



Rights List

Spring 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.

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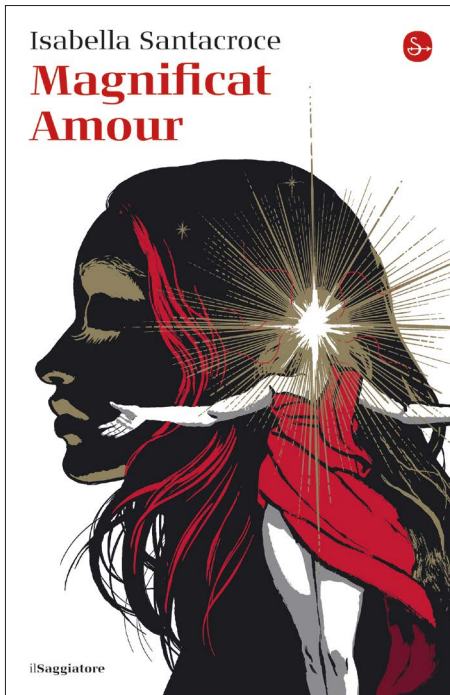
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Isabella Santacroce Magnificat Amour

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).

Magnificat Amour

EXCERPT

IT

Praesentia Lucretiae

Ho un cuore da un euro in una pochette Hermès da 4000.

Di questa luce sono il ritratto, una fiammata di buio.

Praeterita Lucretiae

Non posso dirmi dall'infanzia infelice, mi volevo somigliante a un'attrice che ammiravo, bambina per me incantevole dalle movenze graziose. Di lei imitavo il sorriso, la testolina che compiva una lieve vibrazione, l'esuberanza intrattenitrice di quell'adorabile artista prodigiosa.

Sono nata in una famiglia votata alla bellezza per volere di mia nonna dalle nobili origini, rossa di capelli fino alla tomba, impeccabile. Aveva asservito tutti i consanguinei ai suoi codici estetici, nostra regina dolce e dispotica, una sovrapposizione di opposti.

Pativa per Antonia, mia cugina, sua nipote, figlia della sorella di mio padre, ex Miss Cinema genitrice di questo sgorbio fotocopia del marito,

EN

Praesentia Lucretiae

I have a €1 heart in a €4,000 Hermès purse.

I am a portrait of this light, a flash of darkness.

Praeterita Lucretiae

I cannot say I had an unhappy childhood. I wanted to resemble an actress I admired, a girl I found enchanting with graceful movements. I imitated her smile, her little head that quivered slightly, the entertaining exuberance of that adorable prodigious artist.

I was born into a family devoted to beauty at the urging of my grandmother who had noble origins, red hair until the day she died, impeccable. She had enslaved all her blood relatives to her aesthetic rules, our sweet and despotic queen, a superimposition of opposites.

She mourned Antonia, my cousin, her granddaughter, the daughter of my father's sister, the former Miss Cinema progenitor of this unsightly

uomo attempato non di certo attraente, da lei sposato per goderne la ricchezza. Pos sedeva industrie, lavoratore indefeso, un vago retrogusto d'eleganza nell'insieme, talmente taciturno da sospettarlo muto, sfruttato dalla moglie e nefasto nel donare alla figlia il suo aspetto. Per mia nonna era sua la colpa, un dispetto, e se fino ad allora ne aveva scusato la bruttezza perché abbiente, poi non è più riuscita a perdonarlo.

Una famiglia di creature affascinanti veniva così nuovamente sfregiata dalla comparsa di quello scarabocchio con le occhiaie scure già a sette anni, l'iride di un verde marcito, l'incarnato olivigno, e l'imponenza di un gran nasone che pareva la gobba di Leopardi avesse trovato sul suo volto memoria.

Mia nonna penava vedendola crescere implacabile, immune a ogni cura, a ogni fiocco, riccio, abitino vezzoso che su di lei assumeva sembianze grottesche, aggravandone le disarmonie. Si confortava rimirandomi estasiata, il mio volto nelle sue mani carezzevoli, quanto sei incantevole, un mantra.

Capitava si sfogasse dicendosi addolorata per quell'altra, che forse però, chissà, sarebbe miglio-

photocopy of her husband, an elderly and definitely not attractive man, who she married to enjoy his wealth. He owned industries, a workaholic, a vague aftertaste of elegance overall, so taciturn to suspect that he was mute, exploited by his wife and nefarious in gifting to his daughter his appearance. For my grandmother it was his fault, to spite her, and if until then she had excused his ugliness because of his wealth, she could no longer forgive him.

A family of fascinating creatures was thus again scarred by the appearance of that scarecrow of a girl with dark circles under her eyes already at seven years of age, green irises the color of something rotten, an olive complexion, and the majesty of a big nose that looked like Leopardi's hump memorialized on her face.

My grandmother agonized watching her grow up implacable, immune to all attention, bow, curl, or pretty dress that on her body assumed a grotesque aspect, aggravating the disharmonies. She comforted herself by admiring me enraptured, my face in her affectionate hands, how enchanting you are, a mantra.

Sometimes she vented, saying she was pained for that other girl, who, perhaps, who knows,

rata con il tempo, e invece niente, non si avveravano i miracoli. A quattordici anni la sua bruttezza aveva raggiunto vette da vertigini, tutto in lei si era amplificato come per opera di una lente impietosa, e un'acne volgare a deturpare la pelle completava il misfatto.

La Gnu, così era stata battezzata dai suoi coetanei ado-lescenti, che vedendola emettevano quel verso disegnando al contempo con le mani un'invisibile proboscide. E se lei ne soffriva, io godevo la fortuna di esserne il contrario.

Lei brutta e io bella, lei introversa e io allevata dall'attrice televisiva strabiliante.

Già in tenera età ero solita la domenica esibirmi dopo il pranzo, il mio pubblico i parenti. Creavo sketch d'effetto, qualche passo di danza, moine, piroette. Ero meravigliosa, terrificante.

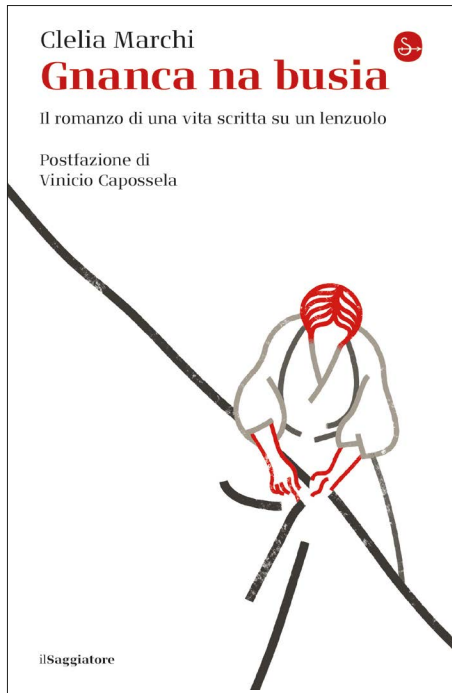
Ricordo gli occhi verdastri di mia cugina osservarmi prossimi al pianto. Lei ignorata. Io sotto le luci della ribalta.

might improve with time, and instead nothing happened, miracles didn't occur. At fourteen her ugliness reached dizzying heights, everything in her amplified as if through a merciless lens, and a case of acne that disfigured her skin completed the misdeed.

The Wildebeest, that's what she was christened by her adolescent peers, who when they saw her called out that name and at the same time with their hands formed an invisible proboscis. And if she suffered from it, I enjoyed the good fortune of being the opposite. Her ugly and me beautiful, her introverted and me raised by the stunning television actress.

Already at a young age I would perform after lunch on Sundays, my audience my family. I invented dramatic skits, a few dance steps, twirls, pirouettes. I was marvelous, heart-stopping.

I remember my cousin's greenish eyes as she watched me nearly in tears. Her ignored. Me in the spotlight.



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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).

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 twentieth 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, embroidering the words, onto a bedsheet. Her embroidered bedsheet, this story “on the thread of sincerity”, became the deeply moving and introspective *Your Name in the Snow*.

New edition 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!!!

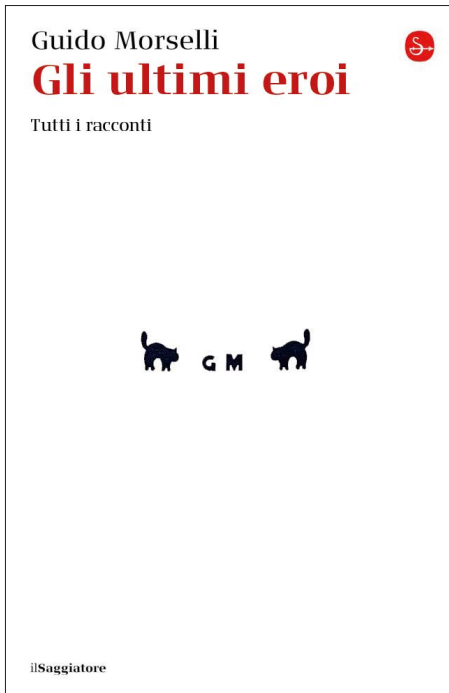
2 Our life. Me, I remember as a young girl there were alot of us siblings: my mamma used to work a lot to send them to scqhool, I used to go to scqhool only in the winter; because my mamma had to go to work elsewhere, and it was me taking qare of my siblings younger than me, but there wasn't even a single toy: really none at all!

3 we used to play with stones, the earth, we used to make

insegnavo ai miei fratelli à fare il compito quelli
 più piccoli di mè; mà avevo poco dà insegnar-
 ci; 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, sem-
 brava l'arlecchino; quando si andava à casa da
 scquola non si andava à giocare: si faceva le calze
 ò scarpinenne 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 dif-
 ferenze à nessuno; ma essendo una famiglia nu-
 merosa 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 qu-
 rare, 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
 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 scquool 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 sc-
 quool 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 gov-
 erned the whole family, she didn't have children,
 and so she used to say I don't treat any of you dif-
 ferent; but being a large family and with little to,
 cover ourselves: the women: or the mammas of us
 children: they used to argue among t'hemselves; but
 if my aunt arrived, she would say to them aren't you
 ashamed to argue when you're loaded with
 6 children: the discussions would end there; many
 children to take qare of, and to stay up until a late
 hour spinning: to make the bedsheets: often even
 two after midnight, all of the days were the same,

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
i malgheri, che erano le piante del frumentone;
dopo mezzo giorno verso sera:

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 sibilings' 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:



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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 twentieth 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 twentieth 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 mascolina. 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 ha ignorare 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. Vicino a lui

EN

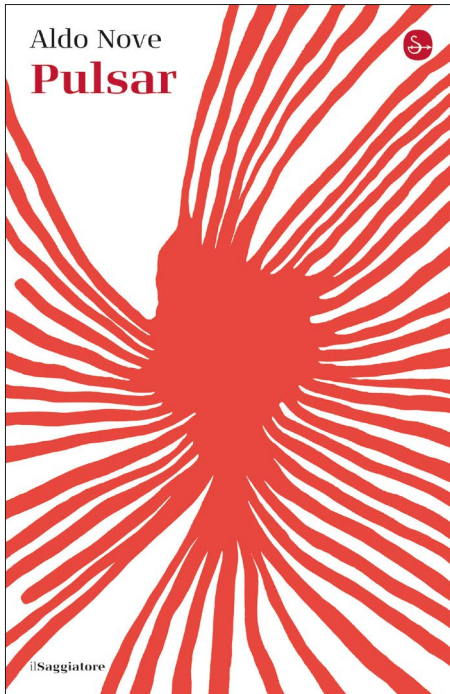
The estuary was rapidly becoming wider and the sharp bow of the Britannia was already splitting the first waves arriving from the sea. The breeze from the lake came to shake the ladies' skirts and make a mess of their veils, obliging the men to raise their two fingers to the brim of their top hats; a 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. Near

una donna rosea e bofficona illustrava rumorosamente ad una fanciulla i luoghi notevoli della costa; qui, i Tilbury Greens e i Tilbury Hills, laggiù Freshwood Park. Aveva dimenticato in cabina il binocolo “il Signore potrebbe prestarci il suo?” Domandò in inglese al forestiero. Le fu porto il binocolo, che poi passò nelle mani, squisitamente bianche, e si appuntò al viso, teneramente pallido, della sua compagna. Fu questa a renderlo al proprietario, con un “grazie” in cui dal riserbo della fanciulla di pretto lignaggio anglosassone non andava disgiunta una sfumatura di femminile alterigia. La dama rumorosa si rizzò, squadro non senza compiacenza Il forestiero, gli chiese se era francese “Italiano”, rispose l’interpellato. “Ach”, fece la signora con soddisfazione “Napoletano?” “Piemontese, semplicemente” quegli replicò, ironico, con un breve inchino; e non ebbe ad aggiungere altro, poiché al liquido pulviscolo sollevato dalla enorme ruota in movimento si mescolavano frequenti gocce di pioggia e le signore si ritirarono. Alcuni istanti dopo l’uomo era solo sulla passeggiata a sfidare il tempo inclemente, mentre lo smisurato scarso metallico del Britannia, quella meraviglia del secolo, sotto

to him, a pink and plump woman was noisily illustrating to a young girl the noteworthy places of the coast; the Tilbury Greens and the Tilbury Hills here, Freshwood Park down there. She had forgotten her binoculars in the cabin. “Would the gentleman care to lend us his?” She asked the foreigner in English. The binoculars were given to her, which she then passed between her hands, exquisitely white, before placing them onto the tenderly pale face of her companion. It was the companion who gave them back to the owner, with a “thank you” in which a hint of feminine haughtiness could not be separated from the reservedness of the young girl of pure Anglo-Saxon lineage. The noisy dame stood herself up, and looked the foreigner up and down, not without complaisance; she asked him if he was French. “Italian,” he responded. “Ah,” the lady said with satisfaction. “Neapolitan?” “Merely Piemontese,” he retorted, ironically, with a short bow; and had nothing else to add, since recurrent raindrops were blending with the fine liquid dust raised by the enormous wheel in motion, and the ladies withdrew. Some moments later, the man was alone on the promenade deck defying the inclement weather, while the immense metallic

il frammenti impulso di duemila e più cavalli vapore si slanciava verso il mare aperto. Non molta gente accolse quella sera la gran sala, nella luce sfarzosa dei suoi doppiieri; l'Atlantico mandava innanzi le sue onde lunghe a cui difficilmente resistono navigatori novellini.

vessel of the Britannia, that marvel of the century, atop the fragmented drive of two thousand or more horsepower was hurtling towards the open sea. Not many people that evening were received in the grand room, in the splendid light of its two-armed candelabras; the Atlantic was sending forth its long waves which were difficult for the novice navigators to withstand.



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 Material available English sample
 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.

Pulsar

Aldo Nove

EXCERPT

IT

Onde emigrate dal cuore. Doppia­mente ve­late nelle vene. Respirate, mangiate, rap­prese a tocchi di buio animale. Onde marcate di ossigeno parlato, tradotto in plasma nutritivo, riversato immensamente nel potassio sporco dell'amore. Acqua che trasborda e cresce, che è primordiale. Madre.

Madre. Africa pulita e rigogliosa del bacino continentale fetto. Terra. Approdo e dirigibile neurologico, infantile. Viggiù.

Mia madre.

*

Mia madre era un fiume già stato, da sempre, con le tette e la voce modulare del pianeta che abitavo prima dei bagliori del '68, e degli scioperi operai e di Celentano che diceva che chi non lavora non fa l'amore.

EN

Waves migrating from the heart. Doubly veiled in the veins. Inhaled, consumed, clotted around pieces of beastly darkness. Waves marked with mouthed oxygen, translated into nourishing plasma, boundlessly spilled into the soiled potassium of love. Water that overflows and grows, water that's primordial. Mother.

Mother. Luxuriant and immaculate Africa fetus of the continental basin. Earth. Neurological haven and zeppelin, infantile. Viggiù .

My mother.

*

My mother was a river that had already been, since forever, with the tits and modular voice of the planet I lived on before the blazes of '68, and of the workers' strikes and Celentano who sang that those who don't work don't make love.

Mia madre.

Completamente madre da toccare nella casa del cortile dove io sono nato.

Verso l'uscita del cortile dove io sono nato c'era una fabbrica che faceva il rumore di un gallo che ogni cinque minuti veniva schiacciato da una pressa.

Mia madre era la pelle che incominciava dove finiva il terrore di quel rumore di gallo schiacciato.

Più tardi, mia nonna, diceva di lei.

Parlava con l'orologio dei vecchi sul davanzale con il pulcino meccanico che becca il miglio d'acciaio ogni secondo ogni volta che le lancette giravano a bassa voce dentro di me entrava, sottile, bavoso, razzismo.

Mia madre andava e veniva nel cortile dove io sono nato.

Dentro quel cortile ogni giorno un uomo grasso luminoso, a volte e contorniato di viti vaganti inzuppate nella potente colla ARTIGLIO accese veniva vestito di blu ad aprire la fabbrica faceva un rumore di ferro e di ferro più forte di odore di olio

My mother.

Wholly mother tangible in the house facing the courtyard where I was born.

Near the exit of the courtyard where I was born there was a factory that made noise like a rooster that was squashed every five minutes in a press.

My mother was the skin that began where the terror of the noise of that squashed rooster ended.

My grandmother would say about her later on.

She used to speak with the old people's clock on the windowsill, the one with the mechanical chick that pecked the steel bolt every second, every time the hands turned in a low voice it would enter me, subtle, drooling, racism.

My mother used to come and go in the courtyard where I was born.

In that courtyard every day a glowing fat man, at times encircled by vibrant stray vines drenched in powerful ARTIGLIO glue used to come in a blue suit to open the factory it made a noise of iron, an iron noise stronger than the smell of oil

al mattino con tanti pezzetti di ferro arrugginiti là fuori, quell'uomo accendeva la macchina del gas.

Allora incominciava il rumore del gallo, la vita, era giorno.

Quell'anno, si chiamava 1967.

Quell'uomo era cupo e sinistro fumava ogni 10 minuti invecchiava seduto fuori dalle porte di ferro e vetro unte di olio guardava passare le linee degli aerei alte nel cielo tossiva era pieno di rughe.

Quando un altro anno quell'uomo è morto un altro uomo veniva al mattino vestito di blu luminoso, a volte e contorniato di viti vaganti piene di adesivo "artiglio" accese ad aprire la fabbrica faceva un rumore di ferro più forte di odore di olio al mattino con tanti pezzetti di ferro arrugginiti là fuori.

Quell'uomo accendeva la macchina del gas.

in the morning with many pieces of rusted iron out there, that man turned on the gas boiler.

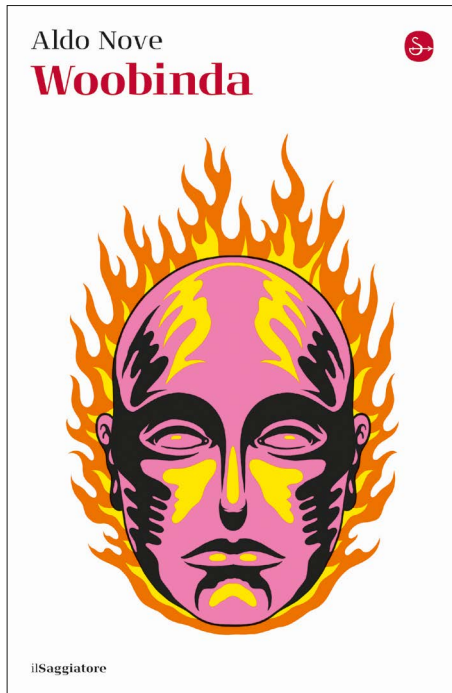
Then the rooster noise would start, life, it was day.

That year was called 1967.

That man was dark and sinister he smoked every 10 minutes he grew older sitting outside the greasy iron and glass doors watching the passing of the planes' contrails high in the sky coughing he was full of wrinkles.

When that man died the next year another man came in the morning dressed in bright blue, at times encircled by vibrant stray vines full of Artiglio glue he came to open the factory it made a noise of iron stronger than the smell of oil in the morning with many pieces of rusted iron out there.

That man turned on the gas boiler.



Aldo Nove **Woobinda**

Woobinda is Aldo Nove's debut novel; first published by Castelvecchi in 1996, it was reissued two years later by Einaudi under the title *SuperWoobinda*, becoming a contemporary classic. Caustic and despairing, Nove's short stories portray an Italy intoxicated by cell phones, remote controls, telesales, and TV astrologers. You can laugh or get bored, disgust yourself or let yourself go to the shocking omnipresence of TV, brands, and imposed social models. But above all, you can make fun of the pop-trash which Nove's characters are soaked in.

Funny and tragic alike, those short stories prove that what was a scandal thirty years ago is now the reality we are living in.

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