

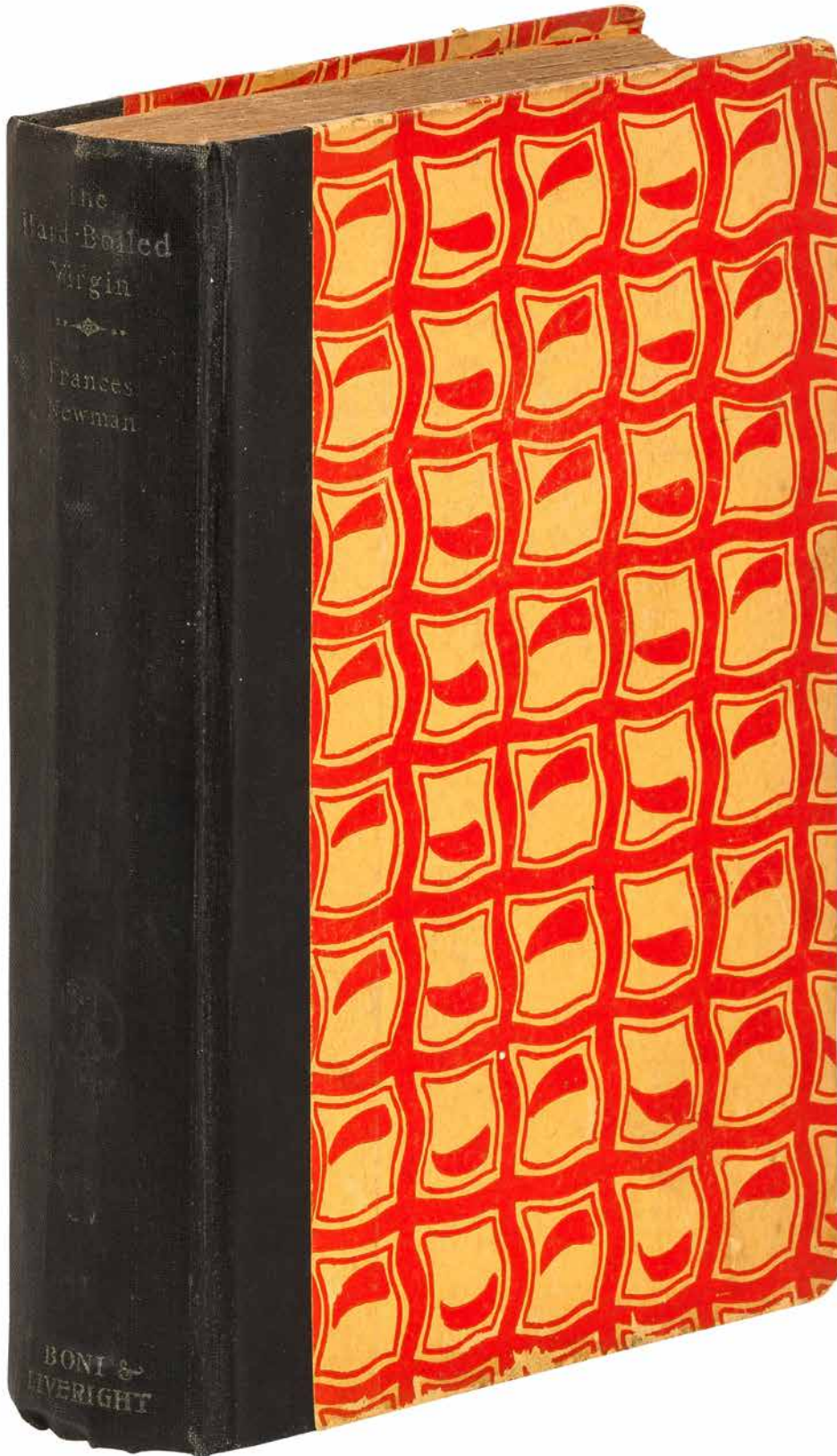
How do you really feel, Mr. Galantière?

Frances Newman [Lewis Galantière]

The Hard-Boiled Virgin

New York: Albert and Charles Boni (1926)

\$450



Second printing. Spine lettering worn, corners worn, a good or better copy lacking the dustwrapper. Laid in is an Autograph Letter Signed ("Lewy") written from the respected translator and raconteur Lewis Galantière to Marian Seldes, a Tony Award-winning actress and the daughter of expatriate writer Gilbert Seldes.

The letter, written in 1975, warmly recalls Gilbert Seldes and gives a brief reminiscence by Galantière of his meeting Frances Newman in Paris in the 1920s: “Frances Newman: Her name takes me back to 1921 when she appeared in Paris with a note of introduction from one James Branch Cabell. I’m pretty sure she was a fellow Virginian: a maiden look[ed] 10 or 15 years older than me who never - while she was in Paris - deigned to see me again. She had a quick wit, I’m sure; and mine to[ok] a bit of time to understand what she would want to know of Paris.” Later in the letter: “Newman (again) I never read her and I couldn’t abide her. She was not edible. Elle etait (a mon gout) tout simplement une vieille fille. [translates as “She was (to my taste) simply an old maid.”]. If I went on, I would say things I have no grounds for saying, no right to say. I think she was a bit jealous of men. Mind, that was more than 50 years ago!”

THE
HARD-BOILED
VIRGIN

by
FRANCES NEWMAN



BONI & LIVERIGHT
New York 1926

Letter is folded as mailed
else fine in original
envelope. Interesting, if
jaundiced view of Newman.
[BTC#419894]

Frances Newman.

Her name takes my back to 1921 when she appeared in Paris with a note of introduction from one James Branch Cabell. I'm pretty sure she was a fellow Virginian: a maiden look 10 or 15 yrs older than me who never -- while she was in Paris -- deigned to see me again. She had a quick wit, I'm sure; and mind to a bit of time to understand what she would want to know of Paris.

Exactly the same is what I would want to know about myself now, though it doesn't bother me much.

I saw your lovely daughter ~~at~~ with an arrise à elle some months ago. If you ask me to 57th St., please let it be when she is there.

Your everlastingly affectionate
(Livy)

Newman (again) I never read her and I couldn't abide her. She was not ^{edible} ~~attractive~~. Elle était (à mon goût) tout simplement une vieille fille. If I went on, I would say things I have no grounds for saying, no right to say. I think she was a bit jealous of men.

Mind, that was more than 50 years ago!

We'll see each other

Sunday (3) 22 (?) Sept 75

LEWIS GALANTIÈRE

1 WEST SEVENTY-SECOND STREET

NEW YORK, N. Y. 10023

Very dear Marzian descendant
of her and him who were
universally loved, as were your
brother, must be his young, and
that daughter! do not cease to smile
towards,

Malaga! Miramar! ^{maddish} What was
the name of the gentleman's house
midway to Gibraltar? ^{we sit out of doors; darned, too.} It was up on
the coast and we walked down stairs
and past a pond to dabble in the sea. --
which is not a really indifferent
reason to assume that you didn't --
live here [writing with a ^{darned} ~~damned~~
Japanese pen], ^{all} but five years sans me Nancy;
you and you almost all others whom I equally miss the
most -- of the others: those who don't know it, alas! and the
many fewer who may be aware of it.

(over)



Miss Marian Seldes
125 East 57th Street
New York, 10022