



Fausto Boccati

Lives in Milan and is the librarian of La Libreria dei Ragazzi di Milano, writes reviews and articles on specialized magazines. One of his short stories is included in the collection «La prima volta che» (Il Castoro). This is his first picture book.

Amalia Mora

Illustrator, graphic designer and visual artist based in Bologna. Her works were awarded by several prestigious international and national institutions: American Illustration, 3x3 Illustration Show for merit award, Associazione Autori di Immagini, Communication Arts, Association of Illustrators of the United Kingdom. She collaborates with publishing houses, magazines and communication agencies.



Fausto Boccati Amalia Mora **The Antenna Technician**

Two guys are walking in the streets of a small town and one of them stops in front of the town house where he grew up. The protagonist remembers his childhood, particularly one event: the first time when the tv repairman entered in his house and got on the roof in order to repair faulty cables. He was a man who really fascinated the little child., **his work was like magic for him.**

Everything in **the memory** of the guy who narrates **is fleeting and blurred**: he remembers how the antenna technician was like a hero in front of his little boy eyes.

Now, as a young boy, he realizes how that event was one of the first times when he felt attraction to same sex guys.

A story that sounds like a dream, where perceptions, emotions and magic are mixed. The picture book tells us about the **primordial discovery of the sexual orientation** of the protagonist towards the narration of his turmoil, uncertainty and a lovely apprehension.

In our childhood memories everyone can recognize the delicate process of awareness and self-discovery.

Title: The Antenna Technician

Authors: Fausto Boccati, Amalia Mora

Pages: 40 - **Price:** 15,00 €

Target: + 9 - **Format:** 15 x 21 hardcover

Isbn: 9788898947805

Topics: pre-adolescence, homosexuality, first love, self-discovery.





«C'è da chiamare il signor Sala».
brontolava mio padre davanti allo schermo.
«È già la terza volta in un mese!».

