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Mr.
 Henry Miller
 444 Ocampo Drive
 Pacific Palisades
California, 90272

Dear Mr. Miller:

Maybe you will remember the letters I wrote to you some years ago (in 1967!), when I was working in an essay about your work that was enclosed as a prologue in my translation into catalan of your book on Rimbaud, The Times of the Assassins. From that time up-to-date, several books that were translated by me into catalan have been published by Aymá in Barcelona: Tropic of Cancer, Tropic of Capricorn, Black Spring, and other translations are waiting to be printed: The Books in my Life, Reunion in Barcelona and To Paint is to Love Again.

I wonder whether Mr. Cendrós from Aymá has been sending a copy of those books published to you or not. If he did not, please let me know it, and I would gladly send them to you.

I felt you would like to know that catalan critics not only praised warmly your books, but they also spoke encomiastically about the translations. So, I enclose a review about Tropic of Capricorn, a review that I have translated very badly, in fact, because I am not used to write in or to translate into English, but I suppose you will catch the essence of it. This is just a sample. Were you interested in them, I could send all the ~~more~~ other reviews that have been published in newspapers and magazines about the rest of your books, but I wish to confirm whether the address I am writing you is correct or not.

I have finished reading Letters to Anaïs Nin, in Spanish, because I never was able to find it in English. It has really rounded the image I perceived by intuition behind the one that you reveal in your books. To that impression contributed the reading of your correspondence with Lawrence Durrell and the volumes I and II (in Spanish) of the Diary Anaïs Nin's Diary (now I am waiting the six volumes in English from a bookseller in the States). Some time ago I translated into catalan some books of those authors: Clea by Lawrence Durrell and Ladders to Fire and Aphrodisiac by Anaïs Nin, and lately has been published my translation of Lady Chatterley's Lover by D.H. Lawrence, with a prologue of mine. I also wrote a prologue to Ladders to Fire. Great is my admiration for Anaïs Nin's work and her death was profoundly painful for me. As I do not know whether this letter will reach you or not, I close it here.

Sincerelly yours

P.S. I should like very much to have one of your books, with your autograph.
 Am I asking too much?

(Translation of the review on Tropic of Capricorn, published in the literary magazine Camp de l'arpa, june, 6, 1978)

"Sometimes a translation is useful not only to make known the text written in another language --i.e., from another country, another people, another culture-- but, also, to make known the expressive possibilities of the language the text is translated into. This is what ~~can~~ comes to be the translation made by Jordi Arbones of this major work written by the American author, and in it is proved to what extent the catalan language is fit for ~~conveying~~ conveying the nuances of another language, for functioning as a re-creative language and, at the same time, as a language fit for literary creation. In doing this work, Arbones enters into the tradition of translators who have enriched the catalan culture, practising the craft of transfuse the spirit of a language into the spirit of another one, something that surpasses the usual "free-lance" translation.

It is pertinent to remember that an important aspect of the force of a language is its capacity to embody the findings of another one. Some translations even are the starting point of a national culture, as the one Luther made of the Bible: a good translation can be an idiomatic creation form, a creation and consolidation of culture. It is pleasant to read this translation of a Miller who masters each resource of his peculiar style, the visceral force of his rebuffing of contemporary society, the avalanche of rude and rightful insults he throws against the alienation of the American World -- in spite of the fact that the author maintains always his American "national peculiarity"; that, explicitly, he prefers the European world and, above all else, that Paris of his chaotic formation. It is all this intricacy of elements, apparently alien to the catalan culture --that would prefer to be in itself more cautious and less turbulent, soothingly "bourgeois"-- what masterly conveys the translation into catalan by Jordi Arbones, lively and powerful as the original itself; i.e., not academic, not formalist, but highly respectful to the original.