

LUCY HAMILTON

REDELL OLSEN

SARAH HOWE

ANDREA PORTER

ROD MENGHAM

LUCY SHEERMAN

DREW MILNE

REBECCA WATTS

INTRODUCTION

This supplement is a first for both The Polar Museum and *PN Review*, the record of an innovative project exploring the connections between the writing process, curation and objects in museums. *The Polar Muse* invited eight Cambridge-based poets to select an object from The Polar Museum's permanent display and to use it as the basis for a new work. The resulting poems were installed on the glass of the display cases, in front of the items which inspired them, on 23 September; they are presented here in *PN Review* as a set.

Through *The Polar Muse*, we wanted to reflect on how the museum visitor's relationship with material is facilitated, how it is mediated. Looking itself becomes a complicated issue in a museum context, even at the simplest level: how do we look at museum objects? How *should* we look at museum objects? How much do we actually learn as we look? What role does language play in the process? The poems form both a visual and linguistic layer between the visitor and the objects, constituting an interruption which will invite audiences to reflect critically on their own engagement with museum artefacts and the kinds of engagement a museum can offer.

We were also keen for this to be an opportunity for the poets to capitalise on the full resources of the Museum, which so often lie dormant: the reserve collection, the catalogue information and, at The Scott Polar Research Institute, the complementary presence of a comprehensive archive and library, as well as the expert knowledge of staff. We were delighted to find that everyone involved plunged in, delighted, too, to discover that, in many cases, this involved uncovering the story behind, or buried within, an object.

Sometimes this meant searching out a lost voice, as in Andrea Porter's meticulously imagined and moving triptych on three Inuit women, 'Inua', based on a small ivory bird, a barrel organ and a comb from William Edward Parry's Arctic expedition, 1821-23. For Sarah Howe, inspired by Captain Scott's camera, it meant conjuring up the plosive, fussy talk of Herbert Ponting teaching Scott the art of photography, hopping between the lyrical and the imperative. Lucy Sheerman has woven language from remote sensing specialist Dr Gareth Rees' own field journals into her compositions, giving voice to the more contemporary project of mapping lichen in the Arctic.

p.t.o.

THE POLAR MUSEUM, Scott Polar Research Institute, Lensfield Road, Cambridge CB2 1ER is open Tuesday-Saturday, 10am-4pm (closed Bank Holiday Saturdays, open Bank Holiday Mondays).

On 4 November, from 6-7.30pm, the poets will be present at a public reading and discussion. Admission free, all welcome.

The poems, along with blog posts on the writing process and recordings of the poems read aloud by the poets, are also available online at: www.spri.cam.ac.uk/museum/polarpoetry/

A preoccupation with the language left over from Polar expeditions, the troves of journals and letters kept in the Institute's archive, has informed a number of the works. Rebecca Watts has spun an intoxicating dream of greater comfort out of Apsley Cherry-Garrard's accounts of sleeping in Antarctica, centred on Captain Oates' sleeping bag; Rod Mengham explores the 'wind-fed rumours' of slips of paper scattered by balloon across the Arctic, sent out in search of Sir John Franklin, who, in search of the North West Passage in 1847, disappeared with his crew and two ships. Lucy Hamilton's 'The Diarists' brings the journal entries and last letters of members of Captain Scott's last expedition into contact with the concerns of a present-day diarist, 'amplifying the past in small stages', while the two parts of Redell Olsen's 'Whiteout Film for Snow Goggles' even begin to incorporate the forms of the objects themselves into their language, mimicking the narrow slits of Inuit-style goggles and aping crystalline structures with small stanzas and snowflake asterisks.

For 'Reindeer Lichen', Drew Milne chose the only object on display in the Museum without a caption – a small piece of reindeer lichen. In doing so, he exposed a moment of curatorial absenteeism, revealing hierarchies that can, or perhaps must, emerge, despite the best of intentions, when arranging objects for display – an irony, considering the fact that this lichen was mistakenly called reindeer moss for many years and overlooked by early explorers. Was it a case, in Milne's words, of curators becoming 'blinded by prospects of relics' more showy?

The poems perform wonderfully as installations: they will remain in place until 20 December 2014. However, the enduring success of the project is in the quality of the works themselves, gathered and presented here, where the voices of their objects will resonate long after the glass at The Polar Museum is clear again.

Heather Lane and Joseph Minden,
Scott Polar Research Institute, August 2014

LUCY HAMILTON

from THE DIARISTS

Pictures & Frames

The British
Antarctic
Expedition
1910-1913

The Diarist is writing a century after the Expeditions. She is not eminent but is resolute, delving deep, excavating through layers of memory and silted-up grief. Unlike the men, she has achieved a venerable store of years. She is trying to form a greater picture, framing the two explorers in parallel as they set off in the same year, same century. She wants to shift her obsession to theirs just as Pennel '*swung*' the ship for compass adjustment – to absorb herself in their joys & trials until the bitter end, so her pain becomes theirs and so their acceptance and grace – *I ought not to complain, but it is hard to be philosophic* – becoming hers, might deepen into ... no, not closure – into a kind of forgiveness.

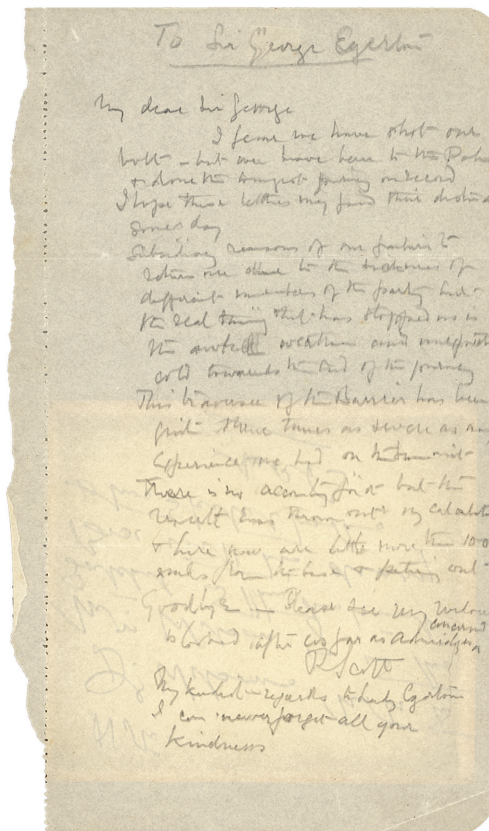
The British
New Guinea
Expedition
1910-1912

Letters & Diaries

☞ ☞
2 daughters
2 sons
1 sister
1 brother (deceased)
doctor/nurse
dentist
cleaner
gardener
☞ ☞

She will call them Capt. S. & Dr. S. she thinks, making a list, wryly noting the absurdity of her (Tesco) inventory alongside theirs as she fixes her stick & bag on the scooter that's like a sledge without huskies, thinking her cleaner will carry in the goods like a Sherpa. She too has a team – daughters & sons & grandchildren, a nurse bandaging the ulcerous leg in the comfort of ... oh to think of the frost-bite in that tent, to contemplate the swamps, the malaria & beri-beri – but where to start, how to sort & sift & record? She must re-read the diaries & letters, make lists, keep a journal of scraps & fragments – piecemeal as her strength & sight allow, positioning the magnifying-glass to bring it all closer, within reach, amplifying the past in small stages.

☞ ☞
apples /veges
Cornflakes
rice /Bully-beef
flour-for-
chapattis
dried peas
eggs
☞ ☞



Ice & Tears

The Last Letters

My Father, Sandy

Here is a man who knows he is going to die. *The boy will be your comfort I had looked forward to helping you to bring him up but he it is a satisfaction to feel that he is safe with you...* and the Diarist flicks to his photograph, envisaging the bitten lips, those final moments in the stricken tent with his two surviving companions. Dr. S. on the other hand, snatched away in a collision between a psychotic — *noun recorded 1910* — and a Cambridge fellow, opening his door to disorder, triggering the end. She leans over the magnifying-glass, moved almost to tears by the sloping letters she can barely discern, needing the typescript to read *I wasn't a very good husband but I hope I shall be a good memory certainly the end is nothing for you to be ashamed of.*

Glaciers & Robins

Dante was right when he placed the circles of ice below the circles of fire.
Apsley Cherry-Garrard, *The Worst Journey in the World*

The terrifying ice-cliffs are always changing, writes the Diarist, constantly repelling and attracting. How did they survive the long winter? Did they quarrel? Yes sir, damn you sir. This morning, sitting outside on her scooter, she'd begun to pull ivy from the primroses when the robin arrived like a spirit into her tiny world — so close she could see its black eye. She glances at the image: *I hate the way we seem so small in the menacing vastness, pulled down to unspeakable depths.* Those who'd returned like young Cherry-Garrard were never the same. Yes, and then suddenly her scooter had shifted, tilted, and was rolling down the bank towards the stream. And there she was, inches from the water, ridiculous, grappling for her phone as the image of poor Cherry flashed into her mind, swinging in his harness above the dark void.

SARAH HOWE

THE INSTRUCTION OF CAPTAIN SCOTT



See now
is the plateholder
quite snug? The light
is not our only
challenge. Take off
a glove then brush
your naked hand
too near the lens
and instantly a scrim
of frost descends
no mere rubbing can
remove. Recall
a brass knob will burn
unwary fingertips
like red-hot iron. Still
cold is quickly
mastered; light less so. First
insert the amber
filter: take the groove-
etched rim, like this.
For unless viewed through
a honey jar's warm
this ice strafed moon-
scape will tend
inexorably to blue. Only
now draw out
the slide. Texture, man!
D'you see it? That
play of bright white
ridge, its shadowed
underside too coy
almost to catch. Don't
release the shutter –
yet. Today the snow
seems practically
transparent, no?
Patience, Captain.
The true photographer
will in his very dreams
calculate exposures.
One perfect morning I
waited two whole hours
for a trio of cavorting
penguins to exactly
echo the mountainside
behind. Have you
checked the lens cap?
Nothing is forgotten?
The men were donning
their skins with a yawn
when at last I flung off
my ice-fringed cloth
that long-hunched gloom
like Jonah
spat out, a prophet, to the light.

ROD MENGHAM
OCCASIONAL INUIT

Blocked in by ice, the crew of Erebus watch. A strange balloon, passing from east to west, climbs and falls on a high current of air. Even the sharpest eye does not detect the length of charred twine in its lee.

This burning fuse, having released a whole flight of slips of paper, carries on in aerial dumb show. The last slip given to the winds was lost to sight weeks before.

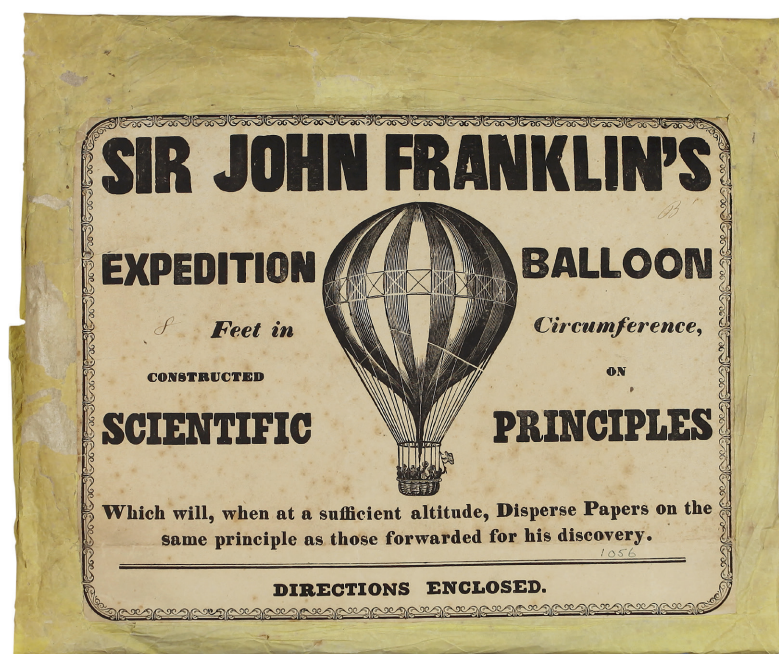
The balloon carried nothing but language: denoting provisions left on Beechey Island; or Spring parties, searching by sledge, directed to Jones's Sound and the north shore of Melville Island. The weight of each word in this English passage was heavier than Greenland gneiss.

It provisioned only ideas. Some are strewn in the Barren Grounds, in wastes not seen for a year, printed in reverse on fossil-bearing rocks, their message unvaried, to promise or threaten results that would alternate from reader to reader.

Each word led to a pinpoint in wilderness, to a pixel of time that shrinks in reading, then lengthens to say, 'come back'. But space and time are glacial now. And there is no trace to be found, no reading the caves and arches of ice.

The poetics of fire balloons are reversible. On the recto side, it is 'not one word is wasted'; on the verso, the terrible waste of its four word ballast: 'Read The Other Side'.

For years, they tried reading the Other Side. They fired off rockets, the balloons flocked over tundra, from Hudson Bay to Alaska. They dispersed their paper credit. But only occasional Inuit picked up the wind-fed rumours, and forwarded them; passing them round and round, turning them over and over.



REDELL OLSEN

i. WHITEOUT FILM FOR SNOW-GOGGLES

“When I became snow-blind it was cloudy so it is not only sunlight on the ice that can make you snow blind”

Roald Amundsen.

Look through these — — —
Possible vision remains. One can never be sure of surroundings, of distinguishing sky from brash, sewing all day, fixing up expedition gear, embroidering *Rimed Needle Crystal* on hatbands of *Discovery*. There may be prickly sensations of grit to eyes. Violet rays lurk in shadows and take on diffuse shapes. Remain alert in dull light. It is difficult to pick out unevenness of ice, inequalities of the ground until he, as there is rarely a she in this set-up, is right on them. No apologies for the discomfort. No jokes in petticoats. The lens is filmic and laminated between two pieces of glass. It is composed of countless flat crystals arranged parallel to each other, lines slit to filter out vibrations. Polarized at the edge of empty field myopia, tabloids to dissolve tears. There is no focus for infinity or even for halo phenomena recorded with more frequency than ever before. A Mid-Winter Day Tree for June 21st 2014, from feathers, flags, anything else left lying around; books, tins of food, post-it notes, biscuits, children's clothes, plastic bags, junk mail. All that is broken and undone. Explorers looking into the distance often struggled to focus ahead and had to accommodate a near point. Dogs rather than human endeavours are neatly caught on film. Sometimes things slit open in a specular light to be reflected as if from a shiny non-metallic surface, determined by the glare of closeness beyond glass, or held as relics in a case. Letters preparatory to a possible end, written with a lack of envelopes. Refocus your camera, blacken your face. In case of frost, Scott chose leather or wood. Glasses of light green or amber colour abandoned in favour of a slit that restricts sight in all directions. A photographic still taken cooling his head in the snow, turned upside down shows, if it weren't for that curious sledge, how arms might hold the earth up as a white but manageable balloon, how feet might float in mid-air as mock heroic gest.



REDELL OLSEN

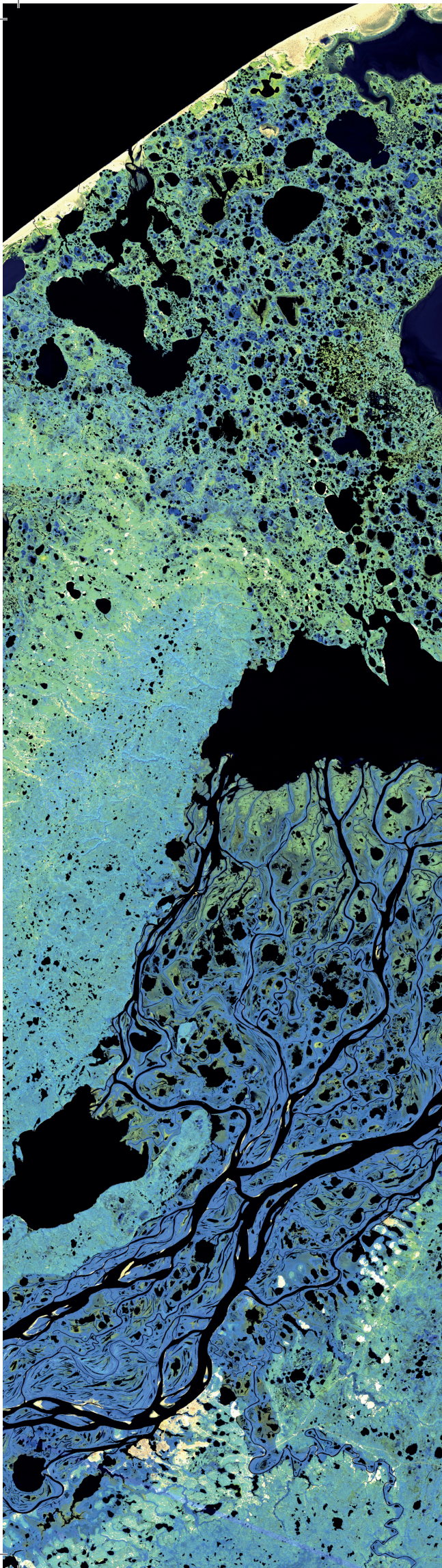
ii. WHITEOUT FILM FOR SNOW-GOGGLES (LANDSCAPES)

“Time after time in the diaries you find crystals—crystals; crystals...”

Apsley Cherry-Garrard,
The Worst Journey in the World

violet rays stellar crystal		halo rimed particle
	*	
corona scroll		fog graupel
	*	
prismatic sunrise ice pellet		frost smoke capped column
	*	
fog bow spatial dendrite		willy waas star
	*	
earth shadows rimed needle crystal		cloud depth hoar





LUCY SHEERMAN

EXTRAPOLATED OBSERVATIONS
AT THE SCOTT POLAR MUSEUM

713647, 5787693 (30N)

14:32 24/5/14 13°C 523nm
12500 lux overcast

- 10mm Daisy petal white, shaded, half-unfurled, bleeds into violet; green leaf fragment; tiny silver hairs; drowned in the yellow of stamens and pollen, drops of rain
- 10cm Black fly, red eyes, translucent wings, takes flight; flowers, predominantly yellow; rain soaked leaves in sunlight, decaying, sombre green; (suspense of loss!); slick gleam effect
- 100cm Crouched woman casts green shade; silver of raindrops; moss, grass, green in sunlight, restricted field; black patches of absence, shade-grey; brown leaf; discarded wrapper, maroon
- 10m Pavement, pewter, rain-slicked; box hedge green; 2 faces tilted at clouds, (blank reflection); grassed area, mainly green; yellow road markings; car, dynamic red; sandstone wall
- 100m Purple-black slate roof, gleaming, approx. 50%; people, shadows on lamp green lawn; pitch black street; vehicles, silver of light on paintwork; tree canopies, jade green
- 1km Urban tract, clustered greys, (recognition slips up); black, red, verdigris roofs; green lawns/parks; metal curve of river; bird flocks, grey, scattered; shine of traffic threads
- 10km White cloudscape; glimpse of leaden city; silver river, diverse green fields, charcoal grey roads, etc; water expanse, sky-blue; purple of shadow cast across the scene
- 100km Pearl-white cloud; green, brown, golden arable landscape; towns, villages, bluish; glut of data, (colour not allocated); smoke-grey roads, railways; silver-blue trajectory of river & coastline
-

LUCY SHEERMAN

SOME MERGING AND SIMPLIFICATION
OF THE GROUND COVER CLASSES

As scientists we do not choose to categorise things as beautiful, but we may have our private thoughts.
(Gareth Rees)

- #1 Some of the information has been corrupted, rendering whole swathes of the territory indecipherable. The pixels have therefore been classified as no data, cloud, cloud shadow, water or bog. They define absence. Impossible to scale up from lived perspective to abstract, viewed from miles above our heads. The sublime rhapsody of flight gives the potential for serious misinterpretation. We might try reading meaning into emptiness.
- #2 Satellite arcing across territory. Distributes impersonal snapshots which must be aligned to the GPS-derived location of the field data. How is this haze obscuring the view? We want to describe what was there but it has proved to be of unusable quality with a very poor signal to noise ratio.
- #3 Perhaps we are wondering what all the different shades of green and brown and blue might mean? A fantasy of landscape, inhabited by degrees of colour, texture, heat and scent. Is it dense willow or birch scrub? All such speculation calls for field-based validation. Muddled fingers stroke the underside of these narrow silver leaves. What kinds of things must be discarded? It may pain us to do so but we must rely on spectral discrimination in the optical band.
- #4 For the purposes of this extrapolation the names of particular categories of plant life are not significant. Nevertheless we have made detailed botanical descriptions. Absorbed in the precision of the field notebook, we look up towards the cloud which extends over our heads as far as the eye can see. We will find that colour has a way of deceiving us. That haze might be milky blue or mauve or opalescent. We should only trust wavelengths as true measurements of visible and non visible colour.
- #5 We must tense ourselves against the grazing, nomadic patterns of irrelevance. Concerned only with mapping what general vegetation can be recorded here. We can resist such detail. The tiny flies alighting on every clause, sub-clause and pulse point snapped between the pages of this book. Still life made literal. The swarming discomfort of the scene moves once again into the mind's eye. We are satisfied by language's absence from such distortions.
- #6 We might assert that all manner of vegetation thrives in this lush greenness even while we observe specifically 'arctic' limitations to the landscape. The classifications presented here suffer from the disadvantages of limited ground truth. We are poised between the intimate record of place and the impersonal distortions of scale. And thus, we are thrust once again into the actual. The stench of the bog, the whine of mosquitoes.
- #7 Lichens, so adaptable and widespread are vulnerable to the relentless tread of metaphor. Their brittle leaves disintegrating under that inexorable pressure. We observed a large area, roughly circular and 100 – 150 m across which is entirely bare of vegetation. Not just a lack, it is a symbol of loss. The delicate submarine shapes receding into memory.
- #8 We are on our hands and knees again, analysing the ground. Taking precise measurements with ruler and lens we can identify Stereocaulon, or snow lichen, it is common enough but impossible to include in a description except in the most general way. It may be possible to demonstrate that this tiny square of ground has altered over time but it is probably not meaningful to interpret any apparent differences between the spatial trends. Looking up to take our bearings, beyond us Lichen Ridge, we experience that ephemeral moment of recognition: bare ground and lichen tundra (these are difficult to separate). Detached from terrestrial constraint we begin to inhabit a landscape defined by this small window onto phenology which is purely abstract.

ANDREA PORTER

INUA

She gives him an ivory bird

It nests in the palm of her hand,
this small thing, this magic
that draws birds to the trap,
the flesh to the pot,
a token to carry into the world of the dead.
It dreams of salt water and cold winds,
each season carved
into the twitch of the heart.
The needle in its skull
shivers between here and the north.
Note the illusion of possession,
it has already flown,
only the bone of it left, a pale mark
in strange air.

She gives him her world

Mime the winding motion and she will come,
she will bend her head to the sound and hum
the silence from somewhere deep in her throat.
Concentrate and you can almost peel each note
from the air and feel her frost-smoked breath
on the back of your neck. She was never left behind.

Map maker, interpreter, wise woman, voice,
as their hunger devours her she marks
the endless ways salt water can meet the land.
The great bear has always given her the north,
the compass she boxes for them again and again
never shows her the stars, the purposes of dark.

Listen. . . She can still recite thirty-two ways to lose
yourself in ice. She will trace them with her finger
on your back in return for bread-dust or beads.

She barter with spirits older than words and prayer.
They tumble around the keel and squeeze the hull
in their jaws, creak the timbers to speak of themselves.
The sea woman gives her food and light and heat.
The womenless men also speak to spirits of finding,
the search for anything requires the price of belief.

She watches their forge, studies the gifts of fire,
the slow beating out of the double-edged sword;
planes, pay, Jim Beam, children ripped from families,
young sons dying too soon, their face to the wall.
She stares into the bellowed blaze,
and unbinds her hair for loss, for what will come.

She's here now and singing out there,
somewhere on that stretched white edge,
ice weeping through her fingers.

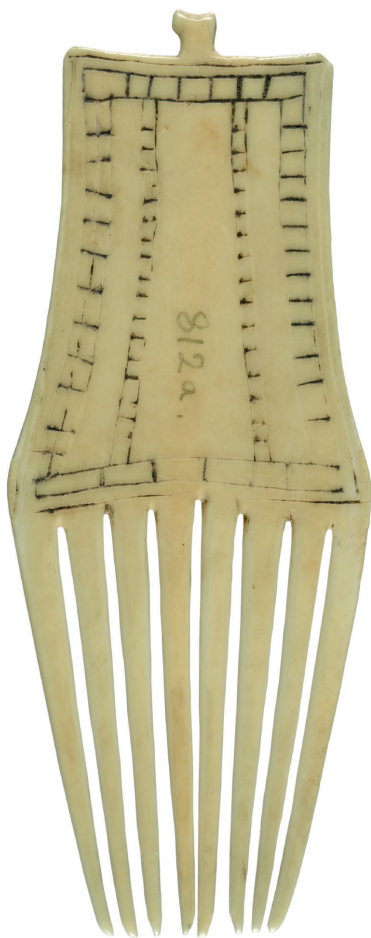


REBECCA WATTS

EMPEROR PENGUIN
(THE POLAR MUSEUM, CAMBRIDGE)

She gives him a comb

You crack open her carapace
of hide and fur and skin,
choose a knife, hunt for a vein,
clutch the cup to catch the flow.
You haul her up from the deep
with a thin rope of her blood.
At night you will take the comb,
trace each scored line and ridge
with those same finger tips
that felt for a pulse.
You will fall into dreams of red ivory
drifting through black waves.
It dreams of itself, of how to belong.
Blood is blood is blood



This afterlife
is inaccurate: everything here is dry.

I try to make
a true impression, but the chick

I've been given
refuses to play the part, persists with its leaning

as if it could
imagine anything beyond our destiny.

Before I was seized
my throat was an open channel,

my beak
a conduit for the sea. It is not shame

that forces
my head to hang: it is the inured act

I've grown too stiff
to shake off. Chick – even like this

you look hungry.
There is no escape. Turn in and face up.

REBECCA WATTS

ANTARCTICA



Heaven is a sweet dream Tinned peaches and syrup sweeter
Awake listening in the dark frenzy of canvas wind slapping
like so many frozen hands Body a quaker Muscles crying
sugar Tired as a dog but colder *Colder*
Language is a beggar Hope another.

Land of the South pure and Beauty enough to transfix or unfix
to turn a man's eyes blue and Hope they say is a blue-eyed look
God sender of daylight scatterer of the terrors of the dark planter
of strenuous prayers in the heart Heart keeper of the flesh Heartbeat
a song a step a prayer *Heave*
what a man must do for God for glory for mercy.



Bird like a snowflake like God glittering in a blue sky lucent as an angel's wing
 Gift given freely with both hands This Earth is a good place
 to live in Die as everything must Numb as a mass
 of ice frozen reindeer bag coffin crevasse A good warm sleep
 a wish. *Great God!* *this is an awful place*

Give take Take give Keep temper don't speak God is
 grace Returning a certain numbed pleasure biscuit talk
 write rest *sleep* Comfort of the Almighty's making
 Peace in the satisfaction of faith *drifting* eyes open
 All that the Lord has given taken away. Blessed

DREW MILNE
REINDEER LICHEN



some for trophies some to flag
in canvas imperial some to lie
blinded by prospects of relics
scarce quick to a lichen trail
subsisting through the poo-jok
welcome to anthropogenic gases
our polluting breath one cloud
after another sung oft & aloft
tracers to cap data in cuilkuq
and beyond this arctic haze by
any other misnomer would smell
as rank in source signature of
Eurasian air the name spelling
car lungs into the troposphere
and albedo as the polar scalps
warm to softly falling sulphur
& carbons settling on cladonia
rangiferina misnamed cryptogam
or reindeer moss but still led
through by radionuclides taken
in along so-called food chains
what price pristine now & ever
wilds spent to a chemical sink
the sheet like flows so turbid
so given over to written scree

BIOGRAPHIES

LUCY HAMILTON

Hearing Eye published Lucy Hamilton's pamphlet *Sonnets for my Mother* in 2009, from which several poems have been translated into Arabic. She teaches creative writing, and workshops include Riddles & Kennings for a community project sponsored by the Department of Anglo-Saxon, Norse and Celtic, University of Cambridge. She is co-MC for Oxfam Poetry Cambridge and co-editor of *Long Poem Magazine*. Her collection of prose poems *Stalker* (Shearsman, 2012) was shortlisted for the Forward Felix Dennis Prize for Best First Collection. Prose poems from her second collection-in-progress have appeared in *Shearsman Review*, *PN Review* and *Tears in the Fence*.

SARAH HOWE

Sarah Howe's work has been anthologised in *The Salt Book of Younger Poets* (Salt, 2011), *Dear World & Everyone in It: New Poetry in the UK* (Bloodaxe, 2013) and *Ten: The New Wave* (Bloodaxe, 2014). Her pamphlet, *A Certain Chinese Encyclopedia*, won an Eric Gregory award in 2010. She is currently a member of Spread the Word's *The Complete Works II*, a national development programme for Black and Asian poets. She is working on her first collection of poems, *Loop of Jade*, forthcoming from Chatto & Windus in 2015.

ROD MENGHAM

Rod Mengham's most recent publications are *Paris by Helen* (Oystercatcher, 2014), the pamphlet *The Understory* (corrupt press, 2014) and *STILL moving* (Veer, 2014), which records, in the form of text and stills, film collaborations with Marc Atkins. Previous publications include *Bell Book* (Wide Range Chapbooks, 2012) and *Unsung: New and Selected Poems* (Salt, 2001). Mengham has also translated modern Polish poetry into English, most recently *Speedometry* by Andrzej Sosnowski (Contraband Books), as well as co-editing and introducing *Altered State: the New Polish Poetry* (Arc Publications, 2003).

DREW MILNE

Drew Milne's books of poetry include: *equipollence* (2012), *the view from Royston cave* (2012), *Burnt Laconics Bloom* (2013), and, with John Kinsella, *Reactor Red Shoes* (2013), *Sheet Mettle* (Alfred David Editions, 1994), *Bench Marks* (Alfred David Editions, 1998), *The Damage: new and selected poems* (Salt, 2001), *Mars Disarmed* (The Figures, 2002), and *Go Figure* (Salt, 2003). His work is also featured in collections and anthologies, notably *Conductors of Chaos* edited by Iain Sinclair (Picador, 1996) and *Anthology of Twentieth-Century British and Irish Poetry* edited by Keith Tuma (Oxford University Press, 2001). He edits the occasional journal *Parataxis: modernism and modern writing* and the poetry imprint Parataxis Editions.

REDELL OLSEN

Redell Olsen's work combines printed text with live performance and film, coupling poetic with academic and curatorial practice. Her most recent publication is *Film Poems* (Los Angeles: Les Figs, 2014), which brings together a number of recent works for film and performance. Other books of poetry include *Punk Faun: A Bar Rock Pastel* (Oakland, CA: Subpress, 2012), *Secure Portable Space* (Hastings: Reality Street, 2004) and *Book of the Fur* (Cambridge: Rem Press, 2000).

ANDREA PORTER

Andrea Porter's debut full collection, *A Season of Small Insanities*, was published by Salt in 2009. Prior to this she had two pamphlets published by Flarestack (*Bubble*) and Apothecary Press (*Kiss*). Porter's latest book, *The House of the Deaf Man* (Gatehouse Press), is a collaboration with the artist Tom de Freston. She collaborated with the dramatist Fraser Grace to produce a version of *Bubble* that was broadcast as a radio play on BBC Radio 4 and helps run CBI Poetry in Cambridge.

LUCY SHEERMAN

Lucy Sheerman worked at the Arts Council for twelve years where she specialised in supporting the development of writers and new writing. Publications include *rarefied: falling without landing* (Oystercatcher Press) and the fan fiction project *Fragments salvaged from her diary: a correspondence with Rebecca* (Long Poem Magazine 10). Her writing has also appeared in *Archive of the Now*, *Infinite Difference: Other Poetries by UK Women Poets* (Shearsman), *Junction Box*, *PN Review* and *Poetry Wales*. Menagerie commissioned and produced her short play *What Did It Feel Like To Go To The Moon?*, which was a collaboration with the Apollo 15 astronaut and poet Al Worden.

REBECCA WATTS

Rebecca Watts is a poet, freelance editor and librarian based in Cambridge. Her poems have appeared in *PN Review*, *The North*, *Die Gazette* and *The Journal of Modern Wisdom*. A selection of her work is forthcoming in Carcanet's *New Poetries VI* (2015).

IMAGES

- p.3 **Captain Robert Falcon Scott's last letter to Admiral Sir George Egerton, March 1912**
SPRI Archive MS 175 © SPRI/Naomi Boneham
- p.4 **Captain Scott's camera**
SPRI Museum Y: 2006/12 © SPRI/Martin Hartley
- p.5 **'Arctic Fire Balloon: For Distributing Messages in the Arctic Region'**
SPRI Museum N: 1056 © SPRI/Janette Dutton
- p.6 **Herbert Ponting: 'Midwinter day tree' (6.1911)**
SPRI Picture Library P: 2005/5/450 © SPRI
- p.6 **Herbert Ponting: 'Herbert Ponting standing on his head' (2.1912)**
SPRI Picture Library P: 2005/5/837 © SPRI
- p.7 **Captain Scott's personal goggles of Inuit design used on the Discovery expedition**
SPRI Museum: N: 1194 © SPRI/Willow Silvani
- p.8 **Satellite image of the Nenets Okrug, Russia, showing the Pechora river delta, 2000**
© Gareth Rees, SPRI
- p.10 **Ivory carving of a bird, Iglulingmiut, Canada, c.1820**
SPRI Museum N: 812a © SPRI/Don Manning
- p.11 **Ivory comb, Iglulingmiut, Canada, c.1820**
SPRI Museum N: 812a © SPRI/Don Manning
- p.11 **Emperor penguin and chick**
SPRI Museum Y: 53/15 (not pictured)
- p.13 **Captain Oates' sleeping bag**
SPRI Museum N: 857 © SPRI/Craig Chesek
- p.14 **Illustrative plate from 'New Cyclopaedia of Botany and complete Book of Herbs; forming a history and description of all plants, British or Foreign' by Richard Brook, undated, but published, according to British Library date, by W. M. Clarke in Huddersfield (1854).**
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