

chair (Marie)
just out FEBRUARY, 1925

SUN. Read NE book - slept in

15 chair - SL arr. JRC & RIC then
typed Norm. - out to J. P. Ros.
across bridge, Blue Books - RR
SL 11 H, poems - Subra. to SL's -
work up to Tiffey - house & bed.

1925-2025

UN AN AVEC HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT

#46 | 15 FÉVRIER 1925



Supplément photo du New York Times, de nouveau dédiée à la tentative de sauvetage de Floyd Collins, au 13^{ème} jour de son accident à dix-sept mètres sous terre.

[1925, dimanche 15 février]

Read NE book — slept in chair — SL arr. GK & RK there — typed
Herm. — out to Sp. Res. across bridge, Blue Books — RR Cliff H, poems
— Subw. to SL's — GK RK HPL Tiffany — home & bed. [In margin :
chair (Morris) gave out.]

*Lu le livre sur la Nouvelle-Angleterre. — dormi dans le fauteuil
— Loveman donne rendez-vous à Kirk et Kleiner chez
moi — dactylographié L'hermaphrodite de Loveman — on sort au
restaurant espagnol puis passé le Brooklyn Bridge, repassé Blue Books.
Trouvé poèmes de R R Cliff. Métro jusque chez Loveman. HPL avec
Kirk et Kleiner au Tiffany. Maison et dormir.
En marge : Le fauteuil Morris a rendu l'âme !*

Pauvre Lovecraft, réduit à faire le scribe pour son ami — mais au moins ce texte de Samuel Loveman sera publié en 1926, tandis que Lovecraft n'aura jamais de livre à lui publié de son vivant. Et même dans ces notations banales du journal des indications qui valent pour l'écriture. Dans son livret d'une cinquantaine de pages sur les souvenirs de leur vie à deux, Sonia raconte comme souvent Lovecraft, qui écrivait la nuit, s'installait le jour pour lire à sa table et s'y endormait, la tête posée sur le coude. Son fauteuil Morris est un des meubles auxquels il tient le plus, parce que c'est aussi un outil pour la lecture et l'écriture. Plus tard, on verra le rôle que prend son écritoire : elle l'autorise à écrire sur ce fauteuil à bras courts, dossier incliné et repose-pieds. Souvent, c'est dans le fauteuil qu'il dort, sans même aller sur le canapé, qu'il ne déplie qu'aux retours de Sonia. Cette stratégie du corps, des heures et de l'écriture, on va la suivre jusqu'au bout dans Lovecraft. Une latte du fauteuil Morris a cassé, le fond s'effondre, ce sera l'actualité du lendemain que de la faire réparer. Ô feuillets palpitants. Mais en revanche, une nouvelle visite à la librairie d'Haldeman Julius et ses Blue Books, fabuleux exemple éditorial que rend possible la concentration de la grande ville, la démocratisation du savoir, et que le livre dès lors soit un objet commercial comme les autres. Little Blue Book Store, *La petite librairie bleue* : Emmanuel Julius, fils d'un relieur juif de Philadelphie, socialiste, a fondé en 1919 cette collection de pamphlets vendus au départ 25 cts, devenus réellement devenus populaires dans cet amont de la Grande Dépression. Au point qu'en 1923 il en baisse le prix à 5 cts, et il devient même difficile de se les procurer, (*despite their threatened discontinuance*, dit Lovecraft). Une fois de plus, Lovecraft le désargenté craque : *I bought quite a supply* (j'en ai acheté un paquet), mentionnant qu'il s'agit de « titres scientifiques tout récents » — ainsi, dans la production de

petits livres Haldeman-Julius ces années-là, et qui ne sont pas bleus du tout : *Les principes de l'électricité*, *L'homme et ses ancêtres*, *La lune est-elle un monde éteint ?*, *La prostituée et ses amants*, *Les mystères de l'hérédité*, *Apprendre soi-même le français*, *Ce que doivent savoir les jeunes filles*, *Conseils à ceux qui craignent l'athéisme* — des centaines et centaines de titres, puisqu'un *Art d'embrasser* portera le n° 987, *Les fakirs de l'Amérique* portera le n° 1288, et que l'éditeur publiera même plus tard, n° 1366, un *Comment devenir l'auteur d'un livre*. La librairie des Little Blue Books perdurera jusqu'en 1971. Au-delà des pamphlets socialistes, les petits livrets didactiques à la *Que sais-je* avant l'heure (noter, dans la bibliothèque de Lovecraft, un *Savoir utiliser les grands hommes*, dont un des sept chapitres est consacré à Montaigne) — est-ce que ce n'est pas ce que lui-même cherchait dans l'aventure du journalisme amateur ? Dans le *NYT*, évidemment Floyd Collins encore : l'espoir de le rejoindre enfin aujourd'hui — et une pleine page dans le supplément photo hebdomadaire, dont le docteur qui suit la respiration du spéléologue inconscient via liaison téléphonique. La question épineuse de savoir si les milliardaires facilitent la vie de leurs enfants en leur léguant leur fortune. Et, on l'a vu dès hier soir, Lovecraft s'enfonçant dans la lecture du supplément littéraire : mais oui, si c'est une page sur Keats (dont, avec Belknap Long, ils ont récemment vu un médaillon avec mèche de cheveux à la Public Library), une autre sur John Donne, une sur Dickens, qu'on y parle aussi de Gobineau, ou de la nouvelle littérature soviétique : et chaque fois une intervention sur une page entière, bien plus proche du format revue que du format presse. Et que vient aussi à lui le nom de Knut Hamsun.

New York Times, 15 février 1925. Edith Rockefeller sur la piste de 8 419 032 dollars. Le procès financier révèle que son père souhaitait qu'elle le lègue à un organisme de bienfaisance, sous prétexte que la richesse est un mal pour les enfants. Harold F McCormick, son ex-mari, a reçu 30 000 dollars par an depuis leur divorce. Un procès financier venu hier devant la Cour Suprême révèle que John D Rockefeller a légué en 1917 à sa fille, Mme Edith Rockefeller McCormick de Chicago, en 1917, 12 000 parts de la Standard Oil Company de l'Indiana, et que le résultats des dividendes sur ces actions depuis cette période équivaut à 123 824 actions actuelles, estimées selon le prix du marché à environ 8 419 032 dollars. Le procès révèle aussi que Harold McCormick, le mari divorcé de Mme McCormick, bénéficie selon les termes de leur accord d'un paiement annuel de 30 000 dollars par an jusqu'à sa mort, et qu'il a régulièrement perçu cette somme depuis leur divorce. Les comptes, qui incluent les paiements à Mme McCormick et à son ancien mari jusqu'en septembre dernier, indiquent qu'elle a reçu 2 829 377 dollars, et son mari 217 500 dollars. Le souhait de M Rockefeller, de ne pas donner une somme d'argent considérable à des personnes qui ne disposent pas d'assez de discrétion pour en prendre soin, est notifié dans son legs. Le 14 janvier de cette année, M McCormick a poursuivi la Fondation Équité devant la Cour fédérale

EDITH ROCKEFELLER TO GET \$8,419,032

Accounting Suit Reveals That
Her Father Suggested She
Give It to Charity.

SAID RICHES HURT CHILDREN

Harold F. McCormick, Ex-Husband, Has Received \$30,000
a Year Since Divorce.

An accounting suit filed in the Supreme Court yesterday disclosed that John D. Rockefeller made a trust deed of 12,000 shares of Standard Oil Company of Indiana stock in 1917 in favor of his daughter, Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick of Chicago, and that as the result of stock dividends paid on the stock since that time Mrs. McCormick is entitled to immediate possession of 123,824 shares of the stock, worth at the present market price about \$8,419,032.

The accounting also shows that Harold F. McCormick, divorced husband of Mrs. McCormick, was entitled under the terms of the trust to the payment of \$30,000 a year until his death, and that he has continued to receive this sum since the divorce. The accounting, which includes payments to Mrs. McCormick and her former husband up to September last, shows that she received \$2,829,377, while \$217,500 has been paid to her former husband. Mr. Rockefeller's views as to the wisdom of giving large sums of money or valuable property to persons who had not attained sufficient discretion to take care of it are also set forth in the trust deed.

On Jan. 14 of this year Mr. McCormick filed suit in the Federal court at Indianapolis against the Equitable Trust Company to restrain the company from transferring the 123,824 shares of stock to his former wife. The suit was filed on behalf of Anita Oser, his 9 months' old granddaughter, daughter of Matilda Oser, McCormick's daughter who married Max Oser, a Swiss riding master. Mr. McCormick's suit is still pending.

Suit a Friendly One.

The accounting suit was filed by the Equitable Trust Company, which was made trustee when the deed was executed by Mr. Rockefeller on July 3, 1917. The action is friendly, since Mrs. McCormick filed her answer yesterday asking the court to "approve or disapprove the accounting as the court sees fit," and that the court direct the delivery to her of the Standard Oil stock and a balance of \$2,471 in cash, remaining from the sale of 380 shares of income stock to pay the expenses of administering the trust.

The defendants other than Mrs. McCormick and her former husband are their children, Fowler and Muriel McCormick, who are of age; their daughter, Matilda McCormick Oser, now 20 years of age, the wife of Max Oser, a Swiss; Anita Oser, her daughter, born in 1918; and the Rockefeller Foundation, the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research and the General Education Board.

The complaint also names as defendants John D. Rockefeller Jr., Cyrus H. McCormick, E. Parmalee Prentiss, son-

DIGGERS NEAR ROOF OF COLLINS'S PRISON; MAY ENTER IT TODAY

Shaft Should Go Through
Between Entrance to Cave
and the Victim.

THEN TUNNEL WILL BE DUG

Rescue Forces Are Full of Hope,
Though Some Doubt Man
Is Now Alive.

TALK FROM SHAFT TO CAVE

This Test Convences Workers They
Are Close to Breaking Through
the Barrier.

Special to The New York Times.
CAVE CITY, Feb. 14.—"The diggers in the rescue shaft are within striking distance of the roof of the cavern where Floyd Collins has lain a prisoner for fifteen days. They expect to reach him sometime tomorrow."

This was the official statement issued late today by the leaders of the rescue party which has been sinking a shaft for the last nine days, during which the entombed man has been without food or drink.

In issuing the statement it was made clear that much depended on the accuracy with which the engineers have gauged their plans. A test, however, made during the day, indicated that the shaft had been driven truly and should drop into the cavern, where Collins lies wedged, at a point between the entrance to the cave and the man.

There seems to be little ground for the belief that Collins is still alive. No whisper of the conviction of physicians that he has passed on under his great trials is permitted to reach the workers. They are repeatedly told that Collins is alive and it is up to them to save him.

When the question whether Collins could reasonably be expected to be alive was put to Dr. William Hazlett of Chicago, who is to be the first physician to attend Collins when he is reached, the doctor said:

"Well, we are going ahead on the theory that he is alive. We have to keep up the morale of the workers, otherwise they might slacken in their efforts."

He refused to go beyond that.

Talk From Shaft to Cave.

The announcement of the rapid progress of the shaft was made in an official bulletin issued by Brig. Gen. H. H. Benhardt, M. E. S. Posey, representative of Governor Field, and H. T. Carmichael, the engineer in charge. The bulletin read:

H. T. Carmichael and Albert Marshall, a miner, went to the bottom of the shaft and held distinct conversa-

MELANCHOLY PLIGHT OF A WRITER WHO HAS LOST HIS TROUSERS

Or Why Henri Murger, Author of "Scenes de la Vie de Boheme," Could Not Adjourn to a Neighboring Café



Knut Hamsun's Story of a Country Town

SEGEFOSS TOWN. By Knut Hamsun. Translated from the Norwegian by J. S. Stolt. 368 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

THERE is no literature a sort of heroic almanac than that of the Spanish administration; of those busy folk who like to talk of the progress of the world, that which must be told. For this is the highest example of the charm of this

is a small, well-organized, cultured, and somewhat dissatisfactory community.

It is a small, well-organized, cultured, and somewhat dissatisfactory community. Its inhabitants are of many types, narrow, rational and dull, or broad, imaginative and witty. Around a few men, such as Tobias Holmgren, the mill owner, who is considered the most successful businessman; Bauch, the solicitor, who aspires to a general supervision of the community; and the young Theovent of Iusa, an enterprising young shopkeeper, whose deal with the local lumber company and his husband of Maritime Holmgren supply almost all the necessities of life. All of these stand a certain irreducible distance from the community, and live and complete the community: Haarde, the telegraph operator, is a good example of this. Similarly, You do beauty a wrong when you cover it with headdresses, like a woman in a man's coat, and so on.

In *Mr. Muns*, who felt that "when the lawyer complained of a 'certain want of refinement' in the lecture, while *Mr. Muns*, on the other hand, inherited a really 'weak and unrefined' mind, 'the want of refinement of many auncient'"; and the Sheriff of Iusa, an amiable old man, who was in constant debt and was in constant financial difficulties, but who nevertheless had a fine, dignified, and somewhat aristocratic bearing, and was a good man.

To Americans, the following passage may have a familiar sound:

The men from old habit, are collected down by the former wine-drinker. Who has an hour to waste, and is not bound by any law, is bound to buy napkins and hair-wash for his wife, and to go to the wine-shop to meet a new friend acompanied at the wine-bin and give him a pull at the pipe. The wine is not bad, but it is wine that is different from the old days.

Mr. Haarde, a most talkative man, through a year of the community's life. He shows us love-making and death, drunkenness and poverty, and all the other phases of life. He presents a portrait gallery of rich and poor, shrewd and simple, lovable and unlovable, and he always poses the same values of much moderation, and suggests, while never being weary of the past, the joys of the significant times of life in the place or life's cheap conveniences. He is a good man, but he is not the man with a deep knowledge of his people. But the history of any small community is a history of a few families, and the history of these families is really maintained, really a series of epithets and epithets. So variegated and varied are the characters, and so strong central point for focus and

Two gender comedies are played out against this backdrop. The lawyer's misadventures, Flirina, who has an unusual custom of permitting herself to be seduced and then collecting cash for a child which never materializes. A traveling salesman fails necessarily arrives nowhere. Even Odysseus, finally fetched up near Troy, could not ignore Bloom's attachment to his wife. He happened to be Odysseus' hamlet shows just like the paths of inglorious lead likewise to the grave, and that human beings are very much the same on the coast of Norway as they

are in Ithaca, Dublin or Gopher Prairie. And surely that point could have been established in less compass than a hundred thousand Scandinavian words.

summit of literature?

Stacy Aumonier suffers, moreover, from overzealous and ill-advised puffing. Robeca West, Clemence Dane and James Douglas unite in applying to his work as a whole so numerous adjectives that are hardly appropriate to only one of the collection, "The Friends," which has previously appeared in book form, and which is apparently thrown in as a make-weight to a set of rather thin and unsatisfactory writings. Again, the book is marred by such carelessness

the book is a mere sketch of the "rules" and "that fast morning, when we walked along the plague (sic) So far as an structure goes, "Over-heard" is a curious blend of irony and smartness; but where blend is de Maudesley's, the expert in his field is D. H. Lawrence's. His narrative and art of亨利·詹姆斯的"whickerish" endings. Mr. Amedee's elaborate and somewhat unconvincing at the end with a dash of irony, giving much the effect of a caricature of a serious figure. Thus, "A Protestant Mother" is a rather ill-bred caricature of middle-class snobbery, and ends with the rub but does not furnish persistence is little kind of spirit, which is the kind of spirit that

In instance of the shallowness of his structure, we need but one passage, of "the little bathos" following on "thoughtfully erected scaffolding, of 'The Dark Corridor':"

It is the life of ease that dulls both and breeds contempt. You have given him everything else, but then you have given him nothing else. You have not let him go to Paris, let him go to where there are great successes, and life is a battle to survive.

This sort of thing is all very well for the evening papers, and as good a stuffing for waste time as cross-word puzzles or cigarettes, but is hardly worth putting out or considering.

ering in any more portentous circumstances. Themes which straddle the Channel and intercross with the friendliest little studies of England, romantic stories of scenes of France, tragedy, comedy, farce, the grotesque, are juggled with skill and relish, and all are made to serve the effect. One hopes that Stacey Aumonier will return to the level of original distinction which marks his little study of interpenetrating "The Friends," but if he has to write now fourteen second-rate stories like "One Thing Leads to Another," "The Last of the Great," and find another as good as what is concededly Mr. Aumonier's best, the reader will be inclined to relegated this funny form of fiction to its proper habitat.

LAST OF THE ASHOVERS

Duedame. By John Cowper Powys
428 pp. New York: Doubleday
Page & Co. \$2.

drawn from his contacts chiefly grand manner in style and heroic proportions in content, he has at least contributed a vitality and complexity of expertly handled subliminal recognitions that are equal to the frame.

the custom still prevails that Mr. Evans has enlisted the glamourous countryside, the mouldering churchyard of buried Asheovers, the lingering feudal spirit centring around an ancient British "county" name in Dorsetshire, to an indefinite extent, to sustain his fictions. The name of Asheover has dwindled during 600 years of continuous occupancy, till the traditional "aast of the line," whose virility and pride of family have been refined to the point of impotence, is represented by a puny Powys weaving a spell of leisurely cozy security over the reader's mind. Under the exuberance of his mania

nered prose and the stock situations of a decaying aristocracy, one discerns the influence of a powerful literary impetus. Mr. Powys is soon found to be doing less than applying himself to the task of writing a book of idealism, or "mind-stuff," for the world.

As Ashover household, to life and death, the villainous Squire, Rook, robust yet enameled with a thin, pale, thinning hair, Lexie, mortally sick, the hard of dower, the brilliant, beautiful Mrs. Hastings, the good-natured parson Hastings, Nell, his daughter, more little wife and a host of minor characters, all in a state of perpetual and inevitable existences, all act upon one another, and all are actuated by the same force.

Rook is so impinged upon, so constrained by his mother's avaricious nature, that he is compelled to act in the service of his master, symbolized in the tonics of his art, by the powerful idea of race-survival.

cesters and by his own querulous resistances and negations that he becomes, and speaks of himself as, a man, being the man in institution. His only retreat then is, not in flight, not in a rebellious escape into an imaginary world, but in a deliberate denial of the past, and in this denial his position has prepared him—the propagation of an her. Everything—the tea-felling fields of Shropshire, the scenes of his boyhood, the indomitable will of his mother, demands of Rock's war for the houses of Ashover. Rock's answer is to the same—ranks of men, the going to the rescue of each ancestor since that crusader who founded the line, a single man, Netta, who may never have a child.

house, of the bitter old mother, shut into her sumptuous apartment, of Lady Ann, glittering, sinuous, unscrupulous as life itself, and the puzzled, dispirited, gutter-girl, Netta. The fecundity of women play upon and augment one another. Rook moves as in a trance, haughty, austere, yet coldly sensual. Lexie's pagan animality is defeated by his fatal illness, and by that brother who lingers from Lexie what he does not desire for

The defeat of Rook is inevitable, yet is accomplished with an absorbing accumulation and triangulation of suspense. Lady Ann's conversion of Netta to her own purpose, and Netta's heart-breaking sacrifice of her good self are "topped" by Rook's unwilling fantasies of father-son affection. In the end, the principles

of survival has been affirmed, and the mad parson and Rook are gone, as death-energy and sterility. Mr. Powys seems to say, must go before the unconquerable will to live.

CONCERNING JONAH
JONAH. By Robert Nathan. 212 pp.
New York: Robert M. McBride &
Co. \$2.

owner of this coat in course of wounding him: one is not iniformed whether the garment was the same in both cases, though, knowing the thriftiness of the people, one is inclined to believe it was. Nevertheless, the garments in which Anatole France arrayed his beautifully austere ideas, were not the same as those which while he lived, and now that he is dead we see his antiseptic gauds subverted to adorn the merely sensual beauty of the Mme. Petipha of literature.