lit on the horizon by a bright saffron hem, the colour of Zen robes.

The landscape framed in the small oval window conjured up night and day, and the boundaries between two worlds: earth and air. Later, when a light went on in the cabin, reflecting his weary, fuller face on that northerly holographic screen, the landscape told him things about himself as well.

His face, the one which others had for years recognized as "his", once again struck him as foreign. Every day his face seemed more alien, because the image he retained of his own face was forever and eternally his face as a boy and as a younger man.

He still thought of himself and saw himself as an innocent, someone incapable of doing ill or going astray. But the image he saw against that illuminated backdrop was simply the face of someone no longer as young as he used to be: someone with fine, thinning hair, puffy eyes, full and slightly flabby lips, and the skin of the cheeks flecked with fine veins, just like his father's livid cheeks. All in all a face suffering, like any other, the deterioration and the marks of time."

Last Summer in the City

Gianfranco Calligaris



L'ULTIMA ESTATE IN CITTÀ (c)

PB + flaps / Euro 13 / 192 pages

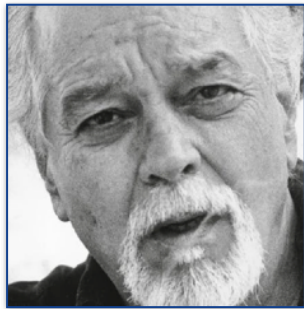
Imprint: Le Finestre

Rights: V.Mazza@giunti.it

June 23, 2021 (new ed.)

Copies in print: 8,000 copies

English translation available



Gianfranco Calligaris (1939-2024)

was born in Asmara, Eritrea, to a family that hailed from Trieste. He grew up in Milan and moved to Rome as an adult, where he worked as a journalist and screenwriter. He wrote many successful television programs for RAI and in 1994 founded the Teatro XX Secolo. His plays garnered many awards. He wrote numerous novels, including *Principessa*, *Pasta prioritaria*, *Tre uomini in fuga*, and *La malinconia dei Crusich* which was awarded the Viareggio-Rèpaci Prize.

First published in 1973, this novel has reached cult status.

Leo, a young man from Milan, arrives in Rome in the years following the economic boom. There, in a city drenched in the atmosphere of the dolce vita, he falls in love with an unpredictable femme fatale by the name of Arianna. Going from one job to another, unable to find his place in the world, he spends his time awash in alcohol, living in run-down hotels, and accepting dinner invitations from his wealthy friends so as not to starve. While all of his friends want to graduate, find a partner, and become wealthy, Leo has no aspirations whatsoever. He allows himself to slide into a sweet alienation in the city, embodied by the wild and irresistible Arianna.

Much loved by Natalia Ginzburg when it first was published and then in many ways forgotten, Calligaris's novel has found a new audience and is being read and enjoyed in languages around the world.

press

- “... the novel enlightens, with a desperate clearness, a relationship between a man and a city, that is, between crowds and loneliness...” - Natalia Ginzburg

International rights

World French (Gallimard), **World English** (FSG, Picador), **World Spanish** (Tusquets)

Catalan (Proa), **German** (Paul Zsolnay), **Hebrew** (Keter), **Dutch** (Wereldbibliotheek),

Swedish (Brombergs), **Romania** (Polirom), **Czech** (Argo), **Arabic** (Almutawassit), **Serbia**

(Laguna), **Poland** (Czarne), **Turkey** (Can), **Korea** (Zhan), **China** (Thinkingdom), **Slovakia**

(Laputa), **Lithuania** (Baltos Lankos), **Portugal** (Club do Autor), **Greece** (Ikaros), **Russia**

(AST), **Ukraine** (Anetta Antonenko), **Thailand** (Reading Italy).

Film (The Match Factory)

excerpt (translated by Howard Curtis)

It's always that way. You do your best to keep yourself to yourself and then, one fine day, you somehow find you're caught up in something that sweeps you along to the bitter end.

Personally, I would happily have stayed out of the race. I'd known all kinds of people, some who'd reached the finishing post and others who hadn't even got off the starting blocks, and sooner or later they all ended up equally dissatisfied, which is why I'd come to the conclusion that it was better to stay on the sidelines and just observe life. But I hadn't reckoned with being desperately short of money one rainy day at the beginning of spring last year. All the rest followed naturally, as these things do. Let me make it clear from the start that I don't blame anyone, I had my hand of cards and I played it. That's all.

And this bay really is magnificent. It's overlooked by a Saracen fortress atop a rocky promontory that juts out into the sea for a hundred metres or so. Looking towards the coast, I can see the dazzling spread of beach and the green of the low Mediterranean vegetation. Further on, a three-lane highway, deserted at this time of year, which tunnels into a chain of rocky hills glittering in the sun. The sky is blue, the sea clear.

I couldn't have chosen better, all things considered.

www.giunti.it

www.bompiani.it

rights manager:

leeann bortolussi, l.bortolussi@giunti.it

international rights:

valentina mazza, v.mazza@giunti.it

