



Rights List

Fall 2024

Fiction

ilSaggiatore



I'm an explorer; I like to travel in time.

ALBERTO MONDADORI

Humanity tells stories. It is the destiny of human beings to leave behind written traces of their lives, memories that will persist over time and space; and it is the destiny of publishers to take those words and give them a form that is both unique and multidimensional. Our multifaceted reality demands attention, shouting out its existence – “I’m here” – and **Il Saggiatore** embraces it fully, eschewing genre categorization or reflex responses. For the authors featured in our catalogue, both written texts and reality are living things.

Clear the mind. Put thinking on pause and just be. Immerse yourself in contemplation. Cross into infinitude. Simply perceive, meditate, linger. Tear down linguistic walls. Put aside identities and styles. Expand, make space. These are the lights that guide us through the obscurity of storytelling.

For further information or to receive our newsletter:

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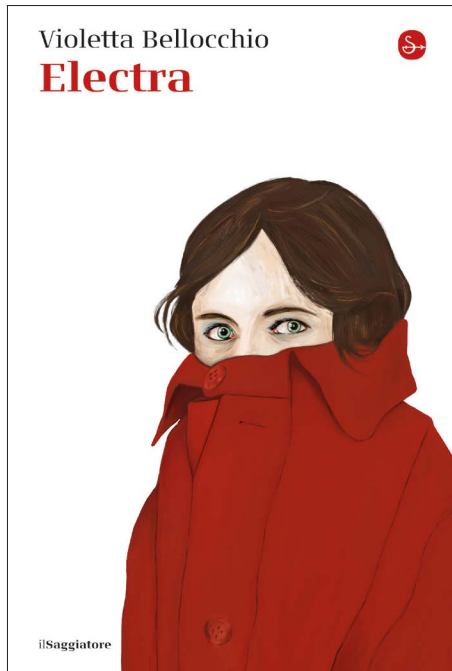
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Audiorights Italian (Emons)

Violetta Bellocchio is a writer, translator, and journalist. With her pseudonym **Barbara Genova**, she has been published in various online magazines in English. In 2022, she was shortlisted for the Best of the Net Award and the Pushcart Prize.

Violetta Bellocchio Electra

How many times, in the course of a day, in the course of our lives, do we think about how nice it would be to disappear into a bubble where only we exist? How many people have we “hidden” on social media to not hear any more about them? The right to silence is a human necessity. Violetta Bellocchio decided to disappear, erasing every trace of her presence on Earth after a man raped her on her way home.

Violetta cut off every single one of her relationships. She threw away her phone, and the dresses she wore on TV ended up in clothing-donation bins. Her alter ego in that period was Barbara Genova, the identity that she lived with, worked with, and published for two years, far removed from her mother tongue, as she gradually became a stranger.

The push towards the destruction of her own identity comes from trauma, from the urgency to distance herself from her now compromised daily life.

Barbara allowed Violetta to return to the light – with time for herself and solitary work while her face changed and her nervous system repaired itself. Was it Barbara who invented the Violetta of today? Or the other way round?

In this world, sometimes, disappearing seems like the only solution possible.

Electra

EXCERPT

IT

Sono una di voi. Una come tanti. Sono al lavoro. Presento domanda per centinaia di incarichi, residenze, borse di studio. Riordino il curriculum: si allunga l'attesa. Prendono qualcun altro. Non importa. Vado a guardare cosa cercano gli agenti, per amore dei vecchi tempi, solo per scoprire che oggi viene chiesto a noi di specificare quale sia la nostra piattaforma – il nostro pubblico, il nostro palcoscenico – e quale genere di campagna promozionale ci staremmo immaginando per un prodotto che siamo lontani dal consegnare. *Ah, fate un podcast. Ma che carini. Quanti ascolti per episodio? Diteci subito (età, sesso, posizione utenti).* Mando centinaia di messaggi sperando che uno o due vengano aperti nell'arco di un mese. La posta elettronica potrebbe venir cancellata in blocco. Dato il volume della corrispondenza... La moda consiglia di avvisare in anticipo: il silenzio equivale al «no». Non siete adatti al ruolo. Forse siete dei cani, in effetti, ma non vi azzardate a chiedere un chiarimento. (Cosa non darei per una lettera di

EN

I am one of you. Part of the tribe. I do the work. I apply for hundreds of jobs, residencies, grants, I update my resume; a lot of waiting. I get passed over. It's fine. I query agents, for old times' sake, only to find we are asked to specify what our platform is, and what type of media promotion we envision for a product we are yet to deliver in full. *Oh you have a podcast. That's cute. How many downloads per episode? Share data (gender, age, location).* I send hundreds of messages hoping one or two will get opened in a month. Emails may get deleted in bulk. Due to the volume of queries... It's become fashionable to warn in advance: no response means no. You're not a good fit. You might be terrible, actually, but don't you dare ask for clarification. (What I wouldn't give for a neutral form rejection. I love those.)

Mind you, it was exactly like that back when I had a face. The ones dealing with sustained silence were my handlers.

rifiuto copia e incolla. Sono bellissime.)

Badate bene, andava tutto così quando ancora avevo una faccia. Il silenzio lo dovevano affrontare quelli che lavoravano per me. Essere un volto noto significa bruciarsi dalle tre alle otto ore al giorno nel vano tentativo di far cambiare idea su di te agli sconosciuti. *Lo vedi? Non sono un mostro. Non sono la ragione portante dello schifo che fa la tua vita. Forse potresti aggiustare la mira.* Sorridi, ci metti il tocco personale. Li guardi negli occhi. L'onere della gentilezza casca sulle tue spalle. (Piccolo aneddoto: non mi pagavano mai.) L'ultimo manager che ho avuto riusciva a piangermi al telefono, *siamo sommersi*, quando non stava lì a ridacchiare per disperazione oppure partiva con moglie e figli per una vacanza fuori stagione a Istanbul. E che cazzo ci fai in aereo, gli avevo detto, invece di dire quello che volevo dire: *tu credi che la Morte smetterà di inseguirti se prendi l'aereo?* Ogni posto di lavoro era sotto organico a un punto tale che il linguaggio stesso andava in frantumi. Se non scattava un'operazione di marketing articolata su più livelli attorno ai fatti del tuo corpo per dodici mesi dodici, niente rompeva il muro dell'indifferenza. Tu annegavi. Si violavano i contratti, scadevano le opzioni. Nelle parole di un

Being a known quantity means burning three to eight hours per day in the futile attempt to get strangers to change their mind about you. *See? I'm not a monster. I'm not the core reason your life sucks. Maybe sharpen your aim.* You smile, you get personal. You look them in the eye. Burden of politeness is on you. (Fun fact: I made zero money. None.) The last manager I had, he straight out whimpered over the phone, we're swamped, when he wasn't tittering out of desperation or taking extravagant family vacations off-season. The fuck you're on a plane for, I went, and what I wanted to say was, *you think Death will stop chasing you mid-air.* Every workplace was understaffed to the point language itself broke down. Unless a year-long multifaceted coordinated marketing campaign happened around the facts of your body out there, nothing broke the wall of indifference. You drowned. Contracts got breached, options expired. In the words of a manager I did not sign with: *you argue with a company over a single talent, there's one less door you can try for someone else in a week.*

And yet. For a limited number of seasons I posed for photo shoots, sat for interviews. Why?

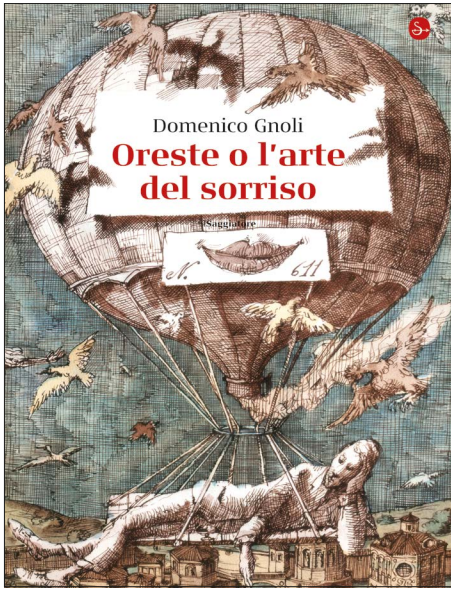
manager con cui non ho firmato: *litighi per piazzare un artista, hai una porta in meno dove bussare per qualcun altro la settimana prossima.*

Eppure. Per un limitato numero di stagioni posavo per servizi fotografici, venivo intervistata a tu per tu. Perché? Avevo due o tre caratteristiche di quel personaggio – donna, giovane, la fama la incuriosisce, vuole sembrare bella, bella da pigliarsi la vendetta – e correvo dietro alla promessa implicita dell’annullamento che sarebbe derivato dal trasformarmi in un pezzo di carta.

Fingevo di essere consenziente – fingevo di essere disponibile alla messa in commercio del mio volto e del mio nome, pensavo di stare tirando la prima pietra, pensavo a un attacco preventivo di quelli che faceva Colin Farrell all’inizio della sua carriera – mentre in realtà mi stavo prestando a qualsiasi opportunità promozionale, non importa quanto déclassé, perché sapevo che nel minuto in cui si sarebbero smorzate le chiacchiere sul mio conto non avrei lasciato traccia. *Bionda stupida.*

I checked a number of boxes – younger woman, curious about fame, wants to look good, revenge-good – and I craved the unspoken promise of annihilation that would come from turning into a piece of media.

By pretending to be a willing participant in the failed commodification of a face/name I thought I was casting the first stone, a preemptive strike of the early Colin Farrell variety – whereas, I went along with any promotional opportunity, no matter how déclassé, because I knew the minute the chatter died down I would leave no trace. *Dumb blonde.*



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 Full Italian translation

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Domenico Gnoli (1933–1970) was an Italian painter and illustrator, who had great success in France and the United States. Author of watercolours and sketches for the theatre, he was nominated for the 1966 Illustrator of the Year award by the Society of American Illustrators. *Orestes and the Art of Smiling* is his only book, originally published in the US.

Domenico Gnoli Orestes and the Art of Smiling

If you try to find Terramafiusa on today's maps, you couldn't find it. Until a few years ago, it was a small principedom hidden among the mountains of Central Europe. There, surrounded by a court of petty functionaries, lived Orestes, Prince of Terramafiusa, Who learned how to smile at the age of twenty and has been smiling ever since.

This is the story of his smile and how he achieved it, aided by the sage strategies of Lucien, the liberal parrot, by the gaucheries of portly Prime Minister, and -of course- by the love of Violante, beautiful lady-in-waiting, whose Smile No. 611 brings a happy conclusion to Domenico Gnoli's delightful tale.

And yet we wonder – is it really a story illustrated with drawings? Or are the drawings complemented by the charming story? In either case your journey through the improbable countryside of Terramafiusa will be as surprising as it is delightful.

Orestes and the Art of Smiling

EXCERPT

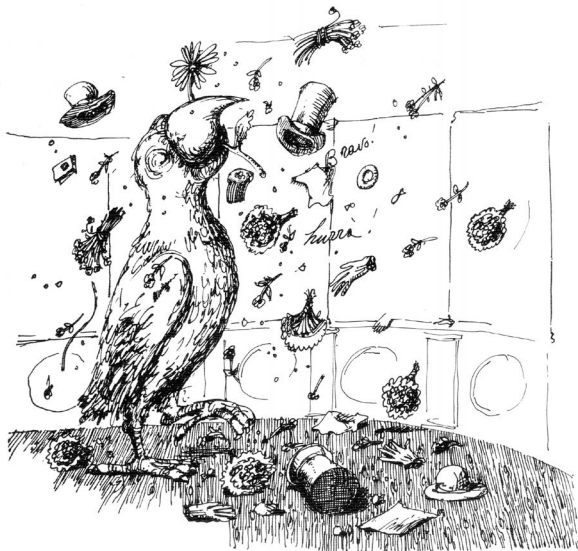
IF YOU TRIED to find Terramafiusa on today's maps, you couldn't find it. Until a few years ago, it was a small principedom hidden among the mountains of Central Europe. The improbable voyager would have marveled at the luscious vegetation of the land, embraced by a jealous belt of high white walls. In Terramafiusa's small town he would have found comfort and ripe carrots, and the simple citizens of that forgotten principality would have pointed with candid pride to their palace, perched on Terramafiusa's highest hill.

There, surrounded by a court of petty functionaries, lived Orestes, Prince of Terramafiusa, who learned how to smile at the age of twenty and has been smiling ever since.

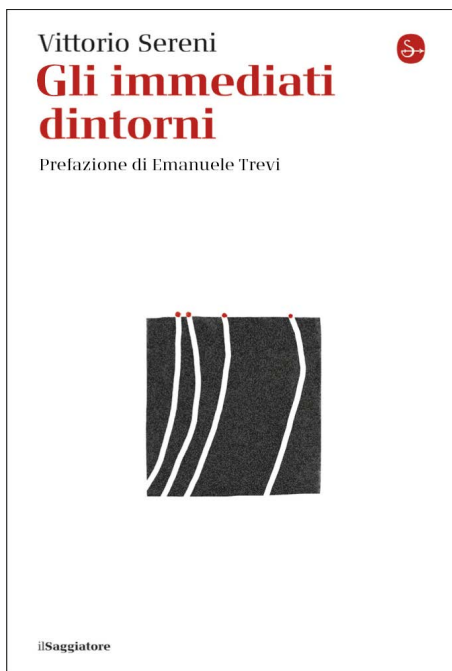
Mine will be the story of his smile and of the people who contributed to it. For this purpose, I have assembled Orestes with the other main characters on an old oak, on which they shall remain quietly seated until their personal introductions are completed.

Naturally, the first one to be presented will be the young Prince Orestes, sitting on the lower left branch. His abandoned posture tells us of a melancholic nature, his somber face speaks of unstable moods, of a heavy heart, and a sulking soul. Orestes spent his childhood with his grandmother, the Princess Palmira, an eccentric ruler with a despotic disposition.

From an altitude of twenty mattresses, Palmira constantly held political discussions with her parrot Lucien, the only friend she had. Their voices, often excited by arguments, shook the whole palace and made the timid Orestes hide, trembling, under his own bed. As a consequence, he developed a strong fear of, and hate for, loud words and brutal voices. He relieved his offended ears by running away into the woods, where he listened ecstatically to nightingales and sparrows, turtledoves and tomtits, until his angry grandmother sent her guards to drag him, weeping, back to the palace. The sound of birds in the dark woods was the only pleasure Orestes knew, though not even the slightest smile appeared on his lips. He grew misanthropic and lonely.







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Material available Full Italian PDF

WORLD RIGHTS AVAILABLE

Vittorio Sereni (1913-1983). Il Saggiatore has published *Variable Star* (2017), *Human Instruments* (2018) and *The Musician of Saint-Merry* (2019).

Vittorio Sereni

The Immediate Surroundings

First and Second Courses

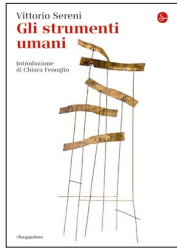
From the Resistance as a missed experience to the game of football; from encounters with Ezra Pound, Arthur Rimbaud, and Eugenio Montale, to the places where the poet transforms himself into an attentive traveller, an epic poet of memory, and a flâneur: Bologna, Ljubljana, Toronto, and then of course Milan, and Luino, his city of birth. The world, politics, friends; Vittorio Sereni travels the unknown paths of being a poet and of being a man, composing a true medley, in the form of a diary that accompanied him throughout his life. And it's this that provides us with the key to reading his works, that allows us to simultaneously scrutinize the symbolic and human universe of a unique and private figure in the history of 20th Century literature.

This classic of contemporary Italian literature was published for the first time by il Saggiatore in 1962, and then released, considerably expanded, with the definitive title of *The Immediate Surroundings: First and Second Courses* in 1983.

A new edition with a preface
by **Emanuele Trevi**

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

Human Instruments



Published 2018 | 154 pp.

RIGHTS SOLD

Spanish WR (Libros del Aire)

Human instruments are an existential geography in which it is necessary to move with the grace of an indiscreet guest, and yet with the ardent joy of someone who suddenly discovers something that has always felt familiar. A poem suspended between the wandering of matter and the unveiling of emptiness, continually pierced by revelations and epiphanies, from the shadowy secrets of the hard crust that makes up the planet.

I absolutely don't want to suggest that Sereni has ever aspired to embody some sort of guide of the conscience. But his poetry, and more generally, his literature, so rich in its intrinsic literary quality, appears to our eyes as ethics in action, or rather, a perpetual interrogation of our moral sense of being in the world, hostages of historical time, poised between being and nothing.

Emanuele Trevi

Variable Star

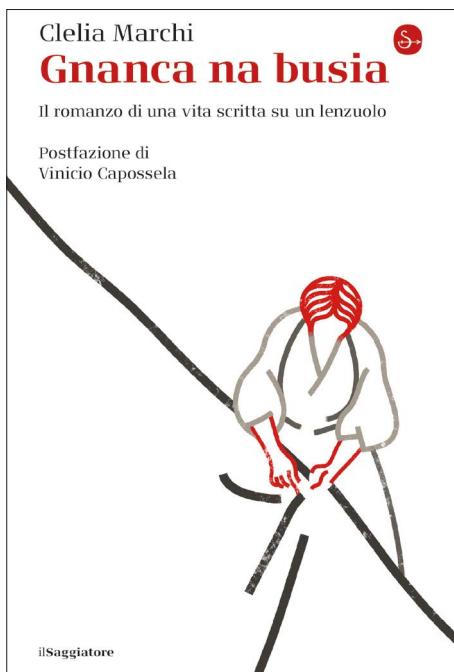


Published 2017 | 132 pp.

RIGHTS SOLD

Spanish WR (Libros del Aire)

Some stars don't have a constant radiance, their apparent size varies continuously, assuming different qualities each time. From this undecipherable light comes the title *Variable Star*, where the word of the poet is cold steel that wounds without respite but never kills. Life, like its mortal opposite, spurns symbols and linguistic values, and finds in poetry not its fulfillment and its oracular justification but the only "field of forces", as Sereni wrote, in which it is truly possible to act.



Clelia Marchi

Your Name in the Snow

The Story of a Life Embroidered on a Bedsheet

Clelia Marchi was a woman like many others who lived through the 20th Century. Born into a family of very humble origins in 1912, she died in 2006 after losing four of her eight children, living through two world wars, and enduring an entire existence of sacrifices, poverty, and struggle. When, by 1972, Clelia seemed to have earned herself a quiet life, surrounded by the affections of her grandchildren and great-grandchildren, her husband Anteo, the love of her life, died in an accident. To find a release from the pain and make it bearable, Clelia, almost illiterate, began to write. And she wrote her life, first in notebooks, and then onto a bedsheet. Her embroidered bedsheet, this story “on the thread of sincerity”, became the deeply moving and introspective *Your Name in the Snow*.

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Material available English sample
Full Italian PDF

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Clelia Marchi (1912-2006) spent all of her life in a small village in the North Italy countryside. Her embroidered bedsheet is preserved in the National Journal Archive of Pieve Santo Stefano (Tuscany).

With an afterword
by **Vinicio Capossela**

Your Name in the Snow

EXCERPT

IT

Care Persone Fatene Tesoro Di Questo Lenzuolo Chè C'è Un Pò della Vita Mia; è Mio Marito; Clelia Marchi (72) anni hà scritto la storia della gente della sua terra, riempiendo un lenzuolo di scritte; dai lavori agricoli, agli affetti, dai filos,

- 1 alla qucina, agli affetti, e alle feste popolari: À scritto tutta una storia; una avventura, nei sacrifici, nelle sofferenze di ogni giorno; ogni riga si svolge sul filo della sincerità: come pure il titolo del mio lenzuolo libro: «Gnanca nà busia» non o raccontato: gnanca nà busia nè par mi; nè ai lettori!!!
- 2 Là nostra vita. Mi, ricordo dà piccola eravamo in tanti fratelli: la mia mamma lavorava tanto per mandarsi a scquola, iò andavo à scquola solo d'inverno; perchè la mia mamma doveva andare à lavorare altrove, e io à qurare i miei fratelli più piccoli di mè, però non c'era neanche un gioccatolo: proprio nò!
- 3 giocavamo con dei sassolini, della terra, facevamo piattini, tavolini, palline ecc. ecc... un pò

EN

Dear Persons Make Of This A Treasure Of This Bedsheet 'Cause There's A Bit of My Life; there is My Husband; Clelia Marchi (72) years has written the story of her land's people, filling a bedsheet with writing; from the farm work, to the loved ones, from the threads,

- 1 to the kittchin, to the loved ones, and to the festivals: she as written an entire story; an adventure, in sacrifices, in the everyday suffering; every line unfolds itself on the thread of sincerity: as well as the title of my bedsheet book:
Gnanca nà busia - 'Not Even a Lie' I have told: neither fore me; nor to the readers!!!
- 2 Our life. Me, I remember as a young girl there were alot of us siblings: my mamma used to work a lot to send them to scqhool, I used to go to scqhool only in the winter; because my mamma had to go to work elsewhere, and it was me taking qare of my siblings younger than me, but there wasn't even a single toy: really none at all!
- 3 we used to play with stones, the earth, we used

- insegnavo ai miei fratelli à fare il compito quelli più piccoli di mè; mà avevo poco dà insegnarci; perchè andavo poco à scquola anch'io, solo d'inverno con un paio di zoccoli, e un palettò di due colori fatti in una sottana di mia mamma;
- 4 e un paio di pantaloni vecchi del mio papà, sembrava l'arlecchino; quando si andava à casa da scquola non si andava à giocare: si faceva le calze ò scarpinene per i miei fratelli; ò pizzo: la mia mamma mi dava un grosso gomitolò di canapa, e così si lavorava anche essendo molto piccola... eravamo in famiglia con i
- 5 miei zii, era lei che comandava à tutta là famiglia, lei non aveva figli, e così diceva io non faccio differenze à nessuno; ma essendo una famiglia numerosa e poco da, coprirsi: le donne: ò le mamme di noi bambini: si sgridavano frà di loro; ma se arrivava la mia zia, le diceva non vi vergognate à sgridare che siete cariche di
- 6 figli: lè discquisioni finivano là; tanti figli da curare, e stare alzati fino à tarda ora à filare: per fare le lenzuola: anche spesso le 2 dopo mezzanotte, tutti i giorni erano uguali, il mio papà teneva là contabilità del padrone che aveva molti terreni; la mia mamma era molto timida, ma di una bellezza
- to make little dishes, little tables, little balls etc. etc... I used to teach a little bit to my siblings to do their homework the ones younger than me; but I had little to teach us; because I used to go not much to scqchool as well, only in the winter with a pair of clogs, and a petticoat made from a two-coloured coat by my mamma;
- 4 and a pair of Papà's old trousers; looked like the harlequin; when you would go home from scqchool you didn't go to play: you would make the socks or little shoes for my siblings; or lace: my mamma used to give me a big pile of hemp, and so you worked even being very small... we were in a family with
- 5 my aunts and uncles, there was one who she governed the whole family, she didn't have children, and so she used to say I don't treat any of you different; but being a large family and with little to, cover ourselves: the women: or the mammas of us children: they used to argue amongst themselves; but if my aunt arrived, she would say to them aren't you ashamed to argue when you're loaded with
- 6 children: the discquisions would end there; many children to take care of, and to stay up until a late

rara; à tanto lavorato per noi figli, al mattino si
7 alzava presto à lavare gli stracci dei miei fratelli
fatti di pipì, rompeva il ghiaccio con una zappa,
poi con una banca di legno, à due piedi la calava
nel fosso, e così lavava gli stracci, che si assiu-
gassero per il giorno successivo, al mezzo giorno
facevamo una polenta: la fuori: fare fuoco con 7
i malgheri, che erano le piante del frumentone;
dopo mezzo giorno verso sera:

hour spinning: to make the bedsheets: often even
two after midnight, all of the days were the same
my papà kept accounts for the landowner who
had a lot of land; my mamma was very shy, but
of a rare beautie; she worked a lot for us children,
in the morning she
7 used to get up early to wash my siblings' rags
full of wee, she used to break the ice with a hoe,
then with a plank of wood, standing on two feet
she would lower it into the hole, and like this she
used to wash the rags, which would drie for the
following day, at midday we used to make po-
lenta: there outside: make fire with the sorghum,
which were the plants of wheat; after midday to-
wards evening:



Pub. date May 2024 | 640 pp.

Material available English sample
Full Italian PDF

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Guido Morselli (1912 – 1973), his works were only recognised and appreciated after his death. Among his novels: *Rome without a Pope* (1974), *Counter Present Perfect* (1975), *Amusement 1889* (1975), *The Communist* (1976), and *Dissipatio H. G.* (1977).

Guido Morselli

The Last Heroes

The Collected Stories

“I don’t hold a grudge:” the last words of Guido Morselli, left next to a pile of editorial rejection letters before he took his own life. The iconic author of *Dissipatio H.G.*, considered by the New York Review of Books as “one of the most extraordinary Italian authors of the 20th Century,” returns to book shops with the complete collection of his stories, still unedited. Scattered in magazines, gathered in hard-to-find volumes, or salvaged from never-before-published paper manuscripts, *The Last Heroes* presents, for the first time, a parallel life of the writer, a path on which it is possible to rediscover all his themes and obsessions, his historical inquiries, and his violent reflections on evil. From *Rome without a Pope* to *Dissipatio H.G.*, these stories were the space in which Morselli measured and constructed the visions that he would insert into his novels. Titles such as *The Last Heroes*, *The Great Encounter*, and *The Vindication*, which remain unjustly in the shadows, allow us to revisit the genius of the most isolated and misunderstood Italian author of the 20th Century. They also allow us to profoundly scrutinise – not without remaining unscathed – his solitude that always transformed itself into his dogged passion for writing.

The Last Heroes

A Fortunate Mission

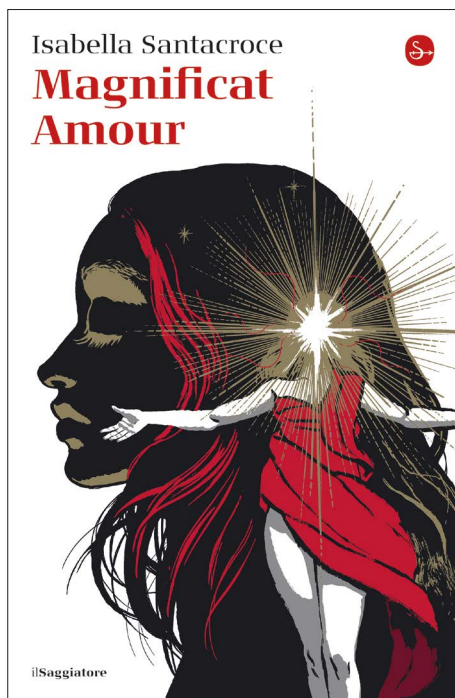
EXCERPT

IT

L'estuario si allargava rapidamente e l'affilata prua del Britannia già separava i primi flutti marini. La brezza del lago veniva ad agitare le gonne delle signore e a scompigliarne i veli, costringendo gli uomini ad alzare le due dita unite alla tesa dei loro cappelli a cilindro; un gesto che così bene si addice all'eleganza maschile. I passeggeri della prima classe, piccola folla querula e colorita, non si decidevano ad abbandonare le ringhiere del ponte, intenti a dare un ultimo saluto a Bristol, ormai lontana, e alla verdissima costiera del Somersetshire che sfilava veloce davanti a loro, paesaggio di lustre praterie e di araldiche querce. Fra tutti non vi era che un viaggiatore che ignorava quello spettacolo; un uomo giovane e scuro di chioma di barba, manifestamente forestiero anche se vestito di un'ottima stoffa inglese a scacchi e munito di un voluminoso fascicolo del "Times", che si appoggiava di spalle al parapetto e seguiva con occhio distratto le manovre dei marinai intorno a un paranco.

EN

The estuary was rapidly becoming wider and the sharp bow of the Britannia was already splitting the first waves arriving from the sea. The breeze from the lake came to shake the ladies' skirts and make a mess of their veils, obliging the men to raise their two fingers to the brim of their top hats; a gesture that becomes masculine grace so well. The first-class passengers, a lively little querulous crowd, could not bring themselves to leave the bridge railings, busy giving a final farewell to Bristol, by now far away, and to the verdant Somerset coastline that was passing quickly by in front of them, a landscape of lustrous meadows and heritage oaks. Among all, there wasn't a single traveller who ignored that sight. A young dark man with a full beard, manifestly foreign even if dressed in an excellent English chequered fabric and equipped with a voluminous copy of the "Times," was leaning with his back against the gunwale and was following with a distracted eye the sailors manoeuvring around the pulley.



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 Material available English sample
 Full Italian PDF

WORLD RIGHTS AVAILABLE

Audiorights Italian (Audible)

Isabella Santacroce Magnificat Amour

After an editorial silence of almost ten years, *Magnificat Amour* is the new novel by Isabella Santacroce. A story for which she had to conjure all of the good and bad that she was carrying inside of her, turning it into blood, and then into ink. This is how the voices of Antonia and Lucrezia were born. The former strenuously believes in the possibility of a 'sacred love' that makes us happy and can save the world from loneliness and despair; for her, that love goes by the name of Manfredi. For Lucrezia, however, love doesn't have a name, it doesn't make anyone happy and it saves nothing and nobody; love is only an instrument, a form of power through which to obtain anything you desire. The compact writing, which alternates between poetic lyricism and expressive violence, seems to hang between an exhausting tenderness and a disconcerting crudeness; it accompanies the protagonists as they move in a world that doesn't recognise its need to love and to be loved, and their experiences seek to tell us what is the future of our sentiments if our sentiments indeed still have a future.

Isabella Santacroce, eclectic personality of the Italian literary sphere, before dedicating herself to writing, was a church organist and contributed to art shows around the world. The publication of her books, starting in the '90s, went alongside multiple artistic collaborations, which included working with the singer-songwriter Gianna Nannini, and the soundtrack for the cartoon Momo, *The Conquest of Time* (2001).



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 Full Italian PDF

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Aldo Nove Pulsar

The story in this book starts off in 1967, when the narrating voice was born and begins to emit heart-generated waves of love. A voice that tells us about the love for its mother and its grandparents, about the little village where it's growing up. This voice is the pulsating star inside any one of us and whose waves influences who we are and who we are going to be. Readers are taken through a chronological succession of years and happenings, as one year for a child is like a century and an uncontrollable explosion of life. But, there is a point when the "I" of the individual life story transmutes into the "we" of a community's and must tell a collective history, incomprehensible and violent. As the story undergoes momentous events and calamities, decade after decade, from 9/11 to the Coronavirus pandemic, and Britney Spears to the Teletubbies; this "we" moves on to hope for the continuation of the star's pulsating echo, to the hope that childhood never ends and that, actually, it can transform the collective, our history, and our future. Because childhood is the supreme act of Love. An undying star.

Aldo Nove released his debut novel, *Woobinda and Other Stories Without Happy Endings*, in 1996. A decade later, closely attuned to social issues as ever, he published *My Name's Roberta, I'm Forty and I Earn 250 Euros A Month*, and Edoardo Sanguineti called him the last author of the "avant-garde" century. A playwright and screenwriter, Aldo Nove contributes to a range of daily and weekly newspapers and he is also an enthusiast of songwriting, covering music for several industry magazines.

Recent Acquisitions

Narrative Non Fiction

Kathryn Scanlan - *Kick The Latch, Aug 9 – Fog* (David Higham)

James Rebanks - *The Place of Tides* (United Agents)

Lydia Flem - *Lettres d'amour en heritage* (Édition du Seuil)

Sheila Heti - *Alphabetical diaries* (Sterling Lord Literistic)

Fiction

Mircea Cărtărescu - *Theodoros* (Humanitas)

Alexis Wright - *Praiseworthy, Carpentaria* (Giramondo)

Emma Glass - *Mrs Jackyll* (David Higham)

Eduardo Halfon - *Canción* (Casanovas & Lynch Literary Agency)

Olga Ravn - *Voksbarbet* (RCW)

Yoko Ogawa - *Mina's Matchbox* (CAA)

Geoff Dyer - *Homework* (Wylie)

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