blurring of the boundaries between art and survival is a constant theme in Native experience. Later one reads of the cultural resonance of mukluks (boots), which are both decorative and extremely functional — a well-made pair can save their owner's life on a hunting trip. Properly insulated mukluks, a fine multifunctional patkutaq (which can act as a bowl, fan, plate, and mosquito-swat), and the well-carved handle of an Ulu knife: all are perceived as both decorative art pieces and functional, life-saving implements, and the outsider must gain some insight into this viewpoint in order to understand the cultural meanings that underlie the objects. Furthermore, the multi-functional nature of many of these objects makes them very difficult to categorise in Western terminology. Fair explores this idea, and also the notion that language plays an important role in understanding purpose and intention. She cites the example of Yup'ik grass containers and seal-skin bags for dolls; both share the same name in Yup'ik ('like a basket'). These objects share a functional commonality in Yup'ik worldview, which is alien to Western discourse. It is a shame that the constraints of the size of the book mean that these arguments cannot be developed further.

The chapter on 'Genres, boundaries and ways of making' effectively brings the various Native groups together to explore similarities and contrasts. One reads that Eskimo culture tends to value intellectual property above material objects, seeing the artwork as almost ephemeral. Conversely, the Tlingit value the object in itself, having a stronger affinity with the physical. The attitude towards masks is another example; in different areas of the state they are viewed in completely different manner. To some, they are mere entertainment, whilst elsewhere they have enormous cultural resonance, and need to be handled with great respect, if at all. Elsewhere one observes that within groups there are different ideals and values at play. Tlingit weavers Teri Rofar and Marie Laws use their art to express their opposition to clear-cut logging in southeast Alaska, which (Fair indicates) does not reflect the opinions of the majority of Native Sitka residents. Throughout the book there are reminders that Alaska is far from homogenous.

Fair did not shy away from the controversies of her own profession; curatorship. Through her discussion of the topic, a curator's view on selection policy is demonstrated, as is the presentation of objects within the public context. This is, as always, underpinned with interviews with artists, ensuring that the curator/artist dynamic is explored from both perspectives.

The main accomplishment of author and editor is the success in resolving the conflict between making a book accessible to a general audience, whilst maintaining its academic substance, and in turn making this accessible to a non-Native audience whilst attempting to reflect the spirit and intention of the Native artists themselves. Although one cannot speak on behalf of the artists, one cannot deny that the book is permeated with a sense of respect for the objects and their creators, and of genuine joy in exposing this often neglected art to a wider audience. (Mark Gilbert, Scott Polar Research Institute, University of Cambridge, Lensfield Road, Cambridge, CB2 1ER.)

REJOICE MY HEART: THE MAKING OF H.R. MILL'S *THE LIFE OF SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON* – THE PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF DR HUGH ROBERT MILL AND LADY SHACKLETON, 1922–33. Michael H. Rosove (Editor). 2007. Santa Monica, CA: Adélie Books. xxi + 142p, illustrated, hard cover. ISBN 978-0-9705386-2-8. £18.95; $US34.95.
doi:10.1017/S003224740800733X

Sir Ernest H. Shackleton was laid to rest in Grytviken, South Georgia, on the 5th of March 1922. Forty-four days later, his widow, Emily, wrote to H.R. Mill asking if he would consider writing a biography of her husband. 'I feel that no one could do it as you could . . .' She had spoken the week before with Sydney Pawling of William Heinemann, the publisher of both *The heart of the Antarctic* and *South*, who had expressed enthusiasm for the project. She told Mill that she 'could do a good deal of "spade work," if it would be of assistance . . .' (Little did she know!) Mill answered Emily Shackleton's letter the very same day — a testament to the speed and efficiency of the postal system of that era — immediately agreeing to the undertaking: 'I should be overjoyed . . .' Emily, in her turn, replied the next day, 'Your kind letter rejoiced my heart.'

Thus began a correspondence that covered a myriad of details associated with the production of *The life of Sir Ernest Shackleton.* Mill was always 'all business' and stuck to the point; Emily was more verbose, often wrote 'in haste' and tended at times to stray to unrelated matters in a newsy, conversational way. Each letter begins 'Dear Dr Mill' or 'Dear Lady Shackleton' and ends with 'Yours very sincerely Emily Shackleton' or 'Yours very sincerely Hugh Robert Mill' (except for one from Emily that unaccountably is signed 'Emmie'). Between them from 18 April 1922 and 2 March 1933, 124 letters passed, those from Emily outnumbering those from Mill, 96 to 28. Most numerous are those leading up to the completion of the biography, which Mill announced in his letter of 17 March 1923, less than a year after he started work on the book. He wrote:

> I am very greatly indebted to you for the material you supplied and the help you gave so unsparingly, and also for the consideration you showed on all matters of uncertainty or difference of opinion. It is very pleasant to be able to look back on so long a stretch of difficult and delicate authorship without the slightest friction in its whole length and I am sure that there is scarcely a woman alive who could have aided the author of her husband[']s biography so ably and understandingly as you have done all through.

The week before Emily had written, 'You cannot think what a privilege it has been for me, to have been allowed to work for you.' So they managed to survive

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the collaboration, remaining friends and retaining their respect for each other's efforts and skills.

The life of Sir Ernest Shackleton was published on 26 April 1923, just 15 months after Shackleton's death. It's worth pondering that the first biography of Robert Falcon Scott didn't appear until 1929, 17 years after his death.

To produce a biography of Shackleton no better team could have been fielded than H.R. Mill and Emily Shackleton. Not only was he a skillful writer and knew many of those who would feature in the work, but he had patience beyond measure. And she had the information — and the time and energy to serve as family go-between, archivist, genealogist, medallist, proofreader, and sounding board. She would make suggestions ('Will you cut out the sentence on page 45 . . .'); he would usually comply, but not always ('[The] Kipling episode must stand . . .'). They complemented each other very well. 'It is curious how you anticipate many of my queries,' Mill wrote to Emily.

Rejoice my heart is a remarkable Antarctic book in many ways. To my knowledge it is the only collection of letters with an Antarctic association (excepting the recently published love letters of Paquita Delprat and Douglas Mawson). The correspondence is instructive in showing the collaborative process in full swing and the mechanics of book publishing in the era of letterpress. What a contrast to today where communication would be by e-mail (and probably not preserved to appear in book form years later), layout and composition would be computerised, proofreading would be by 'spell checker,' and printing and binding no doubt done half-way around the world.

A most unusual arrangement makes the biography out of the ordinary: Mill received no portion of the profits; they all accrued to Emily. (And in the same spirit one half of the proceeds of *Rejoice my heart* will flow to SPRI's William Mills Library Acquisitions Fund.)

But of most appeal and value is what the correspondence tells us about Shackleton, those he knew and served with, his family, and the times in which he lived. Frank and enlightening opinions of people and events abound, including some 'bent noses' in the Antarctic community ('Captain England is much hurt . . .'). The letters go far to emphasise and explain Shackleton's intense love of poetry. And isn't it a surprise that Emily and Captain Oates' mother, Caroline, knew each other ('She has been a very dear friend to me since 1915.' Emily would stay with her in London; and her son Ray visited Mrs Oates at Gestingthorpe)? The restrained relationship between Emily and Kathleen Scott, now remarried, comes out ('I screwed up my courage and wrote Mrs Hilton Young last Friday . . .'). Up to now Scott's eccentric though strong widow has been the sole woman character of note in the Heroic Age drama; of Emily we knew nearly nothing. The appearance of these letters may very well change that.

Rejoice my heart is the third title to appear from Adélie Books, which is, in truth, the alter ego of Michael H. Rosove who is well known in the community of Antarctic collectors, bibliographers, and historians. (How this prominent UCLA physician and clinical professor has time for such labors of love is a great mystery.) Unlike the first two offerings, the latest is more traditional in design and has less of the 'limited edition' look to it. But it is limited, there being a press run of only 500. The Honourable Alexandra Shackleton adds an informative preface on Emily and T.H. Baughman does the same for Mill — 'the finest Antarctican who never went there' — in a nine-page introduction. Rosove then contributes a five-page editor's note that tells the story of how the book came about. He recounts his reading of Emily's letters to Mill, which are held at the Scott Polar Research Institute.

> The correspondence was fascinating, and I wondered whether letters Lady Shackleton received from Dr Mill had been saved and what they might have revealed. When certain items from the Shackleton Collection were offered at auction in September 2003 at Christie's London, that correspondence was in the sale — it indeed existed. Unfortunately a few letters are missing, and efforts to trace them have failed. Nevertheless, with the appearance of Dr Mill's letters to Lady Shackleton the story behind the first Shackleton biography can be told, and much about the personalities of Dr Mill and Lady Shackleton can be revealed for the first time.

The letters run for 119 pages and are then followed by 13 pages of 'Extracts from Press Reviews' (one of the two reviews Mill considered 'bad' is not included, perhaps an oversight), a two-page bibliography and an index. There are extensive footnotes throughout. There are eight plates including two that appeared in *The life* (a portrait of Shackleton and one of Emily and the three children), a portrait of Mill, the initial two hand-written letters in the correspondence (also adapted as the book's endpapers), the front cover and spine, and a detail of the coat of arms that appears on the cover, as well as the title page of the first edition of *The life*. Two illustrations that are not included but I wish were are photographs of Hill Crest, Mill's house in Surrey, and 14 Milnthorpe Road in Eastbourne, where nearly all the letters either originated or were destined.

My chief complaints with the book relate to its design and format, not the content. The preface, introduction and editor's note run on together, while each should begin on an odd page. The preface is really not a preface, which is the work of the author or editor in this case, but a foreword or introduction and should be treated equally with Baughman's introduction as they are of the same nature. The editor's note is really a preface. A table of contents should have been included. There are numerous 'widows and orphans' — pages ending or beginning with a single line of text. This could have been easily overcome and doing so would have made for a more pleasant appearance and easier reading. The text would have benefited from hyphenation; as it is, it's a bit ragged. The illustrations might have been acknowledged as to source, and I always like to know something about the

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typography of a book and by whom it was printed and bound. Some of the footnotes and information in brackets seem unnecessary. Wouldn't any reader of this book know that MS means manuscript and that William Wordsworth was an English poet?

These quibbles aside, all Antarcticans and Shackletonians will be informed by reading this book and pleased to have it on their shelves alongside *The life of Sir Ernest Shackleton*, happily again in print. (Robert B. Stephenson, The Antarctic Circle, PO Box 435, Jaffrey, New Hampshire 03452, USA.)

FROBISHER'S GOLD. Fraser Grace. 2006. London: Oberon Books. 101p, soft cover. ISBN 1-84002-709-6. £8.99.
doi:10.1017/S0032247408007341

The Elizabethan adventurer Martin Frobisher was something between a pirate and an explorer, a not unusual combination at the time. In 1576, he set out from England in search of the Northwest Passage. Rather than return empty-handed, he came back from northern Canada with samples of a mysterious 'black earth' that supposedly concealed gold. Queen Elizabeth I was among the investors lured into funding two expeditions to exploit the discoveries. Nothing at all came out of these voyages, and there's a suspicion that the assay tests on the early samples of 'black earth' were either wildly optimistic or deliberately rigged.

This is the promising basis for Fraser Grace's play *Frobisher's gold*, first performed at the Junction in Cambridge in 2006. The action is framed by opening and closing scenes at Windsor, with a lengthy central section set on 'Friesland,' the featureless white waste where Frobisher's party are quarrying for gold. Grace isn't aiming at realism: the Friesland interlude becomes increasingly surreal as the characters are transformed into polar animals — a walrus, a penguin, a bear — before the whole scene dissolves in a dream of the Eskimos singing ethereally and off stage. And a dream it is, the product of Elizabeth's literally fevered imagination back in her Windsor palace.

As well as Frobisher and Elizabeth — whose relationship is essentially a matter of business — the writer brings other genuine historical figures to the table. Francis Walsingham, normally seen as England's first and most ruthless spymaster, is here presented as a bumbling Polonius-style figure, known as 'Wally' to the Queen. Robert Devereux, the Earl of Essex, is the courtier who earns her displeasure by marrying in secret and whose execution she imagines in her dream of Friesland. Following a long tradition that demands that famous single women have to be saddled with a love (or sex) life, Essex is presented as her lover, although he would have been scarcely in his teens by the time of the Frobisher expeditions.

But accuracy and strict historical verisimilitude aren't the aims of Grace, whether in terms of chronology or language. The second line of the play is 'Do you know what bugs me, Devereux?' after which Elizabeth goes on to talk about ruling 'a nation of underachievers.' And the conclusion of the play, which has Walsingham and Devereux both appearing in drag as the Queen (to cover for her absence from the public eye while she's laid up with the fever), is not so much transvestite high jinks as deliberate travesty.

But *Frobisher's gold* isn't some latter-day version of *Carry on, Lizzie*. It has plenty of jokes — there's a particularly good running gag about the Eskimo word for 'fish' — but touches of poignancy too. There is subtlety in the contrast between Martin Frobisher and the most sympathetic character, William Crowe, a surgeon who accompanies him. Crowe's naive respect for his master ('the greatest leader of men, ever known') is balanced by his openness towards the 'Esquimaux,' whose language he wants to learn, whose singing he wishes to hear. And there's a general psychological and historical truth underlying the shenanigans. The exploring and colonising spirit of the sixteenth century was an amalgam of adventurism, greed, and recklessness, as displayed here. The search for gold is destined to fail, but the energy and grit needed to discover that there's nothing out there are the motors that will make England great, or at least greater than Spain, a project that Elizabeth has set her firm heart on. The Queen is shown attending to her image, both literally and metaphorically, and if her decision to be the 'virgin queen' wasn't the slightly flip choice shown in *Frobisher's gold*, there's no doubt that Elizabeth and her advisors were as image-conscious as any masters of spin today. So the sometimes-farcical surface of this play does conceal plenty of historical gold. (Philip Gooden, 2 Sion Hill Place, Lansdowne, Bath BA1 5SJ.)

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