

Pisa, 29-5-84

Dear Mrs. Tode,

after a lot of hesitation I take the liberty of writing to you to inform you about a great satisfaction given to the memory of your son and, even if in a minor account, also to me.

As you probably have understood from my name I'm the Italian translator of A Confederacy of Dunces; this year my translation has been chosen among millions of others from all the world's languages and has been awarded a literary prize that is enormously famous in Italy: the "Premio Musselice per la traduzione letteraria e scientifica".

For this reason, I have thought you'd like to know that your son's novel, already conferred the renowned Pulitzer Prize, has earned another prize: because, as I told in the formal speech, I did only a humble work. As a matter of fact, the novel is "universal"

in itself, so that all I needed was
to keep silent and, at the right
moment, to lend it my language's
idioms: it translated itself, and
the prize I was awarded shows
it translated itself very well.

I hope to hear soon from
you.

Yours faithfully

Luciana Bianciardi

~~1954~~
P.S. (as Mirna Minkoff would write):

My address is:

LUCIANA BIANCIARDI

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56100 PISA ITALY