

1 Outward Bound

On the poop of a ship

I watched each night

The fluctuant hope

Of the moment before.

The wood drifting, /

The torn smoke,

All the beauty,

The sadness of the sea.

– from ‘Outward Bound’



2 Public House

The bar maid with long fingers, refined and sensitive, mopped the swimming bar with a slobbery rag which she wrung out into a bucket. She wiped her hands with the rag. Fourpence-halfpenny registering. As Joe watched her leaning on a giant green bulb of Irish whiskey, clamped upside down (he noticed that the man sweeping the bar, pausing on his broom, was also watching), he thought how like Poppy she was. The same eyes. The hot sun would gild her tangled hair and make her white face glow and seem contented in just such a matter. Somebody, perhaps the barman, would be lucky; everybody ... anybody except him, in the bar – “Time gentlemen pleece ...”

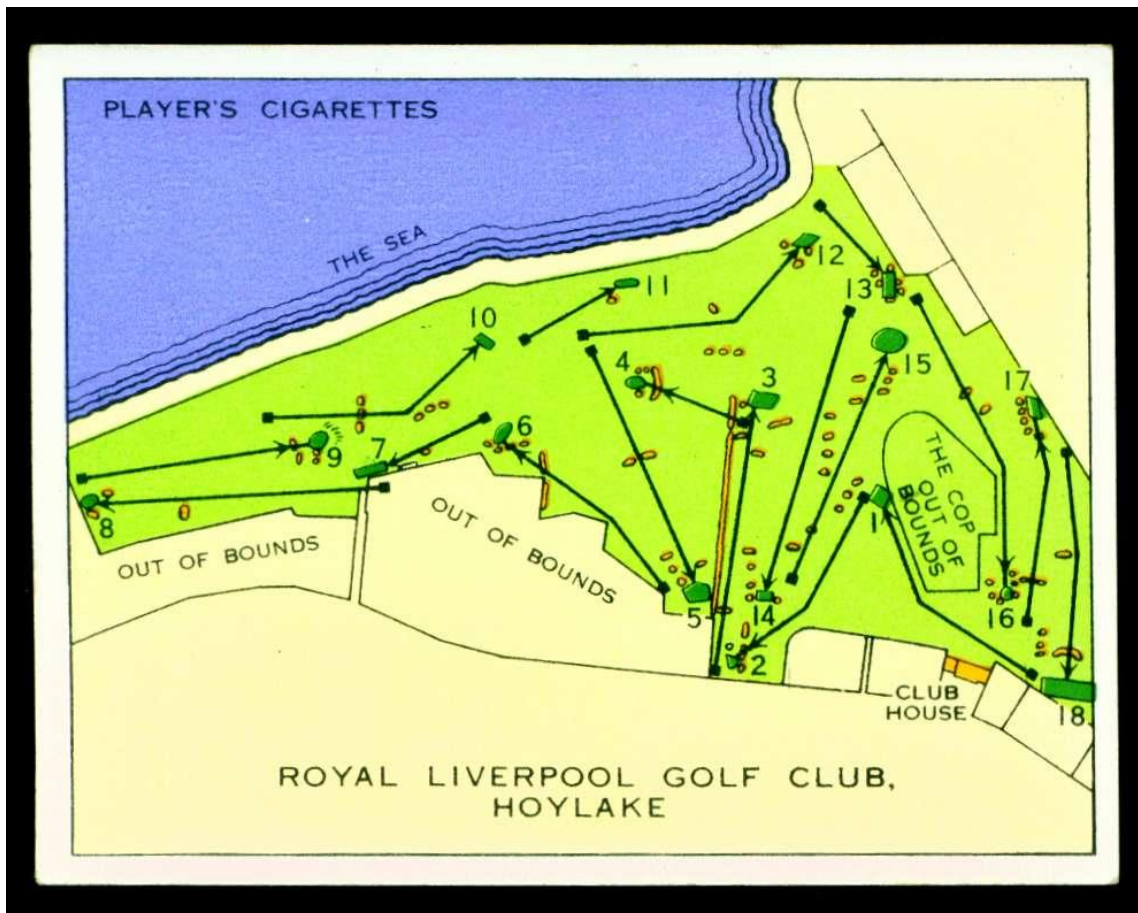
– from ‘Goya the Obscure’

Drawing near the dockside the pubs came thick and fast, with sea-sounding names here: the Dolphin, the Blue Peter, the Right Whale

- from ‘Enter One In Sumptuous Armour’

A pale-faced fireman told him where he could get his clothes, and the two of them whiled away an hour lounging against the swimming bar of the Anchor.

– from *Ultramarine*



3 Royal Liverpool

... and now the windy whistling empty golf links themselves with their blowing spiny spring grasses and sand dunes and stricken stunted thorn bushes ... – the course! but ah, what further hazards lurked before them there, what roughs and bunkers and traps and dog-legged approaches, and dongas, and treacherous blind (and nineteenth) holes, and final, it was to be hoped too, bright fairways; and the ecstasies of bobolinks twittering and bobolinking in the blue, bobbing on the links.

– from *October Ferry to Gabriola*



4 Grange Hill, West Kirby

The Taskersons lived in a comfortable house whose back garden abutted on a beautiful, undulating golf course bounded on the far side by the sea. It looked like the sea; actually it was the estuary, seven miles wide, of a river: white horses westward marked where the real sea began. The Welsh mountains, gaunt and black and cloudy, with occasionally a snow peak to remind Geoff of India, lay across the river. During the week, when they were allowed to play, the course was deserted: yellow ragged sea poppies fluttered in the spiny sea grass. On the shore were the remains of an antediluvian forest with ugly black stumps showing, and farther up an old stubby deserted lighthouse. There was an island in the estuary, with a windmill on it like a curious black flower, which you could ride out to at low tide on a donkey. The smoke of freighters outward bound from Liverpool hung low on the horizon. There was a feeling of space and emptiness.

– from *Under the Volcano*



5 Scorpion

Far away the Consul made out a green corner, the golf course, with little figures working their way round the side of the cliff, crawling... Golfing scorpions.

It was as if they were standing on a lofty golf-tee somewhere. What a beautiful hole this would make, from here to a green out into those trees on the other side of the barranca, that natural hazard [...] Plock. The Golgotha Hole. High up, an eagle drove downwind in one. It had shown lack of imagination to build the local course back up there, remote from the barranca. Golf = gouffre = gulf. Prometheus would retrieve lost balls. And on that other side what strange fairways could be contrived, crossed by lone railway lines, humming with telegraph poles, glistening with crazy lies on embankments, over the hills and far away, like youth, like life itself [...] I should have become a sort of Donne of the fairways at least. Poet of the unreplaced turf. – Who holds the flag while I hole out in three? Who hunts my Zodiac Zone along the shore? And who, upon that last and final green, accepts my ten and three score... Though I have more.

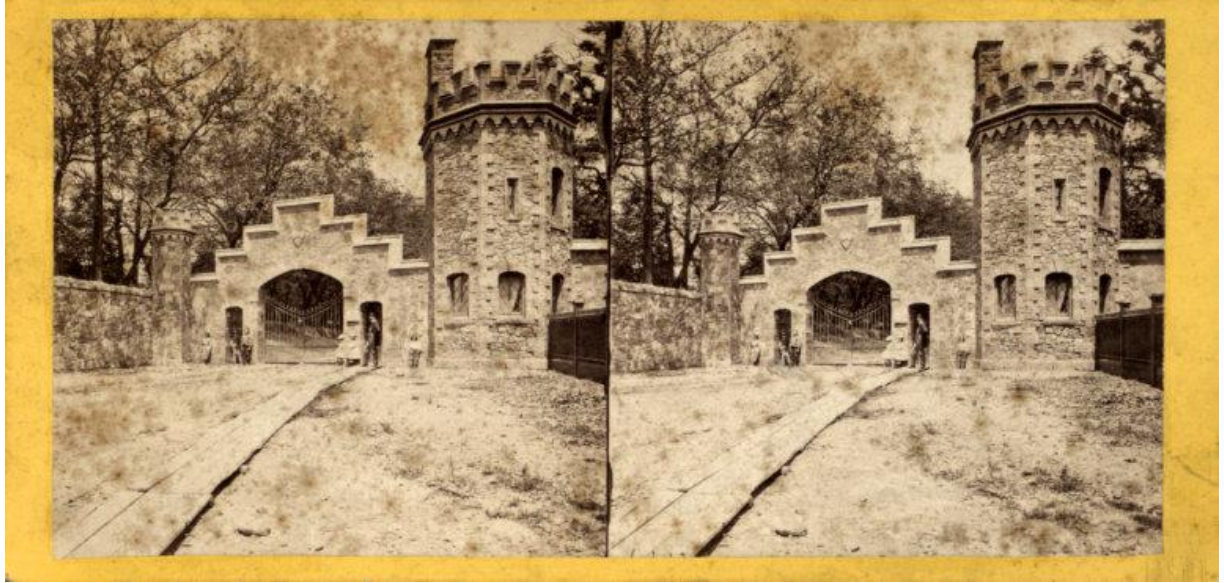
– from *Under the Volcano*



6 Man and Anderson Shelter, Wallasey

Warren Crest wasn't worth looking for. It isn't there anymore. Wallasey suffered heavy bomb damage during W.W.2. I understand the site has been redeveloped.

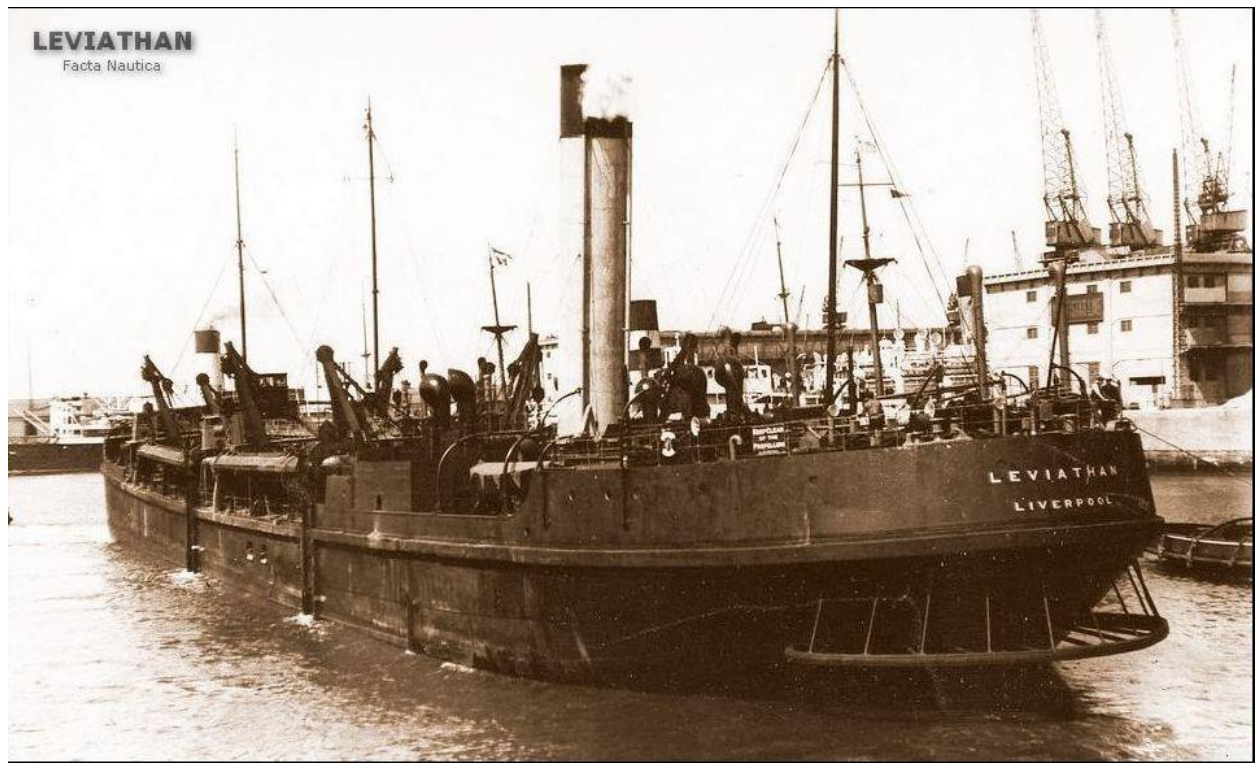
– Russell Lowry, 1987



7 Castle Point, Hoboken, USA

Just as when he'd been in the navy he had thought in terms of land: the messroom reminded him of digs he'd had at Liverpool University, the poop under an awning, of a French café. Even the concealed guns, conjured out at practice from innocent hatches and suave bulkheads brought back the battery in the Park or Castle Point.

– from *The 1940 Under the Volcano*



8 River Mersey

The estuary flowed eastwards into the Mersey which flowed inland to Runcorn and beyond; the Manchester Ship Canal branched off it. Waterways were spread there like the veins of a hand. A violent wind now buffeted him and his machine seemed to buckle against it. He banked to eastward.

Below him, like a huge fish, a dredger glided, and he dropped lower to read her name.

'Leviathan.'

But no thought of the White Whale entered the pilot's mind; he made no overtures to the supernatural at all; as a matter of fact he only wondered for a moment what had happened to the other Leviathan which never made any money for its owner and whether or not it was still tied up in Hoboken, New Jersey—and then forgot both altogether.

— from In Ballast to the White Sea