

The Legacies and Frozen Time of Antarctica: Robert Falcon Scott, Peter Pan and Rebecca Hunt's *Everland*

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But the past was a different world. It remained unknowable and evasive, even when you were holding solid proof of it in your hand. (Hunt 56).

The tangible past is evoked powerfully here in the simple image of an Antarctic ice-core, a physical representation of the climate stretching back thousands of years and allowing scientists to model and predict the future. “Like the rings of a tree trunk, but on a far greater scale, a vertical cross-section of Antarctica’s kilometres of ice provides scientists with a systematic record of the events of past aeons” (177-78) writes Elizabeth Leane in *Antarctica in Fiction*, describing the mass of land ice pressing down on the Antarctic continent. Created by digging down into these icy tree-rings and creating such a vertical cross-section, the ice core offers up the earth’s memory of its past.

Antarctica as an archive of memory is precisely the concern of Rebecca Hunt’s 2014 novel *Everland*, but the novel does not suggest that reading the past is as systematic as reading an ice core. Rather, the novel is concerned with contesting our perceived access to the past, and the implications of our ability to correctly decipher it. The novel was published in the wake of the 2012 centenary of Robert Falcon Scott’s arrival at the South Pole, which included exhibitions, re-enactments and a full commemorative service in St Paul’s Cathedral in London. Read in the light of this historical centenary, reviewers of the fictional centenary in *Everland* noted that the novel is “a stark lesson in the paper-thin nature of legacy” (Kyte) and that it “deals with the conflict between historical records and the realities of the human relationships that lie behind them” (Carty). In her review of the novel, Sara Wheeler, author of the memoir *Terra Incognita: Travels in Antarctica*, comments on the rich intertextuality and sophistication of the text. She notes that Hunt’s novel deftly alludes to the connection between Scott and the Lost Boys of James Matthew Barrie’s *Peter Pan* made by both Scott’s contemporaries and subsequent analysts, which Wheeler suggests “was crucial to the subsequent deification of Scott after he perished in the bright white silence of that strange continent.” Yet this comment is left hanging, unable to be analysed within the limited space of a newspaper book review. *Everland* is a significant literary contribution to Antarctic literature, as a contemporary comment on legacy and memorialisation during the Scott centenary and as a rich text utilising Antarctic literary tropes, yet in its short life since publication it has been analysed only within the review format.

Moreover, while *Everland* exemplifies some of the more central Antarctic literary conceits as discussed in this essay (including reading the present historically and altering the experienced passage of time), the novel is also an important example of Antarctic historiographic metafiction. As theorised by Linda Hutcheon, this subgenre of the historical novel contains self-reflexivity, intertextuality and a “self-conscious dimension of history” (3). The blending of fact and fiction, and the blurring of the line between them, is also the concern of Beryl Bainbridge’s 1991 Antarctic novel *The Birthday Boys*. Bainbridge more explicitly adapts Scott’s expedition, having Scott and his men narrate their tale, while Hunt draws on aspects of the expedition and incorporates them within an entirely fictional narrative. Nevertheless, both novels make the connection between Scott and Barrie’s Peter Pan, and both question the

simplifying of complex human narrative that turns events into legacies. Through the use of multiple narrators, both novels further question our lived experience of history, and how much this is shaped by expectation and upbringing. Yet there is a crucial difference between these exemplars of historiographic metafiction. Leane contends that *The Birthday Boys* “More than any other Heroic-Era novel . . . emphasizes that what remains of the period – and of the explorers themselves – is a web of texts” (94). Although Scott’s own words largely shaped the reputation of the expedition, an entire collection of ego-documents (diaries, letters and memoirs) from the expedition members made up the accounts of the journey. In *Everland*, however, legacy is formed not by a web of texts but by the absence of text, and the primacy of authorised versions of history.

This article offers the first close reading of the novel, with a focus on temporality and legacy. I argue that by drawing on the Antarctic conceit of frozen time through the use of repetitions and *doppelgängers*, *Everland* challenges the idea of progress and our ability to learn from our cultural memories of the past. This challenge is connected specifically with Scott’s legacy, and particularly the link between Scott and J. M. Barrie’s eternal youth, Peter Pan. Scott is depicted as a Lost Boy of the Neverland of Antarctica; I explore how this depiction is used in *Everland*, and show too how this problematic conception of Antarctica itself as a Neverland of the Victorian Imperial era is part of our cultural memory of the continent. While examining how Hunt’s novel problematises legacies of the past, I also contend that the book points to our own legacy left for the future, and the dangers of intentionally ignoring or misremembering the present. By confronting our cultural memories of Antarctica, we are re-evaluating both Antarctica’s past and its future.

The importance of the past, and the connection between it and the present, is made the overt concern of the novel through the use of three parallel narratives. In March 1913, a team of three men from the ship *Kismet* is sent to explore the fictitious Antarctic island of Everland, with a substantive narrative describing their ordeal. A shorter narrative of the remaining *Kismet* crew explains how weeks later they return to the island to find one of their men barely alive, huddled beneath an upturned dinghy, with no trace of the rest of the team or their gear. Without any closure or answers beyond their own making, the *Kismet* must return to port and safety as the winter closes in. Another substantive narrative strand is set in 2012, when a centenary expedition sets out to explore Everland again for scientific research.

These three narrative strands unfold in alternating chapters across the course of the novel, with the two expedition narratives totalling four-fifths of the book. When the 2012 narrative opens, it is at a modern Antarctic base, with the screening of a classic 1960s film of the first Everland expedition. Here the reader learns the by-then infamous fate of the first expedition. According to the film, First Mate Napps, leader of the 1913 party, was a callous man bent on his own survival, and he and the strong but uncomplicated sailor Millet-Bass abandon the inexperienced naturalist, Dinners, to the elements. Since then, the haunted Everland has received only temporary visitors, but the symbolic centenary expedition of three members is determined to write a new scientific chapter for the island. The character parallels seem at first contrived: although the leader is the sensitive old-hand Decker, the field assistant is the bodily efficient and straightforward Jess, and the scientist is the untested and emotional Brix. Brix herself notes that three is a necessarily “divisive” number, and both expeditions present a “social Venn diagram” (43) as tensions rise between incompatible personalities. Dinners and Brix, separated by a century, are united in their loathing of their own weakness. Millet-Bass and Jess become frustrated at doing more than their fair share of the work. And Napps and Decker, seemingly so disparate in personality, must question what they are willing to

sacrifice to return home, as mistakes and the elements compound and threaten the lives of both expeditions.

This doubling of characters encourages a reading of the 1913 men as the *doppelgängers* of the 2012 crew. The term *doppelgänger* was introduced by novelist Jean Paul (Richter) in 1796, and it has traditionally connoted ideas of the double – the self and that which reflects the self – in both folklore and literature (Živković 122). Broadly, the *doppelgänger* indicates a tension between cohesion and dissension in identity, or as Živković describes it, “It stands for contradiction within unity, and for unity in spite of division” (122), usually of a character. In *Everland*, the characters of the centenary expedition wander across the same landscape as the explorers, and as this space shapes their lives, they echo the actions and thoughts of the men a hundred years earlier. At first, these echoes are simply formal juxtapositions, such as where a scene of the 1913 men setting up a tent is immediately followed by the 2012 expedition setting up tents (18; 22). Yet the expeditions seem to grow closer as they spend longer on the island, encouraging a reading of the pairs of personalities as *doppelgängers*. The same conversations are repeated, about children back at home (42; 52), and who they had thought would be on the expedition, and both expeditions bury fresh meat in the ice. As the novel progresses, these convergences escalate: the meat mysteriously spoils in the ice for both parties (156; 188), Napps and Decker are forced to contemplate their own mortality as they touch the still-warm bodies of recently departed penguins (196; 134), and Millet-Bass and Jess are laid low by injuries. By the final chapters, characters are falling into the same icy puddles as they skirt the same beach, echoing each other’s words. Reading the pairs of characters as *doppelgängers* explains these uncanny echoes across time, and helps to collapse differences between the personalities separated by a century.

Although the characters themselves cannot see these echoes as the reader can, they also come to realise that their similarities are closer than their differences. Where at first the men of the 1913 expedition had seemed “so dead it was hard to believe that they’d ever been real” (56), the reality of their shared vulnerability brings home their closeness when Jess damages her ankle. “Frightening to realise how dependent we are on each other,” she says. “Not so different to Napps and his men” (160). While Decker tries to assure her of the safety of their superior technology and team attitude, he adds that “your problems are my problems, your injuries are my injuries,” unconsciously both echoing and pre-empting Napps, who in a scene chapters later tells the injured Millet-Bass “your health is my health . . . your worries are mine” (218). As stated earlier, the recounting of each of the three narratives is ostensibly internally chronological, meaning that Napps’s echoing of Decker is only secondary in the layout of the novel, rather than occurring chronologically second. Yet here Andrew J. Webber’s important study on *doppelgängers* in German literature can highlight how the logic of *doppelgängers* makes this twisting of time inevitable. “The *Doppelgänger* embodies a dislocation in time,” (9) he writes, referring to the literary history of the *doppelgänger* and its place in Romanticism. This notion of the *doppelgänger* applies productively to *Everland*. In Hunt’s novel the past and the present overlap, with the character parallels collapsing time as they echo each other like ghosts. Webber connects the *doppelgänger* figure with the ghost, arguing that “Like all ghosts, it is at once an historical figure, re-presenting past times, and a profoundly anti-historical phenomenon, resisting temporal change by stepping out of time and then stepping back in as revenant” (10). As explorers in their own rights, the 1913 expedition members represent such historical figures, but as *doppelgängers* of the 2012 crew, they have a presence and a bearing that is “profoundly anti-historical” because anachronistic. It appears that it is repetition, not progression, that becomes the driving force of movement in the novel as the 2012 crew draw closer to their *doppelgängers*.

It is worth noting one of the major points of difference between the members of the two expeditions: gender. It was only in 1935 that the first woman set foot in Antarctica, when Caroline Mikkelsen accompanied her husband on a whaling expedition, and women were refused permission to work on the scientific bases on the continent until only a few decades ago (Rosner 491). Even now women are outnumbered by men on all the bases, although this disparity is slowly decreasing. This is not the impression offered by *Everland*, in which the first expedition follows history in its exclusively male characters, and yet the second expedition is composed of two women and one male. This composition is not lingered over in the novel. Conversely, when thinking about his companion Dinners, Millet-Bass categorises him “as a sort of genderless fluffy creature . . . It didn’t matter that the four Millet-Bass sisters were every bit as tough as their brother, and therefore a thousand times more robust than Dinners” (65). In this passage, gender is at first irrelevant, and then demonstrated to be a poor predictor of character; a demonstration proved repeatedly in the second expedition. There neither the tom-boyish Jess nor the male Decker proves as capable as the usually timid Brix in dispatching a seal. In *Everland*, gender is not a thematic concern, which is consistent with Hunt’s own frank comments on her practice of populating Antarctica in a way that is true to history: “and obviously there are only so many people there . . . it’s pretty much scientists and explorers from the past” (qtd. in Peake-Tomkinson). Although the gender balance is the inverse of the existing one at Antarctic bases, she treats it as unremarkable and unremarked upon. Gender may appear to be a major point of difference, but it turns out to have little bearing on the direction of the novel.

Although the century gap creates this historical difference in expedition demography, the distance in time between the two expeditions does not affect the experience of *Everland* because the island itself does not seem to be affected by time. Decker notes the orange growth on some rocks, and comments that “With around a millimetre of growth each century, this lichen is thousands of years old” (83). He even goes on to predict that it is “Virtually unchanged from when Napps saw it” (83). Decker’s observations are proved accurate thirty-five pages and a hundred years later, when Dinners mimics his words to express the same awe at the timeless lichen, with “one millimetre of growth each century . . . It’ll be thousands of years old” (118). This timelessness is not only experienced in an abstracted sense, but in a bodily way by both expeditions, since bodily processes of time are also disrupted by the extreme conditions of Antarctica. Minor injuries become issues requiring nightly attention, as “the Antarctic climate had suspended the healing process, and even the tiniest cut would remain open for months” (203). Equally, decay is put on hold, so that “butter still held knife marks” after “decades of vacancy” (82). The diurnal patterns that dictate life are absent here, and Millet-Bass describes *Everland* time as “an endless single day growing darker by the hour” (130). It follows then that in such a timeless place, a century later, at the other end of the season, Decker echoes these words to describe *Everland* time as an “endless single day . . . getting whiter” (133). In her work on the prevailing tropes of Antarctic fiction, Elizabeth Leane notes the “inseparability of the sense of time and place in Antarctic narratives” (154). She argues that Antarctica “enables time to be stretched out, so that a day lasts several months, or compressed, so that a hundred years seems no more than a day” (155). For the humans living on *Everland*, time on the island is frozen, so that the past is contemporaneous with the present, but the present is an endless single day.

In fact, the reader’s experience of both the *Everland* expeditions is of time slowing down through the novel. The first two thirds of the book cover nearly two months of each expedition, while the last third of the book covers the last day of each expedition on *Everland*. Conversely, the smaller *Kismet* narrative speeds up. This formal experiment is

linked to the broader metaphysical concerns of the novel, for as the ends of the expeditions draw near, their time, and thus their legacy, is becoming frozen. The *Kismet* narrative is arguably the most important of the three strands. In it, the crew, the doctor and the Captain of the ship attempt to piece together the story of Napps's expedition, not simply in order to arrive at the truth, but to create a story that fits with their expectations and ambitions. It is revealed that Dinners secured his place on the expedition only by being the nephew of the rich and heirless Joseph Evelyn, patron of the *Kismet*, in whose honour Everland is named. Only Captain Lawrence knows this, and as he allowed Dinners onto the expedition that led to his death, he closes his ears to possible versions of events in which Napps is not held ultimately responsible (237). As this narrative progresses, the supporters of Napps all eventually drop their sympathetic interpretation of him, and thus condone the official narrative that Captain Lawrence is writing. In a poignant moment that closes the *Kismet* narrative, Napps's last supporter, the sailor Castle, is torn between protecting his dead friend's reputation, and his own living one:

Yesterday Napps was alive on the Kismet as far as anyone outside knew . . . He was destined to finish his days in anonymity to those who'd never met him, be fondly forgotten by those who had, and leave behind a solid, if unexceptional, legacy . . . But tomorrow . . . That's when Napps becomes a brand-new man . . . The second Lawrence delivers his cable, Napps's forty-three years will condense into a few weeks. He'll live on Everland, he'll die on Everland, and that's all he'll have ever done. (283)

This power of legacy as life, of reputation as identity, haunts Castle. He is fearfully aware of how the "paper version of him[self] would tower over the flesh-and-blood version. The real Castle was known by so few and was so logistically restricted, and the paper Castle would be known by countless people and travel everywhere" (284), and so in the end he chooses to drop his support of Napps, and allow Lawrence's version of events to be uncontested, creating the legacy that eventually reaches the 2012 expedition through its filmic adaptation. This imbalance of power between a complex individual and the memorability of a legacy is at the heart of *Everland*. The "flesh-and-blood" Castle is not only logistically restricted, but bound by his social class and the power structures surrounding the expedition. As he is aware, his ability to contest Lawrence's official account is so limited as to make no difference for Napps's reputation, and his resistance to it can only harm his own. Yet not only does this power imbalance compromise the ability of characters to faithfully pass on their own memories, but the power invested in legacy gives primacy to a memorable narrative over a complex character.

Even in the case of Robert Falcon Scott, whose expedition has been significantly reinterpreted, the narrative is an overgeneralisation: either of a national hero or an incompetent fool. From 1910-1913, Scott led the *Terra Nova* expedition to the South Pole, which notoriously turned into a race for the Pole against Norwegian Roald Amundsen. When Scott and his four men reached the Pole, they found that Amundsen had beaten them to it five weeks previously, and Scott and his team all perished on the return journey. Scott's immediate glorification and his status as tragic national hero survived him for many decades, and "the heroism which Scott displayed in the face of death went almost unquestioned" (Jones 193). Although his decision-making was questioned and his personality not universally applauded, he was nevertheless considered a national hero until the mid-twentieth century. However, after the publication of the damning biography by Roland Huntford, *Scott and Amundsen* (1979), as well as a broader rejection of the late Victorian values he was seen

to stand for (including his particularly military heroism and his class-encumbered codes of conduct and sacrifice), Scott's expedition was reinterpreted as a foolhardy venture. In his important work of 1996, *I May Be Some Time: Ice and the English Imagination*, Francis Spufford notes that the Scott story is malleable to this sort of re-visioning, being a memorable tale open to interpretation. "Like any successful myth, [Scott's story] provides a skeleton ready to be dressed over and over in the different flesh different decades feel to be appropriate" he argues, indicating the way in which the same narrative can lead to a range of conclusions (4).

The enormous shift in Scott's legacy was such a reversal from his hero status, and yet he remained so well-known, that his power to embody symbols could itself be mocked. This is neatly captured by a quote from the 1997 novel *Antarctica*: "[they were] the patron saints of all stupid pointless expeditions into the wilderness . . . [they] turned all the stupid false stories of their Victorian youth into one stupid true story" (Kim Stanley Robinson 38). This very embodiment of values, so central to Scott's worship, became central to his critique. Leane argues that "patriotism, empire and masculine endeavour . . . were now increasingly seen as a source of national embarrassment" (91). Cultural memory of Scott continues to adapt as we reinterpret the same expedition to create new narratives and interpretations, often with very different emphases and lessons according to our own revised values.

The connection between Scott and *Everland* is not drawn explicitly in the novel, but the use of nomenclature and allusions to events from Scott's expedition, as well as the concern with legacy, pay homage to Scott. Significantly, the novel does name-check Scott early on, referencing the preservation of the huts of Scott and Shackleton (10). Furthermore, the image of being huddled beneath an upturned boat is a reference to Shackleton's *Endurance* expedition (1914-17), making Hunt's critique of legacy a more general one of the Heroic Age of Exploration. Yet although the name-check may be an attempt to deflect a reading of the novel as a fictionalisation of the Scott expedition, the allusions to Scott are too rich to ignore. The doctor in *Everland* is Addison, while the doctor on Scott's expedition was Atkinson; Hunt's Captain is Lawrence, and the full name of "Titus" Oates from Scott's expedition was Captain Lawrence Oates. Napps himself is made in the image of Scott, a Naval Officer who volunteers to lead an Antarctic expedition. Napps embodies characteristics often associated with Scott, such as his sensitivity with animals, and his English stiff-upper lip attitude, as when in response to Millet-Bass's question of what he is to do with the pain of his broken hand (itself a reference to the cut hand of one of Scott's team) Napps responds "What are you to do? . . . How about apologize . . . You [can] apologize to the British Navy, since your cowardice is an affront to the intrepid spirit it's founded on" (219). This stoic masculinity was what defined Scott as a hero for a generation. Other allusions to events are the changing eye colour of Captain Lawrence (Cherry-Garrard of Scott's expedition experienced the same), and the sponsorship photos with kidney soup (baked beans for Scott's party). More explicitly, Hunt's novel also emphasises the importance of a classic film in creating the legacy of the first expedition, a nod to the famous *Scott of the Antarctic* film of the late 1940s, with its own "celebrated score" (8), that was seen as so valuable a moral example that trips were arranged for school groups to see it (Jones 193). These gestures towards Scott's expedition ground the novel's critique of legacy more generally in the specific legacy of the most famous British Antarctic explorer.

This specific invocation of Scott's legend is also connected with the relationship between Scott's legacy and Barrie's eternal youth Peter Pan. Unlike the usually more oblique references to Scott in the novel, the reference to Peter Pan is an overt invocation of the

legend. “Ever-ever Land . . . Second to the right, and straight on ’til morning” (21), says Jess, quoting Barrie’s story and introducing a way of reading the island itself as our memory. Although named in the novel after the fictional patron of the *Kismet*, Joseph Evelyn, the island is homonymic with the Neverland (originally the Never Never Land in the 1904 theatre play, *Peter Pan, or The Boy Who Wouldn’t Grow Up*) of Barrie’s imaginative world. These Neverlands of Barrie’s 1911 story *Peter and Wendy* are “always more or less an island” (Barrie 9), a map of a child’s mind that is indeterminate and made up of impressions and ideas. In this sense, Everland is the Neverland of our cultural memory of Antarctica, gathering our memories of the Heroic Era of polar exploration and melding them with our modern understanding of Antarctica as a space for science: a symbolic juxtaposition in our cultural imaginary that is made literal in the juxtaposition of the narratives of the text. Barrie, when describing the confusion of memories and thoughts that is Neverland, explains that the map of a child’s mind would be much easier to follow if there were not so many aspects of it crammed in against each other. Religion, fathers, chocolate pudding days, “either these are part of the island or they are another map showing through, and it is all rather confusing, especially as nothing will stand still,” says Barrie of the minds of children (9). Similarly, the Neverland of our cultural memory of Antarctica is both a part of Antarctica (historic huts still standing) and an imposition onto it (what these huts, and other less tangible symbols, mean).

Moreover, the Everland of the novel can be construed as the Neverland of the Victorian Imperial project: that is, the Neverland not of our entire understanding of Antarctica, with modern science blended with exploration legacies, but the Neverland of what the Victorian Empire strived towards. Like Barrie’s Neverland, the Neverland of the Victorian Empire is a place out of time and space, populated with all the aspirations of exploration and colonisation. Antarctica as a physical space did represent the ultimate Neverland for the Victorian era in important ways, coming as it did at the end of the empire, and as the last truly untamed wild place, free from indigenous inhabitants, and pushing the limits of human endurance (Brazelli 129). Nicoletta Brazelli, in her essay on Antarctica as a postcolonial space, argues that “The conquest of the South Pole was of greater symbolic than strategic or commercial value” (129), where male heroism was not a means but often the end goal of the expeditions. This was a place for the patriotic masculinity of the Victorian Empire to finally meet its last and greatest challenge before the collapse of its values in World War I. The space was a “natural” rather than a truly “foreign” one, according to Spufford, who argues that the continent was in many ways perceived as a sort of “wild annex of England” (250).

Certainly, empire is evoked in important ways in the novel. The line from Alfred Tennyson’s poem “Ulysses” inscribed on a cross erected in memory of Scott is brought up early in the novel: “To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield” chants Millet-Bass as he swings his axe into the island to create an ice-locker (31). This powerful assertion of British strength of will drives many of the characters in the novel. Curiously, this sense of a particularly British claim to Antarctica pervades even the centenary expedition, whose members – while theoretically being drawn from a pool of international scientists – are all explicitly or implicitly British, and undoubtedly Anglophone. The 1948 *Scott of the Antarctic* film connoted by the novel’s fictional film also invokes the British Empire, for as Klaus Dodds contends, *Scott of the Antarctic* mythologised British exploration at a time of geopolitical challenges to its polar sovereignty (64). Indeed, author Rebecca Hunt’s own research for the novel included a residency in the Arctic Circle, a geographical irony not lost on her. “Obviously the Arctic is totally the furthest place on earth that you can get away from Antarctica because it’s the North as opposed to the South Pole so it’s quite an epic fail in terms of getting closer to Antarctica but it’s a similar vibe,” she explained in an interview

(qtd. in Peake-Tomkinson). While her experience of the Arctic allowed Hunt to lend her descriptions of Antarctica more than adequate verisimilitude, the cultural acceptability of the Arctic as an equivalent for the Antarctic is itself a privileging of Europe. In many ways, Everland performs the role of the Victorian Imperial Neverland, a fantasy of British colonisation.

This relationship between the novel, Scott and the empire also encompasses the idea of the Lost Boys. Barrie was a personal friend of Scott, and Scott's only child was named after Barrie's character. After Scott's death, and after the war, Barrie gave an address at the University of St Andrews entitled "Courage." In this, he explicitly links Scott to eternal youth when he says that "Scott and his comrades emerge out of the white immensities always young." Scott's team become the Lost Boys of the Empire, immortalised and unaging figures of patriotic masculinity, their bodies literally frozen in the ice. In Leane's reading of the culturally imagined Scott, she additionally notes that Scott's frozen body fits within the conception of sleeping national heroes. Like King Arthur, Scott's expeditions were "celebrated in the language of chivalry," and provided a "motivating example" for the British military and the general public (171). Like Arthur, whose body lies dormant and ready to fight for England once again, Scott's literally frozen body sleeps as a placeholder of British colonisation. The centenary expedition members are similarly aware of the symbolic potency of the lost explorers. "Everland does have a history of Lost Boys, though, if you think about it," Jess muses (21). The Lost Boys of Barrie's *Peter and Wendy* are the male children who have fallen from their perambulators and not been reclaimed, much as many of the explorers of Antarctica have vanished altogether. Napps and Millet-Bass become Lost Boys literally, through their physical disappearance, and culturally, as they fall out of time and into cultural memory.

This vanishing from the physical world to become part of the cultural memory of Antarctica is evident in both Scott's legend and at the end of *Everland*, when Brix finds the frozen body of Napps trapped in the ice. In one of the most powerful passages of the novel, the narrator declares that: "Napps would remain here and drift through the centuries, preserved at the age of forty-three for eternity. Everland had defined his life and historicized his death. It had rendered him immortal. And now it would keep him" (267). This immortality echoes that of Scott in Barrie's address, as the land's possession of the frozen body echoes Scott's fate. By this point in the novel, the 1913 expedition narrative has revealed that Napps did not abandon Dinners, but rather that Dinners's failing body and corresponding delusions of the mind cause *him* to abandon the others as the party try to move through a blizzard, and that they perish in their attempts to relocate him. This is a final twist of the Scott narrative: Napps, whose legacy is that of our later and more critical interpretation of Scott, is actually the hero that Britain first took Scott for. However, there is to be no redemptive reinterpretation for Napps, for in finding Napps's frozen body Brix is actually repeating the fateful blizzard of the last day of the 1913 expedition. In this, Napps's body acts for Brix as a traditional *doppelgänger* often does: as the harbinger of imminent demise (Webber 58). She, like Dinners, crawls under the upturned dinghy on the beach to escape the storm; like his, her body is already catastrophically damaged. The last scene of the novel echoes almost exactly the scene that opened the novel, with a rescue team finding a frozen and barely-alive body under the dinghy. Moreover, it is not just Brix's body that is repeating history, but her silent inability to tell the truth of the expedition: in this centenary blizzard on Everland, it is Decker and Jess who have abandoned Brix and who intentionally lie about it, thus creating another false legacy, which unknown to them is actually an inverse of the first.

The novel ends on this pessimistic note. The centenary expedition is unable to learn from the past, because the past they have inherited is a lie. Worse, Decker and Jess are creating their own lie in the present to protect their reputations, just as Lawrence did a century earlier. The time of Antarctica is shown to be frozen, for in echoing their *doppelgängers* the centenary expedition members are simply repeating history. In the Neverland of the Antarctic island, memory proves to be fiction, and the past both impossible to know and impossible to escape. Earlier in the novel, Brix had been optimistic when she discovered a rusted pineapple tin left behind from the first expedition. Suddenly the three men of a century earlier, who had previously been “reduced to sepia portraits” (56) and caricatures of the legacy passed on from Lawrence, appeared much closer and more tangible to her. Yet the reader is warned against believing in this knowable relationship with memory. “But the past was a different world. It remained unknowable and evasive, even when you were holding solid proof of it in your hand” (56), and so the novel goes on to prove. Memory turns out to be false, and the Lost Boys of this Neverland are indeed truly trapped.

However, I conclude by problematising the idea of Everland as Neverland, and arguing that change – as much as fixedness – offers a valuable lesson in the novel. Both the Never Nevers – Antarctica, and Barrie’s island – contain the idea of frozen time and place, unchanged and unchanging. Certainly, the novel *Everland* perpetuates this Antarctic conceit of frozen time through the repetitions and focus on the past, as I have demonstrated. Yet while Hunt’s novel draws on the trope of timelessness so prevalent in Antarctic fiction, and most of the novel emphasises the unchanging nature of the landscape, there are important indications that this timeless Antarctica is just as constructed as the make-believe world of Never Never Land. Frozen bodies and repeating histories are dominant constructions, but revisions in historical interpretation and the reputation of Scott in particular point to the possibility of their readings and significance changing over time. While Hunt’s book is a critique of the legacies of the Heroic Age more generally, it does take Scott as a particularly strong point of reference. This is significant, for Scott’s legacy is distinctly unfrozen in time. Although the documents of Scott’s expedition, particularly his diary and the published (edited) version of that, are unchanged since they were discovered, Scott’s legacy has undergone the major revision that I described earlier. The 2012 centenary celebrations saw a return to invoking Scott as a hero in some quarters, but his reputation for fool-hardiness mired in class attitudes has remained. It was into this atmosphere of contested legacy that Hunt’s novel emerged; it can be read as a critique of not just a frozen legacy, but of memorialisation and the simplification of narrative and character which that entails.

Other hints of the artificial timelessness of Antarctica are also significant. One of the oft-repeated mottos of the characters of the novel is “The times are changing and we with them.” For the 2013 expedition, their understanding of the 1913 characters is unchanging and unchangeable – men with fates already set for them, and dispositions that will lead inevitably to them. The novel’s at first contrived paralleling of characters encourages such a reading of the characters from both expeditions. Yet the ways in which the characters *do* change, and the ways in which they do *not* echo each other as *doppelgängers*, are important.

There is another sense in which *Everland* suggests a tension between the changelessness of the frozen landscape and the changing significance attributed to human activity – not only changes in attitudes to explorers and their achievements, but also to their impact on the environment. An ecocritical reading breaks down the former while emphasising the latter. A powerful image from the novel in this regard is that of human detritus. The pineapple tin from the first expedition causes the centenary members to rejoice in this connection with the

past, which gives them a tangible grasp on the 1913 men. But after a blizzard later in the novel, the centenary expedition emerges from their tent to find that their carefully collected rubbish has been strewn across the ice by the storm. “Scattered packaging wheeled in the breeze like luridly coloured autumn leaves, bearing the brand names Nestle, Cadbury’s and Heinz” (139) in a terrible display of pollution in the world’s last wilderness. This is repacked away, and the expedition goes about its chores. Even so, the scene prompts a very different question of legacy from the past-dominated focus of the novel, prompting a refocusing on the present legacy being left for the future rather than dwelling on our legacy from the past. The glacier of Everland, “shrunk back from its former margins, like a drought-stricken river” (226), invokes melting and shrinking ice; an image that has become one of the most recognizable images of a fragile climate. This fragility is further emphasised by the presence of fur seals in the novel. The centenary expedition are able to tell the “happy” (34) story of the near-extinction of fur seals, whose existence was doubted and yet who sprang back from the brink to repopulate Antarctica. This story takes on a new edge when the 1913 expedition later finds fur seals, for the extinction is very nearly completed when Millet-Bass and Napps slaughter two of them for food (100). The fur seals are thus living signs of the fragility of Everland and Antarctica, and like the ice-core records described at the beginning of this article, show how the environment changes across time.

Written in 1987, Stephen J. Pyne’s famous book on the cultural and scientific history of Antarctica, *The Ice*, included a chapter on the literature and art of the continent, and concluded that an Antarctic aesthetic relied on negation. The landscape was so barren and so foreign, he argued, that it “actively eras[es] the normal lines of information and passively reflect[s] back the shadows of its observer” (205). In the twenty-first century, these shadows appear to be the global ones of environmental impact. Antarctic scholar Elena Glasberg argues that climate change is now central to the Antarctica of our cultural imagination. In her essay on Le Guin’s *Sur*, she contends that the obsessive returns to the Heroic Age of Polar Exploration in literature are a form of “repetition compulsion” (114), a need to repeat final arrivals in Antarctica to counter the “traumatic humanlessness” of the continent. In *Everland*, this sense of compulsive repetition dominates the return to the island in the second expedition, the re-enactment of a final arrival that only futilely combats the inherent humanlessness of the landscape for two months. Yet Glasberg also suggests that if this urge to repeat final arrivals is indeed Antarctica’s future, then it could result in an “the ecologically devastated and plundered nature preserve” (114-15). In Hunt’s novel, the obsession with overcoming the humanlessness of the island by reconquering it blinds the centenary expedition to the implications of the shrinking glacier.

Moreover, in their search for the cultural significance of the flags and boats left by the 1913 expedition, members of the centenary expedition forget that for the landscape of the island, these artefacts are simply imperishable rubbish. Rosner argues that “In the public consciousness, the polar regions seem to function as a kind of canary in the coal mine of planetary climate change” (492), but if we are stuck in the frozen Antarctic time of the polar exploration age, then we cannot help but miss the signs of distress that Antarctica offers. If *Everland* is read as a lament about climate change and human impact on the planet, the novel’s greatest concern is not our inheritance from the past, but our legacy for the future.

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