

Anexo 4

FUENTE: Universidad de Princeton.

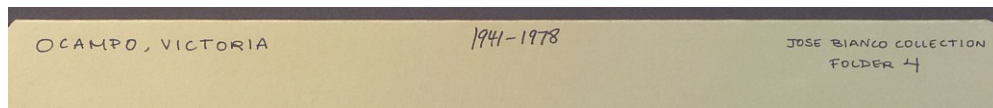
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Diciembre 18/51 Paris

Querido Pepe:
Noyn almorzo aquí en mi cuarto
Simone de Beauvoir. Tuvimos una
conversación muy instructiva, ¡¡ fue
mezcla de saber y de ignorancia. Por
ejemplo: me preguntó si yo había
leído "A room of one's own". Se dijo
que lo había traducido y publicado.
Entonces le pregunté si también
le gustaba "Three Guinnes". No
sabía nada de ese libro. Ni tan-
poco del tan importante / desde
el punto de vista feminista / prefa-
cio de Virginia al conjunto de
Testimonios de obreras (que expli-
can y cuestionan sus explotaciones).
Hablamos del asunto Kaysersberg
y desde luego me contó en ella
un eco que yo había escuchado
Volvi a B.A. en mi tándem. Yo de-
mi Carreau, el original francés de
sus libros. Ahora lo necesitaría de
S. de Beauvoir. Como me
podrían mandar por correo
nuestro? no se le podría pedir
a Westel? (la Valija).

Adriens, Simone & me pritis páginas de
mis memorias para "tempo moderno".
Yo le dije que si se publicaban las
de K. aquí, le recomendaré que
se hablara de mi libro con motivo
del capítulo V.O. Me dijo que
cuando luego eso se haría con
el mayor interés.

Pance extraño (y a la vez natural)
que sea una mujer que causeo
poco y no los autores que causeo
co tanto pien se adelanta
a pedirnos citas cosas. No? A
Vidi dirá, si me me parece jamás.
Jamais je ne demande rien
à personne. Et ici qui ne se
passe pas est perdu.

S. de B. me a dit qu'elle avait été
fort étonnée par la réaction pro-
duite par "la démission sexuelle". Elle
s'imaginait que les choses dont
elle parle ne sont plus pour elle
personne ne fait plus chose
mauvais de... résister. Elle
croit que c'est des vérités.
Passées à la grande circulation.
Et bien pas du tout.
Quant à moi, j'ai toujours pensé
que le livre choquerait tant les

hommes que les femmes, et les bourgeois
(gentilhomme au pas) que les intellectuels.
Nous sommes "l'air du lieu" au lieu
nous nous sommes en sûreté "comme
disait l'autre. Bien lieu.

Vauclay - nous avons de suite l'article
de Mme Vauclay (Simone ne sait
pas qui est Mme Vauclay) et une
note sur le manuscrit de Beauvois?
Envoyez moi ça par avion. Elle veut
les lire.

Nous avons parlé de Stella de
Villemorin. Il paraît qu'elle est
d'avis que la femme est une
être bien inférieur à l'homme
etc (qu'on ne s'en soucie pas)... ce qui lui
permet de supposer qu'elle même
est une fille de exception. Il n'a
pas les mêmes idées. Il n'a
me raconte de la femme ce qu'on
pas fait pour me plaire (Monsieur
dit que les droits etc). S. de B. me
monstrer pour avoir la part
écrivain qui avait une femme
théorie.

Achetez le dernier Cahier de
la Pléiade. Tout ça va il
à dedans m'importe.

Je m'arriva même de ne pas
occuper ce que je lis. Je
soupçonne que la littérature
est devenue de plus en plus
vaine (celle-là du moins)
et les écrivains aussi.

Il y a des pages sur et de Lade
dans le dernier cahier de la Période.
Les histoires de Vanille et Manille
me font penser que le cas Lade
est bien ce que je soupçonne.
Et ça ne m'intéresse pas.
Vous pouvez peut-être
Pierre David, que je n'aime
les lieux communs (Angélique
personnage d'hiver ce que ce
adresse un ton, chez nous
Thérèse).

Mais ne me donnez aucune nouvelle.
Dites à Europe que je ne
s'écrit plus. Que diriez-vous
surtout de Mureau? Et comment
va Mureau Estrada?

Je vous embrasse

V

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41 West 83rd Street
New York, Dec. 6

WALDO FRANK

Beloved Victoria,

Your letter of Nov 25 reached me yesterday and gladdened me. (That is why I must be so wicked as to interrupt my morning's work in order to send you this word by tomorrow's steamer). Your analysis of why and how Mussolini impressed you is exact and perfectly understandable. Indeed, when your first letter came I fully thought that you have since explained; what was lacking in that first letter was the sign that you were conscious. Mussolini is one of the great exemplars of Evil, of the demonic Power now unleashed in the world. Such figures are never wanting in power and even in virtue. It takes a man of substance to make a devil: the Christians knew this. Hitler, it seems to me, is the symbol of Germanic confusion and neurosis, whereas Mussolini is the symbolic form of a far greater, stronger cultural strain - the Latin, corrupted by the Power-atomism of our epoch. Such a man draws from us all that is uncertain and hungry for survival. I can understand perfectly your response to Mussolini because I am certain, were I to see him, (I have seen similar men of power here) I should have similar responses. Your definition of fascism could not be improved by any economist: it is indeed the rigor mortis of an era -- unfortunately, this "death" can last a long time, and does not bring with it either the death or the release of individual life within the rotted social order. We who suffer and who live (how long?) must at the same time plan our resistance to the death of our world and our survival through a birth. No artists of any age have had a more heroic problem.

And how well I understand your response to the intellectuals of Paris. I regret you did not meet Gide. Just the other day I had a cordial letter from him, in which he does not mention my letter to him about you. -- Is it possible that the great man cannot bear the sight of a woman both beautiful and brilliant (for he probably remembers you -- the shrewd one!) If so, you must pity him, not blame him.

winter I am wondering, dear Victoria, whether you intend to spend the winter in Europe. (Better not risk another Argentine summer, like the last one!) Perhaps you will be returning via New York? Alma and I have not given up hope. Whether we are here or in Truro, you will be heartily deeply welcome. I can not offer you any Balraux, any Huxley or Stravinsky: but only ourselves -- who love you. And the children, I suspect you will find them worth the journey. Really, Victoria, they are lovely. I do not let my mind go forward into what the future may bring them (for we also some day will have our Terror). That way lies madness... and also, for self-survival, hope.

I am 45 years old, Victoria, and I can say pretty definitely now that my country will not even in the humblest way support me so I can do my work. Although I signed up with one of the best lecture-agents in the country (the man who manages people like Galsworthy and Queen Marie) my lecture-tour is a failure. The organisations with money to pay no longer want me. And my book has been killed by the almost unanimous hostility of the newspaper critics. I am amazed at the hate! They are not satisfied with shouting that I cannot write a novel; they must even attack my integrity, my very soul. However, when I turn to another page and see how humble Jewish workmen have been treated in Germany, I say to myself: Why should you receive better at the hands of life? And my impulse to feel sorry for myself turns swiftly into a sense of great personal fortune -- and of responsibility to God to thank him for it by *during it*.

The Stieglitz book is out. It is not perfect, and I am particularly dissatisfied with my own essay. (I had to write it just after fin-



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ishing the novel, and I was unable to give the rounded piece that the book called for, from me. Yet I could not delay, because the book was a "timely" one, and I did not feel I could hold it up. It has some fine things: I recommend particularly (I assume you have your two copies) the Williams essay, the Mumford, the Howard among the main chapters. Your piece is one of the loveliest and deepest of the tributes. In order that you may compare the mucker press of NY with your own in B A I enclose a review).

Let me hear from you, Victoria. And write me in full and in full candor about the novel. Remember, that I want your negative as well as your positive responses to my book (I feel sure you have negative ones). As my friend and sister, you owe me this.

Love

Walds

Are you going to Spain? If so will you try to find out for me about Espasa-Calpe?

Please read Silou's Fontanara (it is translated into French & English).

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