

GERTRUDE STEIN'S WAR

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Contemporary French Civilization: "Culture and Daily Life in Occupied France." Summer/Fall 1999, Volume XXIII, No. 2, pp 223-243.

I was delighted, on being asked to participate in this conference, to realize that two of the writers who mean the most to me, Gertrude Stein and Samuel Beckett, spent the war years in France. Doubly delighted to know that they lived in rural France, also very close to my heart, since I spent some time studying village life in the French *Pays Basque*.

Gertrude Stein, as you may know, was an American writer and "personnage" who had lived in Paris since the early 1900s and had summered near Belley in Eastern France since about 1924. She lived in Paris first with her brother Leo, and from 1908 or so with her lifelong companion, Alice B. Toklas (the B stands for Babette) who was also American. They were, in fact, Californians. Stein was an experimental writer and a wholly original writer and not the least because she was preoccupied in her writing with history, and with the history of daily life as opposed to the history of events.

You may know that she and her brother were at the center of the world of avant-garde painting as well as writing, from the early 1900s on—they were among the first to buy the work of Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso, and Gauguin, and they bought Degas, Delacroix, Renoir, Toulouse-Lautrec and many others as well.

Stein said of Cézanne that he "conceived the idea that in composition one thing was as important as another thing, each part is as important as the whole" and that impressed her so much she began to write in a certain way—a book called *Three Lives*—and that was in 1909.¹ This point of view is central to her portrayal of daily life and perhaps to any successful joining of art and daily life.

You should know that she was sixty-six years old in 1940; that she and Alice were lesbians, and that they were Jewish; that they chose to remain in rural France throughout the Occupation, and to write about the experience.

Another English-speaking writer, the future Nobel Prize winner Samuel Beckett, also chose to live in France during the Occupation and he ended up in a village near the site of this conference. He was Irish—that is, from a neutral country—Protestant and heterosexual. Samuel Beckett was thirty-four years old in 1940, half Gertrude Stein's age. They experienced the war very differently.

Gertrude Stein was, as I said, preoccupied in her writing with the quotidian. Daily life was an opportunity, and daily life under the Occupation was an even greater opportunity. “I do not like to fish in troubled waters,” she wrote in her account of the war years, “but I do like to see the troubled water and the fish and the fishermen.”² She and Alice Toklas had been summering in the tiny village of Bilignan in the department of Ain near Savoie since 1929. They were still there, in the unoccupied zone, when Hitler invaded Poland on 1 September 1939. They decided to stay until the situation was “settled.” Gertrude got a thirty-six-hour military pass to return to Paris to get their winter clothes, and to arrange to protect their famous collection of paintings. They brought back with them to Bilignan only the Cézanne portrait of Mme. Cézanne and the Picasso portrait of Gertrude Stein herself. Alice couldn’t, by her own account, manage to find their passports, but she did find their dog’s pedigree, which was fortunate because the Germans later issued rations to pedigreed dogs. So, as she says, “Basket was not too badly nourished during the years of restriction.”³

Stein, unlike Beckett, had been sure there would be no war. As she wrote to her friend W. G. Rogers, “Well here we are, I never did think there would be another war for me to see and here we are, well if there is one I would of course rather be in it than out of it, there is that something about a war.”⁴ They were to stay throughout, and she wrote about life during the Occupation almost, I would say, joyfully. She walked 12 kms. a day to search for food, to walk her dog, and, I think because she enjoyed the conversations she had along the way with just about everyone she encountered. The villagers confided in her and she recorded their sorrows and joys in her books in a way both acute and loving. Gertrude wrote continuously during the war, and the writing was about the war: she wrote a book called *Wars I Have Seen*, which is really a diary, complete with dates, of the years from late 1942 to the Liberation. In a manuscript note to herself she called it her “war autobiography.”⁵ Here is a sample:

...a good many of us have nothing to trade. Of course if you are a farmer it is all right you have lots to trade but if you are not a farmer then you have nothing to trade. Once when we were in Bilignan during the winter we wanted to buy some eggs and nobody wanted to sell us any because all the eggs their chickens lay they wanted to eat themselves, which was natural enough, and Madame Roux said can we find nothing to trade that is not to trade but to induce them to sell eggs to us, at last we found something, and it was our dish water. Madame Roux had the habit of carrying off the dish water to give to a neighbor who was fattening a pig, and as there was very little milk with which to fatten pigs, dish water was considerable of a help, this was in the worst days, ‘41-42, in ‘43 life began to be easier, well anyway Alice Toklas said to Madame Roux, no we will not give away our dish water, if the neighbor wants it she has in return to be willing to sell us a certain quantity of eggs. So Madame Roux went to the neighbor and told her she could have the family dish water only under the condition of our having the privilege of buying from her a certain quantity of eggs, well she wanted the dish

water and we bought the eggs, but alas she killed the pig at Christmas, and everybody killed the pig at Christmas and so there was no need any longer of dish water to fatten the pigs and so our right to buy eggs was over, we had not had the idea of making the bargain for longer.⁶

Stein also wrote an article called “The Winner Loses,”⁷ sub-titled “A Picture of Occupied France,” which was published in 1940, about life during the “drôle de guerre” (9/39-6/40). *Mrs. Reynolds*, a sort of political parable in which Hitler and Stalin appear in disguise, was completed in 1942 and smuggled out by an American journalist. Stein wrote a play, directly after the war, called *In Savoy*, with the subtitle “A Play of the Resistance in France,” about the political divisions within a French family in wartime. Alice Toklas also wrote about daily life during the war, although she wrote after the war, in two entertaining and informative books, including the famous *Alice B. Toklas Cook Book*, which contains a chapter called “Food in the Bugey During the Occupation”. So in two books, an article and a play Stein gives a detailed account of rural life during the war; the politics that divided families, friends and neighbors; the struggle to find food and fuel; money; the black market; farming methods; the struggle for survival, theirs and their neighbors’, that was life in the two villages they inhabited.

As it happens, during this period (January 1942) Gertrude Stein also wrote an introduction to Pétain’s speeches, *Paroles aux Français*, in which she compared him to George Washington, “first in war first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen,”⁸ and she translated most of the French text of those speeches in order to introduce Pétain to American audiences in a favorable light, and/or, to incur favor with Pétain. I am unable to account for her right-wing politics, but I can say that they were a lifelong habit. She was a Republican, she disapproved of Roosevelt and the New Deal, and she was fearful of communism. She had, according to her friend W.G. Rogers, the mentality of a “rentier.” “Without her fixed income,” he writes, “we may never have heard of the rue de Fleurus.”⁹ Picasso is quoted by James Lord as saying: “Gertrude was a real fascist. She always had a weakness for Franco. Imagine! For Pétain too. You know she wrote speeches for Pétain. Can you imagine it? An American. A Jewess, what’s more.”¹⁰ The Pétain project, which she was enthusiastic about, was abandoned, in any case, probably because it would have drawn too much attention to her in an already risky situation.¹¹ And by 1943 she had sort of changed her mind anyway. America had entered the war, and she was close to many of her neighbors in the Maquis as well. Some of them even had plans to protect her if necessary.¹²

If you look at the arrangement of stories in the *Alice B. Toklas Cook Book*, you get a rough idea of the range of Gertrude and Alice’s political attitudes. Alice writes:

The German soldiers were interested in butter. It appeared that many of them had never tasted it. Had not Hitler asked

them if they wanted butter or guns and had they not given the right answer? One day, marketing for whatever unrationed food might still be for sale, a German soldier came into the shop. He pointed to a huge mound of butter and said, One kilo. One Kilo, the clerk exclaimed. The German nodded his head impatiently. The butter was weighed and wrapped up. Unwrapping one end of the package the German walked out of the shop. From the open door where I was standing I saw him bite off a piece of the butter. It evidently was not what he expected it to be for with a brusque movement he threw it violently over the garden wall of the house opposite. The story got about. People came to look at it. No one would touch it. There it stayed.¹³

And a few pages later, this sequence:

...our most important news came from a friend, Hubert de R., who was in the *Resistance*. He would bicycle over from Savoie and lunch with us.... Hubert had a sweet tooth so a dessert was in order. One day I prepared for him what I called RASPBERRY FLUMMERY.... Gelatine was rare but I had a large quantity in reserve. Hubert de R. enjoyed his dessert. Around the fire after lunch he said, That dessert was made with gelatine, wasn't it? Where do you find gelatine these days? There is none in Savoie. My wife no longer has any. His knowing anything about gelatine surprised me. When as he was leaving I gave him twenty sheets to take to his wife, he was more grateful than the small gift justified. It was not until some time later that he told us for what he had wanted the gelatine. He had needed it desperately for making false papers.

In the next paragraph she writes:

Gertude Stein was still allowed to run her car, transformed from gasoline burning to wood alcohol. One day we went over to take the Baronne Pierlot for a drive. She said she would like to stop at a little shop where she had heard they were selling rice on the black market....

We heard nothing more of the black market until spring when a rumor reached us that across the valley in Artemarre the well-known chef B. was serving excellent food to his old clients. Gertrude Stein at once proposed that my birthday should be celebrated with a lunch party at Artemarre. We telephoned to B. and told him that we and some of our friends wanted to come over on a certain day to say how do you do to him. One was discreet on the telephone those days as one was everywhere else in public. He answered that he would be enchanted to see us all again, and as an afterthought asked how many we would be. So a dozen friends would meet us at Artemarre at one o'clock. Means of transportation were strange and varied. We would go over with the doctor and his wife in their little car—doctors had a small ration of petrol—and he would visit his patients on the way.... In spite of the gloom of the Occupation we were delighted to meet again and

to anticipate the feast B. was cooking for us.... This was the prodigious repast we sat down to:

Aspic de foie gras
Truites en chemise
Braised pigeons-shoestring potatoes
Baron of spring lamb-jardinière of spring carrots-
onions-asparagus tips-string beans en barquette
Truffle salad
Wild-strawberry tart

...That lunch was the beginning of the excitement and gratification that came to us gradually from provisions secured on the black market.¹⁴

I simply want to point out that Alice moves with astonishing ease from a description of French revulsion towards German behavior and an account of her and Gertrude's friend the Resistance fighter, to an account of the special privileges she and Gertrude enjoyed courtesy of the Vichy regime, to a description of what she refers to elsewhere as the "blessed black market."¹⁵ You could say that there is a kind of leveling, of one thing being as important as another, in their political lives as well as in their writing.

We have in France and America not to mention Germany, many examples of gifted writers, painters, and musicians whose politics we assume to be at odds with their genius, since we used to assume genius would be anti-fascist. But Stein's position is even more perplexing and puzzling because, as Picasso pointed out, she and Alice Toklas *were* Jewish. Neither can I explain her seeming lack of concern for herself and Alice in France as Jews, or for other Jews. She even appears on the third list Otto for her book, *Picasso*. Her feelings on this subject are not clear from her writing but there is a suggestive anecdote in *Wars I Have Seen*:

...there is this about a Jewish woman, a Parisienne, well known in the Paris world. She and her family took refuge in Chambéry when the persecutions against the Jews began in Paris. And then later, when there was no southern zone, all the Jews were supposed to have the fact put on their carte d'identité and their food card, she went to the prefecture to do so and the official whom she saw looked at her severely Madame he said, have you any proof that you are a Jewess, why no she said, well he said if you have no actual proof that you are a Jewess, why do you come and bother me, why she said I beg your pardon, no he said I am not interested unless you can prove you are a Jewess, good day he said and she left. It was she who told the story. Most of the French officials were like that really like that.¹⁶

I suspect this story may concern Stein herself. Another anecdote, from *Wars I Have Seen*, indicates she was aware of the danger:

My lawyer said... and now I have something rather serious to tell you. I was in Vichy yesterday, and I saw Maurice Sivain.... Sivain had been sous-prefet at Belley and had been most kind and helpful in extending our privileges...and Maurice Sivain said to me, tell these ladies that they must leave at once for Switzerland, tomorrow if possible otherwise they will be put into a concentration camp.... I felt very funny, quite completely funny. But how can we go, as the frontier is closed, I said. That he said could be arranged.... You mean pass by fraud I said, Yes he said, it could be arranged. I felt very funny. I said I think I will go home...and I went home...and Alice Toklas and I sat down to supper. We both felt funny and then I said. No, I am not going we are not going, it is better to go regularly wherever we are sent than to go irregularly where nobody can help us if we are in trouble, no I said, they are always trying to get us to leave France but here we are and here we stay.¹⁷

In real life Gertrude and Alice were protected by a man named Bernard Fäy, an old friend, the translator of some of her books, an Americanist who was close to Pétain, and from whom the idea of the translation project probably came. He was, as well, the editor of the anti-Jewish journal *La Gerbe*, a journal financed by the Germans.¹⁸ According to Burns and Dydo, the editors of the Gertrude Stein/Thornton Wilder correspondence, Fäy, early in the war, arranged for driving privileges for Gertrude Stein and extra rations, and at Fäy's request, the maréchal "authorized a direct telephone contact number to his office from the office of [the sous-préfet in Culoz] in case Gertrude Stein needed protection or ran short of essential supplies."¹⁹ Fäy was director of the Bibliothèque Nationale in the Vichy government, and he was even able to stop the Germans from removing the paintings from her apartment in Paris. The way in which Fäy did this is interesting: "When the Germans entered her Paris apartment in the last days of the Occupation, Fäy was alerted by Picasso. Through Count Metternich, with whom he had collaborated documenting monuments, [Fäy] managed to stop the Germans from removing paintings, apparently by reclassifying the collection and creating confusion among German bureaucrats."²⁰

When she could no longer access her American funds, a different Frenchman came to the rescue. She writes, in *Wars I Have Seen*:

You never can tell who is going to help you, that is a fact. French people are awfully careful of their money, so careful and so hard and yet so many of them most unexpectedly are helpful, not those whom you expect to help you just anybody. Take our case. After we came into the war it began to get very difficult extremely difficult, and nobody among my old friends nobody asked me if we were in any trouble and it was getting a bit of a trouble...with the price of things going up and up...and so there we are, and so much worse than that there we were, and one day a young man his name is Paul Genin and we had come to know him because they had bought a house in the neighborhood, he was a silk manufacturer from Lyon and he was interested in literature one day he said to me

are you having trouble about money, I said not yet I still have a supply but it is beginning to run pretty low and he said can I help you and I said what can you do, well he said write out a check in dollars and I will see what I can do, and then a little while after he said I have been looking into the matter and I think it might possibly get you into trouble and I had rather not have you do it, I could have it done but I would rather not so here is your check tear it up and let me be your banker, but, I said, Oh he said, why not, how much do you spend a month, I told him, he said all right I will give you that a month and I said what do you want me to give you in the way of a paper, oh nothing he said, I think it is better not, but said I if I died or anything you have no evidence of anything, oh he said let us risk it, and he did, and every month for six months he gave me what I needed to live on for the month and at the end of six months I sold a picture I had with me quite quietly to some one who came to see me and so I thanked Paul Genin and paid him back and he said if you ever need me just tell me, and that was that.²¹

The picture she sold was the celebrated Cézanne. When Pierre Balmain, who was in those days a refugee tailor from Molyneux, came to lunch and asked about its absence, she answered easily, “We are eating the Cézanne.”²²

Quite simply, I think, Stein trusted the French. Here is an earlier story, from “The Winner Loses” in 1940: They had gone to Lyon to see the American consul, who had advised them to leave. On the way back,

...just before we got to Belley, at a little village near a little lake, there were Doctor and Madame Chaboux.

‘What,’ said we, stopping, ‘are you doing here?’

‘We are paying for our year’s fishing rights,’ they said, ‘and you?’... ‘Well,’ said we, ‘we are trying to make up our minds what to do, go or stay.’

‘Now,’... tell me, Doctor Chaboux, what shall I do?’

‘Well, we stay,’ said they. ‘Yes,’ said I, ‘but a doctor is like a soldier—he has to stay.’

‘Yes,’ said they.

‘But now how about us? Should we or should we not?’

‘Well,’ said Doctor Chaboux, reflecting, ‘I can’t guarantee you anything, but my advice is stay. I had friends,’ he said, ‘who in the last war stayed in their homes all through the German occupation, and they saved their homes and those who left lost theirs. No,’ he said, ‘I think unless your house is actually destroyed by a bombardment, I always think the best thing to do is to stay.’ He went on, ‘Everybody knows you here; everybody likes you; we all would help you in every way. Why risk yourself among strangers?’

‘Thank you,’ we said, ‘that is all we need. We stay.’

So back we came and we unpacked our spare gasoline and our bags and we said to Madame Roux, ‘Here we are and here we stay.’ And I went out for a walk and I said to one of the farmers, ‘We are staying.’

‘*Vous faites bien,*’ he said, ‘*mademoiselle.*’ We all said, ‘Why should these ladies leave? In this quiet corner they are as safe as anywhere, and we have cows and milk and chickens and flour and we can all live and we know you will help us out in any way you can and we will do the same for you. Here in this little corner we are *en famille*, and if you left, to go where?—*aller, où?*’

And they all said to me, ‘*Aller, où?*’ and I said, ‘*You are right—aller, où?*’

We stayed, and dear me, I would have hated to have left.²³

She didn’t want to miss the action, as you will understand when I read you the liberation speech she broadcast to the U.S. for the American journalist, Eric Sevareid.

It’s possible to think of Gertrude Stein’s behavior as what the French have recently called “collaboration d’état,” which Robert O. Paxton explains as “negotiating a slightly better deal for yourself under difficult circumstances.”²⁴ She was a pragmatist, alternately naive and self-serving.

Before concluding, I’d like to discuss Beckett’s War, as a point of contrast with Stein’s. Samuel Beckett found refuge in a village called Roussillon d’Apt, a village in the Vaucluse near here, coincidentally the same village Laurence Wylie made famous in his book *Village in the Vaucluse*, which he began to research in 1950. Wylie had no knowledge then of Beckett’s residence during the war—he doesn’t seem to have had much knowledge of his subjects’ war experiences—but Beckett wasn’t well-known until after *En Attendant Godot* had been presented, in 1953. Besides, there were many refugees in Roussillon and they were known collectively as “Les Juifs,” though of course not all of them were.²⁵

Beckett was in Ireland when Hitler invaded Poland (9/1/39—France was at war with Germany as of 3 September) and he could have stayed there. But on April 18 he had written, “If there is a war, as I fear there must be soon, I shall place myself at the disposition of [France].”²⁶ Beckett headed back to Paris, where he had been living.

But in June 1940 he and his companion and later wife Suzanne, fled to Vichy where they saw James and Nora Joyce for the last time, and then to Arcachon, where their friend Mary Reynolds was staying with Marcel Duchamp. “I preferred France in war to Ireland in peace” he later said.²⁷ They returned to Paris in the fall, and again, instead of living in safety as a citizen of a neutral state, he joined the Resistance (according to official documents, on 1 September 41) because, he later said, the Nazis were making “life hell” for his friends.²⁸ His cell was called “Gloria,” and was initially run by Jeannine Picabia, the twenty-seven-year-old daughter of the painter Francis.²⁹ Beckett’s job was to translate and condense on to one sheet of paper if possible, information about German military movements which was brought to him on scraps from all over France. Then he would bring the sheet to a “Greek” who would photograph and microfilm it,

reducing it, in Beckett's own words, to "the size of a matchbox." The photographer then gave it to Mme. Gabrielle Picabia, the former wife of the painter, who was able to bring it to the unoccupied zone without arousing suspicion. From there the microfilm would be sent to England. "Gloria" was eventually infiltrated and betrayed by a priest named Robert Alesch with an appetite for women and high living which was fueled by the payments per head the Germans were offering for each betrayal.

Beckett and Suzanne barely escaped the Gestapo in Paris. By August or September 1942 they were on the run again. After many adventures—they stayed with Nathalie Sarraute and her family for ten days in a gardener's cottage on the Chaliapin estate, but Beckett made a bad impression by rising very late and wandering into the kitchen at about one p.m. every day to empty his chamber pot just as the family was sitting down to lunch—after many deprivations and difficulties, they found a relatively safe haven in Roussillon, which was not occupied by German troops, though Avignon and Apt nearby, were. They lived there from 1942-1945. Daily life in Roussillon was hard: Beckett worked for a farmer named Aude and for one named Bonnelly, in the woods, fields, and vineyards in exchange for firewood, food, and wine. He read what he could find, including detective stories, a passion he shared with Gertrude Stein, and he played chess with a Jewish painter, Henri Hayden, who had also found refuge there. In Roussillon, Beckett eventually participated in Resistance activities again. Known as an intellectual and therefore not a man of action, he hid explosives on his property. He also went out on sorties with the maquisards to pick up supplies or arms. According to his biographer, James Knowlson, denunciation did not become a problem in Roussillon, because the local Resistance leader arranged with the people in the post office "for any suspicious-looking letter—that is, one addressed to anyone in authority in Apt or Avignon—to be kept back and opened by him. Not a single [denunciation] got through." By comparison, Gertrude Stein, who did not limit herself to rosy pictures of pastoral life wrote, in June 1943, "every neighbor is denouncing every neighbor, for black traffic, for theft, for this and for that, and there are so many being put in prison..."³⁰ Later she writes, "Bérard where we used to lunch [remember Alice's birthday celebration] is in prison for black traffic."³¹

Samuel Beckett did not write about daily life under the Occupation as Gertrude Stein did. The traces appeared later. He wrote, during the war, a book called *Watt* (published 1953) which actually draws on his boyhood in Ireland.³² Beckett said he wrote it to keep sane. At the end, in a section called "Addenda" are two short poems which were evidently important to him because he chose, in the 1960s, to record them on tape, and they constitute the only known recording of his voice. He made this recording for Lawrence Harvey, a friend and Beckett scholar, who wrote that "These two little poems form, as it were, the ideal bridge between the early Beckett and the mature artist."³³ That is, between the pre- and the post-war work. One of these poems was also included by Beckett as the "tailpiece" or *envoi* in his *Collected Poems 1930-1978*, which were published in 1984.³⁴ Here it is:

Tailpiece

Who may tell the tale
of the old man?
weigh absence in a scale?
mete want with a span?
the sum assess
of the world's woes?
nothingness
in words enclose?

But after the war, that is, between 1946 and 1950, there was an outpouring of writing, and it is clear that the prose and drama, its quantity, language, and content were directly related to his wartime experiences. For one thing, Beckett changed languages. *Watt* was written in English. The work he produced between 1946 and 1950, the trilogy of novels, *Molloy*, *Malone Meurt*, and *L'Innommable*, as well as *En Attendant Godot*, *Textes pour Rien* and more—altogether, four stories, four novels, two plays, and poems—was all in French. He said that he was afraid of English “because you couldn’t help writing poetry in it,” and that “in French it was easier to write ‘sans style.’”³⁵ (Gertrude Stein’s view was that it was less distracting to write in English among people who did not speak it).³⁶ There are other striking signs of the effect of the war on his writing: Vladimir, a character in *En Attendant Godot* was originally, in the first act of the French version, given the Jewish name Levi.³⁷ Knowlson feels that Beckett had been profoundly affected by revelations immediately after the war, film footage, and books about the concentration camps, including one about life in the camp where Beckett’s good friend Alfred Peron had been imprisoned and as a result of which he died. Knowlson says that “Pozzo’s treatment of Lucky reminded some” at the time “of a capo in a concentration camp brutalizing his victim with his whip.”³⁸ Also: the real names of Roussillon and the farmer Bonnelly, for whom Beckett actually did pick grapes, are given in the French text. Vladimir says:

Vladimir—Mais tu as bien été dans le Vaucluse?

Estragon—Mais non, je n’ai jamais été dans le Vaucluse! J’ai
coulé toute ma chaudepisse d’existence ici, je te dis! Ici!
Dans la Merdecluse!

Vladimir—Pourtant nous avons été ensemble dans le
Vaucluse, j’en mettrais ma main au feu. Nous avons fait
les vendanges, tiens, chez un nommé Bonnelly, a
Roussillon.

Estragon (plus calme)—C’est possible. Je n’ai rien remarqué.

Vladimir—Mais là-bas tout est rouge!

Estragon (excédé)—Je n’ai rien remarqué, je te dis!³⁹

Interesting detail: Lawrence Wylie discovered Beckett’s presence in Roussillon only when he read *En Attendant Godot* and came across the names Bonnelly and Roussillon.⁴⁰ These names do not appear in the English version. “The grape-picking is moved further north,” according to Knowlson, “so as to have ‘Cackon country’ echo ‘Macon country’ whereas in French ‘Merdecluse’

had picked up ‘Vaucluse’ and in German ‘Breisgau’ rhymes with ‘Scheissgau.’”⁴¹
The reference to the famously red soil of Roussillon appears in both versions.

Beckett later received the Croix de Guerre and the Médaille de la Résistance for his Resistance activities, which he called his “Boy Scout work.”⁴²

I want to end with the Liberation—Gertrude Stein’s liberation broadcast to the Americans:

...First we saw three Americans in a military car and we said are you Americans and they said yes and we choked and we talked, and...patted each other in that pleasant American way and everybody in the village cried out the Americans have come the Americans have come and indeed the Americans have come, they have come, they are here God bless them. Of course I asked each one of them what place they came from and the words New Hampshire and Chicago and Detroit and Denver were music in our ears. And then four newspaper men turned up...and they asked me to come to Voiron with them to broadcast and here I am.

...You know I thought I really knew France through and through but I did not realize what it could do what it did in these glorious days. Yes I knew France in the last war in the days of their victories but in this war in the days of defeat they were much greater. I can never be thankful enough that I stayed with them all these dark days, when we had to walk miles to get a little extra butter a little extra flour when everybody somehow managed to feed themselves, when the *Maquis* under the eyes of the Germans received transported and hid the arms dropped to them by parachutes, we always wanted some of the parachute cloth as a souvenir, one girl in the village made herself a blouse of it.

It was a wonderful time it was long and it was heartbreaking but every day made it longer and shorter and now thanks to the land of my birth and the land of my adoption we are free, long live France, long live America, long live the United Nations and above all long live liberty, I can tell you that liberty is the most important thing in the world more important than food and clothes more important than anything on this mortal earth, I who spent four years with the French under the German yoke tell you so.

I am so happy to be talking to America today so happy.⁴³

New York City

NOTES

The author gratefully acknowledges the support of the Puffin Foundation in researching this piece.

¹ Brenda Wineapple, *Sister Brother: Gertrude and Leo Stein* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1996) 221. Wineapple here cites an interview with Robert Bartlett Haas which appears in Stein, *What Are Masterpieces?* (New York: Pitman, 1970) 98.

² Gertrude Stein, *Wars I Have Seen* (New York: Random House, 1945) 70.

³ Alice B. Toklas, *The Alice B. Toklas Cook Book* (New York: Harper and Row, 1984) 204.

⁴ W.G. Rogers, *When This You See Remember Me* (New York: Discus Books/Avon, 1973) 187.

⁵ Edward M. Burns, Ulla E. Dydo and William Rice, eds., *The Letters of Gertrude Stein and Thornton Wilder* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1996) 417.

⁶ Stein, *Wars I Have Seen*, 115-116.

⁷ Gertrude Stein, "The Winner Loses: A Picture of Occupied France," in Carl Van Vechten, ed., *Selected Writings of Gertrude Stein* (New York: Random House, 1972) 613.

⁸ Burns, Dydo and Rice, 406.

⁹ Rogers, 105, 220.

¹⁰ James R. Mellow, *Charmed Circle: Gertrude Stein and Company* (New York: Praeger, 1974) 466. Mellow cites an unpublished memoir by James Lord.

¹¹ This is at any rate Burns, Dydo and Rice's evaluation. *Letters of Gertrude Stein*, 410.

¹² For Stein's change of heart, see Wineapple's epilogue to *Sister Brother*, especially 401-402. For Stein's relationship with America and the Maquis, see Rogers, Chapter 7. See also Burns, Dydo and Rice, Appendix 9.

¹³ Toklas, 203.

¹⁴ Toklas, 206-208.

¹⁵ Toklas, 205.

¹⁶ Stein, *Wars*, 243-244.

¹⁷ Stein, *Wars*, 49-50.

¹⁸ Burns, Dydo and Rice, 405.

¹⁹ Burns, Dydo and Rice, 411.

²⁰ Burns, Dydo and Rice, 411.

²¹ Stein, *Wars*, 112.

²² Rogers, 195.

²³ Stein, "The Winner Loses," 624-625.

²⁴ Robert O. Paxton, "Reflections on a Trial: Maurice Papon and Crimes Against Humanity". Lecture delivered at La Maison Francaise/NYU, March 25, 1998.

²⁵ James Knowlson, *The Life Samuel Beckett* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1996) 291.

²⁶ Knowlson, 273.

²⁷ Enoch Brater, *Why Beckett* (London: Thames and Hudson, 1989) 42

²⁸ Brater, 42.

²⁹ The following description of Beckett's wartime activities is drawn from Knowlson's extensive account, 273-308.

³⁰ Stein, *Wars*, 37-38.

³¹ Stein, *Wars*, 47.

³² See Knowlson, 303-304.

³³ Peter Swaab, "On First Hearing Beckett." *Times Literary Supplement* (16 January 1998):16

³⁴ Samuel Beckett, *Collected Poems: 1930-1978* (London: John Calder, 1984) 170.

³⁵ Brater, 47.

³⁶ Rogers, 46.

³⁷ See Brater, 10, and Knowlson, 345. The name Levi has been changed to Vladimir in both the French and English versions.

³⁸ Knowlson, 344.

³⁹ Samuel Beckett. *En Attendant Godot* (Paris: Les Editions de Minuit, 1952) 86.

⁴⁰ Laurence Wylie, *Village in the Vaucluse* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1974)

x.

⁴¹ Knowlson, 681.

⁴² Brater, 42.

⁴³ Linda Simon, *Gertrude Stein Remembered* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1994) 188-189.

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