



Penguin Modern Classics

Malcolm Lowry

Under the Volcano

¿LE GUSTA ESTE JARDÍN?

¿QUE ES SUYO?

¡EVITE QUE SUS HIJOS LO DESTRUYAN!



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Saul Bellow

Saul Bellow's first novel.

While winter turns slowly to spring, a young man sits alone in his Chicago room – without a job, without his call-up papers. Bureaucratic incompetence has given him the first real freedom of his life. Will he be able to use it?

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OTHER STORIES

HUMBOLDT'S GIFT

SEIZE THE DAY

THE VICTIM

AS I LAY DYING

William Faulkner

‘The one unchallengeable and unquestionable genius at present functioning at the full tide of his creative powers on the American literary scene.’

In such terms Nobel Prizewinner William Faulkner was described, by Anthony West, prior to his death in 1962. When he wrote *As I Lay Dying* – in six summer weeks in 1929 during night-shifts at the local power station – Faulkner had already shaken off the influence of Huxley and Joyce. This story is one of his simplest and is considered by many critics to be his masterpiece.

The episodes succeeding the death and burial of Addie Bundren are recounted by various members of the family circle, principally as they are carting their mother's coffin to Jefferson, Mississippi, in order to bury her among her people. As the desires and fears and rivalries of the family are revealed in the vernacular speech of the South, the author builds up an impression as epic as the Old Testament, as earthy and comic as Chaucer, as American as *Huckleberry Finn*. ‘Often brilliant and compelling and one is constrained to follow to the end’ – *Spectator*

Also published in Penguin Modern Classics

ABSALOM, ABSALOM!

GO DOWN MOSES

REQUIEM FOR A NUN

SOLDIER'S PAY

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

LIGHT IN AUGUST

THE SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO

and Other Stories

Ernest Hemingway

Where Somerset Maugham had been clinical and dispassionate and Katherine Mansfield passive and poetical, Hemingway seized the short story and injected violence, brutality, passion, blood, and death into it. As a journalist he had learned to pare his style down to a verbal photography of action. His threading of strong and simple words into short, staccato sentences became the envy of a whole school of imitators. But very few managed to suggest the compassion that lies between the lines of clipped action and laconic dialogue in Hemingway's stories.

'The Snows of Kilimanjaro' is probably the best short story he ever wrote. Face to face with death a writer on safari contemplates all the stories there will now be no time to write. The other stories in this volume are all early ones, and those which feature Nick Adams are at least in part autobiographical.

'Unforgettable reporting of the world in which blood is the argument . . . they are stamped with the urgency of Mr Hemingway's style. That style, at its best, is a superb vehicle for revealing tenderness beneath descriptions of brutality' – Ivor Brown in the *Guardian*

Also published

A FAREWELL TO ARMS
FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS
TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT
MEN WITHOUT WOMEN
A MOVABLE FEAST
ISLANDS IN THE STREAM

THE GOSHAWK

T. H. White

Stories of close relationships between men and beasts – *Born Free* or *Ring of Bright Water* – possess peculiar fascination. To this T. H. White has added an individuality of style and an independence of philosophy which make *The Goshawk* a classic of its kind. As David Garnett has written :

'The Goshawk is the story of a concentrated duel between Mr White and a great beautiful hawk during the training of the latter – the record of an intense clash of wills, in which the pride and endurance of the wild raptor are worn down and broken by the almost insane willpower of the school-master falconer.

'It is comic ; it is tragic ; it is all absorbing. It is strangely like some of the classic eighteenth-century stories of seduction.'

'Mr White impregnates every sentence with the fire of passion and mellows it with the tenderness of affection. I rank The Goshawk as a masterpiece' – Guy Ramsey in the Daily Telegraph

PENGUIN MODERN CLASSICS

UNDER THE VOLCANO

Malcolm Lowry was born in 1909 at New Brighton and died in England in 1957. He was educated at the Leys School, Cambridge, and St Catherine's College. Between school and university he went to sea, working as deck-hand and trimmer for about eighteen months. His first novel, *Ultramarine*, was accepted for publication in 1932, but the typescript was stolen and the whole thing had to be rewritten from the penultimate version. It was finally published in 1933. He went to Paris that autumn, married his first wife in 1934, and wrote several short stories in Paris and Chartres before going to New York. Here he started a new novel, *In Ballast to the White Sea*, which he completed in 1936. He then left for Mexico. His first marriage broke up in 1938, and in 1939 he remarried and settled in British Columbia. During 1941-4, when he was living at Dollarton, he worked on the final version of *Under the Volcano*. In 1954 he finally returned to England. During half his writing life he lived in a squatter's shack, largely built by himself, near Vancouver. A volume of his short stories, *Hear us O Lord From Heaven Thy Dwelling Place*, has also been published, and his *Selected Letters*, edited by H. Breit and Margerie Lowry, appeared in 1967. *Lunar Caustic*, part of a larger, uncompleted work, appeared in 1968. Margerie Bonner Lowry and Douglas Day have completed, from Lowry's notes, another novel — *Dark is the Grave Wherein My Friend is Laid*, published in England in 1969, while *October Ferry to Gabriola* was published in 1971.

MALCOLM LOWRY

UNDER
THE VOLCANO



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To
MARGERIE, MY WIFE

WONDERS are many, and none is more wonderful than man; the power that crosses the white sea, driven by the stormy south wind, making a path under surges that threaten to engulf him; and Earth, the eldest of the gods, the immortal, unwearied, doth he wear, turning the soil with the offspring of horses, as the ploughs go to and fro from year to year.

And the light-hearted race of birds, and the tribes of savage beasts, and the sea-brood of the deep, he snares in the meshes of his woven toils, he leads captive, man excellent in wit. And he masters by his arts the beast whose lair is in the wilds, who roams the hills; he tames the horse of shaggy mane, he puts the yoke upon its neck, he tames the tireless mountain bull.

And speech, and wind-swift thought, and all the moods that mould a state, hath he taught himself; and how to flee the arrows of the frost, when it is hard lodging under the clear sky, and the arrows of the rushing rain; yea, he hath resource for all; without resource he meets nothing that must come; only against Death shall he call for aid in vain; but from baffling maladies he hath devised escape.

SOPHOCLES – *Antigone*

Now I blessed the condition of the dog and toad, yea, gladly would I have been in the condition of the dog or horse, for I knew they had no soul to perish under the everlasting weight of Hell or Sin, as mine was like to do. Nay, and though I saw this, felt this, and was broken to pieces with it, yet that which added to my sorrow was, that I could not find with all my soul that I did desire deliverance.

JOHN BUNYAN – *Grace Abounding for the Chief of Sinners*

WER immer strebend sich bemüht, den können wir erlösen.

Whosoever unceasingly strives upward . . . him can we save.

GOETHE

Two mountain chains traverse the republic roughly from north to south, forming between them a number of valleys and plateaux. Overlooking one of these valleys, which is dominated by two volcanoes, lies, six thousand feet above sea-level, the town of Quauhnahuac. It is situated well south of the Tropic of Cancer, to be exact, on the nineteenth parallel, in about the same latitude as the Revillagigedo Islands to the west in the Pacific, or very much farther west, the southernmost tip of Hawaii – and as the port of Tzucox to the east on the Atlantic seaboard of Yucatan near the border of British Honduras, or very much farther east, the town of Juggernaut, in India, on the Bay of Bengal.

The walls of the town, which is built on a hill, are high, the streets and lanes tortuous and broken, the roads winding. A fine American-style highway leads in from the north but is lost in its narrow streets and comes out a goat track. Quauhnahuac possesses eighteen churches and fifty-seven *cantinas*. It also boasts a golf course and no fewer than four hundred swimming-pools, public and private, filled with the water that ceaselessly pours down from the mountains, and many splendid hotels.

The Hotel Casino de la Selva stands on a slightly higher hill just outside the town, near the railway station. It is built far back from the main highway and surrounded by gardens and terraces which command a spacious view in every direction. Palatial, a certain air of desolate splendour pervades it. For it is no longer a Casino. You may not even dice for drinks in the bar. The ghosts of ruined gamblers haunt it. No one ever seems to swim in the magnificent Olympic pool. The springboards stand empty and mournful. Its jai-alai courts are grass-grown and deserted. Two tennis courts only are kept up in the season.

Towards sunset on the Day of the Dead in November 1939, two men in white flannels sat on the main terrace of the Casino

drinking *anís*. They had been playing tennis, followed by billiards, and their rackets, rainproofed, screwed in their presses – the doctor's triangular, the other's quadrangular – lay on the parapet before them. As the processions winding from the cemetery down the hillside behind the hotel came closer the plangent sounds of their chanting were borne to the two men; they turned to watch the mourners, a little later to be visible only as the melancholy lights of their candles, circling among the distant trussed cornstalks. Dr Arturo Díaz Vigil pushed the bottle of *Anís del Mono* over to M. Jacques Laruelle, who now was leaning forward intently.

Slightly to the right and below them, below the gigantic red evening, whose reflection bled away in the deserted swimming pools scattered everywhere like so many mirages, lay the peace and sweetness of the town. It seemed peaceful enough from where they were sitting. Only if one listened intently, as M. Laruelle was doing now, could one distinguish a remote confused sound – distinct yet somehow inseparable from the minute murmuring, the tintinnabulation of the mourners – as of singing, rising and falling, and a steady trampling – the bangs and cries of the *fiesta* that had been going on all day.

M. Laruelle poured himself another *anís*. He was drinking *anís* because it reminded him of absinthe. A deep flush had suffused his face, and his hand trembled slightly over the bottle, from whose label a florid demon brandished a pitchfork at him.

‘ – I meant to persuade him to go away and get *déalcoholisé*,’ Dr Vigil was saying. He stumbled over the word in French and continued in English. ‘But I was so sick myself that day after the ball that I suffer, physical, really. That is very bad, for we doctors must comport ourselves like apostles. You remember, we played tennis that day too. Well, after I lookèd the Consul in his garden I sendèd a boy down to see if he would come for a few minutes and knock my door, I would appreciate it to him, if not, please write me a note, if drinking have not killèd him already.’

M. Laruelle smiled.

‘But they have gone,’ the other went on, ‘and yes, I think to ask you too that day if you had lookèd him at his house.’