

## Maybe this time book

There is a lot of information packed into this book about the human obsession with polar exploration. I was completely immersed in the poetic language Spufford uses to describe the landscape of the Arctic and Antarctic and it was interesting to read about how the English in Victorian times became enthralled with the idea of conquering the frozen land. **Maybe someday book review** Midway through the book I had to put it aside for a little over a year but when I returned it was as fascinating as I remembered it. My favorite parts were the description of Sir John Franklin's expedition to find the Northwest Passage and the ordeal of Robert Falcon Scott in his quest to be the first to travel to the South Pole. I did not know that Franklin's wife played such a large role in his expedition although I was aware of her efforts to find him when he disappeared. The one criticism I have of the book is that the author wanders off into everyday life in England, the roles of servants and women, and sociological commentary which do not have much to do with polar exploration or explorers. I found it an irritating and very lengthy section which I was eager to get through so I could once again find the subject matter promised by the author. But as I read quickly through those parts there were some portions I had to stop and read closely because they piqued my interest. The last part of the book brought back all the colorful and literary language, the trials and heartache of Scott's journey and the final moments eight months after the death of Scott and his companions when the search party from Cape Evans uncovers the tent and discovers the bodies. I can't really consider this a spoiler as the results of the Scott expedition are well known. Having just finished another book about an expedition near Baffin Island in the late 1930s where the men were immersed in the Inuit way of living and travelling, I was struck by the contrast of how little the Scott party learned from the natives, probably because they regarded the Inuit as inferior to the English and how they persisted in using clothing, food, and animals not suited for the conditions. Ponies, I can't imagine what he was thinking. **I may be some time fiction meaning** The various references to poets and novelists of the era opened up another dimension of thought on polar exploration. Tying together the thoughts of popular books, poetry, and the collecting of souvenirs gave the concept of English fascination with the subject a well-rounded and multi-faceted view that I found particularly enjoyable. There is a select bibliography and index which also helps reference back to various points in the book. Part non-fiction and part embellished romanticism. I could easily see going back to this book time and again. Paperback Spufford is less interested in the history of polar exploration than the why of it, what drove so many Englishmen, and yes, in this era they were all men, to explore an inhospitable region where nothing apparently could be gained. Why did Robert Scott's failed quest to the South Pole become a hit movie, a children's book, and a moral lesson for both left and right? sclerotic bureaucracy. Part of the drive to explore was that old standby because it's there but empire ego and the belief the quest represented a test of character fueled it too, and often doomed it. It became better to face death gamely than be practical and say, learn how the Inuit survived so well in the same environment. As others have said, Spufford's style doesn't really grab readers, but it's worth the effort. Paperback. It is a rich exploration of the cultural significance to the late Victorian and Edwardian English of the various efforts at north and south polar explorations, from the lost Franklin Arctic expedition in the early 1800s to the doomed Scott race to the South Pole. Spufford covers a lot of territory, the way the blankness and challenge to human efforts posed by Arctic wastes was translated in the British mind to an awed appreciation for the sublime, perceived as the juxtaposition of the beautiful and the overwhelming strangeness of the northern regions, the way Lady Jane Franklin positioned herself as an immovable force in British society as she continued to press the government, the Navy, and public opinion to continue to search for her missing husband, becoming a cultural and political force in the process, though she was against the suffrage movement, the way Eskimos became an exotic tribe, perceived as humans at an earlier stage of development, and so worth both anthropological study and popular trivialization, and the psychology of the Scott polar

expedition as his men displayed all that was deemed right about British masculine endeavor facing the most formidable obstacles with good natured camaraderie even as they swallowed their growing disenchantment with Scott and got on each others nerves but never letting their true feelings get in the way of their grand mission as stupid and pointless as it was. **pdf i may be some time to go** A most interesting approach to the much studied history of polar exploration focusing on how the English traditions of stiff upper lipism gave cultural import to what was ultimately a useless expenditure of money time and human life Very well written and thoughtful in its interpretations of the facts. **Book i may be some time now** I will remember the concept of the sublime as overwhelming the human imagination offering beauty and dread at the same time I will remember Lady Jane and her decades long efforts to find her husband even Thoreau followed the story and how she captured the public imagination almost than her husband did I will remember the way the poor Eskimos a corrupt name Inuit is how they are referred to now became a pop cultural amusement I will remember that some critics of the Franklin expedition wondered how it was that the English crew trapped in the ice starved to death in a land where the Inuits lived hardy well fed lives They starved because they refused to live as the Inuit did the same way that Scott refused to use dogs in Antarctica sure that ponies would be better draft animals and unwilling to apply to his own purposes what the Inuit had long understood as necessary for survival and movement in that bleak environment Paperback i couldn't get far in this book the topic was fascinating but it was so tediously written that it just wasn't gonna happen worth skimming or looking for specific topics but definitely not a cover to cover for me Paperback Interesting topic but felt like it was written by a less than enthusiastic writer I guess I skim read it Another reader has suggested that it may be too academic and I'd go along with that in my case anyway Some interesting points along the way but too little on Scott Paperback



Spufford began as a writer of non fiction though always with a strong element of story telling Among his early books are I May Be Some Time The Child That Books Built and Backroom Boys He has also edited two volumes of polar literature But beginning in 2010 with Red Plenty which explored the Soviet Union around the time of Sputnik using a mixture of fiction and history he has been drawing steadily closer and closer to writing novels and after a slight detour into religious controversy with Unapologetic arrived definitely at fiction in 2016 with Golden Hill It won the Costa First Novel Award for 2017 and three other prizes and was shortlisted for three His next book Light Perpetual due February 2021 shifts from New York to London and from the eighteenth century to the second half of the twentieth Spufford studied English at Cambridge University He was a Royal Literary Fund fellow at Anglia Ruskin University from 2005 to 2007 and

since 2008 has taught at Goldsmiths College in London where he is Professor of Creative Writing [site\\_link](#) Francis Spufford explores the British obsession with polar exploration in a book that Jan Morris writing in *The Times* called A truly majestic work of scholarship thought and literary imagination The title a last quote from one explorer to his party as he left their tent never to return embodies the danger and mystery that fueled the romantic allure of the poles and subsequently the British imagination Far from being a conventional history of polar exploration *I May Be Some Time* attempts to understand what was going on in the minds of the polar explorers as they headed toward destinies like Terra Nova Serving up a heady brew of Captain Perry Jane Eyre gastronomic obsessions with iced desserts and the daily lives of Eskimos Spufford treats the reader to one of the most satisfying and imaginative contemporary works dealing with exploration and human need *I May Be Some Time* Ice and the English Imagination A hard one to categorise and so meandering in terms of content that it probably depends what you were looking for in this *Ice and the English Imagination* I felt the strongest chapters were the ones in its first half on the sublime Romantic literature and the earlier expeditions especially the down the literal rabbit hole digression on Symmes Hollow Earth stuff I could have happily read loads on that On the other hand I felt like Spufford was eager to finally get to Scott which I would not have been opposed to except for the odd sudden switch to present tense for a fictionalised account just for the Terra Nova section Hit and miss but worth the read Paperback If you are haunted by the Scott polar expedition this is the book for you I now feel that I know in some detail the psychological background to those doomed men Most of Francis Spufford's is a trawl through the literature of the nineteenth century where it references polar exploration There's a lot I had no idea is was such an obsession Even Jane Eyre was influenced by its gloom And in the last two chapters we relive that terrible journey and further It's all worthwhile Paperback **I MAY BE SOME TIME ICE AND THE ENGLISH IMAGINATION** is a fascinating account of the effects of polar exploration on British thinking from the 18th through 20th centuries. **Maybe someday book review** I recommend this book to anyone interested in the history of ideas and one need not be a fan of polar exploration to enjoy it Paperback All the non-fiction books about polar exploration that I'd read prior to this one were straightforward travelogue slash adventure narratives that dwelt on the immediate context of the expedition recounted and the personalities involved *I May Be Some Time* is a very different sort of book although it took me a stupidly long time to realise just how much so Spufford pulls together an idiosyncratic cultural history not of the expeditions themselves so much as the context in which they took place Successive chapters discuss in great detail such themes as the nature of the sublime in popular perceptions of the Arctic the role of expedition wives as patient yet proactive guardians of their husbands reputations and how attitudes towards the Inuit became overtly racist during the 19th century The penultimate chapter was my favourite In it Spufford embarks upon a magnificent grandiloquent and sweeping account of what it meant to be Edwardian This combines such delightful ephemera as the use of North Pole as rhyming slang for arsehole with insights like this For some time British culture had leant towards admiring strength Self congratulation played a part here finding itself on top of the world as it seemed Edwardian Britain liked to remind itself of hierarchies and pecking orders So did the simplified Darwinism actually no such thing that drew parallels between the struggle of species for survival and the struggle of human nations and individuals against one another Maybe Nietzsche even had some influence for his ideas about the will to power and the superman were just beginning to be popularised in Britain by a few converts But Edwardian enthusiasm for toughness tough tactics and toughed moral fibres was very widely diffused They were less willing than mid-Victorians to recognise the delicate and ambiguous kinds of mental endurance but they admired strength of character. **I may be some time travel** The final chapter is entirely different a brief fictionalised account of Scott's ill-fated final expedition This would jar in the hands of a lesser writer but Spufford carries it off beautifully The book then ends on a personal note as he recounts a trip to McMurdo Base in the Antarctic to see the memorial to Scott put up by surviving members of his expedition It's a moving epilogue that is somehow powerful for all the dense and elaborate edifice of cultural and social significance that prior chapters have built around it For all the wider meanings

and significances that it evokes Scott's journey to the North Pole was also a tragic unnecessary waste of lives I found the combination of the three elements thematic history fictionalised narrative and personal travelogue added up to a ponderous yet profound whole The extended quotations from Victorian sources drag at times yet Spufford's infectious fascination with the subject always shines through I found the reflections on Edwardian society before WWI especially thought provoking as I hadn't previously read much analysis of how that brief era contrasted with Victorian age that preceded it I liked Spufford's observation that the Victorians had to deal with such a barrage of technological and scientific developments that their prevailing attitude was one of doubt and uncertainty The Edwardians Spufford suggests had no such comfort with ambiguity and exhibited a callous certainty about the order of things until WWI smashed that assurance into smithereens Spufford recounts an anecdote from 1916 I'd heard before that has lost none of its succinct bite As soon as the three scarecrow like travellers had established who they were to Mr Sorlle the manager and what they were doing wandering through his whaling station frightening children Tell me when was the war over Shackleton asked The war is not over he answered Millions are being killed Europe is mad The world is mad There is also a madness to arrogant and overconfident amateurs claiming ownership of snowy wastes based on notions of adventure and empire The appeal of said snowy wastes cannot be denied however Spufford thoroughly delineates the misguided romantic and imperialist subtexts of Scott's doomed endeavour while also acknowledging the force that the Antarctic's serene beauty exerts on the imagination then and now I May Be Some Time is a carefully researched and compelling patchwork of a book well worth the close attention that it demands Paperback This was a fascinating look at the culture surrounding English polar exploration I thought it was written well but it's also dense which may not suit readers who like their nonfiction on the breezier side My favorite chapter was on the concept of the sublime and how gothic novelists used that aesthetic in ways that didn't quite line up with expected gender roles Paperback .

**: Book i may be some time now** Among the ideas that affected the English imagination are the power and sublimity of nature heroism and disaster the reputations of lost explorers and the characteristics of native peoples