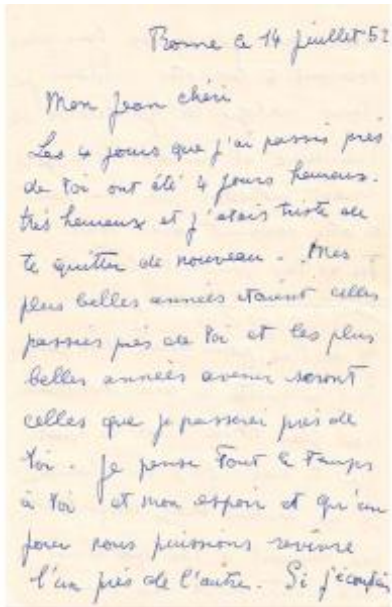




Jean Marais To Jean Cocteau - Autograph Love Letter Signed 1952



590 EUR

Signature : JEAN MARAIS, JEAN COCTEAU

Period : 20th century

Condition : Très bon état

Width : 13,5 cm

Height : 21 cm

Description

A beautiful and moving love letter from the actor to Jean Cocteau. "My best years were those spent with you, and the best years to come will be those I spend with you. [...] my hope is that one day we may live together again." Autograph letter signed by Jean Marais (1913-1998) to Jean Cocteau (1889-1963) from Rome. Rome, July 14, 1952. 9 pages (5 leaves), octavo, in blue ink. Size: 21 x 13.5 cm A rich and moving letter written fifteen years after their meeting in 1937. It beautifully illustrates the profound transition in the relationship of this legendary couple, from an incandescent romantic passion to a rich and deep love. Despite the presence of new partners in their respective lives, the intimate tenderness and mutual emotional dependence of the two men remained absolute. While the poet's letters to Jean

Dealer

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Marais are sought after, those of the actor to Jean Cocteau, considerably rarer, are particularly precious. Rome, July 14, 1952 My darling Jean The four days I spent with you were four happy days, very happy indeed, and I was sad to leave you again. My best years were those spent with you, and the best years to come will be those I spend with you. I think of you all the time, and my hope is that one day we can live together again. If I listened to my heart, I would be by your side much more often. But despite Francine and Doudou's kindness (1), I feel it would be indiscreet of me to be with you so often. You are very often away from Paris--I am rarely alone, but you are practically never alone. If I left Rue Montpensier, my darling Jean, it was because after you refused my room, I felt too comfortable compared to you, with that little room you shared, and knowing you wouldn't agree to change my habits, I felt I had to leave. (2) You don't know what that sacrifice meant to me. I came up with the idea of this barge so that my departure would seem like a whim and cause you less pain. I'm sure you were sad about it. But what can I do? My current behavior may often seem strange to you, but it's always the same gesture. You know me well enough to know that I almost never make a mistake. The evening I was perhaps most saddened by was the evening of your dress rehearsal of Baccus [Bacchus] (3). I found your play admirable and was moved to tears. I rushed backstage, my throat tight with emotion. I, who usually struggle to express myself, was quite astonished to hear everything my heart had felt during the performance pour out of my mouth. For once, I wasn't foolish or mute. But you weren't alone, and you received my whole heart, just like the simple, conventional compliments of any other audience member. I found myself all alone in the street in front of the Marigny theater, in tears (this isn't a reproach, my darling Jean; I know how much you love me, and I immediately found all the reasons and all the excuses myself). So, I swear, I hold no grudge, but I withdrew

more and more, saddened by it. Cesare (4) told me about the tour you're planning. I want it too, since it's a way to be with you. Lulu (5) told us it would be a shame to combine our tours because you'd make a fortune on your own, just as I'd make a lot of money on my own. But you know very well that money has never mattered to me. The benefit I'll get from it will be moral and much more important to me. So, decide. We also have to think about the Athenaeum if I'm going to get in. It would be difficult to accept it and leave for months at the same time. I think Pabst (6) approves of your work. I only think so because I haven't heard anything from him. I only received the typed text this morning. Yet I had dinner with him where I explained everything in detail and, as before, I told him about your admiration and esteem for him. He was delighted with all the details I gave him about your dialogue. I met Leni Riefenstahl, who would like me to make a film with her and who spoke to me again about Penthesilea (7). My solar plexus and throat hurt; I'm waiting for the doctor right now. I hope it's nerves and nothing serious. When I have these pains, I think of you, who are so often afflicted, and I hope that the pain I have might prevent you from having any. My darling Jean, I repeat that my life away from you is dormant. I love you with all the strength of my soul. Your Jeannot 1 - Francine Weisweiler, wealthy patron and friend who housed and financially supported Jean Cocteau and "Doudou," Édouard Dermit, the poet's last companion and adopted son. 2 - Jean Cocteau lived in an apartment at 36 rue de Montpensier, just above the arcades of the Palais-Royal in Paris. Jean Marais lived there with him for a long time. Even after the end of their purely romantic relationship, Marais kept a room in the apartment to remain close to Cocteau. Jean Marais had entered into a relationship with the dancer George Reich.