

up 1:30 a.m. work on SH art. till
6 a.m. out for coffee - type SH
FBI. article - out shopping - warm.
13 day - final SH article - go on
Exploring trip - Canarsie - Jamaica -
King Mansion - Kew Gardens -
return ~~✓~~ - retire 7:30
up 2:30 a.m. - write

1925-2025

UN AN AVEC HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT

311 | 13 NOVEMBRE 1925

« Vendredi, je me suis levé à 1h30 du matin et j'ai terminé l'article à l'aube. Je suis ensuite sorti prendre un café, profitant ainsi d'une vue absolument magnifique sur le grand disque cuivré du soleil levant, qui apparaissait tout au bout de la longue et étroite perspective à l'ancienne de State Street, que je descendais en direction de Court. J'ai passé le reste de la matinée à taper à la machine et, à 14 heures, je me suis rendu à la poste pour envoyer l'article par avion. La journée était belle (malgré une averse passagère plus tard, qui m'a toutefois surpris à l'abri dans le tram) et si délicieusement chaude que je ne portais pas de manteau. J'ai donc décidé de la consacrer à une excursion exploratoire ; j'ai donc pris le métro aérien pour me rendre à l'ancien village de pêcheurs de Canarsie, sur la rive sud de Brooklyn, à l'est de Sheepshead Bay, afin de voir à quoi il ressemblait. J'ai peut-être déjà mentionné que j'avais manqué cet endroit lors de mes premières explorations, car je pensais y être arrivé lorsque je suis arrivé au bout du métro aérien ; alors qu'en réalité, il faut changer (sans supplément) pour prendre un tramway afin de terminer le trajet. Cette fois-ci, j'ai changé de tramway, mais sans voir quoi que ce soit d'assez pittoresque pour justifier l'excursion. Juste quelques maisons en bois éparpillées et sans charme, plus un parc d'attractions à l'aspect minable, une sorte de Rocky Point délabré et miteux, fermé pour l'hiver. Mais je n'ai rien perdu financièrement, car en restant dans le tramway pendant qu'il faisait la boucle, j'ai continué à rouler avec mon ticket initial. À Eastern Parkway, toujours avec le même ticket, j'ai changé pour Jamaïca, où j'ai été récompensé par l'une des découvertes majeures de toutes mes explorations à New York, une chose dont j'avais vaguement entendu parler par Kleiner, mais dont il ne se souvenait pas précisément et qu'il ne pouvait situer avec certitude. Je fais

allusion à la spacieuse King Mansion, construite en 1750, une vaste maison

blanche à toit en coque de marine avec une série de deux ailes à l'arrière, située dans un petit parc extrêmement raffiné donnant sur la rue principale (Jamaica Ave.) juste avant d'arriver au village depuis Brooklyn. [...] Elle est ouverte les lundis, mercredis et samedis de 13 h à 17 h. Comme vous pouvez l'imaginer, j'ai immédiatement prévu de m'y rendre le lendemain, lorsque je pourrais y entrer, et c'est à contrecoeur que j'ai finalement quitté les lieux, la

verdure rurale tranquille glorifiée par la lumière rougeâtre du soleil de fin d'après-midi, avec ses clochers blancs et ses anciens murs de fermes blanches

teintés d'un rose délicat et évanescents. Mais je suis parti, et j'ai pris la direction de l'ouest et du nord le long de Jamaica Ave. et Queens Boulevard à la recherche d'un endroit dont j'avais beaucoup entendu parler et que j'avais localisé sur la carte : le lotissement moderne appelé Kew Gardens, conçu et construit à l'image d'un village anglais médiéval ou élisabéthain. Le chemin menait à une colline loin de Jamaïca, dans une très jolie forêt vallonnée, et lorsque je suis arrivé au cimetière Maple Grove, j'ai pris vers l'ouest parmi les tombes (pas anciennes, je regrette de le dire) et j'ai gravi une colline assez

raide vers le côté opposé qui, selon la carte, bordait Kew Gardens. J'ai finalement atteint le sommet, traversé un espace plat et débouché sur une grande route surplombant une vallée où s'étendait, magnifique dans son antiquité reproduite, un village de rêve à la Chaucer, avec ses cheminées dorées par le soleil couchant et ses pignons à colombages escarpés qui émergeaient d'une luxuriante végétation dont les branches automnales étaient encore à peine dénudées. Quelle fête pour les yeux ! L'endroit est la beauté incarnée et dégage une atmosphère très providentielle qui rappelle Orchard Ave. ou les nouvelles rues au-delà de Paterson qui bordent Blackstone Park et

la pente Seekonkward d'Angell St. Les maisons résidentielles sont de deux types : Tudor anglais et colonial américain ; et le schéma architectural de tout

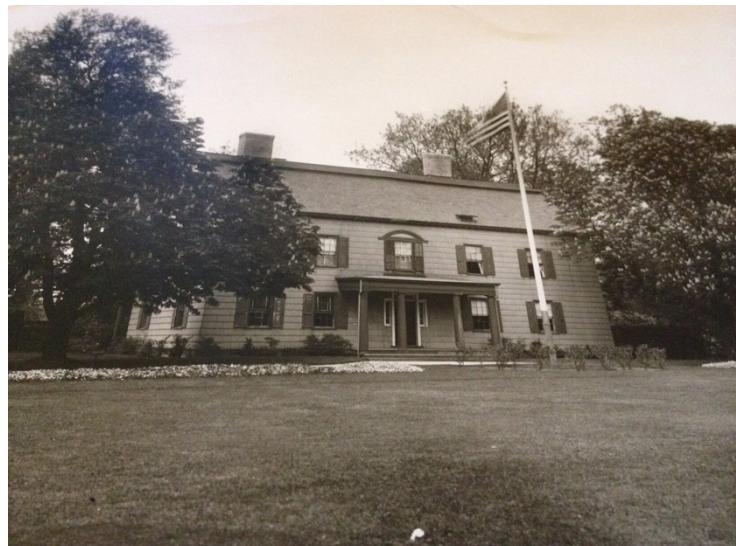
le village est protégé par les restrictions imposées par la société de développement. Le terrain est très accidenté, ce qui crée un cadre pittoresque des plus charmants ; et le centre d'affaires est construit dans le style médiéval anglais, du N.Y. pitch — partie supérieure du toit plus étroite avec de grands blocs de maisons d'aspect ancien, certaines à colombages, d'autres en brique et

en plâtre avec des écailles artificielles et des taches de décoloration pour donner un effet d'antiquité immémoriale, et d'autres encore de type élaboré à plusieurs pignons avec des poutres en chêne sculptées, des tuiles rouges, des fenêtres à croisillons en losange et des poutres apparentes alternant avec du plâtre, tout étant parfaitement fidèle au type, même les pignons surplombant la rue et soutenus par des corbeaux grotesquement sculptés. Une rangée de ce type, sur une courbe vallonnée qui suggère à tout le monde la rue principale d'un hameau endormi du Kent que le roi Richard III aurait pu connaître, est

une image presque parfaite d'une des très vieilles maisons d'Ipswich (Angleterre) représentées sur les cartes que John Russell m'a envoyées et que

je crois vous avoir envoyées pour inspection. Je veux parler de celle qui s'appelle « The Ancient House » (la maison ancienne), dont vous vous souvenez peut-être. En fait, ces trois cartes donnent une excellente idée de ce

à quoi ressemble le cœur de Kew Gardens ; et l'imitation est si parfaite que, du moins dans la lumière envoûtante du coucher de soleil, on n'éprouve aucune sensation discordante de fausseté ou de modernité. L'un des secrets réside dans le fait que les maisons s'intègrent à merveille dans le paysage. Après avoir fait le plein d'esthétique pour la journée, je me suis lancé dans le long « trek » en métro aérien par un autre itinéraire et, en moins d'une heure, j'étais de retour au 169, où j'ai diné avant de me coucher à 19 h 30. Malgré toute sa splendeur et la diversité des paysages, ce voyage m'a coûté exactement dix cents ! »



King Mansion, Jamaica, 1920.

[1925, vendredi 13 novembre]

Up 1:30 a.m. work on SH art. till 6 a.m. out for coffee — type SH article — out shopping — warm day — mail SH article — go on exploring trip — Canarsie — Jamaica — King Mansion — Kew Gardens — return & retire 7:30 p.m.

Levé à 1h30 du matin. Travail sur l'article de Sonia jusqu'à 6 h du matin. Sorti chercher du café. Je tape l'article de Sonia à la machine. Journée belle et chaude. Je poste l'article de Sonia par avion. Départ pour une randonnée d'exploration : Canarsie, Jamaïca, King Mansion, Kew Gardens. Retour et couché à 19h30.

Dure, dure vie que la vie d'artiste. En tout cas l'époux tient son devoir à honneur : après les cinq heures passées hier à réviser et réécrire la conférence de Sonia (en avait-elle tant besoin, et si l'amplification rédactionnelle se fait avec la syntaxe ampoulée des lettres, avec quel soupir découvrira-t-elle la version publiable ?), le travailleur nocturne harassé descend à 6 heures à la cafétéria pour un gobelet de café grande taille s'il vous plaît, mais le poète s'arrêtera au beau milieu du carrefour de Clinton et State Street : voici que le disque orange du soleil surgit en magnificence ! Il est à peine 7 heures, il lui faudra cinq heures d'affilée pour terminer à deux doigts la dactylographie promise, oh qu'il hait cette tâche. Alors on peut comprendre qu'à 14 heures, ayant payé le supplément « par avion » pour l'envoi retour (ceux de ma génération ont connu, on ne se moque pas : même si les journaux disposent déjà des moyens techniques pour la transmission des textes à distance), le temps probable d'un spaghetti boulettes au John's avant de s'embarquer pour son excursion solo : oui mais, si la lettre à Lillian tiendra à prouesse de n'avoir dépensé que deux tickets de trolley (dix cents au total) pour la vadrouille au soleil, comment avouerait-il le John's au passage ? Et la triste litanie des accidents dans le *NYT*, sous-marin coulé à Londres, deux trains qui se percutent, mais cette rage quand même à inventer et explorer : encore deux ans avant le vol transatlantique de Lindbergh, mais première tentative de liaison Londres – Le Cap en avion...

New York Times, 13 novembre. Boston, 12 novembre. L'utilisation des ondes sonores comme extincteurs et comme arme de guerre a été évoquée comme une possibilité par Howard Coonlejr, directeur civil du Service de guerre chimique dans le district de la Nouvelle-Angleterre, dans un discours prononcé aujourd'hui au Women's Republican Club of Massachusetts. « Il sera peut-être possible, à terme, de déterminer la fréquence

sonore de chaque bâtiment d'une grande ville et d'installer un diapason dans une caserne centrale, a déclaré M. Coonley. En cas d'incendie, le diapason serait mis en vibration et le feu serait éteint en quelques minutes. Cela semble extravagant, mais beaucoup d'entre vous vivront assez longtemps pour voir cela se réaliser. » Il a ajouté que des expériences avaient déjà été menées dans sa propre maison. La raison pour laquelle les vibrations ne réduiraient pas la maison en ruines est que le réglage serait juste assez désaccordé. Il a qualifié la guerre chimique d'humaine et a exprimé ses doutes quant à l'efficacité d'un accord international visant à limiter l'utilisation des gaz.

Predicts Sound Waves From Buildings Will Be Used to Extinguish Fires

BOSTON, Nov. 12 (P).—The use of sound waves as fire extinguishers and a weapon in warfare was called a possibility by Howard Coonley, civilian director for the Chemical Warfare Service in the New England district, in an address delivered at the Women's Republican Club of Massachusetts here today.

"It is possible in time that the tone wave of every building in a great city could be ascertained and at a central fire station a tuning fork would be set up," Mr. Coonley said. "In case of fire the tuning fork would be vibrated and in

a few minutes the fire would be extinguished.

"That sounds extravagant, but many of you will live to see it done."

Experiments, he said, had already been conducted on his own house. The reason why the vibrations would not shake the house into a mass of ruins was that the adjustment would be just enough out of tune.

Chemical warfare he called humane and he doubted if any international agreement to limit the use of gas would ever be effective.

10 DIE IN CRASH IN FOG ON P. R. R.; ENGINEER BLAMED

30 Badly Hurt at Monmouth Junction, N. J., as Flier Telescopes Another.

RAN BY DANGER SIGNALS

Veteran Engineer Insists He Could Not See—Fireman's Warning Too Late.

THREE INQUIRIES PLANNED

Several Nuns Assist in Rescue—Victim Trapped Between Dead Men Dies After Release.

Ten persons were killed and more than thirty injured at 6:10 yesterday morning when a Pennsylvania flier streaked past a signal set at danger and shot into the rear of another express two miles west of Monmouth Junction, N. J.

The flier, bound from St. Louis to this city, was pounding the rails at fifty miles an hour when it reached the ten miles of level and straight track at the Junction. The train ahead, bound from Washington, was crawling ahead at ten miles an hour.

Gray, heavy and blinding fog masked the countrysidé. At the throttle of his cab, his post for twenty-five years with never a mishap, Engineer Timothy J. Carroll of the flier saw the glint of the rails ahead, but beyond that nothing but the rolling mist. Carroll was fog-blind.

Just beyond the Junction and back from the track, the first of the signals shone, but not to Carroll. On sped the flier. Another danger signal was ahead, but the fog shrouded the red light. The fireman saw it and shouted. Carroll heard, and dimly before him, for the first time saw the red lanterns of the train ahead. He applied the brakes. Then came the impact, for the brakes could not work in so short a distance.

Fullman Car Telescoped.

In the last car, a Fullman, nineteen passengers, all men, were asleep. The powerful engine telescoped that Fullman and wedged it into the one ahead. Caught in the wreckage the flier stopped at last and the cries of the injured followed fast.

Most seriously hurt of all, who had survived, Arthur W. Gross, pinned in by a steel beam between two dead men, was not extricated until seven and a half hours later. The fight to reach Gross, an electrician employed by the General Electric Company of Schenectady, for time blotted out the horror of the crash. Time and again he was revived, only to lapse back under the agony of his hurts. Got out at last, Gross died last night in a hospital.

Spun up the throttle when the signal was level, struck, then stalled or lost power, he said. That was the story of the flier. Pending the full report of investigators, the engineer, his fireman, and his brother Carroll had picked up speed as he had been told to do. The engineer and his fireman, Leslie Austerberg, were the only survivors. Their answers were among the details not made public.

"We're running on schedule time," Carroll said. "The flier was at the right light. The fog was so dense I couldn't see the signal. I thought it was the right of way. When the crash came I was unable to stop. I was thrown out and began helping the injured."

In varied ways and theories of the disaster were offered by the survivors.

When the fog became insatiable after the Monmouth Junction, the engineer of the Pennsylvania Limited, on the other hand, was able to stop. It hit the headlight, the next signal ahead. The next signal was still and the flier plowed through it.

The rear of the collision was

blasted a small crater grinding that followed

for eight miles. None of them stopped, however, until they reached the scene.

The fact that more than ten persons were killed.

Only one out of Nineteen Unhurt.

In the blizzard only one of the fifteen passengers of the Pennsylvania Limited was one of the nine killed. None, an engineer of the flier, was a party of fire, who refused his final request to be allowed to go home.

He was one of the first out of the car and, according to the engineer, was the only one who had seen the signal. The passengers were either killed outright or were mangled. Some were mangled in the tangled debris, even though they had been thrown clear. One man, a passenger, was found still clinging to the front of the locomotive. He had been thrown clear but had not been able to get away from the train.

Twenty-four workers passed in groups of two or three along the tracks of another car. All three were killed.

Two men were killed when a steel beam between two dead men pinned them to the floor. A dozen of workers to be single, did not have time to get out. They were expected to be pinned and the train to pass over them.

Police, C. A. address not ascertained; and

MATTHEWS, PATRICK J., Washington Street,

HARRISBURG, Pa., address unknown;

MCNAUL, ALICE, 100 Columbia Street,

MONROEVILLE, Pa., address unknown;

MCNAUL, MARY, North Main Street,

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British Submarine M-1 Sinks With 68 Men; Rescue Efforts Fail in Deep Water Off Devon

Copyright, 1925, by The New York Times Company.
Special Cable to The New York Times.

LONDON, Nov. 12.—The British submarine M-1, with sixty-eight officers and men, is in deep water at the bottom of the English Channel, off Start Point, on the Devon coast, where she dived early today, and grave fears are felt now that a great disaster has befallen the British Navy.

Later tonight the Admiralty issued the following statement:

"During exercises early this morning the submarine M-1 was seen to dive in a position about fifteen miles south of Start Point. She has not been seen since. Every effort is being made to locate her and establish communication."

After the submarine's dive the following signal was flashed to the British Atlantic fleet from the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Henry Oliver, at Portland:

"The Commander-in-Chief very much regrets to inform the Atlantic fleet that it is feared the submarine M-1 has been lost with all hands during exercises in the Channel."

The M-1 was with the flotilla of seven submarines served by the tender Dolphin, the submarine depot ship at Portsmouth, whence she met aboard her came.

It is not yet possible to ascertain exactly what officers were in charge of her, as she was being used for training purposes with a varying personnel.

According to the latest records available, her commander was Lieutenant

Alec M. Carrie. Other officers who may have been aboard were Lieutenant

R. C. Casey of the Royal Australian Navy and Lieutenant T. W. Philpott. The machinery was apparently in charge of Warrant Engineer C. S. Good.

The submarine left Portsmouth on Monday for Gibraltar, but it is understood that rough weather compelled a change of plan and the flotilla proceeded no further than the Dorset and Devon coasts. The vessels put in to Plymouth and later to Portland.

The weather in Start Bay yesterday was very bad. It was stated here to-night that a fleet of mine sweepers was at the scene of the mishap, searching for the vanished submarine.

The M-1 was one of three submarine monitors, each mounting a twelve-inch gun of the type mounted by dreadnaughts, built during the World War. At the instance of Lord Fisher, who intended to use them to break into the Baltic and attack the Germans in the flank.

The idea was that they should approach the German coast submerged, come out on the surface, open bombardment with their twelve-inch guns at pointblank range and dive before the fire could be returned.

The boats, however, were never used for this purpose because, it is stated, it was feared that one of them might fall into the hands of the Germans, who could copy the design and use similar boats against Britain.

The type is easily likely to be repeated, as under the Washington treaty no vessel other than a capital ship may carry a gun with a caliber over eight inches.

British Fliers Leave London Next Week On the First Airplane Voyage to Cape Town

By T. R. TABRA.
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Special Cable to The New York Times.

LONDON, Nov. 12.—With just a couple of suitcases, as if on a mere week-end jaunt, Alan Cobham, British aviator, known as "the taximan of the air," will start from London on Monday to fly to Cape Town at the southernmost tip of Africa. The trip will cover more than 8,000 miles in the air. Most of it will be above territory never flown over before, over almost unknown and forbidding mountain ranges and dense jungles, where landing may be a matter of deadly peril. But Cobham is confident of negotiating the journey. With him will go two companions, a mechanic and a movie cameraman.

Cobham recently flew to India with the British Air Vice Marshal, Sir W. Sefton-Brancker. Another on that hazardous trip was the mechanic, Elliott, and another on the projected Cape Town flight, the projected Cape Town flight. The aviators will use a Haviland 60 machine equipped with a 385-horsepower engine. The film which the cameraman expects to take during the flight will be exhibited publicly and is expected to develop interest enormously in African air routes.

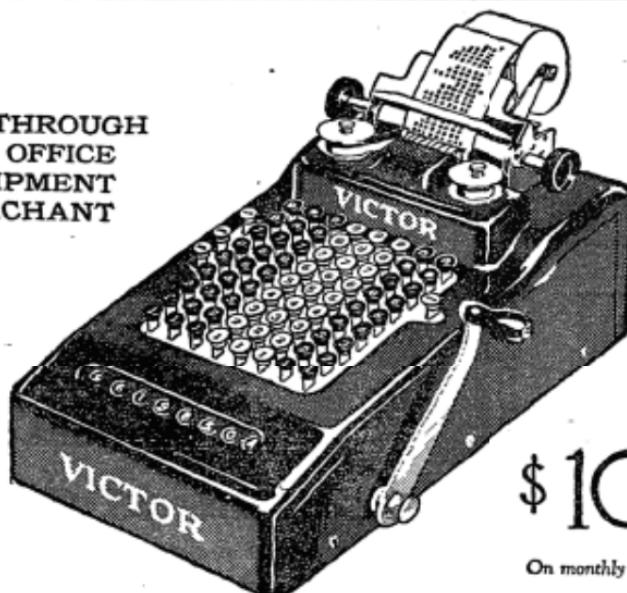
The route will take the three daring aviators from London via Paris, Brindisi and Athens to Cairo. There the real peril will begin. The flight will non-

thence up the Nile Valley to Wady Halfa, thence to Shereik and Khartum, thence west of the White Nile to Elsir, to Uganda and to the northern shore of Lake Victoria. Skirting the eastern lake shore, the air trio will then fly over what was German East Africa to Lake Tanganyika, and thence via Northern Rhodesia, Livingstone, Bulawayo, Johannesburg and Pretoria to Cape Town.

The distance, over portions of Africa which are virgin territory to airmen, is 5,200 miles, which they expect to cover in a week. The regular journey by motor, railway, horse and bullock wagon takes from sixty to seventy-five days and totals 6,200 miles. In some parts of this route landing places have been provided. Their preparation sometimes has necessitated cutting out the densest jungle, or clearing away rocks or trees. Occasionally innumerable ant hills had to be removed measuring up to 25 feet high and 35 to 45 feet in diameter.

Cobham expects to be back in London within two months. He and his companions are taking with them special tropical clothes, emergency rations, guns for shooting game and light camping outfit in case of forced jungle landings, and medicine chest well stocked with medicines against tropical diseases.

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