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Bernal, september 27, 1979

Mr.
Henry Miller
444 Ocampo Drive
Pacific Palisades
California 90272
U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Miller:

During three days I have lived some of the happiest moments in my life. The first day, I received your book Insomnia; the second, the other two little books, and the third, your letter. Each time the postman rang at my home, he was the carrier of a joy-bearing object. Maybe you'll think I'm exaggerating, but I am not. You taught me --through your books-- to love little things or, better, spiritual things, because the books you sent me are not "little things" at all. I mean that I do not go looking for money (in any case, only the necessary for living); I said "no" to "rats race" a long time ago. So these things are more precious to me than real jewelry. Insomnia, with your handwriting and your watercolors, is a jewel; the two little books, with your autographs, two gems, and your letter... How could I express my gratefulness to you?

I can see a spark of matrimony in your eyes while you were writing about going with a "real beauty", who is only 30 years old, and you are 88, like Casals and Picasso, what! Or when telling me the Catalans and the Basques are giving a hard time to the Spaniards) Even now I am laughing my head off! You know, my father is 83 years old and fit as a fiddle, too. When I told him about your divorce and new engagement, he almost cried tears of envy, because he has been married to my mother all his life, and now he thinks it would be very interesting getting divorced "for a change"!

For forty years the Spaniards, through Franco's government, gave more than a hard time to the Basques and the Catalans, and now the tide has turned. But, while the Basques are engaged in battle with bombs and guns, the Catalans are fighting with words. I wonder which will be the result of all that. Up-to-date, we, the Catalans, have gotten more promises than facts. And the Basques are putting the ~~Spaniards~~ Spanish armed forces in a thundering rage... and that is very dangerous.

I only hope Mr. Cendrós from Ayma have paid the royalties to your agent, otherwise, he will assign me no translation any more, because I started the subject! But, don't mind, I think Mr. Cendrós is a serious publisher. Now, he is going to publish a book of mine, an essay about Manuel de Pedrolo's work. Pedrolo is a writer who has written only in Catalan (novels, short stories, ~~plays~~ plays, poetry, articles and translations); most of his

books were forbidden by franquist censors; he was prosecuted (and absolved) for having written a novel about homosexuality. Some of his books have been translated into French and English. Martin Esslin analyzes Pedrolo's plays in his book The Theatre of the Absurd. Pedrolo translated into Catalan your The Devil in Paradise, the first of your books published in my language.

As I never returned to my country since I left to come to Argentina in 1956 (23 years ago!), my wife (she is Catalan also) and I are planning to go back there for a month and a half next February. I have been thinking it would be a good opportunity for making a visit to you in our way back to Argentina. I would like very much to meet you, because one of my projects is to write a book about your work (in Catalan). Some time ago I talked with Mr. Cendrós about this idea and he told me he would be very pleased in considering the publication of it. I believe it could be interesting to talk with you, but I must consider, fundamentally, two things: first, I would not wish to disturb you, to be a bore (I know how zealous you are for keeping your privacy); second, I should know if there is a hotel near the ~~place~~ place you are living (a cheap hotel, of course, because I have very little money, as I am working in a publishing house as a proofreader and editor, and make translations in my free time!); which is the airport nearer to Pacific Palisades and which transportation mean we could use from one to the other place; how much does it cost to rent a hotel room (for two persons) per day. We should only stay for two or three days, from the 5th or 8th of March on. I await your comments on this matter. But, please, be frank; if you say we should be a nuisance to you, I will understand it perfectly.

Under separate cover, I am sending you by air mail a lot of clippings about my translations of your books and a copy of each one of them. I have translated some of the reviews, totally or partially.

Many thanks for your kindness, and I wish you can forget me for being a nuisance.

Very truly yours

Jordi Arbones