

LIBRAIRIE FAUSTROLL



Malcolm Lowry Archive

Letters, autograph notes, typescripts, photographs

addressed to Clarisse Francillon and Maurice Nadeau

60th Anniversary New York International Antiquarian Book Fair

Park Avenue Armory - Booth C13 - March 5-8, 2020



LIBRAIRIE FAUSTROLL

First editions - Illustrated books
Manuscripts - Etchings - Photographs

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I. Introduction

Detailed herein are documents received by Clarisse Francillon and Maurice Nadeau in connection with Malcolm Lowry's publications in France from the late 1940s to the early 1970s. They mainly relate to two of Malcolm Lowry's major works : *Under the volcano* and *Lunar Caustic*.

Clarisse Francillon and Maurice Nadeau were key in promoting Malcolm Lowry's works in France.

Clarisse Francillon:

« In addition to running Editions de la revue Fontaine, Clarisse Francillon (1899-1976), Lowry's Swiss-French translator was an editor and author of 20 novels.

She had written to Harold Matson (i.e. Malcolm Lowry's agent) in February 1947 to ask for the French rights to *Under the Volcano* and while nursing the novel and Lowry through the translation process she had become a close friend and supporter of his work » (CLML, footnote 1, p. 134).

Clarisse Francillon has been involved in the French translation, in most cases in collaboration with others, of most of Malcolm Lowry's works including :

- *Under the volcano* (with Stephen Spriel),
- The two versions of *Lunar Caustic* (one with Michèle d'Astorg),
- *Ultramarine* (with Jean-Roger Carroy),
- *Hear Us O Lord from Heaven Thy Dwelling Place* (with Georges Belmont), etc.



Maurice Nadeau:

Major French literary critic, revue director, editorial director and independent publisher, Maurice Nadeau (1911-2013) was the editorial director of « Le Chemin de la vie » collection at Buchet/Chastel (Corréa) when *Under the volcano* was first published in France.

He then moved to Julliard and afterwards to Denoël where he published Malcolm Lowry's works in French (*Lunar Caustic*, *Ultramarine*, *Écoute notre voix*, *Ô Seigneur*, *Sombre comme la tombe où repose mon ami*, *Choix de lettres*, *En route vers l'île de Gabriola*).

He also published in his revue, *Les Lettres Nouvelles*, a short story (*Brave petit bateau*, the French translation of *The Bravest Boat*) in November 1953 and two special issues about Malcolm Lowry in July 1960 and May-June 1974 respectively.

Reference is made to *Sursum corda ! The Collected Letters of Malcolm Lowry*, Volume Two (1946-1957) by Sherrill E. Grace published by Jonathan Cape, London in 1996 (CLML).

II. Archive Summary Content

1. Malcolm Lowry Letters

Correspondence composed of 12 letters written in English (4 being unpublished as such and 3 partly unpublished), dating from the end of 1948 to May 27, 1956, forming a set of 18 pp. ¼ of various formats (in-4 to in-16) :

- 4 ALS to Clarisse Francillon and
- 7 LS and one fragment of letter to Clarisse Francillon (7) or Maurice Nadeau (1), some with autograph additions.

This important literary correspondence mainly tackles the publications in France of two of the main works of Malcolm Lowry - *Under the volcano* and *Lunar Caustic* - as well as *The Bravest boat*, a short story that was first published in French in Les Lettres Nouvelles.

2. Malcolm Lowry Typescripts

Typescript in English of one novella (*The Last address*, early version of *Lunar Caustic*) and a short story (*The Bravest Boat*), which will be first published in French, together with documents or autograph materials relating to their translation into French.

The Last address [Lunar Caustic].

Typescript (63 pp.) of the 1942 version transmitted to Clarisse Francillon in 1948.

Together with an annotated typescript of a first draft of translation into French (81pp.), proofs of the first part, annotated by Clarisse Francillon, ahead of its publication in *Esprit*, a French revue founded in 1932 and the correspondence from Vik Doyen to Clarisse Francillon composed of 6 letters signed (set of 21 pp. ½, in-4) detailing the editorial history of *Lunar Caustic* and *Under the volcano*.

The Bravest boat.

Original typescript, (22 pages in-4) with extensive pencil autograph annotations comprising :

- **a letter on the title page to Clarisse Francillon** providing comments for the short story translation into French ;
- **19 notes** throughout the document ;
- **an original drawing providing a map of British Columbia and Washington State**, where the story's action takes place, together with a signed explanatory note.

3. Malcolm Lowry Autograph Notes

Three autograph notes by Malcolm Lowry :

- Note on Lunar Caustic. 1 p. in-4.,
- About José Ortega y Gasset. 1 p. in-4,
- About the defence of nature against human progress. 1 p. ½ in-4.

4. Margerie Lowry Letters

Correspondence composed of 10 unpublished letters from May 29, 1952 to July 14, 1964 forming a set of 12 pp. 1/2 of various formats (in-4, in-8 and in-12) :

- 2 ALS to Clarisse Francillon,
- 7 LS to Clarisse Francillon (4) and Maurice Nadeau (3) and
- 1 ACS to Clarisse Francillon.

5. Photographs

9 photographs in black and white, silver prints :

- **6 portraits of Malcolm Lowry** sent by Margerie shortly after Malcolm Lowry's death,
- **3 photographs** by Erica de Hinton, doctor based in Cuernavaca (Quauhnahuac in *Under the volcano*), showing **Jacques Laruelle's house** (the Consul's friend and Yvonne's lover in *Under the volcano*), with an explanatory note dated of 1971.

6. Ancillary Documents

Four ancillary documents in relation to Malcolm Lowry :

- An autograph letter by Harvey Burt about a proposed contribution to Malcolm Lowry special issue in Les Lettres Nouvelles,
- **Malcolm Lowry et le Premier cercle de l'Enfer**. Undated. 3 pp. in-4, typescript of a French translation of Conrad Knickerbocker's text about *Lunar Caustic*.
- ALS by Pierre Mertens dated 1974 (1 p. in-4) to Maurice Nadeau about an article in relation to Malcolm Lowry.
- ALS by Mme Jean Follain (2 pp. in-4, undated) to Maurice Nadeau about the French translation by Jean Follain of Lowry's poems.

III. Detailed descriptions

III.1. Malcolm Lowry Letters

1. LOWRY (Malcolm). *ALS ABOUT UNDER THE VOLCANO.*

s.l., s.d.. [late 1948 – early 1949], 2 pp. in-16 written in pencil on both sides.

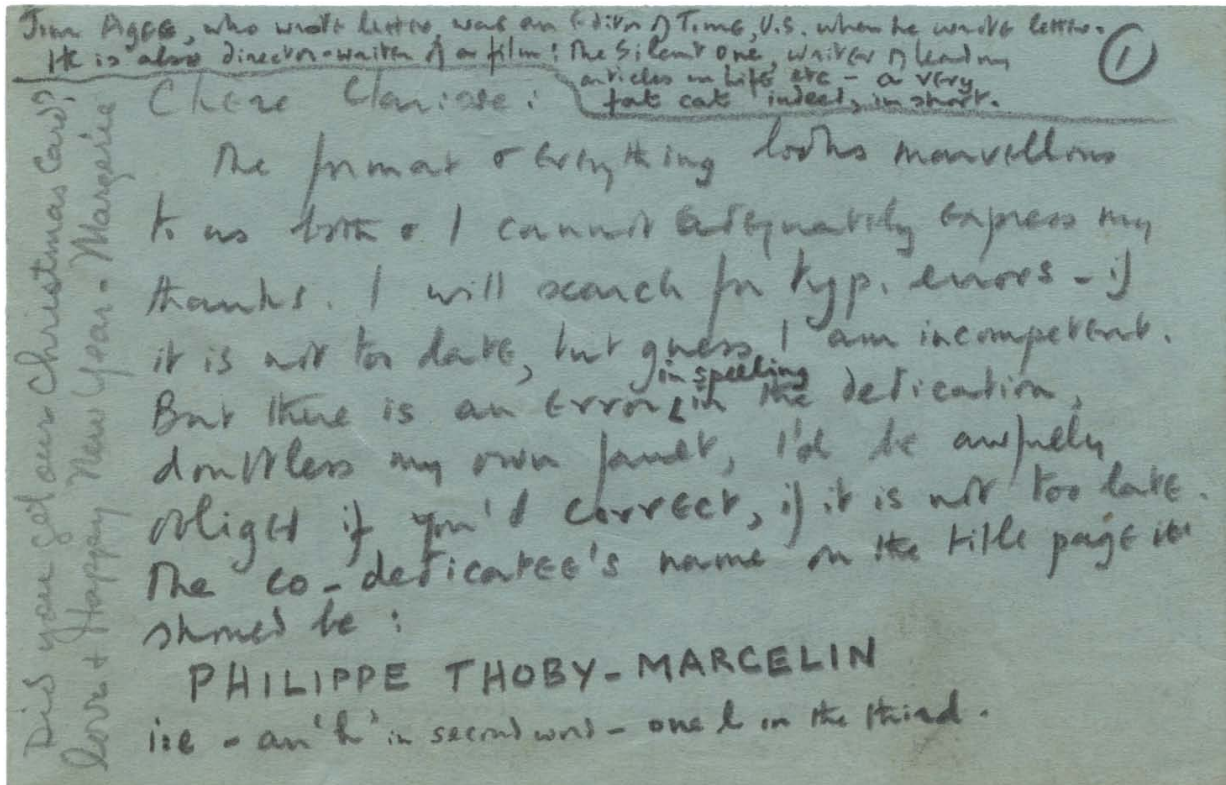
Important autograph letter to Clarisse Francillon about *Under the volcano* first French edition.

Lowry had decided to dedicate the French edition of his novel to both his wife Margerie and his friend Philippe Thoby-Marcelin, an Haitian poet and novelist, while the first American edition, by Reynal & Hitchcock (1947) was solely dedicated to Margerie Lowry.

Malcolm Lowry had also written an unpublished postface for this edition.

While undated, « it appears to be his first extant letter to Francillon ; it was probably written prior to the Lowrys' departure for Canada early in January 1949 » (CLML, p. 135).

This letter is transcribed in CLML (n°352, pp. 134-135).



Transcript:

« Chère Clarisse:

The format and everything looks marvellous (sic) to us both and I cannot adequately express my thanks. I will search for typ. errors – if it is not too late, but guess I am incompetent. **But there is an error in spelling in the dedication, doubtless my own fault, I'd be awfully obliged if you'd correct, if it is not too late. The co-dedicatee's name on the title page should be :**

PHILIPPE THOBY-MARCELIN

i.e. – an “h” in second word – one l in the third.

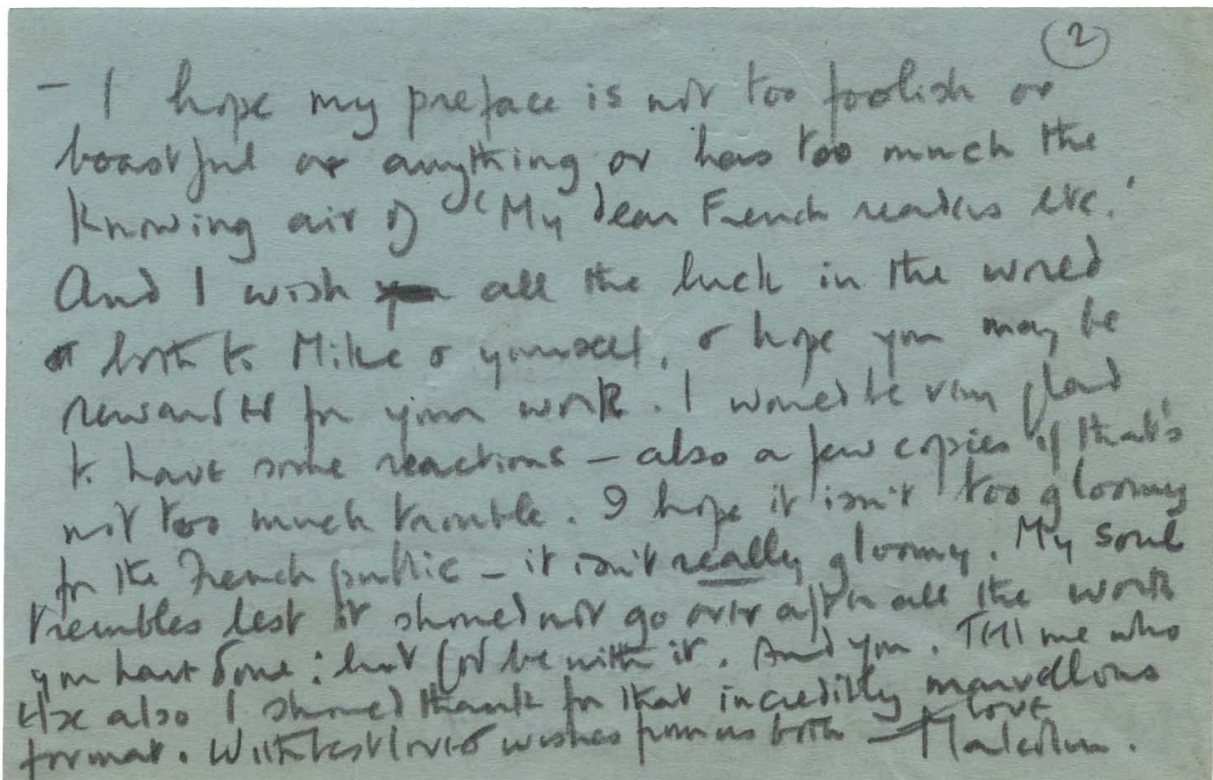
I hope my preface is not too foolish or boastful or anything or has too much the knowing air of “My dear French readers etc.”.

And I wish all the luck in the world both to Mike¹ and yourself, and hope you may be rewarded for your work. I would be very glad to have some reactions – also a few copies if that's not too much trouble. I hope it isn't too gloomy for the French public – it isn't really gloomy. My soul trembles lest it should not go over after all the work you have done : but God be with it. And you. Tell me who else also I should thank for that incredibly marvelous format. With best love and wishes from us both.

Love. Malcolm.

[P.S.] Jim Agee, who wrote letters was an editor of Time U.S. when he wrote letters. He is also director-writer of a film : The Silent one, writer of leading articles in Life etc. a very fat cat indeed, in short ».

Autograph note by Margerie : « Did you get our Christmas card ? Love & happy new year. Margerie ».



②
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boastful or anything or has too much the
knowing air of "My dear French readers etc."
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Malcolm.

¹ According to Sherrill E. Grace, Mike is probably Stephen Spriel's nickname (CLML, footnote p. 135).

2. LOWRY (Malcolm). ABOUT HIS ADDICTION TO ALCOHOL.

Dollarton, Canada, 1949. 2 pp. in-4, stamped envelope, last leaf lacking.

Extensive typescripted letter, in English, addressed to Clarisse Francillon about his addiction to alcohol, his sonoryl based treatment and his chaotic trip back from France to Vancouver.

Missing the second leaf, which, according to a note by Clarisse Francillon, had been lost before being transmitted to Maurice Nadeau.

This letter is transcribed in full in CLML (n°358 p. 139).

Dollarton, B.C.,
Canada,
Feb. 16, 1949.

Dear Clarisse:

We nearly didn't arrive here, but just made it. An American plane just behind us in Iceland couldn't land there because of the blizzard, and tried to return across the Atlantic to Scotland, but crashed, killing everyone on board. We were held up in Labrador and ran into a hurricane and temperatures of 44 below zero (Fahrenheit) in crossing Canada. Here we are all but snowed in; our pier is a partial wreck, although that is the only casualty. The house hadn't even leaked and is warm and cosy.

(Please tell Dr. Courvoisier that I have made a very strange general recovery and I will detail it more in another letter in case it can be of some use with another patient. In brief - who was it said 'I haven't time to write you a short letter?' - the paragonic threw me almost instantly into a terrible fit of shakes so I used sonoryl exclusively, about 3 the first day, 4 the second day, though never, I think, more than 4. Delayed in London for 14 hours by storm I drank very heavily indeed: innumerable pints of beer, brandy and rum that we had brought with us. The next morning I breakfasted well on coffee, bacon, potatoes, brandy and sonoryl and we took off again across the Atlantic. Crossing the Atlantic to Iceland I drank innumerable whiskies at the bar and innumerable brandies with more sonoryl, though without becoming drunk and on the plane I also ate with increasing appetite. Snowed in ~~in~~ in Iceland for 3 days with the plane's supplies locked up on board, and ours diminishing, I subsisted on one bottle of beer and ~~an~~ ~~innumerable~~ sonoryl the second day. My appetite correspondingly faded but I slept enormously without dreams of any kind. Towards evening the second day the passengers rebelled against their dry condition and although it was against the law, somehow some liquor was smuggled out to us from the grounded planes and I had little more than a pint of whiskey - we had to share it out - and on the third day we were completely dry until we took off in the evening, when I drank six double whiskies on the plane. When we arrived in Labrador about three in the morning, my appetite revived and I ate a vast amount of roast turkey and vegetables, drank a quart of milk and much fruit juice. I then had 3 whiskies at the bar and more sonoryl at the airport. We took off for Montreal but had to return to Labrador due to engine trouble, where we went to bed about dawn and I slept prodigiously. Stranger than this, I took a cold shower and shaved with a steady hand in the morning and ate an enormous breakfast of fruit juice, bacon and eggs, bread and butter and milk. During the journey from Labrador to Montreal I did not drink at all nor need to, but mostly continued to sleep, though for the first and last time since I left France I had wild, but not too unpleasant, if certainly half delirious, nightmares: for instance, I thought I was kicking the head off the person in front of me and even apologised for this, and that a kind of electric stream running along the floor connected me from time to time with someone up ahead whom I couldn't see. In Montreal we had a long wait during which we drank some cocktails, ate heartily of liver and bacon potatoes and vegetables washed down with much milk. During the colossal flight right across Canada from Montreal to Vancouver liquor was disastrously forbidden on the

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During the colossal flight right across Canada from Montreal to Vancouver liquor was disastrously forbidden on the plane but fortunately we had bought a bottle of excellent whiskey in Montreal of which, with Margerie, I drank about half right under the nose of the snooty stewardess. At Vancouver we went to a pub, drank beer, pouring the rest of whiskey into it, ate enormously, bought two more bottles of whisky and went home, where we had a party, after which I sent myself to sleep with sonoryl. The next morning, although it was freezing, I rose as if automatically, made the fire and the coffee, and breakfasted upon ham and eggs, sonoryl, and the remainder of the whisky and set off to the store to get food. Both these actions, in fact all of the actions with the exception of the whisky drinking and the sonoryl, would have seemed to me extremely difficult if not impossible under the circumstances; the stove had scarcely been lit for 15 months, the path through the forest nearly impassible with snow and ice. I could not believe in my own coordination. My intention was to get a bus at the store, go to town and purchase some more whisky, which was perhaps a psychological turning point, for instead I returned as soon as possible without any liquor and did not drink for the rest of that day. The next day, Saturday, a week since I set off from Paris, I also rose at dawn and did the chores: Margerie purchased some gin, of which we drank a little, but the next day and the next I drank nothing at all. By this time I had run out of sonoryl and switched to allonal, a sleeping medicine prescribed for Margerie. I took one *table^t* at night, and sometimes one and a half during the day, but steadily decreasing the dose, till by the following Thursday I had no need for it. I rose each day at dawn, worked hard physically in weather that has grown steadily worse – it is the worst in Vancouver's history – snow, blizzards, ice, the city of Vancouver is practically paralyzed and even has a black out since the electric power has nearly given out – I both ate and slept like a pig. For some reason I also found I had lost my taste for tobacco and practically stopped smoking cigarettes altogether – at most 4 a day instead of 60 or so. We sometimes have a bottle or

two of beer, or a few cocktails of gin and fruit juice before dinner, but the craving, the absolute necessity for alcohol, has stopped in a way I cannot account for; in fact it had virtually ceased a week from leaving Paris. What is remarkable is this (and I am experienced) is the complete lack of suffering during this period. **For the last year I had averaged at least 2 ½ litres to 3 litres of red wine a day, to say nothing of other drinks at bars and during my last 2 months in Paris this had increased to about 2 litres of rum per day.** Even if it ended up by adding me completely I could not move or think without vast quantities of alcohol, without which, even for a few hours, it was an unimaginable torture. During this last period here in Canada I have waited in vain for the shakes, in vain for the D.T.'s, or even worse horrors. My passage into a new regime, my turning of the corner, as the doctor would put it, if conclusive was virtually painless, and the temptation, finally, at a minimum. And I have not touched any sedatives for a fortnight. What the moral of all this is I don't know, or how such an experience, unique to me, can help anyone else. I jot down these notes at random. (a)³ The patient, fairly intelligent and if not absolutely hopeless or a danger, knows far better than is generally believed what he is doing. (b)⁴ Towards everyone who coerces him to stop, his attitude is by no means necessarily pathological: there is a point where the coercer, the exhorter, does become an enemy, for the sufferer knows that this he will drink more, somehow, anyhow, as if were for revenge, and it is in this cycle of lonely behavior, rather than the sufferer shows himself pathological; on the other... ».

2.

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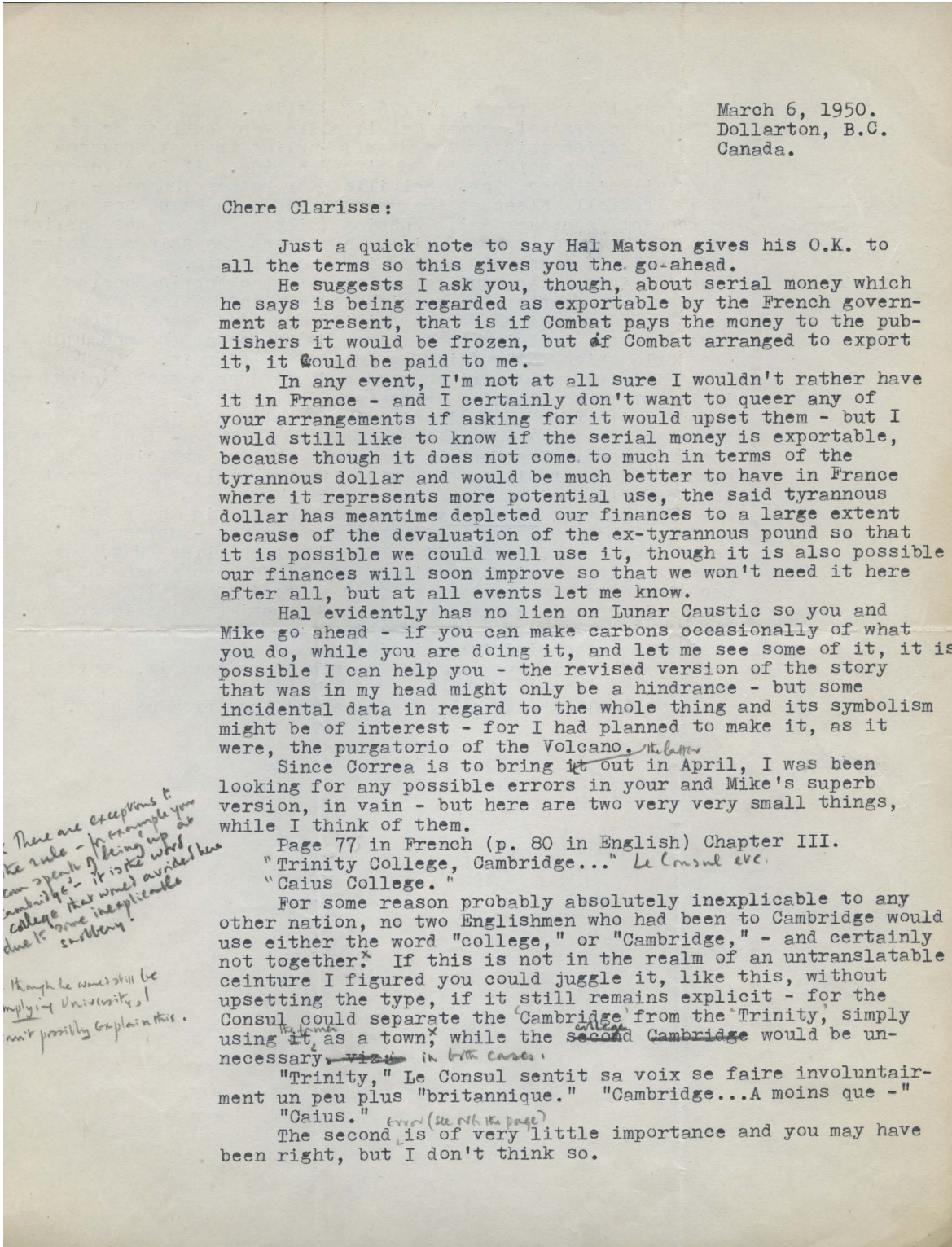
3. LOWRY (Malcolm). UNPUBLISHED LS ABOUT UNDER THE VOLCANO.

Dollarton, Canada, March 6, 1950. 2 pp. in-4, autograph additions in pencil, envelop.

Unpublished letter to Clarisse Francillon.

Malcolm Lowry provides comments on the first French subscribers' edition by Club français du livre of *Under the volcano* (issued in February 1949, translation by Stephen Spriel with contributions by Clarisse Francillon and the author).

He suggests a few modifications in view of the publication of the the first French trade edition by Corrêa (to be issued in May 1950).



March 6, 1950.
Dollarton, B.C.
Canada.

Chere Clarisse:

Just a quick note to say Hal Matson gives his O.K. to all the terms so this gives you the go-ahead.

He suggests I ask you, though, about serial money which he says is being regarded as exportable by the French government at present, that is if Combat pays the money to the publishers it would be frozen, but if Combat arranged to export it, it would be paid to me.

In any event, I'm not at all sure I wouldn't rather have it in France - and I certainly don't want to queer any of your arrangements if asking for it would upset them - but I would still like to know if the serial money is exportable, because though it does not come to much in terms of the tyrannous dollar and would be much better to have in France where it represents more potential use, the said tyrannous dollar has meantime depleted our finances to a large extent because of the devaluation of the ex-tyrannous pound so that it is possible we could well use it, though it is also possible our finances will soon improve so that we won't need it here after all, but at all events let me know.

Hal evidently has no lien on Lunar Caustic so you and Mike go ahead - if you can make carbons occasionally of what you do, while you are doing it, and let me see some of it, it is possible I can help you - the revised version of the story that was in my head might only be a hindrance - but some incidental data in regard to the whole thing and its symbolism might be of interest - for I had planned to make it, as it were, the purgatorio of the Volcano.

Since Correa is to bring it out in April, I was been looking for any possible errors in your and Mike's superb version, in vain - but here are two very very small things, while I think of them.

Page 77 in French (p. 80 in English) Chapter III.
"Trinity College, Cambridge..." Le Consul etc.
"Caius College."

These are exceptions to the rule - for example you can speak of being up at Cambridge - it is the word college that would avoid here due to some inexplicable snobbery!

though he would still be implying University, I can't possibly explain this.

For some reason probably absolutely inexplicable to any other nation, no two Englishmen who had been to Cambridge would use either the word "college," or "Cambridge," - and certainly not together. If this is not in the realm of an untranslatable ceinture I figured you could juggle it, like this, without upsetting the type, if it still remains explicit - for the Consul could separate the 'Cambridge' from the 'Trinity', simply using it as a town, while the second Cambridge would be unnecessary in both cases.

"Trinity," Le Consul sentit sa voix se faire involontairement un peu plus "britannique." "Cambridge...A moins que -"

"Caius." ^{even (see with the page)}

The second is of very little importance and you may have been right, but I don't think so.

Page 171 in French, p. 176 in English.

In the bracket, - comme Melville, le vent hurlant de partout.

In English this is the "world hurling from all havens astern" and has nothing to do with the wind. It is a reference to Melville's Moby Dick. Melville - or rather Ishmael - in Moby Dick fell asleep at the wheel^x, when he woke up suddenly he thought "whatever swift rushing thing he was on was hurling from all haven's astern." i.e. he thought the ship was going backwards. I have put "world" in place of ship, but in the book it gives a tiny musical balance to the Ferris Wheel going backwards in Chapter I - combined with a suggestion for a moment of derogation of responsibility, by no means without significance, implying that there was no one at the wheel of the world, which ~~was~~ rushing backwards to its ruin.

Silly for me to write so much about such a small thing and it is not worth altering unless you can do it in five words.

I still think the citation of the elements is a curious thing in Chapter X - for it was written, in 1942 - long before the atom bomb. The Consul meant that a black magician puts himself in the position of having literally all the "elements" in the world against him. (in fact, universe.)

Is not that literally true now and Man in the position of that black magician - with the abyss ahead - unless he can somehow redeem himself? It sounds banal put like that, but I can't help thinking sometimes the old Volcano seems to be becoming more true as life goes on instead of getting out of date - it certainly came out at an appropriate time in France. Correa might like to make something of those elements - it strikes me as a sinister coincidence ~~what with the atomic, hydrogen bomb etc.~~

Now I shall have to find out how to redeem him, starting with me.

With all the very best wishes and love from us both,

✓ K. Mike

Malden.

P.S. Oh: and page 211 - M. Kannellis Facilis est
Okocensus Averno is a bad mistake
my own: Virgil said Facilis descensus
Averno - (I think) at all events there is
no 'Est.'

x
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somewhere else,
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He suggests I ask you, though, about serial money which he says is being regarded as exportable by the French government at present, that is if Combat pays the money to the publishers it would be frozen, but if Combat arrange to export it, it could be paid to me.

In any event, I'm not at all sure I wouldn't rather have it in France – and I certainly don't want to queer any of your arrangements if asking for it would upset them – but I would still like to know if the serial money is exportable, because though it does not come to much in terms of the tyrannous dollar and would be much better to have in France where it represents more potential use, the said tyrannous dollar has meantime depleted our finances to a large extent because of the devaluation of the ex-tyrannous pound so that it is possible we could well use it, though it is also possible our finances will soon improve so that we won't need it here after all, but at all events let me know.

Hal evidently has no lien on Lunar Caustic so you and Mike go ahead – if you can make carbons occasionally of what you do, while you are doing it, and let me see some of it, it is possible I can help you – the revised version of the story that was in my head might only hindrance – but some incidental data in regard to the whole thing and its symbolism might be of interest – for I planned to make it, as it were, the purgatorio of the Volcano.

Since Correa is to bring *the latter*⁵ out in April, I was been looking for any possible errors in your and Mike's superb version, in vain – but here are two very very small things, while I think of them.

Page 77 in French (p. 80 in English) Chapter III.

« Trinity College, Cambridge... » *Le Consul etc*⁶.

« Caius College. »

For some reason probably absolutely inexplicable to any other nation, no two Englishmen who had been to Cambridge would use either the word "college," or "Cambridge," – and certainly not together (1). If this is not in the realm of an untranslatable ceinture I figured you could juggle it, like this, without upsetting the type, if it still remains explicit – for the Consul could separate the 'Cambridge' from the 'Trinity,' simply using *the former*⁷ as a town (2), while the *college*⁸ be unnecessary *in both cases*⁹.

« Trinity, » *Le Consul* sentit sa voix se faire involontairement un peu plus « britannique. » « Cambridge... A moins que – »

« Caius. »

The second error (see over the page) is of very little importance and you may have been right, but I don't think so.

Page 171 in French, p. 176 in English.

In the bracket, - comme Melville, le vent hurlant de partout. In English this is the "world hurling from all havens astern" and has nothing to do with the wind. It is a reference to Melville's Moby Dick. Melville – or rather Ishmael – in Moby Dick fell asleep at the wheel (3), when he woke up suddenly he thought "whatever swift rushing thing he was on was hurling from all haven's astern." i.e. he thought the ship was going backwards. I have put "world" in place of ship, but in the book it gives a tiny musical balance to the Ferris Wheel going backwards in Chapter I – combined with a suggestion for a moment of derogation of

5 Autograph addition instead of « it ».

6 Autograph addition.

7 Autograph addition replacing « it ».

8 Autograph addition replacing « second Cambridge ».

9 Autograph addition replacing « viz ».

responsibility, by no means without significance, implying *remotely*¹⁰, that there was no one at the wheel of the world, which *seemed*¹¹ rushing backwards to its ruin.

Silly for me to write so much about such small thing and it is not worth altering unless you can do it in five words.

I still think the citation of the elements is a curious thing in Chapter X – for it was written *early*¹² in 1942 – long before the atom bomb. The Consul meant that a black magician puts himself in the position of having literally all the “elements” in the world against him. (*in fact, universe*)¹³

Is not that literally true now and Man in position of that black magician – with the abyss ahead – unless he can somehow redeem himself ? It sounds banal put like that, but I can't help thinking sometimes the old Volcano seems to be becoming more true as life goes on instead of getting out of date – it certainly came out at an appropriate time in France. Correa might like to make something of those elements – it strikes me as a sinister coincidence *what with the atomic, hydrogen bombs etc.*¹⁴

Now I shall have to find out how to redeem him, starting with me.

With all the very best wishes and love from us both, *and to Mike*¹⁵. Malcolm

PS Oh: and page 211 – M. Laruelle's facilis est descensus Averno is a bad mistake of my own : Virgil said Facilis descensus Averno – (I think) at all events there is no 'est'.¹⁶ ».

Autograph notes:

1. “There are exceptions to the rule – for example you can speak of being “up at Cambridge” – it is the word college that would [be] avoided here due to some inexplicable snobbery”.
2. “though he would still be implying University, I can't possibly explain this”.

10 Autograph addition.

11 Autograph addition instead of « was ».

12 Autograph addition.

13 Autograph addition.

14 Autograph addition.

15 Autograph addition.

16 Autograph addition.

4. LOWRY (Malcolm). LS ABOUT UNDER THE VOLCANO.

Dollarton, Canada, June 23, 1950. 1 p. 1/4 in-4.

Eulogistic letter signed to Clarisse Francillon about her French translation of *Under the volcano*, with a post-scriptum initialed in pencil.

This letter is transcribed in CLML (n°404, pp. 260-261), presumably from a copy as in an editorial note in CLML (p. 261), Sherrill E. Grace indicates that « the original does not appear to have survived ».

Transcript:

« Dollarton, B.C.,

Canada

June 23, 1950

Dear Clarisse:

Just a note of further congratulations on your work on the Volcano! I am just now in receipt of an enormously favourable review in the Paris edition of **the New York Herald Tribune** of the translation by one George Slocombe – **giving you two whole columns and Winston Churchill 1/6 of a column in which it says that the translation not only absolutely couldn't be better but that it is better than the original and adds another dimension to it!** This is wonderful news, and I hope that the French critics will see eye to eye with this fellow and give you all the credit you deserve : meantime you have my unstinted gratitude and praise, and I have just written to Mike chez Correa – (their address of 4 years ago, which was all I could find, on the back of Sach's Le Sabbat, - I hope it reaches him safely) telling him the same and that I hope that the French critics agree: I have further said and now say again that where they don't it will be my fault in the book and not yours in the translation. But I am hoping that they will find both equally to their taste and the Herald review augurs well. But I don't know, for I have only received this one review about the translation. The only French one you sent me, while very favourable, more or less simply recapitulated the exposition. Anyhow – all my congratulations and thanks again.

Love from us both – Malcolm

P.S. (Minor matters. The interview horrified me. Do I have to live through my life with that view of myself? I am sufficient of an existentialist that I hid it – and looked at it no more – though I shall probably take it out again one of these days, when I need some suggestion for a character sufficiently monstrous. I don't think it's quite fair either. I'm not like that at all, or am not now. Shall I send you a photograph of myself as a weight-lifter? A child with jam on my face? What about the one with me and the gargoyles – I thought the gargoyles would at least show off how winning a fellow I was. Or **why don't you publish the picture of Gargantua the Gorilla and entitle it The Superego of the Author of Au dessous de Volcan?** Well – all is vanity saith the preacher. The caricature seemed only less loathsome. What is hard to take is that I started the bloody book as a young man, almost a boy. Now it looks as though that toothy and repellent old sage wrote it. Well: what the hell... By the way, I thought I was going to get ½ dozen copies of the Club edition. I've received one so far, and one of the ordinary editions of the Correa. I have a sort of feeling it didn't get into a second edition, the Club version, and thus disappointed you but I hope I am wrong or that anyway Correa will make for it. I'd like Marcelin to get a Club copy with the name straight however. And I'm itching to give away a few to my friends. I'm glad Gabriel [Pomerand] is married and I hope happy. I also hope he didn't give his Egyptian gal his letters to Simone as a wedding present. My regards to her too.

Best love. M. ».

Dollarton, B.C.,
Canada,
June 23, 1950.

Cher Clarisse:

Just a note of further congratulations on your work on the Volcano! I am just now in receipt of an enormously favourable review in the Paris edition of the New York Herald Tribune of the translation by one George Slocombe - giving you two whole columns and Winston Churchill 1/6 of a column - in which it says that the translation not only absolutely couldn't be better but that it is better than the original and adds another dimension to it! This is wonderful news, and I hope that the French critics will see eye to eye with this fellow and give you all the credit you deserve: meantime you have my unstinted gratitude and praise, and I have just written to Mike chez Correa - (their address of 4 years ago, which was all I could find, on the back of Sach's Le Sabbat, - I hope it reaches him safely) telling him the same and that I hope the French critics agree: I have further said and now say again that where they don't it will be ~~my~~ my fault in the book and not yours in the translation. But I am hoping that they will find both equally to their taste and the Herald review augers well. But I don't know, for I have only received this one review about the translation. The only French one you sent me, while very favourable, more or less simply recapitulated the exposition. Anyhow - all my congratulations and thanks again.

Love from us both -

Nathaniel

P.S. (Minor matters. The interview horrified me. Do I have to live through my life with that view of myself? I am sufficient of an existentialist that I hid it - and looked at it no more - though I shall probably take it out again one of these days, when I need some suggestion for a character sufficiently monstrous. I don't think it's quite fair either. I'm not like that at all, or am not now. Shall I send you a photograph of myself as a weight-lifter? A child with jam on my face? What about the one with me and the gargoyles - I thought the gargoyles would at least show off how winning a fellow I was. Or why don't you publish the picture of Gargantua the Gorilla and entitle it The Superego of the Author of Au Dessous de Volcan? Well - all is vanity saith the preacher. The caricature seemed only less loathsome. What is hard to take is that I started the bloody book as a young man, almost a boy. Now it looks as though that toothy and repellent old sage wrote it. Well: what the hell... By the way, I thought I was going to get 1/2 dozen copies of the

Club edition. I've received one so far, and one of the ordinary editions of the Correa. I have a sort of feeling it didn't get into a second edition, the club version, and thus disappointed you but I hope I am wrong or that anyway Correa will make up for it. I'd like Marcel Zin to get a club copy with the name straight however. And I'm itching to give away a few to my friends. I'm glad Gabriel is married and I hope happy. I also hope he didn't give his Egyptian gal his letters to Simone as a wedding present. My regards to her too.

Best love -

N.

5. LOWRY (Malcolm).

LS ABOUT HEAR US O LORD FROM HEAVEN THY DWELLING PLACE.

Dollarton, Canada, December 20, 1951. 1 p. in-4, autograph additions in pencil.

Unpublished signed letter, with autograph additions, to Clarisse Francillon, about his short stories project entitled *Hear Us O Lord from Heaven Thy Dwelling Place*.

The book will be published posthumously in 1961 by J.B. Lippincott Company in Philadelphia. Its French translation, by Clarisse Francillon and Georges Belmont, will be edited a year later in 1962 by Julliard.

Transcript:

« Dollarton, B.C.,

Canada / Dec. 20, 1951

Dear Clarisse:

Thank you enormously for the news and the Christmas greeting. **I am delighted that the Volcano, as it seems, has paid its way and has even made some money;** thank you too for the very good review.

Will you ask Correa to send my cash in hand to Matson, though, as soon as they can? This does not mean I won't be coming back to France one day but only that we are in the interim very poor: we already owe Matson money and in the meantime while he is arranging a contract have to borrow some more from him.

The new book ten Holder mentions is of tales and is to be called Hear Us Oh Lord From Heaven Thy Dwelling Place. (Title is from Manx fishermen's hymn) Some of these stories I hope you will think are very good but Hal has not succeeded in selling a single one commercially to any magazine: hence the poverty. Now Harcourt and Brace in New York say they are some of the best stories they ever read and want them for a volume. (Perhaps I shall write one of my famous prefaces for America saying: None of these bloody stories have appeared in any god damned magazine whatsoever in your blasted country so I don't see personally why the hell you should want to read them now! Good night. Malcolm Lowry.) This is very contradictory and makes my head swim. Also I worked out the plan for the whole Voyage That Never Ends. I hope you and Mike may feel like translating it: anyhow, I haven't got there yet. Also I was caught between two publishers: more of this later. But Harcourt and Brace – by whom Reynal and Hitchcock were subsumed – have refused to give me up which would be very gratifying had not meantime the author died of starvation. However when that happens watch them start to stuff the author's eyes with potatoes.

Tell me about your work, your own novel: take 5 minutes off and write a letter instead of a bill of lading.

Here everything is topsy-turvy: Joan is living in a mine-sweeper in San Francisco harbour with Winston Churchill and what Julienne would say to that I don't know.

But we are keeping fit, and the work progresses. Tell Correa thank you from me for everything: - I haven't had time as yet to write but I am most grateful, especially to you. **Did the book club thing ever go into a second edition?**

Matson's address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y. and I'll be awfully grateful if you'd ask them to send that money to him as soon as possible. This will make no difference to our coming to Europe where we'll probably come anyhow for a while as soon as we have made enough cash here.

Love from us both and Joyeux Noël. Malcolm

Autographed in pencil about books by Philippe Thoby-Marcelin and Pierre Marcelin: The brothers Marcelin's Finger of god [Pencil of god] was one of Times Books of the year. Their three books to date : Canapé vert, Beast of the Haitian hills, Finger of god [Pencil of god. Has anyone published them in France yet? Their youngest brother Milo has also written incredible book about Voodoo. They should all be full of interest for the French public ».

Dollarton, B.C.,
Canada,
Dec. 20, 1951.

Cher Clarisse:

Thank you enormously for the news and the Christmas greeting. I am delighted that the Volcano, as it seems, has paid its way and has even made some money; thank you too for the very good review.

Will you ask Correa to send my cash in hand to Matson, though, as soon as they can? This does not mean I won't be coming back to France one day but only that we are in the interim very poor: we already owe Matson money and in the meantime while he is arranging a contract have to borrow some more from him.

The new book ten Holder mentions is of tales and is to be called Hear Us Oh Lord From Heaven Thy Dwelling Place. (Title is from Manx fishermen's hymn) Some of these stories I hope you will think are very good but Hal has not succeeded in selling a single one commercially to any magazine: hence the poverty. Now Harcourt and Brace in New York say they are some of the best stories they ever read and want them for a volume. (Perhaps I shall write one of my famous prefaces for America saying: None of these bloody stories have appeared in any god damned magazine whatsoever in your blasted country so I don't see personally why the hell you should want to read them now! Good night. Malcolm Lowry.) This is very contradictory and makes my head swim. Also I have worked out the plan for the whole Voyage That Never Ends. I hope you and Mike may feel like translating it: anyhow, I haven't got there yet. Also I was caught between two publishers: more of this later. But Harcourt and Brace - by whom Reynal and Hitchcock were subsumed - have refused to give me up which would be very gratifying had not meantime the author died of starvation. However when that happens watch them start to stuff the author's eyes with potatoes.

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But we are keeping fit, and the work progresses.

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Love from us both and Joyeux Noel.

Malcolm.

The brothers Marcelin's Finger I got was one of Times Books of the year.
Their three books, ^{the} Canapé Vert, Beast of the Harbours Hills, or Finger I got.
Has anyone published them in France yet? Their youngest brother
Milo has also written incredible book about Voodoo. They should be full of
interest to the French public.

6. LOWRY (Malcolm). ABOUT UNDER THE VOLCANO & LUNAR CAUSTIC.

Vancouver, Canada, February 23, 1952. 1 p. in-4.

Unpublished letter (LS) about his royalties in relation to the French publications of *Under the volcano* and *Lunar Caustic*.

Transcript:

« Note temporary address: only till April 1

“1075 Gilford St.

Apt. 33

Vancouver, B.C.,

Canada.

Feb. 23, 1952

Dear Clarisse:

A short worried note.

Is it possible that you could find out and let me know when the money from Correa will reach me, or rather, reach Matson in New York? I believe it was last November I wrote in reply to your letter, saying Correa had 7 or 8 hundred dollars for me, and asked that it be sent as soon as possible to Matson. As I wrote you then, I really need the money now, and had expected it would have arrived by now, in fact had gambled on it doing so. But Matson writes me that sometimes it takes several months for money to come from France (in fact sometimes as long as 10 months) so I am anxious to know just what the position is and how soon I may expect it. Also, I hear, you are getting ready to devalue the franc (one principle cause of worry) which would mean that I would lose quite a bit, which I can't afford to. So is it possible that you could find out just what is the status of this money from Correa, and let me know as soon as possible?

Meantime some so and so (with a wife also named Bonner) has gone and written a play called *The Shrike*, set in the same hospital ward as *Lunar Caustic* – which you have had since before he wrote it and I first wrote 16 years ago : décor and some of the business cannot help but be similar, it is the hit of New York season, so I have to suffer all over again what I went through with the *Lost Week End*. Though perhaps it won't matter in the long run.

On the other hand Harcourt Brace is bringing out a book of my short stories written in the last year or so I hope you and Mike may wish to translate and in any case may be easily translatable and individually saleable in France and which I hope you will like. Would you like me to send you a copy of this in type-script, when I've finished it, or wait till it's published and have the galley proofs , or the book ?

How goes it with your novel?

God bless – with love from us both. Malcolm ».

Note temporary address:
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Meantime some so and so (with a wife also named Bonner) has gone and written a play called The Shrike, set in the same hospital ward as Lunar Caustic - which you have had since before he wrote it and I first wrote 16 years ago: decor and some of the business cannot help but be similar, it is the hit of New York season, so I have to suffer all over again what I went through with The Lost Week End. Though perhaps it won't matter in the long run.

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How goes it with your novel?

God bless - with love from us both -

Matson .

7. LOWRY (Malcolm). LS TO CLARISSE ABOUT THE BRAVEST BOAT.

Dollarton, Canada, May 29, 1952. 2 pp. in-4, autograph additions in blue ink.

Important letter signed, with unpublished autograph additions, about *The Bravest Boat* – a then unpublished short story. Its French translation by Clarisse Francillon will be published ahead of its edition in English.

This letter is published, in parts, in CLML (n°551, pp. 6113-614) with this note (« undated but internal references suggest a late 1952 date »).

The autograph notes to the version sent to Clarisse Francillon are unpublished.

Transcript:

« Dollarton, B.C.,

Canada.

May 29, 1952.

My very dear Clarisse:

I apologise sincerely for not yet having acknowledged *Les Meurtriers*. It seems to have a most exciting and profound plot but I have not yet had time to read it. Re *Ultramarine* I have a very bad and remorseful feeling (as I once tried to tell you) about that wretched book ever having been published in the form it was and it should be completely rewritten before being translated. Re poems: I haven't time at present with Margie sick and myself working against time to deal with this (1), but a translation of one of my poems into French was made by the Haitian Philippe Thoby-Marcelin and I am writing him to send this to you together with the original, but concerning all this it would of course be much easier if we were in France, and I am hoping that perhaps we shall be again at no too distant date. Concerning *Lunar Caustic* I am supposed to be re-writing that next year but whether I can improve it or not I don't know. I am pretty proud of the version that Madame d'Astorg has and proud that she is translating it but the whole situation of freedom of expression has grown so ticklish of recent years in the United States that I have begun to acquire some qualms, partly due to the cowardice, partly to common or garden sportsmanship. What – a novel written by a Canadian (or Englishman) set in an American psychiatric ward in New York and presenting the conditions therein in such a grim light – could not this be construed by some busy-body as by extension symbolizing unfavorably American life or American civilization itself (or something or other), exclusively, and thus *Lunar Caustic* held not to be contributing to the harmonious relationship between these respective countries? I am afraid that it indeed could be so construed at the present time, even though that was very far from its intention: rather the hell of the ward being the hell of the world, and spiritually speaking the hell within the soul (2), etc. (The distinction throughout *Hear us Oh Lord* too is between World and Earth: vide Santayana: "I hate the world but love the earth.") Besides, the version Madame d'Astorg has was written 17 years ago, when I was only 26. But the unsportsmanship would seem to come in via the fact that (a) it is an American firm, not a Canadian firm, that is paying me, and if conditions in New York City hospitals were bad 17 years ago conditions in British Columbia mental institutions are ten times worse, I understand, even at the present day. A further point is that *Lunar Caustic's* first appearance would be in French (it's never been published before) and Madame d'Astorg's version differs considerably from the version that probably Random House will publish. This makes it a kind of sport of nature and clearly calls for some explanation in a preliminary note, without which it would seem unfair to America, or biased and my position ethically dubious if it did not actually get me into some obscure trouble. But this problem lies in the future. Unfortunately it has now occurred to me that the situation of the *Bravest Boat*, which has not been published either as yet in America or Canada, is not different in one respect, since it's first appearance will be in France, and this has me worried, for it's clearly one thing to insult dear old Vancouver, at home, and quite another abroad. And the standpoint of this story must seem completely unbalanced if not indeed actually prejudiced in its venom against the "city" – if it be recognized - or city per se, unless again some explanation is made in a note. Frankly I wouldn't know how to write such a note, but I think it should be made clear in it that, as I said to you before, the story is essentially about the storms and stresses and differences and barriers and ordeals of life, not those peculiar to this hemisphere. For example the border between Canada and America in general presents (3) only slightly more of a barrier (4) than it did to the little boat; it is the one undefended border in the world; - true, there is, at present, freer speech here than there, but by and large there is great

friendliness, between the two peoples of our neighbouring countries (I'm married to an American myself, *as you know*¹⁷) but there are always and everywhere and perhaps, though one might wish they could disappear, necessarily such things as borders, and their existence can certainly complicate the course of true love. On the other hand, if the story is not to give offense, (one reason it might give offense is that the insult, (5) to Vancouver – or Enochvilleport – could be construed by certain people as a kind of insult to Canada itself – which everywhere advertises itself as being tremendously proud of its vast industrial advance, as no doubt it is and even has cause to be – or, in fact, to God knows what else) if it is not to give offense, I say, how to explain that the point of view, as the author must admit, is as biased as the devil and anything but objective, even while, worse still, seeming to be objective: values of good and evil seem to be assumed, as for country versus city (again Earth and World) as for the dispossessed against those in possession, and so forth, all of which might seem artistically indefensible (6) as well as misleadingly partisan – even the poor aldermen are made out to be “furious” – were it not that the point of view is balanced in the other stories in the volume (7). Elsewhere I think I do full justice to Canada's palpable beauties and opportunities. To a certain kind of immigrant of course Canada is heaven. But to a certain kind of artist it can be hell too. And this unprecedentedly great industrial advance (not mirrored in the story but perhaps felt in the background) British Columbia particularly is so proud of also threatens much of the old way of life and its simpler cleaner values. From this aspect the story is almost completely reactionary, and as it were conservationary. I hate to see trees cut down, and pulp mills go up in their place, no matter how inevitable the latter. I do not welcome the great industrial advance because it threatens me – our home and the beauty around us, even if it may eventually bring other advantages I can't see (though I doubt it, that is I doubt the final advantages). And moreover, big business these days seems to have all the say. So I have written, as it were, from the standpoint of the victims – even though the protagonists themselves happen not to be especially victims but are clearly triumphant, or their love is triumphant, indeed even as the boat, over whatever forces have threatened them. Various things have changed in Vancouver too since I wrote the story; ¹⁸there are some fairly decent beginnings of theatre (8), etc. However perhaps all this won't matter and no one will recognize it. Just the same, if Mike hasn't translated it yet, perhaps you'll bear in mind what I've said and concoct something in the way of a note from this. It was based on a true story reported in the Vancouver Sun too (though the couple weren't married, I've told you a later coincidence about that) though unsigned – in short the contents of the note are factual, but to draw attention to what would be to draw attention also to the fact that Enochvilleport is a satiric portrait of Vancouver, etc. *Will*¹⁹ write again soon. Best love from us both. Malcolm ».

Unpublished autograph notes:

1. « Though thank you very much for asking me about both things: I'll do something about the poems later... ».
2. « All this must be painfully obvious to you but not to certain Americans I can think of ».
3. « in fact ».
4. « though there certainly have been exceptions ».
5. « if any, »
6. « What I'm saying to you here is pure bloody hypocrisy in one way; after all I write the way I feel; but toujours la politesse ».
7. « Not very well balanced, however ».
8. « They even promised us bars a year ago but we've heard no more about them ».

17 Not in CLML

18 « There are bars now, or threaten to be soon » is added in CLML

19 « Well will » in CLML

Dollarton, B.C.,
Canada,
May 29, 1952.

My very dear Clarisse:

* thing thank you
very much for
asking me about
these things:
I'll do something
about the poems
later...

* All this must
be painfully
obvious to you but
not to certain
Americans I can
think of.

I apologise sincerely for not yet having acknowledged Les Meurtriers. It seems to have a most exciting and profound plot but I have not yet had time to read it. Re Ultramarine I have a very bad and remorseful feeling (as I once tried to tell you) about that wretched book ever having been published in the form it was and it should be completely rewritten before being translated. Re poems: I haven't time at present with Margie sick and myself working against time to deal with this, but a translation of one of my poems into French was made by the Haitian Phillippe Thoby-Marcelin and I am writing him to send this to you together with the original, but concerning all this it would of course be much easier if we were in France, and I am hoping that perhaps we shall be again at no too distant date. Concerning Lunar Caustic I am supposed to be re-writing that next year but whether I can improve it or not I don't know. I am pretty proud of the version that Madame d'Astorg has and proud that she is translating it but the whole situation of freedom of expression has grown so ticklish of recent years in the United States that I have begun to acquire some qualms, partly due to cowardice, partly to common or garden sportsmanship. What - a novel written by a Canadian (or Englishman) set in an American psychiatric ward in New York and presenting the conditions therein in such a grim light - could not this be construed by some busybody as by extension symbolizing unfavorably American life or American civilization itself (or something or other), exclusively, and thus Lunar Caustic held not to be contributing to the harmonious relationship between these respective countries? I am afraid that it indeed could be so construed at the present time, even though that was very far from its intention: rather the hell of the ward being the hell of the world, and spiritually speaking the hell within the soul, etc. (The distinction throughout Hear Us Oh Lord too is between World and Earth: vide Santayana: "I hate the world but love the earth.") Besides, the version Madame d'Astorg has was first written 17 years ago, when I was only 26. But the unsportsmanship would seem to come in via the fact that (a) it is an American firm, not a Canadian firm, that is paying me, and if conditions in New York City hospitals were bad 17 years ago conditions in British Columbia mental institutions are ten times worse, I understand, even at the present day. A further point is that Lunar Caustic's first appearance would be in French (it's never been published before) and Madame d'Astorg's version differs considerably from the version that probably Random House will publish. This makes it a kind of sport of nature and clearly calls for some explanation in a preliminary note, without which it would seem unfair to America, or biased, and my position ethically dubious if it did not actually get me into some obscure trouble. But this problem lies in the future. Unfortunately it has now occurred to me that the situation of the Bravest Boat, which has not been published either as yet in America or Canada, is not different in one respect, since it's first appearance will be in France, and this has me worried, for it's clearly one thing to insult dear old Vancouver, at home, and quite another abroad. And the standpoint of this story must seem completely unbalanced if not indeed actually prejudiced in its venom against the "city" - if it be recognized - or city per se, unless again some explanation is made

8. LOWRY (Malcolm).

LS ABOUT UNDER THE VOLCANO AND THE VOYAGE THAT NEVER ENDS.

Vancouver, Canada, January 20, 1953. 1 p. in-4.

Letter to Clarisse Francillon about his royalties to the French edition of *Under the volcano* and other literary projects [*The Voyage That Never Ends*] .

This letter is published in CLML (n°561, pp. 6113-614).

Transcript:

« 1359 Davie St.,

Vancouver, B.C.

Canada,

Jan. 20, 1953

Dear Clarisse:

Hope you received our Christmas card O.K.?

I hate to importune you again, but I wonder if you could do me a favor, which shouldn't be much trouble for you and would be of absolutely ineffable help to me. **I still haven't received the money you wrote me about over a year ago from Correa and the Book Club.** My agent in New York is trying his best to collect it for me through a Mrs. W.A. Bradley (a French literary agent) whose address is 18 quai de Bét-hune, Paris 4. **They are now holding it up because apparently they cannot locate any contract between the Book Club and myself.** To the best of my knowledge there never was any such contract, as I have repeatedly told them, and the only evidence I have regarding Correa is your letter to me, of February 23rd, 1950, in which you said that Correa was taking over and asked me to agree to certain changes in the royalties, and which you will remember I replied to at once, agreeing to completely. Is there some way in which you, as the witness and go-between for all these deals, and being there (and not ten thousand miles away as I am) could do something about this ? I would appreciate it more than I can say, for **I'm working desperately against time to get my new book finished**, these delays are driving me crazy, my estate in England is still held up, we are in debt, **we live on one hard boiled egg (bad) every three days, and I've been expecting this money every day for the last year**, and having made commitments on that expectation (which I felt I had every right to do) I am now so harassed on every side I don't know which way to turn.

We're still hoping an looking forward to returning to France some time in the future, perhaps when my next book is finished. What is the news of your novel? How goes Mike? Should you see M. Nadeau, please thank him very much from me for his letter and say I'll reply as soon as I can.

A thousand thanks in advance, and all the best love from Margerie and myself, and every good wish for a prosperous and happy new year.

Best love from Malcolm ».

1359 Davie St.,
Vancouver, B.C.
Canada,
Jan. 20, 1953.

Dear Clarisse:

Hope you received our Christmas card O.K.?

I hate to importune you again, but I wonder if you could do me a favor, which shouldn't be much trouble for you and would be of absolutely ineffable help to me. I still haven't received the money you wrote me about over a year ago from Correa and the Book Club. My agent in New York is trying his best to collect it for me through a Mrs. W.A. Bradley (A French literary agent) whose address is 18 Quai de Bethune, Paris 4. They are now holding it up because apparently they cannot locate any contract between the Book Club and myself. To the best of my knowledge there never was any such contract, as I have repeatedly told them, and the only evidence I have regarding Correa is your letter to me, of February 23rd, 1950, in which you said that Correa was taking over and asked me to agree to certain changes in the royalties, and which you will remember I replied to at once, agreeing to completely. Is there some way in which you, as the witness and go-between for all these deals, and being there (and not ten thousand miles away as I am) could do something about this? I would appreciate it more than I can say, for I'm working desperately against time to get my new book finished, these delays are driving me crazy, my estate in England is still held up, we are in debt, we live on one hard boiled egg (bad) every three days, and I've been expecting this money every day for the last year, and having made commitments on that expectation (which I felt I had every right to do) I am now so harrassed on every side I don't know which way to turn.

We're still hoping and looking forward to returning to France some time in the future, perhaps when my next book is finished. What is the news of your novel? How goes Mike? Should you see M. Nadeau, please thank him very much from me for his letter and say I'll reply as soon as I can.

A thousand thanks in advance, and all the best love from Margerie and myself, and every good wish for a prosperous and happy new year.

Best love
from Nadeau

9. LOWRY (Malcolm). LS ABOUT UNDER THE VOLCANO'S ROYALTIES.

Vancouver, Canada, February 5, 1953. 1 p. in-4, with autograph additions in pencil.

Unpublished letter to Clarisse Francillon, with autograph additions, about his royalties to the French edition of *Under the volcano* and a projected book of short stories.

A French translation of a section of this letter was published in Malcolm Lowry special issue of Les Lettres Nouvelles.

1359 Davie St.,
Vancouver, B.C.
Canada,
Feb. 5, 1953.

Carissima Clarisse:

Bless you, and thank you again; after months and months of fruitless effort on our part, you managed to get immediate action, and I received a letter from Matson's office this morning saying that the money had been paid to Mrs. Bradley, so I should have it now before long. I hope this didn't inconvenience you in any way and I'm certainly most grateful to you.

Of course I would like a copy of your book. Why did you not send one? Please tell me all about it, how it went, what you think of it, and send a copy immediately. All the best of luck with it. As for the book you mention by Bernard d'Astorg, he already sent me a very generously signed copy, by via Correa. It is an excellent book, please thank him deeply for me, tell him I am extremely honored and I shall write him to thank him personally as soon as I can put intelligent enough words together.

My next book is the book of short stories I wrote you about, but they aren't all short by a damn sight, so it's taking longer than I had thought. Four of them have developed into novellas, practically long enough to publish by themselves, but they are all linked up in one way or another. I hope to have them ready by the first of next November, at least that is the date in my contract when I'm supposed to have them ready. Meantime, one of the shorter ones is being published in an anthology of New World Writing which is coming out shortly. It is one of these paper-bound 50¢ editions that have such fabulous sales here in the last few years. I'll send you a copy as soon as it's out and I hope you will like my story.

I had another letter from Nadeau and am trying to get permission from Matson to send Nadeau The Bravest Boat, the first one in the collection. I have written saying I hoped you would like it and might possibly find time to translate it.

Strange news of Mike! Give him my love. We'd like to take an extra-galactic journey with him.

Joan is still married to Winston Churchill in San Francisco and her husband is writing a book. Both of us hope to come to France very soon. We are at present living temporarily in the city of Vancouver - a stink-hole of stool-pigeons crime police bad manners boredom hypocrisy informers landlords repression and liars. I hate it like hell itself and Canadians with it - at least the

Much love from us both -

Malcolm

X though contract may perhaps be found in the fact that it was a very little Rolfs-Royce.

weaselly authoritarians therein. Calvinist Geneva must have been as gay as Royalist England compared with this where it is forbidden even to advertise a symphony concert in the Sunday papers. Nonetheless they still use the lash here & condemn 15 year old children to hanging for rape, as has happened

P.S. One bright spot: we saw Cockran's *Ophée*. Marvellous. in a private showing twice in one night - stupendous. Then, of course, a little later, had to see our first Rolfs-Royce in the flesh we've seen in perhaps 20 years. This parallels Cockran's own Vithellense coincidence which appears in form in another form. Cockran would know what I mean.

Transcript:

« 1359 Davie St.,

Vancouver, B.C.

Canada,

Feb. 5, 1953

Carissima Clarisse:

Bless you, and thank you again; after months and months of fruitless efforts on our part, you managed to get immediate action, and I received a letter from Matson's office this morning saying that the money had been paid to Mrs. Bradley, so I should have it now before long. I hope this didn't inconvenience you in any way and I'm certainly most grateful to you.

Of course I would like a copy of your book [*Les Meutrières*, Gallimard, 1952]. Why did you not send one? Please tell me all about it, how it went, what you think of it, and send a copy immediately. All the best of luck with it. As for the book you mention by Bernard d'Astorg [*Aspects de la littérature européenne depuis 1945*, Seuil, 1952], he already sent me a very generously signed copy via Correa. It is an excellent book, please thank him deeply for me, tell him I am extremely honored and I shall write him to thank him personally as soon as I can put intelligent enough words together.

My next book is the book of short stories I wrote you about, but they aren't all short by a damn sight, so it's taking longer than I had thought. Four of them have developed into novellas, practically long enough to publish by themselves, but they are all linked up in one way or another. I hope to have them ready by the first of next November, at least that is the date in my contract when I'm supposed to have them ready. Meantime, one of the shorter ones [*Strange Comfort (Afforded by the Profession)*, New World Writing issue 3, 1953] is being published in an anthology of New World Writing which is coming out shortly. It is one of these paper-bound 50¢ editions that have such fabulous sales here in the last years. I'll send you a copy as soon as it's out and I hope you will like my story.

I had another letter from Nadeau and am trying to get permission from Matson to send Nadeau the *Bravest Boat*, the first one in the collection. I have written saying I hoped you would like it and might possibly find time to translate it.

Strange news of Mike. Give him my love. We'd like to take an extragalactic journey with him.

Joan is still married to Winston Churchill in San Francisco and her husband is writing a book. Both of us hope to come to France very soon. We are at present living temporarily in the city of Vancouver – a stink-hole of stool-pigeons crime police bad manners boredom hypocrisy informers landlords repression liars (1). I hate it like hell itself and sometimes Canadians with it, (2).

Malcolm ».

Autograph notes:

1. "and brutality"
2. "at least the weaselly authoritarians therein. Calvinist Geneva must have been as gay as Royalist England compared with this, where it is forbidden even to advertise a symphony concert in the Sunday papers. Nonetheless they still use the lash here and condemn 15 year old children to hanging for rape, as has happened.

P.S. One bright spot: we saw Cocteau's *Orphée* in a private showing twice in one night – stupendous. marvellous. Then, of course, a little later outside, had to see our first Rolls-Royce (3) in the flesh we've seen in perhaps 20 years. This parallels Cocteau's own *Vitreilleuse* coincidence which appears in *Orphée* in another form – Cocteau would know what I mean".

3. though comfort may perhaps be found in the fact that this was a very little Rolls-Royce".

10. LOWRY (Malcolm).

LS TO MAURICE NADEAU ABOUT THE BRAVEST BOAT.

Vancouver, Canada, February 5, 1953. 1 p. in-4.

Letter signed to Maurice Nadeau, partly unpublished, about the publication in Les Lettres Nouvelles of the French translation of *The Bravest Boat*, the planned opening story of *Hear Us Oh Lord from Heaven Dwy Dwelling Place*.

Part of this letter is published in CLML (n°548).

Transcript:

« 1359 Davie St.,

Vancouver, B.C.

Canada,

Feb. 5, 1953

Dear Maurice Nadeau:

Please forgive me for not answering your kind and good letters before now. I can only assure you that there were circumstances which prevented it such as – it sometimes seems to me – the ferocious difficulty of living in Canada, and as far away as Canada, knows alone how to provide. I am indeed honoured that you wish something of mine for your review, and I have today written my agent, Harold Matson, in New York, for permission to send you as soon as possible a copy of a story called *The Bravest Boat*, which I believe will not present too many difficulties in translation and although it is laid in Canada, has, I believe, a universal theme and treatment which would interest your readers. Anyway, I hope you will like it. *The only snag is that it is at present with the Atlantic Monthly in New York, who have not yet made up their minds whether to publish it: this, I may say, is no snag with me, but there might certainly arise the ethical objection of offering the same story simultaneously to two different periodicals if, for example, your review is bilingual and you proposed to publish the story in English, both from yours and the Atlantic's point of view, but I am assuming it would be French only. It's the opening story of my next (I touch wood) book²⁰, HEAR US OH LORD FROM HEAVEN DWY DWELLING PLACE– the title of which comes from an old fisherman's hymn. Perhaps that doesn't sound so promising: as a matter of fact²¹ it has little to do with fishermen either. It doesn't look as though I can get it to you in time to meet your deadline for the first number but we are typing you a copy which you shall have (unless Matson gives me a flat no) quam celerrime. Failing this I promise you something else as soon as I can but we work under difficulties: moreover Random House has a kind of lien on my work²².*

Thank you again for your letters, and please give my kindest regards to Clarisse, Max-Pol, Paul Pilotin²³ when you see them. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that Clarisse might have time and like to translate *The Bravest Boat*? It is only 20 pages. I like it myself very much – hope you don't reject it after all!

With kindest regards to yourself, and best wishes and good luck for your new review.

Very cordially, Malcolm Lowry.

P.S. I want to thank you for everything you did for the *Volcano* and both my wife and myself look forward with the greatest pleasure to meeting you again soon. ».

20 Unpublished in CLML which states instead « This story is part of my next book. It is in fact, the opening story ».

21 Not in CLML

22 Unpublished.

23 Name used by Stephen Spriel according to Maurice Nadeau

1359 Davie St.,
Vancouver, B.C.,
Canada,
Feb. 5, 1953.

Dear Maurice Nadeau:

Please forgive me for not answering your kind and good letters before now. I can only assure you that there were circumstances which prevented it such as - it sometimes seems to me - the ferocious difficulty of living in Canada, and as far away as Canada, knows alone how to provide. I am indeed honoured that you wish something of mine for your review, and I have today written my agent, Harold Matson, in New York, for permission to send you as soon as possible a copy of a story called The Bravest Boat, which I believe will not present too many difficulties in translation and although it is laid in Canada, has, I believe, a universal theme and treatment which would interest your readers. Anyway, I hope you will like it. The only snag is that it is at present with the Atlantic Monthly in New York, who have not yet made up their minds whether to publish it: this, I may say, is no snag with me, but there might certainly arise the ethical objection of offering the same story simultaneously to two different periodicals if, for example, your review is bilingual and you proposed to publish the story in English, both from yours and the Atlantic's point of view, but I am assuming it would be ^{in French and} translated. It's the opening story of my next (I touch wood) book, HEAR US OH LORD FROM HEAVEN THY DWELLING PLACE - the title of which comes from an old fisherman's hymn. Perhaps that doesn't sound so promising: as a matter of fact it has little to do with fishermen either. It doesn't look as though I can get it to you in time to meet your deadline for the first number but we are typing you a copy which you shall have (unless Matson gives me a flat no) quam celerrime. Failing this I promise you something else as soon as I can but we work under difficulties: moreover Random House has a kind of lien on my work.

Thank you again for your letters, and please give my kindest regards to Clarisse, Max-Pol, Paul Pilotin when you see them. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that Clarisse might have time and like to translate The Bravest Boat? It is only 20 pages. I like it myself very much - hope you don't reject it after all!

With kindest regards to yourself, and best wishes and good luck for your new review.

Very cordially,

Malcolm Lowry.

P.S. I want to thank you for everything you did for the Volcano and both my wife and myself look forward with the greatest pleasure to meeting you again soon.

11. LOWRY (Malcolm). ALS ABOUT LUNAR CAUSTIC.

Ripe, Sussex, undated. [April 21, 1956 as indicated in an autograph note by Clarisse Francillon], 1 p. ½ written in pencil on both sides of a in-12 leaf.

Autograph letter signed about the the translation into French by Clarisse Francillon of *Lunar Caustic* which was published ahead of its edition in English.

This letter is published in CLML (n°651).

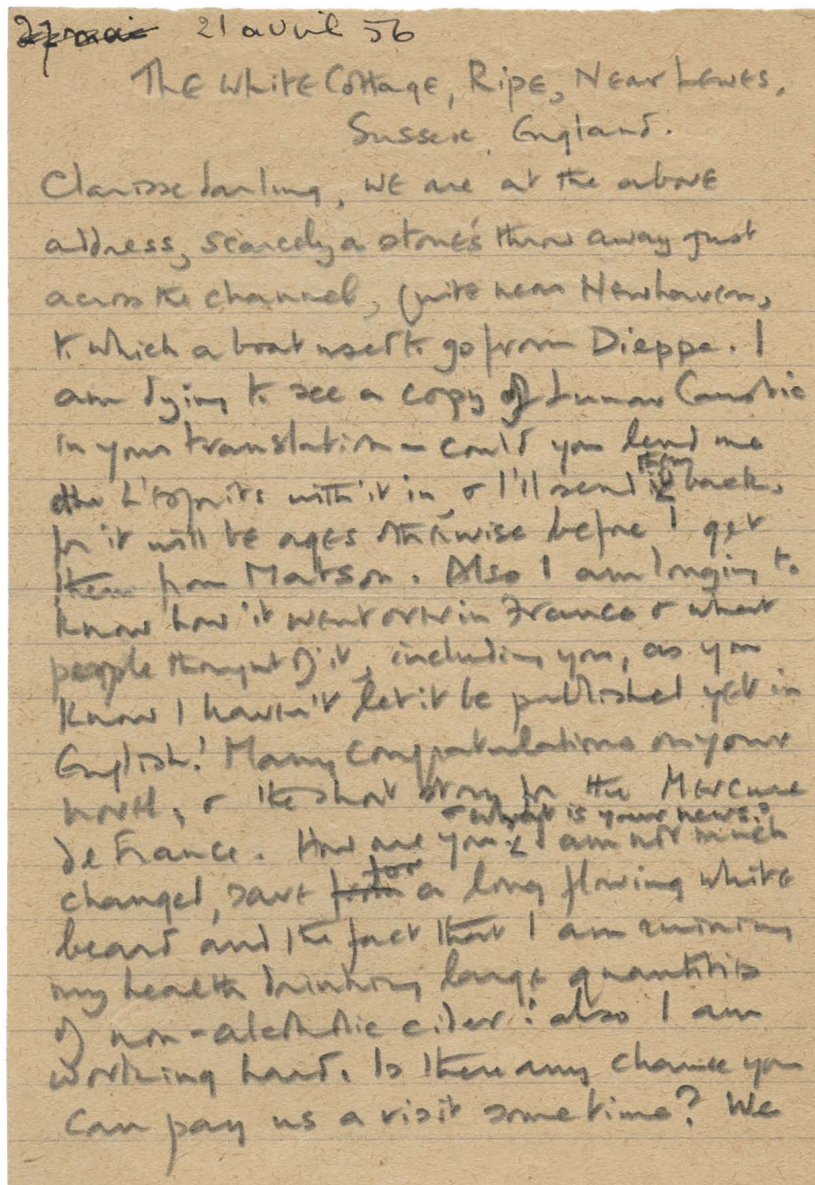
The handwritten addition by Margerie is unpublished.

Transcript:

« The White Cottage, Ripe, Near Lewes, Sussex England

Clarisse darling,

We are at the above address, scarcely a stone's throw away just across the channel, quite near Newhaven, to which a boat used to go from Dieppe. I am dying to see a copy of *Lunar Caustic* in your



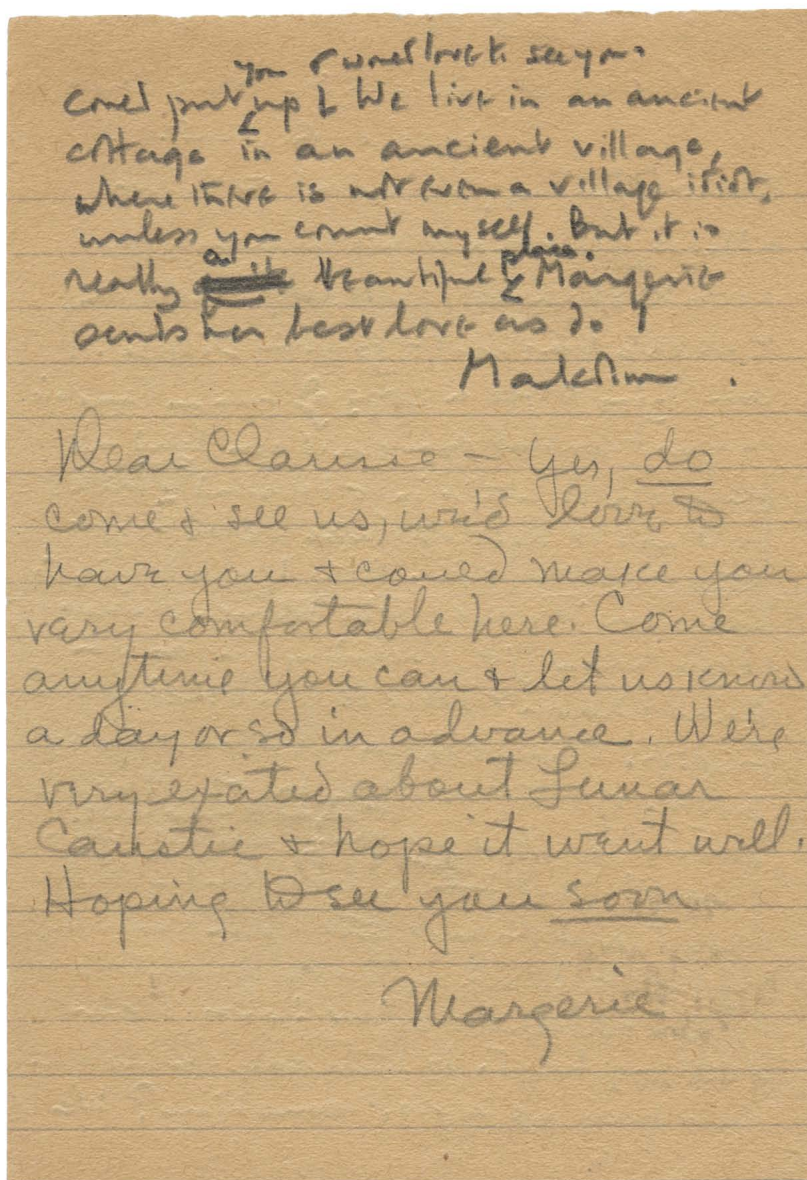
27~~road~~ 21 avril 56
The White Cottage, Ripe, Near Lewes,
Sussex, England.
Clarisse darling, we are at the above
address, scarcely a stone's throw away just
across the channel, quite near Newhaven,
to which a boat used to go from Dieppe. I
am dying to see a copy of *Lunar Caustic*
in your translation - could you lend me
the 2 to go with it in or I'll send ^{them} back,
for it will be ages otherwise before I get
them from Matsen. Also I am longing to
know how it went over in France & what
people thought of it, including you, as you
know I haven't let it be published yet in
English! Many congratulations on your
work, & the short story in the *Marcuse*
de France. How are you? ^{what is your news?} I am not much
changed, save ^{for} a long flowing white
beard and the fact that I am ruining
my health drinking large quantities
of non-alkalic cider: also I am
working hard. Is there any chance you
can pay us a visit sometime? We

translation. Could you lend me the L'Esprits with it in and I'll send them back, or it will be ages otherwise before I get them from Matson. Also I am longing to know how it went over in France and what people thought of it, including you, as you know I haven't let it be published yet in English! Many congratulations on your novel, and the short story for the Mercure de France. How are you? What is your news? **I am not much changed, save for a long flowing white beard and the fact that I am ruining my health drinking large quantities of non-alcoholic cider!** Also I am working hard. Is there any chance you can pay us a visit sometime? We could put you up and would love to see you. We live in *an ancient cottage in²⁴* an ancient village where there is not even a village idiot, unless you count myself. But it is really a beautiful place. Margerie sends her best love as do I.

Malcolm.

Unpublished autograph note by Margerie: Dear Clarisse, Yes do come and see us, we'd love to have you and could make you very comfortable here. Come anytime you can and let us know a day or so in advance. We're very excited about Lunar Caustic and hope it went well. Hoping to see you soon. Margerie.

24 Not in CLML



12. LOWRY (Malcolm). ALS ABOUT LUNAR CAUSTIC.

Ripe, Sussex, undated. [May 27, 1956 as indicated in an autograph note by Clarisse Francillon], 2 pp. written in pencil on both sides of a in-12 leaf.

Autograph letter signed to Clarisse Francillon about her French translation of *Lunar Caustic* (Esprit, February 1956 and subsequent issues).

Le Caustique lunaire was published prior to the first English edition of *Lunar Caustic* (Jonathan Cape; 1968).

This letter is published in CLML (n°655).

27 mai 56
The White Cottage, Ripe, Near Lewes, Sussex.

My very dear Clarisse:- It must seem atrocious manners for me not to have replied before or to have acknowledged your splendid translation of *Lunar Caustic* or your letter but first the magazines apparently went astray, then I lent them to someone who knew French better than I who didn't return them, then Margerie, who was writing you herself, became quite ill then I wasn't sure we were going to go on living at this address, meantime I didn't want to write you without having intelligently participated in the translation, which I now have done & it seems to me very excellent (and I am very moved by your words thereon) - in short a million obstacles, *qui s'excuse s'accuse*, I know, but I can only hope you will forgive me: - I have had a psychological obstacle in regard to seeing you again before I have some more completed work to give you too, much as I & we both want to see you; but it will give me a little sense of guilt if I should let you go without giving something completed. I have two *nouvelles* more novellas - in addition to the novel I'm working on - but they both need a bit more work & if it's all the same to you as I think it would be better for me to have them completed, as well as the novel pushed to a further point, before I allow myself the pleasure of seeing you ^{again} so if it's all the same to you I would suggest toward the end of this summer, ^{say equal weeks hence} rather than now, though if it isn't I would love to see you at any time. On the other hand I haven't yet worked out in my mind

Transcript:

« The White Cottage, Ripe, Near Lewes, Sussex

My very dear Clarisse:

It must seem atrocious manners for me not to have replied before or to have acknowledged your splendid translation of *Lunar Caustic* or your letter but first the magazines apparently went astray, then I lent them to someone who knew French better than I who didn't return them, then Margerie, who was writing you herself, became quite ill then I wasn't sure we were going to go on living at this address, meantime I didn't want to write you without having intelligently participated in the translation, which I now have done and it seems to me very excellent (and I am very moved by your words thereon) – in short a million obstacles, *qui s'excuse s'accuse*, I know, but I can only hope you will forgive me: - I have had a psy-

chological obstacle in regard to seeing you again before I have some more completed work to give you too, much as I and we both want to see you : but it will give me a considerable sense of guilt if I should let you so without giving something completed. I have two more novellas – in addition to the novel I'm working on – but they both need a bit more work and if it's all the same to you I think it would be better for me to have them completed, as well as the novel pushed to a further point, before I allow myself the pleasure of seeing you again. So if it's all the same to you I would suggest toward the end of this summer, say eight weeks hence, rather than now, though if it isn't I would love to see you at any time. On the other hand I haven't yet worked out in my mind a convenient itinerary for you – should you arrive on one of our bank holidays you could be held up for god knows how long in traffic or with other delays and it would be very miserable, as indeed is all transport here at the best of times and the comparative nearness of Newhaven to us doesn't mean it is convenient for you. So please let us know about this. I have nothing but praise for the translation, please do tell me any comments made about it. I first wrote it when I was 25 (in 4 days) and there's another version of it, likewise unpublished called *Swinging the Maelstrom* : I felt the present version would be improved by another long chapter that provided more of a motivation for Plantagenet than he has. Have you noticed that they're practically no "ands" in the English. When I revised the version you translated in 1940 I had been reading Flaubert and took him so seriously that a gratuitous "and" seemed a sin. But it seems to me that your French version is better than any of my English ones : though I too, am very proud of the story. Or your story. Anyway, a thousand thanks and many congratulations, please let me hear from you soon again. Margerie will be writing but she is still not well at all.

All best love.

Malcolm ».

a convenient itinerary for you – should you arrive on one of our bank holidays you could be held up for god knows how long in traffic or with other delays & it would be very miserable, as indeed is all transport here at the best of times & the comparative nearness of Newhaven to us doesn't mean it is convenient for you. So please let us know about this. I have nothing but praise for the translation & please do tell me any comments made about it. I wrote it when I was 25, ^(in 4 days) and there's another version of it, likewise unpublished called *Swinging the Maelstrom* : I felt the present version would be improved by another long chapter that provided more of a motivation for Plantagenet than he has. Have you noticed that they're practically no "ands" in the English. When I revised ~~you~~ the version you translated in 1940 I had been reading Flaubert & took him so seriously that a gratuitous "and" seemed a sin. But it seems to me that your French version is better than any of my English ones : though I too, am very proud of the story. Or your story. Anyway, a thousand thanks & many congratulations, please let me hear from you soon again, Margerie will be writing but she is still not well at all.

Malcolm

III.2. Malcolm Lowry Typescripts

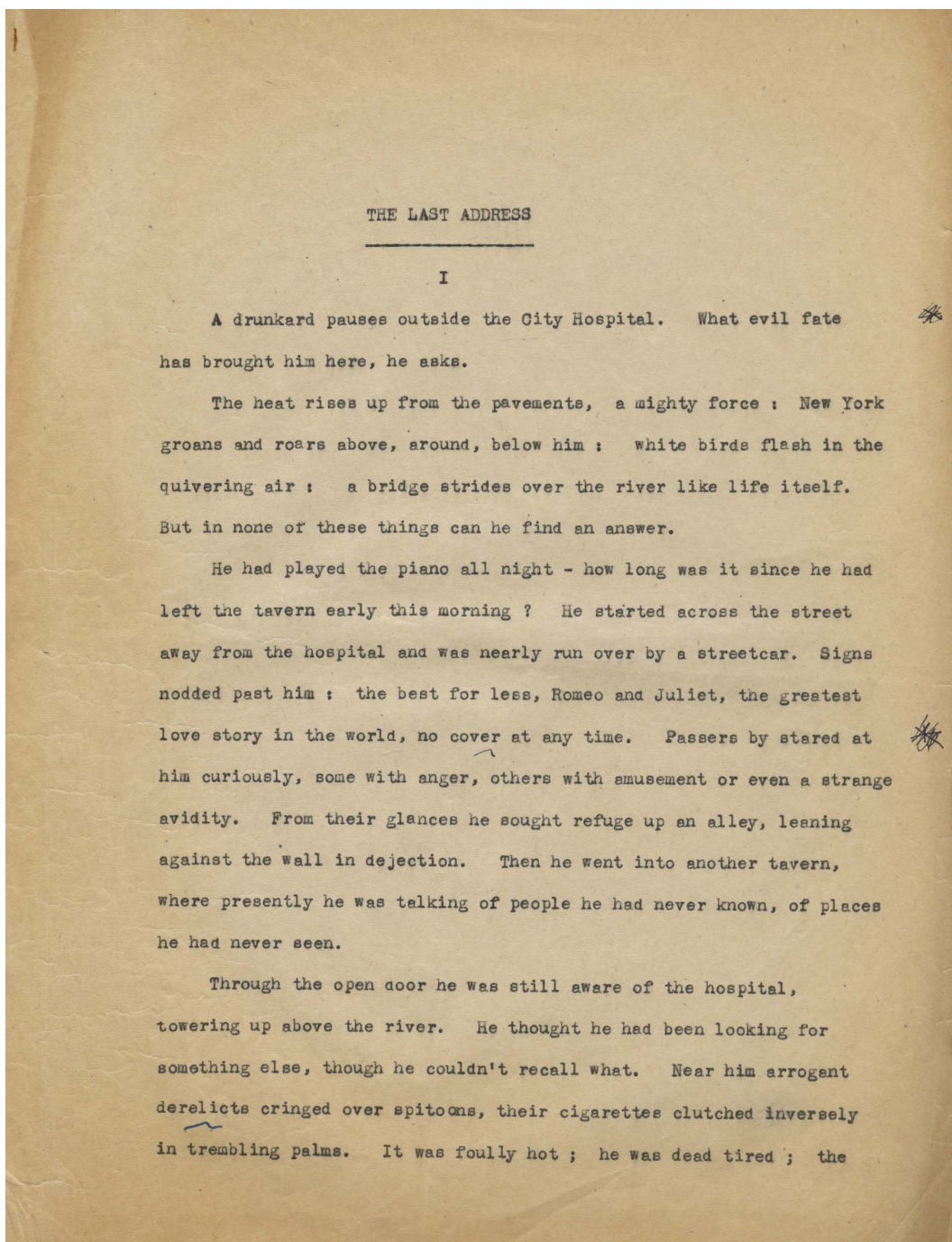
1. LOWRY (Malcolm). THE LAST ADDRESS [LUNAR CAUSTIC].

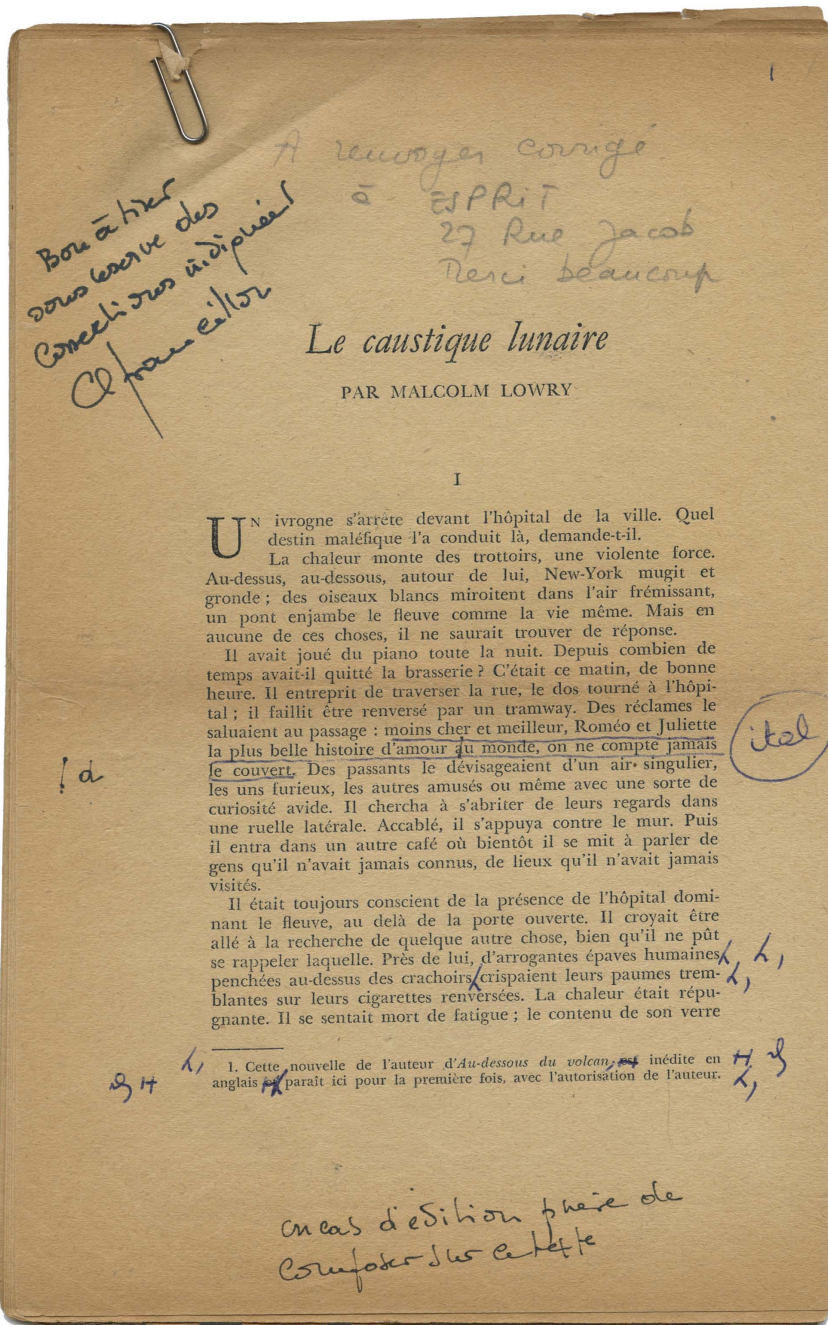
Undated. [circa 1948]. 63 pp. in-4, typescript.

Typescript of the 1942 version of this short story which was published in French under the title « Le Caustique lunaire » in *Esprit* (translation by Michèle d'Astorg and Clarisse Francillon), before being published in English.

This document was likely transmitted to Clarisse Francillon in 1948 while she was working on *Under the volcano* translation.

Clarisse Francillon has indicated on the typescript's folder : « 1e version de Lunar Caustic - **exemplaire dactylographié unique** ».





Together with :

- a typescript of a draft of **Le Caustique lunaire** by Clarisse Francillon (81 pp., in-4) as well as
- corrected proofs (13 ½ pp.) of the first part of **Le Caustique lunaire**, annotated and signed by Clarisse Francillon, ahead of its publication in *Esprit* in February 1956.
- DOYEN (Vik). Correspondence to Clarisse Francillon about **Lunar Caustic** and **Under the volcano**. 6 letters signed (21 pp. 1/2 in-4 in total) addressed to Clarisse Francillon about *Under the volcano* and *Lunar Caustic* editorial histories.

According to Vik Doyen, the 1942 version of *Lunar Caustic* (titled *The Last address*) is much superior to the version communicated by Margerie Lowry to Clarisse Francillon and which will appear in French under the title *Lunar Caustic* (Julliard, Les Lettres Nouvelles, 1963)

2. LOWRY (Malcolm). THE BRAVEST BOAT.

Undated [end of 1952 or beginning of 1953]. 22 pp. in-4 (title page, 21 pages), typescript with numerous autograph additions.

Original typescript addressed to Clarisse Francillon for its translation into French.

The Bravest boat was first published in French (*Brave petit bateau*) in Les Lettres Nouvelles in November 1953. It was published in English six months later in Partisan Review (Vol. 21, n°3, May-June 1954).

Numerous autograph additions in pencil were made to the document :

- on the title page, **Malcolm Lowry wrote an extensive letter signed to Clarisse Francillon providing detailed comments in relation to the translation of his short story ;**
- 19 marginal notes, explaining the usage of specific words or expressions,
- on the reverse side of the last leaf, **a full page original drawing of the map of British Columbia and Washington State** where the action is taking place, together with an explanatory text signed « from your Crocodile ».

Autograph letter on the title page :

Malcolm Lowry first describes his housing problems explaining the delay in responding to Clarisse :
« The story was delayed because I was thrown out of my apartment by a mad landlady who wouldn't let me into the house & even denied me access to my mail ».

He then provides numerous indications concerning the locations where the short story takes place:
« Enochvilleport is an insulting & disguised & sometimes wholly unfair portrait of Vancouver » and surrounding mountains.

Then Malcolm Lowry provides detailed instructions to accurately translate seabirds names.

Transcript :

« Dearest Clarisse: A thousand apologies to you & Maurice Nadeau. The story was delayed because I was thrown out of my apartment by a mad landlady who wouldn't let me into the house & even denied me access to my mail. Story was in the apartment so I couldn't get at it. Will tell you the rest later. Meantime : to work. Get out your atlas & find Cape Flattery. Cape Flattery is in America in the state of Washington just south of British Columbia which is in Canada. That is the main point, or one of them. Enochvilleport is an insulting & disguised & sometimes wholly unfair portrait of Vancouver. But it also stands for the world. The border has at one time separated the lovers. The significance of the sea and the boat will be obvious. I'll make notes on text where I can help, if not, here. For example, p 1 & p 21 I'm afraid Mount Hood is Mount Baker, though Hood with its [Mily-Dick] like overtones is much better. Unfortunately the story, though, is geographically, circumscribed to some extent to Mount Hood, which is in Oregon, would be (& is) invisible from «Enochvilleport», indeed from anywhere in B.C. It has to be an American mountain, Mount Baker is the mountain it is, & if you couldn't stand Mount Boulanger (!) you'll just have to make up another name. But unfortunately too without its geographical circumscription (because of the border, the division between the lovers) the story has no point, or if it has, another one. In fact, it has about 50 points as I hope you will see, if you can fill out it at all, though most things are left to the imagination. Religion (the girl wears a cross) has also at one time perhaps divided the lovers etc. etc. On p.3 most of the birds (with the exception of the swans & perhaps the mallards) have strayed in from the open sea. The goldeneye is a name of a sea bird (*Glaucionetta elangula clangula*, to be technical). Most of them have good French-Canadian names but I haven't a reference book with the French at hand but don't call a merganser a shelldrake, it isn't (one of them is called bec-huppé, I think. I will try & check up on the rest.) Mostly wild ducks though don't call them canards either. They won't like it . Essentially of course the story has nothing to do with Canada & America or anywhere else but is just simply about life. p.20. You won't find the word winterbourne in any dictionary probably I've tried to explain it. (When I looked up the word «bourne» to see if that would help in a friend's old dictionary I found these words, oddly enough ! My little brat can safely pass this perilous bourne !)

ANYWAY VERY SORRY I AM LATE WITH THE STORY. HOPE YOU LIKE IT AND THAT IF SO IT CAN BE TRANSLATED SOON ENOUGH IT WON'T UPSET M. NADEAU'S SCHEDULE WITH HIS MAGA-

ZINE TOO MUCH. MY KINDEST REGARDS TO HIM AND MY SINCEREST APOLOGIES AND ALL MY BEST LOVE TO YOU FROM MALCOLM.

PS ON BACK OF LAST PAGE (21) I HAVE ATTEMPTED TO MAKE A ROUGH MAP OF THE LITTLE BOATS ACCOMPLISHED VOYAGE ».

Transcript of the marginal autograph notes :

Dearest Clarisse : A thousand apologies to you & Maurice Nadeau. The story was delayed because I was thrown out of my apartment by a mad landlord who wouldn't let me into the house again & even denied me access to my mail. Story was in apartment so I couldn't ^{write} it. Will tell you the rest later. Meantime : to work. Get out your atlas & find Cape Flattery. Cape Flattery is in America in the state of Washington just south of British Columbia which is in Canada. That is the main point, or one of them. Enochvilleport is an insulting & disguised & sometimes ^{wholly} unfair portname of Vancouver. But it also stands for the world. The border has at one time separated the lovers. The significance of the sea & the boat will be obvious. I'll make notes on text where I can help, if not, here. For example, p1 or p 21 I'm afraid Mount Hood is Mount Baker, though Hood with its P.D.K. like overtones is much better. Unfortunately the story, though, is geographically circumscribed to some extent of Mount Hood, which is in Oregon, would be (or is) invisible from Enochvilleport, indeed THE BRAVEST BOAT from anywhere in B.C. It has to be an American mountain, Mount Baker is the mountain it is, or if you can't stand Mount Boulanger (!) you'll just have to make up another name. But unfortunately for

THE BRAVEST BOAT
by
MALCOLM LOWRY

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ANYWAY VERY SORRY I AM LATE WITH THE STORY
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PS
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A ROUGH MAP OF THE LITTLE BOATS ACCOMPLISHED VOYAGE

- Page 1: “x see letter” (referring to “Mount Hood”).
- Page 5: “x sarcastic olde Englishe” (referring to “English tea-shoppes”).
- “x British Columbia once belonged to the Indians. My savagery is that now they manufacture totem poles – use them as a tourist attraction, anyway, if not yet the former” (referring to “Totem Pole factories”).
- Page 6: “x Scottish diminutive – refers indirectly to number Scots in B. Columbia” (referring to “wee ladies”).
- “x held up i.e. by bandits. This is meant to be funny. And so it is in English” (referring to “and one or two solid-stoned old banks, held up that afternoon”).
- Page 8: “x i.e. by gunpowder or dynamite, as once happened here : half as a prank, half maybe out of protest or dislike of the English or something but this too is meant to be half funny” (referring to “the stone lions having recently being blown up”).
- “x You better look up Tammuz. There is a buried significance here as throughout the story – the distinction as between real totem and false totem, so to speak – see the Totem Pole factories on 5. This is not the same thing but in the sale line of symbolism.” (referring to “the department store in whose show window Tammuz”).
- Page 10: “x I think it should be written Störlessen or even Størlessen. Not sure. Print which looks the prettiest” (ref. to “Sigurd Storlessen”).
- Page 11: “x Seattle of course is still in America. One assumes this big newspaper would be taken by many people in the outlying provinces of Washington too, who didn’t necessarily live near Seattle. Don’t confuse the State of Washington with Washington D.C.” (ref. to “the Seattle Star”).
- “x The grizzly bear on loan from Au-dessous du volcan chap. III” (ref. to “Ursus horribilis”).
- Page 12: “x a more beautiful word for the tunnyfish” (ref. to “the albacore”).
- “x Or Wendego. Sometimes Windego. Better look it up, if necessary. It is the spirit of the wilderness, hostile to man, believed in in this part” (ref. to “the dread Wendigo”).
- Page 15: “x The nursery rhyme – or rather canon – is meant here as an onomatopoeia for a ship’s engine: the theme goes right through the whole Voyage that Never Ends, taking on different [?] significance from time to time” (ref. to “Frère Jacques! Frère Jacques!”).
- Page 17: “x There is in fact a gull called a glaucous-winged gull. The rhyme with raucous turn this into a concert, though a good one” (ref. to “glaucous and raucous”).
- “Ref is to eviction my besetting theme” (ref. to “Eve into Paradise”)
- “White horses is a figure of speech for waves whose crests break into white foam: white caps” (ref. to “white horses were running pound a point”).
- Page 20: “Shingle-bolts are blocks of wood out of which ‘shingles’ are made, or can be made. Shingles are used in roofing houses. Snags = an old piece of water logged timber” (ref. to “shingle-bolts and writhing snags”).
- “Little streams that having come down from the mountains at this time of the year cut little gulfs in the beach (which gulfs overflow at lowtide) on their way down to the sea” (ref. to “within the trickling overflows of winterbournes they jumped over”).
- Page 21: “See letter. Afraid it’s Mount Baker. Mont Boulanger!” (ref. to “Mount Hood”).

behind them, and great logs and shingle-bolts^x and writhing snags^x crucifical, or frozen in a fiery rage - or better, a few bits of lumber almost ready to burn, for someone to take home, and automatically they threw them up beyond the seas' reach for some passing soul, remembering their own winters of need - and more snags^x there at the foot of the grove and visible high on the sea-scythed forest banks on either side, in which riven trees were growing, yearning over the shore. And everywhere too was wreckage, the toll of winter's wrath: wrecked hencoops, wrecked floats, the wrecked side of a fisherman's hut, its boards once hammered together, with its wrenched shiplap and extruding nails. The fury had extended even to the beach itself, formed in hummocks and waves and barriers of shingle and shells they had to climb up in places. And everywhere too was the grotesque macabre fruit of the sea, with its exhilarating iodine smell, nightmarish bulbs of kelp like antiquated motor horns, trailing brown satin streamers twenty feet long, sea wrack like demons, or the discarded casements of evil spirits that had been cleansed. Then more wreckage: boots, a clock, torn fishing nets, a demolished wheelhouse, a smashed wheel lying in the sand.

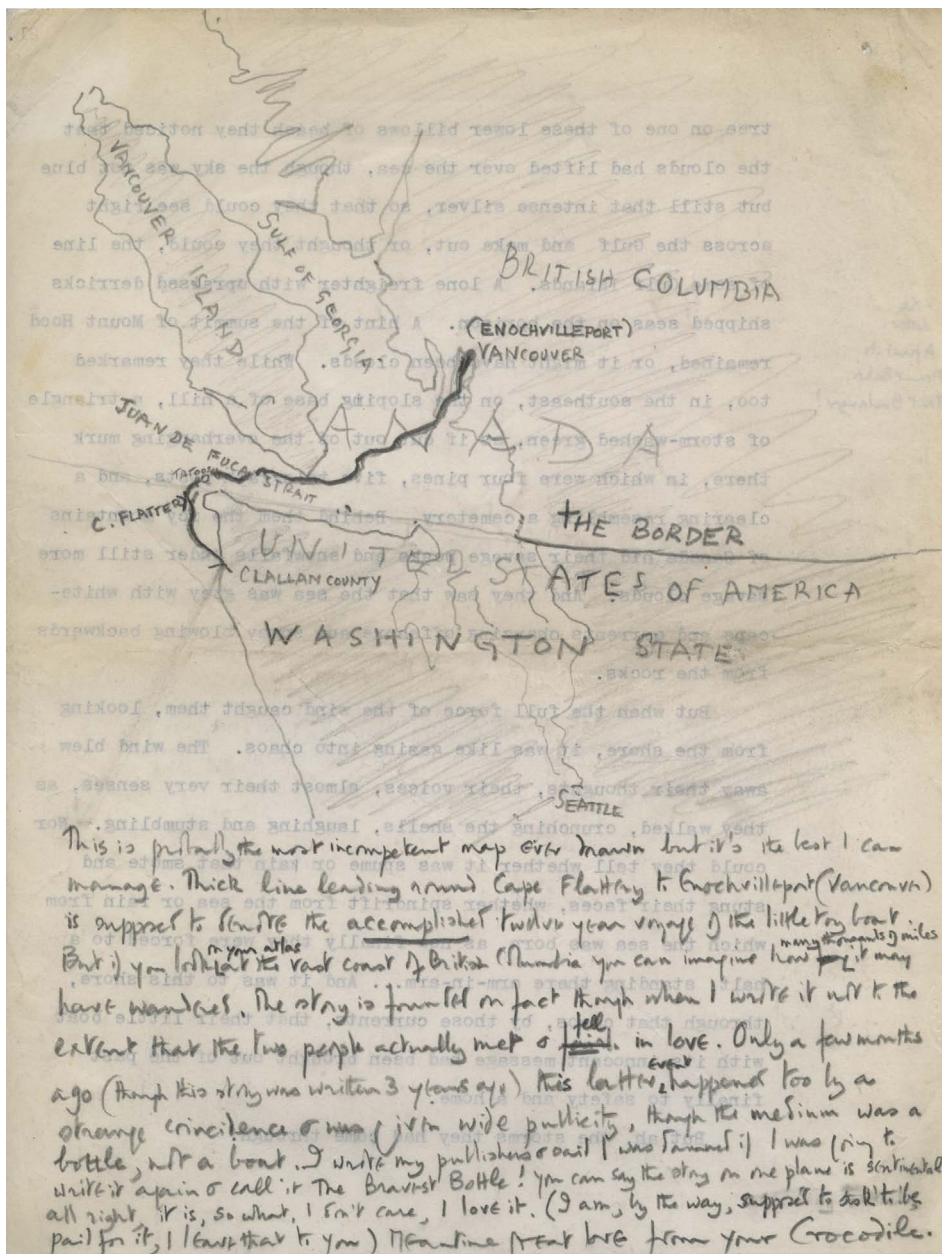
Nor was it possible to grasp for more than a moment that all this with its feeling of death and destruction and barrenness was only an appearance, that beneath the flotsam, under the very shells they crunched, within the trickling overflows of winterbournes^x they jumped over, down at the tide margin, existed, just as in the forest, a stirring and stretching of life, a seething of spring.

When Astrid and Sigurd were almost sheltered by an uprooted

* Shingle-bolts are blocks of wood cut which shingles' are made so can be made. ~~Some shingles are used in roofing houses.~~
Snags = any 15 piece of water-logged timber.

* Little streams that come from the mountains at this time of year cut little gulches in the beach (which is life) on their way down to the sea.

Map and explanatory note:



Transcript of the explanatory note underneath the map:

« This is probably the most incompetent map ever drawn but it's the best I can manage. Thick line leading round Cape Flattery to Enochvilleport (Vancouver) is supposed to denote the accomplished twelve year voyage of the little toy boat. But if you look on your atlas at the vast coast of British Columbia you can imagine how many thousands of miles it may have wandered. The story is founded on fact though when I wrote it not to the extent that the two people actually met and fell in love. Only a few months ago (though this story was written 3 years ago) this latter event happened too by a strange coincidence and was given wide publicity, though the medium was a bottle, not a boat. I wrote my publishers and said I was damned if I was going to write it again and call it The Bravest Bottle! You can say the story on one place is sentimental: all right, it is, so what, I don't care, I love it. (I am, by the way, supposed to ask to be paid for it, I leave that to you) Meantime great love from your Crocodile. »

Together with a photocopy of a letter sent by Maurice Nadeau to Malcolm Lowry on November 17, 1953 announcing the publication of "The Bravest Boat" in Les Lettres Nouvelles, translated by Georges Belmont, who has taken into account all the indications made to Clarisse in this respect and proposing him to publish other works, either in his revue or in book form.

III.3. Malcolm Lowry Autograph Notes

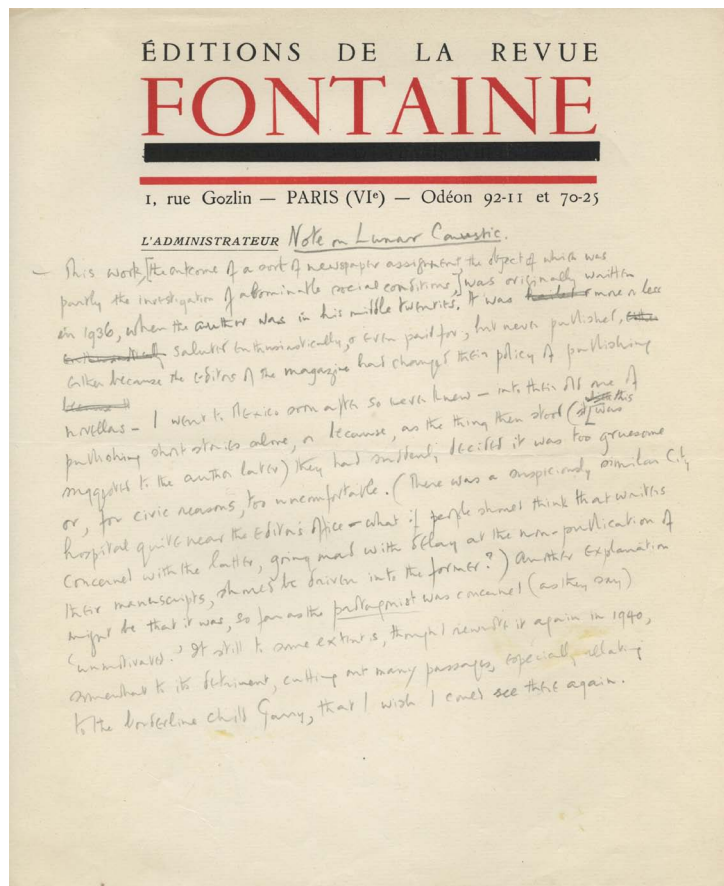
1. LOWRY (Malcolm). NOTE ON LUNAR CAUSTIC.

Undated. 1 p. in-4, written in pencil on a paper leaf with revue Fontaine header.

Autograph note in pencil by Malcolm Lowry detailing detailing *Lunar Caustic* editorial history.

A first version, written in 1936, was scheduled for publication in a revue but the project was finally cancelled. Lowry wrote an amended version in 1940 which appeared for the first time in French in *Esprit* (translation by Michèle d'Astorg and Clarisse Francillon).

Together with an autograph first draft of the same note (shorter version).



Transcript:

« Note on Lunar Caustic.

This work, [the outcome of a sort of newspaper assignment, the object of which was partly the investigation of abominable social conditions,] was originally written in 1936, when the author was in his middle twenties. It was more or less saluted enthusiastically, and even paid for, but never published, either because the editors of the magazine had changed their policy of publishing novellas - I went to Mexico soon after so never knew – into their old one of publishing short stories alone, or because, as the thing then stood (this was suggested to the author later) they had suddenly decided it was too gruesome or, for civic reasons, too uncomfortable. (There was a suspiciously similar city hospital quite near the editor's office – what if people should think that writers concerned with the latter, going mad with delay at the non-publication of their manuscripts, should be driven into the former?) Another explanation might be that it was, so far as the protagonist was concerned (as they say) 'unmotivated'. It still to some extent is, though I rewrote it again in 1940, somewhat to its detriment, cutting out many passages, especially relating to the borderline Chris Garry, that I wish I could see there again. »

2. LOWRY (Malcolm). ABOUT JOSÉ ORTEGA Y GASSET.

Undated. 1 p. in-4, black ink on paper.

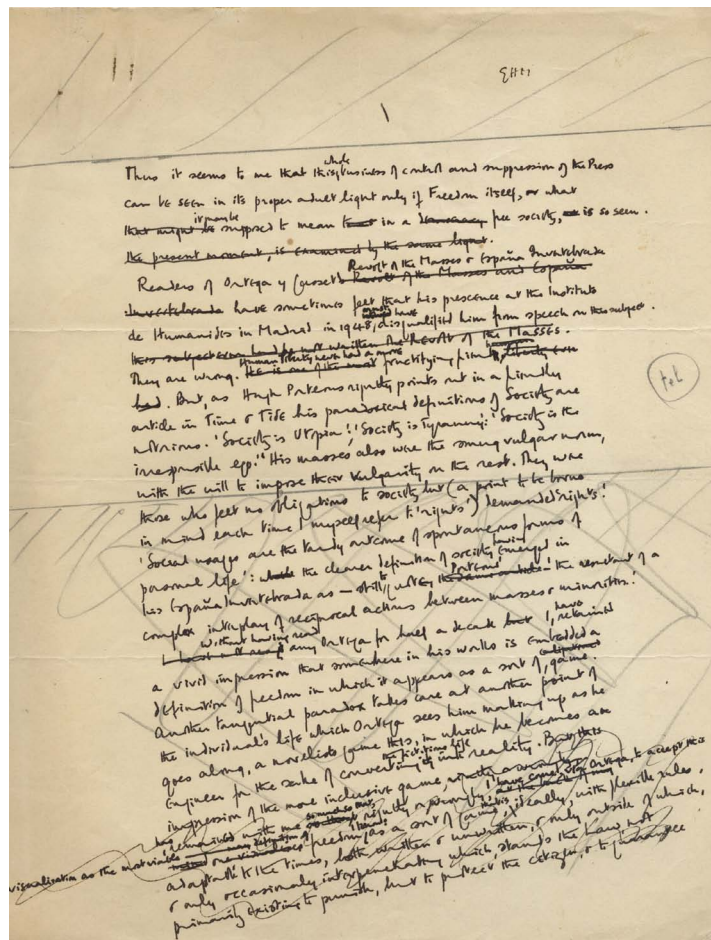
Transcript :

« Thus it seems to me that this whole business of control and suppression of the Press can be seen in its proper adult light only if Freedom itself, or what that might be it may be supposed to mean in a free society, is so seen. The present moment, is examined by the same light.

Readers of Ortega y Gasset's *Revolt of masses and Espana Invertebrada* have sometimes felt that his presence at the Instituto de Humanidades [Humanidades] in Madrid in 1948 must have disqualified him from speech on this subject.

They are wrong. Human liberty never had been a more fructifying [?]. But, as Hugh Porteus rightly prints out in a [?] article in *Time*, and tide his paradoxical definitions of society are notorious. 'Society is Utopia'; 'Society is Tyranny'; 'Society is the irresponsible ego'. His masses also were the smug vulgar norm, with the will to impose their vulgarity on the rest. They were those who felt no obligations to society law (a print to be born in mind each time I myself refer to 'rights') demanded 'rights'. 'Several usages are the tardy outcome of spontaneous forms of personal life' : the clearer definition of society having emerged in his *Espana Invertebrada* as – still to [?] Porteus' the resentment of a complex intraplay of reciprocal actions between masses and minorities.

Without having read Ortega for half a decade, I have retained a vivid impression that somewhere in his words is embedded a definition of freedom in which it appears as a sort of game. Another tangential paradox takes care at another point of the individual's life which Ortega sees him making up as he goes along, a novelist game this, in which he becomes as engineer for the sake of converting the fictitious life into reality. But this impression of the more inclusive game, rightly and wrongly has remained with me so much that, rightly or wrongly, I have come via Ortega to accept this visualization as the most viable definition of freedom, as a sort of game that is, ideally, with flexible rules, adaptable to the times, both written and unwritten, and only outside of which, and only occasionally interpenetrating which stands the Law, not primarily existing to punish, but to protect the citizen, and to guarantee... ».



3. LOWRY (Malcolm).

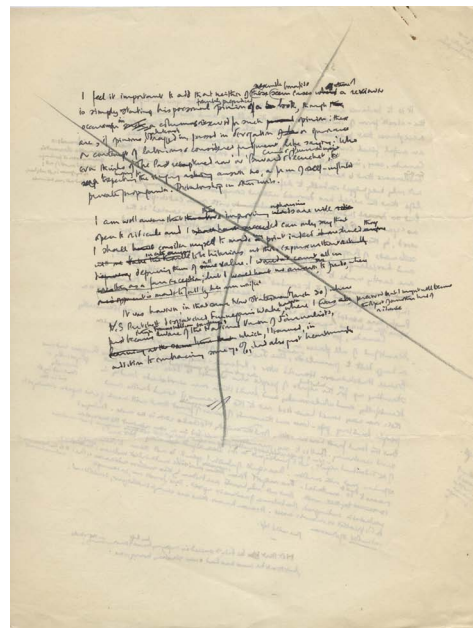
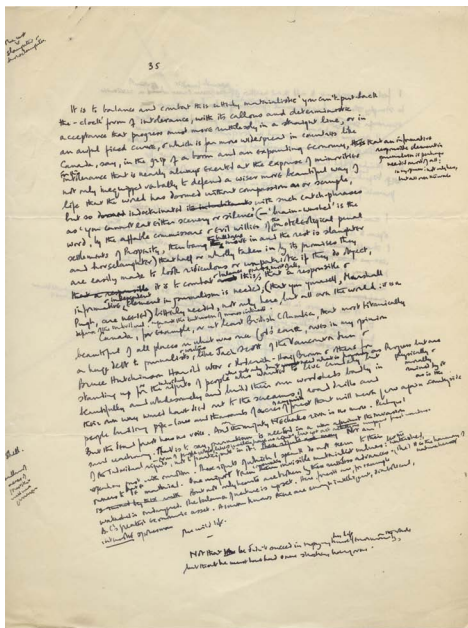
ABOUT THE DEFENCE OF NATURE AGAINST HUMAN PROGRESS.

s.d.. 1 p. ½ in-4, black ink on paper.

Partial transcript:

« The rest is slaughter and horseslaughter.

It is to balance and combat this utterly materialistic 'you-can't-put-back-the-clock' form of intolerance, with its callous and deterministic acceptance that progress must move ruthlessly in a straight line, or in an awful fixed curve, and which is far more widespread in countries like Canada, say, in the grip of a boom and an expanding economy, that an informative responsible element in journalism is perhaps needed most of all : in my opinion not only here but all over the world. For this intolerance that is nearly always exerted at the expense of the minorities not only inequipped verbally to defend a wiser more beautiful way of life that the world has doomed without compassion or scruple, but so indoctrinated with such catch-phrases as 'you cannot let either scenery of silence' (- 'brain-washed' is the word, by the affable commissars and evil willies of the [noteological?] penal settlements of prosperity, then bang the bulldozers move in and the rest is slaughter and horseslaughter) that half or wholly taken in by its promises they are easily made to look ridiculous or unpatriotic if they do object, it is to combat and balance this, perhaps most of all, that a responsible and informative independent element in journalism is needed; (that you yourself, Marshall Pugh, are needed) bitterly needed, not only here, but all over the world. It is the defense of the individual, against the extension of mass interests.



Canada, for example, or at least British Columbia, that most titanicly beautiful of all places on what was once god's earth, owes in my opinion a huge debt to journalists and writers, like Jack Scott of the Vancouver Sun and Bruce Hutchinson Harold [Wood?] and Roderick Haig- Brown and others for standing for the individual rights of people [who not only don't need what is human as progress but are physically and morally ruined by it as is] who wanted to live crudely but beautifully and wholesomely and build their own woodsheds badly in their own way would have died out to the screams of road drills and people building pipe-lines and thousands of acres of forest that will never grow again in countryside. But the dead forest has no voice. And the mighty Nechako river is no more. Perhaps I sound reactionary. That is to say journalism is needed in a war against the invasion of the individual rights, not to participate in it. Nor am I speaking just with emotion. These rights of which I speak do not seem to their owners to be material. One might run conservative invisible materialist values : but the watershed is ruined by these rush. But not only hearts are broken by these ruthless advances. The watershed is endangered. The balance of nature is upset. Here, forests are, for example, B.C.'s greatest economic asset. Heaven knows there are enough intelligent, diabolical, interested spokesman.

The wild life. [...] ».

III.4. Margerie Lowry Letters

1. LOWRY (Margerie). UNPUBLISHED LS ABOUT UNDER THE VOLCANO.

Dollarton, Canada, April 15, 1950. 1 p. ½ in-4, envelop.

Unpublished letter to Clarisse Francillon about the French publication of *Under the volcano*, edited first by Club français du livre and by Correâ.

Transcript:

« Dollarton, B.C., / Canada. / April 15, 1950.

Dear Clarisse:

First of all, thank you for everything – we are more than happy. It also looks very beautiful, we admire exceedingly the typography, the large numbers at the chapter beginnings, and especially the title page. What a lot of labour and worry and concern you have put into it! We more than hope you will have all the reward that is surely coming to you. And of course we are also grateful to Mike, that goes without saying, but I think of all the work and trouble you had before we met Mike – well, you know. And finally, most important of all, the translation itself. As you know, I do not know enough French to appreciate it, but comparing it with the English, side by side, I can get quite a bit of it and certainly enough to know how very very good it is. As Malc has told you himself he is delighted with it. He is also delighted about its coming out in Combat. And by the way, speaking of Combat, could you ask them to send the money straight to us here in Dollarton? And thank you for that, too. I daresay it will have to be sent to a bank, in Vancouver, for there is no bank in this tiny village where we live. We have our account in the Bank of Montreal, 500 Graville St. Vancouver, B.C. but any other bank will do just as well.

We hope the cocktail party was a great success and we certainly wish we could have been there. I suppose by now you are anxiously awaiting the publication of the Correa edition, which I believe you said would be the end of this month. Do please send us any reviews we are naturally expiring to know what the critics will say.

Malc and I were electrified at your news of Gabriel's marriage to an Egyptian girl – tell me more. Are they living in Paris or have they gone to Egypt? Do you like her? Is he happy? And how is his health? We are also electrified at the news of Joan's marriage. She wrote me from London right after she was married, and I recently had a long letter from her from La Cerisaie, in which she mentioned having seen you in Paris. She hasn't told me a darn thing about her husband except his name, and that she is very happy – which is of course the main thing. Oh, I hope she is happy at last! Did you meet her husband? What is he like? Did you like him? Do tell me all when you have time.

As for ourselves, we are well and very happy, but we have had a hell of a winter and so far this is the most miserable spring I have ever seen here in the way of weather. As I write there is a raging storm beating around the house, it is still beastly cold with only two or three days of sun, there are as yet no leaves on the trees or flowers out and usually we have full spring by the middle of March and often by now are sun tanned and swimming. I think Malcolm told you about the winter: ten below zero for six weeks – the typewriter froze sitting right on my desk: the ink froze: great icebergs came raging down our peaceful little inlet and we had continually to dig ourselves out of snowdrifts. The point of all this being that such weather was unheard of here and no one is prepared for it: the houses are not insulated against anything more than mild frost and it was really shocking. The city of Vancouver was isolated from the whole world for a week at a time with no fuel, food or even mail getting through. Roads closed, trains stalled in snowdrifts, and such incredible storms and blizzards no airplane could fly and even all the telephone and telegraph wires were down. Before that we had floods which washed away houses and trees and carried all half a village out to sea in one place, and now it looks to me as though we shall have more floods with continual rain and the record-breaking amount of snow on the mountains. Malc has now completely recovered from his broken back and I never saw him look so well or so happy. And I am blooming too, despite the fiendish weather.

And you? Have you news of yourself for us? What do you do, now that Fontaine is practically disintegrated? I hope you have found something else that will make you happy, do let us know. I think of you so

often, and hope we shall meet again in the not too distant future, though God knows when.

Thank you again, dear Clarisse, for everything. With all the very best to Mike from Malc and myself, and fondest love to you.

As ever, Margerie ».

Dollarton, B.C.
Canada,
April 15, 1950.

Cher Clarisse:

First of all, thank you for everything - we are more than happy. It also looks very beautiful, we admire exceedingly the typography, the large numbers at the chapter beginnings, and especially the title page. What a lot of labour and worry and concern you have put into it! We more than hope you will have all the reward that is surely coming to you. And of course we are also grateful to Mike, that goes without saying, but I think of all the work and trouble you had before we met Mike - well, you know. And finally, most important of all, the translation itself. As you know, I do not know enough French to appreciate it, but comparing it with the English, side by side, I can get quite a bit of it and certainly enough to know how very very good it is. As Malc has told you himself he is delighted with it. He is also delighted about its coming out in Combat. And by the way, speaking of Combat, could you ask them to send the money straight to us here in Dollarton? And thank you for that, too. I daresay it will have to be sent to a bank, in Vancouver, for there is no bank in this tiny village where we live. We have our account in the Bank of Montreal, 500 Granville St. Vancouver, B.C. but any other bank will do just as well.

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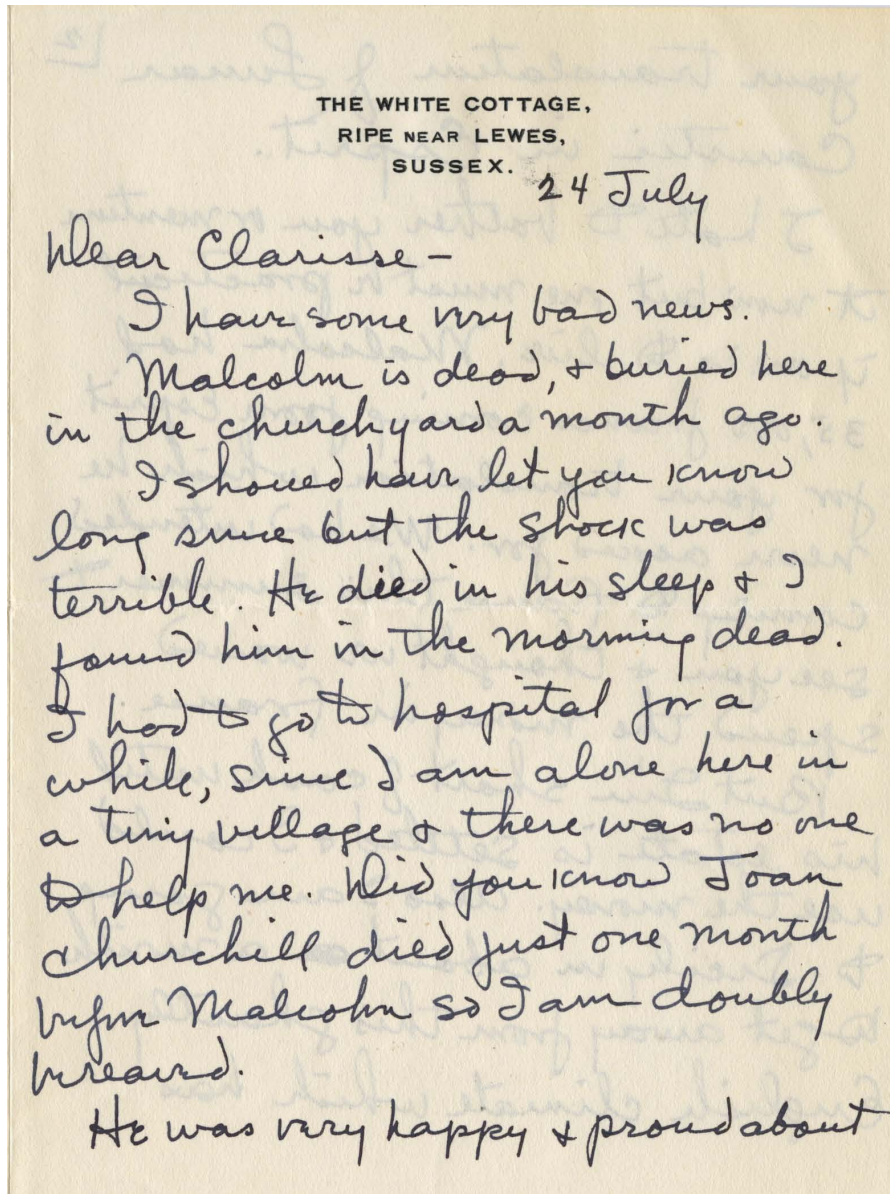
Malc and I were electrified at your news of Gabriel's marriage to the Egyptian girl - tell me more. Are they living in Paris or have they gone to Egypt? Do you like her? Is he happy? And how is his health? We were also electrified at the news of Joan's marriage. She wrote me from London right after she was married, and I recently had a long letter from her from La Cerisaie, in which she mentioned having seen you in Paris. She hasn't told me a darnthing about her husband except his name, and that she is very happy - which is of course the main thing. Oh, I hope she is happy at last! Did you meet her husband? What is he like? Did you like him? Do tell me all when you have time.

As for ourselves, we are well and very happy, but we have had a hell of a winter and so far this is the most miserable spring I have ever seen here in the way of weather. As I write there is a raving storm beating around the house, it is still beastly cold with only two or three days of sun, there are as yet no leaves on the trees or flowers out and usually we have full spring by the middle of March and often by now are sun tanned and swimming. I think Malcolm told you about the winter: ten below zero for six weeks - the typewriter

2. LOWRY (Margerie). LAS ABOUT MALCOLM LOWRY'S DEATH.

Ripe, Sussex, July 24, [1957], 3 pp. written in black ink on a folded in-12 leaf, envelop.

Unpublished autograph letter signed in which Margerie informs Clarisse Francillon of Malcolm Lowry's death which occurred on June 27, 1957 in Ripe, Sussex.



Transcript:

« The White Cottage, Ripe, Near Lewes, Sussex

24 July

Dear Clarisse -

I have some very bad news. Malcolm is dead and buried here in the churchyard a month ago. I should have let you know long since but the shock was terrible. **He died in his sleep and I found him in the morning dead.** I had to go to the hospital for a while, sure I am alone here in a tiny village and there was no one to help me. Did you know Joan Churchill died just a month before Malcolm so I am doubly bereaved.

He was very happy and proud about your translation of Lunar Caustic in Esprit.

I hate to bother you or mention it now but one must be practical if one is to live. Malcolm had 35,000 francs coming from Esprit for your translation which he never asked for. We had intended coming to France this summer to see you and thought we would spend the money in France.

But I'm short of cash until his estate is settled and I could use the money. Also I am going to Sicily in about a month to get away from this ghostly English climate which has nearly killed me too.

I don't know who to write to at Esprit about the money but I suppose you will know.

Could you let me know about this.

I am sorry to write you after so long a time with bad news and a request for help.

I hope you are well.

Love

Margerie Lowry".

Together with a typescript letter signed, in French, from Clarisse Francillon to Maurice Nadeau (1/2 p. in-4) dated of July 30, [1957] announcing Malcolm Lowry's death : « ... Mais surtout je voulais vous dire que Malcolm Lowry est mort. J'ai reçu hier une lettre de sa femme, c'est arrivé voici un mois. Un matin, elle l'a trouvé mort dans son lit. Vous ne pouvez pas savoir comme cette nouvelle m'a bouleversée. Jamais je n'aurais imaginé que je ne reverrais plus cet être-là sur la terre. ... ».

your translation of *Lunar* ¹²
Caustic in Esprit.
I hate to bother you or mention
it now but one must be practical
if one is to live. Malcolm had
35,000 francs coming from Esprit
for your translation which he
never asked for. We had intended
coming to France this summer to
see you + thought we would
spend the money in France.
But I'm short of cash until
his estate is settled + I could
use the money. Also I am going
to Sicily in about a month
to get away from this ghostly
English climate which has
nearly killed me too. ¹³
I ~~at~~ don't know who to write to
at Esprit about the money but I
suppose you will know.
Could you let me know about
this.
I am sorry to write you
after so long a time with
bad news + a request for help.
I hope you are well.
Love
Margerie Lowry

3. LOWRY (Margerie). LS ABOUT MALCOLM LOWRY'S DEATH.

Ripe, Sussex, August 9, 1957, 3 pp. ¼, envelop.

Unpublished typescript letter signed to Margerie Lowry

Transcript:

« The White Cottage, Ripe, Near Lewes, Sussex

9th August, 1957

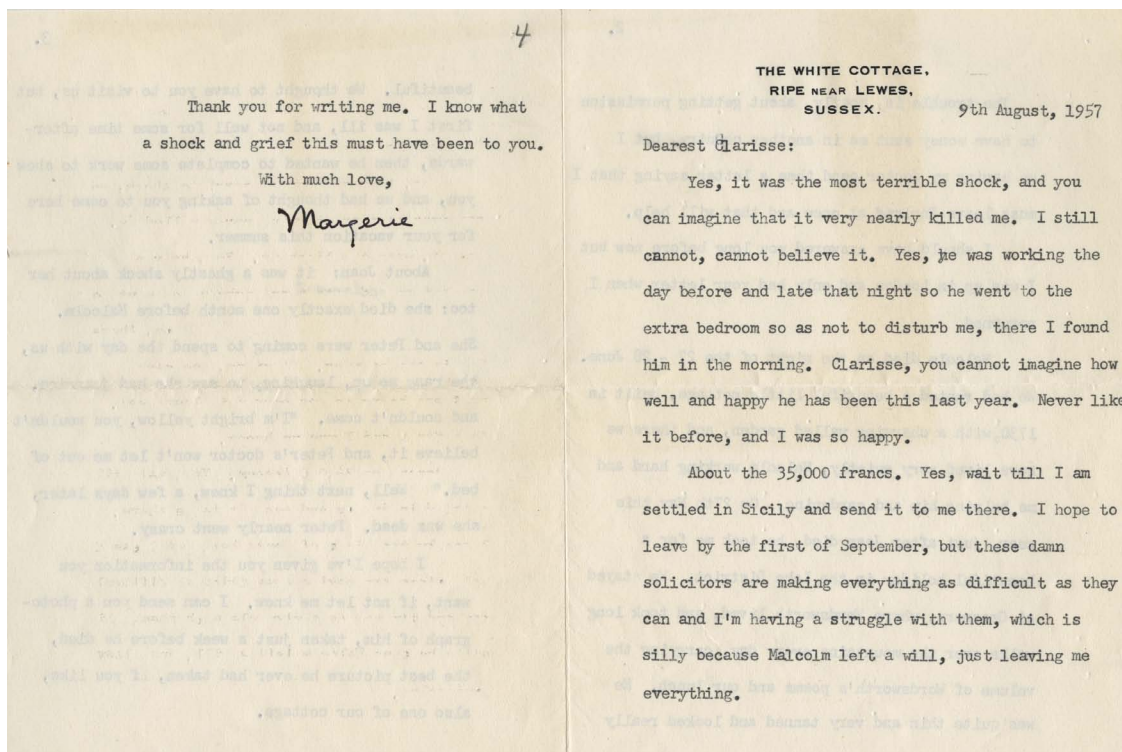
Dearest Clarisse:

Yes, it was the most terrible shock, and you can imagine that it very nearly killed me. I still cannot, cannot believe it. Yes, he was working the day before and late that night so he went to the extra bedroom so as not to disturb me, there I found him in the morning. Clarisse, you cannot imagine how well and happy he has been this last year. Never like it before, and I was so happy.

About the 35,000 francs. Yes, wait till I am settled in Sicily and send it to me there. I hope to leave by the first of September, but these damn solicitors are making everything as difficult as they can and I'm having a struggle with them, which is silly because Malcolm left a will, just leaving me everything.

The trouble is, mostly, about getting permission to have money sent me in another country, but I am having my doctor send them a letter saying that I must leave England at once and that will help.

I should have answered you long before now but I was up in London and only had your letter when I returned.

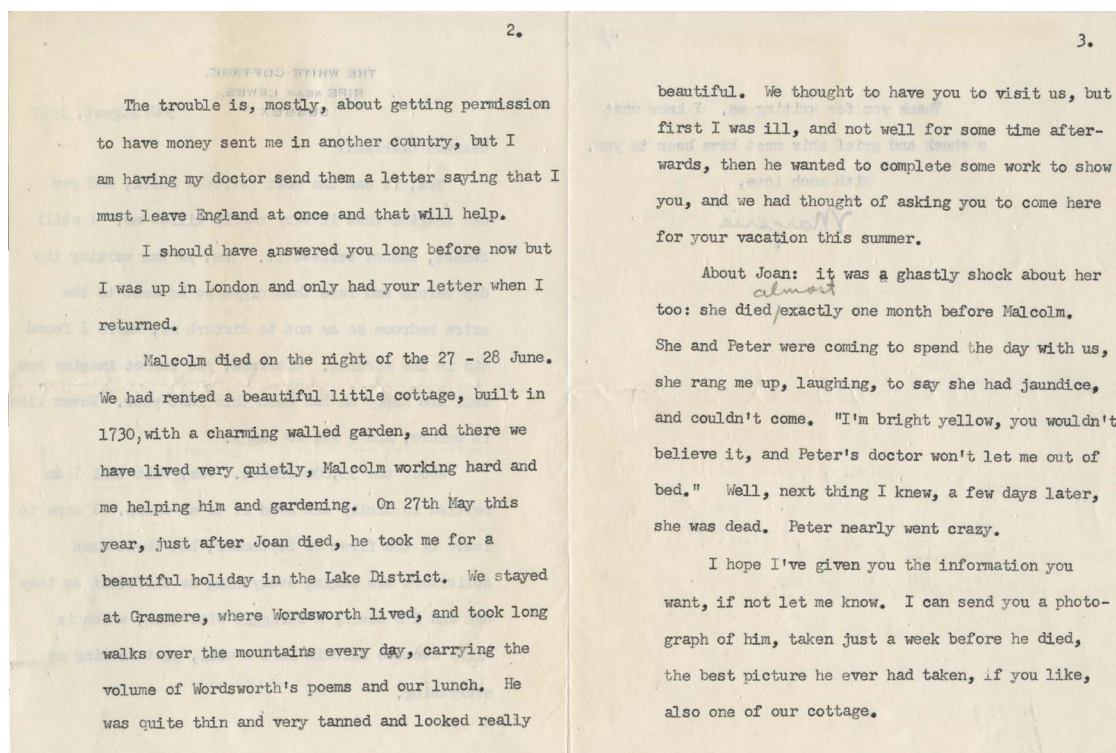


Malcolm died on the night of the 27-28 June. We had rented a beautiful little cottage, built in 1730, with a charming walled garden, and there we have lived very quietly, Malcolm working hard and me helping him and gardening. **On 27th May this year, just after Joan died, he took me for a beautiful holiday in the Lake District. We stayed at Grasmere, where Wordsworth lived, and took long walks over the mountains every day, carrying the volume of Wordsworth's poems and our lunch. He was quite thin and very tanned and looked really beautiful.** We thought to have you to visit us, but first I was ill, and not well for some time afterwards, then he wanted to complete some work to show you, and we had thought of asking you to come here for your vacation this summer.

About Joan: it was a ghastly shock about her too: she died *almost* exactly one month before Malcolm. She and Peter were coming to spend the day with us, she rang me up, laughing, to say she had jaundice, and couldn't come. "I'm bright yellow, you wouldn't believe it and Peter's doctor won't let me out of bed". Well, next thing I knew, a few days later, she was dead. Peter nearly went crazy.

I hope I've given you the information you want, if not let me know. **I can send you a photograph of him, taken just a week before he died, the best picture he ever had taken, if you like, also one of our cottage.**

Thank you for writing me. I know what a shock and grief this must have been to you. With much love, Margerie ».



4. LOWRY (Margerie). AUTOGRAPH CARD SIGNED TO CLARISSE.

Taormina, Sicile, September 20, 1957 (postal stamp), 1 p. in-16.

Unpublished autograph postcard in which Margerie Lowry expresses her sadness following Malcolm's death.

Transcript :

« Dearest Clarisse – Please forgive me for not answering before but your letter arrived just the day I was leaving and since I have been here I have been too exhausted to do anything. **I just lie on the bed and cry. I cannot believe my beloved Malcolm is gone.** Could you have Esprit send the money to me immediately at the Banco Sicilia Taormina? My address is Villa Aurora Taormina. Yes, there are stories of Malcolm's, several, that I can edit when I am in my right mind again, some short and 2 as long as Lunar Caustic. I will write you about them as soon as I can. Love Margerie ».

Dearest Clarise - Please forgive me for not answering before but your letter arrived just the day I was leaving & since I have been here I have been too exhausted to do anything. I just lie on my bed & cry. I cannot believe my beloved Malcolm is gone. Could you have Esprit send the money to me immediately at the Banco Sicilia Taormina? My address is Villa Aurora Taormina. Yes, there are stories of Malcolm's, several, that I can edit when I am in my right mind again, some short & 2 as long as *Lunar Caustic*. I will write you about them as soon as I can.

Love Margerie

Taormina
October 23

Dearest Clarisse -

Thank you for your sweet letter. The money from Esprit has arrived, for which I also thank you, and very glad I am to get it too. The damn solicitors have not yet put up the will for probate and they will not advance me any more money until this has been done. I do not know what they expect me to live on. It is now four months and as so far as I can see all they have done is potter and putter in an ineffectual and stupid manner. So thank you again for this, which may literally save my life.

Yes, of course I have the films of Malcolm and the cottage. I have to have them enlarged and it all costs money and at the moment I am not spending anything I don't have to, but just as soon as they settle the estate and I know what I have, I will see that you get a full set of the pictures. The ones of Malcolm are just beautiful. I mean he is beautiful, really. He was very thin, but strong, he had a little beard, which was very becoming, and all the sadness and strength and kindness is there in his face.

I wish I had a story to send you, but I have not, so far, been able to do anything. Every time I open the trunk and see his handwriting I just have hysterics. I am trying my best to get better and stronger and hope to go to work soon. You shall have something as soon as I do. I am very lonely and unhappy here. Nearly all the friends we had here have left because the place is now simply overrun with hordes of Germans, shoving and pushing and shouting. Horrid! Well, here I am and here I must stay, for some time anyhow. But without my beloved Malcolm I suppose it doesn't matter where I am, I only want to be dead.

Love, Margie

5. LOWRY (Margerie). LS ABOUT LUNAR CAUSTIC ROYALTIES.

Taormina, Sicile, October 23, [1957], 1 p. in-12.

Unpublished typescript letter signed to Clarisse Francillon.

Margerie Lowry acknowledges the receipt of the royalties related to *Lunar Caustic* publication in Esprit. She promises to send photographs of Malcolm Lowry when his inheritance is settled.

Transcript:

« Taormina October 23

Dearest Clarisse -

Thank you for your sweet letter. The money from Esprit has arrived, for which I also thank you, and very glad I am to get it too. The damn sollicitors have not yet put up the will for probate and they will not advance me any more money until this has been done. I do not know what they expect me to live on. It is now four months and as so far as I can see all they have done is potter and putter in an ineffectual and stupid manner. So thank you again for this, which may literally save my life.

Yes, of course I have the films of Malcolm and the cottage. I have to have them enlarged and it all costs money and at the moment I am not spending anything I don't have to, but just as soon as they settle the estate and I know what I have, I will see that you get a full set of the pictures. **The ones of Malcolm are just beautiful. I mean he is beautiful, really. He was very thin, but strong, he had little beard, which was very becoming, and all the sadness and strength and kindness is there in his face.**

I wish I had a story to send you, but I have not, so far, been able to do anything. Every time I open the trunk and see his handwriting I just have hysterics. I am trying my best to get better and stronger and hope to go to work soon. You shall have something as soon as I do. I am very lonely and unhappy here. Nearly all the friends we had here have left because the place is now simply overrun with hordes of Germans, showing and pushing and shouting. Horrid! Well, here I am and here I must stay, for some time anyhow. But without my beloved Malcolm I suppose it doesn't matter where I am, I only want to be dead.

Love, Margie ».

6. LOWRY (Margerie). ALS ABOUT EDITING UNFINISHED WORKS.

Taormina, Sicile, March 7, [1958], 1 p.1/2 in-12, envelop.

Unpublished autograph letter signed to Clarisse Francillon.

Transcript :

« Casa Fiorita

Taormina Sicily

7 March

Dearest Clarisse –

Thank you for your letter. About the record: I have no story of Malcolm's any shorter than the Bravest Boat and I don't think there is one. I suppose you will just have to cut it though I don't see how. Better pay the royalties to Matson as I am going to New York. I leave here on the 13th April on a cargo boat. Arrive in NY about 1st May. **I'm going there to work with dear Malcolm's editor there on the unfinished work.** I cannot do it alone. The sight of his handwriting makes me feel sick. Oh Clarisse, I shall never get over his death. I don't know how to go on living without him, and so alone.

I don't know where I'll be in New York but Matson will always know and you can write me c/o Harold Matson 30 Rockefeller Plaza New York 20.

Much love, as ever

Margerie ».

Casa Fiorita
Taormina Sicily
7 March

Dearest Clarisse -
Thank you for your letter.
About the records: I have no story of Malcolm's any shorter than the Bravest Boat + I don't think there is one. I suppose you will just have to cut it though I don't see how. Better pay the royalties to Matson as I am going to New York. I leave here on the 13th April on a cargo boat, arrive in N.Y. about 1st May. I'm going there to work with dear Malcolm's editor there on the unfinished work. I cannot do it alone. The sight of his handwriting makes me feel sick.

Oh Clarisse, I shall never never get over his death. I don't know how to go on living without him, + so alone.
I don't know where I'll be in New York but Matson will always know + you can write me c/o Harold Matson 30 Rockefeller Plaza New York 20.
much love, as ever
Margerie

7. LOWRY (Margerie). LS ABOUT MALCOLM LOWRY LN SPECIAL ISSUE.

Los Angeles, August 5, 1960. 1 p. in-4.

Unpublished typescript letter signed to Maurice Nadeau.

Margerie thanks Maurice Nadeau for Malcolm Lowry special issue of Les Lettres Nouvelles issued in July 1960. She lists the unpublished works of her husband that she intends to see published.

Transcript:

« 1824 N. Van Ness Ave.

Los Angeles 28, Calif. U.S.A.

5th August, 1960.

Dear Monsieur Nadeau :

Thank you for your letter of the 30th June, and **many, many thanks for the copies of the special edition of LETTRES NOUVELLES concerning Malcolm. Let me say at once I think it is magnificent: you have done my husband a great honour and I am grateful beyond words.**

Please pardon me for replying to you in English, but my French, which was never excellent, has become so rusty with disuse I fear it would be less intelligible than English to you. However, with the aid of a dictionary and a few days of hard work I have been able to read nearly all of the revue. Of course, most of the subtleties escape me, I must grasp the general trend and hope I have not missed or misread too much. Your brief introduction I found interesting and provocative, and would make one wish to read further, if one had never heard of Lowry, and certainly if one had. The article by Stephen Spriel, which you mention, was rather more difficult to read and I do not know at present how to comment on it. Malcolm himself was so complex and contradictory a person that it is impossible for any one person to give a true picture of him, or, conversely, many people would give true pictures but they would all be different, and different from day to day or even moment to moment. He was full of darkness and light, brilliant and bewildered, as an artist he was in supreme command of his work, as a man he was more than often undone by himself. So that after twenty years of the closest association with Malcolm and his work, I find it almost impossible to disagree or agree with what anyone might say of him, as a person, except none who knew him, in whatever mood, could fail to recognize his greatness, his unique stature, and his essential nobility. All this, I believe, you have captured to a great extent in this remarkable number of LES LETTRES NOUVELLES. If anything on earth could cause me happiness, now that he is no longer with me, this would do so – this, and the knowledge that his work will live, and that you, and others are interested in keeping it alive until such time as it achieves the recognition which will come – and of course has come to a large extent.

Regarding the novel he left, it is my great wish to put it in order, as best I can, for publication, and I intend to do so as soon as I am able. I suppose it is difficult for you to understand that over three years after his death I am still so crushed with grief and shock and pain that I am still not physically as well as I could wish. But I am determined to dedicate my life, what is left of it, to him, to his work. I shall be glad to send you this novel, when I am able, but cannot promise how soon this will be. As you know, he also left the book of short stories and novellas, which he expected to publish, and this is finished. Also, there is ULTRAMARINE, the novel he wrote many years ago but which still has great merit and especially to students of his work. Also I have much material in the way of journals, notebooks, etc. which are still in his handwriting but which I shall put one day in order.

I thank you again, from my heart, for this fine volume, and for your sympathy.

Ever sincerely, Margerie Lowry ».

8. LOWRY (Margerie). LS ABOUT EDITING UNPUBLISHED WORKS.

Vancouver, December 1, 1960. 1 p. in-4.

Unpublished typescript letter signed to [Maurice Nadeau] about the edition of unpublished works by Malcolm Lowry.

Transcript:

« 4493 W. 12th Ave.

Vancouver 8, B.C.

Canada.

1st December, 1960.

Dear Monsieur:

Thank you for your kind letter of the 2nd September. I am happy to know that the Lowry number of *Les Lettres Nouvelles* was successful and that you are rewarded for the tremendous thought and effort you put into it. I, too, am still receiving letter and inquiries regarding the issue.

As you see from the above address, I have returned temporarily to Canada, where I am working with Professor Earle Birney, of the University of British Columbia. He has generously consented to help me to put the rest of Malcolm's work in order and try to make it available for publication. This of course will take some time but I feel now that it can be done, with his help, for I could not do it alone.

As I believe Clarisse Francillon will have told you, the firm of Lippencott, in America, is bringing out the volume of short stories and novellas titled: HEAR US OH LORD FROM HEAVEN THY DWELLING PLACE. In your letter to me you asked to see them and I have written Clarisse to give them to you. Two of them were published in your Lowry Issue, one is appearing in an Italian magazine, and some of them in America. But if they are read in the correct order, as Malcolm intended them for the volume, they make a certain curve, and each pertains to, and gives meaning to, the others, so that they form a more closely knit work than the usual volume of stories. I do not know whether Clarisse has translated *ULTRAMARINE*, and I have written to her about this also, as I believe I shall have to cooperate with her closely on this for it to be accurate and to retain the flavor of the original. This novel was written after his long sea voyage, when he was very young and still at Cambridge University, but it is far from immature and already you see the self-conscious and dedicated artist wrestling with his material. He always wished to rewrite it and would have done so, but I believe it is worthy of being republished on its own merits, although I believe it should have an explanatory preface and Conrad Aiken, (who knew him at the time it was written,) the distinguished American poet and novelist, has offered to undertake this.

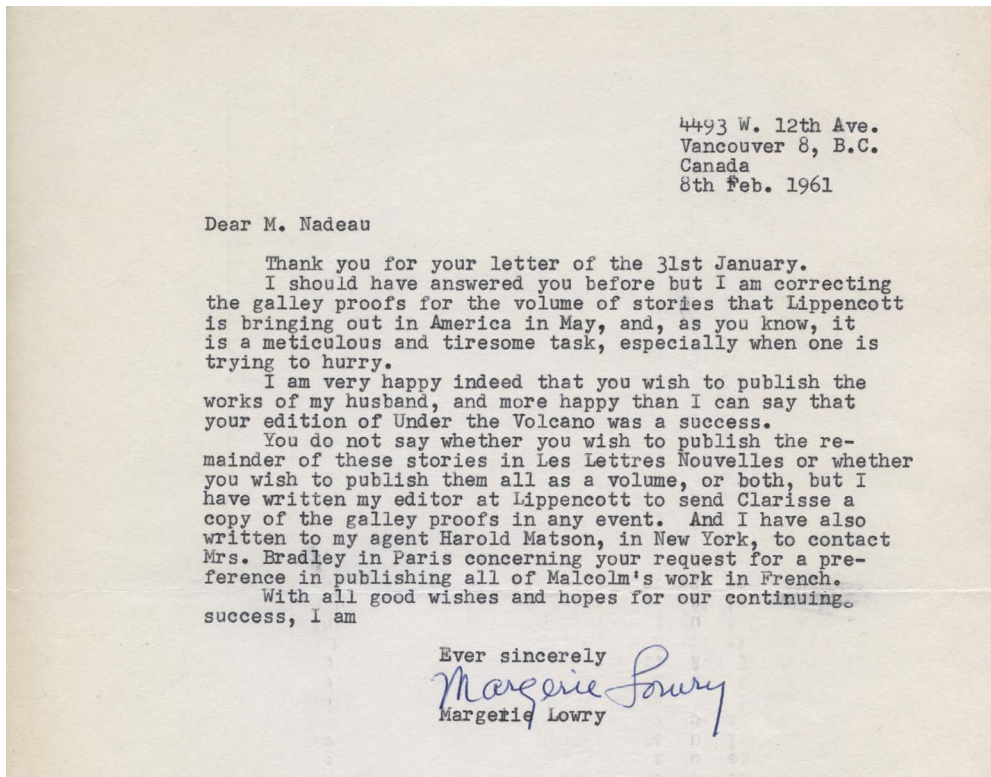
Thank you again for your wonderful Lowry Issue, and your interest in his work.

Most sincerely, Margerie Lowry ».

9. LOWRY (Margerie). ABOUT THE EDITION OF UNPUBLISHED WORKS.

Vancouver, February 8, 1961. 3/4 p. in-4.

Unpublished typescript letter signed to Maurice Nadeau about the edition of unpublished works by Malcolm Lowry.



Transcript:

« 4493 W. 12th Ave.

Vancouver 8, B.C.

Canada.

8th Feb. 1961.

Dear M. Nadeau

Thank you for your letter of the 31st of January.

I should have answered you before but I am correcting the galley proofs for the volume of stories that Lippencott is bringing out in America in May, and, as you know, it is a meticulous and tiresome task, especially when one is trying to hurry.

I am very happy indeed that you wish to publish the works of my husband, and more happy than I can say that your edition of Under the volcano was a success.

You do not say whether you wish to publish the remainder of these stories in Les Lettres Nouvelles or whether you wish to publish them all as a volume, or both, but I have written my editor at Lippencott to send Clarisse a copy of the galley proofs in any event. And I have also written to my agent Harold Matson, in New York, to contact Mrs. Bradley in Paris concerning your request for a preference in publishing all of Malcolm's work in French.

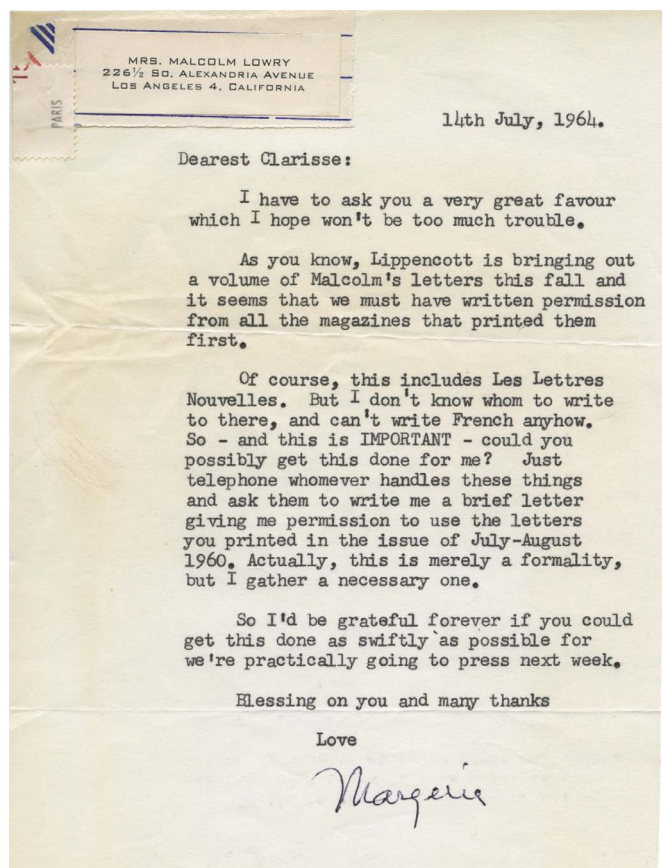
With all good wishes and hopes for our continuing success, I am

Ever sincerely, Margerie Lowry ».

10. LOWRY (Margerie). LS ABOUT THE EDITION OF LETTERS.

Los Angeles, July 14, 1964. 1 p. in-8.

Unpublished typescript letter signed to Clarisse Francillon about the edition of selected letters by Malcolm Lowry.



Transcript :

« 14th July, 1964

Dearest Clarisse:

I have to ask you a very great favour which I hope won't be too much trouble.

As you know, Lippencott is bringing out of volume of Malcolm's letters this fall and it seems that we must have written permission from all the magazines that printed them first.

Of course, this includes Les Lettres Nouvelles. But I don't know whom to write to there, and wan't write French anyhow. So – and this is IMPORTANT – could you possibly get this done for me? Just telephone whomever handles these things and ask them to write a brief letter giving me permission to use the letters you printed in the issue of July-August 1960. Actually, this is merely a formality, but I gather a necessary one.

So I'd be grateful forever if you could get this done as swiftly as possible for we're practically going to press next week.

Blessing on you and many thanks

Love Margerie ».

Together with a typescript letter from Clarisse Francillon to Maurice Nadeau dated of July 27, [1964], asking for his authorization for Lippincott to republish the letters edited in Malcolm Lowry special issue (LN, July-August 1960) in its forthcoming *Selected Letters* volume.

III.5. Photographs

1. [LOWRY (Malcolm)]. 6 PORTRAITS OF MALCOLM LOWRY.

6 photographs in black and white, silver prints of various formats (12,6 x 9,2 cm (4), 16,5 x 11,5 cm and 17,8 x 12,8 cm).

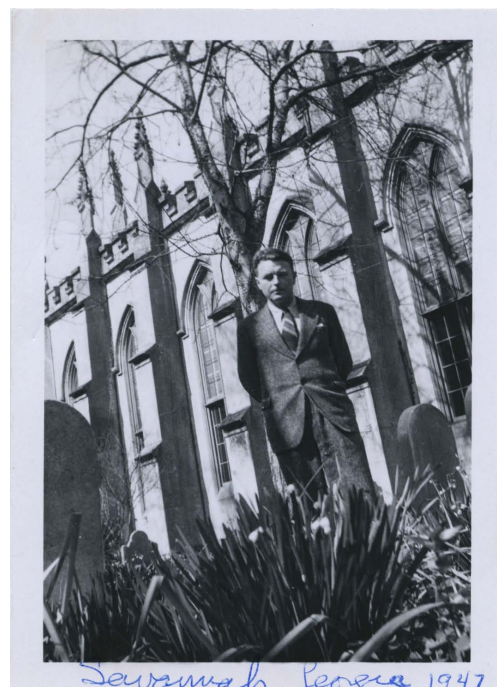
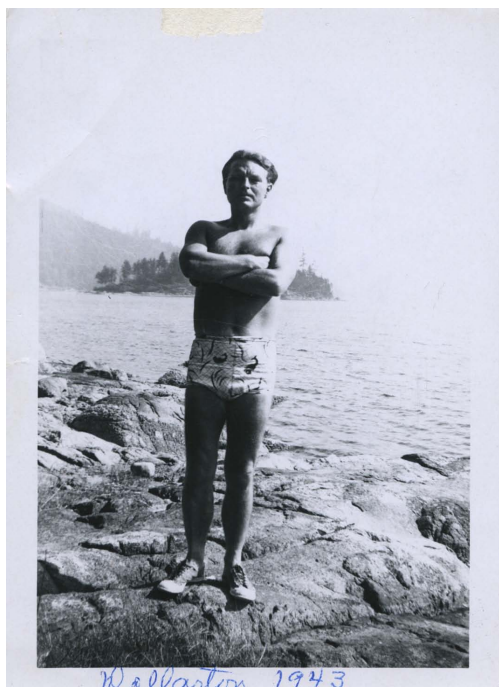
Shortly after Malcolm Lowry's death, Margerie promised to send pictures of Malcolm to Clarisse Francillon, as mentioned in letters #3 and #5 transcribed above :

- « I can send you a photograph of him, taken just a week before he died, the best picture he ever had taken photograph of him » ;
- **Yes, of course I have the films of Malcolm ... I will see that you get a full set of the pictures. The ones of Malcolm are just beautiful. I mean he is beautiful, really. He was very thin, but strong, he had little beard, which was very becoming, and all the sadness and strength and kindness is there in his face.**

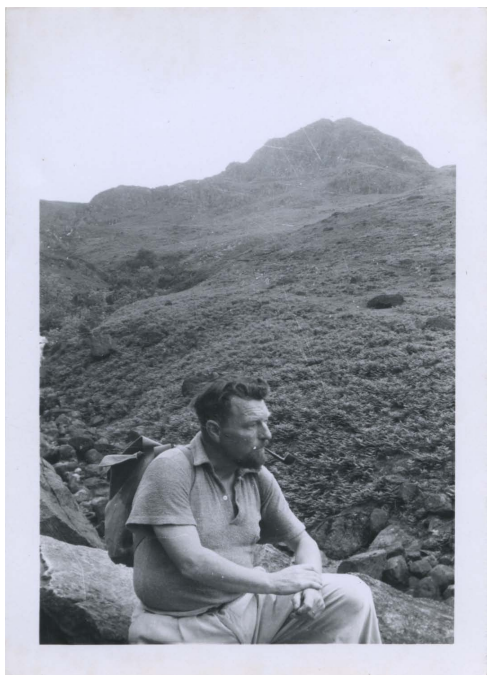
Malcolm Lowry presumably in Mexico [circa 1937-1938], as stated in a note to the photo illustrating issue #71 of Liens (March 1959) comprising an article titled « Au-dessous du volvan ou le testament du génie - La grandiose confession du Kafka américain ». Two portraits annotated as follows: « Dollarton 1943 »



and « Savannah Georgie 1947 ».



Two portraits of Malcolm Lowry during his trip to the Lake District, one month before his death.



Presumably the last picture of Malcolm Lowry: Outside Wordsworth's house, The Lake District, England [end of May 1957].



2. HINTON (Erica D., de). 3 PICTURES OF JACQUES LARUELLE'S HOUSE.

3 photographs in black and white, silver prints (12,6 x 9,2 cm).

Three photographs showing Jacques Laruelle's house (the Consul's friend and Yvonne's lover in *Under the volcano*).

Erica de Hinton was a doctor based in Cuernavaca (Quauhnahuac in *Under the volcano*).

Together with an autograph explanatory note in French sent to [Clarisse Francillon]: « Août 21, 1971. Chère amie, Mille choses m'ont empêchée d'écrire plus vite. **Voici 3 fotos de la maison assez bien.** Je vais en Angleterre et en Suisse Genève sept. et oct. Si vous venez à Mexico, venez me voir (je suis médecin avec une grande clientèle (sic) !. Mon adresse Mme E. D. de Hinton [Evico?] 200 Cuernavaca, Mor[elos]. Bon vœux. Erica D. de H. ».



Chère amie - Août 21, 1971
Mille choses m'ont empêché
d'écrire plus vite -
Voici 3 fotos de la maison
assez bien.
Je vais en Angleterre et Suisse
Genève sept et oct. Si vous
venez à Mexico, venez me voir.
Mon adresse Mme E. D. de Hinton
Erico 200
Cuernavaca, Mor
Je suis médecin
avec une grande
clientèle.
Bon vœux
Erica Delt

III.6. Ancillary documents

1. BURT (Harvey). ALS TO THE DIRECTOR OF ESPRIT.

Soest, Germany, May 27, 1959. 1 p. in-4, blue ink on paper.

Autograph letter signed by Harvey Burt, written in French, wrongly sent to the director of Esprit [instead of Les Lettres Nouvelles] about a contribution to Malcolm Lowry special issue.

Partial transcript : « [...] Je viens d'apprendre de la veuve de feu Malcolm Lowry que vous consacrez un proche (sic) numéro d'Esprit au souvenir du grand écrivain. Je me demande si vous auriez intérêt à voir un mémoire de lui que j'ai écrit (en anglais) il y a quatorze mois. Mon association avec Malcolm est plutôt d'amitié que de littérature: j'ai été son voisin au Canada, j'ai hérité de lui sa petite cabane de squatter, et c'est à moi qu'il a écrit une des dernières lettres de sa vie, quatre jours avant sa mort - c'est peut-être sa dernière, je ne le sais pas [...] ».

2. KNICKERBOCKER (Conrad).

MALCOLM LOWRY ET LE PREMIER CERCLE DE L'ENFER.

Undated. 3 pp. in-4, typescript with manuscript corrections.

Typescript with manuscript corrections, probably by Clarisse Francillon, of the French translation of the chronic about *Lunar Caustic* written by Conrad Knickerbocker and published in issue #29 of The Paris Review (winter-spring 1963).

3. MERTENS (Pierre). ALS TO MAURICE NADEAU.

Bruxelles, July 17, 1974. 1 p. in-4, blue ink on paper.

Autograph letter signed by Pierre Mertens, sent to to Maurice Nadeau on July 17, 1974 about his chronicle published in Le Soir de Bruxelles in relation to the second Malcolm Lowry special issue published by Les Lettres Nouvelles in May-June 1974.

Together with the related excerpt from Le Soir de Bruxelles.

4. FOLLAIN (Madeleine). ALS TO MAURICE NADEAU.

24 place des Vosges, [Paris] III, mardi [circa 1976]. 2 pp. in-4, black ink on both side of an in-4 leaf.

Autograph letter signed by Madeleine Dinès, Jean Follain spouse (2 pp. in-4, undated), to [Maurice Nadeau] about the recent publication of Malcolm Lowry poems translated by J.-M. Lucchioni (i.e. Pour l'amour de mourir, La Différence, coll. « Le Milieu », 1976). She asks whether Denoël would be interested in publishing her husband translation of Malcolm Lowry's poems.

Partial transcript : « [...] Je voulais vous dire que j'ai été navrée de voir paraître les Lowry traduit par quelqu'un d'autre que Follain. La traduction proprement dite est bonne mais le français change tout l'esprit de Lowry et le style est très mauvais comparé à celui de Follain (des membres de phrase ajoutés, des concisions délayées etc). J'ai téléphoné à Mlle G. Serreau, elle me dit ne pas savoir si ce Lucchioni a eu l'autorisation de Me Lowry. Quoiqu'il en soit, ne pensez-vous pas que Denoël devrait publier quand même et très rapidement les traductions de Follain. Ce serait très intéressant d'étudier et montrer les différences? Ou bien, ne pourriez-vous pas faire paraître toutes les traductions de Follain aux Lettres Nouvelles ? Et pourquoi pas en bilingue ? [...] ».