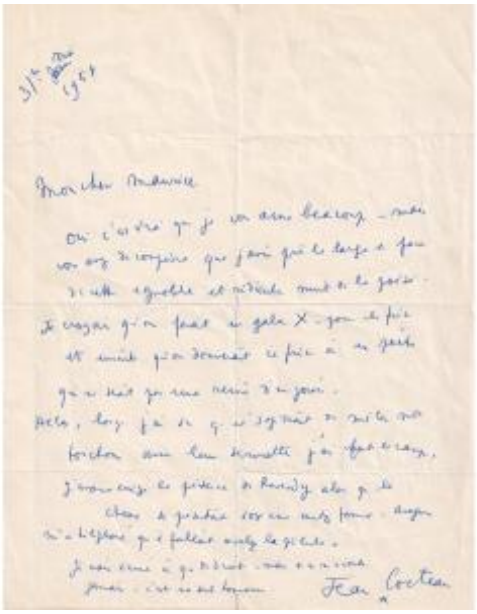
PROANTIC
LE PLUS BEAU CATALOGUE D'ANTIQUITES

Jean Cocteau Castigates Poetry Night - Autograph Letter Signed - 1954



500 EUR

Signature : Jean COCTEAU

Period : 20th century

Condition : En l'etat

Length : 21 cm.

Height : 27 cm.

Description

Autograph letter signed from Jean Cocteau (1889-1963) to Maurice Goudeket (1889-1977), third and last husband of Colette (1873-1954) about the Nuit de la poésie 1954.May 31, 1954 - One full page in-4. Size: 27 x 21 cm. Folds, small splits at margins, and tiny opening at central intersection.Very amusing and interesting letter in which Cocteau castigates the Nuit de la poésie (held that very day, May 31, 1954 at the Palais de Chaillot, Paris). The poet, though accustomed to the salons, had a holy horror of what he called "official" or "municipal" poetry.The fact that Aragon telephoned him to tell him to "swallow the pill" is also tasty. The latter, a leading figure in the Communist Party, was no stranger to strategic compromises and large-scale mass demonstrations. He undoubtedly tried to convince

Dealer

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Cocteau that the cause (the gala, the money, the visibility) justified putting up with the cumbersome organization.Cocteau finally evokes Pierre Reverdy, whose presence he would have liked. Reverdy represented for Cocteau the "high priest of poetry" and "one of the few living poets who has never betrayed". In 1954, the latter was living in seclusion at Solesmes in a quasi-monastic asceticism begun thirty years earlier. "May 31, 1958,Mon cher Maurice,Yes it's true that I love you very much - but you must have understood that I had taken to the sea in the face of this ignoble and ridiculous night of poetry.I thought we'd do a gala X - for the money and then give that money to a poet who wasn't a queen for a day.Alas, when I found out it was all about mixing our dishcloths with their napkin I bolted.I'd demanded Reverdy's presence even though the thing took a different form. Aragon telephoned me to tell me to swallow the pill.I'm going to write to the right people - but they never listen to me - it's my only honor.Jean Cocteau"I'm going to write to the right people - but they never listen to me - it's my only honor.