



1925-2025

un an avec Howard Phillips Lovecraft

#213 | 3 août 1925

“Le lendemain — lundi 3 — je me suis levé à midi, j’ai écrit des lettres et je suis sorti pour quelques courses — y compris une coupe de cheveux à 40 cts. Je suis ensuite allé à la bibliothèque, poussé un peu plus loin dans le *Providence in Colonial Times*, j’ai diné (tourte au bœuf et tarte aux pêches) à l’Automat, avant de rentrer à la maison, où j’ai lu le nouveau *Weird Tales* qui vient de paraître. Écrit quelques lettres encore puis couché. Le *Weird Tales* porte sur sa couverture l’inscription « Histoires par O. Henry, H.P. Lovecraft, Frank Belknap Long, Jr. et d’autres auteurs ». En écrivant à Sonny, je lui ai demandé s’il pensait que nous devions poursuivre l’éditeur ou nous en sentir complimentés ! J’ai d’ailleurs reçu un chèque de 25 dollars (envoyé à A E P G pour le dépôt de mon nouveau costume en octobre) pour *The Unnamable*, ainsi qu’une longue et cordiale lettre de l’éditeur Farnsworth Wright, qui me demande d’autres récits à se mettre sous le coude. Il n’en a plus que deux : *The Tomb*, prévu pour janvier (après trois mois d’interruption de mon travail) et *The Moon-Bog*. Je dois rassembler mes forces pour la tâche redoutée de recopier quelques fonds de tiroir pour lui — il y en a assez pour l’approvisionner indéfiniment. L’histoire de Leeds paraîtra en novembre et celle de Belknap, *Sea-Thing*, est prévue pour décembre. Wright donne beaucoup d’informations sur la solidité et la croissance du magazine, et dit que même les vieilles dettes de l’ancienne direction éditoriale seront un jour payées, y compris les 14 dollars qu’ils me doivent pour *Nemesis*. Il fait l’éloge de mon *Tomb* d’une manière particulièrement flatteuse. J’ai l’impression générale que *Weird Tales* s’améliore. »

[1925, lundi 3 août]

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Up noon — write letters — out on errands — barber — library — dinner at Automat — return — buy groceries — read, write, & retire.

*Levé à midi. J'écris des lettres. Je sors faire des courses. Coiffeur.  
Bibliothèque. Dîné à l'Automat. Retour. Passage à l'épicerie.  
Lu, écrit & couché.*

Est-ce que quelqu'un quelque part a parlé de l'*après écrire* ? À ce mot write on pourrait penser qu'il complète ou augmente *Horreur à Red Hook* mais non : il s'est remis à sa correspondance. Y compris pour raconter son récit à Belknap Long, et lui parler du *Weird Tales*, puisque c'est ensemble qu'ils ont leur nom sur la couverture. Un après-écrire, avec cCtte retombée de soi, et l'impression qu'on n'y arrivera plus jamais ? Ce qu'on a écrit semble jeté dans un passé lointain, plus que lointain. Pourtant il n'a pas encore dactylographié l'histoire : c'est aussi une prise de recul. Il revient à la Public Library de la Vème avenue et se renfonce dans l'histoire de Providence et de la Nouvelle-Angleterre. S'il prend des notes, elles ne nous sont pas parvenues. Seul à l'Automat (*beef pie & peach pie*), ce sont des gestes presque rituels qu'on accomplit. Voire même : bonheur provisoire de la vie célibataire. Le silence dans la tête est énorme. Quel meilleur jour pour aller au coiffeur (40 cents) et, sa tête, l'abandonner aux mains des autres ? Le coiffeur, qui l'aura approchée de si près, saurait-il mieux que nous, qui décryptons son carnet, ce qu'il y a dans la tête de Lovecraft ? Il reçoit aussi un chèque de 25 dollars pour la parution de *L'Innommable* dans le *Weird Tales* de juillet, avec un mot gentil de Farnsworth Wright qui lui demande d'autres nouvelles : cela compte certainement autant que le chèque (quand même la moitié du loyer mensuel), surtout qu'il l'a déjà reposté à sa tante Annie, qui lui avait avancé la même somme pour le costume d'occasion, après le cambriolage. Annie Gamwell sert de caution, de banque et caisse d'épargne, mais les comptes sont stricts (sinon ces 5 dollars d'argent de poche que les deux vieilles dame accordent chaque mois au neveu). Dans le journal, immigration illégale : ces chinois qui descendent clandestinement d'un cargo avec une corde pour tenter de rejoindre la côte à la nage et se noient. Lung Tiu, Won, Tee et You Young, Chu Foo, on a les noms. Grève des maçons (mais cela justifierait cette haine de Lovecraft dans *Horreur à Red Hook* puis *Lui* ?). Une lettre à l'encre empoisonnée dans l'Illinois. Un meurtre par jour à Chicago. Et ce cambriolage dans le métro à Broadway, à l'heure même où Lovecraft probablement y pase. MacMillan a rejoint la base d'où il va lancer ses avions.

Le portrait d'Ernst Lubistch en pleine page, en tant que « movie director » : ce serait donc un geste atsitique ?

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*New York Times*, 3 août 1925. Deux hommes ont eu raison hier de la vigilance du responsable de la station Broadway — 96ème rue de l'Interborough, vers 19h30, à l'heure de plus grande presse, alors qu'au moins 1000 personnes transitaient par les trois quais de la station. Les voleurs, un noir (*negro*) et un homme blanc (*white man*), s'y sont pris avec une audace qui a surpris les policiers. Ils avaient d'évidence étudié soigneusement le terrain, prenant même la précaution de couper les lignes internes de téléphone. Les voleurs ont accompli leur travail et sont repartis sans éveiller la moindre suspicion, l'un d'eux ayant même calmement répondu à la demande de deux voyageurs en manque de monnaie. Edward Conrad, le surveillant de nuit, a pris son poste à 19 heures. Il a reçu de l'agent de journée un sac contenant 370 dollars en billets, et un autre sac contenant 50 dollars en petite monnaie, plus la recette vérifiée de 161,65 dollars. Il a souhaité bonne nuit à son prédécesseur avant de s'enfoncer dans la monotonie de son travail, rendant la monnaie à travers son guichet. Vingt minutes plus tard, un nègre de couleur claire s'est montré à la porte latérale, fermée par une chaîne. « Je suis le nouveau poinçonneur, a-t-il dit à Conrad, je dois faire pointer ma fiche. » Ce qui ne faisait pas partie du travail de Conrad. « Va voir le collègue de l'autre quai », a-t-il répondu. Quelques minutes plus tard, un homme blanc basané s'est présenté au guichet : « Je voudrais le plan des stations Interborough », a-t-il dit, et Conrad, qui était occupé, lui a demandé d'attendre une minute. Des centaines de passagers s'écoulaient et Conrad devait rendre la monnaie. Et comme il allait servir l'homme, toute une troupe de matelots débarquant des bateaux de guerre amarrés dans l'Hudson au niveau de la 96ème rue le retardèrent encore. Finalement il ouvrit son armoire pour chercher une carte. Il sentit alors un pistolet appuyé dans son dos et une voix lui dire : « Cache-toi là-dessous ». Conrad fut contraint de se baisser sous le comptoir, et, deux voyageurs demandant à changer un billet contre de la monnaie, le voleur les leur rendit de sa propre poche. À peine ils étaient partis que le *negro* revint, tandis que l'autre gardait toujours son pistolet pointé. « Tout va bien, patron », dit le *negro* à Conrad, en s'emparant de la caisse, qu'il tendit à l'autre homme. Et ils disparurent dans les couloirs du métro, tandis que Conrad tentait vainement d'alerter ses chefs par téléphone. Les enquêteurs découvrirent les fils coupés, mais prirent en note une description très précise des malfrats.

## 9 Chinese Fight Ebb Tide to Enter Country; 2 Believed Lost After Swimming for Hours

Employing a ruse to prevent detection, near midnight Saturday nine Chinese seamen who wanted to enter the country in violation of the immigration laws descended a rope from the stern of the Asiatic Petroleum Company's tanker Chilton at its dock at Bayonne and struck out in the moonlight for the Staten Island shore. Early yesterday morning seven were picked up by vessels as they struggled with an ebb tide in the Kill Van Kull. Two were believed to have been drowned.

The nine made preparations for their swim for the unlawful entry into the United States by obtaining the assistance of two comrades. Toward midnight when there was only one watchman on the dock, these two made a run down the gangplank making as much noise as they could. The watchman ran to intercept them and while he was thus occupied the nine slid down the rope and swam away.

The ebb tide soon scattered the swimmers, although six managed to keep fairly close together. Ahead, a dark bump under the moon, they could see New Brighton, which they thought meant safety. That vision kept them fighting the tide.

Lung Tiu was driven north toward St. George, far from the others, and some time after midnight when his strength was nearly gone he was sighted by the crew of the excursion boat express on its way back from Coney Island to Bayonne. He was hauled aboard, brought to Bayonne and sent to the Bayonne Hospital. Later he was sent back to the ship.

Six others, Won Young, Tom Wanan, Tee Young, Lou Sam, Chu Foo and You Young were carried toward Robbins Reef. The tug Ashbourne found them in groups of two, nearly exhausted, and took them to St. George, S. I., where they were turned over to the police.

## Score Are Hurt in Bay State Klan Riot; Three Arrested After Siege in Farmhouse

Special to The New York Times.

WESTWOOD, Mass., Aug. 2.—A score of persons, three of them women, were injured, and three alleged Klansmen, one the son of the Chief of Police at Sudbury, were arrested this afternoon during a riot that followed the breaking up of a Ku Klux Klan meeting on a field in Westwood.

More than thirty of the Klansmen, chased from the field by several hundred citizens, took refuge in the home of Stephen Illsley, owner of the farm on which the meeting was held, and were besieged for a half hour until the State constabulary came and protected them while they escaped in automobiles.

During the half hour that the Klansmen were at bay, scores of stones and other missiles were hurled into the Illsley house, shattering window frames and wrecking a considerable part

of the furniture. Threats were made to burn the house. Approximately 1,000 motorists, in addition to the 75 Klan members and sympathizers, the 300 anti-Klansmen, and several hundred other residents of Westwood were present during the trouble.

The men arrested were Perley W. Libby of Sudbury, Roy R. Hall, son of the Sudbury Chief of Police, and William Gordon Moore, whose address was not given. They were taken to the Norfolk County jail at Dedham, charged with carrying concealed weapons.

Most of the injured were Klansmen who were struck by missiles or pieces of broken glass from shattered windshields of automobiles. Several of the injured were advised by the police to go to the hospital for treatment, but they feared that if they did so their identity would be disclosed.

## POISON PEN FIGURES IN CISTERN DEATH

**Vicious Letters to Woman and  
Illinois Family Preceded Find-  
ing of Her Body.**

*Special to The New York Times.*

MATTOON, Ill., Aug. 2.—Poison pen letters, which included what purported to be Ku Klux Klan threats played an important part in the mysterious death yesterday of Miss Cora Stallman, aged 48, a former Cincinnati school teacher and for the past four years manager of the \$250,000 farm owned here by her sister, Mrs. Anna Seaman.

Miss Stallman's body was found seated in a cistern with some of the letters floating about. Although her head was under the surface, Coroner F. S. Schilling reported that the autopsy performed today revealed no water in the lungs and showed teeth was not due to drowning. Aside from a small scratch on the face, there was no mark of violence.

The body was sent tonight to the home of Miss Stallman's sister, Mrs. Warren Kinney, in Cincinnati, for burial. The organs will be sent to the University of Illinois for analysis for poison.

The Coroner would not comment upon the anonymous letters pending the inquest to be held later this week, but it was learned that notes, all of them vicious in nature, had been received at intervals during the last three months not only by Miss Stallman, but also by Thomas A. Seaman, husband of Anna Seaman, who, however, lives on an adjoining farm; Edward Seaman, a brother; Boss Lilly, a tenant of the Anna Seaman farm, and many others. Mrs. Anna Seaman never received any of the letters, although those addressed to her husband were left at her place.

The letters to the Seamans discussed the intimate affairs of the family and were full of horrible innuendo and charges, according to the recipients. Miss Stallman took them very much to heart, and recently Thomas Seaman consulted a lawyer about them.

A peculiar connection between the Seaman letters and Miss Stallman exists in the fact that every letter, whether sent through the mails or left on the farm, came into the hands of its final recipient through Miss Stallman. The missives were all in laboriously printed characters, well phrased in most cases.

A comparison of the printed text and Miss Stallman's handwriting was made. Coroner Schilling said that no connection had been found between the two scripts.

One of the Ku Klux letters received, so known because of its signature, demanded \$200. None of the Seaman family had joined the order, nor had they opposed it.

## MACMILLAN AT ETAH PREPARES PLANES

**Navy Flier Reports It Will Take  
Four Days to Build Base  
for Polar Dash.**

## BEACH MUST BE LEVELED

**Big Rocks to Be Moved and Run-  
ways Made—Arctic Broadcast  
Is Heard in the West.**

*Special to The New York Times.*

WASHINGTON, Aug. 2.—On account of the poor character of the beach found by the Macmillan Arctic Expedition on its arrival last night at Etah, Greenland, it will be necessary to construct runways before the American Naval fliers accompanying the expedition will be able to "hop off" in their polar flights from that point.

Lieut. Commander Richard E. Byrd, commanding the flying end of the expedition, reported by radio to the Navy Department today after a careful survey of the beach made immediately after arrival of the Peary and Bowdoin at Etah that, due to difficult operating conditions, four days will be required for erection of the planes and construction of the base. He also reported that the naval carrier pigeons, which have been taken along to send back emergency messages, are in good shape in the frozen north.

Commander Byrd's message was as follows:

"Peary and Bowdoin laid to this morning from 4:10 to 8:10. Followed close to coast line and had good view of many gigantic glaciers. Arrived Etah tonight (Saturday), 9 o'clock. Weather bad, with wet snow and fog covering hills down to a hundred feet.

"Only one small beach in the whole harbor, as the beach line is almost universally rocky, with many cliffs and rocky hills arising from the water's edge. Planes will have to be erected on the beach, due to the lack of space on the Peary. The beach is sandy and pebbly, so that runways will have to be made for each plane to keep the wheels from sinking in.

"There are many large rocks on the beach that will have to be cleared off. It is fifty feet wide and forty deep and too steep at present for use, but can be leveled down sufficiently to use.

"Will start landing planes at 5 tomorrow morning. Due to difficult operating conditions, four days will be required to erect planes.

"Personnel all in good condition and very keen to get started. Pigeons in good shape. Will take them ashore tomorrow to orientate them. Two pairs of pigeons are nesting.

## CHICAGO RECORDS A MURDER A DAY

**Crime Commission Sets Forth  
Statistics of Worst Year  
in City's History.**

**INCLUDES NO HOMICIDES**

**Western Metropolis Has Had 13  
Times as Many Murders Rela-  
tively as Canada.**

*Special to The New York Times.*

CHICAGO, Aug. 2.—Persons are being murdered in Chicago at a rate of more

than one each day. A total of 227 have been murdered to date this year. If that pace of the 211 days continues for the next 154 days, the murders at the end of 1923 will number 361.

That estimate is comparable with 346 Chicago murders last year, 270 in 1922, 329 in 1921, 196 in 1920, 194 in 1919, and 330 in 1918, which was the record for the second city in the nation. These figures are of murders, not of killings or homicides. In each case a jury of the Cook County Coroner has decided that the death was a murder, and the tabulation of them was made by the Chicago Crime Commission.

Chicago had a population of 2,701,705 in 1923. All of Canada, in 1921 had a population of 8,788,483. Those are official census figures on each. In 1919 Canada reported 79 murders when Chicago's was 320; in 1920 Canada reported 67 murders, Chicago 191; in 1921 Canada 60, Chicago 190; and in 1922 Canada reported 56, while Chicago's total was 225.

On the basis of these figures for 1922 Chicago had one murder for each 11,848 of population, while Canada had one for each 156,919 persons. Relatively, Chicago had thirteen times as many murders as all of Canada.

Another view of the local situation by

contrast is available because of the arrival yesterday of the annual report for 1923 of W. Norwood, Commissioner of Police of London. That shows 27 murders in the world's metropolis for 1923, as compared with 27 for Chicago, "Taking London's population as reported for 1921 as 7,450,201, for the greater area, and Chicago's for 1920, London had one murder for each 275,000 persons, while Chicago had one for each 10,000 of its inhabitants. With the population ascribed to the territory under the jurisdiction of the London Council, the rate of murder would not make so good a showing.

The rate of the murders in the two cities in the same year supplies more illuminating material.

Concerning "crimes of violence" Commissioner Norwood prints in his annual report: "Twenty-seven cases of alleged murder by abortion being included in the figures of 1923, which was presumed to have been committed in April, 1923, but was not known to the police until October, 1923.

"In seventeen cases, sixteen persons

(one in respect to two murders) were arrested. Nine were convicted and sentenced to death—including a double murder, four were found to be insane at the time of committing the offense, one was acquitted on the ground that the act was committed in self-defense, one died while awaiting trial and one is yet to be dealt with. In the other ten cases, three of which were double murders, the murderers committed suicide. It may be pointed out that no case of unsolved murder occurred during the year."

**Aged Woman Found Caught in Bog.**  
An unidentified woman, unconscious from exhaustion, was rescued last night from a Staten Island marsh where she had lain in mud and water for more than twenty-four hours. As a result of the exposure and her age, estimated at 70 years, it was said last night at the Staten Island Hospital that she would probably die. Henry Klein, of 1,242 Richmond Turnpike, West New Brighton, S. I., heard groans from the morass and floundered through the darkness to find the woman. How she came there was a mystery to the police.

# Lubitsch



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