

Jan 1930

My dear John —

May good things happen to you in this Year of Grace. I raced back temporarily on business, & found more than enough to do when I got here. Am hard at it — thankful to be at it — for on my arrival the first news was the death, the accidental, idiotic, tragic death of one of my oldest — not great friends but of a young woman I'd shared a good deal of life with; & whose letter is very dear to me indeed. You'll probably heard of Jeanne Bonpoint & her brother Jeanne. Cocteau's last book — 'Les Enfants Terribles' is about them, & in it they both die. Now one's gone & for once one could say that the other might as well follow. He loved her as I once thought Tony loved me: as perhaps ~~she~~ he did or could have until some form of self-preservation forbade him — (a self-preservation, with regard to him, I find it difficult to grasp!) Anyhow Jeanne's death has had the effect of slight paralysis. Lovely as Vanda & with her times the 'wit' — — strong as a tree — — she was loved — more than for her beauty — for a kind of immortal energy. One can't imagine her dead: planted: heaped with rare, decaying flowers & imperishable head wreaths. Jeanne comes here most days — for quiet. People are afraid of grief like his, & I don't blame them. Her

afraid of it myself : find it offensive - though nothing is
said . I suppose by no miracle you know of somebody
who could give him a job in London ? He's about 26 :
tall, very handsome, sensible, quite unpretentious, intelligent,
well educated - at least up to his baccaulant - writes &
speaks English fairly : thoroughly ' up ' in modern arts.
Has been running the Galerie Pierre for the last two years :
is reliable & quiet - & miraculously unspoilt considering
his looks. As a matter of fact, his sister's influence
always eclipsed him - His life was part echo, part
setting for hers. He is a little weak, & his simplicity
berges an obtuseness. But I've watched him grow-up
& believe somehow ' the world's slow stain ' hasn't taken
in his case.

But he must be got away. Equally he
must earn his living. His English would be quite sufficient
in a wealth also. John, ' le gaperon au Paradis '
if you could find him a job.

This is haste. I shall be over soon
& shall, I hope, see you. Should anything occur to
you, let me know, & I'd bring him over with me.
(He knows nothing of this. It just flashed into my mind)
Otherwise ~~that~~ there'd be a second 'entertainment de la
première classe'. Or worse.

I remember, about four years ago, a certain
Mr Glenway Westcott & how he fainted three times

a day but Jeannot should be sent to do his
Service in Navac @ risk seeing a nasty corpse in the
desert sand. Holo just ~~delivered~~ made a comparison
with his letter of condolence, an like parchment, written
for posterity --- an exercise in the emotions suitable
--- I want expatiate --- but you understand -

Ever yours -

Ray.
