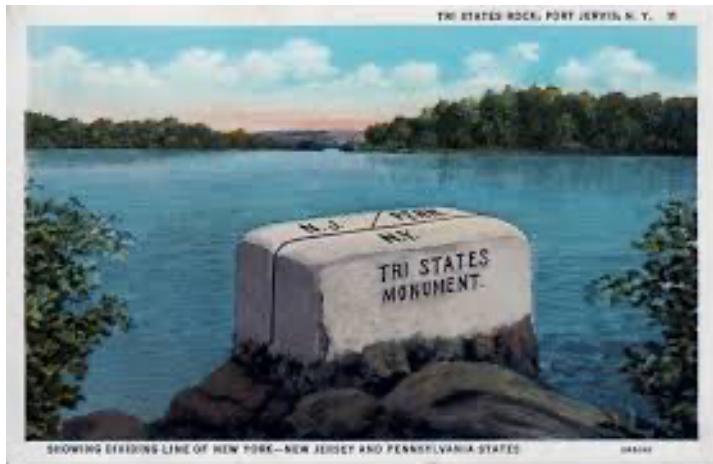


up noon - Breakfast - wrote
MON. **20** letters - 86 return with
dinners - write more -
now & retire ~~now~~

1925-2025

un an avec Howard Phillips Lovecraft
#199 | 20 juillet 1925



« Aujourd'hui — ce lundi 20 — pas cessé d'écrire, sinon pour le dîner, et la soirée se conclura par un peu de lecture avant le coucher. Ceci conclut le 20 juillet. La situation de S.H. semble toujours en bonne voie, et elle négocie pour de bonnes conditions. Kleiner et Morton ont fait une randonnée d'une semaine dans les régions sauvages à l'ouest de l'Hudson, loin des sentiers et des feux de camp de l'humanité. À un moment donné, ils se sont tenus simultanément dans les trois États de New York, du New Jersey et de Pennsylvanie — un exploit qui ne peut être surpassé qu'en se rendant dans le sud-ouest, où les quatre États de l'Utah, du Colorado, de l'Arizona et du Nouveau-Mexique convergent vers un point commun. »



GEN. MINICKERL. PROP. TEL. CO.

Underpass, Port Jervis, N. Y.



Congress Square, Port Jervis, N. Y.



[1925, lundi 20 juillet]

Up noon — breakfast — wrote letters — SH return with dinner — write more — read & retire.

Levé à midi. Petit-déjeuner. Écrit des lettres. Sonia revient avec de quoi dîner. Écrit encore. Lu et couché.

L'échange hebdomadaire de lettres avec la tante Lillian semble chaque fois accompagné de documents, copie au carbone des écrits commerciaux pour Leeds côté du neveu, des articles découpés dans les journaux de Providence côté Lillian, que Lovecraft commente en retour. Aujourd'hui, grosse colère sur les reconstructions en cours sur la colline de Providence, et notamment College Street, où il habitera les six ans précédent sa mort : « Je suis vraiment en rage (*utterly infuriated* souligné) concernant le destin des vieilles maisons coloniales de College & Benefit Street, une des plus belles survivances coloniales de toutes les grandes villes, et savoir qu'elles seront détruites à court terme est au-delà du supportable. » Pour cette négociation en cours de Sonia, concernant un nouvel emploi, ni l'un ni l'autre ne se doute du coup de foudre à venir. Dans sa lettre, le « ainsi se conclut le 20 juillet » vient à peine au bout d'une ligne à le décrire. Mais il parle d'une « montagne de lettres », pas de précision mais sans aucun doute les résultats des votes pour l'association du *United Amateurs* et la passation de pouvoir au nouveau bureau. Ce point unique sur la carte des USA avec les frontières des quatre États qui se coupent à angle droit, c'est précisément le territoire fictionnel de Tony Hillerman, et ce cher homme que deviendra Tony et ses fabuleux polars vient justement de naître, ce 25 mai 1925, à Sacred Heart (Oklahoma) mais je déborde : ça ne peut concerner Lovecraft. Et pourtant, Machen, Bierce et les autres, c'est dans les mêmes auteurs que révère Lovecraft qu'il apprendra à écrire. Morton et Kleiner en excursion : ah non, pas si loin (et Lovecraft aurait bien dû les accompagner), c'est à Port Jervis, 160 kilomètres pas plus de Manhattan, sur la rivière Delaware, qu'est ce point où se rencontrent les trois États, allez donc l'explorer avec Street View (ce que Lovecraft n'aurait pu faire !) Petit détail rare : Lovecraft, en bas de page, n'a plus la place pour son habituelle formule de politesse « Your obt. nephew » etc, alors il l'ajoutera... au dos de l'enveloppe ! Dans le journal, à Brooklyn mais assez loin de chez les Lovecraft, cette histoire de cabine téléphonique qui témoigne des nouveaux usages de l'invention de Graham Bell, certes non prévue par lui-même (qui n'avait pas prévu, d'ailleurs, sa propre invention : reprendre l'inoubliable McLuhan) Souvenez-vous du nom de Josephine Koykowiser !

Canicule du week-end et furie des plages: sept noyades à New York et autour, dont une à Coney Island. L'homme perdu deux jours dans les marais de Newark, se réveillant à l'hôpital, raconte des histoires très lovecraftiennes (on dirait le dispositif de *Par delà le mur du sommeil*).

New York Times, 20 juillet 1925. Josephine Koykowiser, domiciliée 540 Kosciusko Street, à Brooklyn, avait beaucoup à raconter quand elle est entrée dans la cabine téléphonique du drugstore de J.H. Hopkis, au 36 Reid Avenue, à Brooklyn, samedi soir. Quand elle eut dit tout ce qu'elle avait à dire, c'était dimanche. La conversation téléphonique qui a coûté une pièce de 5 cents à Mlle Koykowiser n'a pas seulement été à cheval sur deux journées, mais l'a tellement absorbée qu'elle ne s'est pas aperçue qu'on éteignait les lumières et qu'on fermait le magasin. Elle n'a rien entendu des sirènes d'une ambulance appelée pour un accident juste devant le magasin, ni les cris de la foule au dehors. Même la plus passionnante conversation a une fin, et quand la jeune femme raccrocha et revint des Champs Élyséens, elle se trouvait prisonnière du drugstore dans le noir. Elle courut et frappa aux portes vitrées, attirant l'attention de la foule près de l'ambulance. « Sortez-moi d'ici, criait-elle. — Mais comment êtes-vous entrée ? » lui répondit-on. Elle ne put faire entendre sa réponse à la question réitérée par plusieurs agents de police. On essaya la porte d'entrée et la porte de derrière mais tout était bloqué. La police téléphona au propriétaire pour qu'il vienne avec la clé, mais on ne put trouver ni lui ni son employé. Ils essayèrent en vain de ramper par le vasistas au-dessus de la porte d'entrée, mais personne parmi les policiers présents n'était assez mince ou petit. On lança une alarme générale dans les commissariats de l'est new yorkais pour trouver un policier assez petit pour se glisser dans le vasistas. Plusieurs policiers tout petits essayèrent sans réussirent. On trouva avec Frank Feguida le bon candidat. Grimpé sur les épaules d'un de ses collègues il se glissa dans le vasistas, sauta de l'autre côté, enleva le verrou de la porte arrière, fit sortir la jeune fille et revint par le même chemin. « Mais comment étiez-vous entrée ? » redemanda-t-on à la demoiselle, mais on n'entendit pas sa réponse, repartie chez elle du plus vite qu'elle le pouvait.

TELLS A HAZY STORY OF 40 HOURS IN BOG

William Galten, Recovering From Exhaustion and Fever, Says He Never Gave Up.

CONFUSES PLANE AND FLIES

Saw Aviators and Tried to Signal Them—Fought Insects Night and Day.

William Galten was able to sit up in bed yesterday in St. Mary's Hospital in Hoboken and tell fairly coherently experiences in a Mississippi swamp from which he was rescued late Saturday night after wandering for forty hours. His face and body covered with great red blotches from the stings of horseflies, his eyes still burning with the fever due to exposure and the poisons of the swamp, Galten still appeared to be a very sick man.

He had known as he wandered in the swamp that Kraft and other fellow-workmen could be looking for him, told his wife yesterday, and had not given up hope of being rescued. He saw the plane overhead flown by Lieutenant Chamberlain of Haarbruck Heights and tried to attract the aviator's attention through the thick greenery of the scrub maples that cover much of the swamp. Then his talk wandered to the flies that never let him alone night or day and it seemed to listeners that the man confused these flies with the plane overhead in his memory.

He remembered most distinctly the swift coming of darkness and thunderstorms Thursday night. What he did and where he wandered in the swamp which covers four or five square miles between East Rutherford and Secaucus he could not recall. Sometimes in the two days and nights he removed his clothes whether to seek relief from the heat or because of lack of clothing either the Hackensack River or the Erie Intracoastal Canal, he was unable to say.

David L. Slatow, Hoboken, recovered for a time that Galten would succumb to weakness and malarial fever, but a hospital committee of physicians came and the thorough war against mosquitoes waged by the Bergen County Extermination Commission by whom he was employed saved the doctor and the other to a minimum.

When he was brought to his home State of New Jersey he did not wish to go to the hospital but demanded that refreshments be brought and that a table be laid for his friends and neighbors to celebrate his safe return. Prevailed upon by the family physician and his wife, however, he went to the hospital, where, needless to say, he remained as long as doctors and nurses would permit.

7 BATHERS PERISH AT NEAR-BY BEACHES

One Man Loses Life at Coney Island, Where a Girl Also Narrowly Escapes.

4 OF A FAMILY GO DOWN

Two Men and a Girl Try to Save Aged Man Stricken by Heart Attack in Water.

Special to The New York Times.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., July 10.—Four persons were drowned today when two young men and a 12-year-old girl were attempting to save an aged man who is believed to have suffered a heart attack while swimming at Corson's Inlet.

The dead are Joseph D'Ucannon, 68 years old; Frank J. Waltz, 25; Andres Wood, 26, and Ruth A. Wood, 13. All were from New York City. The bodies of D'Ucannon and Waltz were recovered by United States Coast Guards shortly after the tragedy. The body of Andres Wood was recovered about 10 o'clock tonight. Coast Guards were still searching late tonight for the body of Miss Ruth Wood.

The bodies are being held at Corson's Inlet.

Eye witnesses said D'Ucannon was some distance from the beach and the two young men, Andres Wood and his brother, Waltz, were swimming near him. Waltz and Andres Wood apparently heard the old man call for help and swam to him. They both followed the two and lost her life trying to give aid.

People on the beach saw the four

together some distance out, and then they suddenly disappeared.

One Death at Coney Island.

On bathing fatality and a rescue from drowning occurred at Coney Island yesterday when about one-fourth of the 700,000 persons who visited the resort were bathing.

Charles Puccio, 23 years old, a stone mason, of 15 Carlton Avenue, Brooklyn, was drowned in aavesend Bay off Ward Thruway Street. He went to the island with his wife and a party of friends and though not able to swim well, got into the water with other members of the party. He got beyond his depth and was unable to get to his body was recovered. Dr. Gaber of the Coney Island Hospital tried to revive him.

Sylvia Jacobson, 18 years old, of 811 Horn Street, the Bronx, narrowly escaped drowning yesterday afternoon. The quick intervention of Samuel L. Slatow, a life guard, and the prompt work of Dr. Gaber of the Coney Island Hospital, saved her life. She was playing with a number of young men and women and struck her head on the rocks. She was unable to get up and, like the others, dived and brought the young woman to shore, where Dr. Newell treated her for unconsciousness and hysteria. Later in the day she was able to go home.

Girl in Booth Phones On While Store Closes; Rescued by Slim Policeman Through Transom

Josephine Koykowiser of 540 Kosciusko Street, Brooklyn, had a lot to tell when she entered the telephone booth in the drug store of L. H. Kipkis at 36 Reid Avenue, Brooklyn, on Saturday night.

By the time that she had said it all, it was Sunday morning.

Miss Koykowiser's five cents worth of conversation not only occupied parts of two days, but it was so absorbing that she did not notice the lights being put out and the drug store being locked. She did not hear the clanging of an ambulance called to a street accident in front of the store, or the shouts of the crowd outside. She talked right through it all.

Even the most thrilling talk has to come to an end sometime, and when the young woman hung up the receiver and came back from the Elysian fields, she found herself a prisoner in the dark drug store. She ran and beat on the glass doors and soon had the crowd away from the ambulance.

"Get me out," she shouted.

"How did you get in?" they demanded. She could not make her explanation heard and did not regard the question of how she got in as the matter before the house anyway. But policeman after policeman came and each one

shouted, "How did you get in?"

The front door, side door, front light and side lights were tested and found locked.

"How did you get in?" they kept on demanding. The girl kept on shouting answers, but could not make herself heard.

The policemen sent telephone calls and messengers to get the druggist with the key, but could not reach him or the clerk. Finally, they tried to crawl through the transom over the front door. This was too small for any policeman on the spot.

A general alarm was sent out from the Brownsville and East New York station to find a policeman who would fit a small transom. Several undersized men were tested and rejected. At last Policeman Frank J. Ryan was found a perfect fit. On the shoulders of another policeman, he wriggled through the transom, and dropped inside the door. He pried the locking bars on the rear door loose, let the girl out, and helped her over a fence. Then he rebarred the rear door and wriggled out through the transom.

When the girl made her appearance on the sidewalk, forty voices demanded at once, "How did you get in?"

At the shot off for 540 Kosciusko Street, a rapid pace and did not utter a sound.

TAKE BELL-ANS AFTER MEALS

for Perfect Digestion.—Adv.

Hudson - palisades, (which I regret to say are published as worse) we proceeded by subway to Dyckman St. - a near the northern end of Manhattan - & paused for a drink of bottled orangeade before strolling to the ferry which leads across the Hudson to the N. J. palisades. Then crossing, we began the zigzag ascent of the majestic precipice by means of a winding route partly identical with the upper road, partly a footpath through the verdant twilight of forest steps, & partly a stone stairway which at one point tunnels under the rock. The crest, which we attained in about a half-hour, commands the bollest possible view of the Hudson & its eastern shore; & along this we ramble - coming now on a patch of woods, now on a grassy pasture, & now on a clearing bordered by the pithy bedrock of the plateau itself. At one point we behold the ruins of a noble stone house; overgrown closely with ivy & terminating in one of the ruins of some sinister River castle. Later we settled on a bench near the edge of the cliff & did our reading - my book being "L. Jephcott's New Hyde", which I had not perused for 25 years. At 6 we had lunch - picnicing it out with ice cream & lemonade from a bright bowering pavilion - & thereafter descended, crossed the ferry, & finished our walk on the N.Y. side by following Riverside Drive in its west prettiest stretch from Dyckman to 181st St. At the latter point we took the subway home - stopping at the shop under the Taormina for ginger ale & fire & finishing the former after our arrival at 169. I then disposed of an hundred & had caught beneath the sink - after which I read some & retired. The next day - Friday the 17th - I was up at noon, picked up my file of three day books of needless documents, & proceeded to peruse an historical anniversary issue of the Cambridge Tribune which I suppose today has sent to me. The account of Cambridge by Rev. Samuel Eliot was superb, though to be unpublished in booklet form. I wrote some & went out on 5th then returned with dinner - I wrote some & went out on some errands, & finally retired. The next day - Saturday the 18th, I wrote all day, nearly clearing up my correspondence. In the afternoon I went out for groceries, & in the evening I read & retired. On Sunday the 19th - yesterday - I read all day & finished Dyer's "Early American Craftsmen" which contains much matter of marvellous interest. It seems that your banister-back chair is a really early type - descended from the Windsor. There was also a great deal about Bennington pottery - telling the now high value of those fuzzy-haired little chival poodles which one used to see everywhere. Did it ever have some one? I could gnash my teeth at what has been sold, given, or thrown away! I was out for grocery errands now, & then, fatigued fairly early. Today - Monday the 20th - I have been continuously writing except for the dinner hour, & shall be out by reading & retelling. This concludes July 20, S.H.'s position still seems good, & she is negotiating for a larger truck.

Kleinert & Marton have been on a strenuous walking trip west of the Hudson, far from the track & campfires of mankind. At one point they stood simultaneously in the three states of N.Y., N.J. & Penn. - a fact surpassable only by travelling to the southwest where the four states of Utah, Colorado, Arizona, & New Mexico converge to a common focus. Oh, yes - go to the Amy Lowell poem - it is poetry, because of the imagery, but not the sort I'd try to write intentionally. And so it goes. To off Nephew Bob Bent N.Y.C.