

was concerned about sovereignty, when MacDonald's view to the contrary is so clear.

Case 5: on pages 99–100, Marcus writes that 'Health care was lacking during the early period of the relocation.' To support this statement, he cites the case of Markoosie Patsauq, who was relocated to Resolute Bay while having an apparently active case of tuberculosis. He also mentions an 'interagency conflict between the RCMP and the Department [responsible for native affairs]' that allegedly resulted in an attempt by the RCMP to block efforts by the Department to provide professional health care to the community. From this, the reader is led to believe that the health of the relocated Inuit suffered.

Markoosie Patsauq's tuberculosis can certainly not be attributed to the relocation, since he had the condition beforehand. Subsequent to the relocation he was diagnosed as having the disease, was sent south to a hospital, was cured, returned north, eventually became the first Inuit air pilot, published a book, and lives today in Inukjuak in apparent good health. Why does Marcus try to link Patsauq's health problems to the relocation? There is no connection; rather, he attempts to coax failure from success, including ignoring documentary evidence regarding the general health of the Inuit after the relocations. This includes such statements as that from the Eastern Arctic Patrol Report of 1956 about the Grise Fiord population: 'The native camp was visited last ship time by some of the Departmental officials and by the Anglican Mission officials. All stated that the natives were [sic] very healthy and clean and of good spirits. The medical party advised that to date these were the healthiest natives they had encountered.'

Case 6: on page 222, Marcus quotes Henry Larsen, highly respected Canadian hero of the Arctic and senior RCMP officer at the time of the relocation: 'I shudder to think of the criticism which will be levelled at us in another fifty years' time.' In *Relocating Eden*, Marcus places Larsen's statement in the context of the high Arctic relocation. The actual context of the statement in Larsen's unpublished manuscript from which it comes is quite different. In his manuscript, Larsen's statement has nothing to do with the relocation and is clearly in the context of making liquor accessible to the Inuit:

'But, as was the case with the other, a few months saw him penniless, the entire money having been spent on liquor and gambling. If we are able to sit in harsh judgement of those who failed to help the Eskimo during the past half century, I shudder to think of the criticism which will be levelled at us in another fifty years' time. The Eskimo may have taken a long step forward towards his assimilation into the culture of the white race by his presence in the cocktail lounge, but I fear the consequences will be grave. It revolts me to think of my old friends whose earnings can by no standards be considered excessive, wasting their substance and sacrificing their dignity in this fashion. Convictions for offences involving liquor have multiplied greatly.'

It is unfortunate that Alan Marcus chose to adhere blindly to his thesis that both relocations were failures, despite weighty evidence to the contrary. It is even more unfortunate — as well as gravely irresponsible — that evidence was distorted to suit his thesis that both were failures. Had the relocations, especially that of 1953–1955, been treated objectively, Marcus' book could have been a useful contribution to the Canadian Arctic historical record. As it is, *Relocating Eden* is gravely flawed and can in no way be considered a work of legitimate historical or academic research. (Gerard I. Kenney, Ottawa, Canada.)

A GREAT TASK OF HAPPINESS: THE LIFE OF KATHLEEN SCOTT. Louisa Young. 1995. London: Macmillan. xvii + 299 p, illustrated, hard cover. ISBN 0-333-57838-4. £20.00.

Any woman who could survive a Victorian upbringing and be left with the self-confidence to achieve complete fulfillment as a much-acclaimed sculptress; become the mother of two brilliant sons; travel widely; and be friend and confidante of so many artists, writers, and statesmen of her day, should surely command attention. That she also opted to marry Robert Falcon Scott, in public an Antarctic hero, in private the insecure victim of much doubt and depression, indeed her temperamental opposite, guarantees an intriguing full-blown biography. As for a biographer, it is the reader's great good fortune that Kathleen Scott's granddaughter, the daughter of Wayland Young, second Baron Kennet, herself a freelance journalist, has accepted the challenge. In her introduction, Ms Young indicates that as a young girl she read all Kathleen's diaries from their start in 1910, written as newsletters for her husband in the Antarctic, to their end in 1946, the year before her death. These, together with other Kennet papers in the Cambridge University Library, plus much private correspondence and Kathleen's own partial autobiography, *Self-portrait of an artist* (1949), constitute a comprehensive historical archive.

Readers of *Polar Record* should resist the temptation to turn directly to the chapters dealing with Kathleen's life with Scott. An understanding of their singular relationship can only be achieved by a consideration of Kathleen's childhood and formative years. To begin with, it is a fair bet that a descendant of Robert the Bruce's brother and a Greek grandmother whose father was one Jacovaki Rizo-Rangabe, Grand Postelnik of Wallachia, would inherit a genetic mix of some considerable promise. The eleventh and last child of the Reverend Lloyd Bruce, Canon of York, and his wife Janie, Kathleen, born in 1878, was orphaned at an early age and brought up in the heavily Victorian household of her great-uncle William in Edinburgh. Here she appears to have rather run wild along with her siblings, on one occasion, the reader is told, being nearly abducted by a drunk in the street, before she made her escape by biting him hard on the hand! This event, the author suggests, instilled in Kathleen a lifelong distaste for alcohol and a temporary distaste for men. Little wonder

that she was described in these years as 'rather bereft, seeking affection and attention.' Eventually she was packed off to a convent school and was subsequently persuaded by her brother Willie to 'go in for art.' This she sensibly did, attending the Slade in London and Caloressi's art school in Paris, a very daring thing for a 'nice' girl to do at the turn of this century. In Paris she discovered her latent talent as a sculptress as well as enjoying the life of a Bohemian among the Left Bank artists. In due course she became a friend of the great Auguste Rodin, who gave her much encouragement. As for her love life, there was no shortage of interested young men (Kathleen was quite a beauty), and, of course, sinister predators, among them Aleister Crowley, the occult magician known as 'The beast.' From all such temptations she appears to have been saved by her puritanical upbringing, perhaps restrained by 'her passion for babies in general [which] matured into a particular passion for a particular baby — her future son...her ultimate interest in men was to find...the fine heroic one, who would father the fine, heroic son of her dreams.' Despite Kathleen's numerous subsequent flirtations and 'intense platonic relationships,' her biographer remains convinced that she was a virgin when she met Scott. No doubt, too, her experiences as a relief worker in Macedonia and the trauma of attending the accouchement of her bosom friend the dancer Isadora Duncan, who gave birth to an illegitimate baby, gave her much cause for reflexion and restraint.

It was another of Kathleen's artistic friends, Mabel Beardsley (widow of the notorious Aubrey), who effected her first meeting with Scott, then enjoying quite a literary reputation for his *Voyage of the 'Discovery'*. It happened at two of her parties for 'literary lions'; both fell for each other, she for his 'dark blue, almost purple' eyes, he for her tan. She was 28, he nudging 40. He, she felt, was a likely father for the long-sought perfect son. It proved an uneasy courtship. Once she nearly chucked him for the younger, handsomer, and more eligible author Gilbert Cannan. But eventually she decided for the explorer, and they were married in 1908. After which Kathleen found herself coping with the 'black dog in his soul' very likely triggered by Shackleton's presence in Victoria Land and the challenge that this presented to his own plans to return. Only the mutual trust that each had for the other and the scope that this gave for a complete and honest baring of souls saved the day. Kathleen was, it appears, very much Scott's sheet anchor.

In 1909 Kathleen learned to her supreme joy that she was pregnant. 'The sublimation of my existence was now assured.' And despite fears of bearing a daughter, she brought into the world a son, Peter Markham. It was then and only then, she confessed, that she had for the first time fallen 'gloriously, passionately, wildly in love with my husband.' What little was left of their brief married life was to be almost totally devoured by the demands made by preparations for Scott's second expedition, for Shackleton's near missing of the Pole had finally left the field free for

Scott. Hints made that Kathleen somehow pushed Scott into going for the Pole are simply not substantiated by the facts. Public support demanded it. But in a scrap of a letter to Scott from Kathleen, which he carried to the Pole, she concluded, 'If there's anything you think worth doing at the cost of your life — Do it. We shall only be glad. Do you understand me? How awful if you don't.' The concepts of honour and patriotism, both alien to the present generation, were deeply shared by both of them.

Kathleen is sometimes criticized for travelling to New Zealand with her husband, as did some other wives. It is a moot point. Her apparent jealousy of Hilda Evans, wife of Scott's second-in-command, seems to have led to a rumpus that, according to Lieutenant Bowers, nearly wrecked the expedition. The story of Kathleen's intense friendship with Nansen during Scott's absence in the Antarctic has been elaborated by some in the past. Her biographer produces conclusive evidence of her innocence. Nansen's passion for her, and her own deep feeling for him, she openly admitted, but the relationship was never more than platonic.

When news of the loss of the Pole Party reached London early in 1913, Kathleen was on the high seas on her way to meet her husband in New Zealand. A wireless message informed her that the worst had happened. Her numbed reply, 'Oh well, never mind, I expected that...', could be interpreted as callous. Indeed, Bernard Shaw — a life-long friend writing of her after her death — said, 'she did not seem to me to feel her loss at all.' Ms Young suggests that Kathleen was 'speaking the language of patriotic idealism and mystical romanticism.' Never one for living in the past or worrying about the future, Kathleen returned to England to be honoured with a title and to pick up the pieces of her life, namely, caring for her son, 'vagabonding' in wild places with suitably attractive and congenial company (invariably male — women she found dull), and furthering her growing reputation as a fashionable sculptress. Her memorials to Scott enjoy a worldwide reputation, and during her working life she was to model numerous busts of the great and the good (again, only men). During the Great War she used her sculpting skills to mould new faces for the mutilated as an aid to plastic surgery.

In 1922 she married Edward Hilton Young, then Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and later to become first Baron Kennet of the Dene. Aged 44, she bore him her second son, Wayland, typically enough by natural delivery. For the rest of her life she found herself, willy-nilly, expected to play the role of Scott's widow. A staunch supporter of his reputation as a polar hero, she vigorously defended him against all criticism and was distrustful (even fearful) of biography, even one as anodyne as that of her friend Stephen Gwynn. She was censorious, too, of Cherry-Garrard's classic, *The worst journey in the world*, finding it offensive because it criticized Scott's powers of leadership. Whether she was aware of Shaw's part in its drafting is not known. More positively, Kathleen along

with her second husband, played a significant role in establishing in 1926 the finest memorial of all to Scott, the Polar Research Institute in Cambridge, depositing in its archives 'heaps of *Discovery* papers and journals' and subsequently helping to secure the funds with which to raise the memorial building.

Kathleen died of leukaemia in 1947. G.M. Trevelyan, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, in a eulogy spoke of her 'masculine spirit,' 'her open-eyed courage to realise and accept calamity and sorrow,' and 'her dislike of all forms of sentimentality, falsity, and feebleness.' Even more, one feels, would Kathleen's spirit have enjoyed her granddaughter's appraisal of her as one who 'took hold of her life with rare glee and raced through it without shame, without fear, and scarcely a backward look.' This is indeed a book to remember, a joy to read and a first-class piece of research hallmarked by an intelligent index. It may well not be the last 'life' of Kathleen, but it is difficult to see how it will be bettered. (H.G.R. King, Scott Polar Research Institute, University of Cambridge, Lensfield Road, Cambridge CB2 1ER.)

THE RUSSIAN FAR EAST: A HISTORY. J.J. Stephan. 1994. Stanford: Stanford University Press. xi + 481 p, illustrated, hard cover. ISBN 0-8047-2311-7. £35.00; US\$50.00.

J.J. Stephan is well known as the author of two books, published in the 1970s, which related to aspects of the Soviet far east: *Sakhalin: a history* and *The Kurile Islands*. These works covered fascinating and little known parts of the world that it was then virtually impossible for an outsider to visit. They were based on exceptionally deep scholarship covering widely scattered and elusive sources in several different languages, presented coherent and convincing conclusions, and, most unusually for serious historical works, were written in a clear and light manner, enlivened by the author's obvious relish for the ridiculous.

The gradual opening up of archives in the former Soviet Union will mean that comprehensive histories of the region will be written in the future. Stephan notes that, while preparing the present work, he did not have access to Soviet archives, and he claims it is a 'preliminary and perforce rudimentary sketch of the historical architecture of a region where Europe, Asia, and America come together.'

This reviewer suggests that the author is being unduly modest here and that the book is a veritable *tour de force* that will serve as a firm foundation for detailed studies of different aspects of the Russian far east for years to come.

After a brief chapter on the geography and prehistory of the region, which is defined in specific terms as 'the Priamur, the Primorye, the Okhotsk seaboard, Kamkatka, Chukotka, Sakhalin, and the Kurile Islands,' Stephan comments on the influence of the Chinese in the region before the advent of the Russians. He notes the changes in Soviet historiography of the period with the fluctuations in Soviet/Chinese relations.

The earlier chapters in the book, concerned with the arrival of the Russians and the period up to the Civil War, are masterly. Stephan tells a complex story with economy and concision and also within a very small compass in terms of numbers of pages. He draws attention specifically to the delicacy of Russia's relations with its neighbours in the area and refers to the status and position in society of other groups of peoples living within the defined area: the Chinese, the Japanese, the Koreans, and the indigenous peoples.

The author devotes relatively little attention to the Russo-Japanese War, although this was, of course, a central event in enhancing Japanese confidence when dealing with their neighbours, but his chapters on the precursors to the Russian Revolution, the Revolution itself, and its immediate aftermath to the end of the existence of the Far East Republic on 15 November 1922, provide an excellent outline of events and a basis for further work on these difficult episodes.

The Soviet period is covered in detail, but, of necessity, the account becomes somewhat more anecdotal in tone due to the relative paucity of sources upon which reliance can be placed. Stephan weaves the evidence together with skill and provides insights upon some obscure topics, such as the position of Japanese prisoners of war in the Soviet Union between 1945 and 1956, some of whom worked as far west as the Black Sea.

When referring to the collapse of the Soviet Union, he points out that one of the inevitable consequences was the mass emigration from the region by those whose sojourn there was either involuntary or under inducement of enhanced pay. According to Stephan, some of the settlements in the Magadan region are now virtually ghost towns.

The writer is cautiously optimistic about the future, and he cites examples of successful entrepreneurial activity in the region, most notably, of course, in Vladivostok. Considerable space is devoted to the question of regional autonomy, which has been a long-continued theme in the history of the Russian far east from early days, and the problems and possibilities are thoroughly rehearsed. Stephan's concluding sentence comments that 'the Far East may yet live up to a venerable sobriquet "Amur California," assuming that Russia can afford more radiant futures,' which is agreeably ambiguous but which points up the difficulties of prediction in the region.

For polar specialists, the book may disappoint, since very little attention is devoted to the specifically Arctic areas of the Russian far east. There is, however, a chapter simply entitled 'Kolyma,' a name that requires no parenthesis to recall the full awfulness of that episode in history. This includes an account of a relatively little-known incident: the visit of Franklin D. Roosevelt's Vice-President, Henry A. Wallace, to the area in 1944. This section is aptly entitled 'Innocents abroad.'

The text of the book covers 301 pages. It is followed by the most impressive critical apparatus that this reviewer has ever observed in an historical work. Counting the