Celebrating Our Translator Supreme Edith Grossman

In the Beginning















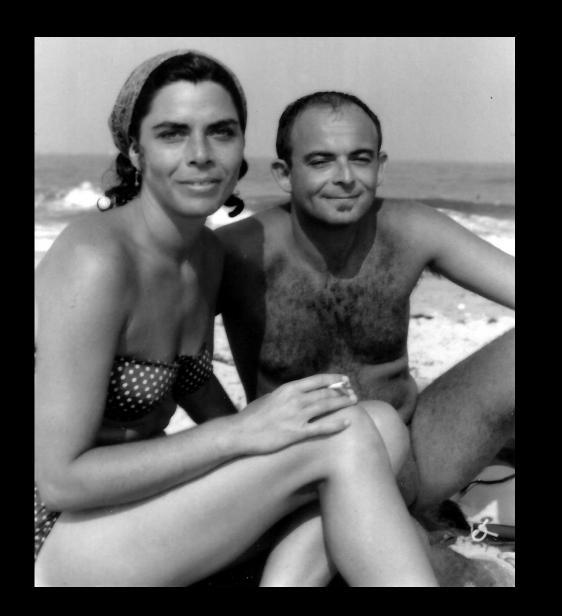














©RPP, Inc Chicago, IL

\$1.00 Canada 0175

BUTTONS

Because I'm your mother. that's why.

The Literary Life

THE ANTIPOETRY OF NICANOR PARRA: ITS THEORY AND TECHNIQUE

Edith Grossman

A Thesis in the Department of Spanish and Portuguese Submitted to the Faculty of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy at New York University

THE ANTIPOETRY OF NICANOR PARRA: ITS THEORY AND TECHNIQUE

REVIEW

The Surgery of Psychic Removal

MACEDONIO FERNANDEZ

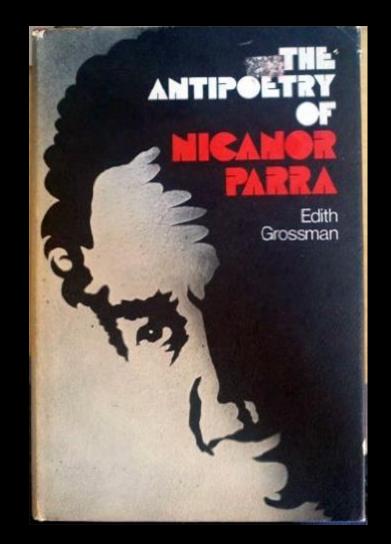
Actually a brilliant and witty writer in the vanguard of contemporary fiction, Macedonio Fernández (1874-1952) is more often thought of as either a mad metaphysician or an influence on Borges. But Fernández'special genius shows, surprisingly and delightfully, in this short story published first in South America's foremost literary magazine Sur in 1941 and translated into English here for the first time.

The following autobiographical note was written by the author at our request:

I was born in Buenos Aires, very much in the year 1874. Not just then but very soon afterwards, Jorge Luis Borges started to quote me with so little diffidence concerning acknowledgements, that on account of the auful risks his enthusiasm exposed him to I began to be the author of his best writing. What an injustice, dear Jorge Luis, poet of "The Trick" and "General Quiroga Rides to his Death in a Carriage," you who were the real master of that period.

Just as psychology is the science of everything we don't know about the soul, my first book concerning Waking and Sleeping (Not All Open Eyes Mean Insomnia) contained nothing except every possible question I could think of. In compensation, I think of myself today as one who has all the answers. But this will not make my book of questions more popular. All the copies of A Newcomer's Papers were distributed free of charge, and judging by its enthusiastic reception it was a book that would have sold well, too. In it all my many toasts were mixed together into a single draught, which gave rise to the idea that I had planned this really pleasant way out inspired by the herbal therapy, so popular some years ago, which either killed you or cured you.

Naturally the successes I have described meant that only thirty years of silence passed before I felt the desire to write again: first, The Beginning of a Novel and then, before the audience can leave, for they tend to believe implicitly in amouncements of Most Recent Productions and they must hear about this one: A Continuation of Nothing, the latest bad novel (long and mild-mannered) and the first good novel (Adriana Buenos Aires); although they will be sold together as companion volumes, two for the price of one, they are not the Dual Novel which, according to my theory of fiction, constitutes or contains





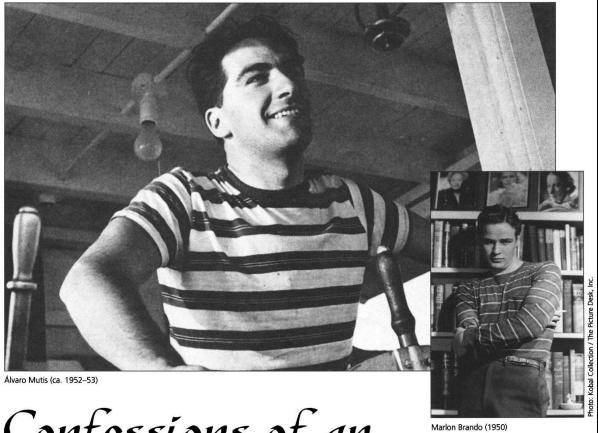












Confessions of an Unreconstructed Romantic

EDITH GROSSMAN

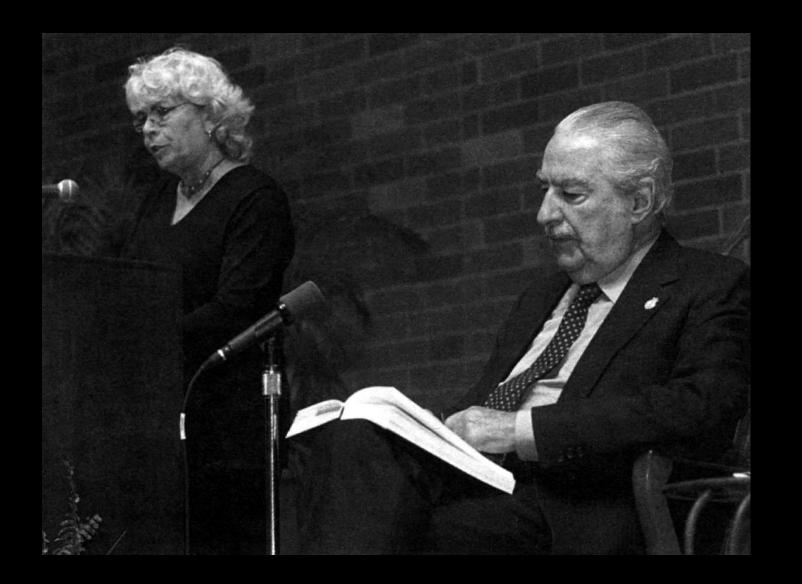
I have written only one fan letter in my life, and that was to Álvaro Mutis. This is what happened.

Confessions of an Unreconstructed Romantic

EDITH GROSSMAN

I have written only one fan letter in my life, and that was to Álvaro Mutis. This is what happened.

Edith Grossman. "Confessions of an Unreconstructed Romantic." World Literature Today 77.2 (2003): 28-30.



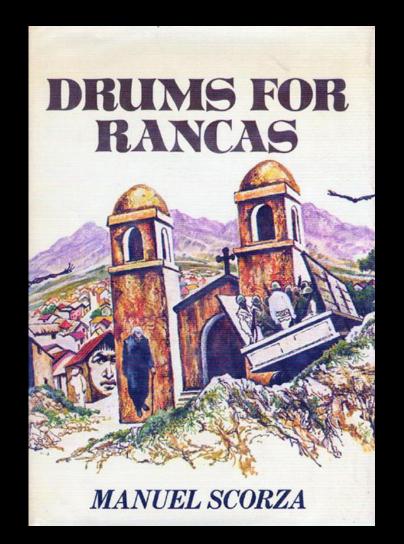






Books & Books

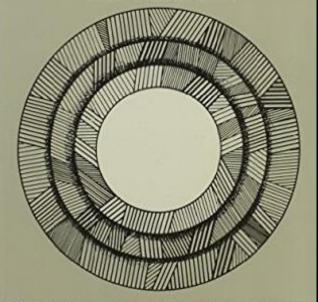
1970s



1980s



ROBERTO SEGRE, EDITOR FERNANDO KUSNETZOFF, EDITOR ENGLISH LANGUAGE EDITION



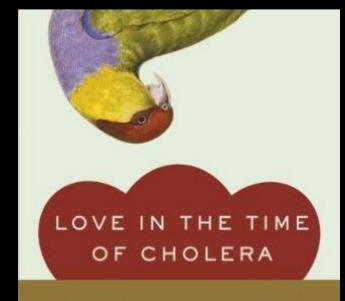
LATIN AMERICA IN ITS CULTURE, VOLUME II

antipoems

new and selected

NICANOR PARRA

Edited by David Unger



GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ

WINNER OF THE NOBEL PRIZE

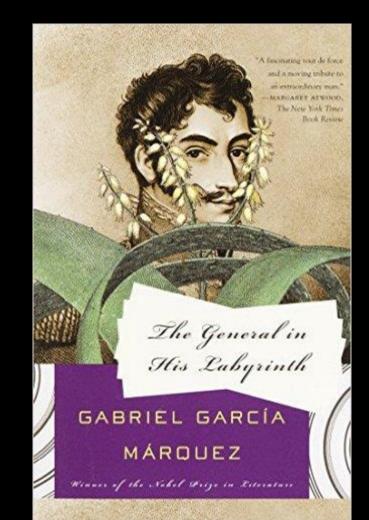
"A love story of astonishing power." -Newsteak

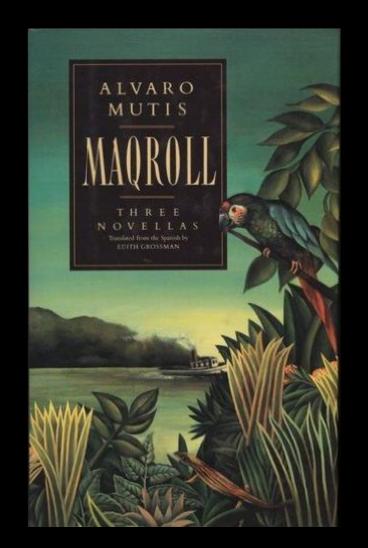
The only regret I will have in dying is if it is not for love.

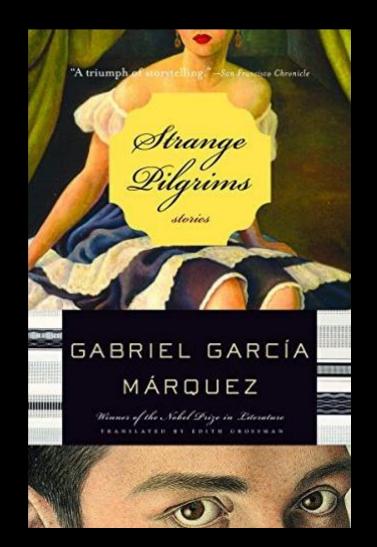
-Gabriel García Márquez, Love in the Time of Cholera JOSÉ LUIS LIOVIO-MENÉNDEZ INSÉLUIS LIOVIO-MENÉNDEZ INSÉLUIS LIOVIO-MENÉNDEZ MY HIDDEN LIFE AS A REVOLUTIONARY IN CUBA

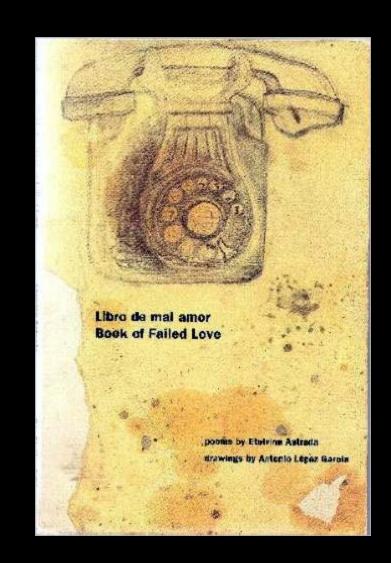
ARIEL DORFMAN LAST WALTZ IN SANTIACO AND OTHER POEMS OF EXILE AND DISAPPEARANCE

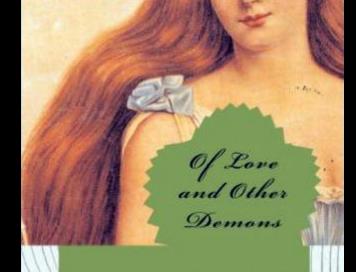
1990s











GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ

WINNER OF THE NOBEL PRIZ

"A brilliantly moving tour de force."

—A. S. Byatt. The New York Time Book House

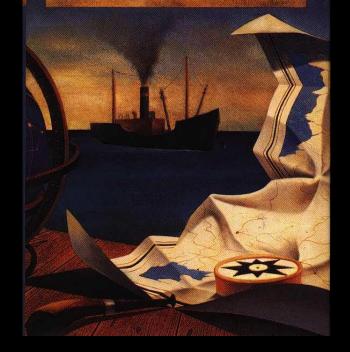


ALVARO MUTIS

THE ADVENTURES OF MAQROLL

FOUR NOVELLAS

Translated from the Spanish by EDITH GROSSMAN



CLÁSICOS

WORKS AND OTHER STORIES

Augusto Monterroso

Translated by Edith Grossman Introduction by Will H. Correl



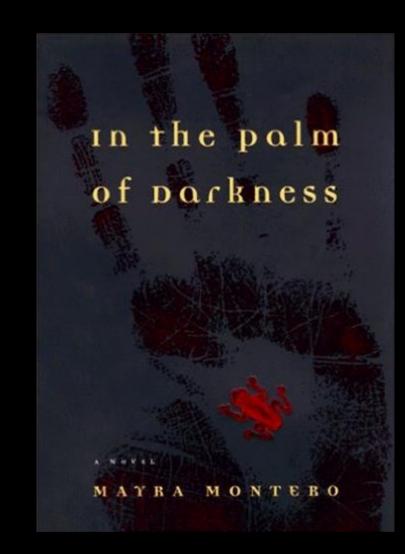
MARIO VARGAS LLOSA

DEATH IN THE ANDES

"Peny's best nowlist—one of the world's best."

— John Updike, The New Yorker





NEWS OF A KIDNAPPING

GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ

WINNER OF THE NOBEL PRIZE

"Fascinating. . . . Possesses all the drama and emotional resonance of Garcia Márquez's most powerful fiction." — The . Son York Tomos

MY NIGHT WITH MI NOCHE CON FEDERICO GARCÍA LORCA

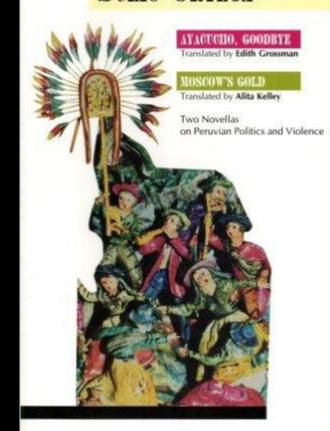


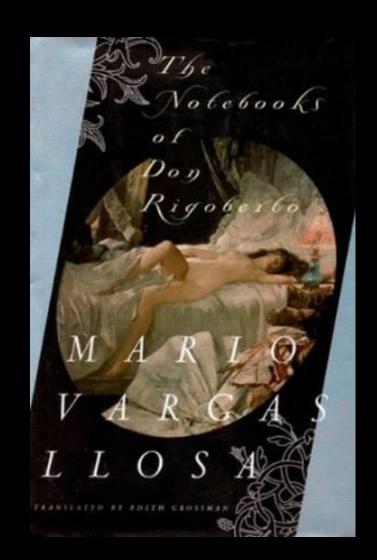
JAIME MANRIQUE

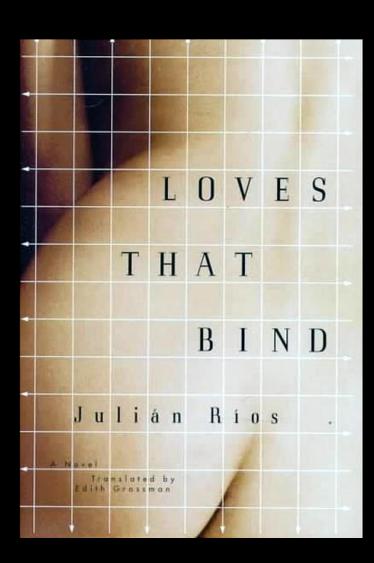
Translated by Edith Grossman and Eugene Richie

New Edition

Julio Ortega







2000s

"Mentero has fashioned a mystery and a fove story as incredible as it is compalling. . . . A deathbed trie that would have done Tordi prood." —Los Apples fines

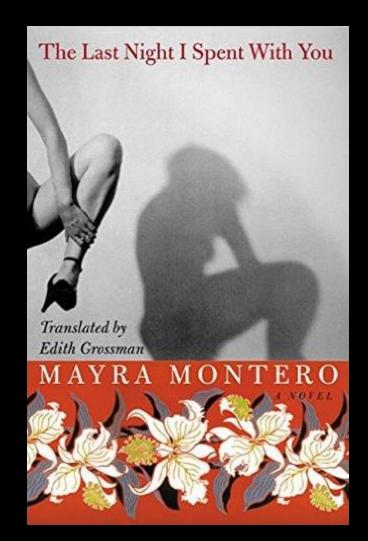
THE

A NOVEL BY

MAYRA MONTERO

Translates from the Spanish by

EDITH GROSSMAN





MARIO VARGAS LLOSA

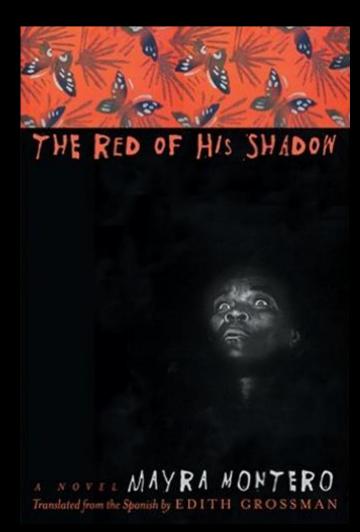
THE FEAST OF THE GOAT

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH BY EDITH GROSSMAN



A NOVEL

PICADO





tarzan my body christopher columbus

by Jaime Manrique

translations by Edith Grossman & Margaret Sayers Penden

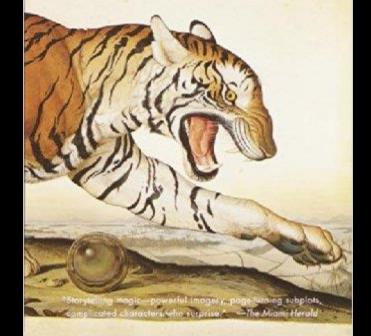
introduction by Reinaldo Arenas

CARACOL BEACH

Anoort

ELISEO ALBERTO

Translated by Edith Gressman

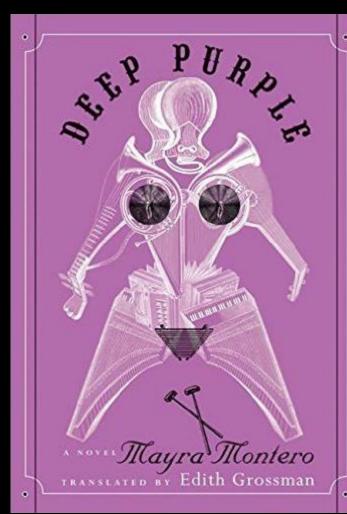


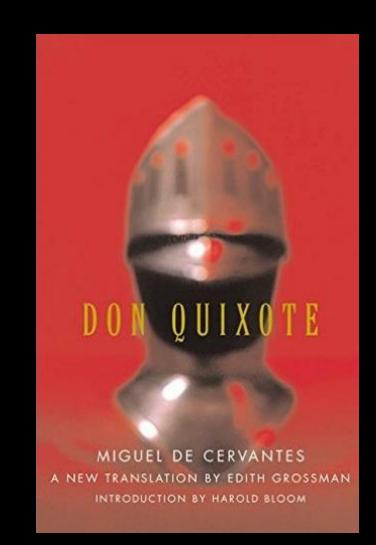
A NOVIL

Monstruary

JULIÁN RÍOS

Francisco Er EDITH GROSSMAN





BOOKS OF THE TIMES

Beholding Windmills and Wisdom From a New Vantage

By RICHARD EDER

So many have written wisely and cogently about "Don Quixote" since it first appeared. And as they spur at this literary edifice, they suggest the mournfully countenanced knight himself, charging his windmill and ending up unhorsed. Note, though, that before his undignified sprawl he

ON EHE WEB

Weekday and Sunday book reviews since 1996, along with an expanded best-seller list, first chapters and special features:

nytimes.com/books

was flung, for a moment, inspiredly aloft.

Cervantes's great humpbacked book of travels, through life's dreams and the Mancha's dust, incites insight and evades it. It is stuck like a pincushion with the most piercing and varied of critical enthusiasms, and never pinned down.

Unpinned, the greatest of all novels (whether you cite a poll of 100 writers chosen by the Nobel Institute, or the introduction to Edith Grossman's new translation by Harold Bloom, who submits to no polls but his own) has continued to revolve and draw up water for its readers for nearly 400 years.

Which makes any attempt to write about it both onerous and oddly light. Mr. Bloom all but throws up his hands after an elegantly thoughtful juggle by remarking that no critic's account agrees with any other critic's. Cervantes wrote "a mirror held

up not to nature, but to the reader."

So, canonically empowered, I offer my particular mirror. But before the mirror, the window. That is what a translation must be; affording a view for those unable, because handicapped, to go outdoors and join in. Their handicap is the inability to enter the original language. Ms. Grossman's window, just installed, stands today as the most transparent and least impeded among more than a dozen English translations going back to the 17th century.

The Spanish of "Don Quixote" is entirely of its time. But the language has changed relatively little since then. Apart from a couple of obsolete verb forms and some grandiloquent pastiche (imitating contemporary books of chivalry), the book alternates between earthy and soaring in a fashion entirely recognizable in Spain to this day.

English has changed considerably more. Translators must pick their way between what sounds unforced to its readers and what embeds "Don Quixote's" voice — because the voice transmits the heartbeat — in its century. Two recent translations go overboard trying to be currently colloquial: the British one populates the Mancha with "blokes." Such a choice uproots the book from its time and place, paradoxically depriving it of universality. Hamlet ruminates, "To chill or not to chill."

After two years' work Ms. Grossman, whose translations of Gabriel García Márquez make readers wonder if they don't speak Spanish themselves, has provided a Quixote that is agile, playful, formal and wry.

Once in a while there are odd choices and, in the translation's 940 pages, some occasional flagging, but what she renders splendidy is the book's very heart. Two figures raft through Mancha and universe upon flows and counterflows of supple, whirlpooling and continually reversing discourse; a model — as the book has been to so many later masterpieces — for Huck and Jim's drifting catfish-and-cornpone cosmics and particulars.

Ms. Grossman finds a way to fashion in English the sudden wry descents and ascents — a verbal snakes and ladders — with which the knight switches from lordly to redolently human and Sancho switches the other way.

To take an example, one of my favorites, though 100 readers will have 300 others: Don Quixote, accompanied at this point by a most miscellaneous group of followers — among them two priests, a notary, a pair of lovers, a nobleman — proclaims his barber's bowl to be a helmet. The company holds a vote and agrees. Others at the same inn are incredulous and then indignant. A terrible fight breaks out. The knight stands amusedly apart. They must have all gone crazy, he reflects.

Throughout, in fact, Don Quixote attracts a bevy of groupies; notably,

Edith Grossman

DON QUIXOTE

By Miguel de Cervantes A new translation by Edith Grossman. Introduction by Harold Bloom. 940 pages. Ecco. \$29.95.

in the second part, a duke and duchess who treat him royally while arranging "adventures" to display his delusions. On one level they are making elaborate sport of him, and there is a precooked smell to some of these pages.

On a deeper level, seeking to toy with him, they are toyed with, just as readers have been ever since. (In Part 2 Don Quixote keeps meeting people who read about him in Part 1. It is metafiction, if you like; or it is the first celebrity cult.) Reading Cervantes we keep stumbling against ourselves: Iraq, of course, when the knight frees a group of prisoners only to have them stone him. Suddenly the giants of our day shimmer in a

haze of windmills.

Don Quixote wields an enchantment deeper than laughter, though laughter is part of it. He is the Pied Piper of the imagination; he draws others into his serious game. They become his plagiarizers. When the duke's servants wash his guest's hands at dinner and go on, jokingly, to wash his beard, the duke demands that his own beard be washed.

"I have immortal longings in me," Cleopatra declared as she applied the asp. Don Quixote stands for the immortality of the imagination, but it would have no traction if it were not set against homely, intractable people and things. They keep defeating-him of course, and he proclaims the defeat an illusion.

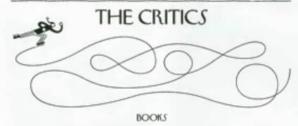
The Spanish philosopher Miguel de Unamuno likened his knight to Jesus, more existential than biblical, though. The comparison is not mainly in virtue — though the knight starts as Alonso Quijano the Good, and ends that way; and a delicate kindness keeps breaking in — but in incarnation. Windmills, lions, cudgel-wielding shepherds, the beatings, rough sleeping, the mockeries are the reality that human life confronts. Transformations do not change them, but they change the confronter.

Nine hundred and seventy-three pages (in Spanish). One hundred and twenty-six chapters. Samuel Johnson, who said of "Paradise Lost" that "no man ever wished it shorter" wished, Mr. Bloom tells us, that "Don Quixote" were longer. The daughter of a friend of mine, a college student, limits her reading to three chapters at a time so as to make it last. In fact it will.

Nightlife To advertise call 1-212-556-1200



Ms. Grossman finds a way to fashion in English the sudden wry descents and ascents — a verbal snakes and ladders — with which the knight switches from lordly to redolently human and Sancho switches the other way.



KNIGHT'S GAMBIT

The sacred profamity of "Don Quixote."

BY JAMES WOOD

The windmills that Don Quixote tains the major comic tropes, from the number, I have never found any squire mistakes for giants have something in common with the madeleine that makes Marcel's memory buds salivate: both occur conveniently early in very long books that are, in English at least, more praised than read. And Cervantes may resemble Proust in another way. Both are comic writers, peoperly snagged in the mundane, whose fiction has too often been etherealized out of existence. Miguel de Unamuno, the relentlessly idealizing Spanish philosopher, considered "Don Quixote" a "profoundly Christian epic" and the true "Spanish Bible," and correspondingly managed to write about the novel as if not a single comic episode occurred in it. W. H. Auden thought that *Don Quixote" was a portrait of a Christian saint; and Unamuno's unlikely American supporter Harold Bloom, in his introduction to Edith Grossman's marvellous new translation (Eccc; \$29.95), reminds us that "Don Quixote," though it "may not be a scripture," nonetheless captures all humanity, as Shakespeare doeswhich sounds more like religious lament than like secular caution.

So it is worth reminding ourselves of the gross, the worldly, the violent, and, above all, the comic in "Don Quixote"-worth reminding ourselves that we are permitted the odd secular guffaw while reading it. If all of modern fiction

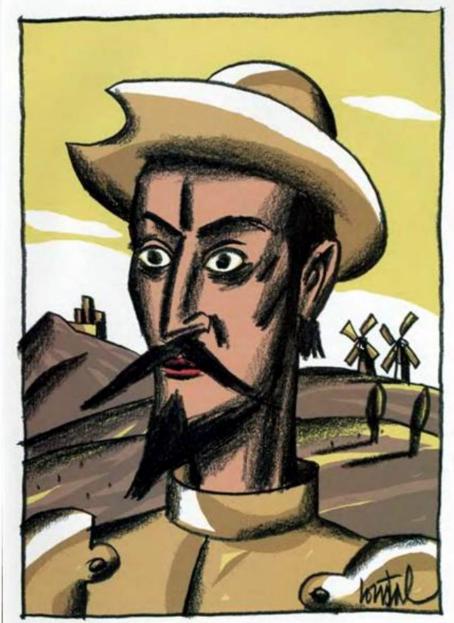
farcical to the delicately ironic, First, there is the comedy of egotism-the "But enough about my work, what do brilliantly exploited by Tartuffe, and by Jane Austen's Mr. Collins, who proposes to Elizabeth Bennet by listing all the ways in which he will benefit from marriage. Don Quixote is the great chivalric egotist, never more egotistical than beating by some drovers from Yanguas and being tossed in a blanket by a gang of men, Don Quixote has the nerve to tell his servant that these things are evil enchantments and so are not really happening to Sancho: "Therefore you must not grieve for the misfortunes that befall me, for you have no part in them." This is the knight who, finding that he can't sleep, wakes up his servant, on the prinand to feel what they are feeling, if only for appearance's sake." No wonder that Sancho elsewhere defines a knight adventurer as "someone who's beaten and then finds himself emperor."

laughing at himself, laughable though he often is. Cervantes has a wonderfully undulating scene in which the Knight comes out of the Knight's cape, one rea- and his servant are riding in the hills son might be that Cervantes's novel con- and are stopped by a loud noise. Sancho tional reality or directly to the audience

Panza weeps with terror, and Don Quixote is moved by his tears. When they finally discover that the noise comes from "six wooden fulling hammers," pounding away in a cloth mill, Don Quixote looks at Sancho, and sees that "his cheeks were puffed out and his mouth full of laughter, clear signs that he would soon explode, and Don Quixote's melancholy was not so great that he could resist laughing at the sight of Sancho, and when Sancho saw that his master had begun, the floodgates opened with such force that he had to press his sides with his fists to keep from bursting with laughter." Don Quixote gets cross with Sancho for laughing at him, and hits him with his lance, complaining, "In all the books of chivalry I have read, which are infinite in who talks as much with his master as you do with yours," As so often in "Don. Quixote," the reader travels, in a page you think of my work?" grand manner, or two, through different chambers of laughter: affectionate, ironic, satirical, harmonious.

Edith Grossman's English sensitively captures these shifting registers, as we move from the Knight's ornate, sometimes pompous diction, via the narrawhen he appears to be most chivalrous. tor's fluent and funny recounting, to After he and poor Sancho Panza have the earthy Sancho Panza and his mudsuffered several adventures, including a dier music. We are fortunate to have at present three excellent translations of "Don Quixote": in addition to Grossman's, there is John Rutherford's recent version for Penguin Classics (which takes more liberties with Sancho Panza's demotic Spanish than Grossman's does), and Burton Raffel's rendering for Norton. All are scholarly and elegant; in some places they are almost indistinguishable. But Grossman, who ciple that "it is in the nature of good ser- has translated Garcia Mázquez and Varvants to share the griefs of their masters gas Llosa, has produced the most distinguished, and the most literary, of them, and those qualities are amply displayed on every page.

"Don Quixote" is the greatest of all fictional inquiries into the relation The egotist is never very good at between fiction and reality, and so a good deal of the novel's comedy is selfconscious, generated when one or more of the characters seems to step out of the book and appeal either to a nonfic-



Edith Grossman's marvellous new translation (Ecco; \$29.95), reminds us that "Don Quixote," though it "may not be a scripture," nonetheless captures all humanity, as Shakespeare does—which sounds more like religious lament than like secular caution.

Edith Grossman's English sensitively captures these shifting registers, as we move from the Knight's ornate, sometimes pompous diction, via the narrator's fluent and funny recounting, to the earthy Sancho Panza and his muddier music. We are fortunate to have at present three excellent translations of "Don Quixote": in addition to Grossman's, there is John Rutherford's recent version for Penguin Classics (which takes more liberties with Sancho Panza's demotic Spanish than Grossman's does), and Burton Raffel's rendering for Norton. All are scholarly and elegant; in some places they are almost indistinguishable. But Grossman, who has translated García Márquez and Vargas Llosa, has produced the most distinguished, and the most literary, of them, and those qualities are amply displayed on every page.

Edith Grossman's English sensitively captures these shifting registers, as we move from the Knight's ornate, sometimes pompous diction, via the narrator's fluent and funny recounting, to the earthy Sancho Panza and his muddier music. We are fortunate to have at present three excellent translations of "Don Quixote": in addition to Grossman's, there is John Rutherford's recent version for Penguin Classics (which takes more liberties with Sancho Panza's demotic Spanish than Grossman's does), and Burton Raffel's rendering for Norton. All are scholarly and elegant; in some places they are almost indistinguishable. But Grossman, who has translated García Márquez and Vargas Llosa, has produced the most distinguished, and the most literary, of them, and those qualities are amply displayed on every page.

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER

Truly masterly... a major literary achievement.

— Carlos Fuentes, The New York Times Book Review

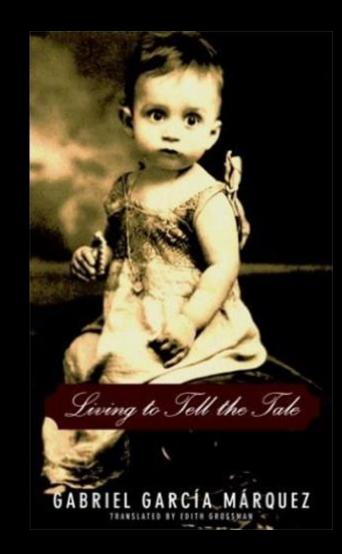
DON QUIXOTE

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

A NEW TRANSLATION BY EDITH GROSSMAN

INTRODUCTION BY HAROLD BLOOM

P.S.



NATIONAL BESTSELLER

GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ

The First New Novel in Ten Years from the Author of ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SOLITUDE



Memories of My

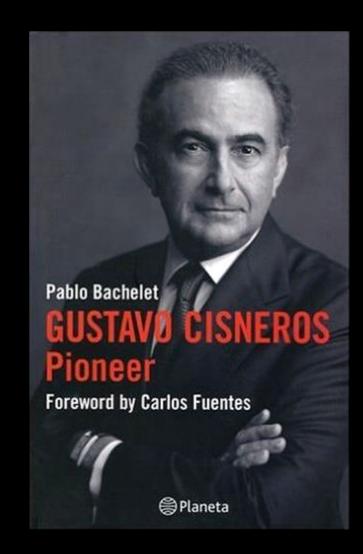
Melancholy Whores

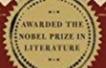
"Unforgettable. . . . Classic Marquez."

—The Washington Post

NALATED BY EDITH GROSSMAN







MARIO VARGAS LLOSA THE BAD GIRL

TRANSLATED PROBERTIES SPENSOR BY EDITH GRONSMAN

"A splendid, suspenseful, and irresistible novel."

—The New York Times Book Review

A NOVEL

PICADOR



DANCING

"ALMENDRA"

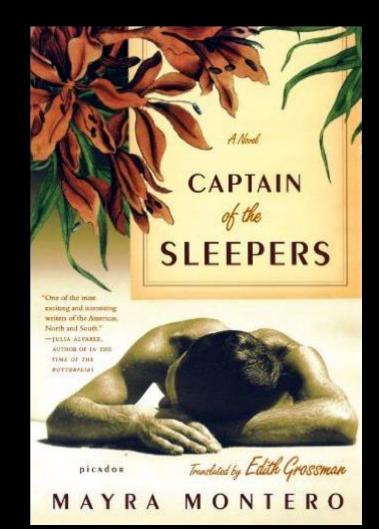
MAYRA MONTERO

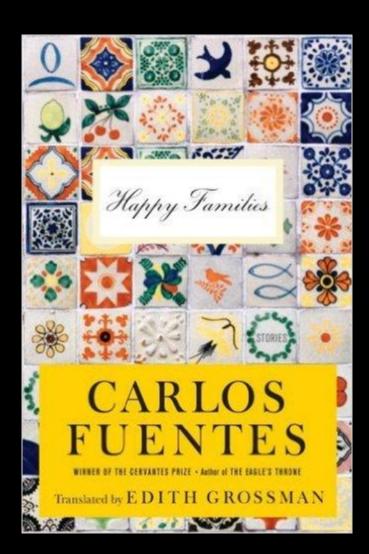
Author of Captum of the Strepen

Translated by Edith Grossman

"I devoured it with absolute delight, and I'm looking forward to reading it again. and to reading anything Montero might come up with nest....."

- The New York Times Book Review





Vada

ANOVEL

CARMEN LAFORET

A NEW TRANSLATION BY

INTRODUCTION BY MARIO VARGAS LLOSA

"Remarkable . . . After six decades, [Nado] has lost none of its power and originality, and we are fortunate to have it in this fine translation." —The Woshington Post Book Review

The GOLDEN AGE

SPANISH RENAISSANCE





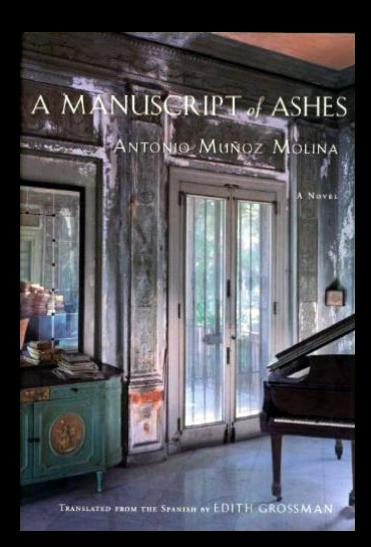






Translated by Edith Grossman

TRANSLATOR OF DON QUIXOTE



2010s

why translation matters EdithGrossman

"Edith Grossman, the Clenn Gould of translators, has written a superb book on the art of the literary translation. Even Walter Benjamin is surpassed by her insights into her task, which she rightly sees as imaginatively independent. This should become a classic text."—Harold Bloom

why translation matters

EdithGrossman

"Edith Grossman, the Glenn Gould of translators, has written a superb book on the art of the literary translation. Even Walter Benjamin is surpassed by her insights into her task, which she rightly sees as irraginatively independent. This should become a classic text."—Harold Bloom "Edith Grossman, the Glenn Gould of translators, has written a superb book on the art of the literary translation. Even Walter Benjamin is surpassed by her insights into her task, which she rightly sees as imaginatively independent. This should become a classic text."—Harold Bloom

SANTIAGO RONCAGLIOLO

Translated by Edith Grossman

D E N

A Royal

APKIL

WINNER OF THE ALFAGUARA PRIZE

"A superb novel of politics, terror, and human frailty.

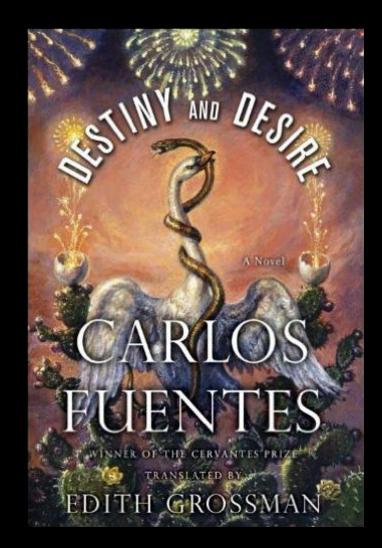
Masterful." —The Boston Globe

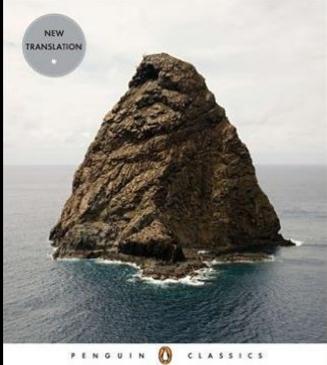
In Praise of
Reading
and
Fiction

THE NOBEL LECTURE

Mario Vargas Llosa

TRANSLATED BY EDITH GROSSMA



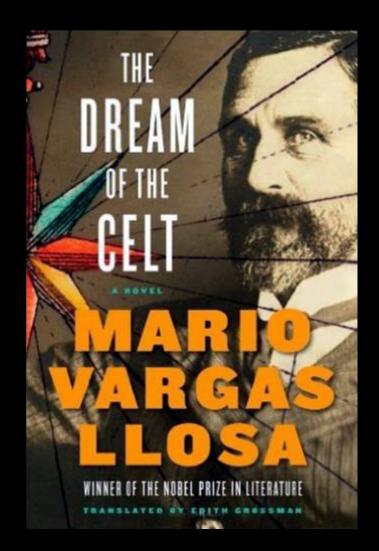


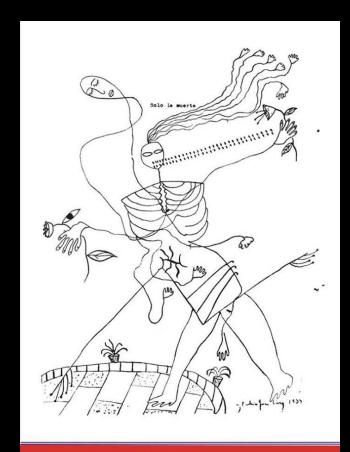


LUIS DE GÓNGORA

The Solitudes A Dual-Language Edition with Parallel Text

> Translated by EDITH GROSSMAN Introduction by ALBERTO MANGUEL





The Ingenious Gentleman and Poet Federico Garcia Lorca Ascends to Hell

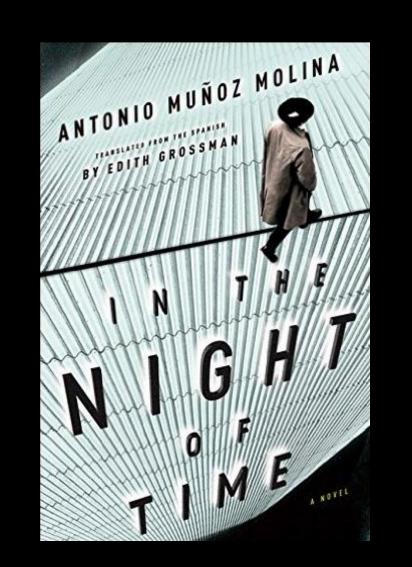
CARLOS ROJAS Translated by Edith Grossman

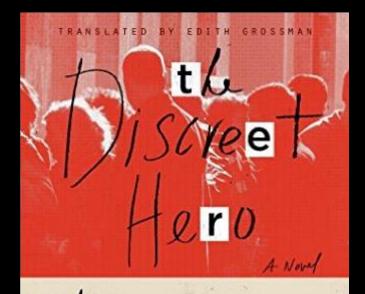




SANTIAGO RONCAGLIOLO

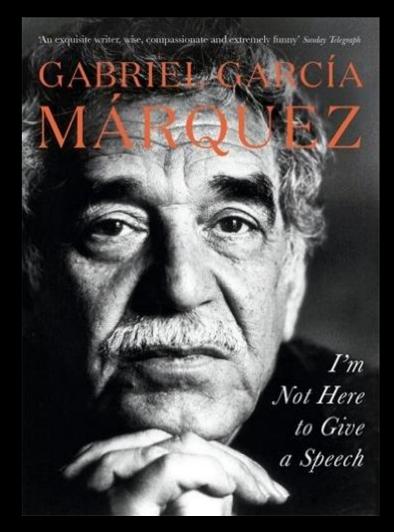
translated by EDITH GROSSMAN



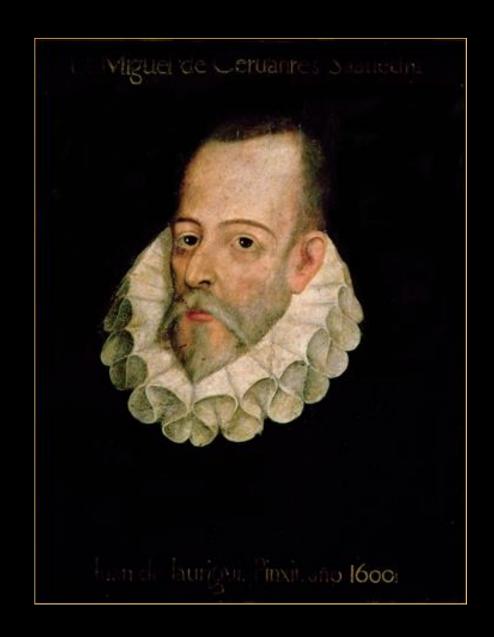


Mario Vargas
Llosa Vargas

NOBEL PRIZE IN LITERATURE



"A LESSON IN SPEAKING TO THE MOMENT AND TO THE CENTURIES BOTH. -ALBERTO RIOS SELECTED WORKS Translated by EDITH GROSSMAN Introduction by JULIA ALVAREZ







Edith Grossman

Specialty: Spanish

of Books Translated: "Somebody told me the other day it was 60. I don't know if that's true."

First Notable Translation: Drums for Rancas,

by Manuel Scorza

Noteworthy Authors: Miguel de Cervantes, Macedonio Fernández, Gabriel García Márquez, Mario Vargas Llosa, Mayra Montero

Known for: *Don Quixote,* by Miguel de Cervantes

Process: "I translate as carefully as I can for the first draft, because the more care I take in the beginning, the less time I have to spend at the end doing revisions."

Next Up: Exemplary Novels, by Miguel de Cervantes

Why does translation matter, and to whom? I believe it matters for the same reasons and in the same way that literature matters—because it is crucial to our sense of ourselves as humans.

-Edith Grossman, Why Translation Matters

