

ENCUENTROS



Translating Cervantes

Lecture by
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TRANSLATING CERVANTES

Edith Grossman

It's impossible to say a thing exactly the way it was, because what you say can never be exact, you always have to leave something out, there are too many parts, sides, crosscurrents, nuances; too many gestures, which could mean this or that, too many shapes which can never be fully described, too many flavors, in the air or on the tongue, half-colors, too many.

Margaret Atwood, *The Handmaid's Tale*.

I'd like to talk to you about two subjects that are very dear to me: translating, and translating *Don Quixote*. In the final analysis, however, I believe that whatever I say about one applies to the other.

First, some incidental information. When I was young, it was not my intention to be a translator. I knew I wanted to learn languages and had a vague idea about being an interpreter (I wasn't quite sure what the difference between the two professions was, but interpreting sounded more exciting; it suggested travel, exotic places, important events, world-shaking conferences at the United Nations). While I was in college, I changed direction and decided my ambition was to be a literary critic and scholar, though I do remember translating a few poems by Juan Ramón Jiménez for the campus literary magazine. I embarked

on an academic career, served my time in several graduate schools, and moved from a focus on medieval and baroque peninsular verse to contemporary Latin American poetry, a change brought on by my first reading of works by Pablo Neruda, and then César Vallejo. *Residencia en la tierra* in particular was a revelation that altered the course of my career and actually changed the tenor of my life. During most of this time I was teaching, not thinking much about translation until a friend who edited a magazine asked me to translate a story by Macedonio Fernández. I said I was a critic, not a translator, and he said that might be true, but he thought I could do a good job with the piece. I agreed to translate it, more out of curiosity than for any other reason, and discovered to my surprise that I not only enjoyed the work more than I

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had imagined but could do it at home, an arrangement that seemed very attractive then, and still does.

My translation of Macedonio's "The Surgery of Psychic Removal" was published in *Review* in 1973. From that time on, I moonlighted as a translator of poetry and fiction in a fairly regular way while I sunlit as a college instructor, until 1990, when I left teaching to devote myself full-time to translation. I've been a visiting professor a few times since then, and I do miss being in a classroom and talking to students when I'm not teaching, but my main concentration has been on translation. And I've been very fortunate: I have liked, and often loved, practically every piece of writing I've brought over into English. I still find the work intriguing, mysterious, and endlessly challenging.

Translation is a strange craft, generally appreciated by writers (with a few glaring exceptions, like Milan Kundera), undervalued by publishers, trivialized by the academic world, and practically ignored by reviewers. It is an occupation that many critics agree is impossible at best, a betrayal at worst, and on the average probably not much more than the accumulated result of a diligent, even slavish familiarity with dictionaries, even though bringing a text over into another language has a long and glorious history. It can boast of illustrious practitioners ranging from St. Jerome to the translators at the court of King James to Charles Baudelaire and Ezra Pound, and it is undeniably one of the characteristic, defining activities of the European Renaissance. But you've all heard the canard, and

may even have repeated it once or twice: Robert Frost allegedly defined poetry as the thing that gets lost in translation, an observation as devastating—and, I believe, as false—as the thundering Italian accusation, made respectable by age but for no other reason that I can think of, that all translators are traitors (*traduttore--traditore*).

If one disavows the proposition that professional translators are acutely and incurably pathological, the obvious question is why any sane person would engage in a much-maligned activity that is often either discounted as menial hack work or reviled as nothing short of criminal. Certainly, for most of us, neither fame nor fortune are serious motivations for so underpaid and undersung an enterprise. Something joyous and remarkable and intrinsically valuable in the work must move us to undertake it, for I can think of no other profession whose practitioners find themselves endlessly challenged to prove to the world that what they do is decent, honorable, and possible. Over and over again we are compelled to insist on what is called the "translatability" of literature, called on to assert the plausibility and value of translation, challenged to defend our very presence as the intermediary voice between the first author and the readers of the second version of the work—that is, the translation. As Clifford Landers of the American Translators Association once said, many reviewers write "as if the English text had somehow sprung into existence independently..."

"Seamless" (followed closely by "able" and, more recently, "smooth" or "flowing") is probably the highest praise most transla-

tions can receive from most critics. Let me give you an admittedly acerbic translation of the damnation concealed in their faint praise: “seamlessness” actually refers to the properly humbled and chastised invisibility into which a translator mercifully chooses to disappear. “Mercifully” because although translation is grudgingly admitted to be an unfortunate, regrettable necessity that may even be crucial to the transmission and communication of culture (sadly, not even the most gifted and exceptional students of languages can read every written language that has ever existed in the world) translators are expected to self-destruct as if we were personally responsible for the Tower of Babel and its dire consequences for our species. One must always take the work seriously, never oneself, but that kind of humility smacks of Uriah Heep.

Ortega y Gasset called translation a utopian enterprise but, he said, so is any human undertaking, even the effort to communicate with another human being in the same language. According to Ortega, however, the fact that they are utopian and may never be fully realized does not lessen the luminous value of our attempts to translate or communicate. In translation, the ongoing, utopian ideal is fidelity. But fidelity should never be confused with literalness. Literalism is a clumsy, unhelpful concept that radically skews and oversimplifies the complicated relationship between a translation and an original. I’d like to expand for a few moments on this idea, and ask you to forgive my predilection for the pathetic fallacy.

The languages we speak and write are

too sprawling and too unruly to be successfully contained. Despite the best efforts of prescriptive entities ranging from teachers of developmental composition to the French government, living languages will not be regulated. They overflow even the most modern and “complete” dictionaries, which on publication are usually at least twenty years out of date; they sneer at restriction and correction and the imposition of appropriate or tasteful usage, and they revel in local slang, ambiguous meaning, and faddish variation. Like surly adolescents, they push against the limits imposed by an academic world they never made, and are in a state of perpetual rebellion. They are clearly more than accumulations of discrete lexical items, correct formulations, or acceptable syntax, and the impact of their words is variable, multi-faceted, and resonant with innumerable connotations that go far beyond first, or even fourth and fifth dictionary definitions.

A single language, then, is slippery, paradoxical, ambivalent, explosive. When one tries to grasp it long enough to create a translation, the byzantine complexity of the enterprise is heightened and intensified to an alarming, almost schizophrenic degree, for the second language is just as elusive, just as dynamic, and just as recalcitrant as the first. The experience of plunging into the maelstrom that whirls and boils between them as we attempt to transfer meaning between two languages, to hear the effects, the rhythms, the artfulness of both simultaneously, can verge on the hallucinatory.

Languages, even first cousins like Span-

ish and Italian, trail immense, individual histories behind them, and with all their volatile accretions of tradition, culture, and forms and levels of discourse, no two ever dovetail perfectly or occupy the same space at the same time. They can be linked by translation, as a photograph can link movement and stasis, but it is disingenuous to assume that translation, or photography for that matter, are representational, imitative arts in any narrow sense of the term. Fidelity is the noble purpose of the literary translator, but let me repeat: faithfulness has little to do with what is called literal meaning. If it did, the only relevant criterion for judging our work would be a mechanistic and naive one-for-one matching of individual elements across two disparate language systems. This kind of robotic pairing does exist and is scornfully called “*translatorese*,” the misbegotten, unfaithful, and often unintentionally comic invention that exists only in the mind of a failed translator and has no reality in any linguistic universe. In one of my favorite cartoons, a bewildered translator asks a disgruntled author: “Do you not be happy with me as the translator of the books of you?”

If translators do not match up “individual elements” and simply bring over words from one language to another, using a kind of linguistic tracing paper, then what do translators translate, and what exactly are they faithful to? Before I attempt to answer a question that I’m afraid is in danger of sinking into metaphysical quicksand, I want to underscore a self-evident point: of course translators scour the dictionary, many dictionaries in fact, and rummage

diligently, sometimes frantically, through thesauruses, and encyclopedias as well, for definitions and meanings. But this kind of lexical search and research, accompanied by many consultations with infinitely patient friends who are native speakers of the first language, and preferably are from the same region as the author, is a preliminary activity associated with the rough draft, the first step in a long series of revisions. Completing this initial stage is surely a sign of basic competence, but it is not central to the most important and challenging purposes of translation.

A translator’s fidelity is not to lexical pairings but to context—the implications and echoes of the first author’s tone, intention, and level of discourse. Good translations are good because they are faithful to this contextual significance. They are not necessarily faithful to words or syntax, which are peculiar to specific languages and can rarely be brought over directly in any misguided and inevitably muddled effort to somehow replicate the original. This is the literalist trap, because words do not *mean* in isolation. Words *mean* as indispensable parts of a contextual whole that includes the emotional tone and impact, the literary antecedents, the connotative nimbus as well as the denotations of each statement. I believe—if I didn’t, I couldn’t do the work—that the meaning of a passage can almost always be rendered faithfully in a second language, but its words, taken as separate entities, can almost never be. Translators translate context. We use analogy to re-create significance, searching for the phrasing and style in the second

language which *mean* in the same way and *sound* in the same way to the reader of that second language. And this requires all our sensibility and as much sensitivity as we can summon to the workings and nuances of the language we translate into.

Jorge Luis Borges reportedly told his translator not to write what he said but what he meant to say. How can any translator ever accomplish what Borges requested? Isn't that the province of gifted psychics or literary critics? Yes on both counts, but I'll address only the issue of the second group.

By now it is a commonplace, at least in translating circles, to say that the translator is the most penetrating reader and critic a work can have. The very nature of what we do requires it. Translating context and significance means we must engage in extensive textual excavation and bring to bear everything we know, feel, and intuit about the two languages and their literatures. Translating by analogy means we have to probe into layers of purpose and implication, weigh and consider each element within its context, then make the great leap of faith into rewriting both text and context in alien terms. And this kind of close critical reading is sheer pleasure for shameless literature addicts like me, who believe that the sum of a fine piece of writing is more than its parts and larger than the individual words that comprise it. I have spent much of my professional life, not to mention all those years in graduate school, committed to the dual proposition that in literature, as in other forms of artistic expression, something more lurks behind mere surface, and my purpose and role in life was to try to

discover and interpret it, even if that goal turned out to be utopian. I think this kind of longing to unravel esthetic mysteries lies at the heart of the study of literature. It surely is the essence of interpretation, of exegesis, of criticism, and of translation.

Yet now I'll confess to you that I am still mystified by the process of dealing with the same text in two different languages, and have searched in vain for a way to express the bewildering relationship between translation and original, a paradoxical connection that probably can only be evoked metaphorically. The question that lurks in the corners of my mind as I work and revise and mutter curses at any fool who thinks the second version of a text is not an original, too, is this: what exactly am I writing when I write a translation? Is it an imitation, a reflection, a transposition, or something else entirely? In what language does the text *really* exist, and what is my connection to it? I do not mean to suggest that a translation is not actually a translation of an original, but it seems clear that a translated work does have an existence separate from and different from the first text, if only because it is written in another language.

I do not have a firm answer or a revelatory solution to the conundrum, but I think authors must often ask themselves the same question, must often see themselves as transmitters of texts rather than as their creators. The figure of the muse as an inspiring presence is too ubiquitous, and too universal, for this not to be true. The "otherness" of inspiration may be what William Trevor had in mind when he said about one of his books: "I didn't plan it...Most things

in art of any kind happen by accident...I don't quite know how it happens."

I have wondered why something so profoundly personal as creating literature should be seen as ultimately inspired by an "other," an external figure, perhaps an "original," and I have been intrigued by the idea that literary language may be a form of translation. And here I mean translation not as the weary journeyman of the publishing world but as a living bridge between two realms of discourse, two realms of experience, and two sets of readers.

Octavio Paz begins his essay on translation with the sentence: "Learning to speak is learning to translate." He states that children translate the unknown into a language that slowly becomes familiar to them, and that all of us are continually engaged in the translation of thoughts into language. Then he develops an even more suggestive notion: no written or spoken text is "original" at all, since language, whatever else it may be, is a translation of the non-verbal world, and each linguistic sign and phrase translates another sign and phrase. The most human of phenomena—the acquisition and use of language—is, according to Paz, actually an ongoing, endless process of translation, and by extension, the most creative use of language—that is, literature—is also a process of translation: not the transmutation of the text into another language but the transformation and concretization of the content of the writer's imagination into a literary artifact. As many observers, including John Felstiner and Yves Bonnefoy, have suggested, the translator who struggles to re-create a writer's words in the words of a

foreign language in fact continues the original struggle of the writer to transpose non-verbal realities into language. In short, as they move from imagination to the written word, authors engage in a process that is parallel to what translators do as they move from one language to another.

If writing is a transcription of internal experience and imaginative states into the external world, then even when authors and readers speak the same language, writers are obliged to translate, to engage in the utopian effort to transform the images and ideas flowing through their most intimate spaces into material, legible terms to which readers have access. And if this is so, the doubts and paradoxical questions that pursue translators must also arise for authors: is their text an invariable betrayal of the imagination and the creative impulse? Can the written work ever be a perfect fit with that imaginative, creative original when two different languages, two realms of experience, can only approximate each other?

In these terms, a literary text can be thought of as written in what is called the translation language, or target language, even though it is presented to readers as if it were written in the original, or source language. If the work is successful, it is read as "seamless," and here this means that when readers hold the work of literature in their hands, it has at last cut free and begun a life independent of the original, independent, that is, of the internal states that initiated the writer's creative process. Language as external artifact needs the metaphors of poetry to express the internal states that inspire the work, but always

looming in the background of all literary endeavor is Flaubert's melancholy observation: "Language is like a cracked kettle on which we beat out tunes for bears to dance to, while all the time we long to move the stars to pity."

All of these considerations and speculations and problematic questions are always in my mind whenever I think about translation, and they certainly occupied a vast amount of mental space when I agreed to take on the immense, utopian task of translating *Don Quixote*. But there was more: hovering over me were dark *sui generis* clouds of intense trepidation, vast areas of apprehension and disquiet peculiar to this project. You can probably imagine what they were, but I'll tell you about a few of them.

There were the centuries of Cervantean scholarship, the specialized studies, the meticulous research, the untold numbers of books, monographs, articles, and scholarly editions devoted to the novel and its creator. Was it my obligation to read and re-read all of these before embarking on the translation? A lifetime would not be enough time to do this scholarly tradition justice; I was no longer a young woman; and I had a two-year contract with the publisher.

There were other translations into English—at least twenty, by someone's count—a few of them very recent and others, like Smollett's, considered classics in their own right. Was it my professional duty to study all of them? I had read *Don Quixote* at least ten times, as a student and as a teacher, but always in Spanish except for my first encounter with the novel, in Samuel Putnam's

translation, when I was a teenager. I had read no other translations since then. Was I willing to delay the work by years to give myself time to read each English-language version with care? To what end? Did I really want to fill my mind with the echoes of other translators' perceptions and interpretations?

Then there was the question of temporal distance, a chasm of four centuries separating me from Cervantes and the world in which he composed his extraordinary novel. I had translated complex and difficult texts before, some of them exceptionally obscure and challenging, in fact, but they were all modern works by living writers. Would I be able to transfer my contemporary experience as a translator to the past and feel some measure of ease as I brought the Spanish of the seventeenth century over into the English of the twenty-first? I had spent a good number of years studying the prose writers and poets of the Spanish Golden Age, Cervantes among them, with some of the most erudite specialists in the field, including Joaquín Casaldueiro, Joseph Gillette, Otis Green, and José Montesinos, but was this sufficient preparation for undertaking the translation of a book that has the hallowed stature of a sacred text? Would my efforts—my incursions into the sacrosanct—amount to blasphemy?

What was I to do about lexical difficulties and obscure passages? As I indicated earlier, after digging through countless dictionaries for the meaning of words I don't know, my normal practice is to talk with those kind, patient, and generous friends who come from the same region as

the author, and as a last step in my lexical searches, to consult with the original writer for a clarification of his or her intention and meaning. But *Don Quixote* clearly was a different matter: none of my friends came from the Spain of the early seventeenth century, and short of channeling, I had no way to consult with Cervantes. I was completely on my own. Two things came to my immediate rescue: the first was Martín de Riquer's informative notes (I told García Márquez, whose *Living to Tell the Tale* I worked on immediately after *Don Quixote*, that Cervantes was easier to translate than he was because at least in a text by Cervantes there were notes at the bottom of the page). Riquer's notes shed light on many of the historical, geographical, literary, and mythical references, which I think tend to be more obscure for a modern reader than individual lexical items. Throughout his edition, Riquer takes on particularly problematic words by comparing their renderings in the earliest translations of *Don Quixote* into English, French, and Italian, and I have always found this especially illuminating. The second piece of invaluable assistance came from an old friend, the Mexican writer Homero Aridjis, who sent me a photocopy of a dictionary he had found in Holland when he was a diplomat there: a seventeenth-century Spanish-English dictionary first published by a certain gentleman named Percivale, then enlarged by a professor of languages named Minshew, and printed in London in 1623. The dictionary was immensely helpful at those dreadful times when a word was not to be found in María Moliner, or in the diction-

ary of the Real Academia, or in Simon & Schuster, Larousse, Collins, or Williams. I do not mean to suggest that there were no excruciatingly obscure or archaic phrases in *Don Quixote*—it has a lifetime supply of those—but I was fascinated to realize how constant and steady Spanish has remained over the centuries (as compared to English, for example), which meant I could often use contemporary wordbooks to help illuminate a seventeenth-century text.

I wondered, too, if the novel would open to me as contemporary works sometimes do, and permit me to immerse myself in its language and intention. Would I be able to catch at least a glimpse of Cervantes's mind as I listened to his prose and began to live with his characters, and would I be able to keep that image intact as I searched for, and hopefully found, equivalent voices in English? Often, at a certain point in the translation of a book, I have been lucky enough to hit the sweet spot, when I can begin to imagine that the author and I have started to speak together—never in unison, certainly, but in a kind of satisfying harmony. At those times it seems as if I can hear the author's voice in my mind speaking in Spanish at the same time that I manage to find a way to speak the work in English. The experience is exhilarating, symbiotic, certainly metaphorical, and absolutely crucial if I am to do what I am supposed to do—somehow get into the author's head and behind the author's eyes and re-create in English the writer's linguistic perceptions of the world. Ralph Manheim, the great translator of German, once compared the translator to an actor

who speaks as the author would if the author could speak English. A difficult role, and arduous enough with contemporary writers. I am not a Golden Age specialist: would I be able to play the Cervantean part and speak those lines, or would the entire quixotic enterprise close down on its first night out of town, before it ever got to Broadway? Would I, in short, be able to write passages that would allow the English-language reader to experience the text in a way that approaches how the reader in Spanish experiences it now, and how the reader experienced it four hundred years ago?

These were some of the fears that plagued me as I prepared to take on the project, but the prospect wasn't entirely bleak, dire, and menacing, of course. The idea of working on *Don Quixote* was one of the most exciting things that had happened to me as a translator. It was a privilege, an honor, and a glorious opportunity. At this point I had the exchange with Julián Ríos that I mentioned in my translator's note. For those of you who haven't read the note, this is what happened: I told Julián about the project, and about the apprehension I felt, and he told me not to be afraid because Cervantes was our most modern writer. All I had to do, he said, was translate him the way I translated everyone else, meaning the contemporary authors whose works I had brought over into English. As I said in the note, this was "a revelation; it desacralized the project and allowed me, finally, to confront the text and find the voice in English" —in other words, to begin the process of translation. In the back of my

mind was the rather fanciful notion that if I could successfully translate the opening phrase—probably the most famous words in Spanish, comparable to the opening lines of Hamlet's soliloquy in English, and known even to people who haven't read the entire work—then the rest of the novel would somehow fall into place. The Spanish reads: "*En un lugar de la Mancha, de cuyo nombre no quiero acordarme...*" I recited those words to myself as if they were a mantra until an English phrase materialized that seemed to have a comparable rhythm and drive, that played with the multiple meanings of the word "*lugar*," and that echoed some of the sound of the original: "Somewhere in La Mancha, in a place whose name I do not care to remember..." It felt right to me, and with a rush of euphoric satisfaction I told myself I might actually be able to translate this grand masterpiece of a book.

Another major consideration was the question of which edition of *Don Quixote* to use. There are beautiful editions of the book, and despite the speculation of some reviewers whose names I do not care to remember, I did know about the highly acclaimed, recent edition by Francisco Rico, but for reasons both critical and sentimental I decided to use Martín de Riquer's, which is based on the first printing of the book. It includes all the oversights, lapses, and slips that Cervantes subsequently tried to correct, and to which he referred in Part Two. I have always loved the errors in the first printing and been charmed by the companionable feeling toward Cervantes that they create in me. Someone—one of

the book's translators, I think—called *Don Quixote* the most careless masterwork ever written, and I thought it would be a shame if my translation lost or smoothed over or scholarshipped away that enthusiastic, ebullient quality, what I think of as the creative surge that allowed Cervantes to make those all-too-human mistakes and still write his crucially important and utterly original book. I am not suggesting, by the way, that Cervantes was a primitive savant or a man not fully conscious of the ramifications and implications of his art. In a variation on the old saying, let me say that even Homer laughed, and I think Cervantes did a fair amount of chuckling throughout his difficult and harried life.

I decided, too, that I was not creating a scholarly work or an academic book, and therefore I would not peruse and compare editions—no more than I would begin my work by checking on how other translators had done theirs. And yet, despite my lack of academic intention, pretension, and purpose, for the first time in my translating career I chose to use footnotes, many of them based on the notes in Riquer's edition, and the others the result of my consulting encyclopedias, dictionaries, and histories. These notes were not meant as proofs of scholarly research but as clarifications for the reader of possibly obscure references and allusions—clarifications made necessary in a contemporary version of the novel by external factors such as the passage of time, changes in education, transformations in the reading public, and the cultural differences between the United States in the twenty-first century and Spain in the sev-

enteenth. I wanted the notes to be as unobtrusive and helpful as possible. There was no reason for an intelligent modern reader to be put off by difficulties in the text that were not intended by the author.

Cervantistas have always loved to disagree and argue, often with venom and vehemence, but I concluded that my primary task was not to become involved in disputation but to create a translation that hopefully could be read with pleasure by as many people as possible. I wanted English-language readers to savor its humor, its melancholy, its originality, its intellectual and esthetic complexity; I wanted them to know why the entire world thinks this is a great masterwork by an incomparable novelist. In the end, my primary consideration was this: *Don Quixote* is not essentially a puzzle for academics, a repository of Renaissance usage, a historical monument, or a text for the classroom. It is a work of literature, and my concern as a literary translator was to create a piece of writing in English that perhaps could be called literature too.

Finally, my *apologia*. I'd like to read the last paragraph of my translator's note:

I began the work in February 2001 and completed it two years later, but it is important for you to know that "final" versions are determined more by a publisher's due date than by any sense on my part that the work is actually finished. Even so, I hope you find it deeply amusing and truly compelling. If not, you can be certain the fault is mine.

To this I should add a phrase attributed to Samuel Beckett: “Next time I’ll have to fail better.” That is all any of us can do.

Edith Grossman
New York, 2004

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Edith Grossman". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style. The word "Edith" is written in a smaller, more compact script, while "Grossman" is written in a larger, more expansive script. The signature is set against a light gray, slightly textured rectangular background.

Edith Grossman, an award-winning Spanish-to-English literary translator, is the translator of Miguel de Cervantes's *Don Quixote* (Ecco/Harper Collins, 2003), as well as *Living to Tell the Tale*, the first volume of Gabriel García Márquez's three-volume memoir. Dubbed the "Glenn Gould" of translating by Harold Bloom, Grossman has brought Cervantes's masterpiece into its most crisp English yet, 400 years after its original publication, and her version has been hailed by Carlos Fuentes in *The New York Times* as "a major literary achievement."

She was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and educated at the University of Pennsylvania, UC Berkeley, and New York University. After years of teaching, she began translating fulltime. She is perhaps the most important translator of Latin American fiction in the past century. Since *Love in the Time of Cholera*, she has translated all of the books of the Nobel laureate Gabriel García Márquez, as well as works by Mario Vargas Llosa, Mayra Montero, Alvaro Mutis, and Julián Ríos. She lives on the Upper West Side of Manhattan.

Selected translations:

1. Gabriel Garcia Marquez: *Love in the Time of Cholera; The General in His Labyrinth; Strange Pilgrims: Stories; Of Love and Other Demons; News of a Kidnapping; Living to Tell the Tale; and Memories of My Melancholy Whores.*
2. Mario Vargas Llosa: *The Notebooks of Don Rigoberto; The Feast of the Goat; and Death in the Andes*
3. Augusto Monterroso: *Complete Works & Other Stories*, University of Texas Press, 1995.
4. Ariel Dorfman: *In Case of Fire in a Foreign Land: New and Collected Poems from Two Languages; and Last Waltz in Santiago and Other Poems of Exile and Disappearance.*
5. Alvaro Mutis: *The Adventures of Maqroll: four novellas*, 1995.
6. Mayra Montero: *Captain of the Sleepers; The Last Night I Spent with You; Deep Purple; The Messenger; The Red of His Shadow; and You, Darkness.*
7. Julián Ríos: *Monstruary, and Loves that Bind.*

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Alfonso Sastre (1926-), Spanish existentialist playwright, essayist, and critic, member of the New Art literary movement, outspoken critic of censorship in Franco's Spain.
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Edward Villella (1936-), North American Principal Dancer in George Balanchine's New York City Ballet (1960), later founder and Artistic Director of the Miami City Ballet.
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Zee Edgell (1940-), Belizean journalist, activist and author of four novels including *Beka Lamb*, Associate Professor of English at Kent State University in Ohio.
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Magdalena Gallegos de Donoso, Ecuadorian anthropologist and art historian, author of over fifty exhibition catalogues, Director of the Central Bank of Ecuador Museums.
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Ann Yonemura (1947-), North American Senior Associate Curator of Japanese Art at the Freer and Sackler Galleries of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C.
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Homero Aridjis (1940-), Mexican poet, diplomat and author of over 25 books of poetry, founder of the environmental Group of 100, awarded by the United Nations.
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Edwidge Danticat (1969-), Haitian author of *Breath, Eyes, Memory* (1994), Pushcart Award (1995), and *The Farming of the Bones* (1999), American Book Award (1999).
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Bernard McGinn, North American theologian from University of Chicago's Divinity School, leading scholar in apocalyptic thought, editor of *Classics of Western Spirituality*.
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Mary Louise Pratt (1948-), Canadian linguist from Stanford University, leading scholar in feminism, post-colonial theory and culture in Latin America.
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David Carrasco (1944-), North American Professor of Religions at Princeton, later at Harvard Divinity School, editor of *The Oxford Encyclopedia of Mesoamerican Cultures*.
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Roberto Da Matta (1936-), Brazilian anthropologist from Notre Dame University, advisor to the *Luso-Brazilian Review*, expert on popular culture in Brazil.
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Roberto Sosa (1930-), Honduran poet, editor and journalist, Casa de las Americas Award (1971), National Rosa Literary Award (1972), National Itzamna Literary Award (1980).
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- *Architecture as a Living Process*
Douglas Cardinal (1934-), Canadian architect, projects include Canadian Museum of Civilizations, and original proposal for U.S. National Museum of the American Indian.
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Daniel Catán (1949-), neo-impressionist Mexican opera composer, works include *Rappaccini's Daughter* (1991), *Florence in the Amazon* (1996), *Salsipuedes* (2004).
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Albalucía Angel (1939-), Colombian experimental novelist and pioneer of Latin American postmodernism, Vivencias Award (1975), folksinger and journalist.
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Roberto Suro (1951-), North American reporter for *The Washington Post*, former Bureau Chief of *The New York Times* in Houston, Texas, and Director of Pew Hispanic Center.
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Felipe Cárdenas-Arroyo, Colombian archaeologist from the University of Los Andes in Bogotá, CASVA scholar, specialist in pre-Hispanic mummification and human bone.
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- *Celebrating the Extraordinary Life of Elisabeth Samson*
Cynthia McLeod (1936-), decorated Surinamese author of the best-selling *The High Price of Sugar* and *Farewell Merodia*, specialist in 18th century Suriname.
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Salvador Garmendia (1928-2001), Venezuelan novelist, National Literature Prize (1970), Juan Rulfo Short Story Award (1989), literary magazine founder and editor.
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- *Aspects of Creation in the Central American Novel*
Gloria Guardia (1940-), Panamanian writer, journalist and essayist, member of the Panamanian Academy of Language, National Short Story Prize (Bogotá, 1996).
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Fred D'Aguiar (1960-), UK/Guyanese novelist and poet, Guyana Prize for Poetry (1986), Malcolm X Poetry Prize (1986), Whitbread First Novel Award (1994).
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Sergio Ramírez (1942-), Nicaraguan author of 25 books, Dashiell Hammett Award (1988), Alfaguara Award (1998), and former Vice-President of his country.
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- *Myth, History and Fiction in Latin America*
Tomás Eloy Martínez (1934-), Argentine writer and journalist, Rutgers University professor, author of *Santa Evita* (1995), Argentina's most translated book (37 languages).
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Leopoldo Castedo (1915-1999), Spanish-Chilean art historian, scholar, and filmmaker who drove the length of South America twice, co-author of 20-volume *Historia de Chile*.
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Miguel Huezo Mixco (1954-), Salvadoran poet and journalist, cultural editor of *Tendencias* magazine, Director of National Council for Culture and Art (CONCULTURA).
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Nélida Piñon (1937-), decorated Brazilian author of *The Republic of Dreams* (1984), Juan Rulfo Award (1995), member and former president of the Brazilian Academy of Letters.
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María Susana Azzi (1952-), Argentine cultural anthropologist, Board Member of the Astor Piazzolla Foundation and the National Academy of Tango in Buenos Aires.
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Patricia Glinton Meicholas, Bahamian writer, founding president of the Bahamas Association for Cultural Studies, Silver Jubilee of Independence Medal for Literature.
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Eliot Weinberger (1949-), North American essayist and primary translator of Octavio Paz, PEN/Kolovakos Award (1992), National Book Critics Circle Award (1999).
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Roch Carrier (1937-), decorated Canadian novelist and playwright, Director of the Canada Council for the Arts (1994-97), and National Librarian of Canada (1999-2004).
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Wade Davis (1953-), Canadian ethnobotanist and writer, National Geographic Society Explorer, author of *The Serpent and the Rainbow* (1986) and *One River* (1996).
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Camilo Herrera (1975-), Colombian sociologist and economist, founding director of the Center for Cultural Studies for Political, Economic and Social Development in Bogotá.
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Ronald Inglehart (1934-), North American political scientist, Director of Institute for Social Research at University of Michigan; and Wayne E. Baker, Faculty Associate.
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Néstor García Canclini (1939-), distinguished Argentine philosopher and anthropologist, Casa de las Americas Prize (1981), and Director of Urban Culture Studies at UNAM.
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Julio Escoto (1944-), Honduran novelist, National Literary Prize (1974), Spain's Gabriel Miró Prize (1983), José Cecilio del Valle Prize in Honduras (1990).
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Maria Grazia Mattei (1950-), Italian expert in new communications technology, founder of MGM Digital Communication, with remarks by artist Fabrizio Plessi.
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Rafael Viñoly (1944-), Uruguayan architect, finalist in the new World Trade Center design competition; designer of expansion of the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C.
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Michael Chibnik (1946-), Professor of Anthropology at the University of Iowa, based on his 2003 book *Crafting Tradition: The Making and Marketing of Oaxacan Wood Carvings*.
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Fernando Savater (1947-), distinguished Spanish philosopher and novelist, Professor of Philosophy at the Universidad Complutense de Madrid, Sakharov Prize (2002).
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Cristián Samper (1967-), Costa-Rican/Colombian biologist, Director of Smithsonian's Natural History Museum, former chief science adviser to Colombian government.
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Salomón Lerner (1944-), Peruvian philosopher, Rector of Pontifical Catholic University of Peru (1994-2004), Angel Escobar Jurado National Human Rights Award (2003).
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Darío Ruiz Gómez (1935-), Colombian art and literary critic, former Professor of Architecture in Medellín, published four books of poetry and five books of short stories.
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