by Marta Boneschi

When I read a book, I feel that I am not alone. Someone is sitting at my side, an invisible and silent friend: the translator. I usually don’t know him (or her), yet he/she is there. If I enjoy my reading, if the Italian words flow through my soul, he/she is still a friend. Sometimes he/she fails, and we are no longer friends, because he/she stands between the plot and the characters and me, shutting a door. Sometimes I complain about his/her hard task: to translate, without cheating. Sometimes I feel deeply grateful that an invisible and silent friend, a subtle and intelligent mind, is sitting at my side.

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