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Charles Baudelaire - Large Autograph Letter Signed To His Publisher Auguste Poulet Malassis 1858



9 500 EUR

Signature : Charles BAUDELAIRE

Period : 19th century

Condition : Bon état

Width : 46,5 cm

Height : 33 cm

Depth : 2 cm

Description

Autograph letter signed by Charles Baudelaire (1821-1867) to his publisher Auguste Poulet-Malassis (1825-1878). Paris - December 7, 1858. 9:00 PM. Two quarto pages. Autograph address on the fourth leaf, with the initials "CB" on the front of the envelope. Rare wax seal, perfectly and beautifully preserved. Letter published in the correspondence compiled by Claude Pichois. (Gallimard, Pléiade, Volume 1, p. 527) An interesting letter that perfectly illustrates the constant emotional blackmail in Baudelaire's relationship with his publisher, as well as the perpetual financial acrobatics and desperate measures that plagued Baudelaire until the end of his life. This letter is particularly striking and visually compelling, due to its size (22 x 35.5 cm unframed), the complete preservation of its

Dealer

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postmark, and its colors (the bright red of the postmark and the blue of the stamp). In addition to its size, the presence of the exact time it was written, coupled with Baudelaire's feverish urgency, creates a powerful sense of immediacy. Size: 22 x 35.5 cm unframed / 33 x 46.5 cm framed Our letter comes in an elegant black and gold frame, protected by a double pane of anti-UV and anti-reflective glass. December 7, 1858 9 p.m. My dear friend, you made me very happy, and now you make me very unhappy. Everything in your letter is quite true and truly irrefutable, except for the end (the expedient), which is absurd. However, I am replying to your letter because it is, in essence, merely a repetition of objections that neither you nor I had anticipated and that I hoped to be able to address or at least convince you of their minor nature. First of all, two things: first, if I had completed all the work representing the entire sum requested*, I would not need to implore your help. Second, note that I was fully aware that this was an exceptional service; but, at the same time, you understood that for me it was a matter of immediate security of enjoyment, and consequently, of more active work. Did this not have value, at least moral value? When you ask me to do something difficult to accomplish, or even something that involves a risk, I will do my best to do it. Now, your letter: I told you, to summarize briefly: "I have a contract to fulfill; it gives me a six-month deadline; I am delegating to you the income stipulated in the treaty, and, in case of laziness or death, I am leaving you a receipt for your tickets, with the possibility of reimbursement from income of another kind. In neither case, I confess, is the alignment of your payment dates with mine absolutely guaranteed. (Your letter speaks only of this terrible alignment.) When, in our conversation, you raised this objection, quite serious indeed for you, I replied that I could only resolve it through zeal and through the promise made to me by de Calonne** to print continuously and as soon as I

send him material. A few more words: nothing I have told you is absurd; you doubt nothing I have said. Try, therefore, to find in your heart a new way to grant me the peace I so ardently seek. For example: bills of exchange from me, payable at my mother's (a small added guarantee, i.e., the horror of a protest at my mother's), and since, after all, Malassis would remain responsible as guarantor, I would also make the two delegations in question to him, however absurd that may seem. Do I need to tell you that you can shoot me, as you intended (I just thought of this nonsense), and that I simply ask you to be precise? Since you have a peculiar mind, I beg you not to see this as an epigram or a flattery. You were wrong to crown the explanation of your fears with recriminations against the indiscreet. Why would you want me to bear faults that are not mine? Yours truly. Reply to me at 22 rue Beautreillis, and immediately. You can no doubt imagine the state I am in. Ch. Baudelaire. Hello to De Broise, I certainly hope you're not telling him all this. If you didn't reply to me at 22, rue Beautreillis***, the letter wouldn't reach me until very late.*

Delegation of Baudelaire's rights resulting from the agreement concluded with La Revue Contemporaine, which Baudelaire had proposed to Poulet-Malassis.** Alphonse de Calonne, director of "La Revue Contemporaine." In 1858, Baudelaire published two articles in it, "The Taste for Infinity" and "On the Artificial Ideal, Hashish," which would later appear in "Artificial Paradises."*** 22, rue Beautreillis: address of Jeanne Duval, near the Place de la Bastille. Baudelaire practiced a system known as "shuttle," a dangerous practice also shared by his publisher and a few friends, with whom he exchanged notes.