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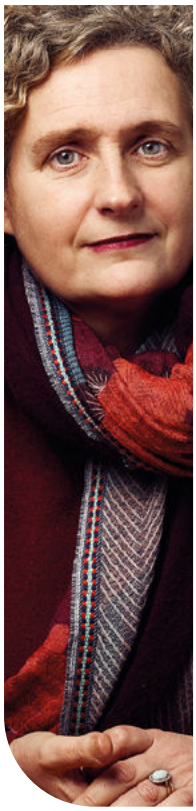
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SARAH JOLLIEN-FARDEL
SA PRÉFERÉE
2022/208 pages
Indigo Press
(English World rights)

USA

YANICK LAHENS
PASSAGÈRES DE NUIT
(GRAND PRIX DU ROMAN
DE L'ACADÉMIE FRANÇAISE)
2025/232 pages
Schaffner Press
(English World rights)





TIFFANY TAVERNIER

CONGÉS PAYÉS

PAID LEAVE

NOVEL

AUGUST 2026/256 PAGES

Second print run

The summer of 1937 is a time of firsts for Emma, a factory worker from Paris who has been raising her son Julien on her own for years: her first train trip, her first holiday, her first time seeing the ocean. Despite her reservations, she has been persuaded by Luis, her late husband's best friend, to take her paid leave and head to Biarritz.

In the shack where she, Luis and Julien have settled, it will take time for this woman – who has never known anything but work and the struggle to make ends meet – to truly relax. Whilst the fear of losing her job once she returns to Paris gnaws at her, her body is finding it hard to shake off the gruelling pace of the factory.

Terrified by the vast, shifting expanse of water, she has no idea that, on the evening of their arrival, a man, captivated by her face, is watching her as she gazes into the distance. For they are not alone on this stretch of coast, as they will realize this the very next day, when a furious and well-dressed woman erupts, convinced that the beach is her aristocratic family's private property, whose villa overlooks the shore.

But Julien, a young member of the Communist Party, refuses to go along with it; he knows the law has changed, and so he stands up for his mother and tells her to stay where she is. The argument takes place under the amused gaze of little Eugénie, who seems to find this spirited boy far funnier than her vociferous mother. Luis isn't with them; he's gone into town. He hasn't hidden his anarchist affinities from Emma and Julien.

And so the scene is set: across the border, the Spanish Civil War is raging. The previous fall, Emma had already struggled to deter her son from going off to fight alongside his comrades. Behind the various characters around whom the plot of this gripping novel unfolds, the traumas of the First World War also loom large, as do, of course, the echoes of the violent class conflicts at play in France in the 1930s.

Yet, between these two families who are worlds apart, bonds begin to form, leading Emma towards another first experience, as beautiful as it is unexpected: her encounter with her true self. Drawing strength from the ocean, this young, beautiful woman will find empowerment in her body, her voice and her movements, and finally assert her desires.

Unity of time, set to the rhythm of each of these fifteen days of paid leave; unity of place, on this stretch of the Atlantic coastline; unity of action, thanks to the perfectly executed plot twists: Tiffany Tavernier guides her magnificent heroine along the path to her emancipation with the skill of an impeccable screenwriter. She also raises a highly contemporary question: how can one avoid being destroyed when society confines you to a meaningless job and a social position that condemns you?

With her wonderful narrative vitality, the writer breathes a refreshing wind of hope and freedom into the pages of *Congés payés* (*Paid Leave*), a novel that is both a love story and a social commentary.

TIFFANY TAVERNIER *is a novelist and screenwriter. Born in 1967, she is the daughter of screenwriter Colo Tavernier and director Bertrand Tavernier. Her first novel,* Dans la nuit aussi le ciel *(Paroles d'aube, 1999; Points, 2000), recounts her experience in the hospices of Calcutta at the age of eighteen. Since then, she has continued to travel the world, notably to the Arctic, where she set her next novel,* L'Homme blanc *(Flammarion, 2000; Points, 2001). After publishing with Grasset, Seuil, Éditions des Busclats (*Comme une image, *2015, which looks back on her childhood on film sets) and with Tallandier (a biography of Isabelle Eberhardt, in 2016), Tiffany Tavernier joined the Sabine Wespieser éditeur catalog in 2018 with* Roissy, *a portrait of an "indecelable" – a woman with no memory seeking refuge in the airport.* L'Ami *(2021), a gripping portrait of a man whose neighbor and only friend turns out to be a serial killer, was a finalist for the RTL-Lire, Libraires, and Livre Inter awards.* En vérité, Alice *(2024), the story of how a woman escapes the hold she is under by finding work at the "Promotorate of the Causes of Saints," was also widely acclaimed, both for the uniqueness of its subject and for the author's narrative energy.*

INCIPIT

“It all happened so fast. Suddenly, there was Luis, in the room: “Come on, I’m taking you away!” She hadn’t seen him in five years. At first, of course, she said no, where on earth had he come from, and what had he been doing all these years? Going on a vacation, too, as if she had enough money for that. Barely enough to survive on her factory wages and sewing jobs, two aprons a night, three if she stays up past midnight. But Luis wouldn’t budge, “We’re going, I’m telling you, you’re taking your two weeks off,” Emma on the verge of fainting, all that money she owes, as if she could afford it, this paid leave, so, no, no, and no, or else she’ll end up on the street, and now Julien, her son, “come on, Mom, say yes, the three of us will figure it out,” Emma like an idiot, “but come on… the rent, the coal, no, I…”, Luis steps toward her, lifts her up while laughing, “anyway, you don’t have a choice, I’ve already bought the tickets, and as for the money, I’ll pay for everything, even your rent, there, are you happy?

OTHER TITLES AT SABINE WESPIESER ÉDITEUR

En vérité, Alice
NOVEL
2024/288 pages

L’Ami
NOVEL
2021/264 pages

RIGHTS SOLD
Switzerland, Lenos Verlag (German)
Italy,Edizioni Clichy (Italian)
Serbia, Prometej Sztur (Serbian)

Roissy
NOVEL
2018/280 pages

RIGHTS SOLD
UK, Seagulls Books London (English World rights)





DIANE MEUR

LE RÉSERVATAIRE

THE FORCED HEIR

REALISTIC TALE

TO BE PUBLISHED JANUARY 2027/230 PAGES

At first glance, nothing suggested that Zed was destined to be the hero of a story. At twenty-six, he withdrew from the world, gave up everything, and hardly ever leaves the cramped room where he spends his days sleeping and his nights killing time. His only ambitions: not to fall out with his roommate, and not to lose the meager welfare check that allows him to scrape by. As he explains to his Social Services counselor during one of the rare appointments he hasn't forgotten to attend: "Oh, you know, there are the gifted ones, the hyperactive ones, all that. Well, as for me, I'm hyper-precocious: at an age when so many others are still just taking their first steps in life, I've already messed everything up."

Diane Meur's humor works wonders in bringing to life this young man who, faced with the demands for performance and adaptability—demands that his unbearable roommate has fully internalized—keeps his distance. But that's without counting on the power of words and the need for meaning, which catch up with him, or perhaps never left him in the first place. For here he is, tormented by a seemingly absurd question: Whose testament am I? He asks this question in turn to his mother (apathetic and depressed), his former literature teacher (disillusioned), a mystical drinker he meets in a tavern, and his best friend Toni, who is squatting an abandoned factory and has gotten a few steps ahead on the path to self-destruction.

At first, the answers are sparse. However, the question acts as a litmus test, and doubt creeps in: Is it the offbeat perspective of this gentle dreamer that makes the world around us seem as absurd as it is threatening, and full of dangers? Or does a heavy atmosphere of illiberal upheaval truly reign in this European capital with its rich cultural heritage? Under the guise of having fun, Zed may be taking risks by plastering *"Whose Will Am I?"* on posters glorifying the unshakable Prime Minister and his designated successor who is none other than his own son.

A series of twists and turns, including love at first sight at the Social Welfare Office, will alter the course of this strange and rather handsome young man's life, as we discover when he finally bothers to look at himself in a mirror. Driven by the desire to save his friend, win the heart of his beloved, and continue his quest for meaning, he finds himself embodying every possible form of opposition in this security-obsessed and authoritarian society that increasingly gives us a sense of unsettling familiarity. By releasing free, open, and unclassifiable speech into the public sphere in the form of flyers and posters, he sows the seeds of a contagious subversion, while at the same time Zed radically regains control of his life.

From this fast-paced narrative, in which we delight in rediscovering the author's mischievous spirit and narrative power, a powerful emotional force suddenly emerges. Hope springs from those who, following in Zed's footsteps, refuse to be mere witnesses to a world heading toward ruin: "I'd rather get into trouble," sums up one of the characters, "than betray myself and still live in fear."

With this "realistic tale", which resonates disturbingly with our contemporary situation, Diane Meur marks a delightful return to fiction and offers us along the way an invigorating manual of resistance in the spirit of our times.

Born in Brussels in 1970, DIANE MEUR, a writer and translator, lives in Paris. From her first novel, The Life of Mardochée de Löwenfels, written by himself *(2002), through* The Living and the Shadows *(2007),* La Carte des Mendelssohn *(2015), and* Sous le ciel des hommes *(2020), she has built a body of work characterized by joyful intelligence, where erudition, fantasy, and subversion take center stage.*

EXCERPT

Whose testament am I?
The question strikes him the moment he steps onto the sidewalk; it strikes him with its beauty and its absurdity. Whose testament am I? That alone made it worth getting up today, even at 3:40 p.m. Even on a late-winter day that fails to live up to its promises: the ray of sunshine on the kitchen table was deceptive; it is gloomy and chilly out. At the corner of the street, he realizes he's hungry and goes in to buy a herring roll, which he eats standing up at one of the high tables, his gym bag at his feet.

"Going on a trip?" the owner asks him. He shrugs, in a way that could mean either no or yes, but a "yes" so flat that it discourages the follow-up question before it's even asked: "Where to?" A middle ground that spares him from having to make things up or tell nonsense stories, while leaving the door open to possibilities. So, instead of going to his mother's house to do his laundry (to save on laundromat fees), he's about to set off on a trip. A trip to nowhere in particular; a journey in and of itself.

OTHER TITLES AT SABINE WESPIESER ÉDITEUR

La Vie de Mardochée de Löwenfels, écrite par lui-même
NOVEL
2002/624 pages

Raptus
NOVEL
2004/272 pages

Les Vivants et les Ombres
NOVEL
2007/720 pages
RIGHTS SOLD
Germany, Nagel & Kimche Verlag (German)
UK, Seagull Books London (English world rights)

Les Villes de la plaine
NOVEL
2011/384 pages

La Carte des Mendelssohn
NOVEL
2015/496 pages
RIGHTS SOLD
Sweden, Ekström & Garay (Swedish)





JEAN MATTERN

DE LA MUSIQUE AVANT TOUTE CHOSE

MUSIC ABOVE ALL ELSE

NOVEL

OCTOBER 2026/122 PAGES

The narrator of this novel, a music critic, has just spent an extraordinary week on an island in the Outer Hebrides: the organizer of the brand-new Castlebay Festival wanted him to report on this event, in which she had poured all her energy, in his BBC program, as a final tribute to the man she had loved passionately and who had drowned twelve years earlier in these Scottish waters.

But James Fletcher is having trouble concentrating during the closing night: while the musicians on stage are performing a Schubert trio for piano, violin, and cello, he can't take his eyes off the woman sitting next to him, the renowned pianist Viviane Craig. She, with whom he fell madly in love one concert night years ago, is the real reason he came to the island. Although their relationship must remain a secret (Viviane is married) they have finally found the opportunity, during these few days, to live out their passion more freely than during a few stolen moments in London. James's unease is compounded by the presence in his pocket of a letter from his cardiologist, which he hesitates to open, sensing that it does not bode well.

Allegro moderato, andante un poco mosso: it is not yet time, and James lets Schubert's notes wash over him in waves. The emotion they evoke in him is palpable; his words are so powerful that they extend each of the movements during which this deeply intense inner monologue unfolds.

Music and life magnificently intertwine here: the sensuality that the three performers infuse into Schubert's trio amplifies the sensation of vertigo that James experiences. The musicians' little secrets — which he observed during those days spent almost entirely behind closed doors on the island—then find their way into the dance, and when, after the intermission, everything accelerates, Jean Mattern invites us to a flamboyant finale.

The author, a subtle interpreter of the turmoil of love and the complexity of emotions, weaves a delicate human comedy within the microcosm of this Scottish festival, where readers will delight in rediscovering his distinctive style, as well as some of the characters they've encountered in his previous novels, notably the stunning *Le Bleu du lac*.

And with this masterfully crafted novel, he pays a vibrant tribute to the power of music… above all else.

JEAN MATTERN was born in 1965 into a family originally from Central Europe. He lives in Paris and works in publishing. Through Sabine Wespieser Éditeur, he has published many novels: Les Bains de Kiraly *(2008),* De lait et de miel *(2010),* Simon Weber *(2012),* Le Bleu du lac *(2018),* Une vue exceptionnelle *(2019),* Suite en do mineur *(2021), and* Les Eaux du Danube *(2024). With Gallimard, he has published a novel,* Septembre *(2015), as well as an essay,* De la perte et d'autres bonheurs *(2016), in the* "Connaissance de l'Inconscient" *series.*

INCIPIT

“It wasn’t a good idea to sit side by side; I’m going to have a hard time staying focused, even though it’s off to a good start, the tempo is fast. Here we are, the closing night of the festival. The end of an enchanting interlude, too, for Viviane and I. But I don’t think anybody realized that we… well…in public, we’ve managed to keep our distance all week long, until now. But now, her nervousness is contagious; I recognize that look on her face. She’s barely listening or watching what’s happening on stage, even though the three of them are doing well in this allegro. The first few measures are always a bit tricky rhythmically, and in an hour it will be her turn to take on the piano part in the second trio.

I’d better take some notes—I have a show to prepare, after all—but it’s the same thing every time: from the very first chords, I’m captivated by the chemistry between the piano, the violin, and the cello. Who first came up with the idea of having these three instruments play together, in Vienna or elsewhere? One more detail to check before going on the air, a bit of music history never hurts in my program, and anyway, I won’t be able to settle for just a detailed account of the festival’s four concerts. I was prepared for anything when I came here : rain and wind, amateurishness, boredom… but none of that happened. Everything was flawless, and not just from a musical standpoint. Helen’s hospitality, the organization, the company… So now it’s my turn to do my job as a critic.

OTHER TITLES AT SABINE WESPIESER ÉDITEUR

Les Bains de Kiraly
NOVEL
2008/144 pages

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Croatia, Fraktura (Croatian)
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Netherlands, Uitgeverij Cossee (Dutch)
Romania, Polirom (Romanian)
Serbia, Stubovi kulture (Serbian)

De lait et de miel
NOVEL
2010/144 pages

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Croatia, Fraktura (Croatian)
Greece, Hestia (Greek)
Hungary, Magvetó Kiadó (Hungarian)
Italy, Giulio Einaudi editore (Italian)
Romania, Polirom (Romanian)

Simon Weber
NOVEL
2012/160 pages

Le Bleu du lac
NOVEL
2018/120 pages

Une vue exceptionnelle
NOVEL
2019/136 pages

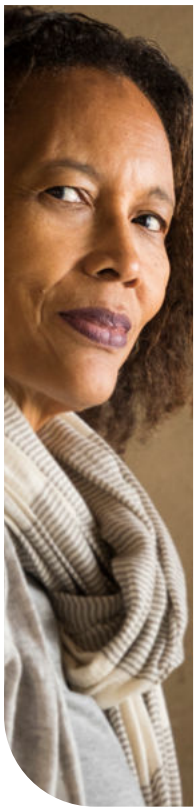
Suite en do mineur
NOVEL
2021/168 pages

Les Eaux du Danube
NOVEL
(2024/112 pages)

OTHER TITLES • RIGHTS SOLD

Septembre
(Gallimard)
NOVEL
2015/144 pages

RIGHTS SOLD
Germany, Berlin Verlag (German)





YANICK LAHENS

PASSAGÈRES DE NUIT

NIGHT PASSENGERS

NOVEL

AUGUST 2025/232 PAGES

GRAND PRIX DU ROMAN DE L'ACADÉMIE FRANÇAISE

Prix Fetkann! Maryse Condé 2025
Longlisted Prix Jean Giono 2025
Longlisted Grand Prix des lectrices ELLE 2026

In *Night Passengers*, drawn from the tumult and resilience of daily life in Port-au-Prince, Yanick Lahens pays homage to the lineage of women from whom she descends – women marked by hope and a spirit of resistance.

The story begins with Élizabeth Dubreuil, born in 1818 in New Orleans (around 1820). Her grandmother – emancipated by the plantation master she once served whom she then followed to Louisiana – vowed to never again depend on a man. Inspired by this powerful legacy, young Élizabeth defies the predatory advances of one of her father's friends. Forced to flee the city, she becomes a 'night passenger' on a ship bound for Port-au-Prince. It is there that her path crosses with Régina, another formidable figure in this saga of origins.

Régina, born destitute in a poverty-stricken hamlet in southern Haiti, dictates her fate. Against all odds, she becomes the mistress of a general who'd marched into Port-au-Prince as a liberator in 1867. In a poignant monologue addressed to «my general, my lover, my man,» Régina describes her journey towards emancipation: from the petty cruelties of former masters to the quiet strength of those women who taught her to meet the blows of misfortune with silent tenacity.

Élizabeth and Régina embody this same tenacity inherited from their distant ancestors – those original 'night passengers' on board slave ships, the horrific reality of which Yanick Lahens evokes with unflinching grace, all the while immersing us in the upheavals of Haitian history ; one of this novel's many triumphs.

When these two heroines meet, in a scene of rare emotional depth, readers grasp a vital truth: history is not only written by its victors, but also through those gestures, glances and untold stories ; those whispered acts of resistance that inspire an enduring admiration.

Winner of the 2014 Prix Femina for Bain de lune, *and holder of the Chair of Francophone Worlds at the Collège de France in 2019,* ***YANICK LAHENS*** *was born in Haiti in 1953, where she still lives today. Her work has been translated in many countries and is published in France by Sabine Wespieser éditeur.*

RIGHTS SOLD

Spain, Minuscula (Spanish) / **Brazil**, Bazar do Tempo (Portuguese)
USA, Schaffner Press / **Germany**, Secession Verlag

EXCERPT

"From the look in his eyes, I gauged his stupefaction at the sight of this shadow surging out of the black twilight to attack. His eyes spoke eloquently of his shock and confusion, and then rolled back, as if peering into his inner depths. Perhaps his whole life was passing before his eyes in a saccade of images. He was asking himself, bewildered and groaning in pain, who this person could be who had thrust a blade into his flesh. He tried to move forward, struggling to hold onto the wall of the building against which I had braced myself to plunge the blade into his flank, but after a few meters, he fell sideways. His haggard eyes scanned the darkness, and clutching his breast, he watched my shadow shrink into the distance. Behind me I could feel the cry of fear erupting in two bleats from his throat. But I did not want to turn back. I left him to his stupor, his pain, his helplessness. Let him fall to his knees! Let him finally get a taste of being doubled over! Let him fall face first into the mud! For once, things had turned against him. For once, things had not gone his way. The very idea made my heart swell, filling my legs with an inconceivable strength, while my arms seemed to lift me off the earth. With my hands I wiped the blood off the blade in a puddle. My heart in my throat, I yielded to a feeling of repulsion, which rose up in my chest and filled my mouth to the point of suffocation. Twice, I spit in a dazed grimace and wiped my lips against the sleeve of my dress. What I had spit was a white foam. Just imagine! I resumed my course, thinking of Ayizan, of Ifelowa, of Ayomida, and all the others. Soon I found myself lifted up into the air like a great owl.

Translation by Deborah Jenson for Schaffner Press

OTHER TITLES AT SABINE WESPIESER ÉDITEUR

Bain de lune
PRIX FEMINA 2014

NOVEL

2014/280 pages

RIGHTS SOLD

Chili, Lom Ediciones (Spanish)
India, Zero Degree Publishing (Tamoul)
Brazil, Bazar do Tempo (Portuguese)
Germany, Litradukt (German)
Poland, Wielka Litera (Polish)
Spain, Editorial Acantilado (Catalan)
USA, Deep Vellum Publishing (English world rights)
Italy, Gremese Editore (Italian)
Norway, Solum/Bokvennen (Norwegian)

La Couleur de l'aube
NOVEL

2008/224 pages

RIGHTS SOLD

Argentina, Selva Canela Editora (Spanish)
Brazil, Paris de Historias (Portuguese)
English world rights, Seren Books
Italy,Barbès Editore (Italian)
Switzerland, Rotpunktverlag (German)

Failles
NOVEL

2010/160 pages

RIGHTS SOLD

Mexico, Canta Mares (Spanish)
Brazil, Fondation Alexandre de Gusmao (Portuguese)
Switzerland, Rotpunktverlag (German)

Guillaume et Nathalie
NOVEL

2013/180 pages

RIGHTS SOLD

Brazil, Bazar do Tempo (Portuguese)

Douces déroutes
NOVEL

2018/232 pages

RIGHTS SOLD

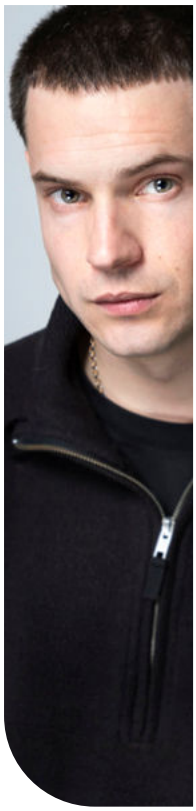
Germany, Litradukt (German)
Haïti, Legs éditions (French)
Poland, Karakter (Polish)
USA, Deep Vellum Publishing (English world rights)

L'Oiseau Parker dans la nuit (et autres nouvelles)
NOVEL

2019/312 pages

RIGHTS SOLD

Haïti, Legs éditions (French)





TIMOTHÉE ZOURABICHVILI

PLOMB

LEAD

FIRST NOVEL

JANUARY 2026/200 PAGES

Second print run

Sitting on the mattress in this room rented for the night, two young people remain silent. They don't seem to know each other. She is focused on a jigsaw puzzle that takes up most of the space, while there is only one thing on his mind: 'doing it' with her again. The last time they had sex was also the first time for both of them: it was nine months ago, and she got pregnant. He wanted to try it, as if to prove his new masculinity, and she let him. When she called him to tell him about the situation, the feeling of power he experienced – he was a man – quickly gave way to what would become his sole concern: finding a solution to get rid of the problem, "the fact that she had something in her belly". But "the thing", the child born from that first and only time, is asleep in a basket placed not far from them.

From the outset of this astonishingly masterful first novel, the reading contract is clear: the outcome of the chilling closed-door situation, brilliantly set up, will be revealed to us through the perspective of each character, each one irrevocably locked in their solitude.

Plomb, a cruel and ultra-contemporary tale, marks the literary debut of a young author – Timothée Zourabichvili was born in 1997 – who perfectly knows how to capture the spirit of his era.

TIMOTHÉE ZOURABICHVILI *was born on January 14th, 1997 in Paris. He first studied visual arts at HEAD-Geneva and the Korea National University of Arts, then joined La Fémis, where he studied filmmaking and directed several short films and a documentary. Today, Timothée Zourabichvili works between South Korea and France. He is currently preparing both a feature film and a series adapted from his novel* Plomb.

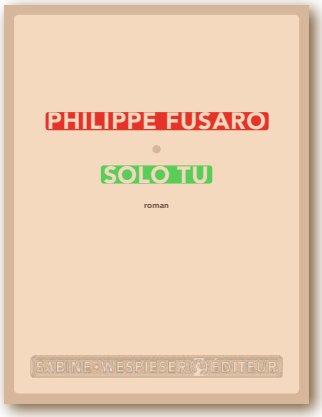
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Germany, Secession Verlag

EXCERPT

"It had been a long time since he'd done it. In fact, he'd only done it once, and she'd gotten pregnant. He was fascinated when she told him that over the phone. He'd been smiling a lot from his room at the barracks, the phone pressed against his cheek right next to his mouth, which was slightly twisted in ecstasy, like a madman. And like a madman, he felt very powerful; he felt and relished the power he exerted over her, which he heard in her voice that wouldn't stop trembling on the phone. He hung up and told his roommate about it to show what kind of man he was. Then the ecstasy, the power, all the feelings he experienced during the call wore off, he sobered up, and suddenly it wasn't so funny anymore—it was real, a real issue to deal with: the fact that she had something in her belly. He leaned over to talk to his roommate in the bunk bed below him, but he was already asleep. In the dark, he found himself all alone with his mess, this thing that had suddenly become less fun: because in the dark he wants to try all kinds of other things, with all kinds of other girls; he doesn't really care about her, it was just for the sake of trying.





PHILIPPE FUSARO

SOLO TU

NOVEL

MARCH 2026/160 PAGES

Rome, early 1980s. The legendary Piper Club, where Italy's greatest singers once performed, is no longer what it used to be. Gianni, a weary dandy who has become part of the scenery over the years, drags his disenchantment around with him. So much so that he lets Carmela, the vivacious girlfriend of the punk bassist performing that evening, entrust him with her little Giacomo for the duration of the concert, even though he hates punk... and isn't supposed to know how to deal with children.

But when the young woman suggests meeting up for coffee the next day, before they leave for Puglia, he doesn't say no. Nor does he decline her invitation to visit them in September: 'The weather will be nice and the sea will still be warm,' she tells him. 'It'll do you good. Giacomo and I will get you back on your feet.' " And he really needs to get back on his feet: his hang-overs are becoming increasingly difficult to deal with, as are his nagging regrets about having missed a new start with Nico, a sunny girl whom he was unable to love.

Here he is in Polignano a Mare, overlooking the Adriatic Sea, bathed in the dazzling light of a summer that seems to never want to end. Giacomo welcomes him with open arms, while Carmela – who in Rome had spontaneously placed her trust in the inveterate partygoer whose reputation preceded him – opens wide the doors of her house suspended above the sea. The little boy's father has packed his bags, and the new flatmates quickly find their place in the unbreakable trio they form, woven together by complicity, tenderness and great modesty. They are soon joined by Corrado, the small town's bookseller, a wonderful autodidact with whom they immediately hit it off. Laughter, morning coffees, late dinners and dips in the deep blue sea punctuate the days, and time stretches out. And although Gianni eventually returns to Rome to 'take care of business', he promises to come back.

When, three seasons later, he reunites with his companions, a storm is brewing, and it will take the strength of their bonds to weather it. With remarkable insight into his characters and extreme delicacy, Philippe Fusaro leads us to a poignant and unexpected dénouement that leaves us on an emotional high, in tune with this harsh and luminous place that we dream of never leaving.

Born in 1971 in Forbach, ***PHILIPPE FUSARO*** *is of Italian origin. After working as a bookseller in Strasbourg and Lyon, he opened his own bookshop in Valence, L'Oiseau siffleur. He has published several novels with La fosse aux ours, including* Le Colosse d'argile *(2004), Palermo solo (2007) and* Nous étions beaux la nuit *(2018), before joining Sabine Wespieser's catalogue.*

EXCERPT

" Gianni is a man of rituals.
He didn't know it before staying here in Puglia. Lost in Puglia.
The town of Polignano a Mare is a human-size town. It stretches across the rocks. It aspires to rise up from this vantage point while remaining humble. It did not want to be at water level. On equal footing. Polignano a Mare, beyond the waves at its feet, dreamed of the horizon. Of embracing the landscape.
The paths leading to the sea are steep. They require good shoes with thick soles. You don't lie down by the sea. At most, you sit. Balance on the rocks is precarious. You go there for the sea breeze. Sapore di mare, sapore di sale. This ruggedness of the landscape appeals to Gianni. Its challenging nature.
In Rome, he could smell the Mediterranean without seeing it, except on Sundays in the spring and the fall, when there were less people around.
Here, the Adriatic is an absolute necessity.
To see the sea.
From above.
Gianni soaks in that gentle dizzy feeling every morning at dawn, Polignano a Mare empty of its tourists at the end of the season, devoid of activity. With the Modì Bar still closed, he steps over the railing and settles in. His notebook on his lap, he picks up the letter to Nico, Nico from Taranto, right where he'd left off the day before,
What a shame you can't see the sea from this side.

OTHER TITLES • RIGHTS SOLD

Le Colosse d'argile
(La Fosse aux Ours)
NOVEL
2024/208 pages

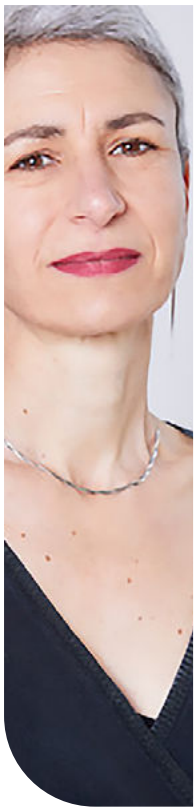
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Italy, Barbès Editore
Spain, Tropismos
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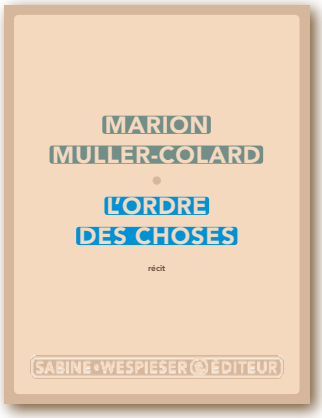
Aimer la fatigue
(La Fosse aux Ours)
NOVEL
2014/160 pages

RIGHTS SOLD
Italy, Edizioni Clichy

Palermo Solo
(La Fosse aux Ours)
NOVEL
2007/187 pages

RIGHTS SOLD
Italy, Barbès Editore





MARION MULLER-COLARD

L'ORDRE DES CHOSES

THE NATURAL ORDER OF THINGS

STORY

OCTOBER 2025/136 PAGES

Second print run

When she learns one evening that her father has suffered a massive stroke, Marion Muller-Colard, who has long served on the Ethics Committee, instantly breaks down. After an anxious night, she finds him alive, but terribly diminished, the very man who, in the singular language that was his before the accident, had clearly stated his wish: 'Don't piss off the old man.' Meaning: no aggressive treatment.

How helpful can theoretical debates be when your private life is turned upside down? This is the question asked by the author of this raw and tender book, written in a sort of gap, at that unsettling point where our childhood sorrows disrupt our adult lives and our well-established social identities.

With a survival kit consisting of a sense of freedom, humor and lucidity instilled in her by the man she recognizes in flashes as her father, Marion Muller-Colard brings us along the disturbing experience that is dissociation. Now forced to live in a no man's land where life is no longer quite life and where work is the only way to keep from sinking, she appeals to all those who, without knowing each other, share the same turmoil.

A salutary and generous viaticum for her 'unsuspected brothers and sisters', her story is also a wonderful tribute to the words that can express it, those who, 'indicating that someone has already been there', bring you back to habitable shores.

Born in Marseille in 1978, ***MARION MULLER-COLARD*** *is the author of an already significant body of work. She holds a doctorate in Protestant theology, is a member of the Ethics Advisory Committee (2017-2022) and the Sauvé Commission on sexual abuse in the Church (2019-2021), and is currently the director of Labor et Fides publishers in Geneva.*

INCIPIT

"You know that these things happen. You've been waiting for that phone call your whole life. You were already waiting for it as a child. You couldn't sleep a wink until your parents came home. When they were far from you, they were inevitably dead. It took growing up to separate absence from death, to imagine the absent one somewhere other than in a grave.

You've grown up. You're at the age where the phone call that will make you an orphan is part of what's called the natural order of things, according to a popular wisdom meant to cushion predictable shocks. A semantic airbag. So we repeat it, to shield ourselves: "It's the natural order of things." To remain dignified and upright, to respond to the warm handshakes by a brave smile, the condolences, and the modest embraces: "What can you do? It's the natural order of things."

Yet, when the blow lands—so predictable, you agree—you collapse instantly.





MARYLINE DESBIOLLES

L'AGRAFE

THE STAPLE

NOVEL

AUGUST 2024/152 PAGES

Prix Littéraire Le Monde 2025

All eyes are on Emma Fulconis in L'Escarène, in the hinterland of Nice, her birthplace. Nimble, always on the go, defiant to any and all but the wind, she has always run free in the hills. Her nickname as a child was "the athlete". Not one for competitions, Emma runs in absolute not relative terms.

One day her life is turned upside down: her friend Stéphane Goiran, with whom she likes to listen to music in the mausoleum on the hill when she pauses during a run, invites her home. When she walks through the door, his father's huge dog leaps on top of her and lacerates her leg, or to be more precise, her fibula, also known as "the staple". Months of hospital and rehabilitation follow, at the end of which it is clear that Emma will never again run at full tilt.

Yet the accident does not stop her in her tracks. Haunted by old Goiran's words explaining why he hadn't restrained his dog – "My dog doesn't like Arabs" – she tries to understand what she already knows, but which is never mentioned. She is stubborn and must, above all, find within herself a new way to move – a kind of vibration to begin with, like a soundwave; a motionless dance.

Only a writer as talented as Maryline Desbiolles could conjure the words of the villagers like an ancient choir, and lead us down a path at a slow pace mirroring that of Emma's, towards a shattering reality, and a place where the wounds of the Algerian war still lurk in the collective memory. As she limps on proudly displaying her scar, Emma Fulconis does not stop moving forwards, exerting a powerful charm on us all with remarkable grace.

Born in the French Alps in 1959, ***MARYLINE DESBIOLLES*** *lives in Nice. She is the author of a substantial body of work. She first came to public attention with* La Seiche *(1998), soon followed by* Anchise *(Prix Femina, 1999).* Charbons ardents *won the Franz Hessel 2022 prize. Her first publication with Sabine Wespieser in 2023 was* Il n'y aura pas de sang versé, *a highly acclaimed portrayal of the first well- known women's strike. In 2024,* L'Agrafe *won the Literary Prize Le Monde. Her first publication with Sabine Wespieser in 2023 was* Il n'y aura pas de sang versé, *a highly acclaimed portrayal of the first well-known women's strike. The rights were sold to Bompiany for an Italian version that is now available.*

RIGHTS SOLD Spain, Las Afueras (Spanish)

EXCERPT

"It's all you can see from far away, but up close you pretend to not see it. We pretend to not see her left leg, which she doesn't try to hide. She still wears shorts and skirts. She doesn't conceal her mangled leg, we say she's showing it off, right under our noses, we say it without saying it, and can't formulate the words. We think she's going too far when she shaves her head, revealing baby skin which pains us ; we resent her, seeing how vulnerable she is. We're forced to look at the skin covering her skull, in the same way that we're forced to look at the damaged skin down below, around the tibia and fibula, where there are no muscles or fat.

OTHER TITLES AT SABINE WESPIESER ÉDITEUR

Il n'y aura pas de sang versé
NOVEL
2023/152 pages

RIGHTS SOLD
Italy, Bompiani (Italian)

Paysage au hangar
(Conversation avec Bernard Pagès)
CONTEMPORARY ART
2024/168 pages

Rose la nuit
NOVEL
2025/144 pages

OTHER TITLES • RIGHTS SOLD

Violante
(L'École des loisirs)
NOVEL/ CHILDREN'S BOOK
2021/67 pages

RIGHTS SOLD
Italy, Ancora éditrice (Italian)

Lampedusa
(L'École des loisirs)
NOVEL/ CHILDREN'S BOOK
2012/78 pages

RIGHTS SOLD
Italy, ad est dell'equatore (Italian)

La Scène
(Seuil, «Fiction & Cie»)
NOVEL
2010/128 pages

RIGHTS SOLD
Italy, Sellerio Editore (Italian)

Le Goinfre
(Seuil, «Fiction & Cie»)
NOVEL
2004/128 pages

RIGHTS SOLD
Italy, Quorum (Italian)

La Seiche
(Seuil, «Fiction & Cie»)
NOVEL
1998/128 pages

RIGHTS SOLD
Canada, Herodias (English)
Italy, Sellerio Editore (Italian)
(with Manger avec Piero / Le Risotto à la fraise, Mercure de France, « Le Petit Mercure », 2004)





TARIQ ALI

YOU CAN'T PLEASE ALL

MEMOIRS 1943-2024

edited and translated by Diane Meur

APRIL 2026/528 PAGES

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Whilst he claims that he can't please everyone, Tariq Ali is no novice: a key figure in all the major conflicts prior to 1968 (he inspired Mick Jagger's *'Street Fighting Man'* and John Lennon's *'Power to the People'*), an internationally renowned Marxist intellectual, he recounts in these fascinating memoirs decades of struggle for peace, justice and emancipation.

Born in 1943 in Lahore, then part of British India, descended from an aristocratic lineage going back to the 12th century and grandson of a governor of the Punjab in the Empire's service, Tariq Ali owes his passion for protest to his parents, communists and outlaws. This is what led to him being urgently sent to Britain to study. As the instigator of the first demonstrations against the Vietnam War, he was quickly spotted by Bertrand Russell, who, on behalf of his Peace Foundation, sent him to Vietnam and then to Bolivia to come to Régis Debray's rescue, who was then imprisoned for being linked to Che Guevara. We then find the activist on every front: India, the USSR, Latin America, the Middle East, Turkey, Iraq, Libya… and, of course, Pakistan, his new homeland since the partition of India – an event that instilled in him a deep-seated aversion to nationalism and sectarianism.

His family history, which opens the book, sets the tone: it is at once poignant and lively, full of humor and brimming with anecdotes. But it also sheds light on the choices and insights of a man who, ever since his early activism against the Pakistani military dictatorship, has viewed world affairs and empires with a perspective that is as lucid as it is unconventional.

The wind of freedom blowing through this journey spanning almost a century is a powerful blessing in these dark times.

***TARIQ ALI** has lived in London since 1963. A journalist, novelist, editorial director of Verso Books and editor at the New Left Review, he also writes for theatre, film and television.*

EXCERPT FROM *THE HAVANA DIARY* (2005)

"It was our revolution, too. We grew up together. My generation fell in love with the Cuban Revolution. It was the lyrical element that appealed to us. The element that conditions the psychology and morals of any society. We read your books, those amazing posters you produced were up on our walls, we reprinted speeches of Fidel and Che in our magazines, we defended you against dogmatic Marxists who did not believe you had made a revolution and against the liberals who believed you had... and because we loved you, we trusted you. Then you betrayed us by going to bed with a fat, ugly, bureaucrat named Brezhnev and you defended the Warsaw Pact invasion of Czechoslovakia and this turn affected your culture and the lyrical element almost disappeared. And so we had to separate.

OTHER TITLES AT SABINE WESPIESER ÉDITEUR

Islam Quintet

1. **Shadows of the Pomegranate Tree** (1991/244 pages)
2. **The Book of Saladin** (1998/368 pages)
3. **The Stone Woman** (2001/288 pages)
4. **A Sultan in Palermo** (2005/246 pages)
5. **Night of the Golden Butterfly** (2010/288 pages)

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Spain, Allianza (Spanish)
Germany, Heyne Verlag (German)
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Bulgaria, Uniskorp (Bulgarian)



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