Studi Irlandesi
A Journal of Irish Studies

Firenze University Press
https://oajournals.fupress.net/index.php/bsfm-sijis

Citation: B. Keatinge (2021) "Across the divide / Of the Andes": Harry Clifton and Latin America. *Sijis* 11: pp. 157-172. doi: 10.13128/SIJIS-2239-3978-12880

Copyright: © 2021 B. Keatinge. This is an open access, peer-reviewed article published by Firenze University Press (https://oajournals.fupress.net/index.php/bsfm-sijis) and distributed under the terms of the Creative Commons Attribution License, which permits unrestricted use, distribution, and reproduction in any medium, provided the original author and source are credited.

Data Availability Statement: All relevant data are within the paper and its Supporting Information files.

Competing Interests: The Author(s) declare(s) no conflict of interest.

"Across the divide / Of the Andes": Harry Clifton and Latin America

Benjamin Keatinge
Trinity College Dublin (<keatinb@tcd.ie>)

Abstract:

In his poems of Latin America, Harry Clifton (b. 1952) illuminates "the region of the world most neglected by the Irish state" (Peadar Kirby). Since his return to live in Ireland in 2004, Clifton has sought deeper clarification of his paternal (Irish) and maternal (Latin American) roots. This essay explores how Clifton's cosmopolitanism draws on the freedoms of placelessness alongside the geographical specificities of place broaching issues of colonialism, language and identity. The desolate aridity of the Atacama region of northern Chile and bohemian Buenos Aires are connected to a newly cosmopolitan Ireland. These poems mark Clifton's successful coming home linking his Irish and Latin American origins.

Keywords: Atacama Desert, Chile, Harry Clifton, Irish Poetry, Latin America

1. Introduction: Ireland and Elsewhere

It is possible and profitable to read the well-travelled cosmopolitanism of Harry Clifton's poetry on a number of levels. On one level, there is a quest for "Anonymity, detachment" (Clifton 2006, 12) through which the poet can find an "ideal distance" (Clifton 1997, 12) from which to write about a polyvalent and interconnected world. For this mode of writing, according to Clifton, "placelessness is the ideal" (*ibidem*) and the poet can practice his craft as "a citizen of language rather than a citizen of place" (1996, 41). As he explains in "Coming Home", an autobiographical essay:

> […] we lived in unfashionable, artistically passé Paris, to which only a backward glance was owed. Samuel Beckett, its most famous resident and a magnetising pole for the exiled side of the Irish consciousness, had passed away at the end of the eighties. The chain of Irish exile that had stretched from Moore in the late nineteenth century, through Wilde, Synge, occasionally Yeats, Joyce almost to the end of his days, then Beckett himself, had broken at last, given way to a brash,

cosmopolitan city that had had its artistic moment long ago, and was happy enough to go about its daily business, indifferent as to whether aliens like ourselves, Irish or otherwise, lived or died in it. The conditions were perfect. (2006, 12)

The dividend of these ideal conditions was the composition of *Secular Eden: Paris Notebooks 1994-2004* (2007) which won the Irish Times Poetry Now Award and propelled its author to the forefront of Irish letters with his appointment as Ireland Professor of Poetry from 2010-2013. However, Clifton's transition from Irish writer-in-exile to poet-in-residence at Ireland's leading universities was far from straightforward. Indeed, his return to live full-time in Ireland in 2004 involved "rebuilding an identity from the ground up" (2016) as he acknowledged in a later interview.

Several poems in *Secular Eden* anticipate the problems of confronting anew the "complexity" (1997, 12) and "clutter" (1996, 42) of Ireland, weighed down for the poet by familial and social memories, "the unconscious baggage of childhood, the sins of the fathers, historical background" as he refers to it in "Coming Home" (8). It is this clutter and complexity which serve as another level of engagement for Clifton in his negotiations with social settings at home and abroad. Place, as opposed to placelessness, can hold a burdensome intricacy in Ireland, but also in more distant locales. Indeed, it is the interplay of belonging and estrangement, the voyage out and the return journey which serve as fulcrums for Clifton's aesthetics.

In his poem "A Gulf Stream Ode", from *Secular Eden*, Clifton's anxiety about "The eternal mist, that blots out everything" in Ireland is conjoined with a congruent unease about Latin American "Shadows" embodied in "Granny Allende", Clifton's maternal grandmother (2007, 100-101). "Granny Allende, where on earth did you come from?" the poem asks, posing a self-reflexive question about his "extraordinary family" and his own place in it (101-102, italics in original). Neither Irish mist nor the "legend" (100) of his Latin American roots can offer the poet the much-needed "clarity" (1996, 42) he seeks.

The pattern of exile and return, flight and failed reintegration has been repeated by Clifton in what he identifies as an "Original sin" (2006, 7) which runs in the family:

> It was awhile [*sic*] before I was to learn two things – firstly, that a return to Ireland could be a form of punishing oneself for a realer, truer life elsewhere, and secondly – as my parents had come to realise over twenty years of unease in the not-so-free state – coming back same as coming home. (8)

The "realer, truer" lives led by Clifton in the 1970s, 1980s and 1990s included a stint of teaching in west Africa, a period as an aid worker on the Thai-Cambodia frontier, a brief spell in the USA as well as a memorable year in Italy and a decade in Paris to name just some of his extensive travels[1]. Throughout most of these wanderings, the home place, Ireland, has been experienced as a realm of "economic stagnation" and "bleak futurelessness" (7) which would only gradually transform itself into something more "cosmopolitan" in the late 1990s (15). This transformation has belatedly made Ireland more receptive to Clifton's own ideas of "global intersection" (12) and he speculates that the new situation in Ireland "may mark an end to the shouting match between those who go away and are sneered at as writers of travelogue, and

[1] These travels are variously charted in Clifton's first five poetry volumes all published by The Gallery Press: *The Walls of Carthage* (1977); *Office of the Salt Merchant* (1979); *Comparative Lives* (1982); *The Liberal Cage* (1988); *The Desert Route: Selected Poems 1973-88* (1992); *Night Train Through the Brenner* (1994). His memoir, *On the Spine of Italy: A Year in the Abruzzi* (1999) recounts a year in a village in rural Italy and forms a vital backdrop to *Night Train Through the Brenner*.

those who stay home and are sneered at as purveyors of authentic Gaelic misery whether of the Northern or Southern varieties" (15).

2. Legend and History in Latin America

In terms of Clifton's engagements with Latin America, there is a level of equivalence between the gloom of "the rain-sodden bed-sitter land" (2006, 7) of the Dublin that Clifton grew up in and the more arid desolation of Antofagasta, the city in northern Chile where his parents met and from where they began their own journey "home". In the imagination of the poet, Antofagasta joins Dublin in being "the locus of pure suffering", a place overseas where he can "come into the knowledge" of himself "and go back home" (Clifton, "Chile")[2]. What is "foresuffered" in "Chile", a country the poet has not yet visited, are the "sins of the fathers" (2006, 8), those of flight and return:

> Original sin, or the form it took in my family, happened in 1950, when a ship with my parents on board docked at the North Wall in Dublin. A young married couple, they had met in the desolate nitrate port of Antofagasta in northern Chile, on the edge of the Atacama desert where my father, an engineer from Ireland, had overseen the water supply for three years. He was coming back, with his bride, to settle and have a family. He thought he was coming home. (7)

For the poet, struggling with the shadows of his forebears, the act of successfully coming home is one of deep significance and one which, I will argue, Clifton successfully achieves after 2004. *The Winter Sleep of Captain Lemass* (2012) is Clifton's key collection marking his fuller reintegration back into Ireland and it contains a synthesis of poems relating to the "Twenty-Six Counties" of the Irish Republic, the "Six Counties" of Northern Ireland and a final section titled "Elsewhere".

In this latter section, we find five significant poems situated in Latin America: "Mother Tongue", "*Maté*-Drinking", "Letter from Buenos Aires" (in memory of emigré Polish author Witold Gombrowicz), "The Rain Shadow" and "Estación El Retiro, Buenos Aires". Of these, "Mother Tongue" and "*Maté*-Drinking" are most obviously connected to Clifton's maternal ancestry. Both poems explore a psychological and cultural hinterland, "the milk of origins" (Clifton 2012, 81), in a Latin America dramatized in developmental terms. An adult world is viewed through a child's eyes with belated recognition in adulthood of the what this "vanished world" of his forebears might have been like (82).

Vague animosities rise up, "recriminations" and "family sagas" (81). Indeed, the "long pre-natal chain" (*ibidem*) of these poems is a dark enough affair:

> A door blows open, into a vanished world.
> A woman sits there, *maté*-drinking,
> Arucanian Indian – my grandmother. (82)

This is a conversation with ghosts. There is an otherness, a focalised spectrality which casts this actual social environment as almost otherworldly, as well as being distant and long gone. But this is also, importantly, a conscious effort to recuperate lost maternal ancestry and an acknowledgement of the hardships and exclusions suffered by women in Latin America and

[2] Harry Clifton, "Chile", unpublished poem.

Ireland: "They married me off, you see. I was only a girl, / And falseness, lack of love, became my portion" (*ibidem*). The recuperative endeavour is affirmed by Clifton's comments in an interview that "I had to go looking for the other side [of my personality …] to find its second half, the part that didn't correspond to external Irish life" (1996, 41).

In both of these poems, "the ghostly Andes" lie behind an adult creative consciousness, as Clifton's unpublished poem "A Ship Came from Valparaiso" confirms. A wide gulf of space and time is traversed and an unfamiliar, barely imaginable social universe speculatively "blows open" (Clifton 2012, 82). Although "Ireland" lies "ahead" in the narrative line bringing Clifton's mother to Ireland, the psychological unfolding takes place "In between" (Clifton, "A Ship Came from Valparaiso"). Alluding to the Irish poem "Tháinig Long ó Valparaiso" by Pádraig de Brún (1889-1960), Clifton anchors his own sense of belonging equidistantly from the "grey republic" (2006, 9) and the "desolate nitrate port" (7). His preferred locus is in the exotic voyage, "A city of dreams, / Concepción", where his parents' ship did actually pause, we understand, *en route* for Buenos Aires on their original voyage home. Clifton's "dreams", we realise, are founded on the staging post, the voyage in-between, not on the dreary destination (Dublin) or on the "desolate" departure point (Antofagasta) and this interstitial sensibility is one we will re-encounter in other poems.

Although Clifton chooses to utilise oneiric language in many of these poems ("ghostly", "mist", "legend", "shadows"), it can be argued that there are more palpable contexts, social and historical realities grounded in place, which serve to anchor the poems in ways that are, arguably, more vividly informative than the speculative framing often adopted by Clifton. Indeed, history can be fruitfully deployed alongside familial legend in order to read Clifton's engagements with Latin America as productively as possible.

"The Rain Shadow" is another of the five poems set in Latin America from *The Winter Sleep of Captain Lemass*. It refers to a precise climacteric phenomenon in the Atacama Desert whereby moisture from the sea is pulled over the arid desert region towards the Andes mountains beyond. Clifton's poem links this aridity to an emotional climate which is "Tearless", "Emotionless, remote" in the fashion of mid-century Ireland and which contains only "The clarity of despair" (2012, 85). Nevertheless, the poem is not just a metaphorical treatment of these psychological "Shadow[s]", it also charts *in nuce* some of the historical woes of the Atacama region. For example, "the tinkle of ingot trains" (*ibidem*) is heard by Clifton's "Mother" to remind us of the wealth generated by nitrate, copper and sulphur mining in northern Chile and the concomitant cycle of boom and bust, wealth and poverty brought in its wake. The poem alludes to "religion" (*ibidem*), a brief reminder that the Catholic faith is held in common between Irish and Latin American societies and that missionary expansion was an important facet of European colonisation of Latin America and the Americas more generally. The reference to "Astronomy" (*ibidem*) points in the direction of scientific innovation in the *Norte Grande* of Chile which nowadays hosts some of the most advanced astronomical observatories in the world[3]. For example, the ALMA (Atacama Large Millimeter/submillimeter Array) observatory on the Chajnantor plateau is home to one of the most powerful telescopes in the world and was built with international collaboration to render visible the so-called "dark Universe", a term not without psychological undertones which refers to hitherto-unseen portions of the universe[4]. All of this goes to show that "The Rain Shadow" builds its depiction of a "puritan"

[3] For an overview of northern Chile's range of advanced observatories, see Schilling 2015, <https://www.smithsonianmag.com/travel/star-trekking-chile-astronomy-180955798/> (03/2021).

[4] For further details on the discoveries made possible by advanced radio telescopes, see <https://www.almaobservatory.org/en/about-alma-at-first-glance/how-alma-works/how-does-alma-see/> (03/2021).

(*ibidem*) emotional climate in Ireland through precise allusion to the Atacama region and that the familial occasion of the poem is freighted by the economic, religious and scientific contexts of that region.

"Mother Tongue" covers similar psychological terrain to "The Rain Shadow" but seems to occupy an even "deeper, darker level" in its encounter with "social contradiction" and "family denial" (2006, 14). In the poem, a family drama is being played out in "bitter words" and with "Shouts, recriminations" (2012, 81) so that the wounded son-speaker is left bewildered:

> Years would pass,
> I would run away. It was out there somewhere,
> The mother-tongue. By now she was striking camp
> Or putting down new roots, in another town,
> With an absolute stranger, who would educate me
> In gambling, horses, family sagas
> Endlessly added to, nowhere written down. (*Ibidem*)

The linguistic otherness of the "mother-tongue" carries the same weight as Granny Allende's mysterious origins in "A Gulf Stream Ode" just as "Origins of the Tango", also from *Secular Eden*, covers a "wide *hispanic* space" (2007, 50, italics added). Clifton's mother was raised bilingually in Antofagasta, northern Chile[5] but the poem hints at even more enigmatic ancestry, "I came from gypsies, on my mother's side" (2012, 81). These origins, the poem implies, impinge themselves on the middle-class household in the puritan Dublin of the 1950s, like an unspoken family secret.

These considerations are suggestive of another layer of linguistic and cultural complexity. While Spanish is the main language of the majority of countries in Latin America, the poem refers to a language "Not of this world" (*ibidem*) as the "Mother Tongue" of its title. Could this refer to a language which is literally and tragically "Not of this world", the now-extinct Kunza language once spoken by the *Atacameños*, or indigenous peoples of the Atacama region? We understand from "*Maté*-Drinking" that Clifton's grandmother was "Arucanian Indian" and therefore, ethnically, from one of the indigenous peoples of South America who pre-date Spanish incursions[6]. "Mother Tongue" and "*Maté*-Drinking" together would seem to refer to an Indian language rather than a European one and this would account more fully for the strange aura of mystery that surrounds the mother-tongue and its speaker.

A scholarly review of the cultural heritage of the *Atacameños* explains that, as for much of the American continent, linguistic and cultural (not to say, physical) genocide was a common enough practice during the colonial period:

> The sixteenth century's violent invasion of colonizers seeking gold and other precious metals, […] was the start of a socio-cultural and socio-ecological rupture […] the imposition of new values of

[5] This information is from Harry Clifton, email to the present author, 11 February 2021.

[6] Writing in 1941, Donald Brand explains that: "The term Araucanian [*sic*] most properly refers to the language once spoken by the many Indian groups between the Rio Choapa (Coquimbo Province) and the Gulf of Corcovado (Chiloe Province). However, growing usage […] makes advisable the use of this name for the Indians themselves, although they were never a political, physical, or cultural unit". His outline of the impact of Spanish colonial conquest on the Araucanian Indian populations gives considerable detail on the plurality of Indian groupings and the ethnic complexities of Chile as well as the devastating consequences of Spanish colonisation for these indigenous peoples and their languages. See Brand 1941, 19.

domination over people, culture, and nature. The disappearance of *kunza*, the now-extinct Atacameño language […] can be explained by the conquerors' practice of cutting out the tongues of those who spoke it. (Parra, Moulaert 2016, 248)

Such barbarism on the part of European conquistadors is a reminder of darker chapters in the history of European emigration or conquest in Latin America up to and including the exodus brought about by the Holocaust itself in Europe. In Clifton's signature poem of displacement "Benjamin Fondane Departs for the East" from *Secular Eden*, European victims of Nazi persecution ("Call us the Paris crowd") are "Bound for Buenos Aires, bound for the New" (2007, 200). But many of them, including Romanian-born poet Benjamin Fondane (1898-1944), were victims of "the real Apocalypse" in the gas chambers at Auschwitz (*ibidem*). Others, such as Polish novelist Witold Gombrowicz (1904-1969) were more fortunate and the life of Gombrowicz is the occasion for another significant poem of displacement "Letter from Buenos Aires" (2012, 83-84).

3. Ill-Starred Exiles

Clifton's gift for writing poems and elegies on intellectuals in transit is one of his most characteristic accomplishments. Fondane and Gombrowicz join a distinguished line of *emigrés* whose fate has provided Clifton with a way of voicing his sense of travel as a journey "from innocence to experience" (2015, 20). Poems like "Death of Thomas Merton" (2014, 49-50), "Dag Hammarskjöld" (2014, 55-56), and "Søren Kierkegaard" (2014, 84-85) use the voyage as a means of dramatizing the forces of Eros and Thanatos in these exceptional, but ill-starred figures. These poems of innocence and experience recall the divide between the worldly and the spiritual, and between the profane and the sacred which Clifton's poetry traverses. "Death of Thomas Merton" is a poem which enacts, in its very structure, a move from worldly realities to sacred realities as it traces the last hours in the life of Trappist monk Thomas Merton and the aftermath of his death by electrocution in Bangkok, Thailand on 10 December 1968. Merton traverses the city of Bangkok from the "Temptations" of "heroin, women and incense" in stanzas 1-3 "To the other side of the city" towards "Spiritual masters / Shrunken in skin and bone" in stanzas 4-7 (2014, 49-50). Indulgence and self-denial, carnality and mysticism oppose one another as Merton journeys from West to East in a show of "nonpolitical […] unity" against the Vietnam conflict (50).

We learn in the poem that "Shortly" Merton will "be dead" (49). It transpires that this untimely event will serve only as an "anti-climax" to Merton's personal "crisis" (50). As John Cooney (former Irish Times religious affairs correspondent) explains, the circumstances of Merton's death are shrouded in mystery:

> His official biographer, Michael Mott, concluded that Merton's death was by electrocution […] caused by one of three factors: suicide, murder or an accident. Mott opted for accidental death, without fully ruling out assassination, but dismissed, however, suicide on the grounds that there was neither motive nor circumstance for this. (Cooney 2015)

Cooney argues strongly, however, for Merton's death by suicide on account of guilt and regret at a romantic liaison with a younger woman and suggests that, by 1968, "Merton's extra-mundum moorings were loosening" (*ibidem*). He gives details of Merton's "mid-life fling with a young woman" called Margie Smith who Merton had met in hospital in Louisville, Kentucky where she worked as a nurse (*ibidem*). Clifton's and Cooney's accounts both reveal how Merton was mired in the less-than-sacred environments of politics, doomed love and the war

in Vietnam. Arguably, Merton's moral vacillations and his "unworldly" temperament (Clifton 2014, 50) make him a victim of forces around him in ways that resemble "the sacrifice" of Dag Hammarskjöld (55) whose labours as UN Secretary-General were brought down under "alien skies" and "different weather" in his premature death in an aeroplane accident in 1961 (56).

Witold Gombrowicz was exiled in Buenos Aires on the eve of World War Two and would remain there until 1963 before enjoying belated recognition:

> Returning from the dead, to find myself famous,
> Milosz, Jeleński, back in Paris,
> Calling me home to Europe, where the ghosts are laid. (2012, 84)

But his greatest works were written in Argentina, including his novel *Trans-Atlantyk* (1953), a Spanish translation of his pre-war novel *Ferdydurke* (1937-1947) as well as his acclaimed *Diary* composed between 1953 and his death in 1969 and published from Paris in Polish expatriate magazine *Kultura*[7]. Clifton's poem offers glimpses of a Polish *emigré* community connected across the world by their shared Polish heritage, set adrift by the circumstances of World War Two and its aftermath. It is a trans-Atlantic relationship between Argentina and Europe with the prospect of a literary afterlife beyond "A city of exile" (83).

Gombrowicz enjoys homosexual liaisons in Buenos Aires "Behind the Retiro, haunt of the illicit loves" and he shares this love life in common with another of Clifton's subjects, Italian poet Sandro Penna (1906-1977) whose "tortured irascibility of temperament" and "avowed […] homosexuality" made him "inconvenient" for fellow Italian poets and writers, according to Clifton (1992b, 15). Penna also would gain belated recognition for his poems of serenity:

> Ageless, limpid contemplations of primary images, the recollected Umbrian countryside, the Adriatic coast, the parched valleys of Lazio, south of Rome, drenched in heat and light, his "prenatal landscape" as he called it, […]. (16)

In both cases, one feels that these are writers cut adrift from their own native communities, out of their element, "abandoned by history" as "Letter from Buenos Aires" suggests (2012, 83). Gombrowicz reneges on his aspiration to be "cold and disciplined" (83-84) and succumbs to the louche atmosphere of Argentina's capital in wartime just as Penna indulges his taste for drugs and young men:

> Did you only recognise me
> By my bitten nails, like all pederasts?
> Nembutal, Mogadon, Tavar and Mictasol
> Turning my urine blue -
> I am old, alone. My reputation? It's invisible -
> A poet, they say, for the very few
> Who see, through the murk of the twentieth century,
> The universal, the sun corning through. (2014, 80)

Clifton manages to convey the mixture of vulnerability, irascibility and equipoise in these lines as if to suggest that the imperfect life, and the hoped-for afterlife is the natural way of

[7] Gombrowicz 2012. See an illuminating review: Franklin 2012, <https://www.newyorker.com/magazine/2012/07/30/imp-of-the-perverse> (03/2021).

things: "my destiny half-complete" in Gombrowicz's terms (2012, 84). For Gombrowicz, amid "*empanadas*, beer / At a sidewalk table", an embrace of serendipity seems wise and, in any event, "the will / Disintegrates" in the "Unpressurised vacuum" of "middle age" (83).

4. Travel and Identity

The trans-Atlantic framing of Gombrowicz's life history recalls the transnational scale of *Winter Sleep* where the whole of the Americas provides a context for the collection, not only Latin America. Clifton imagines "A Canada of pure space" in "Bloor and Yonge". In "The Mynah Bird", the life of Elizabeth Bishop (1911-1979) is celebrated. Her journey from childhood and youth in Massachusetts and Nova Scotia to New York, Florida, San Francisco as well as fourteen years residence in Brazil covers the length of the Americas. Antarctica receives its own poetic treatment in "The Whaling Station" from *Secular Eden* (2007, 91-92), discussed below.

Bishop's first full poetry collection North and South (1946) reflects the scope of her wanderings and Clifton's tribute in "The Mynah Bird" affirms Bishop's voice as one of transit:

> the mynah bird
> In the hanging cage
> […]
> The chatter of the ages
> In transit, in their millions,
> Neither here nor there,
> Is your only true heir. (2012, 88)

The sequence in *Winter Sleep* of "The Mynah Bird" (*ibidem*) followed by "Bloor and Yonge" (89) followed by "Mercator" (90) in the concluding "Elsewhere" section, allows Clifton to make expansive references to the whole globe and its respective "continents" (*ibidem*) which were first mapped by Dutch cartographer Gerardus Mercator (1512-1594).

After "Mercator" comes "Somewhere" (91) which canvasses certain epistemological issues posed by Clifton's reimaginings of distant locales. In his discussion of "Irish poetry and the Diaspora" in *Metre* magazine, Clifton wrote that:

> The city of Paris rubs off in a different way than the American Midwest, the Jos plateau of Nigeria differently than the mountains on the Cambodian border. Having lived and written in all those places and many others, it is no longer the difference between them that interests me, but what they share in terms of a common human experience. (1997, 11-12)

While being aware of the specificities of place in Paris, the USA, Nigeria and Cambodia, the poet nevertheless asserts here a commonality in "human experience". However, tension is evident in the variegations of place and placelessness, the local and the universal in the wider corpus of Clifton's poetry which oscillates between these interconnected positions. It is within the in-between zone that we can most lucidly situate Clifton's poetic imagination, a zone which separates "common" human experience from very "different" ways of living in particular places.

Certain poems problematise these issues of travel and identity in more philosophical terms. In "The Whaling Station", Clifton uses the language of the Antarctic to express uncertainty about what is meant by poetic discovery or knowledge. "And that is all I know about Antarctica – / Or nearly", he writes, as the poem accumulates layers of imagery (2007, 91). These "secondhand images" amount to visual and aural fragments which have broken away from the more solid

"ice-cap of the world" (*ibidem*). They comprise both "doubt" and "knowledge" and circulate in the poet's imagination "till the mind cries *Cut*!" (*ibidem*). They include whales ("the weird, submersible music / Of cetaceans") and the "slow butchery" of "the whaling station" itself, with Clifton's "Imagination" taking "flight" (*ibidem*) as if falling asleep over a chapter of *Moby-Dick*.

The informed reader may also think of Stromness, South Georgia, site of a former whaling station off the coast of Argentina, where Antarctic explorers Ernest Shackleton (1874-1922), Tom Crean (1877-1938) and Frank Worsley (1872-1943) made landfall on 9 May 1916 after crossing the Weddell Sea in their makeshift vessel the *James Caird* to rescue other members of their polar expedition who were stranded on Elephant Island. Clifton uses the language of exploration, rendered familiar via the exploits of Edwardian pioneers like Shackleton and his rival Captain Robert Falcon Scott (1868-1912)[8], to conclude this epistemological poem:

> It is cold and getting colder. I am almost there
> At the pole of pure unknowing.
> The march is hard, but somehow satisfying.
> […]
> The whaling station, yapping dogs and sleds
> Are nothing now. I have not moved an inch
> Since the beginning of this long disvestiture.
> I will not be planting any flags
> Or laying claim to anything not my own. (92)

This poem draws on the Heroic Age of Antarctic Exploration (approximately 1897-1922) to explore the boundaries of experience and imagination and to map the contours of imaginative flight versus real crossings and voyages. While the final two lines appear to eschew "secondhand images", the poem is really a triumph of such images and challenges notions of firsthand encounter as the basis for poetic "fulfilment" (*ibidem*). Indeed, it plays with notions of ownership, incorporation and conquest by using the term "disvestiture" to describe the poetic activity of drawing together images and words. The customary idea of cohesion, integration and the achieved poem is countered by the semantically alien term "divestiture", the selling of assets in a business. The poem plants a flag at "the pole of pure unknowing" or terra incognita as Scott and Shackleton attempted to do in their real-life expeditions, but in a Beckettian fashion, it makes a virtue of ignorance and unsuccess, and eschews Edwardian ideals of colonial conquest. So, in its very achievement, "The Whaling Station" divests itself of notions of integration and synthesis using outmoded imperial references to underline the point and, in the process, reminding us that neither Scott nor Shackleton fully achieved their goals in their most famous expeditions[9].

[8] See Worlsey 1999; Piggott 2000; Shackleton 2002; Brandt 2004.

[9] Although Robert Scott reached the South Pole, Norwegian explorer Roald Amundsen (1872-1928) had planted the flag of Norway there first and Scott perished on the return journey. Shackleton's ambition to cross the Antarctic was scuppered when his boat, *Edurance*, was trapped by ice. Thereafter, his expedition was a desperate and heroic struggle for survival. Clifton's poem, arguably, takes up the theme of heroic failure which is common to both Shackleton's Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition, 1914-1917 and Scott's Terra Nova expedition, 1910-1912 and uses it figuratively. Clifton's wider engagements with Beckett are evident in such poems as "Vladimir and Estragon" (1988, 12-13); "Reductio" (2007, 20-21); "A Talking Head on the Rue de Bac" (22-24); "Marriage" (2012, 30-31). These influences may also indicate that the "fundamental unheroic" in Samuel Beckett's writing serves as further contextual background to "The Whaling Station" (Ackerley, Gontarski 2004, 474). Robert Scott's "Message to the Public" which was found on his body in November 1912 concludes: "Had we lived, I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance, and courage of my companions […] These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale" (Bowers, Scott 1995, 277).

Clifton's interstitial imagination thus rests somewhere between the poles of achievement and failure, knowledge and ignorance and it refuses to rest exclusively on the *terra firma* of lived experience. In other important poems, "doubt" and "knowledge" are also taken up, as here in "The Whaling Station", as themes in themselves, worthy of poetic exploration. In "Somewhere", the extent to which other places and other people, their lived realities, are overlooked by aspirant writers, is highlighted. The poem urges the would-be writer to "Join the external universe" but to seek "the unreported zone" which is "never" or seldom "shown" (2012, 91) by the majority of poets. The gap is between well-worn roads and byways and between imagination and reality. In Secular Eden, "The Place" is a poem which likewise considers where and how a claim to identity and knowledge might be made:

Unnameable, that blinding sheet of water
High in the hills I came upon out of the blue
And off the map, on my own way through
The sites of famine and the sites of slaughter
That called themselves Ireland. […]. (2007, 115)

In this journey poem, "travel" nevertheless belongs to "the shadow-world" and an ethical or spiritual "state of grace" on a separate plane from lived "reality" seems to be the sought-after destination. In Beckettian fashion, the location is "Unnameable" and belongs partly to the figurative realm that the poet "could only imagine" (115-116). A return to innocence is implied in the speaker's lonely baptism in an icy mountain tarn with real-life "travel" cast off, like the "disvestiture" of "The Whaling Station". As if planting a definitive flag in the waters of the imagination, the poem concludes: "This, at last, was the place" (116).

5. Desert Crossings

The desert is a locale that encompasses many of these ambiguities and axes. It is a site where the profane and sacred exist together, it is both "nasty" and "nice" (2012, 85), "desolate" and "a place of clarity" (1996, 42). Clifton explains:

I think that anybody who has read my poems will probably have noticed my interest in deserts: real deserts, as in "The Desert Route", or metaphorical deserts, as in "The Walls of Carthage". Where I live at present in Paris is for me a desert, and I use the word desert in a positive sense. For me the desert is a place of clarity and emptiness, and a point of departure; I don't see it in terms of desolation. (*Ibidem*)

Even though Clifton alludes to 1990s Paris as a place of "emptiness" and thus in some sense, "perfect" (2006, 12) for writing, "real deserts" in his work are often compromised places. "The Desert Route", title poem for his *The Desert Route: Selected Poems 1973-1988*, is a mottled vignette of a desert convoy setting out, at once physical and metaphysical:

[…] chaos, preparations
For the desert . . . camels genuflecting
To necessity, loaded with iron bedsteads,
Struggling to rise; and donkeys

With lank, hopeless penises,
Jesuit eyes,
Marking time. (2014, 33)

Like its corresponding dry-zone in Latin America, the Atacama, this is a place where history and poverty weighs upon the population. The probable departure-point for "The Desert Route" is Sokoto in northern Nigeria which Clifton visited in May 1977[10]. Here, the changing fortunes of the Sahel region, between north and sub-Saharan Africa, are reflected in the corruption and lawlessness found there in the twentieth century and more recently. Tom Collins explains how: "[…] policy-makers […] are at odds over what to do with the rising lawlessness of the Sahel. Security imperatives frequently trump development and strategy is muddled in the absence of any panacea" (Collins 2018, 42) and he highlights, in the same article, the contrast of past prosperity with more recent social disorder:

> Across much of West Africa a trend has developed. As the Atlantic Ocean feeds the economic powerhouses on the coast, the Sahara has given way to instability, contraband and disrepair. This wasn't always the case. In fact the very opposite was true. Transit routes criss-crossing the desert connected once-powerful cities like Timbuktu, Gao, Djenné, Sokoto and Kano with North Africa and the Middle East. Goods like gold, salt, cotton, leather and ostrich feathers were transported and traded in large caravans and it was the interior that flourished. (*Ibidem*)

Clifton's poetry from his time teaching in Nigeria from 1976-78 reflects this sense of economic decline and moral malaise. For example, "Gold and Base" in *Office of the Salt Merchant* (1979) refers to "a moral wilderness" created by "the postwar mining boom" (38) while "Dry Savannah" describes:

> Nigerian tribeswomen
> Travelling slowly to market,
> Economies balanced
> On their heads, illiterate eyes
> Scanning the known horizons, sure manifestoes
> Of earth and sky. (41)

These grim realities of survival in the Sahel region of Africa are similar in tone to the response of Charles Darwin (1809-1882) to Chile's Atacama Desert which he visited in June 1835 on the round-the-world voyage of H.M.S. Beagle. This journey would take him to the Galapagos islands and would lead ultimately to the development of his theories of evolution by natural selection in *The Origin of Species* (1859)[11]. Looking for fossils in the Atacama, Darwin commented on its extreme aridity which depressed him:

> While travelling through these deserts one feels like a prisoner shut up in a gloomy court […] We rode on to Ballenar, which takes its name from Ballenagh [sic] in Ireland, the birthplace of the family of O'Higgins, who, under the Spanish government, were presidents and generals in Chile […] an uninteresting country […] barren and sterile […] Every one seems bent on the one object of making money, and then migrating as quickly as possible. All the inhabitants are more or less directly concerned with mines, and mines and ores are the sole subjects of conversation. (Darwin 1995, 78, 80, 86)

[10] This information is from Harry Clifton, email to the present author, 11 February 2021.

[11] Darwin's *The Zoology of the Voyage of H.M.S. Beagle* (1839-1843), commonly known as *The Voyage of the Beagle*, helped to establish his scientific reputation. On this five-year voyage, Darwin made several discoveries about the geology and fossil-record of South America, and the so-called *Copiapò Notebook* contains his original field notes on northern Chile, <http://darwin-online.org.uk/EditorialIntroductions/Chancellor_fieldNotebooks1.7.html> (03/2021).

A more recent British expedition to the Atacama from Cambridge University in 1958 responded more enthusiastically to the terrain compared to Darwin's apparent "indifference" (Aarons, Vita-Finzi 1960, 14). These visitors described the Atacama as "a shy desert" lacking the "majestic proportions of the Saharan serir" and revealing its "charms only reluctantly" (28). The town of Antofagasta is not desolate, according to them, but "picturesquely seedy" (34)[12].

Other visitors to Chile's *Norte Grande* have found the "clarity and emptiness" Clifton discerns but also extremes of desolation and occasional hope. Chilean author Ariel Dorfman uses his extended road journey for self-discovery and as a means of chronicling modern Chile:

> That desert [...] had engendered contemporary Chile, everything that was good about it, everything that was dreadful. The Chile of inequality and misery [...] the Chile [... of] political struggle [...] Allende himself [...] though born in Valparaíso, in Chile's región central, had ended up later in life as a senator representing the region of Tarapacá in the north of the country [...] And Pinochet, yes, General Augusto Pinochet [...] he had also spent many years commanding different posts in the North. (Dorfman 2004, 12-13)

Dorfman's journey is one that brings him to the town of Pisagua, "a blighted place, a port cursed by history" (2004, 221) where Dorfman's close friend and fellow political activist Freddy Taberna was murdered on Pinochet's orders on 30 October 1973. Dorfman's journey to the town where his friend spent his last days and hours juxtaposes "the insanity of being here [...] alive" while Taberna "was dead" (229). Dorfman's narrative is concerned with echoes and hauntings from the trauma of the Pinochet dictatorship and the desert allows him the introspective space to reflect on the "dungeons" (246) and the "missing" (253) of that period.

In the same way, Clifton's poetry is very much alert to the hauntings and aftermaths of history. "The Winter Sleep of Captain Lemass" is a political poem in which absences reverberate across time; indeed, it is a lament written:

> In the name of the lost, the disinherited,
> All who never came back from the dead
> To tell their story, claim their place - (2012, 46)

In the location in the Dublin mountains where Captain Noel Lemass was murdered by Free State troops in 1923, an aura of absence lingers[13]. "It's always cold up here / [...] Infinite winter" (*ibidem*) and the poem visualises "the force of exclusion" and "execution" (44) in ways that invite comparison with the "horror" sensed by Dorfman in Pisagua (2004, 229).

However, the desert is also a site for contemplation where "clarity and emptiness" have sacred and spiritual associations. In his Introduction to *The Wisdom of the Desert* (1960), Thomas Merton explains the essential ordinariness, as he sees it, of the contemplative life lived by the

[12] John Aarons and Claudio Vita-Finzi, co-authors of *The Useless Land: A Winter in the Atacama Desert* (1960) respond in these comments to Darwin's diary entry from the voyage on H.M.S Beagle where Darwin noted: "It was almost a pity to see the sun shining over so useless a country. Such splendid weather ought to have brightened fields and pretty gardens" (quoted in Aarons, Vita-Finzi 1960, 13-14).

[13] Captain Noel Lemass, brother of future Irish Taoiseach Seán Lemass and veteran of the Easter Rising, was murdered for his involvement on the anti-Treaty side in the Irish Civil War 1922-1923. The inscription on his tombstone in the Dublin mountains reads: "In proud and loving memory of Captain Noel Lemass, 3rd Batt Dublin City Brigade I.R.A who died so that the republic might live. His murdered body was found on this spot 13th October 1923". See "But who is Captain Lemass?" (2016), <https://wfupress.wfu.edu/arts-and-culture/but-who-is-captain-lemass/> (03/2021).

"first Christian hermits" (3) whose sayings Merton translates for his book. This is the mode of life closest to the one Merton chose for himself when he joined the Abbey of Our Lady of Gethsemani, Kentucky in 1941 as a Trappist monk. For Merton, the Desert Fathers: "had come to the desert to be themselves, their *ordinary* selves, and to forget a world that divided them from themselves" (23).

In his poem "Skellig Michael", Harry Clifton considers Irish monasticism in terms of the wisdom of the desert using contrastive meteorology not unlike that of "The Rain Shadow" and "A Gulf Stream Ode". The island off the coast of Co. Kerry even shares some of the maritime features which unnerve Ariel Dorfman during his stay at Pisagua: "the waves […] tide [… and] *pi-pi-pi* lament of seabirds" (Clifton 2012, 229):

> The 'vine transplanted out of Egypt'
> Is, they tell me, Ireland.
> I, who did my penance on the mainland,
> Now look back
> From a lost Atlantic rock
> At all those towns named Dysart
> Meaning 'desert'. Surely to Christ
> They knew of us, the Fathers,
> Way back then, in the Middle East –
> Occluded in our weather,
> Or call it a spirit-mist,
> Where the selkies bark, the oceans break,
> Invisible therefore real
> As the books insist. (37)

Just as "The Rain Shadow" merges aridity with moisture, the "Dry-eyed, / Tearless" suppression of emotion against "A shuddering sob at the kitchen sink" (85-86), so here we are asked to consider a desert that is both humid and arid, Irish and of "the Middle East" (37). The poem ponders: what is "Occluded in our weather", what is "Invisible" (*ibidem*)? And so, the speaker seems preoccupied by the hiddenness of what is "real", be this mystical, emotional, or social. Arguably, the solitary penitents who, in Merton's monastic vocabulary, have sought to "forget a world" in the desert or on Skellig Michael, may not always attain the vantage point that the poem's speaker supposes, the ability to "Look back" with clarity or understanding (*ibidem*). Merton did not fully achieve a world undivided from himself, as his biography tells us. And, rather like the protagonists of Clifton's "The Rain Shadow", the "weather" (*ibidem*) of the past pursues those who flee it in such a way that only "a haunted future" awaits (86).

In "Skellig Michael", Clifton's interstitial sensibility locates its meanings in the "crossing" from mainland to island and the poem's almost "medieval" iconography, its "croaked-up devils", align the theological imagination, I suggest, with the voyage of history (37-38). In broader terms, the global wanderings of Clifton's rootless protagonists – Merton in Thailand, Hammarskjöld in New York, Gombrowicz in Buenos Aires – are *transmigrations*. Drawing on teachings from the East, Clifton characterises expatriate identity as multiple or fractured, akin to the soul in Hinduism passing to another shape in a subsequent life, being reincarnated in a new form or, in the expatriate's case, a new country. The displaced victims of war in "Benjamin Fondane Departs for the East" are "transmigrating / Like souls, through the neutral space on the map" (2007, 200). In "Estación El Retiro, Buenos Aires", the migrants to South America are:

[…] transmigrating
Out of Europe, dragging sailors' trunks
Aboard the Pullmans […]. (2012, 87)

Clifton sees the migration of souls and people, the process of being "Dead, reborn / In the place of eternal return" as both generational (familial) and in more strictly religious terms (*ibidem*). And this "praxis of the soul" (*ibidem*) has a monastic colouring, being collective and austerely individual.

6. Conclusion: The Gulf Stream

These speculative framings help us to interpret the Atlantic Ocean as the symbolic vector linking Latin America and Ireland and to read more closely "A Gulf Stream Ode" as Clifton's reticent homage to these waters:

How had we fetched up here, in this maritime state
Of "warm wet winters, summers cool and damp"
Our house so filled with pebbles, sea-shells, bird-cries,
Hurricane-lamps, that threw gigantic shadows,
Calcified fishes, drifted tropical seeds
Inscrutable with oceanic force
The Gulf Stream brought us? Shadows, Granny Allende
Even then, I was spooked by my own lost origins. (2007, 101)

The unstated and hidden reverberate in these lines. The current is elemental, like the "Sargasso eel", driven by its own forces (100). The "Anterior life, the darkness of origins" mentioned in "Origins of the Tango" retain their mystery, including the sketchy past of Granny Allende as well as that of Clifton's "Grandad out from Europe" in Buenos Aires "At the turn of the century" (50)[14]. What is familiar to the young Clifton – "our summer house" near "Killary Harbour", "Carney's acres", "Ownie King's post office" – is subsumed by the mysteries of the "Inscrutable" current that brings the temperate and intemperate Irish weather from afar (100).

All these lines and images are faithful to the moodiness of the current they describe which, oceanographers now realise, is a notably discontinuous stream of water. The Gulf Stream is, in fact:

A powerful river […] but unstable […] tormented by ceaseless regrets or second thoughts […] where the current changes its mind and turns back […with] long-lived whirlpools, circles in the water, twenty, thirty, forty kilometres across […] sustained for months in the same circular motion, […] These giant whirlpools are autonomous worlds, each endowed with its own personality. Some are composed of warm water and others of cold; there are those whose waters are salty, and those whose waters are quite fresh. (Orsenna 2008, 42)

One can readily see that the mystique of the current, thus described, has valency in characterising the "extraordinary family" that Clifton senses beyond the solid presences of the western Irish seaboard (Clifton 2007, 101). Unlike the "clarity" of a desert, we are closer here to the impalpable "spirit-mist" and "selkies" evoked in "Skellig Michael" (37). The unseen presences

[14] Clifton's maternal grandfather came to Latin America from Britain around 1905 entering the continent at Buenos Aires, a city which the poet has visited. Harry Clifton, email to the present author, 11 February 2021.

of past generations in the poet's lineage, "the darkness of origins" (50), find expression as migratory souls, metamorphic and aquatic, like the legends of the selkies[15].

Clifton's "Fathers and forefathers" (2012, 87) as well as the "Female archetypes" (2007, 50) represented by his mother and Granny Allende seem to gather together as kindred "Inhabitants of the Gulf Stream" (101). Connections made poetically are affirmed in the findings of oceanography which tell us that "against all expectation, Latin America plays a key role" in the current's progress: "more than half of the Gulf Stream's surface waters […] originate, surprisingly, in the South Atlantic. And, via the Amazon, in a small portion of the Andean snow melt" (Orsenna 2008, 43-44). Clifton enables us to sense all these currents, whirlpools and transmigrations in his poetry.

It seems fitting that Clifton's elegy to his mother, "A Woman Drives Across Ireland" should be another journey poem with its speaker driving westwards on "that road" she had been down "a hundred times before" (Clifton 2020, 80)[16]. The poem imagines all the paths and roads taken or refused: "all the lives I might have lived / Instead of choosing Ireland, and one man" (81); singularity and multiplicity are held in balance. The poem voices reconciliation and closure even as it articulates an expansive openness.

> Above the Inagh valley, I stopped my car
> Out of sheer wonderment, at how far
> I had come, and how much I had survived.
> […]
> A million grassblades, whispering in the breeze,
> Reminded me I was no-one, and the peace
> Felt huge inside me, as the night came on. (*Ibidem*)

In this retrospective poem of a woman's life, written by her son, one feels in the "invisible ether" (80) the complexities of a life lived between two continents, as the unspoken background to a homecoming and laying to rest.

Works Cited

Aarons John, Vita-Finzi Claudio (1960), *The Useless Land: A Winter in the Atacama Desert*, London, Robert Hale Limited.

Ackerley C.J., Gontarski S.E. (2004), *The Grove Companion to Samuel Beckett. A Reader's Guide to His Works, Life; and Thought*, New York, Grove Press.

"An Interview with Harry Clifton: Returning to Portobello" (2016), *Wake Forest UP*, <https://wfupress.wfu.edu/harry-clifton/interview-harry-clifton-returning-portobello-like-rebuilding-identity-ground/> (03/2021).

Brand Donald (1941), "A Brief History of Araucanian Studies", *New Mexico Anthropologist* 5, 2, 19-35.

Brandt Anthony, ed. (2004), *The South Pole: A Historical Reader*, Washington DC, National Geographic Society.

Bowers William, Scott Robert (1995), "Death in the Polar Desert", in Gregory McNamee (ed.), 273-278.

"But who is Captain Lemass?" (2016), *Wake Forest UP*, <https://wfupress.wfu.edu/arts-and-culture/but-who-is-captain-lemass/> (03/2021).

Clifton Harry (1977), *The Walls of Carthage*, Oldcastle, Gallery Press.

[15] According to the *Oxford Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, a selkie is "An imaginary sea creature resembling a seal in the water but able to assume human form on land; it was traditionally believed unlucky to kill a seal in case it might in fact be at least partially human", <https://www.oxfordreference.com/view/10.1093/oi/authority.20110803100453561> (03/2021).

[16] Dorothy Clifton (*née* Brandon) died peacefully on 2 December 2019 in Dublin.

— (1979), *Office of the Salt Merchant*, Oldcastle, Gallery Press.
— (1982), *Comparative Lives*, Oldcastle, Gallery Press.
— (1988), *The Liberal Cage*, Oldcastle, Gallery Press.
— (1992a), *The Desert Route: Selected Poems 1973-88*, Oldcastle, Gallery Press.
— (1992b), "The Poet Sandro Penna, in Old Age", *Poetry Ireland Review* 35, 14-18.
— (1994), *Night Train Through the Brenner*, Oldcastle, Gallery Press.
— (1996), "Interview", *Metre* 1, 40-46.
— (1997), "Irish Poetry and the Diaspora", *Metre* 3, 11-12.
— (1999), *On the Spine of Italy: A Year in the Abruzzi*, London, Macmillan.
— (2006), "Coming Home", *Irish Pages* 3, 2, 7-16.
— (2007), *Secular Eden: Paris Notebooks 1994-2004*, Winston-Salem, Wake Forest UP.
— (2012), *The Winter Sleep of Captain Lemass*, Tarset, Bloodaxe Books.
— (2014), *The Holding Centre: Selected Poems 1974-2004*, Tarset, Bloodaxe Books.
— (2015), *Ireland and its Elsewheres*, Dublin, University College Dublin Press.
— (2020), "A Woman Drives Across Ireland", *Poetry Ireland Review* 131, 80-81.
Collins Tom (2018), "Can the Sahel Recapture its Lost Glory?", *New African* 586, 42-44.
Cooney John (2015), "Thomas Merton: The Hermit Who Never Was, His Young Lover and Mysterious Death", *The Irish Times*, 9 November , <https://www.irishtimes.com/culture/books/thomas-merton-the-hermit-who-never-was-his-young-lover-and-mysterious-death-1.2422818> (03/2021).
Darwin Charles (1995), "Atacama", in Gregory McNamee (ed.), 77-87.
Darwin Online (2008), "'Well wooded with willows': An Introduction to the Copiapò Notebook", <http://darwin-online.org.uk/EditorialIntroductions/Chancellor_fieldNotebooks1.7.html> (03/2021).
Dorfman Ariel (2004), *Desert Memories: Journeys Through the Chilean North*, Washington, National Geographic Society.
Franklin Ruth (2012), "Imp of the Perverse. Witold Gombrowicz's War Against Cliché", *The New Yorker*, 23 July, <https://www.newyorker.com/magazine/2012/07/30/imp-of-the-perverse> (03/2021).
Gombrowicz Witold (2012), *Diary*, trans. by Lillian Vallee, New Haven, Yale UP.
McNamee Gregory, ed. (1995), *The Desert Reader: A Literary Companion*, Albuquerque, University of New Mexico Press.
Merton Thomas (1960), *The Wisdom of the Desert: Sayings from the Desert Fathers of the Fourth Century*, New York, New Directions.
Orsenna Erik (2008), *Portrait of the Gulf Stream: In Praise of Currents*, trans. by Moishe Black, London, Haus Publishing.
Parra Constanza, Moulaert Frank (2016), "The Governance of the Nature-Culture Nexus: Lessons Learned from the San Pedro de Atacama Case Study", *Nature and Culture* 11, 3, 239-258.
Piggott Jan, ed. (2000), *Shackleton: the Antarctic and Endurance*, London, Dulwich College.
Shackleton Ernest (2002 [1919]), *South: The Endurance Expedition*, Cork, Collins Press.
Shilling Govert (2015), "An Astronomer's Paradise, Chile May Be the Best Place on Earth to Enjoy a Starry Sky", *Smithsonian Magazine*, 22 July, <https://www.smithsonianmag.com/travel/star-trekking-chile-astronomy-180955798/> (03/2021).
Worsley F.A. (1999 [1933]), *Shackleton's Boat Journey*, London, Pimlico.