Andrea Tarabbia
*Madrigale senza suono*
[Silent Madrigal]
February 2019
250 pages
Novel
Translation rights: The Italian Literary Agency
(Claire Sabatier-Garat)

**Awarded the Premio Campiello 2019**
**In the Top-Ten Fiction Charts in October 2019**

“A writer who dares to look down into the depths by flying high.”
**Helena Janeczek**, Premio Strega 2018

The purest of music, the most brutal of crimes, and a daunting, ever subtle game of mirrors. A portrait of Gesualdo da Venosa in a grand novel depicting the prince and his solitude.

A man alone and tormented. Obliged by the decorum of the times, he committed a brutal murder. A crime that would fire his own uncontrollable artistic genius. That man was Prince Gesualdo da Venosa, the celebrated 16th-century composer of madrigals, and the focus of the hypnotic construction in this erudite, gothic, sensual novel. To pose the scandalous underlying question, how could something so evil give life to so much beauty, as expressed in da Venosa's music? To save his honor, da Venosa killed his unfaithful wife, Maria D’Avalos, whom he had married amid a flurry of gossip and uproar, and her lover. The stuff of history books. But what remains in the wake of the event is the nostalgia-riddled solitude of the prince. Andrea Tarabbia dips his pen into the pool of blood and torment, and lures the reader into his maze.

“Can beauty draw close to God (as envisaged by the nature of madrigals and responsories) and, at the same time, be pulled towards the most monstrous dimension of the human?”
*Corriere della Sera, La Lettura*

“That of Tarabbia is a sumptuous operation, layered, powerful, highly cultivated and meta-literary.”
*D la Repubblica*

“*Madrigale senza suono* [Soundless Madrigal] carries on and develops Tarabbia’s recurring themes: reflection on the evil that resides in man and History, and its paradoxical coexistence with art

Bollati Boringhieri editore – Frankfurt Book Fair 2019
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and beauty, but also our capacity for self-determination with regard to what happens to us beyond and outside our volition.”

*Il Sole 24 Ora*

“[A novel] that is unlikely to leave readers unmoved.”

*La Stampa, TuttoLibri*

“Tarabbia, a trainer of Minotaurs, a huckster of freaks, conjures up the atmospheres of books like Victor Hugo’s *The Man Who Laughs* (...) according to criteria of fictional vertigo somewhere between the fiendishness of Thomas Mann and the narrative gargoyles of Alejo Carpentier.”

*Il Giornale*

“[A] hugely powerful piece of writing, further proof of [Tarabbia’s] elegant talent.”

*Grazia*

“A livid, restless, unsettling phantasmagoria at the bottom of which (...) brutality clutches pietas and tenderness horror, in which the language (...) appears to be made terser to allow the darkness to emerge with greater precision.”

*Blow up*

“A disturbing yet marvellous novel.”

*Il mattino*

“An amazing novel for cohesion and narrative strength.”

*Avvenire*

“A hypnotic interplay of cross-references and a style of writing that resounds like a piece of music.”

*Marieclaire*

“Only fragility and suffering, taken by hand by love, take us to the deepest point of the world.”

Alessandro D’Avenia, *Corriere della Sera*, on *Il peso del legno*

“Drawn by a moral attraction, Tarabbia approaches a fact and uses it to investigate – without, miraculously, any hint of morbidness – the Evil in and of History through writing, in a tradition that goes from Dostoyevsky’s *The Devils* to Carrère and Vollmann.”

Marco Rossari, *Il Sole 24Ore*, on *Il giardino delle mosche*

**Andrea Tarabbia** was born in Saronno, Italy, in 1978. He was shortlisted for the Campiello Award with *Il giardino delle Mosche* [The Garden of Flies] (Ponte alle Grazie 2016). His novels include *La calligrafia come arte della guerra* [Penmanship as an Art of War] (Transeuropa 2010), *Il demone a Beslan* [The Demon in Beslan] (Mondadori 2011) and *Il peso del legno* [The Weight of Wood] (NN editore). He is author of *La buona morte. Viaggio nell’eutanasia in Italia* (Manni 2014) an examination of euthanasia in Italy. He translated into Italian and edited Michail Bulgakov’s *Diavoleide. Silent Madrigal* is his first novel published by Bollati Boringhieri. Tarabbia lives in Bologna.
Irene Salvatori

Non è vero che non siamo stati felici
[It's not true we weren't happy]
September 2019
240 pages (85,000 words)
Novel
English translation sample available

“A continuous, poetic stream of consciousness (…) The pain of loss, resurgence, anxiety, misery – life today in a debut novel one reads holding one's breath.”
Marie Claire

“A long, sustained letter to her prematurely dead mother – a sacred iconostasis and a longed-for affective presence – is the driving force of this Bildungsroman, the novel of the formative years of a traveller who only finds peace in the perennial anxiety of a Heimat, as she calls it, the hearth and home she carries in her suitcase.”
Il Piccolo

Irene Salvatori was born in Forte dei Marmi in 1978. A graduate in Contemporary History at the University of Pisa, she subsequently studied in Krakow and lived in Berlin. She is a translator from Polish and German and she writes poetry. She plans to move to the south of France.
Valentina Maini

La mischia

[The Melee]
March 2020
Novel
145,000 words
Unedited manuscript and translation sample available

A riveting ‘world novel’ rooted in a noble literary tradition championed by the likes of Roberto Bolaño.

A cross-generational debut capable of attracting both the most seasoned readers – capable of recognising all the references it contains – and the new generations whose themes it is closest to.

2007: in a ‘psychedelic’ Bilbao, worn-out by the final attacks of Basque terrorism, live two twins, Gorane and Jokin, the children of ETA terrorists. Separated from her twin brother by a mysterious, tragic event, Gorane is the victim of strange hallucinations as a result of which she finds herself under the care of a psychiatrist, while Jokin, a musician and a heroin addict, escapes to Paris to embark on a new life. It is around the stories of the two twins – opposite and complementary, the one necessary for the other – that The Melee revolves. This ‘world novel’ consists of fragments that are apparently worlds apart but actually cogs in the same wheel, at once magical and realistic. There’s Bilbao, filtered through the sensitive eyes of Gorane, there’s, above all, Paris – a city but also the main character in the novel – and there’s Arrautza, an imaginary land – or maybe a heaven – from which we hear the whispers of the dead.

In her first novel, Valentina Maini drags us into a complex, tragic, moving and sometimes mystical universe, in which the only driving force seems to be blind violence; not so much – or not only – that of terrorism, but also family, social, amoral and self-destructive violence. Whether it’s a matter of drug addiction, police persecution, pyromania, terrorism, mental illness or love is immaterial: it is uncensored violence that feeds the body of the novel and breathes life into it. How can so much beauty exist in pain? Can liberty – the great conquest of our time – turn out to be an instrument of torture, concealing traps that we never envisaged? Through a farrago of middle-class families, drug pushers, maniacs, writers, suitcase slashers, fortune tellers and cleaning women, Valentina Maini fearlessly looks chaos in the face.

Valentina Maini was born in Bologna in 1987. After studying in Bologna and Paris for her European research doctorate in comparative literature, she works as a translator into Italian from French and English. She has published short stories in a number of reviews, among which Inutile, Atti impuri, Effe, TerraNullius, Cattedrale and Verde, and in Germany, Horizonte. Some of her articles have appeared in reviews such as Poetiche, La Deleuziana and SIMEN, and in 2018 an article of hers about Samuel Beckett was published in a volume in the Classiques Garnier library. In 2016 she published Casa rotta (Arcipelago Itaca), her first poetry collection, a finalist in the “Premio Bologna in lettere” award and winner of the “Premio Anna Osti” literary award. La mischia (The Melee) is her first novel.
Gonzalo has an unusual job. Employed as master of ceremonies by the Cremation Society of a large city, he organizes and presides over secular funerals in the chapel of the old Monumental Cemetery. In his twelve years at the Crematorium, he has arranged thousands of funerals with passion and professionalism. He’s married to Gloria, whom he met at University. He has a daughter, the adored Inès, who at eight years old fell into a deep coma caused by a mysterious illness. Confined to a hospital room, Inès’ fate hangs by a thread. The dialogue between father and daughter is a silent one, made by nearness and by the music he listens to beside her. This includes the tap dancing of Gene Kelly, the only thing that can induce in Inès’ eyelids something resembling a sign of life.

The parents’ increasingly ephemeral hope of finding a cure that might awaken her is rekindled unexpectedly one day by Malaguti, a shady and fascinating character who suggests that Gonzalo work for him—or rather, for his elderly employer. In exchange for a great deal of money and the promise of admitting Inès into an exclusive clinic, Gonzalo must abandon his former occupation and pass into the employ of Mistress Marisòl. The head of a very powerful family, she lives in a large villa on a hill and never leaves her bedroom. Her appearance is that of a decrepit granny, but once a week her monstrous nature requires her to devour human flesh. Now too weak to seek out food on her own, she needs an assistant to find and lead sacrificial victims to her. The enterprise is not simple, the obstacles are many, and Gonzalo will have to wrestle not only with the desire to save his daughter, but with the need to redeem himself. It will be the ancient Marisòl herself who opens his eyes, planting the doubt that, when all is said and done, he too is a monster like her, like many others. And, like everyone else, deluded in thinking that the seeds of monstrosity always dwell elsewhere.

The Enchantment of the Moon Fish is a novel with a visionary force all its own. It is ferociously cynical, yet full of delicacy and emotion at the same time. Among the best Italian novelists of his generation, Ade Zeno has written a book that is at once reckless and melancholic, hovering on the border between what we know and what we fear, between the dead who are still living and the living who have temporarily ceased to be so, between the monsters who come out in the open, and those who feign normality.

Ade Zeno was born in Turin in 1979. He made his debut in 2009 with the novel Topics for Hell (Argomenti per l’inferno) (No reply), a finalist for the Premio Tondelli, which was followed by The Angel Exposed (L’angelo esposto) in 2015 (Il maestrale). In 2010, together with the Sparajurij collective, he founded the international literary magazine Atti impuri. For years he has worked as master of ceremonies at the Turin Crematorium.
Emilio Cacini, known to everyone as ‘Soldo di cacio’ (Shorty) on account of his diminutive stature, teaches art at a secondary school. Fat and clumsy, Cacio has a secret involving a woman, Ilaria, with whom he had a relationship during the period in which she was a member of the Red Brigades. He’d like to confide in someone but in Ardenza Mare - the neighbourhood on the outskirts of Livorno where he lives – no one asks too many overly personal questions. The fact is that it’s something of an anomalous place, largely because of the magical, enchanted atmosphere in which it’s immersed. From her cage in the middle of the neighbourhood park, the majestic tigress Mirtilla (Blackcurrant) has always been a reassuring presence for the locals.

Cacio has a son called Pitore (Pet Chicken), a child who suffers from a developmental speech disorder. In practice, Pitore speaks a language all of his own made up of new words such as folmedína (sea). This would appear to be no big deal for Cacio, who goes out of his way to find alternative forms of communication to words in an attempt to forge an increasingly close relationship with the child, who he’s bringing up by himself.

Albeit disoriented, Cacio has a whole world inside himself and goes his own way. He is gentle but, at the same time, strong, capable of passing through solitude and creating harmony from the disharmony he feels around him. In search of authentic communication that goes beyond words, Cacio seems to be saying that the world can exist in many different ways, provided we know how to invent it.

Michele Cecchini possesses a unique imagination, a virtue few writers can boast of. His is a magical realism marked by a special form of delicacy and wonder. A cross between Fellini and Soriano, he uses a special lens to look at and speak about the world, which flies lightly by, as if it were enclosed in a soap bubble.

“For anyone who still believes in the healing power of kindness and imagination.”

Fabio Stassi

Michele Cecchini
Il cielo per ultimo
[Last of all, the sky]
Cover illustration by Manuele Fior
May 2019
245 pages (66,500 words)
Novel
English translation sample available

“An intense story … whose force lies in its characters, straight out of magic realism … and an understated, smooth, playful style.”

Ermanno Paccagnini, Il Corriere della Sera, La Lettura

“A novel full of tenderness and references to the world of art. A journey through words.”

Luca Bottura, La Repubblica, Robinson
“A piece of Italian history in the form of a micro-story characterised by a sort of magical realism whose elements of “concrete illusoriness” convey more, and more effectively, than out-and-out realism ever could.”

*Il Piccolo*

Letter from the editor, Andrea Bajani

Dear Friends,

I don’t often get the chance to read happy books. By happy books I don’t mean novels in which the plot offers a successful way out for the characters, or conflicts are solved with the victory of the goodies over the baddies. By happy books I mean stories that don’t leave out what you might call the dark side of things, but respond to them with a look of amazement and a charm that brightens up the scene. *Il cielo per ultimo* (The Sky For Last) belongs to this category, which is precisely why it swept me away: in it there’s a father with nothing special about him and a son who life has played a trick on, who has a speech impairment and, literally, struggles to find words. Yet their world and the passing of the time they spend together possess all the magic of the unexpected. Michele Cecchini scatters the whole novel with words that make it happy and hence, to the eyes of the reader, make the world a nice place to live in.

Andrea Bajani
Turin, May 2019

**Michele Cecchini** was born in Lucca on September 28 1972. He teaches literature in a high school in Livorno, where he lives. He has published *Dall’aprile a shantih* (2010) and *Per il bene che ti voglio* (2015) with edizioni Erasmo. *Last of all, the sky* is his first novel for Bollati Boringhieri.
Mary Barbara Tolusso

*L'esercizio del distacco*

[The Practice of Parting]

2018

176 pages (30,000 words)

Novel

English translation sample available

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“Tolusso excels in depicting an institution that reminds us of the colleges described by Musil and Walser, or of the atmosphere in Fleur Jeqgy’s novel *Sweet Days of Discipline*; she has a distinctive originality that shows through a sharp, crisp style and peculiar passages in the narrative. The novel assumes dystopian features, like a lot of today’s most interesting fiction, but most of all it is an exploration of desire that breaks the rules, crosses boundaries at its own risk and challenges the inevitability of time.”

**Helena Janeczek**, winner of Premio Strega 2018, *La Stampa, Tuttolibri*

There are three of them: Emma, David, and her. They live in a boarding school, a few steps from a border immersed in woods and wind. We feel the weight of history, a Trieste that is never named, but that permeates the pages. Far from their parents, these teenagers grow up educated in order and in controlling their passions. Theirs is an exclusive triangle: an easy friendship with the exuberant Emma, a seductive competition with David, the boy with the sharp heart. The three love each other with the unreserved impulse of adolescence and with the terror of abandoning themselves to true love.

As long as they grow up within the protected walls of the school, life passes comfortably between study, sport, and walks on the park’s paths, under thin oak branches and watchful eyes. They do not ask themselves too much about their future, nor why their education is designed to face endless fates. They don’t imagine that their lives, once so intertwined, will be divided. Years later, only a photograph remains to connect them, as well as the mystery of their infinitely long and healthy existence. Almost nothing is left of the great friendship with Emma, of the love for David, or of the passion for Nicholas, the young anarchist encountered over the border. And yet they cannot help but chase that lost time, asking: what were they destined for, what becomes of their privilege in a world where the exclusive are ultimately excluded?

*The Practice of Parting* is above all a remarkable love story written in a unique prose, mournful and steeped in poetry. A visionary novel that exposes the most terrible of human desires—what drives us to dream of a longer existence, of an eternal love. It’s impossible not to think of Ishiguro. It’s impossible not to think, at the same time, that we are confronted with a unique voice, which will linger in the reader’s heart.

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“There is a time when love and friendship are unconditional and life seems infinite. That is adolescence. You need to detach from it in order to live and face your own fragility and the shortcoming of dreams and feelings. If you wish to avoid that, death is the only option.”

*D di Repubblica*
“L’esercizio del distacco is a novel that deserves credit and attention because it tells a brief story with care and precision; although concise, it manages to cover some of the nightmares of our times, allowing the reader to let them go.”
Il manifesto

“Her poetry touches glamorous themes, and her prose is built with a precise rhythm that soon becomes vivid, identifiable and enthralling. The vibe is elegant and modern, with sophistication reserved only for witty remarks: ‘We were a generation of sophisticated prisoners lining up at the showers or at the cafeteria, with plenty of rules and plenty of future.’”
Il Corriere della Sera, La Lettura

“Mary Barbara Tolusso definitely knows how to play the notes of nostalgia.”
La Repubblica, Robinson

“An elegant, poetic and powerful novel, that speaks to the reader with subtle vibrations (…) in a happy balance, the style is smooth yet endearingly restless, with lyrical nuances.”
La Stampa, Tuttolibri

“The first experiences are the most intense. It is impossible to replicate them. (…) Three kids in boarding school, their deep bond and its dissolution at the end of the school years. The idea – that dominates the novel – that while waiting for their life to start they were actually living it to the core without knowing it.”
La Stampa

“In a style that is engaging and, at times, lyrical, Tolusso modulates a poignant elegy for adolescence.”
Famiglia Cristiana

“A jewel”.
Il Tempo

“Emma, David and the main character share an indissoluble bond that carries the absolute certainty of adolescence. But adolescence is ruthless, and that connection is bound to fade away like everything else in this novel, because the feelings that prevail in boarding school are not carefreeness, camaraderie and happiness, but an awareness of the end, of a repressed longing that will never translate into eternity.”
Il Giornale

“An excellent novel.”
Atlas, on Distancekunsten (Danish edition)

Mary Barbara Tolusso was born in Pordenone. A greatly admired poet, this is her second novel.
Regrets and expectations – there seem to be no other states of mind in the Bay of Santa Virginia (Tuscany), a beach underlying a wild, bleak promontory. When the radio announces a freak storm is about to hit the coast, the kids who have spent all the summers of their lives there come back to ride the epic waves they’ve always longed for.

Michele, the only member of the group who was actually born in Santa Virginia – he knows every oak tree and pathway on the promontory by memory – hears the weather alert. But he also receives the news that Micol is about to get married. Micol is the elegant and elusive girl with curly hair he met years ago, swimming among the end-of-summer rollers. He waited for and dreamed of her for years before doing everything he could to forget about her. Micol and Michele were always on the point of saying something to each other, but never did because September always drew them apart. He spends his winters lolling in bed with a temperature, fighting against the oppressiveness of the promontory by repairing bikes with his father, observing the moon through a telescope and imagining alien landings, tied down by the splendour of a place he doesn’t want to leave. Intimidated and reticent, the last of the great romantics, Michele becomes the central figure of the gang of suntanned rich kids who travel to and from between Rome and their seaside villas. He even becomes a close friend of Guido, the eccentric and charismatic blond leader of the pack, who gives him his first surfboard.

Molto mossi gli altri mari draws a perfect map of nostalgia through a love story formed entirely of silences, which develops among automatic garden sprayers and well-trimmed hedges, nurtured by a never-ending sequence of canoe and bike rides and lived out between table tennis courts and Guido’s splendid swimming pool. A love story shaped by incandescent sunsets and the summer rites of a place plagued with melancholy and kissed by the sweetness of nature. The golden summer light spills over the pages of the novel, a marine light that casts the long, menacing shadows of the transition from adolescence to adulthood. It’s Silvia, Michele’s ravishing confidante, restless and dissatisfied, who guides him through the hours in which the Bay is at the centre of a crescendo of weather alerts. It’s she who compels him take his final opportunity and tell Micol everything he has never dared to before. When they realise at last that it’s not only other people’s lives that are tempestuous, that only the past and future are desirable, the kids of the Bay have to come to terms with a tragic finale that wrong-foots them and sends them crashing into adult life.

“A delicate, intense, irresistible debut.”

Il Fatto Quotidiano
“A short novel full of blue nostalgia, in which the scents, flavours, shivers, sounds (the clicking of sandals) and emotions of summer withstand time much better than the bikes rusted by the salt air.”
_Corriere della Sera_

“Reading _Molto mossi gli altri mari_ (Other Seas Rough) by Francesco Longo, I let myself be carried through the seasons of Santa Virginia by the long wave of the splendid, unyielding writing.”
_Ernesto Aloia - Twitter_

“Longo tells us a poignant story of teenage love and does so in a highly personal, hyper-expressive language, “packed with energy” like the long waves that set the novel into motion.”
_Filippo La Porta, La Repubblica, Robinson_

“A novel on the exact point at which youth begins, at thirteen years of age, and the obstinate and reluctant desire to never let it pass (...) one notes a sentimental affinity with Bassani, Fenoglio and Fitzgerald.”
_Il Fatto:_

“A story of expectation and regret that smacks of salt and nostalgia.”
_Corriere della Sera, Io Donna_

“The utopia of a never-ending summer in which summer itself is but the allegory of one of life’s deeper meanings. An atmosphere redolent of Montale’s _Ossi di seppia_ (Cuttlefish Bones).”
_Il rifugio dell’ircocervo.it_

“A timeless novel in which things like “pine needles” and “storms” run into each other, in which one is swept away in descriptions of the atmosphere and the landscape.”
_RivistaStudio.it_

“Reading a debut novel and having the suspicion that one has stumbled across a classic is a more than enjoyable discovery.”
_Rmagazine.it_

“A compelling read that keeps the reader glued to the page right to the implacable ending.”
_La lettrice geniale_

**Francesco Longo** (Rome, 1978), a journalist, is a co-author with Christian Raimo, Francesco Pacifico and Nicola Lagioia of the collective novel _2005 dopo Cristo_ (Einaudi 2005) under the pseudonym Babette Factory. He is also the author of the narrative reportage _Il mare di pietra._ (Laterza, 2009). _Molto mossi gli altri mari_ is his first novel.
Pay attention to what I am about to say. Clouds are not what you think they are. At least, they’re not just what you think they are. Behind the clouds there are scads of babies. Tons of them. They’re waiting to be called to life, they’re waiting to be born.

Soft and comfy waiting rooms of sheer whiteness. Don’t look so surprised – you were once there too! We all were. But no one remembers being there and looking down, longing for your parents to meet and get to know each other, fall in love and decide to bring you into the world. And that’s what happened, otherwise you wouldn’t be here. None of us would. The Secrets of Clouds tells the story of Tommaso and his family. A trip through the clouds and the small city of Urbania; across the sky and the green hills of Le Marche. The life of a baby before it is born, 30,000 feet in the sky, and the life that baby goes on to lead in his family – a typically happy yet unhappy crew. The Secrets of the Clouds is a fable that will make you laugh and move you. Its linguistic grace touches the heart. Valerio Berruti’s illustrations are magic. Together, words and images bring to life the world of the babies beyond the clouds and their secrets, as they yearn for things they’ll never have, amid excitement and despair. When the going gets tough, those babies are sure to send down rain and hail. On us. A reminder that all this is a miracle, and that makes everything we go through each and every day something miraculous.

Nadia Terranova, La Repubblica, Robinson

“A fable, yet much, much more than that. The most ambitious of cosmogonies insofar as it begins long before our birth as human beings, up there among the clouds from which we wish to descend at all costs to address the somewhat complicated business we call life and the family.”
Irene Bignardi, Vanity Fair

“An enchanting story.”
Marie Claire

“A story that has all the gentleness of The Little Prince and a language that warms the heart, is accessible to all, and offers the most imaginative of answers to the question of all questions: where do we come from?”
D di Repubblica
“Matteo Cellini has written a book akin to a hymn to life, to the family, to the bond between brothers and sisters. With his simple, original story, he has found the words to sing the beauty of being in the world and the deepest meaning of what we call the family. With a surprising and touching finale.”

_Famiglia Cristiana_

**Letter from the editor, Andrea Bajani**

Dear Friends,

This is a story about clouds. Clouds contain secrets that all of us, young and old alike, try to figure out. Someone might see a cloud shaped like a cat, or a sailing ship, or a train racing across the blue sky. This fable offers one very simple, very beautiful message: That hiding behind the clouds are all the babies of the world waiting to be born. They gaze down on us as they wait for their turn, cheering for the love of their parents and hoping to arrive soon on earth, where they’ll bring lots of noise and good cheer. _The Secrets of Clouds_ is an irresistible story for readers of all ages. Youngsters will learn precious secrets and grownups will learn what to say to their children and remember the children they themselves once were. We’re pleased to be able to look up and gaze at the sky along with you.

Andrea Bajani
Torino, April 2018

**Matteo Cellini** was born in 1978 in Urbino. He lives in Urbania, where teaches middle school Italian. He is the author of: _Cate, io_ (I, Cate; Fazi, 2013), winner of the Campiello Award (Debut Novel); _La primavera di Gordon Copperny, Jr._ (Gordon Copperny, Jr.’s Spring; Bompiani, 2016).

**Valerio Berruti** was born in 1977 in Alba, in the Langhe. His works (all featuring kids and with the music by Joan As Police Woman, Paolo Conte, Gianmaria Testa) have been exhibited in Venice, New York, Tokyo, Johannesburg, Beijing. Among his books, _E più non dimandare_, with Davide Longo (And ask no further question, Corraini 2007), _Come il vento tra i salici_, illustrated flipbook of the translation of Beppe Fenoglio of K. Grahame’s _The Wind in the Willows_ (Gallucci 2016). His new animated short film, _La giostra di Nina_ (Nina’s carousel, Sky Arte), original music by Ludovico Einaudi, was just released.
Only those well-versed in life’s good cheer can cross the most important threshold and step out amused and ever curious to discover the unknown. In *Anime e acciughe* (Souls and Anchovies, his debut), Achille Mauri took us by the hand and led us to the great beyond – where only writers have access to, where Dante and Orpheus dared tread, intrepid, in search of love. In *Achilles’ Paradox*, Mauri informs us that that little excursion was but an appetizer, and that there’s no hurry to get out alive. After all, eternity is congenial to drawn-out spates of enjoyment. You left your watch at home, so to speak, or on the other side of life. Reap the rewards.

An irresistible sequel to *Anime e acciughe*, *Achilles’ Paradox* is first and foremost a story in itself. Achilles has become a celebrity among the dead. There’s a cloud of anchovies that follows him around. No happier, or bizarre, “train” was ever seen in the great beyond. Being a celebrity, he is invited to make the rounds on the convention circuit of the great beyond. He discusses love with Shakespeare and Wanda Osiris. He is distraught over immigration, along with Plato, Aeschylus and, among others, Zygmunt Bauman. Reflections on solitude, and moving yet amusing thoughts on aging.

*Achilles’ Paradox* is an exuberant, profound novel. It explores the paradox that makes us human. The one that, in the end, makes us love death because it makes life that much more important, and inspires us to live every day of our lives with gusto.

“In this splendid if slightly mad portrait gallery, Achille establishes himself as an untiring explorer of the world of levity and reflection à la Raymond Queneau. The final. paradoxical message? That passion for real literature never dies, neither in this life nor in the next.”

*La Stampa, TuttoLibri*

“A witty divertissement.”

*Il Piccolo*

*Achille Mauri*

**Il paradosso di Achille**

[Achilles’ Paradox]

January 2019

Novel

250 pages

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surprised, though: afterlife might not be just as you expect: everything is light. And it’s called “life now”.

Via Cusani, Milan: Achille has just woken up in his place in Milan, and he’s talking to an illustrious deceased, field marshal Radetzky, who lived in that house – of all places! – in the good (for him) old times of the Austrian occupation. The diverse souls who happen to be nearby – but also elsewhere, far or near – join the conversation too and we find ourselves in an afterworld that is very close to our world. So close, that Radetzky, from his vantage point, has renamed it “life now”.

Achille’s soul has moved to a garage in Piazza San Marco, to his son’s friends’ Porsche, where even his cat Ely has long decided to settle. From that moment, encounters, stories, conversations become more and more frequent and, of course, surreal… The stories we find are not only those of Umberto Eco, Andy Warhol, Karl Marx, Woody Allen, Elio Fiorucci or Marshal Radetzky: they are also stories of other souls, normal souls, who only go by their name: Marco, or Lucrezia. Don’t be afraid: the conversations are always ironical, comical at times, even exhilarating. We travel “through” the souls from Dahomey (former name of present Benin) to the Frankfurt Book Fair, from the Sahara Desert to wedding parties in Buenos Aires. We laugh, hoping that “life now” will be just like that, just as fun, just as varied, with its mysteries so clear. “Life now” is also full of animals flying around, all with a soul. And, of course, it’s full of anchovies, swimming in enormous schools and literally transporting other souls, human souls.

“A brilliant autobiography with a dramatic rhythm.”
Corriere della Sera

“Let all honor be done to an author who wrote three hundred pages on the afterlife without ever mentioning death”.
Corriere della Sera, Sette

As always, Achille Mauri dialogues with intellectuals, artists, shamans, sports champions, Argentinian gauchos, immigrants, designers. He is a tireless voyager through space – Milano, Paris, New York, Dahomey, South America; and time – years that changed the world, from 1968 to boat people. He delves into an endless array of knowledge, from animism to animalism and spiritism, with sustained lightness and humanity that set this novel and its version of the great beyond apart. He heads the Italian publisher and distributor Messaggerie Italiane, the Umberto and Elisabetta Mauri School for Booksellers, and the Fabio Mauri Association for the Arts World Experiment. Bollati Boringhieri published his literary debut Anime e acciughe. Achilles’ Paradox is his second novel.
A major new investigation for Norberto Melis. In a muggy, deserted Milan, a corpse appears and disappears, the only piece in a much larger puzzle. What invisible threads link well-known and distinguished professional members of Milan’s upper middle class with the minor lives confined to the poor suburban housing estate of Torri Zingales? Who killed Cragna, a drug pusher on his first assignment. And what of Santino Guardascione, who has vanished into thin air while on parole? Melis is the only person in the Police Station who knows that a month earlier, on the muggy night of Ferragosto 1989, in an empty villa filled with esoteric symbols, there was a corpse sitting in an armchair but now it’s not there any more. Then there’s the fact that two people have been killed in the villa, not one…


“A magician of crime fiction, a maestro…refined. Always challenging his readers’ expectations.”
Ranieri Polese, Corriere della Sera

“Tuzzi is a writer, beyond crime fiction.”
Corrado Augias, La Repubblica, Il Venerdì

“A mystery in the classical style. References, suspicion and guesses ennobled by Tuzzi’s refined taste for language.”
Giuliano Aluffi, La Repubblica

“Tuzzi is confirmed as one of the best Italian writers, and not only of detective stories. His flawless style amazes the reader for the mastery and the quantity of information, given without arrogance but rather with an elegant levity.”
Il Fatto Quotidiano

“If crime novels work when, besides generating suspense through their plot, they succeed in describing an environment, a city, a society, well, Hans Tuzzi’s books do all these things, and even something more. Tuzzi’s dialogues are full of irony, he is a detached onlooker, able to render both cultivated and popular speech.”
La Repubblica

“A real treat, original and of very high quality.”
Il Fatto Quotidiano

“Fiddling with his pipes, Melis experiences “the disgusting banality of evil”.”
Massimo Romano, La Stampa, TuttoLibri

“Hans Tuzzi writes refined crime novels set in Milan. His stories portray the city of the past, conveying its spirit, which, in turn, illuminates the present and the future.”
Angela Puchetti, La Repubblica

“Reading pleasure guaranteed.”
Corrado Augias, La Repubblica, Il venerdì

“A hugely enjoyable detective thriller (…) just the job for lovers of refined, tongue-in-cheek humour.”
Corrado Augias, La Repubblica, Il venerdì

“Hans Tuzzi is a writer – and that’s what counts. And he has a not insignificant merit: he has succeeded where others have failed, he has reinvented the detective thriller all’italiana.”
D la Repubblica
At the core of this new novel is a boutique, a spacious place full of light where objects and clothes are given new life; the layout and architecture of the space feature both Eastern and Western details. The two owners have very different personalities: Nina, whose husband committed suicide in the aftermath of the US financial crash, is vulnerable and unsettled; Teresa, Jewish and married to a Spanish cello player that gives her confidence and comfort, is balanced and determined. The boutique sees an entire world of people coming and going through its doors, and the relationships that start there soon complicate themselves, showing the signs of a transient and ever changing universe. The boutique also becomes a meeting point for the cast of characters that regularly spends time there – a career woman, a strong-minded housewife, an ex workman, a frustrated father and a cheating gay man –, a place where they can play out affections, jealousy, betrayals, hopes and disappointments.

When Ibrahim, an Afghan tailor, attempts to declare his love for high-maintenance Nina, even the most ill matched couple will show a determination to change, a flicker of hope for a better world.

Her historical novel Louise. Canzone senza pause was shortlisted at the Campiello award in 2008.

“A light and sophisticated style, devoid of stereotypes and clichés.”
Silvana Mazzocchi, La Repubblica, Robinson

“Eliana Bouchard’s prose is gracious and charming; she does not even try to copy the spoken language, she makes a point of creating a distance from it. (…) In the last page, we find one of the most beautiful love statements of the most recent Italian fiction.”
Filippo La Porta, Il Sole 24 ore

“A fascinating and tense novel from beginning to end.”
Antonia Arslan, Famiglia Cristiana

“Bouchard’s pages, with their linguistic clarity and measured style, are the result of observing humanity’s many facets, an unrelenting and complex act, even more so when it abstains from the obtrusiveness of judgment.”
Massimo Raffaeli, La Repubblica, Il Venerdì

“Eliana Bouchard has the patience of a jaguar, of someone that can spot a face on a fingernail. The author of Louise, a beautiful and bewildering historical novel, she is a quiet and “chamber” writer. One thing is certain: Bouchard is better than an Elena Ferrante whatsoever.”
Davide Brullo, Il Giornale
“The boutique is a microcosm, a place where our society’s uncertainties and all the matters that shake today’s world cross paths.”
Anna Maria Merlo, Il manifesto

Louise. Canzone senza pause
[Louise. A song without rest]
2007 – 250 pages

France, 1577: Louise, the daughter of Admiral Gaspard de Coligny, is among the few survivors of St. Bartholomew’s Day massacre, in which her father, her husband and many of her closest friends are killed. After that day her life is a constant struggle not to lose her identity, an attempt to live up to the great responsibility of the people who, like her, survived while many others died. In her tireless search for the common good, even through the continued misfortunes of her life, Louise embodies the female roots of modern Europe.

Rights to Louise sold to – Russian: AST Release Holdings

“It has been a long time since we have seen a debut so well developed and clear, highly original in its linguistic and stylistic choices; it has also been a while from the last time we read an Italian novel that keeps its promise in delivering “historical” features”.
Massimo Raffaeli, Il manifesto

“Like Maria Bellonci, the writer gives voice to the grand lady of the XVI century with whom – centuries apart – she establishes a “deep connection”; she makes us want to scroll through those letters to see if the princess d’Orange’s sensitivity and choice of words were really so similar to those of a contemporary author”.
Alessandro Barbero, La Stampa

“The beauty lies in the balance of the different features, be it Louise’s inner thoughts or the outside world. Moreover, the writing is literary yet light, depicting relationships with a soft touch, war techniques with precision and religious themes with intensity. We lose ourselves in a journal of times past, almost forgetting it is in fact contemporary prose”.
Ermanno Paccagnini, Il Corriere della Sera

“An excellent historical novel, surprising for its original stylistic choices”.
Giovanni Pacchiano, Il Sole 24 Ore

“An evocative, determined woman figure that the author, through her passionate writing, has caused to rise – radiant – from the shadows”.
Isabella Bossi Fedrigotti, Il Corriere della Sera

“It is through her writing that Eliana Bouchard takes care of a character so crucial to find in the dunghill of wars the many-coloured flowers of a different spirit”.
Filippo La Porta, Il Messaggero

“It is a beautiful biography, perfect in its historical references but also very well written, with true passion, effortlessly absorbing the reader in the vicissitudes of this noble woman who happened to be both a persecuted and an important element in the European politics of her time”.
Lucetta Scaraffia, Il Foglio
Eliana Bouchard was born in Rorà, in the Waldenses Valleys close to the French border. She lives and works in Rome. She sings in a baroque music choir. Her previous titles published by Bollati Boringhieri are: *Louise. Canzone senza pausa* (2007) and *La mia unica amica* (2013).

Luca Rastello

*Piove all'insù*

[It's raining upwards]

2006 – 263 pages

Novel

W/English rights sold to Seagull Books

A letter of dismissal suddenly reveals the reality of the new world hidden beneath the myths of flexibility and communication. In order to give a shape to this shock, to find the lost words and the possibility of thinking about a future, the protagonist of this story finds himself thrown on a dizzying journey from present to past and back again, and forced by his own confusion to find his own way following traces that are as feeble and vague as the plots of certain psychedelic novels he read in his teens. This rush through the years will bring back to light embarrassing public and private truths, like the military secrets of a father who was involved in the darkest pages in the history of the Italian Republic, or the desires of a teenager suspended between clumsy sexual explorations and revolutionary urges. Stories that emerge from the abyss of a civil war that has wrongly been defined as “cold”, that was able to divide families and spill blood on the streets, mixing up violence, hope and utopia, yet was fought on the surface of a world that had already changed in the deep, and was already shaken by the seeds of our present made of precariousness and mirrors of seduction.

“The most beautiful book on the Seventies”
Marco Revelli, *Carta*

“This is not the book of a survivor or a claimer narcissist with a career, but an honest and very hard remembrance of an age and its hopes and twistedness”.
Goffredo Fofi, *Avvenire*

“*Piove all’insù* is one of the most beautiful books on those years, a masterly achievement of a writer that knows how to talk about the feelings for the difference, the difference of living and dying”.
Marco Belpoliti, *L’Espresso*

“This is why we need by all means to reveal ourselves to those who in our days are losing their job, and are suffering from the consequences of a world we did not manage to
change: that which a father could not do but when he was dead, since Rastello’s story is tragic and does not allow for easy reconciliation and does not envisage any certainty of a good ending”.

Daniele Gigloli, *Il Manifesto, Alias*

“Piore all’insù is a book that, after we close it, remains inside of us. Because it saves us from our insensitivity”.

Marco Revelli, *Il Manifesto*

**Luca Rastello** (1961-2015), journalist, worked in the Balkans, in the Caucasus, in Central Asia, Africa and South America. He wrote *I buoni* [The good ones] (Chiarelettere 2014), *Binario morto* [Sidetrack] (with Andrea De Benedetti, Chiarelettere 2013), *La frontiera addosso* [The boundary on the skin] (Laterza 2010), *Io sono il mercato* [I am the market] (Chiarelettere 2009) and *La guerra in casa* [War at home] (Einaudi 1998). With Bollati Boringhieri he published *Undici buone ragioni per una pausa* [Eleven good reasons for a break] (2009). His books have been translated in Spain, Norway, U.S.A., Poland and Great Britain.