



The Herald - Editorial

We apologise for the late publication of this edition of The Herald – a bereavement suffered by one of your editors has been a major distraction. Indeed, one might be forgiven for thinking that an air of melancholy beyond the greyness of the northern winters pervades this edition of your newsletter. Frederic Jacques Temple had a long and very productive and creative life, but passed away last August just short of his 99th birthday. Thankfully, his creativity, which we hope is reflected in the remembrances we carry in this edition, allow us to celebrate his life as well as mourn his passing.

We also remember, albeit briefly, the life of John Hope, the second husband of Lawrence Durrell's elder daughter, Penelope. With sadness and for commemoration in the next Herald, we record the deaths of Brewster Chamberlin and David Russell. Brewster will be known to many of our readers for his carefully researched chronology of the life of Lawrence Durrell; the third edition, as *The Durrell Log*, was published last year. Lawyer David Russell is also sadly missed – an enthusiast for Durrell's work and constant supporter of the ILDS; his wise counsel was at hand to reassure the occasional legal worries the Society Executive Board may have encountered from time to time.

Scholar Athanasios Dimakis shares with us his researches into Durrell's first days in Rhodes and Durrell's literary agent until his death, Anthea Morton-Saner, shares some unique memories of her work with Durrell.

We are hoping that the next edition of the Herald will be a 'Corfu Special', providing the winter seas do not inundate the caïque that your editors hope to hire for their researches round the island. Copy date will be February 15, with publication planned for mid- March 2021.

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Page 123 of *Quinx* just out of the typewriter
May 1984
© Anthea Morton-Saner

Conversations with Anthea

Anthea Morton-Saner was Lawrence Durrell's agent from 1975 until his death. Now retired, Anthea answered your editor's questions from her home in Herefordshire.

It is a bit hard to remember exactly when I first had contact with Lawrence Durrell. I went to work at Curtis Brown in 1972 as Juliet O'Hea's secretary/assistant, and she was Lawrence Durrell's agent. When I arrived, I knew nothing about the publishing trade or much about being a literary agent. I am eternally grateful that I had one of the most effective and supportive mentors anyone could ask for. In 1972, I remember that his failure to complete *Monsieur* when expected was

exercising Durrell's publishers on both sides of the Atlantic. I would have spoken to Larry on the telephone about various business matters and occasional articles but he did not come to London very often and I only met him when he came over for the publication by Faber and Faber in 1973 of *The Black Book*.

He was charming, ebullient and quite enthusiastic about his forthcoming trip to the States. He was looking forward to seeing Henry Miller again. He told Juliet that he would have to marry his latest girlfriend, Ghislaine de Boysson, as the Americans would not tolerate him bringing over a mistress. She said this was the daftest reason to get married that she had ever heard. When he left, she sighed, saying it would not last long.

Monsieur came out and even though the book won the James Tait Black Memorial Prize and had some excellent reviews there were also some horrors. My job was to send reviews to Larry but I don't recall any reaction from him. Speaking to him afterwards I felt he was only interested in the opinions of a very few people. He knew that few would understand what he was trying to do and with his 'serious' novels he never wrote to please others. They were often an ordeal as he struggled to pin his ideas on to the page.

In 1968, when a friend and I went to Corfu, I was introduced to Durrell's travel writing. My friend had a job working under Marie Aspioti, an old friend of Larry's, and Marie said that in order to get an idea of the spirit of Corfu we should read *Prospero's Cell* even though it had been written more than twenty years earlier. Living in Corfu it was hard not to be aware of the Durrells. Gerald came over that summer with his wife and when they threw a party for their old friends, we were asked along. I wonder whether my knowledge of Corfu and the fact that I too was born in India were the reasons that, when Juliet O'Hea retired at the end of 1975, Larry told Curtis Brown that he would like me to look after his affairs at the agency.

I cannot remember the details of the deal for *Quincunx*, as *The Avignon Quintet* was then known, but I do remember negotiating terms for *Sicilian Carousel*. Durrell had been writing occasional travel articles and one commission took him to Sicily. He was finding the writing of his novel *Livia* difficult and his publishers wanted something from him, so he expanded his article into a delightful book about Sicily. He was distracting himself from the difficulty of pinning down *Livia* and a lot of opportunities for distraction came. There was the BBC film, *Spirit of Place: Greece* followed by the book *The Greek Islands* which used material garnered during the television programme. This was a heavily illustrated book and proved to be a great success as far as sales went.



Lawrence Durrell and Anthea Morton-Saner
en route to Corfu
© Anthea Morton-Saner Collection

I first went to Sommières, where he lived, in 1976. *Livia* was still refusing to come to the page and he was frustrated with all the distractions around him. His personal life at that time was unstable and indeed, when we arrived at the house, my travelling companion and I were immediately taken down to the swimming pool where he and his wife, Ghislaine, had a 'glass' to celebrate that they had come to some sort of agreement over the terms of their divorce. It was an extraordinary evening with highly charged emotions all round. We all ended up in the pool and, with a lot of hysterical laughter and even more alcohol, the evening ended.

Having been to stay with Durrell each summer for many years it is hard to remember my first impressions of the house at 15 route de Saussines, Sommières. It was such an unlikely place for him to live. Very un-Mediterranean. A large stone house suitable for the *haute bourgeois* which could have been transported from somewhere near the Loire such as Angers. It was barely visible from the road, set in a large garden surrounded by high walls with great solid metal gates. I suppose when I first went there most of the rooms would have been in use. My friend and I stayed on the top floor in the room next to what was Sappho Durrell's room. Despite it being summer the atmosphere in the room was cold.

As the years went by, and all but the ground floor gradually got shut off, I got to feel it was the perfect place for Durrell. The big salon with the grand piano and shutters which were rarely opened; the living room – a sort of terrace room with coloured glass walls (see photos below) - where Larry wrote, reclined on his chaise longue, had his easel where his Oscar Epfs paintings were created and also where he did his yoga. This was the room where his star map of the dead was attached to one of the doors into the salon and where most of his days were spent when we were not in the kitchen. The kitchen was where long evenings of conversation took place. The memory of the waist level open fire, temperamental cooker and table covered in a red plastic cloth, the flickering light of the candles in bottles stays with me. In the later years Françoise Kestman was a great hostess and although Larry could cook the cuisine certainly improved as Françoise was a professional.

Over the years Larry stopped managing the pool which was filled with pond weed and various creatures, much to the delight of Lee and Gerry when they came over. The owls and nightingales still inhabited the tower in the garden and we swam and talked and shared a bottle in the evening if it was warm enough down there in the garden.



Darjeeling Room - Maison Tartes
© Anthea Morton-Saner

The house had been done up and decorated by his wife Claude in typical fashionable 1950s style. Black and red in the kitchen and yellow, red and black in the guest bathroom on the first floor. The large patterned wallpapers which seemed old fashioned in the 70s and 80s but are now back in vogue covered the walls. Getting Larry to agree to change anything was difficult as both Ghislaine and Françoise would confirm.

Larry had a love/hate relationship with the house. He was always moaning about how expensive it was to heat and maintain, and there were times when he seriously considered moving, either back to Greece or to the coast and he even briefly considered Monaco. When I went with him to Corfu on a recce he realised, that despite his friends there and his happy memories of the place, Corfu had changed so much it depressed him. In his later years I just don't think he had the energy to re-locate. He was well known in Sommières where nobody bothered him or tried to 'suck him dry' as he put it. He could potter about the market and collect his bread each morning, have a drink in the local cafés and eat in the good simple restaurants nearby where he was known. Françoise took care of him and made sure he had the space to write. He usually did this in the morning after his coffee and yoga. Then after lunch he would walk in the vineyards surrounding the house. Usually alone, but if he was between books he did not mind company. He had enough local friends to satisfy him if he was feeling sociable. Luckily the long-threatened bypass destroying all those vineyards didn't materialise during his lifetime.

Like many, I read the *Quartet* when I was a lot younger, desperately wanted to be like Justine and fell in and out of love with the characters and the world they inhabited. *Prospero's Cell* has a special place in my library as it brings back a very happy time spent in Corfu and I love *Bitter Lemons* because it gave me a vision of an earlier time in Cyprus, where I was working in 1968 for a few weeks. I suppose my favourite set of novels is the *Quincunx* [*The Avignon Quintet*]. This is not for literary reasons but because I was so closely involved with all the books in the series after *Monsieur*.

Sometimes Larry used to give me sections to read. It was fascinating and kaleidoscopic. Once, with *Livia*, I queried a scene I just did not understand. It was vivid and detailed in my mind but I just could not find it in the manuscript. I was looking for a chapter or long section but eventually we found it. It was just two short paragraphs. He thanked me and told me these characters had crept in from another book. Their presence became a flaw in the patterns he was creating. *Constance* was my favourite of the five I suppose. Larry would have said that was because it was the most straightforward.



Lawrence Durrell at Salinelles
© Anthea Morton-Saner

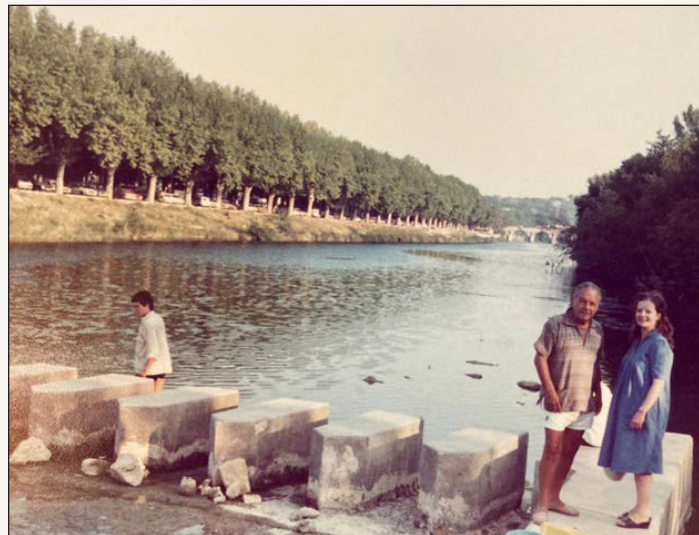
Choosing a favourite poem is very hard as that depends on mood and I don't think I have a favourite but there are several I go to at different times. In the same way I will sometimes just feel like reading one of his crazy Antrobus books, or *Spirit of Place: Mediterranean Writings* which is always satisfying.

Larry was flattered by the scholarly interest taken in his work and I know he really appreciated contact and debate with those who understood what he was trying to do. I think he would be pleased academic interest continues. However, he got extremely irritated by the many who kept on asking what he meant by this or that. These were the ones who "sucked him dry". He would end up giving silly replies which the less imaginative took seriously.

As he got older and felt less well, he got more curmudgeonly and could often be quite rude. But then he could also engage in friendly discussions about the nominations for the Prix Goncourt with the young person behind the counter in the local cafe. One of the reasons he loved France he said, was everyone was interested in literature and art and they were not just something for the elite.

It is impossible to sum up Larry's personality as he was so many different people on different occasions. I was privileged to see many sides of his character and feel honoured to have been considered a friend as well as his literary agent. In the same way I find it hard to sum up his gifts as a writer. He wrote so many very different types of book I think history alone will show in which area he achieved mastery. He considered himself a poet first and after that a seeker of truth in one form or another.

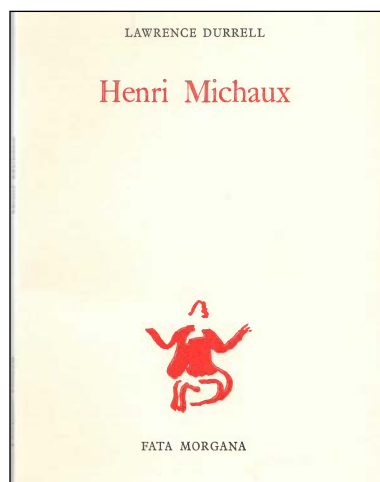
30th Sept 2020



Lawrence Durrell and Anthea Morton-Saner
in Sommières
© Anthea Morton-Saner



Frédéric Jacques Temple in 2019
© Peter Baldwin



The front cover of Frédéric Jacques Temple's translation of Lawrence Durrell's *Henri Michaux*, with inscription to Peter Baldwin.

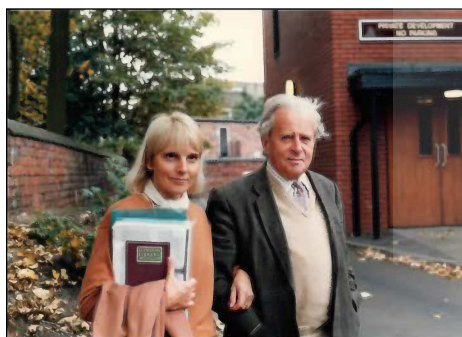
© Peter Baldwin

Peter Baldwin's remembrance can be found on page 11

John Nugent Hope

1924 - 2020

We are sorry to record the passing of John Hope. John was the second husband of Penelope, Lawrence Durrell's elder daughter. I had the pleasure of meeting John during some of my meetings with Penelope when she and I worked together on the revised version of Durrell's play *An Irish Faustus*.



Penelope and John photographed in Birmingham, UK, in 1986.

Photo © Peter Baldwin.

John was able to join delegates at the centenary ILDS conference in London in 2012.



John Hope with Ian MacNiven and Peggy Fox at the ILDS 2012 conference in London

Photo © Paul Lorenz

Ian MacNiven, Durrell's biographer, recalls John thus:

'John leaves us with wonderful memories: the beautiful old Greek sea captain's home, paved entirely with patterns in tiny white and black pebbles, that he and Penelope shared just below the Lindos Acropolis; the small hotel near the Athens *Nekropolis* that my late wife Susan and I chanced upon at two in the morning back in the 1980s, to discover that the owner was a drinking pal of John's (we were to discover that, understated and retiring though he might seem, John cast a very wide net); John, very much the squire, discussing with his overseer the management of the vast 5000 acre family estate on the Welsh/English border (John's father had disinherited him because he became an artist); John showing Peggy and me the spartan "children's wing" in the ancestral mansion, with seven lavish bedrooms, a ballroom, and a library; John treating Peggy to "Eton's Mess" at his club in London... Can a man who leaves behind such memories have lived in vain?!'

Lawrence Durrell's Hotel Life: At the Grande Albergo Delle Rose in Rhodes

This article is part of a research project entitled "Hotels and the Modern Subject: 1890–1940," supported by the Hellenic Foundation for Research and Innovation (HFRI) under the "First Call for HFRI Research Projects to support Faculty members and Researchers and the procurement of high-cost research equipment grant" (Project Number: 1653).



Grande Albergo delle Rose, the main entrance, L258.02.

Courtesy of ELIA/MIET Photographic Archive
Hellenic Literary and Historical Archive/ Cultural Foundation
of the National Bank of Greece (ELIA/MIET).

The opening sequence of Lawrence Durrell's *Reflections on a Marine Venus: A Companion to the Landscape of Rhodes* (1953) presents readers with the author's first (albeit badly spelt) impressions of the monumental *Grande Albergo Delle Rose*: "[A]t the end of the long corridor of darkness two tall gates rose up, and behind them the once famous *Albergo della Rosa*, showing here and there a point of light, weak and diffuse. The steps seemed endless—it was like climbing into the sky..." (*Reflections* 10). The eclectic Italo-Arabesque Dodecanesian

edifice—a paradoxical amalgam of orientalist, fascist architecture, as well as a remnant of the precarious, fragile sovereignty of *Le Isole Italiane dell'Egeo* that was designed by Florestano Di Fausto and Michele Platania and constructed in 1927—still evokes, ironically, the selfsame Frankensteinian effect. Durrell's first observations upon his "late arrival" (*Reflections* 10)—coming well before the sequence of luxurious refurbishments that the hotel would undergo in later decades—manifest its sheer postwar decay, in perfect tandem with Rhodes' war-wrecked infrastructure and the overall sense of neglect. The hotel registry entry date marking the beginning of Durrell's progressive intoxication with Rhodes is July 19, 1945. His first impressions address the shattered material reality of the place: "I vaguely remember the vast entrance hall littered with shed equipment, the buzz of conversation from the dining-hall which served as a mess, the smashed marquetry panels of the lounge" (10). Additional references to the forlorn "gaunt lounge with its foggy mirrors," a "sleepy maid with a hare-lip," and the presence of Gideon lying there with "his monocle almost touching the floor" being "rolled out of his eye to the end of its cord" also carry, in Durrell's dear visualist register and sensorium, an overall sense of nausea and abandonment (11).

Having been settled at the "Appartamento n. 251"—as mentioned in "the pink card that registered his arrival" signed by the hotel "Direttore" (Leatham 146)—Durrell soon finds that his hotel life in Rhodes is ironically light years removed from the pervasive Jamesian "sublime hotel-spirit" of modernity (715). Rather, the account of his sojourn marks a transition from the loaded, celebrated, and fetishized emotive potential of the literary hotel



Grande Albergo delle Rose, the foyer, L258.06.

Courtesy of ELIA/MIET Photographic Archive
Hellenic Literary and Historical Archive/ Cultural Foundation
of the National Bank of Greece (ELIA/MIET).

to postwar, postmodernist approaches that mostly address the discontents of hotel life and highlight the intrinsic precariousness of the states of intimacy and the asphyxia of impossible togetherness, as well as the frictions of transcultural encounters and the colonial ethos behind the construction of the Mediterranean grand hotels. The Levantine monstrosity of the *albergo* attests to the complex entanglement of the colonial core with the periphery and the essential translocality of the grand hotel enterprise. The contrived social rapport among the hotel residents who are forced to live together, yet without

intimacy, possibly constitutes an allegory of the confused, postcolonial state of affairs in Rhodes. The *albergo* residents themselves are vestiges of the colonial period of Rhodes and bear a strong resemblance to the ones populating the lobbies of the Cecil and the Cairo Sheppard's in Durrell's Alexandrian tetralogy.

Durrell does not seek consolation within the literary hotel; his sojourn at the spurious, Italianate *albergo* rather dismays him. The poor state of affairs and the postwar decadence of the hotel present in its "once fashionable dining-room" and its "desolate corridors, chipped marquetry, smashed fittings and marble cornices" (*Reflections* 11–12) does not seem to do justice to the cosmopolitanism, sophistication, and the "notorious" cultural capital of Rhodes that any erudite visitor would anticipate. While facilitating Durrell's relentless, incessant mobility, the *albergo* remains, for the most part, a shallow and unconvincing dark setting. His sharply ironic conviction that the decrepit hotel interior "suggested nothing so much as a carnival which had ended in an earthquake" (12) offers additional corroborating evidence of his contempt for the contrived plasticity of the hotel space. The reference to "the memory" of the poor "first breakfast (mere bully beef and dry biscuit)" (11) also evokes sterility. His careful attention to the material conveys a sense of abandonment that is set against the Apollonian purity and clarity of the luminous landscape of Rhodes in tandem with the pronounced visualist poetics and aesthetics of all his major "Hellenic" works:

Outside, the blue race of the sea ... deployed crisply across what must be one of the finest shingle beaches in the world. The *sunlight* freckled the foreground of things with blue and *gold*, while the gaunt backcloth of Caria, only tipped as yet with *sunshine*, seemed to be softly singing itself through a *spectrum* (emphasis added; 12).

Durrell's flight outwards—also suggested by the presence of the twofold reference to the exterior within the same clause: "outside the hotel" (11), "outside" (12)—seems to transgress the spatial limitations of the ruined hotel lobby pointing toward the celestial clarity of the

place. The richest, most fulfilling form of existence for Durrell cannot be compressed into the plastic, unreal world of the hotel. It is the *Spirit of Place* that seems to thwart the conventions and expectations of the post/modernist “hotel-spirit.” It is sharply ironic that in order to promote the project of cultural assimilation and the imaginative surrender to the notion of the *mediterraneità*, the Italian authorities of Rhodes, as well as the very architect of the *Albergo Delle Rose* Di Fausto himself, felt compelled to surrender to a quasi-identical call with the one that marks Durrell’s

literary *oeuvre*. Natalia Vogeikoff-Brogan points to Di Fausto’s 1937 sole essay on the aesthetic principles of his Rhodian architecture (n.p.). Di Fausto’s first-person account seems to have a peculiar, near-implausible Durrellian resonance: “Not a single stone was placed by me without having filled myself in advance with *the spirit of the place*, so as to make it my own”¹ (emphasis added; Vogeikoff-Brogan n.p.). Disenchanted with the artificiality of the edifice, as well as the aesthetically questionable, trite hotel premises, Durrell soon directs attention elsewhere. It is the landscape of Rhodes that seems to invite a more rigorous and fulfilling engagement, one that transcends the limitations of the hotel as a transitory, fleeting, and ephemeral space and celebrates the immanent Rhodian *Spirit of Place*.



Grande Albergo delle Rose, the beach. View from Elli, L258.029
Courtesy of ELIA/MIET Photographic Archive
Hellenic Literary and Historical Archive/ Cultural Foundation of the National Bank of Greece (ELIA/MIET).



Aerial photo featuring the Grande Albergo delle Rose. Photographer unknown, circa 1950, 2E70.072.

Courtesy of ELIA/MIET Photographic Archive
Hellenic Literary and Historical Archive/ Cultural Foundation of the National Bank of Greece (ELIA/MIET).

1 “Non una pietra è stata da me posta senza che io prima mi sia riempito dello spirito del luogo sì da farlo mio” (qtd. in Santoianni, 93).

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<https://nataliavogeikoff.com/2019/11/01/orientations-in-sunlight-with-durrell-in-rhodes/#more-3682>. Accessed March 12, 2020

Athanasios Dimakis holds an MA (with Distinction) from Goldsmiths College, University of London (2006) and a Ph.D. (with Distinction) from the National and Kapodistrian University of Athens for a doctoral dissertation on the Hellenic Moral Vision in the Philosophy and Fiction of Iris Murdoch (2015). In 2018-19 he was a Visiting Researcher at the English Department of the NKUA, Project: "Dwellers in 'A Living Eye'—Three British Visualists in Greece: Lawrence Durrell, Patrick Leigh Fermor, John Fowles". He is currently a Postdoctoral Researcher at the Department of English Language and Literature, NKUA (Group Research Project: "Hotels and the Modern Subject: 1890-1940"- <https://www.hotems.enl.uoa.gr/>, funded by the Hellenic Foundation for Research and Innovation). In June 2020, he was awarded the William Godshalk Prize for new Durrell Scholarship by the International Lawrence Durrell Society. His forthcoming publications include: "‘Orientations in Sunlight’: Lawrence Durrell’s Greek Visualism in Rhodes" (Deus Loci: The Lawrence Durrell Journal, 2020) and "Hotel Melodrama in E. M. Forster’s “The Story of a Panic” and “The Story of the Siren” (“E. M. Forster Issue”, Language and Literary Studies of Warsaw Journal, 2020).

Frédéric Jacques Temple: a personal remembrance

Jacques Temple, affectionately known as FJT to many of his friends, was born in 1921 but passed away on 5 August 2020, just a few days before his 99th birthday. He was one of Durrell's most assiduous supporters since meeting him in 1957.

I first came across FJT's name in the late 1970's relatively early in my Durrell collecting career. FJT was one of the founding editors of a French literary journal *Entretiens*. FJT edited a substantial edition of the journal (in French) – 193 pages, excluding adverts – in 1973. The review offered a comprehensive look at Durrell's career with many contributions as reminiscences by friends (Henry Miller, Diana Menuhin, Gerald Durrell and many others) and 18 short critical essays. Of particular interest are a selection of photos showing Durrell from infancy to more recent photos.

I did not actually meet FJT until 1987 when we both travelled to Lyons for the first night of a short run at the Théâtre des Célestins of FJT's translation of Durrell's play *An Irish Faustus*. Jacques and his partner took me under their wing on the morning after the first night by strolling round Lyons for a bit of sight-seeing together.

Jacques and I did not keep regular contact until, out of the blue, a letter arrived from him in May 2017. A friend had passed to Jacques a copy of my essay 'Lawrence Durrell: the private press publications' which appeared in *Parenthesis* 32, the journal of the Fine Press Book Association.

'Dear Peter

An American friend typograph living near Montpellier gave me a photocopy of the Parenthesis 32. I discovered with surprise and pleasure your paper on Larry. It was a great retroactive moment. I remind you, of course, and shall be pleased to receive news from you.....Have you my translation of Larry's Henri Michaux from [publisher] Fata Morgana? Larry was dying when I brought him the first number of it.'

I have transcribed FJT's letter just as written, in English. The Fata Morgana book Jacques refers to is his translation of a short essay by Durrell which I had published as *Henri Michaux: the poet of supreme solipsism* under my Delos Press imprint.

Jacques and I exchanged letters (and books!) over the next two years. In May 2019, while on holiday near Sommières, I was able to visit Jacques and his partner, Brigitte, at their home in Aujargues, just a few kilometres from Sommières. Then approaching 97 years old, Jacques showed no sign of his age as we chatted about his writing and our shared memories of Larry.

FJT is exceptionally well represented in the current book catalogues of no less than three established literary editors in France. Parisian poetry editor Editions Bruno Doucey have three books in their list (<https://www.editions-brunodoucey.com/>) and Arles based Actes Sud have several – the autobiographical *Beaucoup de Jours* (2009) and the 2018 comprehensive collection of Temple's published essays and reviews *Divagabondages*. Two of these essays are about Durrell. Finally, Gallimard published last December in their *Poésie* collection a 366 page retrospective of Temple's poems: *La Chasse infinie et autres poèmes*.

FJT, as well as being an established writer, had parallel careers in TV and radio, based in Montpellier, just 40 kilometres from Sommières. Temple, also a friend of writers such as Henry Miller and Richard Aldington (the list is much, much longer) first met Durrell in July 1957, not long after Durrell's arrival in Sommières and while what was to become *Balthazar* was a work in progress. Temple remained loyal to Larry's work throughout Larry's life. Those wanting to know more about Temple and his friendship with Durrell are guided towards *Beaucoup de Jours*, referred to above as well as Ian MacNiven's biography of Durrell. I know that much offence was caused to Durrell's family when, as is briefly referred to by Temple in this same memoir, he claims to have been given permission to take a photo of Larry after his death, when, in fact no such permission was given.

Use your favourite search engine for more comprehensive biographical accounts of FJT's life.

Peter Baldwin

Photos referenced in this article can be found on the bottom of page 5

FJT

By Corinne Alexandre- Garner

FJT was a man of few words, but words that mattered, words filled with forethought, deep with intelligence, and tenderness for life. For me, he was « un bon doux géant », an expression which implies both the strength of a man of high stature and the sensitivity of nature's most fragile creatures, the trace of which could be found in his sparkling eyes which were both mischievous and deeply grave. He also had a hearty laugh.

I can't remember when I first met him, it must have been in the 1980's at Lawrence Durrell's home in Sommières or maybe shortly after Larry's death but, at that time, we were already writing to each other from time to time, and he was always happy to share remembrances of the former years of friendships around Richard Aldington (at whose place he had met Larry), Joseph Delteil and later Henry Miller. In a way he guided Durrell to Sommières and was particularly reminiscent of his first meeting with little Sappho, Durrell's younger daughter, in the garden of the Mazet Michel, Larry's previous home, not far from Sommières. He would talk of the hive of love, writing and hard work -both physical and artistic-, which are depicted in his film « Chez Lawrence Durrell » in 1964. For him after 1967 and Claude's death, Lawrence Durrell became another man and it was the beginning of the end.

The last postcard I received from him was sometime in December 2019 and I am sad to say that my letter back to him is still on my desk in an envelope with a stamp. I liked those postcards he used to send, always carefully chosen : the fragment of an Ethiopian woven rug from Rimbaud's death bed in the hospital in Marseille : a picture of D.H. Lawrence with red Chinese or Japanese characters from the Gregau Press (directed by his daughter Catherine Aldington) : a photograph from Keat's grave etc. His cards and his messages were full of generosity. At one point he offered his personal archives to University Paris Nanterre where his good friend Claude Leroy (who wrote and organised conferences about him) was still teaching, but the University was too slow and not enthusiastic enough and the offer fell through.

I remember having dinner with him, Brigitte Portal, his companion, Catherine Portevin, a friend of his who is a journalist who had interviewed him for the well-known French broadcast « À voix nue » and the organisers of the inaugural exhibition at The MuCem in Marseille, the museum devoted to the history and culture of the Mediterranean, where we had both been invited to talk of « Les porteurs de rêves » ('Those who carry dreams'). I remember the good food and wine, the warm friendship, the lively conversation but, most of all, the happiness to be all there together to talk about writing, « the good life » and the projects of the new museum open unto the sea and the whole Mediterranean world, open to other civilisations and natural beauties.

In his book *Retour à Santa Fe*, which he inscribed for me after my own return from New Mexico, he testifies to his attraction to the strikingly luminous and gigantic skyscapes of New Mexico and to the indigenous cultures that had also fascinated D.H. Lawrence.

He was both a man rooted in his territory and a man of the wide world, navigating between languages and his translations bear witness to the scope of his universe and to his deeply poetic apprehension of the world. There is a kind of Whitmanian breath blowing in his life and work which the many prizes he received for his life-long writing career have acknowledged.

Corinne Alexandre-Garner is an emeritus Research Accredited Associate Professor of English at Nanterre University. She is the Director of the Research Group «Space and Writing» at Paris Nanterre University. For twenty years she was the Head of The Lawrence Durrell Research Library which she had created at Nanterre University. She directs two collections at The Nanterre University Press, including the transdisciplinary collection of human sciences called «Crossroads» revolving around the themes of otherness, borders, migration and exile. Her literary biography of Lawrence Durrell, 'Lawrence Durrell : Dans l'ombre du soleil grec', was published in the 'Voyager avec...' collection of La Quinzaine Littéraire/Louis Vuitton in 2012. One of her most recent articles published in the journal of psychoanalysis Le Coq-Héron (2017) is entitled «Lorsque migre l'objet : le bureau de l'exil dans le roman de Nicole Krauss, à propos de La grande maison,» (142-149, issue no 230 devoted to Exile and Migration). The last book she co-edited 'L'objet de la migration, le sujet en exil' is currently in press.

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ILDS General Meeting

Zoom: 24 June 2020



The International Lawrence Durrell Society met via Zoom on 24 June 2020, President Isabelle Keller-Privat presiding. The meeting opened with a remembrance, conducted by Paul Lorenz, of recently lost members, Noel J. Guckian and Michael Haag. President Keller-Privat then reviewed recent ILDS activities: the rebirth online of *The Herald*; the re-vamping of the ILDS website; planning for a second “Alexandrie” event in London; and the revival of the Lawrence Durrell Prize for New Scholarship. Subsequently, Secretary-Treasurer Paul Lorenz reported on membership numbers (182) and ILDS finances (sound), and Pamela Francis expressed thanks to the Society for the opportunity to serve as Vice President for the past four years.

James Gifford, Chair of this year’s Nominations Committee, conducted the election of officers for the 2020-2022 term, focusing on the desirability of “continuation” in this uncertain period. Isabelle Keller-Privat was elected for a second two-year term as president, James Decker was elected vice president, and Paul Lorenz was returned to the office of Secretary-Treasurer. The following at-large members, newly elected in 2018, were returned to the Board for service through June 2022: Peter Baldwin, Steve Moore, David Radavich, and Fiona Tomkinson. Additionally, Pamela Francis was elected as an at-large member of the 2020-2022 Board.

Noting that the pandemic had impelled the Executive Board to postpone the ILDS conference scheduled for 2020, President Keller-Privat expressed confidence that all would work out for OMG XXI, now planned for Toulouse in late May 2022. The original conference theme—“Mysticisms, Heresies, Heterotopias” will be retained, and it is hoped that scholars accepted for 2020 will be able to participate as planned in 2022. There will also be an opportunity for additional proposals to be considered.

The Program section of the meeting began with two poems by Lawrence Durrell, “Lesbos” read by David Radavich, and “This Unimportant Morning,” read by Peter Baldwin. Next, President Keller-Privat introduced the William Godshalk Prize for New Durrell Scholarship and acknowledged the generous donation from Steve Moore that had made it possible. This year’s winner, Athanasios Dimakis, introduced by Fiona Tomkinson, presented an abridged (and very well-received) version of his paper, “‘The place is inconceivably gloomy’: Mysticism and Myth in Lawrence Durrell’s ‘Patmos.’” Athanasios warmly thanked all concerned for the honor he had received and looked forward to presenting a fuller version of the paper in Toulouse in 2022.

The concluding segment of the meeting featured updates on the Durrell Society's publications and outreach activities. James Decker reported on plans for ILDS participation in the next Louisville Conference on Literature and Culture Since 1900. Peter Baldwin reported, on behalf of himself and Steve Moore, on the positive reception to the last issue of *The Herald* and on plans for the next. Anna Lillios gave an update on the forthcoming issue of *Deus Loci* that includes a piece by Michael Haag as well as the work of new scholars. Pamela Francis reported on the very lively ILDS Facebook page, currently including 481 members from many parts of the world. On behalf of Charles Sligh, James Clawson noted that the Society's very active Twitter feed currently boasts 6,566 followers. David Radavich reported that this past year's White Mice Poetry Competition, with its theme of "The Heavens" had attracted more entries than ever. Winning poems from both the 2019 and the 2021 contests will be read in Toulouse, as well as appearing on the website and in *Deus Loci*.

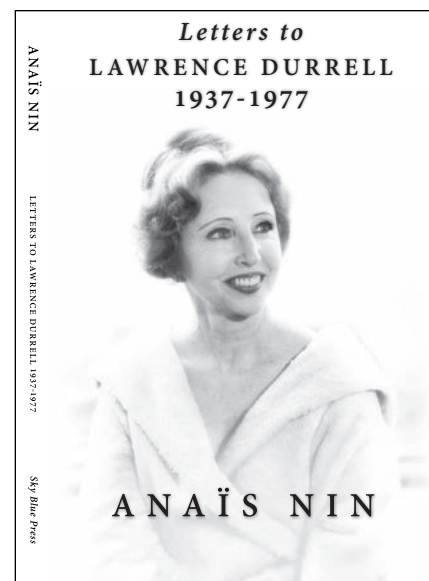
Anne Zahlan

Letters to Lawrence Durrell: 1937 – 1977

We are pleased to reproduce, with the permission of the publisher, the cover 'blurb' for this new book, recently published by The Sky Blue Press. The publisher advises that copies can be bought via Amazon.

The young writers Anaïs Nin and Lawrence Durrell, along with their mutual friend Henry Miller, formed a literary triumvirate they dubbed the "three musketeers" in Paris during the 1930s. Not only did they support each other's work before becoming individually famous (Nin for her *Diary*, Durrell for his *Alexandria Quartet*, Miller for his *Tropic* novels), they formed lifelong friendships that endure in their correspondence. For the first time, Nin's letters to Durrell and several of his responses are in print, revealing the origins, depth, longevity and pitfalls of their complex relationship. As Durrell writes to Nin in 1967, "Sometimes one quite inadvertently hurts friends and loses them without meaning to, without wanting to, and spends the rest of their life in puzzled me-fulness, chewing the cud and wondering. Not me. *Toujours*, here I am, your old friend." Spanning forty years, these letters follow the lives of two important writers from the time they sought their authentic voices until each had achieved what they had long dreamed of: literary fame.

Anaïs Nin (1903-1977), born in France, was one of the twentieth century's most innovative writers who rose to fame when her *Diary* was published in 1966. Her erotica, *Delta of Venus*, published just after her death, was a bestseller, and her diary *Henry and June* was made into a major motion picture. Her work has inspired generations of women and men alike.





According to an article by George Psyllides in the August 28 *Cyprus Mail*, the house in Bellapais, North Cyprus, in which Lawrence Durrell lived during the early 1950s has been put up for sale. Said to date from 1893, the structure has three levels, a plunge pool, a roof terrace, and “stunning views of Bellapais Abbey and the coastline.” Named Bitter Lemons in honor of Durrell’s account of his residence on the island, the property is going for £240,000.

James Gifford explores the revisions that Durrell hoped to make in his 1968 novel *Tunc* in “A Textual Study of Lawrence Durrell’s *Revolt of Aphrodite: The Book that Has Not yet Been*.” The piece was published in *ANQ: A Quarterly Journal of Short Articles, Notes and Reviews* on September 8.

In “How Lawrence Durrell Made Me Ache for Alexandria,” André Aciman recalls how reading *The Alexandria Quartet* made him fall in love again with his native city. The article appears in the *Telegraph* for July 26.

“Lawrence Durrell and ‘Cypriotism’: ‘I Became Something like the Head of Propaganda’” appears in *Propaganda and the Cyprus Revolt: Rebellion, Counter-Insurgency and the Media, 1955-59* by Maria Hadjiathanasiou (Bloomsbury / I.B. Tauris, 2020).

Paul Herron has announced a new volume from Sky Blue Press by Anaïs Nin, *Letters to Lawrence Durrell, 1937-1977*. Besides Nin’s letters, the collection will include several responses from Durrell himself, and is scheduled for publication October 1. Sky Blue has also recently published *Reunited: The Correspondence of Anaïs and Joaquín Nin, 1933-1940*, edited and with a preface and introduction by Herron.

Those interested in learning more about the setting of *Reflections on a Marine Venus* will want to read Michael Emerson Heslop’s *Medieval Greece: Encounters between Latins, Greeks and Others in the Dodecanese and the Mani* (Routledge, 2021). Ten of the twelve pieces are devoted to the Dodecanese group, particularly Rhodes, during the period of the islands’ control by the Knights of St. John.

David Pryce-Jones recounts interviewing Durrell in connection with the publication of *Constance* for the *Daily Telegraph* in *Signatures: Literary Encounters of a Lifetime* (Encounter Books, 2020).

Maria DiBattista’s “Lawrence Durrell: Diplomacy as Farce.” appears in *Diplomacy and the Modern Novel*, edited by Isabelle Daunais and Allan Hepburn (University of Toronto Press, 2020). Among other writers discussed are Graham Greene, André Malraux, and John le Carré.

John Kittmer, chair of the Anglo-Hellenic League and a former British ambassador to Greece, examines the roots and development of Anglo-Hellenism in “Adventures in Cultural Exchange,” published in *Ekathimerini* for February 25, 2020. Kittmer mentions Patrick Leigh Fermor, Xan Fielding, John Craxton, and George Seferis, but not Durrell.

Yale University Press is scheduled to publish the first biography of Neo-Romantic artist John Craxton, who spent much of his adult life in Greece and illustrated a number of books by his friend Patrick Leigh Fermor. Written by Ian Collins, a trustee of the artist’s estate, *John Craxton: A Life of Gifts* will appear in spring 2021.

15 September 2020

The Herald - editorial guidelines and publication dates

The Herald is the newsletter of the International Lawrence Durrell Society [ILDS] – see: www.lawrencedurrell.org/. It will be emailed as a matter of course to all members of the ILDS. It will also be uploaded to www.lawrencedurrell.org/ for free access to any interested reader.

Should a member wish to receive a printed version of *The Herald*, they may contact the editors at newsletter.ilds@gmail.com to make the change.

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Readers are invited to contribute articles, news items, events and details of new publications by or about Lawrence Durrell for future publication in *The Herald*. Articles and contributions should, in the first instance, be limited to no more than 300 words. Unpublished photos or illustrations which may be of interest to readers of *The Herald* will also be welcome provided the editors are satisfied that appropriate copyright consents have been obtained.

Would-be contributors are advised to email the editors (newsletter.ilds@gmail.com) to discuss the scope of their contribution and its suitability for *The Herald*.

All inquiries about *The Herald* should be sent to newsletter.ilds@gmail.com

Copy date for the next edition of *The Herald* [NS] is Feb. 15, 2021 for publication by mid-March, 2021.

The views and opinions expressed in *The Herald* are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the official policy or position of the International Lawrence Durrell Society.