

Ms. A. 1. 1. 1. 1.

18 aprile 1868

Via dell' Oca 27 - Roma - (Italia)

My dear friend Lukács! (I hope you allow me to call you in this way)

since I received your letter, I am looking, in this tower of Babel of the earth, for a language to write a letter to you! the fact is, that the only language in which I can write without mistakes, is the Italian. But knowing that you cannot read Italian, I dare ^{now} to write to you in my bad English, hoping that you can read in these words of mine, at least, my affection!

You ask me if I agree to publish that poem (which I sent to you) in Hungarian. I should be happy if that, if it is accepted in your country - I hope always to find some way to come there, and

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visit you once. Not only because I admire you, like everybody admires you, - but also because, for me, you are one of the few friends whom I have in this world. And

this friendship is the thing of which I am proud the most - in all my life - your only friendship is more than 100000 of friends for me! I am publishing soon a book of Stories - poems. The

title is Il mondo sabato dai negarini. I hope that you like it if not it all! - at least!. I should want to have the gift of the languages (il dono delle lingue) - in order to translate at once the best of it in your language. I think to find somebody to translate the best of it, at least, in German, and to send to you the translation. WHY was the Tower of Babel built?!

Thank you, dear Gyongy Lukacs, for every word which you

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said about my work, and for having read it - Sometimes
I am tempted not to write books and not to work any more,
because I feel very tired - But I think: Lukas appreciates
my work and this thought makes me to work again -

I should want to explain to you many things about,
and to ask you about many things! But my English
is not good enough for that - I ask from you to remember
me sometimes and I hope to meet you in your country
as soon as it is possible for me to come.

Your

Elsa Morante

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With all my wishes for you and
your work.