
RIGHTS LIST FALL/ WINTER 2018-2019



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Publishing date: February 26th 2019
Pages: 180

We have all been children. We have been all the children. With skinned knees, eating focaccia and leaving greasy fingerprints on grandma's china cabinets. Covering our mouths to hide helpless giggles when mom broke a plate and burst out in some forbidden word. Turning cartwheels on the lawn and ruining our new dress with ice-cream stains. Tearing our trousers on the garden's brambles.

We have all been children. Flipping cards against a wall, hoping they'll fall on our opponent's so we'll win the whole deck or climbing on our older brothers' back to play horse, while they shook us off like bothersome insects.

We have all been children. But most of us have locked their childhood in the garden shed, abandoned and forgotten along with broken tools and dried-up paint in dusty bins. They forget they were ever children. They even forget the memory of it.

BARBARA GARLASCHELLI UNA NOTTE, LO STESSO SOGNO

One night, one dream

Alida and Giacomo are only twelve but already they are carrying the burden of their families' failures, and share the same loneliness. On a summer day they meet in a park and decide to run away from home. And as this riveting, profound and moving plot unfolds, their disappearance forces both their families to come to terms with themselves and with the secrets they've been hiding.

In the Po Valley summer is a time of relentless heat bearing down on empty streets, when towns acquire a hallucinatory quality, an atmosphere of haunting sadness. You can't sleep, you can't function, you can't think.

That is the season when Giacomo's grandfather dies. He was a despicable, evil man, but everyone pretends to deeply mourn his loss – a lie that feels oppressive and confusing for Giacomo, the youngest in the family.

It is also the time the relationship between Regina and her daughter inexorably unravels. Haunted by a dark past in her native Albania Regina has been working herself to the bone, cleaning the homes of the well-to-do in a desperate attempt to provide for her daughter Alida. But in her single-minded effort she continually leaves Alida on her own and then overcompensates by compulsively checking up on her. The result is Alida feels both abandoned by her mother's absence and suffocated by her obsessive supervision.

The lonely, dispiriting paths of Alida and Giacomo cross on a scorching day in a deserted park. Giacomo is riding his red bicycle, Alida is carrying the cell phone her mother demands she keeps with her at all times. And with the immediate, uncanny, instinctive understanding that is the prerogative of children, they both realize there is but one solution to their problems – running away. They're scared, but their newfound friendship gives them all the strength they need.

The disappearance and the desperate search that immediately follows forces Giacomo's family and Alida's mother to finally come to terms with themselves, facing the ghosts of their pasts, admitting errors and mistakes and realizing they have placed an unbearable burden on their children's shoulders.

But the longer the children stay missing the more they begin to fear that perhaps the realization has come too late.

"It is in its innermost tone that the writer achieves her greatest results."

Ermanno Paccagnini, *Corriere della sera*

"She tears the words from the paper (...) and then whispers them in a caress longing for quiet.

Such is the style of Barbara Garlaschelli." – Gazzetta di Parma

BARBARA GARLASCHELLI (Milan, 1965) lives and works in Piacenza. She has published with Frassinelli the novels *Nemiche* (*Enemies*, 1998), *Alice nell'ombra* (*Alice in shadows*, 2002), *Sorelle* (*Sisters* 2004, recipient of the Scerbanenco award) and *Non ti voglio vicino* (*Don't come near me*, 2010), shortlisted at the Strega award. barbaragarlaschelli.wordpress.com

SORELLE Sisters – 2004

Foreign Sales SPAIN Roca Editorial, FRANCE Payot et Rivage, NETHERLANDS Sirene, PORTUGAL Presença

Prizes SCERBANENCO 2004

NON TI VOGLIO VICINO Don't come near me – 2010

Prizes Shortlisted for the 2010 STREGA PRIZE, Finalist at Massarosa Lit ALESSANDRO TASSONI PRIZE for fiction and VII MATELICA - LIBERO BIGIARETTI literary fiction prize selected for the ELLE READERS' PRIZE, winner of the 2010 UNIVERSITY OF CAMERINO AWARD and the 2012 CHIANTI AWARD

On the backdrop of an archaic Sardinia, haunted by medieval superstitions, Anna Melis paints the portrait of a family dominated by a mother made callous and cruel by the harshness of life, hanging on to the beliefs of ancient traditions to the point of torturing her own daughters. The repercussions on the girls are tragic. Vincenza and Basilia, her two eldest and almost behaving as a single entity all through the novel, become just as bitter and ruthless as her. Antonia rejects the family poison, but it taints her nonetheless. Adelina and Lauretta are the exception. They don't take after their mother, but as a consequence become more vulnerable to heartache. Only at the end of the story will the two girls free themselves of their mother's constraints to finally turn their lives around.

That year I felt all alone at Lunissanti. Ada and Andrea were gone. When we reached Our Lady of Tergu and everyone sat on the benches, I heard a shuffling of slippers from where my sisters were seated. I turned and saw my father pick something up from the floor.

In the glow of the torches everyone saw Adelina's dress and the clothes of our dear cousin, left in a heap behind the confessional. The Castelsardo procession came to a halt. And the day of rejoicing turned sour.

Vincenza and Basilia started to cry. Antonia burst out laughing. Mama Lucia froze. Not that she cared about Adelina. She was worried people would talk.

In Lauretta's eyes, sorrow was different for different people, so that something that would please Basilia or Vincenza would be catastrophic for Ada. Marriage, for instance. And sorrow never went away. It crystallized within the soul, like a second skeleton. In a way it was the soul's cuticle. Trying to escape it was hopeless. You had to learn to live with it. Some souls even found comfort in sorrow. They wore it on their skin, even embedded – piece by tiny piece – in their very flesh. It was like basting a dress; patiently stitching the fabric together – cuffs collar waistline hem – and then opening the lining again to create a special pocket that could only be accessed from the inside. It was a secret pocket, her father once told her, trying to comfort her when their first family dog died, as only the person wearing the dress could reach in and pull out the handkerchief hidden there by someone else. The handkerchief of love, to dry the tears and soothe the sorrow and all that was brought on by sadness.

«The novels by Anna Melis clearly spring from the urgency to give shape to the “unique feeling of life” the author has found only in Sardinia, her homeland.»

LA REPUBBLICA

“A powerful imagination, a delicate and lyrical novel. The language of Anna Melis endows her characters with true force, providing each one with an unmistakable trait.”

Michela Murgia

“Anna Melis achieves an epic rhythm in exploring human emotions and social events within the rites of tradition; her storytelling is driven by primaeval forces that appear invincible, eternal. (...) Her language is magical and rich, resounding and harsh, with a unique narrative drive which, as in the case of Andrea Camilleri with Sicily, is at one with a psychological and natural cosmos.”

from the final ruling of the Readers' Committee of Calvino Award

“Her style is so beautiful we forgive it its tragic tale.”

Mariapia Veladiano - novelist

“One of the most beautiful and ruthless debut in years.”

Il Sole 24 Ore

“Magnificent style.”

La Repubblica



Publishing date: April 3rd 2018
Pages: 320

ANNA MELIS LUNISSANTI

A SARDINIAN FAMILY. SIX DAUGHTERS, AN EMBITTERED MOTHER, A TORN FATHER

A BITTERSWEET DEPICTION OF TURN-OF-THE-CENTURY SARDINIA, A LAND STILL BOUND TO AGE-OLD SUPERSTITIONS AND FOLK BELIEFS

WITH HER THIRD NOVEL ANNA MELIS TAKES HER RIGHTFUL STANDING AS A FIRST-RATE NARRATOR, WITH A UNIQUE TOUCH, BOTH DELICATE AND CRUEL

On the morning of Lunissanti, 1918, the whole Cherchi family sets out across the fields to go to church. Lauretta, the youngest of six daughters, gazes on admiringly and affectionately as her sister Ada and her cousin Andrea start to chat and then suddenly go off on their own. Their disappearance sends shock waves all through the village. Ada is a naive, trusting fourteen-year old. She is unaware of the seriousness of what she's done, and has no idea of what awaits her on her return home. Her tiny country village is still ruled by superstitions dating back to the Middle Ages. Mama Lucia summons two trusted friends and the priest. They strip Ada down, burn her clothes and sprinkle them with holy water. Then they tie Ada naked to the bed and perform an exorcism. And once ascertained she's still a virgin, they send her away to a convent. Powerless to help her, Lauretta cries all her tears, while her sisters pile on with their indignant accusations. Ada will be confined to the convent for four long years.

June 1922. A flood hits Castelsardo, ripping the roof off the Cerchi's house and carrying away the helpless body of a fugitive. Ada manages to save the young man from drowning, and though he is in a coma and their encounter is fleeting (only four days before the boy is taken away), she falls helplessly in love with him. In her imagination, the young man becomes a dashing officer in the Austrian Army. She can think of nothing else. And no-one – not Andrea, her first love, nor doctor Manca, the physician who has taken care of her during her nervous breakdowns and spells and has fallen in love with her – can dissuade her from wasting her life in pursuit of a ghost. Only the clash with reality, when the young man returns, will force Ada to openly confront her own heart.

ANNA MELIS UNVEILS HER CHARACTERS' SOULS AND FEELINGS, ELICITS FEAR, ANGER AND COMPASSION IN THE READER AND CARRIES HIM OR HER WITHIN THE VERY MINDS AND SOULS OF HER FEMALE PROTAGONISTS.

LUNISSANTI IS A PSYCHOLOGICAL SAGA EXPLORING THE DEPTHS OF RURAL TURN-OF-THE-CENTURY SARDINIA, A WORTHY HEIR TO THE TRADITION OF VERGA AND LORCA.

ANNA MELIS was born in Cagliari in 1974. She studied medicine in Bologna, where she now resides. *Da qui a cent'anni* [A hundred years from now], her debut novel, earned the praise of jurors at the Calvino Award, including Michela Murgia, Daria Galateria, Daniele Giglioli, and was published by Frassinelli in 2012. In 2014 Melis published her second novel, *L'ultimo fiore dell'anima* [The last blossom of the soul].

BACKLIST
FOREIGN SALES - PRIZES

DA QUI A CENT'ANNI A century from now – 2011

Foreign Sales THE NETHERLANDS Uitgeverij Marmer

Prizes shortlisted for the 2012 CALVINO AWARD; finalist at the 2013 VIADANA PRIZE and PAESAGGI FUTURI AWARD

VALERIO VARESI - BACKLIST

Inspector Soneri series

PRIZE-WINNING INSPECTOR SONERI SERIES HAS SOLD OVER 90,000 COPIES AND IS TRANSLATED INTO NINE LANGUAGES.

SHORTLISTED FOR THE 2011 AND THE 2012 INTERNATIONAL DAGGER AWARD AND WINNER OF THE 2018 NOVELA NEGRA PRIZE!

CRITICS, READERS AND TELEVISION AUDIENCES HAVE DECREED VARESI'S SUCCESS AS ONE OF THE MOST ACCLAIMED AUTHORS OF «SOCIAL THRILLERS».

IL FIUME DELLE NEBBIE River of shadows – 2003

Foreign Sales GERMANY Rowohlt, TURKEY Alfa Basim, SPAIN Editorial Poliedro, WORLD ENGLISH RIGHTS MacLehose Press (Quercus), THE NETHERLANDS Karakter Uitgevers, FRANCE Agullo Editions

TV rights sold to CASANOVA ENTERTAINMENT. Shortlisted for PRIX ITALIA as best TV programme

Prizes nominated for PREMIO STREGA, nominated for the 2011 INTERNATIONAL DAGGER AWARD, 2018 NOVELA NEGRA AWARD

FRENCH AND ENGLISH TEXTS AVAILABLE

L'AFFITTACAMERE The landlady – 2004

Foreign Sales GERMANY Rowohlt, POLAND Rebis, WORLD ENGLISH RIGHTS MacLehose Press (Quercus), FRANCE Agullo Editions

TV rights sold to CASANOVA ENTERTAINMENT

LE OMBRE DI MONTELUPO The dark valley – 2005

Foreign Sales GERMANY Rowohlt, SPAIN Norma/Edigrabel, CATALAN EDITION Norma/Edigrabel, WORLD ENGLISH RIGHTS MacLehose Press (Quercus), FRANCE Agullo Editions

A MANI VUOTE Empty-handed – 2006

Foreign Sales GERMANY paperback Rowohlt, SPAIN Norma/Edigrabel, POLAND Rebis, FRANCE Agullo Editions

TV rights sold to CASANOVA ENTERTAINMENT

ORO, INCENSO E POLVERE Gold, incense and dust – 2007

Foreign Sales WORLD ENGLISH RIGHTS MacLehose Press (Quercus)

Prizes FEDELI PRIZE 2008 and MEDITERRANEAN LITERARY PRIZE FOR DETECTIVE AND NOIR NOVELS 2008 – shortlisted for the SCERBANENCO and the AZZECCAGARBUGLI Prizes

LA CASA DEL COMANDANTE The commander's house – 2008

Prizes LAMA & TRAMA PRIZE 2009

IL COMMISSARIO SONERI E LA MANO DI DIO

Inspector Soneri and the hand of God – 2009

È SOLO L'INIZIO, COMMISSARIO SONERI

It's just the beginning, inspector Soneri – 2010

ULTIME NOTIZIE DA UNA FUGA Latest updates on an escape – 2014**IL COMMISSARIO SONERI E LA STRATEGIA DELLA LUCERTOLA** Inspector Soneri and the strategy of the lizard – 2014

Foreign Sales WORLD ENGLISH RIGHTS MacLehose Press (Quercus)

IL COMMISSARIO SONERI E LA LEGGE DEL CORANO Inspector Soneri and koranic law – 2017

Historical novels

LA SENTENZA The verdict – 2011**IL RIVOLUZIONARIO** The revolutionary – 2013

Prizes finalist at the PREMIO ROMA 2013

LO STATO DI EBBREZZA A state of inebriation – 2015VALERIO VARESI
LA PAURA NELL'ANIMA

The fear within



Publishing date: October 16th, 2018

Pages: 264

A DEEP AND INSIGHTFUL PORTRAIT OF OUR SOCIETY, OF THE SHADOWS LURKING BEHIND EVERYDAY APPEARANCES, OF CHANGES IN OUR COLLECTIVE SUBCONSCIOUS.

It's August and inspector Soneri is hugely relieved to leave Parma and its suffocating heat for a well-deserved mountain holiday with Angela in Montepiano, a small village on his beloved Appennini. But just a few days in, the silence of night is pierced by the scream of a man coming from the woods. He's been shot in the leg, but has no memory of what happened. He can't remember who shot him or why.

Soneri tries his best not to get involved, to salvage his holiday, but deep down he already knows it's no use. And as on cue, in the next few days the village is taken over by Carabinieri. For after a string of killings and armed robberies, the elusive Vladimir, a Serbian killer and Italy's most wanted criminal, has found refuge in those very same woods. The Carabinieri are sure they have him cornered but in the fact all they manage to achieve is to terrorize the village.

Things get worse when a young boy is shot to death. Yet another of Vladimir's heinous crimes, no doubt. And that's when fear reaches its peak, destroying everything in its wake – Montepiano's everyday life, its traditions, whatever bonds had made it into a community. The Serbian criminal acquires an almost legendary status in the eyes of the locals. He has become the ultimate monster, a ruthless and elusive killer so contemptuous of the law as to even mock the police and the Carabinieri with sardonic postings on social networks. He just perfectly fits the profile.

Perhaps a little too perfectly, begins to suspect Soneri.

«I'm sure there's no real danger» said Soneri, shaking his head.

«It doesn't have to be real. The danger within is much deadlier than the danger lurking without.»

“Varesi's thrillers are told in whispers, with an emphasis on atmospheres rather than mere action, and a celebration of slowness, while awaiting the detective's insight.” – La Repubblica

“Soneri never settles for just finding the culprit. In his investigations he plumbs his own depths and those of a whole community, dissecting our times – though he himself struggles with them – and exposing their contradictions.” – La Repubblica

“Valerio Varesi is not just a talented writer but also an insightful political observer.” – Il Fatto Quotidiano

“Novels by Valerio Varesi are presented as thrillers but are actually uncannily prescient journeys through Italy's dark side.” – La Stampa

“Varesi clearly has a “taste for symbolism” contributing to the mysterious and distinctively Italian quality of the novel. The seasonal rising and falling of the river water –which paradoxically devours what it has created – is both literal and figurative here and it yields a heavily atmospheric narrative.” – Times Literary Supplement

VALERIO VARESI is a beloved author both at home and abroad. His literary production belongs to two distinct genres – «social noir», with the Inspector Soneri series, and historical, with novels set at major turning points in post-war Italy, now collected in one volume under the title Trilogia di una Repubblica [Trilogy of the Republic]. www.valeriovaresi.net

FRANCESCA RIMONDI
NON DIRE CAZZO
 Stop saying f**k

STOP SAYING FK IS THE HILARIOUS, PROFOUND, MOVING STORY OF A SINGLE MOTHER IN BOLOGNA, RAISING HER TWO KIDS**



Publishing date: July 10th 2018
 Pages: 348

Number 1 (teenager) and Number 2 (toddler) is the way this mom – the novel’s protagonist and narrator – calls the two kids she is raising as a single parent and only breadwinner – and a freelance worker at that.

A mother running from meetings with the Latin teacher to rush visits to the pediatrician, from the first rock concert to swimming lessons, from night vigils waiting for Number 2’s fever to break to waiting up for Number 1 to return from his first evenings out.

All the while sacrificing countless job offers or professional and romantic opportunities.

Because the only way to love your children is to take care of them, and the only way to take care of them is to love them.

And you’ll be happy to do it, but won’t necessarily enjoy it.

A witty and fresh look on parenting and the answer to the myriad of syrupy novels obfuscating the most obvious truth of all – that kids are (NOT ONLY, BUT ALSO) a social responsibility, a full-time job, and a humongous, draining, endlessly tedious pain in the butt.

STOP SAYING FK WILL MAKE YOU LAUGH AND CRY, DRAWING A PORTRAIT OF FAMILY LIFE THAT IS CLEVER, HONEST AND TRUE.**

Anyway, last night, around seven thirty, after a whole day spent at the grindstone, proof-reading, Number One comes up to me – and mind you, he’s fourteen now, though admittedly he’s wasted those years doing fuck-all – and voices his demand for the Epiphany.

«Tomorrow is the Epiphany and I want a treat.»

«You’re fourteen, for fuck’s sake. Epiphany treats are for kids.»

«I’ll settle for a small one. Just a little fucking treat.»

«Stop saying fuck.»

As for Number 2, who by rights should be the one interested in treats, toys and so forth, he actually lives in a time warp in which tomorrow is yesterday, today is always Christmas, whenever it’s dark it’s morning and when I’m old I’ll revert to infancy and he’ll be the one to feed me.

«Remember tomorrow we went to the cinema, mom? Can I have pesto yesterday?» This is the way he thinks.

So it’s seven thirty at night and I have nothing whatsoever to stick into those bloody Epiphany stockings on the mantle. At a quarter to eight I send my boyfriend down to the drugstore at the corner, and like the true knight that he is he tramples over the last little old lady to conquer the one package of spiced rum peanut brittle left in the store.

«What the hell» is my comment upon his triumphant return. «This is drenched in rum»

«Oh, well.. There’s still some candy from the cache you bought at the cinema yesterday.

We can use those.»

FRANCESCA RIMONDI is a forty-three-year-old mom with two kids. She lives in Bologna and works as a school text proof-reader.