

Word from S H - write postal
card arr. With C H E & G R E T
MON. Taormina & Montage St. -
2 meat S L in Suburb - Idol.
gymnastic - With C H E to 113 St
house by Suburb - Read Salter

1925-2025

UN AN AVEC HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT

#33 | 2 FÉVRIER 1925

Cachet de la poste : Brooklyn, N.Y., 2 février 1925.

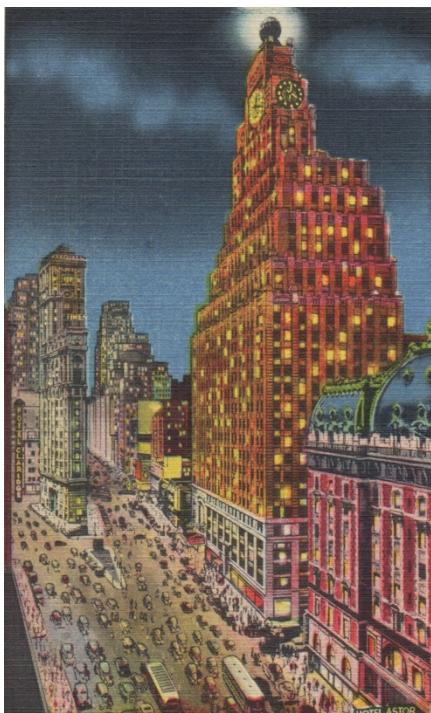
J'attendais message de vous vendredi, mais heureux finalement que vous ne soyiez pas partie si tôt, puisque S H n'arrive que demain (mardi 3, les plans ont changé). Elle ne pourra rester que quelques jours, mais j'espère que vous pourrez la voir — je suppose que nous vous téléphonerons lorsqu'elle arrivera,

afin que vous puissiez prendre vos dispositions pour le voyage. Elle a été hospitalisée une fois de plus, mais un traitement de la cavité nasale devrait lui permettre de tenir jusqu'à saison plus clémente, et que l'opération du septum ou de l'antrum pourra avoir lieu. Mes chaises sont enfin arrivées du réparateur — je suis à l'instant même assis dans l'une d'elles ! Et *Weird Tales* vient d'envoyer un chèque de 35,00 \$, plus les 37,08 \$ de Mariano arrivés par le même courrier ! La réunion du Blue Pencil de samedi soir était bien ennuyeuse, mais j'y ai composé et lu quelques vers comiques. Enfin, mes cheveux sont coupés ! J'ai trouvé tout près d'ici un excellent coiffeur, malgré un extérieur peu prometteur. Plus d'informations à venir.

Yraffneph

HPL

P.S. C. M. Eddy Jr. vient d'arriver ! En voyage d'affaires à New York pour voir Houdini et quelques éditeurs.



*Cartes postales 1920 : le Times building,
verso de la carte postale envoyée à Lilian.*



Manhattan vu depuis Brooklyn, cette « illuminated skyline » que Lovecraft ce soir emmènera faire contempler à C.M. Eddy, son ami écrivain de Providence.

[1925, lundi 2 février]

Word from SH — write postals — Eddy arr. With CME & GK to Taormina and Montague St. — meet SL in subway — Idol — Greenwich — with CME to 113 St — home by subway — Read Saltus.

Mot de Sonia. J'écris des cartes postales. Arrivée de C M Eddy. Avec lui et Kirk au Taormina puis Montague Street. On retrouve Loveman dans le métro, son Bouddha dans les bras. Greenwich Village. Avec Eddy on remonte 113ème rue, puis retour à la maison en métro. Je lis Saltus.

Carte postale rédigée et postée ce jour pour Lilian : au recto, l'immeuble du *Times*, ce phare en surplomb de Times Square, glorification de la ville contemporaine qu'il dénigrera tant plus tard. Sonia décale sa venue : « *word from* », un télégramme ? C'est en train de nuit qu'elle voyagera ce soir, une fois de plus, et devra pourtant se rendre directement au siège de sa compagnie pour une journée de travail. *Hypnos en novembre*, *Weird Tales* a publié en janvier *Festival*, et suivra ce mois de février *Déposition de Randolph Carter* (ce rêve étrange, trois ans plus tôt, où Loveman s'enfonçait dans la terre, un téléphone et sa bobine de câble à la main, et se faisait tuer, à peine transposé dans le récit) : aux 37 dollars mensuels délivrés par le notaire de la famille, unique vestige de la fortune familiale, s'ajoute un chèque de 35 dollars (un demi SMIC à échelle présente ? en tout cas trois semaines et demi de loyer), quelle reconnaissance autant économique que symbolique ! Mais, pour l'image qu'on se fait de soi pour soi-même, et dans l'image de soi qu'on offre aux autres, Lovecraft est un auteur de fiction qui publie désormais régulièrement dans un magazine populaire, mais dont l'importance s'affirme. Report de son voyage : nouvelle hospitalisation pour Sonia à Cincinnati. Pas un événement secondaire, l'arrivée semble-t-il inattendue de C M Eddy, l'ami écrivain de Providence la ville majuscule (« *C.M. Eddy Jr, of the City !* »). Un peu plus jeune que Lovecraft (il est né en 1896), ils se sont rencontrés à Providence en 1923 et ont partagé lectures et excursions. Eddy est aussi l'auteur de chansons, et un des contributeurs réguliers de *Weird Tales* (récits plus tard rassemblés dans *The Loved Dead*). Il a laissé un témoignage de leur amitié : *Promenades avec Lovecraft*. Lovecraft semble tout heureux de ce séjour d'Eddy, qui vient de *the city* pour quelques jours à New York. Eddy a rendez-vous avec Houdini : lui aussi en est le ghostwriter (un partage de plus, comme le fait que Lovecraft et Eddy se révisent et corrigent réciproquement avant publication). Loveman, qu'on retrouve dans le métro, a enfin été chercher la statuette de Bouddha achetée à la brocante la semaine précédente : Lovecraft note avec amusement

dans la lettre Annie l'étrange image qu'il offre ! Le Taormina est un petit restaurant italien qui a l'avantage d'être dans la même rue où habite Lovecraft, Clinton Street à Brooklyn, à quatre « blocs », et dont les prix leur sont accessibles, c'est pour cela qu'il est mentionné souvent. À la tombée du jour, ils monteront sur les hauts de Prospect Park, Montague Street pour le spectacle des lumières de Manhattan, que Lovecraft nomme à nouveau *illuminated skyline* sans autre description, avant de le promener dans les vieux dédales coloniaux et si fantomatiques la nuit de Greenwich Village. Après quoi on doit accélérer un peu (« *so we had to hustle a bit* ») pour « piloter » Eddy jusque chez Houdini, leur rendez-vous ayant apparemment lieu après le spectacle. L'avant-veille, en remerciement de son aide pour déménagement de ses livres, Kirk a offert à Lovecraft *Histoire sans nom*, de Barbey d'Aurevilly, traduite par Saltus : est-ce que Lovecraft a voulu aller plus loin en continuant avec cet auteur, qu'il connaît forcément déjà ? Edgar Saltus, mort en 1921, un autre de ces auteurs comme Dunsany et Algernon Blackwood qui se distingue par une élégance de l'écriture en prose, laquelle les prive partiellement de postérité, mais n'est pas une indication mineure sur la direction d'écriture de Lovecraft, l'année même où paraît le *Manhattan Transfer* de Dos Passos qu'il ignorera complètement. Saltus a publié plus d'une vingtaine de livres, dont une biographie de Balzac et un essai sur Oscar Wilde. Ce début de l'année 1925, Saltus vient de faire paraître *Uplands of dreams*, un recueil de ses articles dans les magazines de 1900 à 1914, c'est ce livre que lit Lovecraft (d'autant — source S.T. Joshi — que Loveman écrit au même moment un article sur Saltus). « Un génie incompris de la littérature américaine », suggère-t-on ? « Un décadent tout imprégné de Schopenhauer » ? Ce qu'il lit ce soir : *Lords of the Ghostlands*, « *Les seigneurs du pays des fantômes : une histoire de l'idéal* », en essai de 1907 présent lui aussi dans l'inventaire posthume de sa bibliothèque. Dans le journal, outre ce triste fait divers d'abandon d'enfants en plein hiver, on a retrouvé Ethel Leginska ! Encore un fond d'amnésie pour nourrir, bien plus tard, celle qui structure *Dans l'abîme du temps*.

New York Times, 2 février 1925. Un enfant de trois ans errant affolé dans le hall et les couloirs d'un immeuble au 473 de la 1ère Avenue hier matin, avec un mot de sa mère annonçant qu'elle souhaitait « la fin de tout ça » épingle à sa casquette bleue conduisit à la découverte de la mère encore en vie dans l'après-midi, tandis que l'enfant était accueilli à l'orphelinat. La mère, Mme Helen Karsten, 36 ans, fut retrouvée par les enquêteurs à son domicile du 535, 83ème rue Est. Elle avait erré dans les rues toute la journée et s'était finalement résolue à mourir, déclara-t-elle aux policiers. Elle a été transportée au commissariat de 67ème rue Est, et inculpée d'abandon d'enfant. Le garçon, Jackie, avait été découvert par Samuel Greenwald, un habitant de l'immeuble de la 1st Avenue. Il était très bien habillé, portant un pull de laine marron, un manteau

LEGINSKA IS FOUND, HER MIND A BLANK; REPORTED IN BOSTON

Pianist Who Vanished Last Monday Said to Be in a Sanitarium.

THE POLICE LOCATED HER

Companion and Pupil Declares She Was Discovered in a Pennsylvania Town.

DETAILS ARE KEPT SECRET

Friends Only Assert She Suffered a Break-Down and Is in "Awful Condition."

Ethe Leginska, the pianist, who disappeared last Monday night, has been found. She is with friends. Her whereabouts are being kept secret for the time being. It was said that she had suffered a complete lapse of memory from Monday until Wednesday, but that her mind had been restored.

"She is in a awful condition," said Miss Lucille Oliver, her companion and pupil, yesterday morning, after seeing the musician. "Her mind is a blank on what happened to her from the time she disappeared until she was found."

Miss Oliver told this much to Mrs. John Gordon of 313 West Twenty-seventh Street, at whose home the artist was last seen in Monday night just before she started to Carnegie Hall to appear in a concert. Miss Oliver did not say where Miss Leginska had been found or where she had been taken. She packed a suitcase, saying that she was on her way to join the young woman.

Located by the Police.

The fact that the musician had been found was confirmed by Captain John Ayers, commander of the Bureau of Missing Persons of the Police Department. Captain Ayers declined, however, to say where or how she had been found or where she was. His statement was as follows:

"Ethel Leginska was located yesterday at a place outside of the city where she is staying with friends. Her disappearance appeared to have been the direct result of a nervous breakdown caused by overwork."

"Her location was brought about by the work of the Bureau of Missing Persons."

"Leginska remembers nothing from the time she left her secretary, Miss Lucille Oliver, until she was located. On request of Miss Leginska the location of her friends is withheld. Her friends have also asked that no further statement be made by the police. So far as this bureau is concerned, the case is closed."

On giving this statement, Capt. Ayers disappeared himself. He left word that it would be impossible to reach him and that he would have nothing further to say on the matter.

Miss Oliver was reported to have disappeared on Saturday night, but it was said yesterday that she had gone away hurriedly because she had received news that her teacher and friend had been found. There was a rumor that, when her mind cleared, Miss Leginska discovered herself to be in a small town in New York State. Another report had her in Pennsylvania.

Miss Oliver, however, used a local telephone last night in making a call to the lodgings formerly occupied by herself and Miss Leginska.

Pins Suicide Note to Her Little Boy's Cap, But Mother Changes Mind and Is Found Alive

A three-year-old boy wandering in wilderness through the hallways of a tenement house at 473 First Avenue yesterday morning, with a note from his mother announcing that she intended to "end it all" pinned to his blue skullcap, led to the discovery of the boy's mother alive yesterday afternoon. The boy obtained shelter with the Children's Society.

The mother, Mrs. Helen Karsten, 36, was found by detectives at her home at 523 East Eighty-third Street. She had wandered the streets all day and finally decided not to die, she told the police, when taken to the East Sixty-second Street Station, charged with abandoning her child.

The boy, "Jackie," was discovered by Samuel Greenberg, 26, who lives at 111 First Avenue, house. He took the child into his apartment. The boy was neatly clad in a brown woolen sweater, a white corduroy coat, clean white leggings and patent leather shoes.

TAKE BELL-ANS AFTER MEALS
for Perfect Digestion.—Adv.

Greenwald warned the child and found the three-page note of despair written by the mother. There was "no heat, no gas, no milk" for Jackie, the note said, and the mother was tired of life. The note added that the boy's father lived at 216 East Fifty-sixth Street and had "plenty of money."

Greenwald reported to the police and they began a search for both the mother and father. At the address given for the latter it was said that Frank Karsten had not been seen for a week.

In the Karsten flat at the East Eighty-third Street address, bureau drawers were open and papers were strewn about. Tenants said that the mother had left with Jackie about 7 o'clock in the morning. The janitor, Mrs. Lena Krumm, said there were three other children, all girls, who were being cared for.

At 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon Mrs. Karsten returned home and was arrested. She would say nothing except that she had "decided not to end it all."

PARIS SHOWS SKIRTS SHORTER BUT FLUFFY

Spring Fashions of the Designers Reveal Continuance of Slim Body Line.

LONG; TIGHT SLEEVES BACK

Contest Between American and French Figures Has Apparently Been Won by Former.

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Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

PARIS, Feb. 1.—Skirts shorter than ever, with trimmed fronts and fluffy effects, the back line as straight as last year, and waists either very low or rather high are the main features of the Spring fashions which were shown at the openings last week by such of the great Paris houses as Paquin, Polet and George.

The coming week is the greatest week of the year for fashion displays, and from these general lines there may be some departures. But all are agreed that last year's slim body line will be kept. To it there has been added new gracefulness in the enlargement of the skirt in the way the apron enlarges it. These aprons can be a series of frills, a little, short, pleated affair beginning at about the knee or flowing panels like handkerchiefs hung by a corner, attached below the waist.

All the frocks shown so far are very wearable, but they seem to have been designed to prevent successful imitation. In afternoon frocks long, tight sleeves have come back, and both for these and walking dresses buttons are largely used for trimming. Even some evening gowns have six-inch sleeves. In some of these a broad band round the hips serves as a waist, and from it hangs a decorative panel which may possibly have evolved from last year's tunic.

In these are some walking dresses, such as Paquin showed, with a broad suede belt round the hips; the waist has dropped lower than ever. But on this subject the last word has not been said. Both Paquin and Polet are the workrooms of the great designers an interesting battle is in progress. All, after and during their labors, are trying to make what they should frame their fashions to the figure of the American or French woman. It would seem as if the former had won, for all the fashions shown have been suited to the longer limbed, slim Anglo-Saxon. Jean Patou is one of those who believe in the ultimate victory of the figure of Diana over Venus," as he phrases it.

Even in France, he says, the increased outdoor life of women and the development of tennis, golf and swimming is causing the round, relatively short figures of the last generation to disappear. When he first came to Paris he was asked if he thought Americans appreciated his idea was not only that they should serve as models for his American customers, but that they should also be models for French women. From America he brought back with him the greatest admiration for the slim and delicate figures of American housewives seen on the latest Para fashions and reproduce them.

"France and America," he says, "are the two nations best fitted to reach a good understanding on a commercial ground. France, by atavism, by temperament, by taste, by the genius of its soul has developed a genius for creation. America, by the vigor of its methods, the extent of its capacity for the exploitation of its resources, of its workers has all the material means at its disposal for repeating our models in series and supplying them to our customers, to our European neighbors who can never be competitors. We possess the artisans, the Americans are workmen."

Patou continues: "I am not about to open a hat department. 'I can't help it,' he says. 'If women are to be well dressed, must have hats which complete their costumes, and, therefore, really completing must originate in the same mind that planned the costumes.'

Report Device to Put Out Plane Fires

TURIN, Italy, Feb. 1.—The Ferre brothers, airplane pilots, announce the invention of a device for extinguishing fires occurring in airplanes while in mid-air. The inventors say the device which are not given out, is attached to the motor and works automatically when an explosion occurs. Experiments are said to have been successful.

Sinaloa's Ex-Governor Held for Fraud.

Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.
MEXICO CITY, Feb. 1.—General Rosendo Iturbe, ex-Governor of the State of Sinaloa, has been arrested and confined in jail on charges of misappropriating funds during his administration.