

JORDI ARBONES  
Leandro N. Alem, 195  
BERNAL (Buenos Aires)  
Rep. Argentina

UAB 2859

Universitat Autònoma de Barcelona  
Biblioteca d'Humanitats

Bernal, 20 January, 1968

Mr.  
HENRY MILLER  
Dear Sir:

Thanks for your letter of July 30, 1967. I wish your trip to Europe and Japan, to exhibit your paintings, have been a success.

Yes, I am translating for Ayma, S.A.E. For this publisher I have translated into Catalan A View from the Bridge by Arthur Miller, Cat on a Hot Tin Roof and A Street Car Named Desire by T. Williams, Wild Palms by W. Faulkner, For Whom the Bell Tolls by E. Hemingway, your Black Spring and I have just finished your Books in My Life. As a matter of fact, neither For Whom the Bell Tolls nor Black Spring could be published by now. The former because political reasons, the latter... well, you know so well the reasons. Really, they (Ayma) were rather too optimistic thinking they could publish Black Spring, because the obscurantism I talked about in my letter has not vanished quite yet. As Ayma's editor, the writer (poet and dramatist) Joan Oliver, told me in a last letter, your "spring" is of a kind that will delay blooming in our country. But it seems they have got the permission to publish Books in My Life. As soon as it appears, I will be very glad to send you a copy.

Not only foreign authors find difficulties under Franco's regime. Many Catalan writers have a lot of manuscripts awaiting for a "better" opportunity. To speak only of myself, I obtained a second place in the prize "Joan Santamaria" for short stories and last month I reached the third one in the prize "Josep Ixart" for essays, but in spite of all that, the censors do not authorize the publication of those works. I do not know Anaïs Nin's books. Ayma is publishing, in Catalan and Spanish, simultaneously, A Spy in the House of Love, and maybe they will propose me the translation of some other book of this author. I am very interested in knowing her work specially now I have just read your essay Un Etre Stoilique.

Now I want to tell you something about one of your favorites: Walt Whitman. In Books in My Life you express your wonder in remarking that the first time Leaves of Grass appeared in France, it was in a translation into Provençal (a language which is closer to Catalan than Spanish, as you surely know). Well, in 1909, "L'Aveng", a Catalan publishing house, published a selection of poems from Leaves of Grass, translated into Catalan by Cebria Montoliu, who also wrote an essay about Whitman (Walt Whitman; The Man and his Work) that could not be published with the poems and appeared in 1913, edited by the "Societat Catalana d'Edicions". Cebria Montoliu had translated into Catalan John Ruskin and Ralph Waldo Emerson. The selection in Spanish by Armando Vasseur was published about four years afterward the Catalan edition. Actually, in spite of all the difficulties that finds our language, Kafka and Sartre (some of their books, at least) have been published in Catalan before than in Spanish. This put out the vitality of a culture and a language of "a small area" (70.000 Km<sup>2</sup>. and about seven million of inhabitants): Catalonia.

A Devil in Paradise, as I told you, was translated by Manuel de Pedrolo and published in Barcelona by "Edicions 62" in its collection "El Balanci", n 22, in Catalan. Are you not writing anymore? What about the second volume of Books in My Life? I Hope to hear more of you, meanwhile I am yours sincerely