

WEDNESDAY APRIL, 1925

up 2 pm, guests arrive - Soay -  
Loverman & Leeds - RHL absent <sup>SUN</sup> ~~WED~~  
discuss - out to Tiffany - over to <sup>→</sup> **5**  
Loverman without RHL - back to RHL - Selv.  
- HPL descends street - out with RHL & Leeds  
to Thompson's - return to RHL & Leeds

1925-2025

UN AN AVEC HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT

#93 | 5 AVRIL 1925

« Club de la Prospérité ».

Ligne suivante : « Croyons en Dieu » (ajout de Lovecraft : *plus ou moins*).

Puis : « Confiance, espoir, charité » (ajout de Lovecraft : *& naïveté*).

Le texte principal : « Cette chaîne a été lancée dans l'espoir de vous apporter la prospérité. Avant trois jours, faites cinq copies de cette lettre, enlevant le nom du haut, et ajoutant votre propre nom et adresse au bas de la liste, et envoyez-la à cinq de vos amis auxquels vous souhaitez la prospérité. Quand vous rayerez le nom du haut, envoyez à cette personne 10 cents, glissés dans l'enveloppe comme un don de charité. En retour, quand votre nom atteindra le haut, vous recevez 15 625 lettres de donation, soit une somme de 1 562 dollars et 50 cents. Ayez la confiance qu'ont vos amis, et la chaîne ne sera pas rompue. »

Commentaire de Lovecraft : « C'est une expérience peu orthodoxe du point de vue de l'économie — pas vraiment aimée par les Postes — qui arrive dans les mains de votre ami si doué. Juste pour s'en moquer, & comme pied-de-nez à l'idéologie capitaliste conventionnelle, j'ai envoyé ma dîme, et fait suivre des copies à Cook & Belknap & Woodburn Harris & d'autres rebelles contre l'ordre existant. »

Il est donc sûr que Lovecraft a perdu ses 10 cents (envoyés à une dame de Denver, Colorado), il est quasi sûr aussi que s'il avait bénéficié d'un seul 10 cents en retour, il nous en aurait fait part dans une autre lettre. 1500 dollars ? À peu près la somme de tout ce qu'il aura touché de son vivant par l'écriture.

Source : lettre à Barlow, 11 mai 1935.

[1925, dimanche 5 avril]

Up 2 p m — wake GK — guests arrive — Sonny — Loveman & Leeds — RK absent & both discuss — out to Tiffany — over to Loveman's without GK — back to GK — SL lv. HP descend & read — out with GK & Leeds to Thompson's — return & read — retire.

*Levé à 14h. Je réveille Kirk. Les invités arrivent. Sonny, Loveman, Leeds. Kleiner absent. Discussion. Dehors au Tiffany. Puis chez Loveman, sans Kirk. Retour chez Kirk. Loveman repart, Lovecraft rentre chez lui et lit. Dehors avec Kirk et Leeds au Thompson's. Retour, lecture, couché.*



Dîner au Thompson's, où pour prétendre à un travail de boulanger il faut être blanc. On vous le promet : demain Lovecraft nous donnera dans son carnet meilleur spectacle, puisque recommencera la guerre aux souris ! Qu'on nous excuse ne pas commenter plus avant son dimanche. En compensation, cet article un peu long du *New York Times* : mais souvenez-vous, toute la radio se passe en studio, où on fait venir les orchestres et les acteurs. On garde la médiation du spectacle, c'est un spectacle qu'on va radio-diffuser. Mais la radio sort pour la première fois de ses enclaves de ciment, et s'en va dans le monde réel, ou presque. Et c'est notre imaginaire, celui en tout cas que nous forgeront

et lègueront les hommes de ce temps, qui franchit devant nous une étape, où technique et boniment se mêlent, et où la réalité ne se plie pas forcément à ce qu'on en attend, mais fait rêver quand même. Dimanche pour eux, le *Times* probablement acheté la veille au soir et lu dans la nuit : en première page cette ville souterraine dans le Sahara, comme si *La ville sans nom* de Lovecraft avait trouvé réalité. Chapman condamné à mort, retour sur sa vie. Du poison décelé dans les corps exhumés à Chicago. Publicité des appareils-radios vendus par les grands magasins Gimbel : on met l'accent sur le gros potentiomètre rond à scroller sans fin parmi les stations. Dans le supplément littéraire la traduction américaine de Stendhal, *La vie d'Henri Brulard* (pas sûr que ça ait rejoint Lovecraft, lui qui plus tard dira qu'aucun écrivain n'arrive à la cheville de Marcel Proust) — malgré ce beau titre : en gros Stendhal apprend à devenir lui-même. Dans la section magazine une page consacrée à Élisabeth la mère

d'Edgar Poe, et une autre à l'épopée des frères Dodge (ô le mot Dodge de mon enfance), une belle publicité pour les cabriolets Franklin, une autre pour les dictionnaires Webster (Lovecraft dira à Barlow, plus tard, que le sien tombe en miettes) et autres pioches. Et puis radio encore : pour la première fois depuis une piste de cirque !

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*New York Times*, 5 avril 1925. Ils ont fait l'erreur de donner vingt kilos de carcasse de boeuf à Rajah, le grand tigre du Bengale, juste avant qu'il soit censé venir devant le micro apporté hier au cirque et émettre la paire attendue de rugissements et quelques grognements pour la radio locale WJZ, repris sur les stations WGY et WRC. Rajah ne fit à peine que chuchoter sa partie. L'idée de retransmettre les bruits du cirque entre 18 h et 19 h était évidemment venue de Dexter Fellowes. Il y pensait depuis un an, et ce fut un tel succès malgré le peu qu'on put entendre d'animaux livrés joyeusement à leurs bruits sauvages, ce que qu'imaginait Dexter tout comme Lester Thompson et Ed Norwood, et qu'il faudra refaire. L'émission du cirque dans l'ozone était dirigée par Lew Graham, qui est ce très grand monsieur portant ce tout petit chapeau que son père n'arborait que les jours de mariage. Et juste avant 18 h, alors que tant de jeunes oreilles se collaient anxieusement devant les hauts-parleurs, Lew fut paralysé d'angoisse aussi. Les câbles transmettant le show avaient été suspendus au rez-de-chaussée de la ménagerie par les électriques de la RCA. C'étaient des hommes qui n'avaient pas la moindre notion des lubies de Bozo, la plus grande des girafes. Laquelle, voyant les câbles à proximité de son long cou, commença immédiatement à les mâcher. Lew, cependant, avait lu le Manuel de survie de Gish et eut comme un flash l'idée de sortir une carotte, tirée comme par magie de son chapeau et sauva la situation. Lew fait partie du cirque depuis trente ans. Lester Thompson dit qu'il a présenté le spectacle à une moyenne de 20 000 personnes par jour. Mais aujourd'hui, voici ce qu'il annonça : « Et maintenant, mesdames et messieurs, chers enfants et tous nos auditeurs, je vais adopter la façon dont les chers bonimenteurs du cirque des anciens temps présentaient leurs numéros... » Un silence, des grésillements, puis le son lointain de l'orchestre de danse du Waldorf-Astoria, puis retour de la voix de Lew : « Et maintenant, mesdames et messieurs, voici Mlle Cleo, dont tous vous avez entendu parler. À l'évidence la plus grande parmi les dompteuses des féroces et venimeuses vipères, celle qui n'a absolument jamais peur, la merveille de tous les temps. Elle s'en, approche maintenant, avec soin, avec lenteur, l'entendez-vous. Et cette frêle jeune femme, mince comme une petite fille, Mlle Cleo les a toutes apprivoisées. Et moi je demande à Mlle Cleo de commander à Grande Verge, notre python géant, de se dresser sur sa queue et de siffler. Et vous voici face à Richard le python, 32 pieds de long, qui va siffler pour vous... » Honnêtement, nous avons alors entendu deux sifflements. Et Lew déjà continuait : « Et maintenant les animaux de la jungle. Ils sont nés dans la jungle sauvage et sont devenus de plus en plus sauvages, le sont restés depuis leur naissance, je ne sais plus dans lequel des quarante-neuf États mais quelle importance. Non, vraiment, pas d'importance. Et pourquoi, demandez-vous ? Parce que vous allez les voir vous-même, et que, comme disent les anciens sages, voir c'est croire. Et aucun danger pour les enfants, mesdames messieurs je vous l'assure : nous y veillons. Laissez venir les petits enfants.... » Une voix rocailleuse fut entendue, criant : « Limonade, cacahuètes, eau fraîche bien chaude... »

Et Lew qui reprenait : « C'est ainsi messieurs dames, un jour ici, ailleurs le lendemain. Nous sommes un peuple étrange, disent les gens du dehors que nous pensons un peuple étrange. Vous voyez ces jeunes hommes, là près de la grille ? Arrêtez-vous un instant près de Jolly Irene, cette belle dame bien grasse. Si elle sortait de sa cage, que ferions-nous ? Elle pèse 342 kilos, savez-vous... » Ainsi allait le monologue de Lew, comme surgi de l'éternité du cirque. Alors on entendit sur les ondes le peuple étrange lui-même. Et de Jolly Irene, l'otarie qui mangeait trop, nous passions à Iko et Eko, les curieux petits hommes de Mars, au baron Paucci, l'homme-puce qui parlait tous les langages, à Cliko l'Africain, l'homme caoutchouc aux cheveux de feu, à Herman et Jérôme, les clowns parlants, et Zip l'homme au crâne de bronze. Lew prétendit que Zip allait parler pour la première fois depuis cinquante ans, et qu'il annoncerait devoir bientôt se marier pour la troisième fois. Et après que les clowns eurent chanté, ils nous accompagnèrent à la trompette pendant que nous nous rendions à la ménagerie où on nous raconta que le dernier à avoir tenté de polir la trompe des éléphants était maintenant le gardien du grand cimetière où on enterrait les animaux morts. Et donc rien ne se produisit avec Rajah. Mais King, le lion de Nubie, émit un généreux rugissement qui fit trembler le micro, et donc les auditeurs. Et Zeke, la hyène rieuse, émit un glouissement ou deux, avant que Old John, le doyen des éléphants, vienne faire sa parade, mais se refuse à barrié pour le micro, à cause d'un mal de gorge dû à trop de coquilles de cacahuètes avalés. Dans une déclaration faite après l'émission, la Société américaine de prévention de la cruauté envers les animaux félicita les frères Ringing de leur proposition de retirer les animaux sauvages du programme des cirques.







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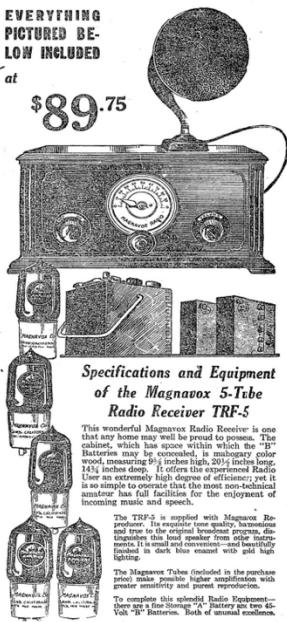
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## Stendhal Begins to Come Into His Own

*In "The Life of Henri Brulard," the Biography  
of His Youth*

THE LIFE OF HENRI BRULARD.  
By Henry Beyle (Stendhal). Translated by Alexander Alphonse  
New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Et C.

INTEREST in everything that concerns Henry Beyle has rather expanded than decreased in the first quarter of this century. In hands in a curious relation to the eighteenth century, which, in Carlyle's words, decided it could not be better, he had been held up with French Revolution, and romantic nineteenth century. Beyle's romanticism that he would be appreciated about 1880, or fifty years after he spoke, has been one of the most remarkable prophetic experiences ever witnessed and in more ways than one typical of the man.

"The interest in Beyle has not been restricted to France and has not been limited to the critical literature. For English readers Stendhal is a name associated with two novels, "Le Rouge et le Noir" and "Le Château de la Chartreuse," and these books are, indeed, the works upon which Beyle's fame must rest at the present time. The English critics, like Zola and twentieth century writers of the psychological-analytical school like Freud, have been interested in these novels of Beyle that they have set going a whole flock of busy investigators digging into everything that can be found in the author's life without him. "The Life of Henri Brulard," which is Beyle's autobiography of his life as a man of letters, is the most valuable collection of documents for the study of Beyle.

valuable collection of the "happy few," as the Stendhalists are fond of calling themselves, in order to enjoy "The Life of Henri Brulard"; it is only necessary to be interested in writing, and particularly novels.

Henri Beyle  
(Stendhal).



ères; Heyle's method is to identify each person with some one trait, so that his people become something like the characters in "Pilgrim's Progress." Complex characters are simplified to hand and clear outlines. Thus the grandfather, M. Gagnon, is identified over and over again with the traits of meanness, credulity and sensitiveness, plus timidity; Aunt Elizabeth is identified with the proud Castilian character;

le's father is the personification of narrow-minded snobbery, a boor, who pretends to be an aristocrat. Aunt Scrupible rules the household as a complete and perfect thing of evil, passing through the whole of her relations, tutors, friends and enemies, every character is carefully reduced to a simple formula and labeled. If it is not the highest art it has the advantage of amazing barrenness.

With this story of his youth before us, it is easy to see how Heyde grew up to be a man of strong loves and hates. Indeed, he might have taken for his motto those lines of Catullus:

*et amo: quare ill faciam, fortasse reuiris nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior.*

His hatreds in his early life are more notable and numerous than his loves.

He hatreds in his early life are more accountable and numerous than his loves. "It was not until he was about 25 years of age that he began to have any taste for the arts, and he enjoyed a happiness as violent as the hatreds of his days in Grenoble." Henry Heyle began life with a similar temperament, but he was more successful and plays like Melville. He gave up the play, but never gave up the love of the stage. He was a good actor. When he prepared to begin his manuscript, at the age of 32, he begins by writing a short sketch of himself. He carries down in the dust the bones of the woman he has been, as he is himself. He begins with the man of the world, and ends with the man of the lake outside Rome; he recounts suddenly the life he has led, affects him, and affects him again. It is difficult to be sure to him that he is taking a new life, but he is. His temperament is very sensitive about the "I's" and "Me's" of his autobiography. He is very fond of it, and will have that reader of 1880.

## Cross-Section of Old New York in a Church History

THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER. By George MacAdam. A new edition, revised. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

**T**HIS volume is primarily the life history of a church. It is also the biography of Dr. George Hendrie Houghton, founder and rector of the church, for fifty years, and of his nephew and successor, Dr. George Clarke Houghton. Into this story Mr. MacAdam has woven a cross-section history of certain aspects of Old New York, from before the Civil War to

In these rushing civic days when huge church funds are being raised and great cathedral architecture is in vogue, there is a restful sound in the mere name of "The Little Church Around the Corner." This plot of land where the parish ran

Holland died. When Jefferson and Holland's son called upon the Rev. Dr. Sabine of the fashionable Church of the Atonement, the rector said he would officiate at the funeral. But on hearing that the deceased had been a "play-actor" he asked to be relieved, adding "there is a little

Young Holland's eyes filled with tears, and Jefferson's with anger. "Then," replied Jefferson, according to the usual version, "God bless that little church around the corner." (italics are ours.)

... doesn't require imagination how the story spread, and I doubt lost nothing in the telling. The author's account of the intolerance, snobbishness, insult to memory, and a widely known and well-entitled book by the Very Rev. Dr. Sabine figuring in Pharisee and Hypocrite, in the Herald added to the blaze in article entitled "The Little Church and the Crowd." Within two days the city was 90 per cent. within the fold of the new church. In the same number of the paper the poems and editorials about the new church were reprinted.

The name stuck.

The Dr. George H. Puritan family of Teerfield, Mass.; migrated to New York in 1830; worked at the law, then became a student of law and theology at College Point, L. I., and in 1845 was ordained Minister of the gospel.

From the first he has been a hard worker and a hard

fighter for the under dog, who was a dangerous, lawless criminal or a dog in the flesh. His career is punctuated with remarkable stories of a helping hand to frail humanity. In 1843 occurred the celebrated draft riots. Colored folk were driven from homes and sick beds, the blood lust of the mob finally finding vent upon the Colored Asylum, which was burned to the ground.

"A kitchen was exterminated. The refugees slept on the floor of the Parish Library, of the choristers' reading room, the Sunday school, the room above the chancery, overflowing even into the church itself."

Dark, negroed, and wond'ring out,  
Draughts, negroed, and wonder'd out,  
Church of the Transfiguration under  
him who stood bestride,  
And in his eye,  
From one of Dr. Houghton's early  
days, I have a picture of Dr. Houghton, a creased somewhat tilted  
head, a face with a prominent nose, and a  
broad mouth, a thin mustache, and a  
bright, smiling, and somewhat  
playful eye. He is wearing a  
dark suit, a white shirt, and a  
dark bow tie. He is looking slightly  
to the right of the viewer. The  
background is dark and indistinct.

and had been known for its funerals; until the younger rector it became a "leading" church. Mr. Hough was a "marrying" parson. In 1891 he married a girl who had come to town from the Rivers, and he was the first to marry in the Little Church Around the Corner. The parson, they later said, "had a family." Mr. MacAdam points out, however, that the girl was married to George Green, a place where it is still to be married, "and the secret marriage."

It is a fact that Dr. Hough's talents, in many of which he was equal to any man, were not those of a clergyman, were particularly strict. He went to the heart of the matter when he said that "no man who would marry any one who had been living with another, or who had been married, should solemnize no secret marriage." He would not have been considered. He would never date a man, a ceremony, park, or place. Father and mother were both on hand—an older man and a sea-faring man about to have a home for his wife in a condition which made marriage necessary at once. The minister, however, in order to satisfy the license board, in order to satisfy the law, would wait the hour before the sailor left for sea.

"The Little Church Around the Corner" is put together from church records, from the recollections of the pastors, and from personal knowledge. As a personal history, it is an administrative work, carried on with accuracy, insight and understanding.

for the not impossible actress. When he prepared to write his memoirs he did not know that he was giving back over his love affairs. He had been in love with the wife of the woman he has loved as he is now in love with the wife of the woman he has loved only six months. He has given up the woman he loves to the man he loves, and he is bound to occur to him that he is taking a very big risk of making a mistake. He is very sensitive about the "I's" and "me's" in his memoirs, and he is very sensitive about the "you's" and "she's" in his memoirs, and he is very sensitive about the "we's" and "they's" in his memoirs, and they will bear that reader of 1886.

Very few he saw when half his long manuscript was done said that the memoirs were good, and that they would never do. After a particularly long digression he said, "I think you are all right, good God! When I read this, I shall have to strike out every word of it and write it in a different way." Something, in the end, was done, and the result is "Life of Henry Brissaud," a book of considerable readability. The fact, however, is that the memoirs are not good, and his memoirs have rather added to their badness. The reason is that the memoirs were found in, in their untouched form, a mine of pretense of grandeur, and the author has added to their idol of Brisey.

Very few of the people draw any pleasure out of the memoirs, where all the women have had lovers, where the conversation is always about the women, where they drink a light punch half an hour before dinner, and where in the world I am meet at once.

There is Henry Brisey, as surely as we have Dr. Samuel Johnson to represent that a man is nowhere so well off as at a good inn.







