

Lowry Lounge Consular Liverpool walk, 2016: set of postcards



The 2016 Lowry Lounge Consular Tour

Stop 1: US Consulate, Paradise Street

Inspectors here crunched bags on injured locks,
Deduced a public charge from odd cowed socks
‘A visa is not enough,’ one said, and I:
‘Must man go to war, yet not say goodbye?’
‘I didn’t,’ he said, without marked kinship,
‘Last time,’ - Some subtle indoor Marxmanship
Suspecting then, automatically
Perhaps, he smiled democratically...
Without me, with a trampling noise of bees
The bus plunged headlong towards Los Angeles.

‘The Canadian Turned Back At The Border’ (1939-40)



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Stop 2: Mexican Consulate, South John Street

The Mexican eagle tearing to pieces the Nazi flag, with a wild cloudy sky behind in colours of Mexican flag underneath the legend: *Mexico por la libertad*.

Hudson is coming out of the Fish Office and they go into the Immigration opposite: the eagle tearing the Nazi flag is still there, and the girl doing so and so – but it is quite empty.

‘But he said they knew nothing about our case.’ Baxter shrugs his shoulders (it is too late to pay him *mordida* now) and on the wall the Mexican eagle goes on eating the Nazi flag.

The light is on, the typewriter is going, the Mexican eagle is eating the Nazi flag. Sigbjorn and Primrose sit on the sofa just staring blankly for a while at the wall: the vized man types on. The nerve-wracking horror of the noise, the naked electric light.

from *La Mordida* (1996)



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Stop 3: Norwegian Consulate, South Castle Street

The Captain took the green Norwegian discharge book received by Sigbjorn from the Norsk Konsulat that morning in one hand, and placed on his spectacles with the other.

- Yes, I see. *D/S Unsgaard, Sigbjorn Tarnmoor, limper*, he read. *Skibets reise fra Prester til Archangel/Leningrad.*

The Captain handed the book back calmly, as if he now accepted the voyage.

- Well! All the whaling is gone to the Norwegians now. I sold one of my ships to the Larvik Fisheries, the *Sequancia*. Well, that's where Moby Dick is now.

- That's where I'm going.

from *In Ballast to the White Sea* (2014)



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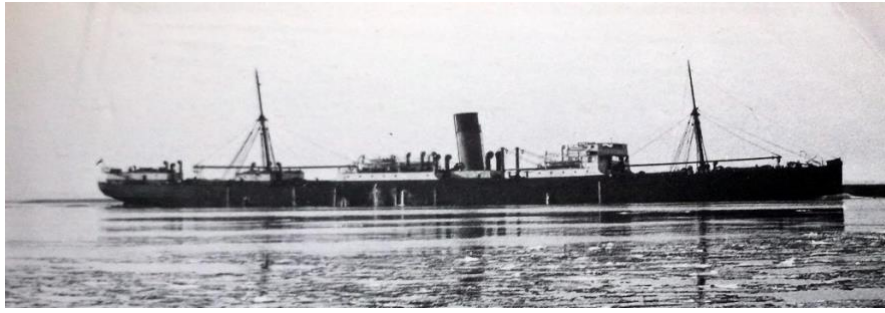
Stop 4: German Consulate, Brunswick Street

‘What for you lie?’ the Chief of Rostrums repeated in a glowering voice. ‘You say your name is Black. *No es Black.*’ He shoved him backwards toward the door. ‘You say you are a wrider.’ He shoved him again. ‘You no are wrider.’ He pushed the Consul more violently, but the Consul stood his ground. ‘You are no a de wrider, you are de espider, and we shoota de espiders in Mejico.’ Some military policemen watched with concern.

The newcomers were breaking up. Two pariah dogs ran around in the bar. A woman clutched her baby to her, terrified. ‘You no wrider.’ The Chief caught him by the throat.

‘You Al Capón. You a Jew *chingao.*’ The Consul shook himself free again. ‘You are a spider.’

from *Under the Volcano* (1947)



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Stop 5: US Consulate, Tower Buildings

But there was a slight hitch apparently. For whereas the submarine's crew became prisoners of war when the *Samaritan* (which was only one of the ship's names, albeit that the Consul liked best) reached port, mysteriously none of her officers was among them. Something had happened to those German officers, and what had happened was not pretty. They had, it was said, been kidnapped by the *Samaritan's* stokers and burned alive in the furnaces.

from *Under the Volcano* (1947)



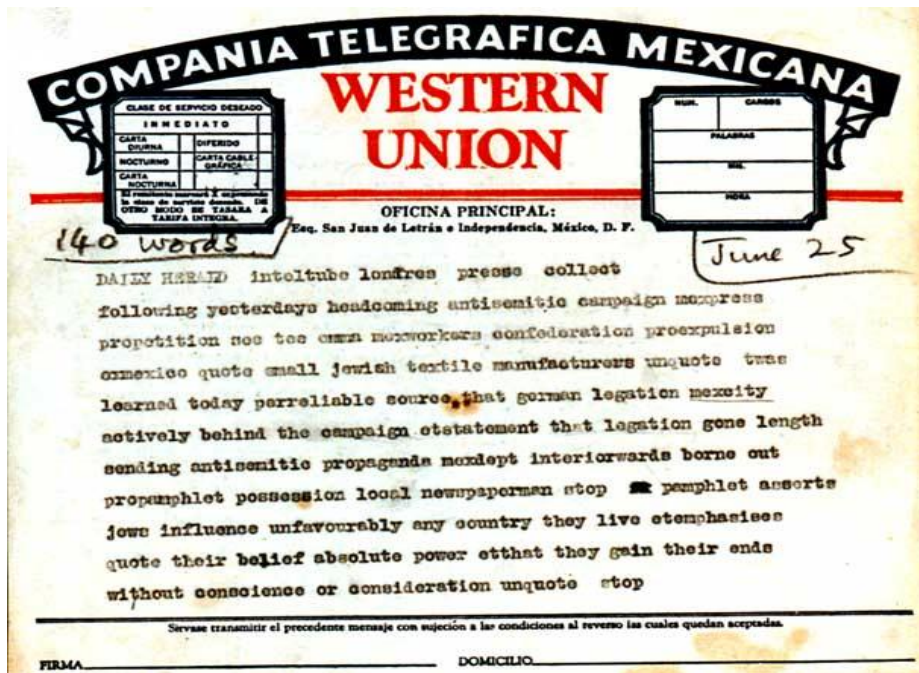
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Stop 6: Rumford Place

Yvonne was staring down the *barranca*, her hair hanging over her face: 'I know Geoff sounds pretty foul sometimes,' she was saying, 'but there's one point where I do agree with him, these romantic notions about the International Brigade - '

'Well, there ain't no brigade no mo', Hugh said absently, for it was not a ship he was steering now, but the world, out of the Western Ocean of its misery. 'If the paths of glory lead but to the grave - I once made such an excursion into poetry - then Spain's the grave where England's glory led.'

from *Under The Volcano* (1947)



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Stop 7: US Consulate, Cunard Building and Goree Buildings

Sigbjorn murmured something that was very like a prayer; which way would you go, Melville, if you were alive?

(Hawthorne crawled blindly down Old Ropery, tin cup clenched in an outstretched, trembling fist. Tap-tap. Veteran of four wars. A penny for my eyes; tappy-tappy; my brassy ferrule. 'Is that you Melville? You're going for a long journey Melville. Yes, the Holy Land.' 'A Zionist? or is your mind still made up to be annihilated? Annihilated? Annihilated.')

from *In Ballast to the White Sea* (2014)



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Stop 8: Salvadorean Consulate, Water Street

'What's all this I hear about you travelling on a cattle truck?'

'I entered Mexico disguised as a cow so they'd think I was a Texan at the border and I wouldn't have to pay any head tax. Or worse,' Hugh said, 'England being *persona non grata* here, so to speak, after Cárdenas's oil shindig. Morally of course we're at war with Mexico, in case you didn't know - where's our ruddy monarch?'

from *Under the Volcano* (1947)