

Box 948  
Truro, Massachusetts  
6 November 1950

Dearest Gabriela,

On my return yesterday from a brief visit to Boston, I found your welcome letter. Many thanks; I am giving your new address to the Guggenheim Foundation; but if it changes for an address in Europe, perhaps you will let me know, for the request for a "report" on me may not come for some time.

But before you go to Europe, I hope I shall see you! When you are in Washington (or New York) why not fly or go by train to Boston, and from there to Truro, to spend a quiet week with us? We shall be here probably until the end of January. We have a comfortable warm house, and Jean and I would be so happy to have you! Is Coni with you? she or whoever is your Secretary at the time would be welcome also.

I am emerging painfully from my over to and a half years of deep labor on the Bolivar opus -- it is not a conventional biography, it is a portrait of the people of America Hispana, focussed on that tragic luminous figure. It has been painful, for I have been living the anguish of that life, of that world. The book is almost done, (I hope to have it really finished by the end of the year) and it has left me exhausted. Early next year, we also would like to go to Europe - if it is possible. The world situation is darker than ever. If we really permit ourselves to fall into a conflict with China, we are lost. We may win military victories over China, but Asia inevitably will destroy our pride, sap our energies - bring us (I mean the USA) to the humiliation which is doubtless what we need, if we are ever to have a true spiritual ~~birth~~ birth. All signs point to tragedy. There is one wise man in Asia, who might have been our friend, and who might have led us: Nehru. We have done everything we could to ignore and to offend him. Destiny is character; and the character of my beloved country is an admixture of good-will, arrogance and folly, which can have no happy issue.

Yes, I am deeply tired; I think the chief cause is the realization that I have spent all my adult life in the hateful atmosphere of war. War of every kind -- and particularly in its worst aspects: indifference to true human values, masked obscenely in all the rhetoric of "love" for these values. The one hope for the Occident is to develop a methodology by which there may come to be some relation between the values we profess and our actions. This is the subject I hope to approach in my next book, if I am able to write it. Will I be able to write it? If this is my destiny and duty, so it will be. I am not worried or anxious. I am ready. The economic problems will somehow be solved. I am happy that you are willing to write to the Guggenheim people about this task of mine. Or you have always sensed the basic substance of my work -- you know that this new book of mine will, if I am enabled to write it, be a realization of all I have written.

I am sad dear sister that your health is "indecisa." May that wondrous power of energy and mastered form, which makes you a great Poet, be applied to your body to give it health for many years to come. I embrace you,

ever your

W. Frank

[Carta] 1950 nov. 6, Truro, Massachusetts [a] Gabriela Mistral [manuscrito] Waldo Frank.

**AUTORÍA**

Frank, Waldo, 1889-1967

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