

dirección:  
85 Riverside Drive,  
New York NY

San Francisco, Calif.  
24 september 1943

Querida, muy querida hermana mía, Gabriela,

Victoria Ocampo came here last week for a few days; and told me of the terrible news of the death of your nephew - she had just heard it from her sister.....My dearest Gabriela, you are never far from my mind, but since I heard his news I have thought of you constantly. I do not know what happened; Victoria and I both have been unable to imagine what happened. But I know how profoundly you must have been wounded, how terribly you must be suffering, and will long continue to suffer, through the death of this boy who lived with you, and whom you loved like a mother. What can I say to you? Even if I knew the "facts" - what could I say? If I were with you, I could let you speak to me; and I could take your hand so as to make you feel more directly my deep compassion. In this absence, words are of little use -- except to make you know what you must know already: that your friend -- that all your friends, who love you, think of you; and deplore that they cannot really help you.

I have not heard from you in a long time. I do not even know if you received my last book, "South American Journey" in which I speak of you. I recall that when I saw you, your health was not good. I am worried about it, now. Victoria said something about advising you to come to New York to consult some physician. I wish you would come. I suspect that now a journey - un déplacement - might be good for you. I am hoping that at least you will write me, or have some one -- Connie, or Vinicius de Moraes, write me, giving me news of you. I shall not be at ease till I have heard how you are taking this bitter blow.

I repeat: I know nothing of the circumstances of Gin Gin's death. But I have thought much on suicide: on the terror of the rebuke of the suicide on all the living. This I feel surely: there is never any especial cause of this action. Every human life is constantly subjected to blows of all kinds, trials of all kinds. Those who succumb and take their own lives are not more sorely tried than others; it is simply that some organic crack or flaw in them exists -- as specific, as the existence of tubercular germs in the lungs of those who, catching cold - breathing the same air as we, die of consumption. The blow which the sound vessel takes as a matter of course suffices to split asunder the vessel that already has a perhaps hidden flaw. I say this to you; because - my dearest sister - I know how hard it will be for you, at this time, to be objective; and to desist from reading yourself with misgivings and with doubts for what has happened.

May God be with you; and strengthen you; for you have much still to do, many years still to give to the Continent that loves and needs you.

your friend and brother

Waldo

How you know of my worries? How I wish I saw and I was as glad in our country for you! (Just we hope to have), and I will you to come to us now.

[Carta] 1943 Sept. 24, [California], [EE.UU.] [a] Gabriela  
[Mistral] [manuscrito] Waldo Frank.

**AUTORÍA**

Frank, Waldo, 1889-1967

**FORMATO**

Manuscrito

**DATOS DE PUBLICACIÓN**

[Carta] 1943 Sept. 24, [California], [EE.UU.] [a] Gabriela [Mistral] [manuscrito] Waldo Frank. 1 h. ; 28 cm.

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