

NUMBER 16

LOOKOUT • a forum for writers

Comments: 3516 W. 13th Ave., Vancouver, BC V6R 2S3

BIOGRAPHY

# LOOKOUT

BC's **Michael Smith** became a co-recipient of the Nobel Prize for Chemistry in 1993 for discovering site-directed mutagenesis—a process by which genes can be changed under laboratory conditions for medical and research purposes.

Upon his return from Stockholm, Smith donated his prize money of nearly \$500,000 (U.S. ) to benefit schizophrenia research, the Society for Canadian Women in Science and Technology, and Science World.

Smith also used the cachet of his Nobel Prize to ensure Canada didn't miss out on Genome Research. He lobbied political and private institutions, he arranged for Victor Ling to join the Cancer Agency and he helped the BC Cancer Foundation raise funds for the Genome Centre.

Last year Carol Astell was part of the team at the Cancer Agency that first sequenced the SARS virus. As a former student of Michael Smith, Astell has co-written a biography of her mentor—shown at right.

For Joan Givner's review, see centre spread.



Michael Smith of yesteryear takes a break from too much science.

# NOBEL MIKE



# KNOW YOUR NOBELS

*Gordon Shrum—first B.C. Hydro chairman and the ‘management superstar’ who oversaw construction of Simon Fraser University, Robson Square Law Courts and the Peace River Dam—also recruited two Nobel Prize winners to UBC: Har Gobind Khorana and Michael Smith. They are two of only a handful of people who have lived in British Columbia and won a Nobel Prize, but only Michael Smith has won a Nobel Prize while he was residing here.*

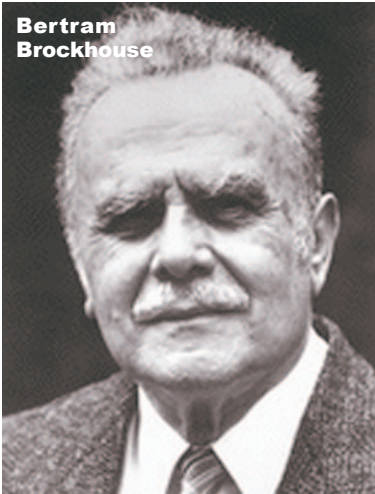


## 1968

**Har Gobind Khorana**, in 1968, shared his Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine with Americans Robert W. Holley and Marshall W. Nirenberg “for their interpretation of the genetic code and its function in protein synthesis.” Khorana’s background was even more disadvantaged than that of Smith. He came from a Punjabi village of 100 people in which only his family was literate. Khorana left UBC to continue his research in Wisconsin; Michael Smith followed him to the U.S. but soon returned to Vancouver.

## 1994

**Bertram Brockhouse** shared the 1994 Nobel Prize in Physics with American Clifford Shull for developing neutron scattering techniques for studying condensed matter. Born in Lethbridge on July 15, 1918, Brockhouse grew up on a farm and came to Vancouver in 1927 with his family. Unable to make ends meet, they lived in Chicago from 1935 to 1937 then returned to Vancouver where Brockhouse developed left-wing sympathies. He served in World War II and was discharged to Vancouver. He received his B.A. from UBC in 1947, his M.A. (1948) and Ph.D. (1950) from the University of Toronto and worked as a researcher at the Atomic Energy of Canada’s Chalk River Nuclear Laboratory from 1950 to 1962. He taught at McMaster University (1962-1984) until his retirement. He died on October 13, 2003.



## 1996

**William S. Vickrey**, an economist born in Victoria in 1914, is the only Nobel Prize winner of the 20th century to be born in British Columbia. His family soon left the province and he did not return. He received the Nobel Prize for Economics in 1996.

## 1999

**Robert Mundell** received the Nobel Prize in 1999 for his work about exchange rates and international trade, anticipating globalization. His ideas have

been credited as one of the sources for the creation of the common European currency, the Euro. Born in Kingston, Ontario in 1932, he graduated from high school in Maple Ridge in 1949. Mundell earned his B.A. from UBC in 1953 and a Ph.D. from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1956. At age 29, he became the chief international economist for the International Monetary Fund. He remains a Canadian citizen and credits his upbringing in British Columbia for some of his early insights. In Maple Ridge, he saw how vulnerable a regional economy was to international developments. “Coming from a small country, open to trade, gave me a perspective on the international economy that people who live in large economies don’t have.” Mundell teaches economics at Columbia University in New York.



## 2002

**Daniel Kahneman**, born in Tel Aviv, Israel in 1934, received the Nobel Prize for Economics in 2002 with Vernon L. Smith for having “integrated insights from psychological research into economic science, especially concerning human judgment and decision-making under uncertainty.” Kahneman and his wife Anne Treisman came to teach at UBC in 1979. A citizen of both the United States and Israel, Kahneman left Vancouver in 1986 to teach at the University of California at Berkeley.







Michael Smith with his first wife Helen on their honeymoon visiting his parents in Blackpool, England, 1960

**W**hen **Mike Smith** was leading three carloads of his University of British Columbia colleagues and students to hear a prominent biologist speak in Seattle, a bemused American border guard asked the driver of the third car, “Just what in the hell is an allosteric enzyme?”

Although the science-challenged reader of **No Ordinary Mike: Michael Smith, Nobel Laureate** (Ronsdale \$24.95) sometimes shares that border guard’s bemusement, this biography has an appeal that goes beyond the mysteries of the gene.

**Eric Damer & Caroline Astell’s** *No Ordinary Mike* is an uplifting story of extraordinary achievement, hard work, an ability to overcome setbacks, and a passionate dedication to science.

Michael Smith did it the hard way.

Born in 1932 in Lancashire, the have-not region of England, Michael Smith grew up in a working class world populated largely by coal miners and factory workers with rough manners and a dialect considered comical and uncouth. By passing an examination at the age of eleven he qualified for a grammar school that would prepare him for university entrance.

The son of a market gardener, when Smith entered an elite school with the sons of professional men he became keenly aware of his lower social status. The discomfort experienced by any working class child in similar circumstances varied according to the family’s economic means, the child’s ability to adopt middle class manners and speech, and the sensitivity (usually not great) of classmates and teachers.

Mike Smith emerged from his seven-year ordeal with a deep-rooted social insecurity and a first-rate education. The grammar school survivor of his day was well-grounded in the arts and sciences, trained for disciplined intellectual work, and learned the ability to write well. Smith’s writing skills made him an expert in drawing up grant proposals—an invaluable asset in the operation of a science laboratory.

Smith’s ability in the sciences qualified him for Cambridge, but he did not have the required Latin credit. He went instead to nearby Manchester where his work was less than brilliant. With a second-class degree, he was admitted into the doctoral programme and completed the degree with the all-too-familiar agony caused by an absentee and otherwise uncooperative dissertation supervisor. Possibly that experience accounted for his conscientiousness when he became a supervisor to others.

Aided by years of publicly-funded education in Britain, Smith became part of the brain drain from England when he was recruited to UBC at the urging of Har Gobind Khorana. “I heard, in the summer of 1956, that a young scientist in Vancouver, Canada, Har Gobind Khorana, might have a fellowship to work on the synthesis of biologically important organo-phosphates. While I knew this kind of chemistry was much more difficult than the cyclohexane stereochemistry in which I was trained, I wrote to him and was awarded a fellowship after

an interview in London with the Director of the British Columbia Research Council, Dr. **G. M. Shrum.**”

Smith planned a year’s stay in Canada but fell in love with Vancouver and stayed there for the rest of his life. He was particularly lucky in his brilliant supervisor—Khorana. Unfortunately, not everyone recognized Khorana’s brilliance. UBC was unwilling to support his research and, as a consequence, Khorana moved to Wisconsin.

The 35 years that Smith devoted to research in biochemistry and molecular biology left a rich legacy. He launched UBC’s internationally acclaimed Biotechnology Laboratory; he became a powerful advocate for science, influencing national policy and helping to establish Canada’s Genome Sciences Centre; and he became responsible for training future scientists.



The biography offers ample documentation of Smith’s effectiveness as a teacher because both Smith and **David Suzuki** were Ph.D. supervisors to one of its authors, Caroline Astell, who became one of Smith’s colleagues.

Generations of university graduates have paid tribute to Smith as a clear, organized lecturer and were grateful that he instilled in them the intellectual tools needed to solve problems rather than requiring them to memorize and regurgitate information. But these very qualities alienated some students, and he was constantly pained by the stream of negative evaluations of his teaching by undergraduates in the Faculty of Medicine. Like many of his colleagues in biochemistry, he felt that medical students were too anxious to become physicians, and failed to appreciate the value of the basic sciences.

Smith was 61 when he became the co-recipient of the Nobel Prize. With typical generosity, he invited a number of his UBC colleagues along as his guests for the awards ceremony in Sweden, paying all their expenses. Since Caroline Astell was among them, she includes a first-hand behind-the-scenes account of the events in Stockholm. Smith, who could hardly conceal his pleasure, conducted himself with great dignity, unlike his co-recipient who climbed on the table at one party and mocked the Royal Family.

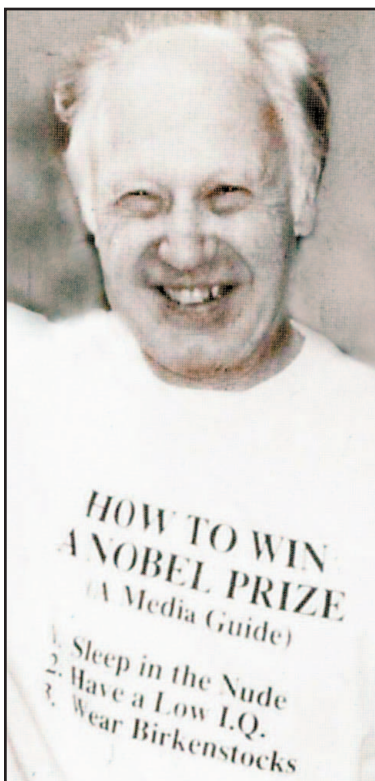
One half of Smith’s Nobel Prize money went to support post-doctoral fellowships in schizophrenia research; the other half went to the Vancouver Foundation to fund public science education through Science World and the Society for Canadian Women in Science and Technology. Several of his doctoral students and some of his most important collaborators had been women, and he recognized that as scientists they faced many obstacles not encountered by men.

Smith had only seven years in which to relish his status as a Nobel laureate and to use its prestige to further scientific education and his favourite causes. A month after he died in 2000, some 1,000 people from Canada, England and the United States gathered to honour his memory.

The son of a Lancashire grocer had, as one of his colleagues put it, “left big Birkenstocks to fill.”

1-55380-014-1

BCBW columnist Joan Givner was born only a few miles away from Michael Smith’s birthplace, four years after him. She lives in Mill Bay.





## Standing in a Pool of Water

**“I had always wanted to know how people would react if I were to stand in one of these pools in front of the office tower next to where I work.”**

**A story by Michael Hetherington**

**I** stood up to my calves in the pool of water, which would not have been so unusual except I was wearing a black suit and leather shoes. I had always wanted to know how people would react if I were to stand in one of these pools in front of the office tower next to where I work. At first I thought I should take something to read or something to sit on (a high stool?) but I decided in the end just to stand. And should I hold a briefcase and appear to be going somewhere? Yes, a briefcase at my side would add something.

I was acquainted with a number of people who worked in the building and I feared they would inadvertently spoil my experiment by calling out to me. I decided, however, that anyone who knew me and saw me standing in the water would probably not acknowledge me.

The water seeped its way up my pant legs. I hoped it would not reach above my thighs before my time was up. I had decided that fifteen minutes would be enough. From about 12:15 to 12:30. Plenty of time for lots of lunch-goers to see me but not enough time for too large a crowd to gather or for the security people to get anxious and ask me to get out. Undoubtedly, the fact that I was wearing an expensive suit would mean they would delay any request to get out. If I had been in jeans or dressed like a courier, I would have been hauled out in a flash.

At first I was disappointed that not many people did stop to look at me. Finally, a child said, “Mommy, look at that man in the water.”

“You mustn’t point at people, Janie.”

“But he’s just standing there. His feet are getting wet. Why is he standing there?”

The mother was doing her best and I felt guilty for distressing her, yet I didn’t think observing my little stunt was doing the child any harm.

Then the first of my friends walked by. To my surprise, he stopped and called out to me.

“How’s the water?” he asked. I didn’t respond. I had decided that was the way I was going to react to any attempted conversation. He seemed to understand when I merely bowed my head slightly to acknowledge him, and he went through the glass doors into the building. I continued to stand there silently, holding my briefcase.

The traffic began to slow down and one car almost ran into the back of another. My feet were getting cold and I wasn’t sure whether I could last the fifteen minutes.

Another friend walked by and asked if I wanted a sandwich or anything; he was going to the fast-food place in the mall below. I responded by shaking my head quickly once to the side and back.

I thought of the time on a rainy day in grade four when Darren Jamieson pulled off my rubber boots in the middle of the school playing field. My older brother, who had always looked out for me, had gone up to high school that year, and my cousin—who could be pretty tough when dealing with bullies—was chasing a girl on the other side of the school. I stood in the field in my stocking feet with water soaking through my thin socks. Tears mixed with raindrops on my face, and I felt helpless and ashamed.

So I stood there in the pool in front of the office building, as a voluntary act, knowing—in contrast to the schoolyard trauma—that there would be no great consequences to my actions. A security guard came out then and asked me to step out of the water. He didn’t ask me to get out, but to step out. I remained, motionless. He then said something into his walkie-talkie. People now have cellular phones, but security guards still have walkie-talkies.

Another security guard came out a few minutes later with a long-handled net for sweeping leaves and debris from the pool. A crowd had now gathered. I realized then that people had not assembled in any great numbers until after the security guards started making a fuss. I considered saying something like, “I jumped and this is where I landed.”

The same little girl with her mother walked past again; I guess they had been in the bank in the foyer of the building. The second guard, whose appearance reminded me of

my girl-chasing cousin, started to prod me with the net and then he tried putting it over my head. Water dripped all down my neck.

The little girl said, “Mommy, do they think he’s a butterfly or something?”

That was all I needed to hear, and I felt satisfied. I fended off the long-handled net and then, mechanically, as if I were one of those robot-imitating mime artists, moved around a bit, opened my briefcase and emptied the contents—departmental meeting agendas from the last seven years—onto the water. I walked carefully away from the floating paper, lifting my feet out of the water with each step instead of making waves. I stepped out of the far corner of the pool and headed toward my own office building.

As I went through the door I looked back and could see the security guards trying to scoop the paper out of the pool. I went down to the food fair, bought and consumed a chicken sandwich, and twenty minutes later got on a crowded elevator to go back to my office, where I sat at my desk for the rest of the day.



JEREMY TWIGG PHOTO

After 16 years of perseverance, **Michael Hetherington** (featured on our front cover) has published his first collection of surrealist tales, **The Late Night Caller** (Turnstone \$16.95). “What Hetherington gives us,” says Ernest Hekkanen, a fellow surrealist, “is a salve for our humdrum human condition—a magic cure for conventional existence.” 0-88801-288-8



Robert Strandquist illuminates the precarious human gravity of his fellow man in a novel partially inspired by bad luck, Social Assistance and the travails of love. **by JEREMY TWIGG**

It's an average day at the shoemaker's shop where Leo works until a woman comes through the door pushing a stroller containing two white geese. Leo reluctantly agrees to make custom booties for the birds.

"He finds a lovely piece of alligator, but it's wrong, somehow, for a goose. He digs up a couple of scraps of fine brown cow lining... He caresses the thin leather with his thumbs, turning it over in his mind and eventually the challenges coalesce into specifics and potential weaves itself into an idea, a place to begin."

So begins **Robert Strandquist's** first novel **The Dreamlife of Bridges** (Anvil \$18), the story of Leo, a divorced father trying to cope with his son's suicide. Leo just wants to keep to himself, but bad luck sticks to him like glue.

He's a handyman capable of fixing most things except himself.

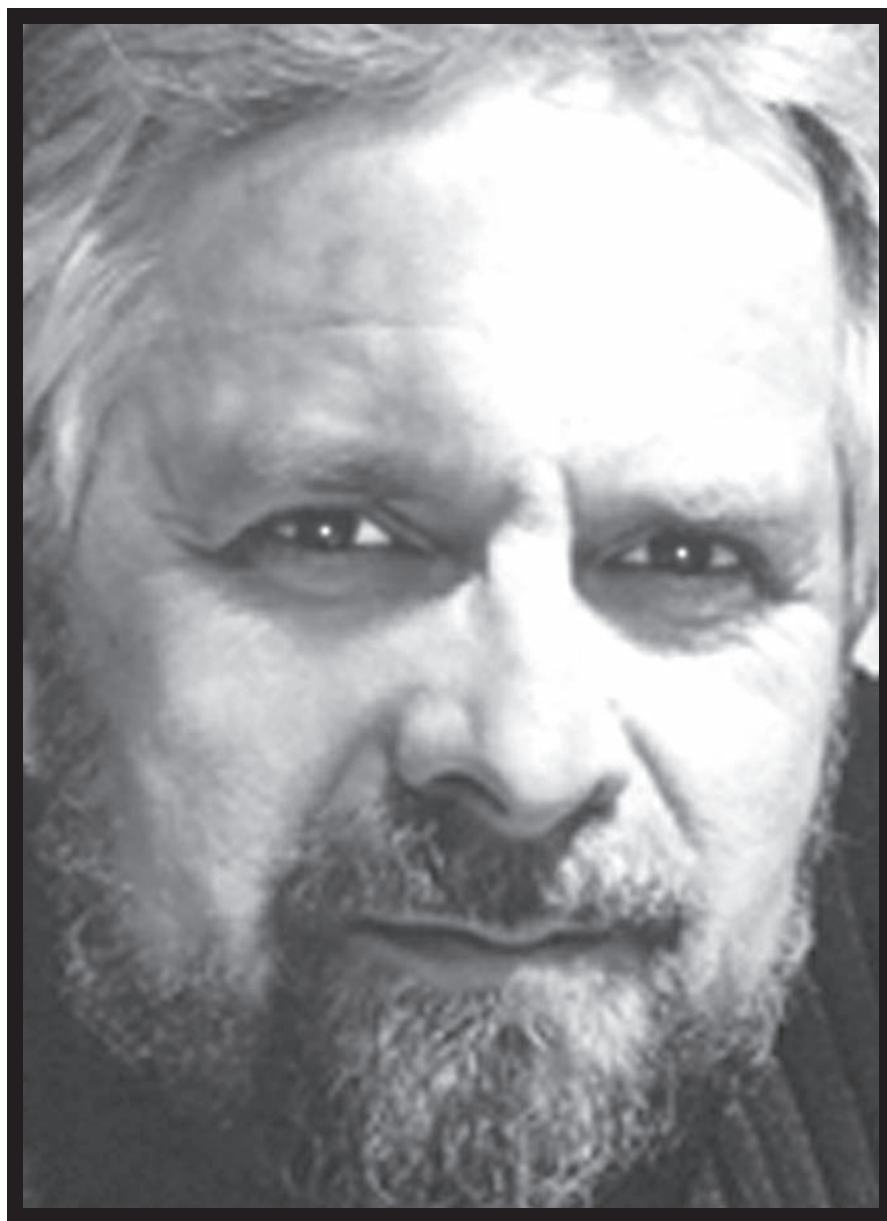
Leo's walk home to False Creek shows his dark frame of mind as he passes between the brewery's chain-link fence and the rail yard siding "where a couple of boxcars have been wasting gravity for the past week." The Burrard Bridge, at its apex, "achieves a height sufficient to clear the masts of ships and gives suicides a better than fifty-fifty chance."

June is Leo's upstairs neighbour. She's a separated stock trader fighting to retain custody of her son. A blown fuse creates darkness and the opportunity for romance. "The scent she's wearing has a stormy wildness about it, and he longs for the sheltering nape of being in love, to be out of reach of his memories. He wants to get on his knees and beg her to love him. But the glare of banality breaks over them when June locates the switch."

They're both damaged goods but they give dinner a try. The mood is broken when two social workers and an RCMP officer arrive to check on June's boy.

Late for work one too many times, Leo gets fired from the shoemaker's. He finds cheap housing—shared with the goose woman, an explosives artist, a cyclist, an intellectual and a young female student—and gets fired from a string of blue-collar jobs. Returning from Social Services, wanting only to curl up in bed, he finds the contents of his room strewn on the sidewalk. He has slept with the young student and the goose woman is jealous. "His scaffolding pride crumples around his feet and he just stands there waiting for the first breeze to knock him over." With no place to stay, little money and less pride, Leo ditches his possessions for a life on the streets. "He could take his room back, occupy it by force, demand his rights under the law, but for some reason this was easier, to

# FIXING THE HANDYMAN



just walk away." It's hard to fight back when you're tired.



Strandquist carries on with two story lines. June cavorts with a sleazy stock trader and drinks too much while Leo copes with life on the street. But the story belongs to Leo as he beats recycling trucks to the punch and savours the luxury of laundry day. "He finds a clock and winds it up, creating a major personal crisis when he can't turn the alarm off... He surrenders his absurd pride. It makes no difference if he's a bum or somebody else is. There has to be a bum, a mannequin for people to dress up with their moods. Places to shit are at a premium."

After the catharsis of losing everything, he finds himself back with the goose woman and her unlikely housemates—part of a family again. But as with Strandquist's stories in his collection *The Inanimate World*, it's the writing that matters as much as the plot. There are surprises on each page, geysers of inventiveness, so the downbeat landscape of Leo's precarious life is never, never dull. We pull for him because he's a sentient being like us, and we recognize bits of ourselves in Strandquist's frequent moments of brilliance.

Leo gets pleasure from eating a sandwich. "The tough crust, the yielding cheese, the cheerful cucumber, tomato with mayonnaise—together it all equaled a deep and lovely kiss."



Born in Vancouver in 1952, Robert Strandquist grew up in Nelson and Kelowna. After a brief period in Lethbridge, he graduated from UVic's Writing Department, then received his M.A. from UBC in 1986.

"I didn't set out to write a topical book," he says, in reference to B.C.'s new welfare legislation taking effect, "but I find social conscience seems to go with language in some inextricable way."

"Sure, I have politics like anybody else. I find it deeply disturbing, what is happening. It's really a shame that in the past hundred years, or even much longer than that, we have developed an infrastructure to support people and that it is being pulled out from under us in a matter of months. But I never set out with a political agenda."

"I just set out with a character and let him or her lead the book wherever it goes."

There's a lot of me in Leo. I've had to run into a few walls. I've had to look at myself in the mirror a few times. I have lived on welfare at one point. But I don't plan. Planning to me would be death. My reasons for writing stories are always different from how they turn out. My intention is just to explore myself and enjoy the language.

"The day I become didactic I will stop writing."

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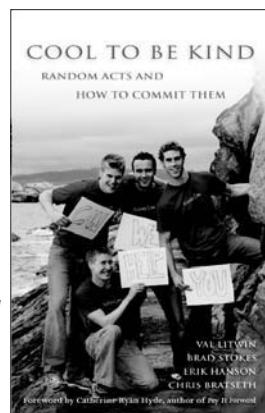
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# CATCHING COYOTE

A Gulf Islander's cocktail of suspense, kookiness & idealism.

In **Brian Brett's** ethical thriller, **Coyote** (Thistledown \$21.95), West Coast Inspector Janwar Singh and Constable Kirsten Crosby investigate the disappearance of a woman linked to 'America's first eco-terrorist' named Coyote.

Having blown up bridges to clearcut logging sites, torched shopping malls and 'liberated' zoos in the 1970s, Coyote has retreated to Artemis Island to live peacefully in a treehouse with a propane stove. The reclusive and meditative Coyote (aka Charlie Baker) is disturbed at the outset of the novel by a visit from a crazed younger man named Brian who poses as a writer who hopes to unlock the secrets of Coyote's urban guerrilla past.

This intruder has a narrative voice in the story. "Yes, it's Brian again—as he was twenty years ago. This is my story, I'm telling it, so why can't I make myself a character?"

A former lover of Coyote's named Rita Norman mysteriously connects Brian, Coyote and Inspector Singh.

The range of styles in this novel—conventional police procedural, post modern narrative, and distillation of West Coast manners—makes Coyote into an original concoction replete with fembos, magic mushrooms, mackinaws, Tai Chi, a New Age retreat called The Last Resort and a talking parrot named Congo.

"All speeches by Congo, except three or four, are courtesy of the parrot I've lived with for twenty years—my companion, Tuco," writes Brett in an afterword, "though the character of Congo is different and not nearly as clever, he couldn't have existed without Tuco, who is an endless source of

inspiration, and orders me to work every morning. And that's no story."

The 'wildness' of the Gulf Island locale and emphasis on the enduring importance of kookiness and idealism could seem exotic or unrealistic to some readers, but the blend is more realistic than might be imagined.



Born in Vancouver in 1950, Brian Brett is also the author of poetry books and a novella about termites, *The Fungus Garden*, an allegory about the survival of artistic sensibility in a totalitarian world without exits. His next book after *Coyote* is now being edited by **Margaret Atwood**.

Brett inaugurated Poetry in Schools workshops throughout the Lower Mainland in the early 1970s and served as a White Rock alderman from 1980-84. Long involved in the Writers' Union of Canada, Brett is also a ceramics artist who lives on a Salt Spring Island farm.

1-894345-53-5



Also now living on Salt Spring Island with his novelist/partner **Pearl Luke**, as well as in Calgary, **Robert Hilles** has released *A Gradual Ruin* (Doubleday \$29.95), a novel about hard choices made in the German countryside during World War II and in Winnipeg's mean streets during the 1960s. Previously Hilles' *Raising of Voices* won the Writers Guild of Alberta award for best novel and he's won the Governor General's Award for poetry.

0-385-65961-X

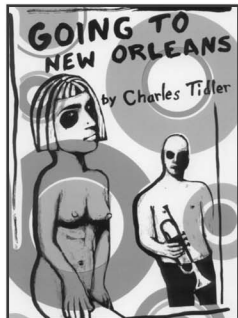


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Tanganyika (Thistledown 1991)  
The Fungus Garden (Thistledown 1988)  
Evolution in Every Direction (Thistledown 1987)  
Smoke Without Exit (Sono Nis 1984)  
Fossil Ground At Phantom Creek (Blackfish 1976)

Brian Brett has also released a CD called *Night Directions for the Lost: The Talking Songs of Brian Brett*, performed by the Salt Spring Collective. This year he became first vice-chair of the Writers' Union of Canada—which means he'll ascend to the TWUC presidency next year.

## SUMMER IN THE CITY



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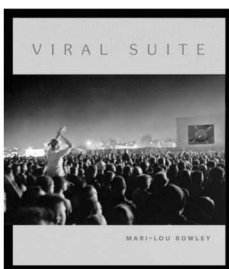
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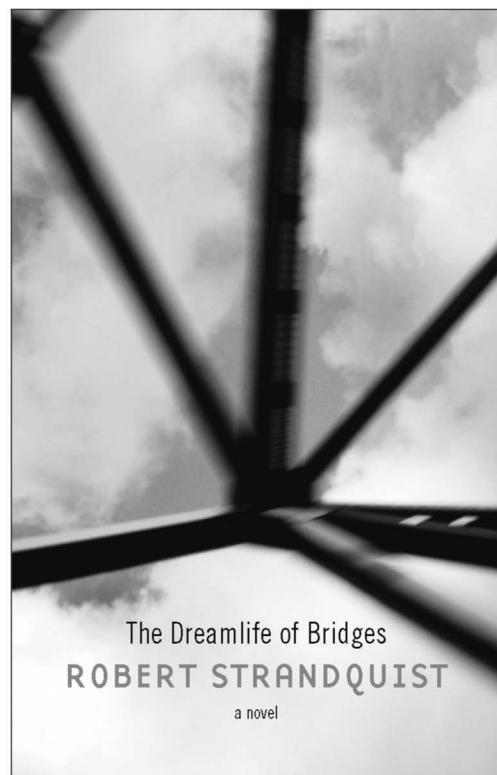
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# Tender is the bruise

**T**he writing voice of Anne Cameron has been as unmistakable as the singing voice of Willie Nelson or Johnny Cash. She's not copying anyone. You're either a fan or you're not.

I am. I've read enough of her 30-some-odd books to trust her. You just have to hold on for the ride. Having written lots of kid's books, an award-winning screenplay or two (*Ticket To Heaven*, *Dreamspeaker*), two bestsellers (*Daughters of Copper Woman*, *Dzellarhons*), Anne Cameron is first and foremost a prolific and imperfect novelist. Like other impassioned storytellers, such as **George Eliot** and **Tolstoy**, her mind is fraught with diversions and her pacing can be problematic. She doesn't write so much as she bubbles over. She has lived and loved and fought and taught.

The heroine of her new novel **Family Resemblances** (Harbour \$24.95) is Cedar Campbell, daughter of Kate, a battered wife in a small coastal town. Her Dad, Gus, is a chronic womanizer and logger who dotes on his various children, legitimate or otherwise. Trouble is, Gus can be depended upon to go ballistic, to brutalize. Cedar soon learns there is no safe place to hide if she emulates the passive behaviour of her mother. She resolves, unconsciously, to be different.

It's scarily believable. "While the children napped, Kate soaked in a deep tub of almost hot water and looked sadly at the bruises on her arms and legs. Irregularly shaped, almost but not quite round, the marks were spots where Gus had gripped her with his strong fingers. Even the insides of her thighs felt battered, and while she couldn't say the ache inside her was a pain, it was a dull ache, and she knew it was from the rough way he'd thumped at her, banged into her, not so much taking her as using her with no sign of love or even sexual desire, just using her, as much a punishment as a slap in the face. She felt degraded, and the worst of it was, it wasn't something you could talk about to anybody, not even your sister. If it wasn't for the fact that they were married, she would have considered it to be rape. But how could a man rape his wife? She'd never heard of such a thing. It didn't occur to her that she hadn't heard of it because nobody else could bring herself to talk about it, either."

Whereas novels of high-born marital

intrigue often involve money and property, the currency at stake in *Family Resemblances* is pride, self-esteem. In this latest Cameron novel of deceptions and conceptions, Cedar Campbell grows up to take responsibility for herself and others. Cedar fights back at school, then finds comfort in taking care of hogs on a nearby farm. She takes pride in doing a good job as waitress in the café where her mother works. We follow her all the way from the cradle to her independence as a truck driver and homeowner. It makes for a tender, funny and heart-stoppingly violent journey.

The character of Cedar Campbell is the through-line so perhaps a title such as Cedar might have been better. As well, Cameron's narrative is prone to big leaps. She can spend several pages discussing methods of pig farming, then suddenly Cedar's mother is having an affair with some new character and that takes only a few paragraphs. And we're never quite sure why women flock to Gus.

But Anne Cameron novels are fun to splash around in. She has intense sympathies, a flair for colourful language, a penchant for didactic truths and she is not interested in becoming the flavour of the week. She only knows outsiderism. In a literary world where it's *de rigueur* to teach post-modernist crud in universities, Anne Cameron has moved to the fringes—now living in Tahsis—to embrace her own fierce brand of revolution. Despite her physical estrangement from the writing game, her crusading spirit is always meshed with good humour.

*Candace Walker is a freelance writer in Prince George.*

# Escape from Alberta

In **Lisa Grekul's** first novel **Kalyna's Song** (Coteau \$19.95) a gifted young pianist and singer named Colleen Lutzak loses unfairly in a music competition and learns the politics of ethnicity in northern Alberta.



**Lisa Grekul: new kid in town**

The novel explores the process by which Colleen learns to accept herself as a young Ukrainian-Canadian woman and find peace with the loss of friends and family, including her aunt Kalyna, for whom she composes a commemorative song.

Following the death of her beloved piano teacher Sister Maria and an alienating first-year experience at university, Colleen accepts an unexpected academic scholarship to attend a college in Swaziland.

Africa is no easier than Alberta. While overcoming a bitter cultural rivalry with a Polish student, she attempts to befriend a shy, local girl Thaiwende. Another friend of hers commits suicide during her unwanted pregnancy.

Colleen witnesses post-apartheid South Africa first-hand while volunteering at hospitals and is present when celebrations erupt with news of Nelson Mandela's release from prison.

Grekul grew up in St. Paul, Alberta, worked as a musician and has attended school in Swaziland. In 2003, she began teaching in the English department of the University of British Columbia.

—by **Martin Twigg**

1-55050-225-5



**Anne Cameron**



# NO SUBSTITUTE FOR STAMINA

Overshadowed by flamboyant **Teddy Roosevelt** (waving his hat) in 1915, Vancouver mayor **Louis Dennison Taylor** (to the right) was a secretive man who made up in endurance what he lacked in zest. The accused embezzler served as mayor for a record eight terms, during three of the city's most formative decades, bouncing back to run each time he was defeated.



ne incident in **Daniel Francis's L.D.: Mayor Louis Taylor and the Rise of Vancouver** (Arsenal Pulp \$21.95) epitomizes the character of the redoubtable mayor. It happened in 1915 when Mayor **Louis Dennison Taylor** was excluded from a list of dignitaries selected to greet **Theodore Roosevelt** during the former American president's brief stopover in Vancouver.

Never one to take a snub passively, L.D. contrived to meet Roosevelt's train in New Westminster, climb aboard and greet Roosevelt whom he had met previously. When the train reached Vancouver, Taylor ceremoniously ushered Roosevelt on to the platform, introduced him, and then escorted him to his own car parked outside the station. Roosevelt addressed the crowd from the back of L.D.'s car, and then L.D. gave him a quick tour of Stanley Park, and delivered him to the Seattle-bound steamer to continue on his journey to San Francisco—much to the chagrin of his political foes.

This fondness of outwitting his opponents, and Taylor's refusal to accept defeat made him an indefatigable politician. He served as mayor of Vancouver for a record eight separate terms, during three of its most formative decades, bouncing back to run again after every defeat. As the book's title suggests, his story is closely interwoven with that of the city.

When his civic political career stalled, as it did in 1912, he ran in the provincial election. He stood as Liberal candidate in

Rossland, even though he knew he had no chance of winning (every other Liberal candidate in the province went down to defeat). He declared one of his appearances during that campaign as "the most lively meeting I have been in." It had erupted into fist fights, with windows broken, chairs being thrown, and noses bloodied.

When there was no election to run in, he concentrated on his other vocation—that of newspaperman. In 1905 he had acquired from **Sara McLagan** one of Vancouver's three newspapers, *The World*. In just over one year he transformed it from a small twelve-page daily into a modern, urban newspaper twice the size, with a woman's page, a serialized work of fiction, comics and cartoons as well as news. Soon its circulation equalled that of its chief rival, *The Province*, at which he had worked previously as circulation manager. He ran *The World* until 1915, when he lost it to his creditors.

A crucial event in L.D.'s life was his

1927 meeting in Seattle with **Charles Lindbergh** just six months after the aviator's solo flight across the Atlantic. When L.D. invited him to visit Vancouver, Lindbergh replied that, since Vancouver had no airport, he could only fly over the city. His words convinced L.D. that Vancouver would miss out on commercial aviation if it did not immediately set about building an airport. Accordingly L.D. persuaded city council to lease land for an interim landing field, and eventually to approve construction of an airport on Sea Island.

During this period, L.D.'s enthusiasm for aviation almost resulted in his death. He was a passenger on the first B.C. Airways flight that inaugurated passenger service between Victoria, Vancouver and Seattle. When the flight ended at the interim airport in Vancouver, L.D. bounded off the plane

with his usual exuberance. Unfortunately, he ran straight into the path of one of the propellers and fractured his skull. Doctors operated immediately and managed to save his life. One surgeon commented that if he'd been half an inch taller, he would not have survived—a remark that was subsequently rendered as "if he'd had an ounce more brain, he'd be dead."

Yet the indefatigable politician managed to turn even this mishap to his political advantage. When the papers learnt of his possible death, they immediately prepared obituary notices. After his recovery, he managed to get hold of these notices, and delighted in reading them aloud to audiences during his next campaign for the office of

mayor. Since the papers opposed his reelection, this trick was especially galling to his opponents, although it failed to bring him victory.

In spite of his accomplishments as mayor—the establishment of a town planning commission, the building of the first airport, and the amalgamation of Vancouver with South Vancouver and Point Grey—he gained no material wealth and little recognition for his years of service. When he died just before his eighty-ninth birthday, an editorial in *The Sun* declared that he had served Vancouver well, better than Vancouver served him.

Daniel Francis qualifies that verdict. He notes that L.D. arrived in Vancouver at the age of 39 as a fugitive from justice. He was an accused embezzler, who fled to Canada after being released on bail from a Chicago jail. When he arrived in Vancouver, the city was a decade old and full of opportunities. L.D. was able to shed his old identity and start anew. The city and the man, Francis concludes, were perfectly suited to one another.

Although Louis Dennison Taylor served more times as Vancouver mayor than anyone before or since, *L.D.* is the first full-length biography. Secretive about his private life, Taylor had escaped close scrutiny for decades. Francis, an historian who edited the *Encyclopedia of B.C.*, was initially stymied in his research until he received a very welcome call from a distant Taylor relative who led Francis to a basement trove of unseen personal archives.

1-55152-156-3

Joan Givner has two new books; a young adult novel *Ellen Fremedon* (Goundwood) and an adult novel from Dundurn Press.



JOAN GIVNER



# F I C T I O N BC

## Before After Goodlake's

Terence Young recalls the origins of his first novel

*There are always stories behind the stories. In previous Fiction issues we've asked novelists to discuss the origins of their work. Here Terence Young provides useful glimpses into *After Goodlake's* (Raincoast \$18.95), a follow-up to his critically acclaimed collection of 13 stories entitled *Rhymes with Useless*. The title of the novel refers to a fictional delicatessen in Victoria named Goodlake's.*

Most people don't know what they're going to say until they open their mouths, and that's not necessarily a bad thing.

The act of speaking carries with it a certain creative energy, a kind of spontaneous dramatic power. It's what good storytellers discover in themselves, and it's what makes us listen to them. I believe there is a similar force in writing, at least I hope there is, because I'm never really sure what I will write before I write it.

This is not the case for all writers. Many are extremely certain of their subject and the manner in which they are going to approach it. In some ways, I envy such people, just as I envied those students in high school who knew exactly where they were headed after graduation. For me, in that regard, life has been one surprise after another, and I've had a pretty good time discovering my path, rather than inventing it.

This novel, *After Goodlake's*, was very much a process of discovery, partly because it was my first foray into a longer work and — though it sounds strange to say it — partly because I had to look for clues in my own writing as to what I wanted to say. A character ends up forming patterns in action and in speech, and I found I had to look at those patterns to discover what the character was going to do next.

Such scrutiny is the stuff of plot, of course, and a plot is necessary to engage the reader. Things must happen, or at least threaten to happen, as in *Waiting for Godot*.

The other major component of the book — what I like to call its mood — comes out of my own relationship with the town of Victoria, and I knew it far better than I knew the events of the novel. I've lived in this city all my life, and I wanted to base the book in Victoria, not simply because I've known it for so long, but also because I wanted to cap-

ture on the page a little of what it means to have grown up in this sometimes smug, sometimes charming creation of colonialism and commerce.

This urge to give a literary face to my town was part of the reason why I have two time lines in the book, one set in the near-present and another set in 1964. I guess I was greedy and unwilling to limit myself, but I knew, also, as a reader of such wonderful books as *Atonement* and *The Hours*, how taken I was with the broad canvas those writers chose to work with.

**John Gardner**, in his book *The Art of Fiction*, advises people to write not so much what they know, but what they like to read. I was doubly lucky writing *After Goodlake's*,

therefore, in that I was trying to write the kind of book I liked to read, and I was also permitting myself to explore a world I knew intimately.

Time is a strong element in the book, both past and present, and by strong I mean simply that the characters in the novel often express an urge to leave their own time, mostly in order to return to a simpler period in history. Part of this emphasis on time comes from my own sense of loss at the way we are always leaving one world behind to enter another — a kind of chronic nostalgia I suffer from — and the insertion of the earlier time line was one way of indulging my fondness for Victoria before self-serve liquor stores, one-way streets, convention centres and gourmet coffee outlets.

I chose the Easter weekend of March 27 to March 30, 1964 because of the earthquake that devastated Anchorage, Alaska, and its impact on me when I was young. It also provided a nice backdrop for the turmoil in the characters in both time lines, and its resonance in Victoria's history as a kind of non-event — no tsunami swept through the streets of Oak Bay or flooded the downtown core as it did in Port Alberni — echoed my character's frustration at being sidelined by life.

The modern time line revolves around a fictitious delicatessen named Goodlake's, a business that has been run by the Goodlake family for over seventy years. I believed this business to be a complete work of my imagination, but I discovered after writing the book that my family once ran a successful business on Government Street for many years.

Although not a delicatessen — it was a drygoods store named Young's — the coincidence shows me that much of what a writer thinks is fiction is often based on fact. I had probably been told about this store at some point in my past — there is a picture of it in one of our family albums — and an echo of that fact was probably bouncing around in my head when I decided to create Goodlake's. The store serves to illustrate the counterpoint to my nostalgic tendencies: the understanding that a person needs to let go of the past in order to grow.

So, there was no single catalyst for this book, no ghost story competition as there was for **Mary Shelley's** *Frankenstein*, no opium-induced dream as there was for Coleridge's poem "Kubla Khan." It came, as I said all things have come to me, as a surprise, and, for me at least, it has been a pleasant one.

1-55192-683-0



Terence Young was part of the Manulife Financial Literary Arts Festival in Victoria.

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AS BABY-BOOMERS NEAR RETIREMENT, LISTEN FOR *Jimi Hendrix blaring in the hallways of seniors' housing. The Me Generation isn't going to go placidly. That's why we'll be hearing a lot more from the likes of* **Gillian Eades Telford**, author of *Making the Move: Housing Options for Seniors* (Self-Counsel \$14.95).

*"Health is a very political matter," says Eades Telford, "and one of our major problems is lack of political will to change the system. Government talks the talk but cannot walk it. They say they believe in 'closer to home' but do not provide the resources to make that a possibility for most people."*

*Eades Telford has taken her experience as a gerontologist to explain the differences between home care, residential care, adult day-care and shared living services. She uses true stories to illustrate issues involved in choosing the right senior housing. Checklists offer questions to evaluate facilities. Is there a covered walkway? A nice garden? A nice place to smoke? Can more than one season of clothes be stored in the rooms? Is there an orientation board for those with dementia? Some questions may come as a surprise. Are all plants edible?*



**BCBW:** Do you have a personal reason, such as a parent or other family member, that prompted you to write this book?

**Telford:** Yes, I wrote the book after my mother died. It's dedicated to her and her friends. One of the reasons I quit work was to look after my mother. She died at home but it was a complicated process to meet her request. She was not happy with me as I refused to be the caregiver. I wanted to be a daughter not a caregiver.

When I was a nursing home director, more Alzheimer caregivers died than did Alzheimer patients. Making the decision to go into a nursing home is distressing to all concerned. There isn't much help out there to ease the process. This book was written as a tool to make a more informed decision.

**BCBW:** What do you see as the biggest problem with seniors' housing today?

**Telford:** Lack of choice. If you are single, poor and ill, you have no choice but to go into a nursing home. If you are rich you have options, such as home care. Because the government rations home care, keeping clients at home without supplemental care is unsafe. But housing can be elder-friendly. The government is providing some solutions, such as rent control and subsidizing rent so elders can stay in their homes.

Another piece missing is short term rehabilitation and nursing home care. Elders take longer to get back on their feet from a catastrophic event like a stroke or even just recovering from a bad flu. Some elders end up in a nursing home when they don't need to just because they have no family to take care of them for a few months. Assisted living arrangements are an option but they're costly and the government doesn't subsidize that level of care.



Gillian Eades Telford interview with Jeremy Twigg.

# RETIREMENT ROCK

**"When the boomers get old they will not tolerate four people in a room nor will they tolerate having a bath once a week."**

**Telford:** B.C. elders don't need to battle ice and snow. I did a study between senior centers in West Vancouver and Etobicoke in Toronto. The center in B.C. was much more actively, independently run by the elders themselves whereas the Ontario elders were more passive. The B.C. elders seldom were prevented from attending the centre in the winter months but the Ontario elders were afraid to venture out in the snow and icy sidewalks.

There are problems all across the country with health care funding and each province is independent as to how they allot their money. The Canada Health Act governs acute care hospitals and doctor accessibility but not home care. Nursing homes are supported in some provinces and not in others. The B.C. government does support extended or chronic care and special care for level III dementia clients.

1-55180-451-4

**BCBW:** Are attitudes towards seniors changing?

**Telford:** Ageism is still prevalent. Elders are not cherished for their insight and knowledge of history. When the boomers get old they will not tolerate four people in a room nor will they tolerate having a bath once a week. It's degrading to be in a four-bed room when you've always lived alone.

**BCBW:** What surprised you most during your research?

**Telford:** That Directors of Care really wanted to improve their facilities. It was also a big surprise when one health board turned down my request to rate their extended care. The government in that case did not want to know how good or bad they were and how they compared to others. I never had any refusals from the private homes.

**BCBW:** Did writing this book change your attitude towards your own future as a senior?

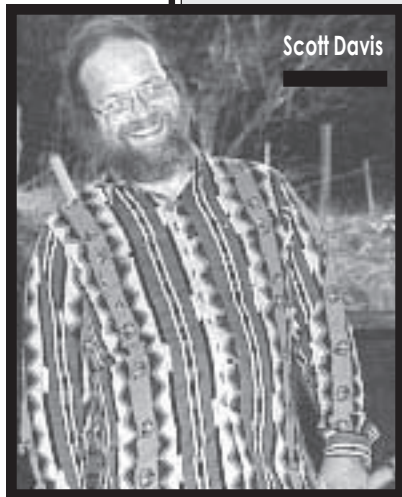
**Telford:** No. I won't be able to afford a private care facility. On Bowen Island we are building an alternative for elders called Abbeyfield. We're in the fund raising process and the land has been purchased. All 15 suites have already been spoken for. Abbeyfield is a British concept of independent living. Each elder has their own suite and is provided with meals by a house person who also shops and cleans the common areas. There are more than 17 Abbeyfields in B.C.

**BCBW:** Are seniors in Canada better off than seniors in the U.S.?

**Telford:** Canadian elders don't have to be destitute before the government helps out. Americans must carry some kind of private insurance. However, in parts of the States they have innovative, specialized facilities. On Lok in San Francisco is a program that has been going for over 25 years, in which they truly look after an elder and provide whatever level of care is necessary, from day care to home care.

**BCBW:** How about in B.C. vs. the rest of Canada?

Scott Davis



## FORE!!

Generating electricity from water power is the largest source of renewable energy in the world—but you don't need earth movers and cement and an enormous dam to make hydroelectricity. For any neophyte who wants to make their own electricity from water power, **Scott Davis** has written a layman's guide called **Microhydro: Clean Power from Water** (New Society \$29.95).

As co-founder of the non-profit advocacy group FORE! (Friends of Renewable Energy! B. C.), Davis explains the technical stuff. The process of chang-

ing DC voltages into AC, for instance, is called inverting. "One of the reasons that microhydro isn't everywhere," says Davis, "is that inverters were only perfected in the late 1980s. They were available earlier, but they were unreliable and expensive. Since they were expensive, they were often on the small side for the jobs asked of them. As a result, they were routinely overloaded, and their reliability suffered."

Scott Davis dropped out of graduate school in 1977 to work on a village-scale microhydro project. "In the decades that followed," he says, "I owned, operated, repaired, sold and generally fooled around with microhydro technology." Davis lives in Victoria where he designs alternate energy systems.

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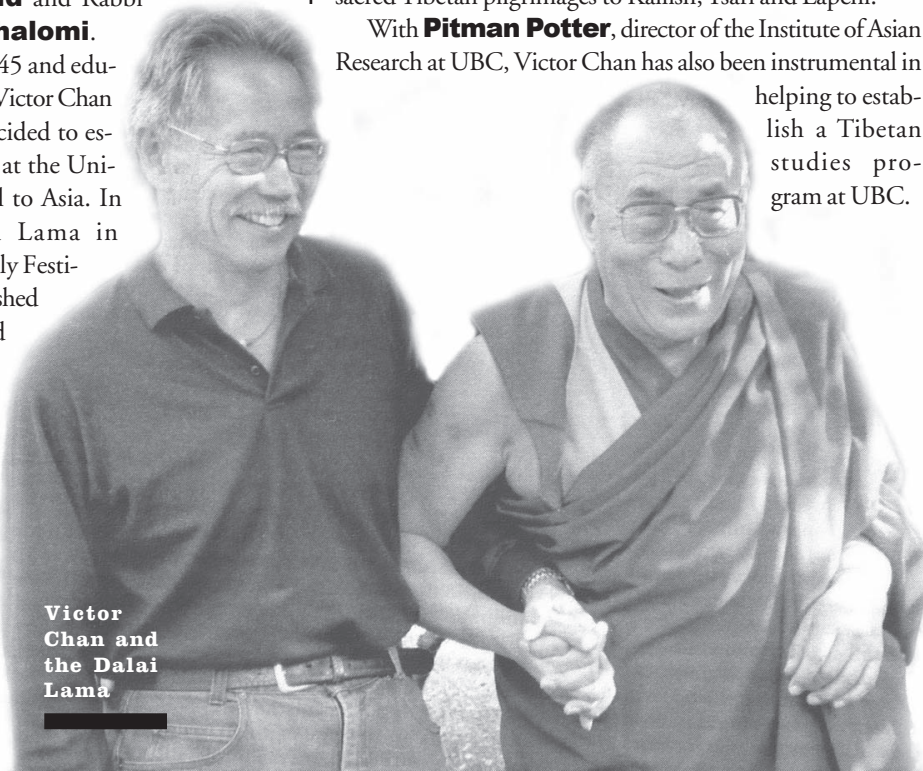
# PEOPLE

**N**ow a resident of Bowen Island, **Victor Chan** was primarily responsible for the recent visit of the **Dalai Lama** and the organization of the *Balancing Educating the Mind with Educating the Heart* dialogue at UBC. This event featured the Dalai Lama, Archbishop **Desmond Tutu**, **Shirin Ebadi** (the first Muslim woman to win the Nobel Peace Prize), Professor **Jo-ann Archibald** and Rabbi **Zalman Schachter-Shalomi**.

Born in Hong Kong in 1945 and educated in Canada and the U.S., Victor Chan is a particle physicist who decided to escape from his graduate work at the University of Chicago and travel to Asia. In 1972, he met the Dalai Lama in Dharamsala, India during Holy Festival. "My friend and I were splashed by these balloons of coloured water when we got off the bus," he says, "so I remember it very well."

Inspired by his encounter with the Tibetan religious and political leader, Chan began to co-author a book with the Dalai Lama to be called *The Resplendent Heart in Intimate Journeys and Conversations*. In 1984, he made his first visit to Tibet covering 42,000 kilometres on foot, by

## A BALLOONING FRIENDSHIP



Victor Chan and the Dalai Lama

horse, by yak, by coracle, by truck and by bus. He returned in 1990 to walk the pilgrim trails. These visits led to his 1100-page *Tibet Handbook: A Pilgrimage Guide* (Moon Travel Handbooks 1994). Chan was the first person to reach Lhasa

from Kathmandu by mountain bike. More importantly, he is touted as the only non-Tibetan to have made all of the sacred Tibetan pilgrimages to Kailash, Tsari and Lapchi.

With **Pitman Potter**, director of the Institute of Asian Research at UBC, Victor Chan has also been instrumental in helping to establish a Tibetan studies program at UBC.

**Celeste Snowber**

## FOOTWASHING WITH JESUS

"The body has become merely a well-designed tool for advertising" says **Celeste Snowber**, author of **Embodied Prayer: Towards Wholeness of Body, Mind and Soul** (North Stone \$19.95).

According to Snowber—who calls herself a liturgical dancer—media fosters a fragmented attitude toward the body. "Often only segments of the body are depicted: chests, thighs, and posteriors are viewed as if there were no heads or hearts to accompany them."

"The perfect body image, communicated through TV, commercials, newspapers, billboards and magazines, leads our culture to believe that the outer appearance of the body is of the most primary concern. Nothing could be further from the truth."

*Embodied Prayer* isn't a how-to guide for physical and spiritual harmony, but Snowber, who teaches in the SFU education department, does include rocking exercises for relaxation, quotes from Van Gogh, a section about the role of dance in the Old Testament—and foot washing. "People often think feet are an unbecoming part of their body; their toes aren't even, corns may be sticking out, and of course there is that distinctive odour that can exude from the loveliest of people. That makes Jesus' [foot washing] act all the more profound—he ministered to the uncomely parts, the parts that we want to cover."

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## On Alert

Thanks for letting us know about Pat Wastell Norris' book about Alert Bay and West Coast fishing [*High Boats*].

It is surprising how many of us grew up in remote places dotting the coast. Alert Bay for me was civilization. It was where the groceries came from. Or my older brother's first bicycle. The water taxi was our connection. I remember those kindly Sunday Schoolers with their felt figures and Bible stories. I was a wide-eyed kid who puzzled over the word 'bulldozer' when I was told it was one way buildings were moved onto log skids. I thought it sounded like some kind of big animal.



Pat Wastell Norris

The house we lived in was new and rented for \$26. I believe the place is not there anymore but the memories are. Thanks also to Terry Glavin for his recent article in the *Georgia Straight* that mentioned Alert Bay. The past lives. I can still remember the distant darkness when the clouds and rain made the logs wet down at Beaver Cove. It's a world away but books like *High Boats* keep the names familiar. The town layout included smokehouses on every other corner. Every Hallowe'en there was a giant bonfire on the field that was used for fire drills. Keep on writing and God bless.

Mike Bohnert  
Port Coquitlam

### Letters or emails contact:

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email: [bookworld@telus.net](mailto:bookworld@telus.net)

Letters may be edited for clarity & length.

## No snapping out of mental illness

In reading the review of Jan Lars Jensen's memoir *Nervous System* (BCBW Spring), I was shocked and dismayed to encounter some attitudes towards mental illness that don't belong in the 21<sup>st</sup> century. To whit: "How can someone so precise and articulate be simultaneously so feckless? Can't this guy just snap out of it? The question arises as to what extent mental illness could sometimes be some twisted form of self-indulgence."



Jan Lars Jensen

My older brother Arthur, a brilliant musician and my closest confidante in my childhood, was slowly devoured by schizophrenia in his 20s. He, too, was "precise and articulate," when he was well enough to be lucid, but the truth is, a great deal of the time he just couldn't manage it. We too sometimes wondered if he couldn't "just snap out of it," but that made as much sense as expecting someone to "snap out of" heart disease or cancer.

The end of the story is not a pleasant one. Arthur died in a house fire in 1980, probably set off by his own cigarette. Such an end is not an uncommon one for the mentally ill. Jan Lars Jensen somehow lived to tell the tale. Though it may be easier to pass judgement, I can't help but see him as a heroic figure who successfully battled one of the darkest and most destructive maladies in the human condition. Mental illness is a devouring force that destroys decent human lives, not some moral failing or inherent weakness of character.

Margaret Gunning  
Port Coquitlam

## Outdoor arrogance

Mark Forsythe is a favourite radio host but I would like to point out that his article called "White Thunder" ignores the Rogers Pass Slide of March 4, 1910. It killed at least 58 men. My Dad, Jack Simpson, a young CPR apprentice working on snow-service from Revelstoke to Field, was sent out to dig out those poor souls, many of whom he likely knew. The dreadful memory stayed with him for life. There is an excellent diorama of that scene at the Rogers Pass Education Centre.

I adore the snow and mountains. I worked and hiked in Banff for three summers. I sympathize entirely with the mourners of the 1998 avalanche described in Vivien Bowers' *In the Path of an Avalanche*. But I am bewildered at the arrogance of outdoors enthusiasts in defying the dan-



Vivien Bowers

ger, and subjecting the taxpayer to the enormous danger and costs of search and rescue. Perhaps they must prove insurance coverage for that, before being allowed into the back-country.

M.L. Stathers  
Kootenays

## Tokyo Googling

I recently checked out your new Author Bank website from my home in Kawasaki, Japan. It's good to see BCBW on-line in some form, although I'd also like to access current and even back issues. This is pretty common in Japan, where you can



Wallace Gagne

read *Japanzine*, *Metropolis*, *Daily Yomiuri*, *Japan Times* etc. on-line. I usually get the hard-copies as well, but being on-line has many advantages—storage and print-outs. I should also mention two B.C. writers who live in Tokyo and recently had books published: Wallace Gagne (*Inside the Kamakura Buddha*, poetry, Printed Matter Press, Tokyo, 2003) and Gregory Strong (*Flying Colours*, biography of Tony Onley, Harbour, 2003). Ciao for now.

Hillel Wright  
Kawasaki

[Articles from BCBW are available on-line, at [www.bcbookworld.com](http://www.bcbookworld.com) just search under the authors' surnames.]

## Far right fruitcakes

The two page centerfold of Joel Bakan was especially good (BCBW Spring). However, there is always a 'fly in the ointment.'

On page 35, there is a mention of Laura Jones, quotas, and the Fraser Institute. The mention of that useless gang of utter parasites at the Fraser Institute is akin to waving a large bright orange banner in front of a



Joel Bakan

Spanish arena fighting bull. Did you know the Fraser Institute has charitable status? In other words, those far-right fruitcakes wouldn't exist if it wasn't for corporate largesse and the government dole!

Alan Twigg once explained to me that as a book reporting journal, even the Fraser Institute has to be mentioned. I understand that but in these days of Campbell's crumbling corrupt carpetbaggers the mumblings of the Fraser Institute are taken quite seriously!

Dennis Peacock  
Clearwater

## Libraries at risk

I hope that you will find the time to write some follow-up articles to the one praising Gordon Campbell's "Let them read books" (BCBW Spring).

His government has frozen public library funding for years and closed many ministry libraries, plus decimated government librarian positions. There has been a huge destruction of major public assets and loss of access to decades of knowledge through these library closures and the breaking up of collections.

Here are a few of many examples:

1. The Mines Library has gone from 3 to zero librarians, and the 'Economic Development' librarian now wears 'two hats.' It is being threatened with closure because of the \$17,000 monthly rent owed to the B.C. Building Corporation.
2. The 25-year-old Heritage Resource Centre, with its one librarian and a budget of \$100,000 was closed. Meanwhile 7 million dollars is to be devoted to a tourism web-site.
3. Of four librarians at the Environment & Parks Library, three are lost and the library is moved/downsized and remnants merged with the Forestry Library.
4. The Royal B.C. Museum library was closed, the collection broken up, and the staff went from about four to one person.
5. The Highways Library was closed and major parts of its collection and several of its librarians went to the B.C. Archives.

Sharon Keen  
Victoria

### Correction:

In the 'Also Received' box on page 27 of the BCBW Spring issue, **Tanya Lloyd Kyi's** new novel should have been entitled *Truth* (Orca Books).

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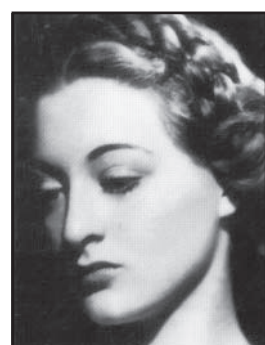
# AROUND



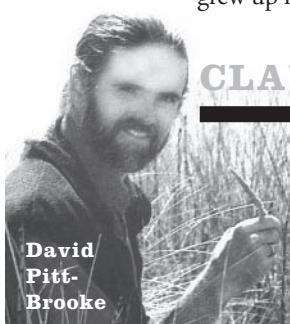
Comedians (John) Wayne & (Frank) Shuster

**COMOX** Comox senior **Verity Sweeny Purdy** is a London-trained ballet dancer who performed in Hollywood, taught at a Seattle dance school and once

changed her name to Anna Verite. Having described her girlhood dancing career in *The Luckiest Girl in the World* (Heritage House 1998), she has recalled her days as a WWII soldier and 'hooper' with the Invasion Review in *As Luck Would Have It* (Vanwell \$19.95). As Private V. Sweeny she toured from 1943 to 1946 with the Canadian Army Show that included comedians **Frank Shuster** and **Johnny Wayne**, plus female impersonators called the Tin Hats. She was born in Vancouver in 1922 and grew up in the city's West End. 1-55125-051-9



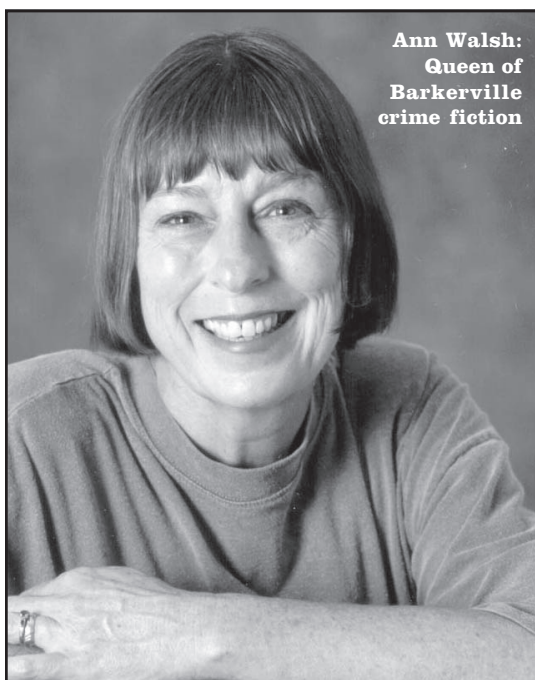
Ballerina **Verity Sweeny Purdy**



David Pitt-Brooke

**CLAYOQUOT** **David Pitt-Brooke's** *Chasing Clayoquot: A Wilderness Almanac* (Raincoast \$34.95) is described as a political book about nature. The former veterinarian and Parks Canada employee escorts the reader on 12 monthly journeys to celebrate the environment that has given rise to some of the world's largest trees—and ongoing debates as to how they might best be protected. 1-55192-543-5

**TOFINO** As a longtime resident of Tofino, **Andrew Struthers** produced a comic graphic novel about the strife between hippie environmentalists and local rednecks entitled *The Green Shadow* in 1995. His follow-up is a memoir about living aboard a 'Mifflin fleet' fishboat, the *Loch Ryan*, with his young daughter Pasheabell, entitled *The Last Voyage of the Loch Ryan: A Story from the West Coast* (New Star \$18). It contains shipbuilding lore, local history and observations of his new neighbours after he was forced to give up his pyramid-style treehouse on the outskirts of town. Struthers' cartoon panel called *The Cheese Club* has been syndicated throughout North America. 1-55420-008-3



Ann Walsh:  
Queen of  
Barkerville  
crime fiction

## BARKERVILLE

While the people of Wells are gamely fighting to preserve Barkerville—undervalued as the hub of the gold rush that gave rise to B.C.—**Ann Walsh** of Williams Lake has retrieved a 17-year-old character from two of her previous Barkerville books for a central role in *By The Skin of His Teeth* (Sandcastle \$9.95). Set in 1870, it's teen fiction about racial tension and the murder of a Chinese restaurant owner. In spite of seething prejudice, the young white protagonist befriends a Chinese boy and helps to reveal the truth. 0-88878-488-1



# AROUND

**GULF ISLANDS** Having written a history of Salt Spring Island, **Charles Kahn** has expanded his horizons slightly—braving the perils of inter-island ferry service—for **Hiking the Gulf Islands** (Harbour \$24.95). It provides information on the recently opened Gulf Islands National Park that includes 33 square kilometres over 16 islands and twice as many islets and reefs. Texada, Lasqueti and Thetis Islands are also given their due.

1-55017-315-4

**VANCOUVER** Described as a post-feminist playwright, **Lucia Frangione** is an actor in resident at Ruby Slippers Theatre in Vancouver. Hyped as sexy, provocative and challenging, her play **Espresso** (Talonbooks \$15.95) is one the author's 'blasphemy plays' that inverts Catholic stereotypes of feminine sexuality. When the patriarch of an immigrant Italian family is hospitalized after a near-fatal car accident, the women of the clan converge and present their stories. *Espresso* and her preceding play *Cariboo Magi* were both nominated for Jessie Richardson Theatre Awards.

0-88922-495-1



KEVIN CLARK PHOTO

**Lucia Frangione on a caffeine high in the Pacific Theatre production of *Espresso*. The play was nominated for seven Jessie Awards.**

**ASHCROFT** Between 1899 and 1901, work crews somehow strung nearly 2,000 miles of wire between Ashcroft and Dawson City. New York-born **Bill Miller** of Atlin recalls the Yukon Telegraph—from its conception, after gold was discovered in the Yukon in 1897, to its abandonment in 1951—in his **Wires in the Wilderness** (Heritage \$19.95). The remaining wilderness trail is becoming a haven for high-powered hikers.

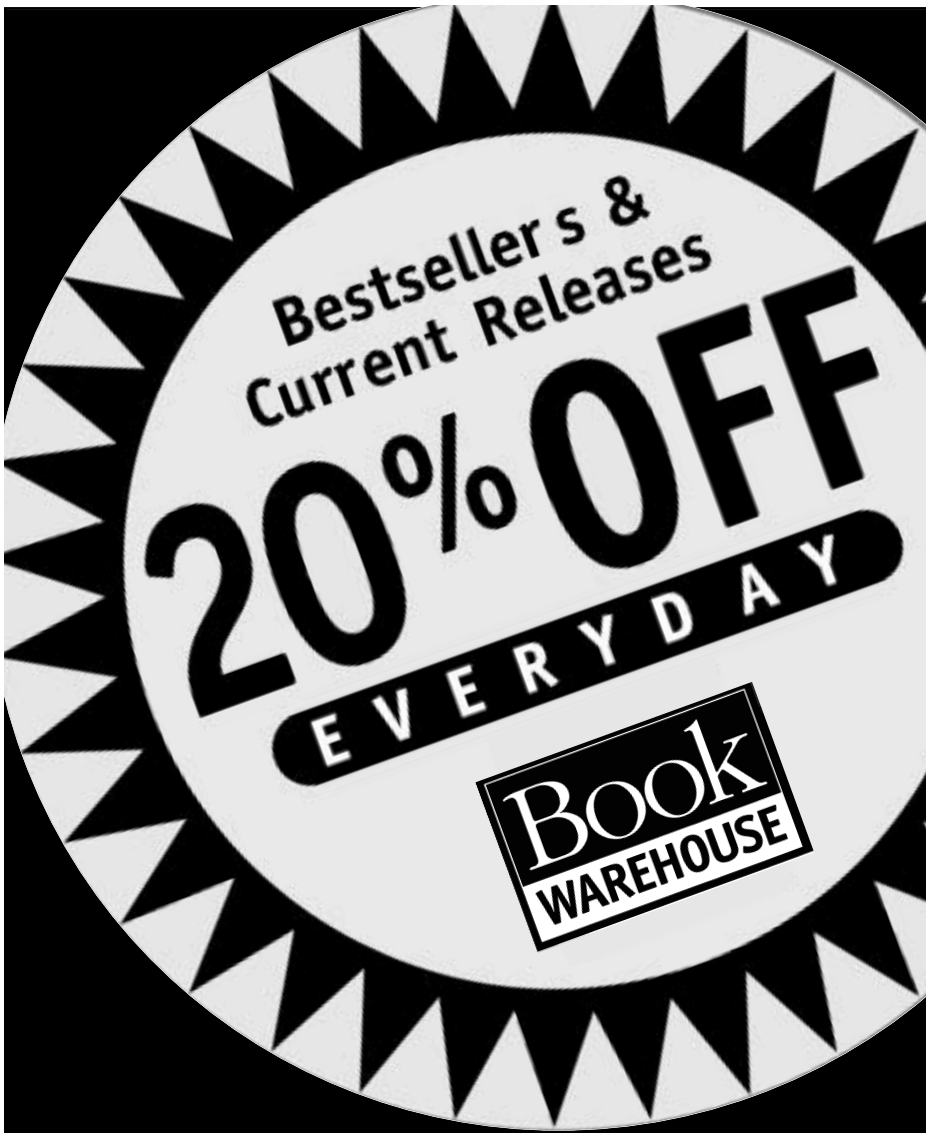
1-894384-58-X

**SLOCAN VALLEY** The Greyhound Bus Company originated in the scenic Slocan Valley—where **David Suzuki** was interned as a child at Lemon Creek, where silver mines generated fabulous fortunes and where Doukhobors long strived for independence. **Katherine Gordon** outlines the 'hippie Nirvana of sorts' in **The Slocan: Portrait of a Valley** (Sono Nis \$24.95). With Euro-American settlement dating back less than 130 years, the Slocan nonetheless boasts the oldest continuously running hydroelectric plant in North America, at Sandon.

1-55039-145-3



**Silvery Sandon in the Slocan once boasted 20 hotels, an opera house and 10,000 people. Its hydro electric system now remains in use for five people.**



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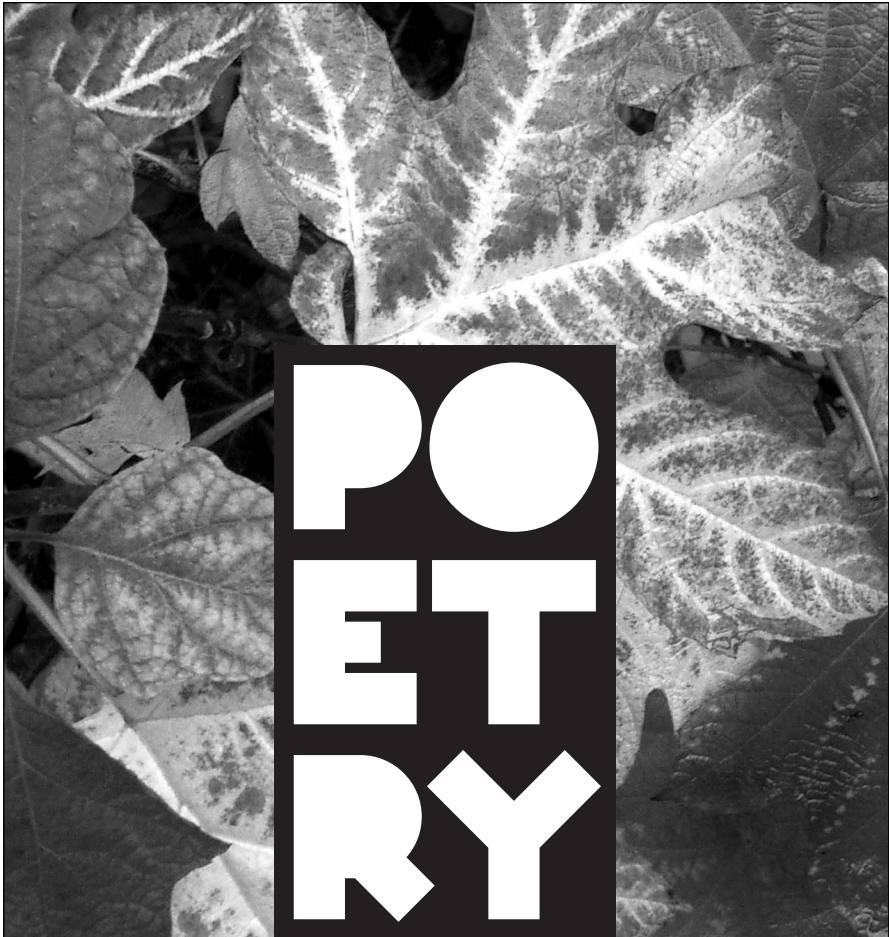
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FICTION

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# Rachel WYATT

**R**achel Wyatt recently said in an interview that she felt compelled to write *Time's Reach* (Oolichan \$22.95) after finding an old photograph of her father. This photo—showing her father surrounded by dead bodies in an internment camp—becomes the mystery at the heart of a new novel about the pitfalls of unraveling the past.

Seeking refuge from her complicated life in Toronto, the principle character, Maggie Parkes, visits her elderly parents in England. At the outset, Maggie longs to retreat to her room and get back to reading her book, *Iris Murdoch's An Accidental Man*. It's a foreshadowing of the suspenseful and darkly comedic mood that will ensue.

The story gets underway as Robert Parkes' life is ending. His failing health leads him to confess a long-held secret to his daughter Maggie. Unbeknownst to his family, he had engaged in some clandestine work for the British government concerning the Second World War. They had always believed he was merely traveling across Europe selling wool. Maggie's father reveals just enough prior to his death for the family to believe he's led a romantically duplicitous life. His wife Frieda is crushed; Maggie and her brother David are curious but disinclined to uncover the truth.

After the funeral, Maggie returns to Canada with an envelope of photos and postcards her father has left for her. She becomes haunted by one particular photo, that image of a man in an internment camp surrounded by dead bodies. They wonder if he was a spy and conclude, at the very

least, he must have been a civilian witness to the horrific aftermath of Nazi murders.

In Maggie's family there is a longing in every one of them to break out of their lives and become something more, something unexpected and surprising to the rest, something of a legacy. Frieda longs to escape her mundane old age and live in the Swiss Alps, but shortly after her husband's death she dies while mountain climbing. David, an unemployed stockbroker, takes up marathon running and then vanishes while following his father's trail to Germany. Be careful, as the Chinese say, you might get what you wish for.

Years later, Maggie's teenage daughter Bertie becomes obsessed with paying homage to her grandfather, encouraging the entire family to embark on a journey to Germany to find the truth. Maggie had pretty much given up on her life-long intention to return to Europe, but Bertie, named for her possibly courageous grandfather, wants to wake the rest of them out of the torpor their lives have become. She also hopes

to acknowledge Robert was a bit of a hero.

Their collective trip to Germany is wrought with folly. No more should be said.

As a result of years as a prolific playwright, Wyatt has created characters that are well-sketched and perfectly true to life—quirky, vulnerable, and fallible. A former director at the Banff Centre for the Arts, she has written seven previous novels, short fiction, stage plays and over 100 radio dramas featured on CBC and BBC. In 2002, Wyatt, who lives in Victoria, was honoured for her contribution to the development of Canadian Literature when she was inducted into the Order of Canada. It should come as no surprise that her latest novel, *Time's Reach*, is a wonderfully crafted, engaging story; a joy to read.

0-88982-205-0

*Carla Lucchetta is a Vancouver freelance writer and television producer.*



**Rachel Wyatt:**  
her play  
*Knock, Knock*  
was recently  
performed at  
the Belfry in  
Victoria.

TWIGG PHOTO



## Off the sofa and into the woods

*The conceit that creativity is more important to society than practicality is deeply entrenched. Consider, if you will, the lowly guidebook author. Ineligible for grants, he or she generally spends more money, and takes more time on their work, than sedentary poets or novelists, but their useful work seldom garners press or praise. Even cookbooks get more hype. The business of helping people not get lost, not get prosecuted, and learn how to do stuff for themselves, is considered too déclassé for anyone to offer a Best Guidebook Award, and yet hundreds of thousands of British Columbians depend on guidebooks every day—such as **Jayne Seagrave's** camping guides.*

**N**ewly pregnant in 1998, Jayne Seagrave was asked by her publisher if she'd consider writing a follow-up book about camping with children. After spending five nights in a tent with an eight-month-old in 1999, she told him such a book would consist of one word: DON'T.

"For ten years I camped in B.C. with only my spouse," she says, "and occasionally the province's mosquito population for company. Since having children, there are times when I wonder if the mosquitoes would be preferable to my two young sons. As a mother I know you are not supposed to say that children radically change your life—but they do."

Now, after five years of camping with two kids, Seagrave has come to appreciate the joys and the economics of get-away-from-it-all experiences with her family. Sleeping in the same tent under the stars beats the latest violent Hollywood blockbuster, but she's not a camping purist. She says camping with a rented motorhome is highly recommended if children are under age three.

Her common-sensical **Camping with Kids: The Best Family Campgrounds in British Columbia and Alberta** (Heritage \$17.95) has fuzzy family pix, down-to-earth advice and plain-spoken site summaries. With a Ph.D. in criminology, Seagrave isn't out to impress anyone. There are historical bits and an emphasis on rainy-day activities. Only 21 full service sites are included; just three of these are in Alberta. But Seagrave's combination of hokiness

and smarts provide the boost some families might need to get off the sofa and into the woods.

Simultaneously she's released **Jayne Seagrave's Camping British Columbia** (Heritage \$19.95), the fourth edition since 1997. It comes with cooking and preparation tips, maps, camping rules and websites to consult. She points out BC Parks has produced a map that details all provincial parks and their activities, available for just \$2.95. She also recommends the 4<sup>th</sup> edition of the 140-page *British Columbia Recreational Atlas*. She provides a handy list of the 69 provincial campgrounds that take reservations at 1-800-689-9025.

The appeal of Seagrave's books is that she's not an outdoors snob. For her family, it's not about tackling the mountains, finding the most remote waterfall or buying the best boots. It's about roasting wieners on a stick. Seagrave began her camping career with a tiny tent and a 1974 Ford Pinto. Unprepared, she and her partner didn't have an axe so they had to scrounge unused wood left by predecessors. "One of the tremendous joys of camping is *learning* how to do it," she says.

Part of that learning curve (don't forget the toilet paper, the candles, the garbage bags, the bug spray, THE MATCHES...) is learning the ropes of the new provincial parks system that has curtailed free firewood, free parking, interpretive programs for kids and campground hosts. If you go down to the woods today... you can stay up to 14 nights in one spot. Fees range from \$9 to \$22 per day for provincial sites, and up to \$24 for national parks (GST included).

Don't forget the corkscrew. Seagrave points out it's legal to drink in your open-air hotel site.

"I had camped for years before I learned it was okay to consume a glass of wine with our dinner," she says. "I guiltily hid my drink from the park attendant [who] I thought would expel me for my transgression. On one such occasion, discovered and expecting to meet the full wrath of the BC Parks employee, I cowered and apologized. All he said was, 'You can drink here. This is your home away from home. It is only in the public sections of the park that alcohol is prohibited.' "

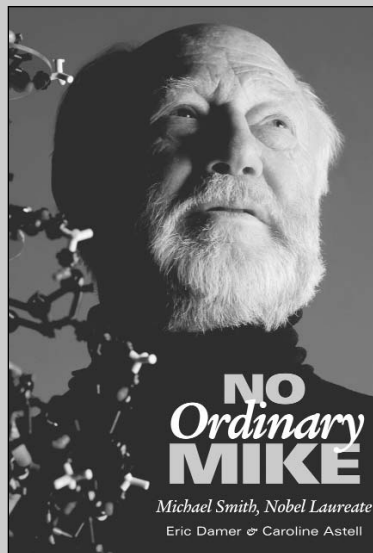


For the more adventurous camper, **Kathy Copeland's Camp Free in B.C., Vol II** (Knowbotics \$18.95) has directions to 260 free Forest Service campgrounds, accessible by 2WD cars and RVs.

Camping with Kids 1-894384-55-5; Camping B.C. 1-894384-54-7; Camp Free 0-969801-66-1



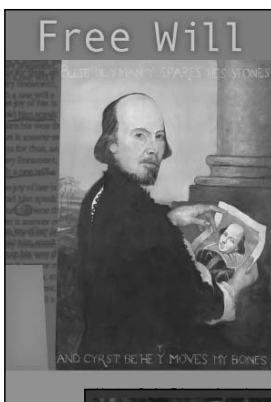
Jayne Seagrave and her happy campers.



### No Ordinary Mike Michael Smith, Nobel Laureate Eric Damer & Caroline Astell

Here is the extraordinary story of Michael Smith, a man who rose from humble beginnings in Blackpool, England, to become a revolutionary gene researcher, philanthropist and Nobel Prize winner. A professor at the University of British Columbia, Smith dedicated his talent and energy to science research, and later launched the university's internationally regarded Biotechnology Laboratory. The authors present not only the career and science of a great Canadian scientist, but also the politics and personalities of university research.

ISBN 1-55380-014-1  
6 x 9 190 pp \$24.95 pb 20 b&w photos



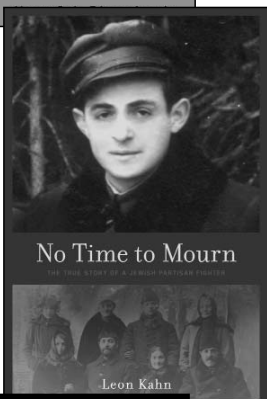
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These poems are on stage, under the lights, dressed in greasepaint and tights. Some are vaudeville acts, others are new stagings of Shakespeare's plays and scripts for Punch & Judy puppet theatre. This is Rhenisch the trickster at his best.

"Obsessive and dark, Free Will twins Shakespeare with Fellini."  
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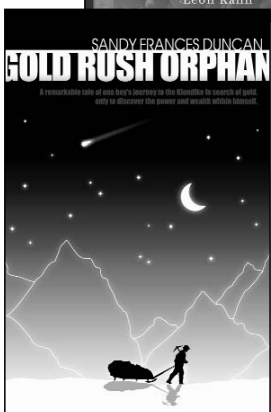
### No Time to Mourn The True Story of a Jewish Partisan Fighter

■ Leon Kahn

Leon Kahn, a Polish Jew and Canadian philanthropist, gives us a Holocaust memoir with a difference when he takes us back to the Polish forests to share his experiences as a Jewish partisan fighting the German Wehrmacht at every turn.

"It is the duty of the survivor to speak of his experience and share it with his friends and contemporaries. Leon Kahn's story is poignant and its message eloquent; I hope it will induce other survivors to tell theirs." — ELIE WIESEL

ISBN 1-55380-011-7 6 x 9 220 pp \$21.95 pb 18 b&w photos



### Gold Rush Orphan

■ Sandy Frances Duncan

This gripping novel follows the 1898 Klondike journey of Jeremy Britain, an orphaned youth, and his trek over the White Pass in search of gold. Venturing into uncharted lands, Jeremy begins furiously panning the streams as he follows a mysterious account that promises the mother lode.

"Out of the meticulous details of this novel emerges a completely believable slice of the past; but most of all it is an engrossing and moving portrayal of a boy's inward and outward journey to maturity." — KIT PEARSON

ISBN 1-55380-012-5 280 pp 5-1/2 x 8-1/2 \$10.95 pb



# A R BC U N D

**D**rawing on interviews, prison diaries, court documents and newspapers,

**Julie Rak** examines the difficulties of recording Doukhobor history through individual stories in **Negotiated Memory: Doukhobor Autobiographical Discourse** (UBC Press \$85).

Its publication coincided with the arrival of **Leo Tolstoy's** great-great-grandson **Vladimir Ilych Tolstoy** in Castlegar to attend the opening of an exhibit at the Doukhobor Village Museum.

The Tolstoy exhibit from Russia features letters and documents of **Sergei Tolstoy**, the novelist's son, who accom-



**Peter Kropotkin**

panied Doukhobors to Canada aboard the *SS Lake Superior* from Batum to Halifax in 1898-99. (In his memoirs Sergei Tolstoy credits the anarchist **Peter Kropotkin** as being the main initiator of the pacifists' migration from state and church authorities—an exodus that was famously funded by royalties from Tolstoy's final novel *Resurrection*.)

Julie Rak has explored how and why the



**Freedomite children looking through the fence on visiting day at the New Denver reformatory (c. 1956). Relatives of state-confiscated children could visit once every two weeks. Parents would throw food packages over the fence and pray through it.—Negotiated Memory (UBC Press)**

has gradually eroded ignorance and prejudice about Doukhoborism, Julie Rak has taken Simma Holt to task on specifics. She provides insights into how specifically the reporter contorted **Fred Davidoff's** memoir that he wrote in six ten-cent scribbles while he was in Oakalla Prison.

“Simma Holt entitled it ‘Autobiography of a Fanatic,’” says Rak, “a move that immediately makes Davidoff’s story that of an uncontrollable, unpredictable, and exotic other who must be recuperated into a discourse of the Canadian, law-abiding centre... She describes Davidoff as overweight, with a face that could sometimes be ugly and sometimes ‘child-like.’”

Doukhobor spirituality was more sophisticated than Simma Holt was able or willing to convey. Davidoff had justified his unwillingness to purchase land, on principle, based upon his grandfather telling him, “It is my religious belief that we Doukhobors came to Canada only for a time, to fulfil our mission, and the day will soon be at hand when we will leave Canada. I did not accept a homestead because I could not swear an oath of allegiance to no king or queen.

“We left Russia proclaiming ourselves citizens of the universe, recognizing Jesus Christ as the only King and his law as the only Law. All other laws are from the devil; throne and government are of the devil.” 0-7748-1031-9

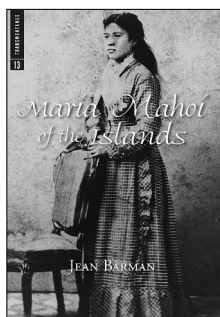
## REVISITING THE DOUKHOBORS

Doukhobors mostly rejected the ‘western institution of autobiography.’ In particular, she suggests the more radical Sons of Freedom sect did not construct identities that were dependent on “the Western and liberal-capitalist split between self and life.” As a community oriented group, the Doukhobors were guided by the psalms of the Living Book that stressed “our physical, earthly body is not our real being. Our real being is the soul within our body.”

The Social Credit government of **W.A.C. Bennett** and the RCMP proved woefully inadequate in terms of understanding Doukhoborism and its discontents in the 1950s and 1960s. In the process, inflammatory reporting by **Simma Holt** in the *Vancouver Sun* and in her book *Terror in the Name of God*—dedicated to the RCMP detachment investigating the Freedomites—caused damage as irreparable as arson.

While *The Doukhobors* by **Ivan Avakumovic** and **George Woodcock**

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**JEAN BARMAN**

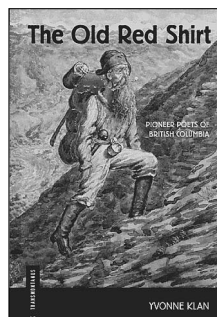
#### Maria Mahoi of the Islands

Transmontanus No. 13. Born to a Hawaiian father and a First Nations mother, Maria Mahoi lived most of her adult life, from the mid-1850s until 1936, on Salt Spring Island. Acclaimed historian Jean Barman pieces together her fascinating story from interviews, family lore, and old photographs. \$16 | 1-55420-007-5

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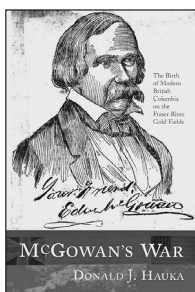
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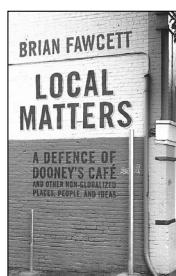


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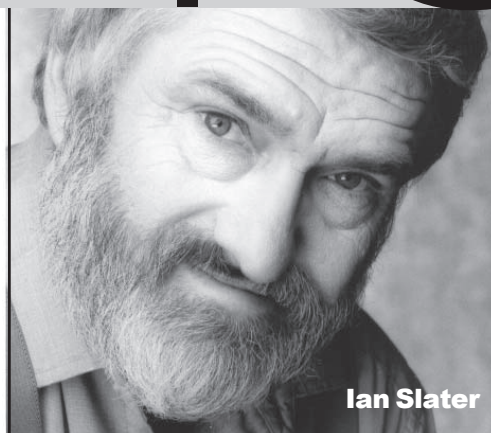
# F I C T I O N BC

**Ian Slater's** latest thriller, **WWIII: Choke Point** (Ballantine/Random House \$10), prophesizes a terrorist attack on the Canadian and U.S. Maritimes. "A Greyhound bus can cross Canada faster than one of our Sea King helicopters!" warns a political scientist. "If you can't get the Pooh-Bahs moving, the next best thing is to alert the man and woman in the street." A former Australian Joint Intelligence Bureau defense officer living in Vancouver, Slater has penned more than 20 military thrillers. 0-345-45377-8

**Esi Edugyan** of Victoria has published her first novel, **The Second Life of Samuel Tyne** (Knopf \$34.95), set in the formerly all-black enclave of Aster, Alberta. It's about a man originally from Ghana who

tries to start life anew, only to become alienated from his twin daughters and an unhappy wife. As mysterious fires increasingly put everyone on alert, Samuel Tyne retreats to his electronics shop. 0-676-97630-1

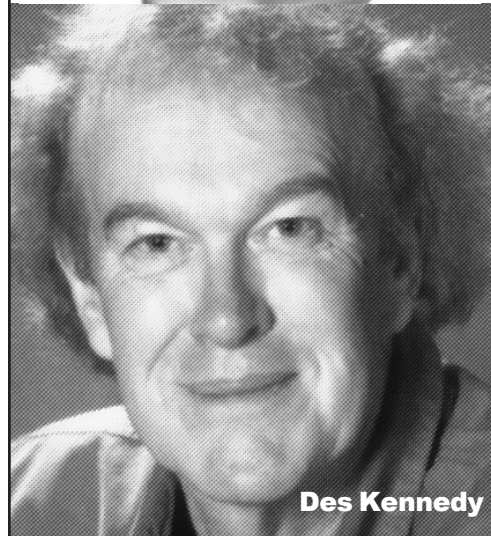
Raised in Smithers, **Susan Juby** writes humorously of teenage angst in small-town B.C. Her *Alice* series sends up the girly troubles of formerly home-schooled Alice McLeod. The first book in 2002, *Alice I Think* (HarperCollins) has been followed by *Miss Smithers* (HarperCollins \$15.99). Juby dropped out of fashion school, received a B.A. from UBC and gained her master's degree in publishing from Simon Fraser University. She lives on Vancouver Island. 0-00-639265-2



Ian Slater



Esi Edugyan



Des Kennedy

**Marilyn Bowering's** third novel **Cat's Pilgrimage** (Harperflamingo \$34.95) is about a young heroine named Catherine who seeks her father and finds refuge in a Utopian community in England called Smallwood, steeped in mythology and inhabited by a rag tag collection of lost souls. She discovers that the difficulties of her previous life with her mother in a small Vancouver Island town still require resolution. 0-00-200523-9

Designer/storyteller **Barbara Hodgson** is back with another extensively illustrated novel set in an exotic locale. In **The Lives of Shadows** (Chronicle \$34.95), a wounded man with artistic sensibilities becomes fascinated with an ancient house in Damascus during the 1940s. The tale starts well but its Ondaatje-like allure fades somewhat amid images that don't necessarily jive with the story. But hey, Hodgson's work is original, intelligent, romantic and you get to learn stuff. 0-8118-3926-5

**Nicholas Mosley's** 1990 novel *Hopeful Monsters* has been cited as one of the best novels of the 20<sup>th</sup> century and Dr. **David N. Mention** wrote *The Hopeful Monsters of Evolution* in 1997. So the choice of *Hopeful Monsters* (Arsenal Pulp \$19.95) as the title for **Hiromi Goto's** new collection of short fiction is going to put search engines into a dither. Now living in Burnaby, Goto received several awards for her novel *Chorus of Mushrooms*. 1-55152-157-1

Dexter Cooke is stuck in a rut. He teaches at the same grade school he once attended. His lukewarm marriage has included three miscarriages. In **Des Kennedy's Flame of Separation** (Insomniac \$21.95), Dexter's world changes when a student is visited by the charismatic shaman Dexter himself encountered at seventeen. Kennedy is a Denman Island journalist and environmental activist whose books have been shortlisted for the Stephen Leacock Medal for Humour. 1-894663-64-0

Vancouver's **Annabel Lyon** has published **The Best Thing for You** (M&S \$24.99), a collection of three novellas. In *No Fun*, Kate is a medical doctor with a witty, film-professor husband, a well-mannered son and a house with 'lawn like jade' in an upscale neighbourhood. The balance is threatened when her son is charged in connection with the beating of a boy with Down's syndrome. Lyon's 2000 short-fiction collection was *Oxygen*. 0-7710-5397-5

Flying a small plane in Venezuela in 1990, B.C.'s **Allan McTeer** was forced to make an emergency landing. He was imprisoned, tortured and forced to fly smuggling missions for a drug cartel. He's fictionalized his experience in **Red Zone** (GreyCore \$35). "I think [writing the book] helped me a lot," McTeer says. "I should have been in a mental institute when I first got back." 0-9671851-9-X

Containing many stories previously published in *The Violent Lavender Beast*, **The Big Dave and Little Wife Convention** (New Orphic \$24) is **Ernest Hekkanen's** 33<sup>rd</sup> book. "When one operates as far outside the accepted circle of literature as I do," says Hekkanen, "one's antics are very rarely observed and then only by accident—ultimately to be dismissed as the pitiful ravings of a lunatic." 1-894842-04-9

## Unravelling Mazo's maze

One of the most successful writers of the 20th century, Canadian novelist **Mazo de la Roche**, was also one of the most secretive. She raised children but she lived most of her life with her cousin **Caroline Clement**. Biographer **Joan Givner** has resurrected the mystery of the novelist's personal life in a new novel called **Playing Sarah Bernhardt** (Dundurn \$21.99), the story of a contemporary actress.

Unable to remember her lines while playing Sarah Bernhardt, Harriet assumes her career as an actress is over—until she's offered a part in a new play about Mazo de la Roche, creator of the once-famous Whiteoaks saga.

The new theatrical show about Mazo de la Roche and her homelife is being mounted in Regina where Harriet grew up. The playwright is an amateur, but Harriet is willing to take the risk of further humiliation in the hopes of reviving her career.

It turns out the memory-challenged Harriet was selected for the role by the playwright because the playwright is also writing a biography of Mazo de la Roche and the playwright knows Harriet possesses key pieces of a sexual puzzle she is assembling: Harriet is one of the few people who has always known her favourite aunt was the biological mother of Mazo's adopted daughter, Antoinette.

Antoinette and Harriet share the same birthdate. And Harriet, at age 12, once met Antoinette's father in her aunt's apartment in Vancouver.

As the playwright draws Harriet into the vortex of the past during rehearsals, Harriet becomes involved with an old lover and she returns to visit the neighbourhood haunts of her childhood.

The rest is herstory. Make-believed.

The biographical information about the relationship of Mazo de la Roche and Caroline Clement is based on Givner's 1989 book *Mazo de la Roche: The Hidden Life* (Oxford University Press).

Dramatic scenes are adapted from Givner's play *Mazo and Caroline*, which was performed at the Saskatchewan Playwright Centre's Spring Festival in 1992.

1550025376

[Mazo de la Roche, the author of *Jalna* (1927), mainly lived in Ontario but she was also a cousin to the British Columbia timber baron **H.R. MacMillan**, subject of her book *Growth of a Man* (1938).]



Mazo de la Roche and Caroline Clement in the early 1930s.



## Longing for the short of it

In his introduction to **Standing on Richards** (Viking \$34), **George Bowering** explains why publishing short stories makes him feel young again.

"When I was a kid, it [the short story] was probably the most often encountered of all literary forms. The literary magazines carried stories, of course. So did the glossy magazines, the weeklies, and the monthlies. Most of those magazines have gone now, replaced by specialty magazines (tat-



**Eminence gris**  
**George Bowering**

toos, motorcycles, fashion) and the dumbed-down picture mags about television stars and children's music makers. The pulps were made for short stories, but the pulps are gone, even the high quality pulps. I pity the younger generation who do not know the pulps." The joy of writing is still there. "The nicest thing about writing is feeling the sentence form while you are handwriting or typing. Sometimes when you are feeling a sentence form, you know that it is going to be one of a thousand, but other times you know that there are going to be maybe a hundred. You probably love this sentence most. You feel them all, though... There are some writers who start with stories and then begin making novels and never come back to the shorter form. I will always, I think, want to come back..."

0-670-04454-7

Former bar-circuit singer and bass player **Lorna Jackson** has released her first novel **A Game to Play on the Tracks** (Porcupine's Quill \$19.95), in which Arden—a county music singer who likes booze a little too much—makes a return to performing. Her first book was the short story collection *Dressing for Hope* (Goose Lane 1995). She teaches writing at UVic and lives in Metchosin. 0-88984-231-0



'Confused patriot and geriatric lover' Justin Fowles has been banished from the RCMP and suspects the force still spies on him. He even thinks the nearby Combat College is an outpost of American expansionism in **Jim Jackson's Justin Fowles** (Trafford \$29.58). Fowles' worries are compounded when he finds the body of a young woman.

1-4120-1454-9



Gibson's **Jim Christy** is back with **The Redemption of Ann Dupree** (Ekstasis \$19.95), about a wicked-tongued actress who escapes a retirement prison and flees to Mexico with a young graduate. It's Christy's 20th book.

1-894800-48-6



Inspired by Gulf Island life, and by the early death of her husband, **Ann Eriksson's** first novel is **Decomposing Maggie** (Turnstone \$18.95) in which Maggie still wears her husband's paint-splattered sweatshirt three years after his death. She sleeps in her car, and gathers kelp to weave into the perfect basket for her husband's ashes. 0-88801-283-7



**Emily Carr's** possibly damaging treatments in an English sanitarium are incorporated into playwright **Margaret Hollingsworth's** first novel, **Be Quiet** (Blue Lake \$21). "Be Quiet is a story of ageing and creativity in which Emily Carr becomes a sort of trickster figure, informing the lives of

a contemporary woman—who, at 63, is finally breaking away from her job at the university and returning to painting, her daughter and the young stranger who has married her ex-husband." Set in Canada, France and England, the novel explores two little-known periods in Emily Carr's life during the first decade of the last century. 0-9730831-6-6



The narrator searches for his severed arm in Bombay in **Irosh Irani's** debut novel **The Cripple and His Talismans** (Raincoast \$29.95). There are lepers and cockroaches, peacocks and prostitution—even rainbows in whiskey bottles. "If we are lucky enough to live in a place like Vancouver," says Irani, who has called Vancouver home since 1998, "we sometimes forget that there are people who are living in hell." In October, Irani's play *The Matka King* will run at the Arts Club Theatre in Vancouver. 1-55192-651-2



**Lorna Jackson**



**Stephen Guppy**

**The Fire Thief** by **Stephen Guppy** (Thomas Allen \$24.95) is described as "a debut novel about a good Canadian kid who is uprooted from Vancouver to Danforth, Washington—a.k.a. Atomic City, USA. Set against startling imagery of a landscape littered with the effects of a nuclear age."

0887621422



**The Gatekeeper of Lies** (Glendambo \$18.95) is the fourth espionage thriller by **Anthony Bruce**, this one is set in Paris and Saltspring Island, where he lives. The hero tries to forget the killing fields of Rwanda and Bosnia. 0-9681787-3-1

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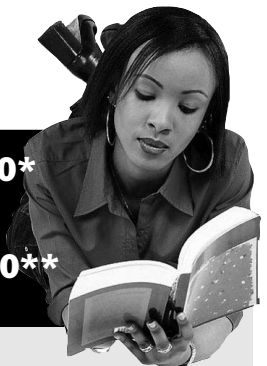
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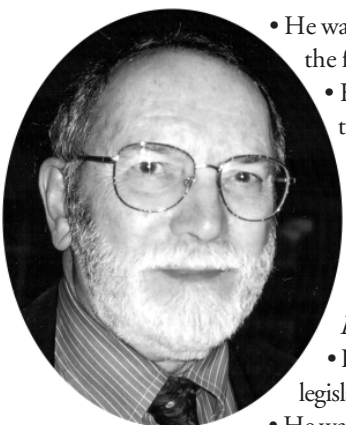


## COMMUNITY

ABOVE & BEYOND THE CALL:

# Basil Stuart-Stubbs

**W**estern Canada's **Basil Stuart-Stubbs** has received this year's Gray Campbell Distinguished Service Award for outstanding contributions to the B.C. literary community. Stuart-Stubbs' quiet accomplishments as a librarian have been far-reaching.



TWIGG PHOTO

- He was instrumental in establishing UBC Press and served as the founding chair of its board from 1970 to 1982
- He organized the first conference of western publishers that gave rise to the Association of Book Publishers of B.C.
- He and bookseller **Bill Duthie** collaborated in the production of the first edition of *Canadian Books in Print*.
- He helped create the *British Columbia Library Quarterly* and the two U.B.C.-based magazines *Canadian Literature* and *Prism INTERNATIONAL*.
- He was one of the proponents of the Public Lending Right legislation that pays authors for having their works in libraries.
- He was one of the founders of the Alcuin Society that provides

awards for excellence in Canadian book design.

• He co-authored *The Northpart of America* with **Coolie Verner** and helped publish the rare memoir by **Ebenezer Johnson** entitled *A Short Account of a Northwest Voyage Performed in the Years 1796, 1797 & 1798*.

• He co-founded the Canadian Institute for Historical Reproductions and conducted major studies of Inter-Library Loans in Canada (1975) and B.C. (1992).

• He served on the founding board of the Canadian Centre for Studies in Publishing at Simon Fraser University.

• With **Earle Birney** and **Anne Yandle**, he generated the archival collection on **Malcolm Lowry** at UBC Special Collections, the world's foremost reference source for research about Lowry.

• For a dozen years he taught the only course available on publishing in B.C. at the School of Library, Archival and Information Studies (UBC).

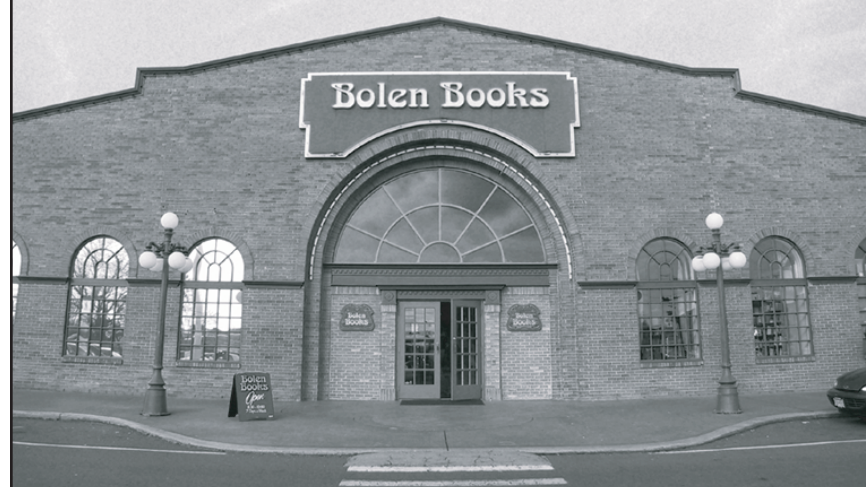
"It's typical Basil," said publisher **Howard White**, when presenting the Gray Campbell Distinguished Service Award in Vancouver on April 15, "that when he was notified of this award he was sure we must be looking for some other Basil and couldn't imagine what he had done to deserve such a thing. The short answer is everything."

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# PEOPLE



The Nahanee family; Gloria Nahanee (second from right)

[SQUAMISH]—When Gloria Nahanee attended St. Paul's Indian Day School in the 1950s, she was taught Scottish, Irish, Ukrainian, Dutch, Spanish and square dances by nuns. When the Squamish Nation held their powwows in the 1940s and 1950s, sometimes lasting ten days, she sometimes ran away and hid at the other end of the field.

"I thought I had to dance," she recalls in *Spirit of Powwow* (Hancock \$39.95). "The regalia and the noise scared me at first. But I can remember the stage where our ancestors Uncle Dominic Charlie and August Jack did the Squamish songs and dances."

Powwows at Squamish disappeared for 30 years after 1958. It wasn't until Nahanee's own daughter began to naturally dance at age six that she began to explore the traditional dances of her own culture. Nahanee travelled to powwows for two years and co-founded

## POWWOW NOW

the Squamish Nation Dancers in 1987, then organized a revival of the Squamish powwow in 1988.

"The old spirits told me they wanted the powwow revived," she says, "and that our young people would carry this on."

The annual Squamish pow wow is now a three-day event that attracts 200 dancers and an audience of up to 4,000. *Spirit of Powwow* is Nahanee's illustrated introduction to, and celebration of, the powwow dances and traditions, co-written with **Kay Johnston**.

0-88839-520-5

This year's annual powwow will occur on the August long weekend at the Capilano Reserve in North Vancouver.

# BC

BOOKWORLD

Summer Issue Vol. 18, No. 2

Publisher/ Writer: Alan Twigg

Editor/Production: David Lester

Marketing Manager: Jeremy Twigg

Publication Mail Agreement #40010086

Produced with the sponsorship of Pacific BookWorld News Society. Necessary financial assistance has been received from the B.C. Ministry of Tourism & Culture and the Canada Council. BC BookWorld is not responsible for unsolicited materials. Publications Mail Registration No. 7800. BC BookWorld ISSN: 1701-5405

Writing not otherwise credited is by staff.

**Contributors:** Mark Forsythe, Joan Givner, Louise Donnelly, Lisa Kerr, Carla Luchetta  
**Proofreaders:** Wendy Atkinson, Betty Twigg.  
**Deliveries:** Ken Reid. **Design:** Get-to-the-Point Graphics  
**Advertising & editorial:** BC BookWorld, 3516 W. 13th Ave., Vancouver, B.C., V6R 2S3  
Publication Agreement 400-100-86  
Website: www.abcbookworld.com

Tel/Fax: 604-736-4011; email: available on request .  
Annual subscription: \$12.84

We acknowledge the assistance of the Province of British Columbia, through the Ministry of Community, Aboriginal, and Women's Services



## mundo dave

by David Lester





# Cassidyne's Believe It Or Not

"I, **Vassily Solitsin**, was physically put to death, but my soul did not die. It was alive. And I proclaim to all people living on earth that there is no death!"

Here's another one for *Ripley's Believe It Or Not*. According to publisher and translator **Michael Cassidyne** of Kelowna, Vassily Solitsin (a fictitious name given to a real person to protect the identity of his son) grew up in Russia before and during the Russian Revolution.

"After narrowly escaping from the hands of Soviet persecutors bent on turning the vast country into one huge 'torture chamber,' he immigrated to Canada in the 1940s, where he recorded his incredible and shocking afterlife experiences in the form of a Russian-language manuscript in 1954."

Cassidyne's promotional material states he was approached by the author's son (name withheld) in 1993 when Cassidyne was attending University of Victoria. Cassidyne, who has since gained a Master's degree in political science, was shown a manuscript, written in Cyrillic and shabbily-bound, that apparently arose from Solitsin's horrific experiences in 1931 after he was captured for attempting to reach Iran.

Tortured and imprisoned in an underground cell by Russian State Security Police, Solitsin was left to die without food, water or medical attention. He died for three days. The out-of-body experiences he describes in the text led him to the revelation that there is no death. "I had no knowledge of Russian so I was a bit baffled," Cassidyne has recalled. He learned Russian in order to translate the memoir and he has now created his own publishing enterprise to market it. There is no way to substantiate the claims of the text or the true identity of the person who wrote it.

The man dubbed Vassily Solitsin apparently died—for a second time—in 1987. Possibly he'll be reborn for a sequel. **Through Hell, to Heaven & Back!** by Vassily Solitsin; translated by Michael Cassidyne (Professional Image Design \$21.95).

0-9732993-0-4

Ever heard of hens being artificially inseminated? In his third bestselling installment of his own rural vet adventures, **David Perrin** tickles funny bones and tugs at heartstrings with **Where Does It Hurt?** (Dave's Press \$19.95).

0-9687943-2-7



Michael Cassidyne:

In his memoir **I Slept in a Courthouse: Confessions of a Land Inspector** (\$16.95), **David Havard** of Smithers recalls being a B.C. land inspector in the 1950s. "The hardest part of the job was *finding* the land we had been asked to examine," he says. He brings back the days when horses pulled trucks up icy hills, and engines could be fixed with foil from a cigarette pack.

Box 2458, Smithers, BC V0J 2N0

**Roy Henry Vickers**, the First Nations artist who designed the BC Book Prizes logo, has self-published his second coffee table book, **Copperman: The Art of Roy Henry Vickers** (\$100). Now one of B.C.'s most successful painters, he displays his work in Tofino's Eagle Aerie Gallery which he built in 1986.

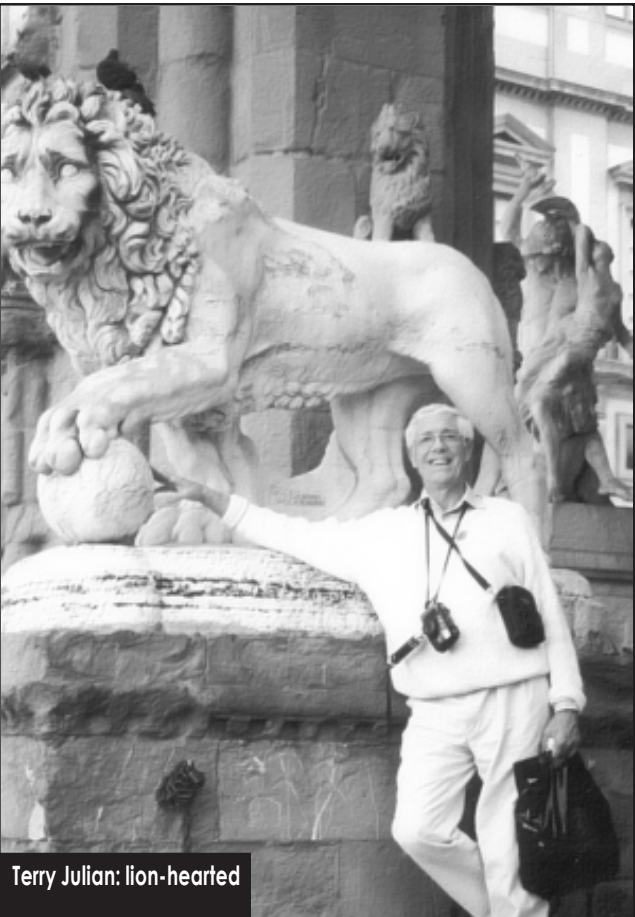
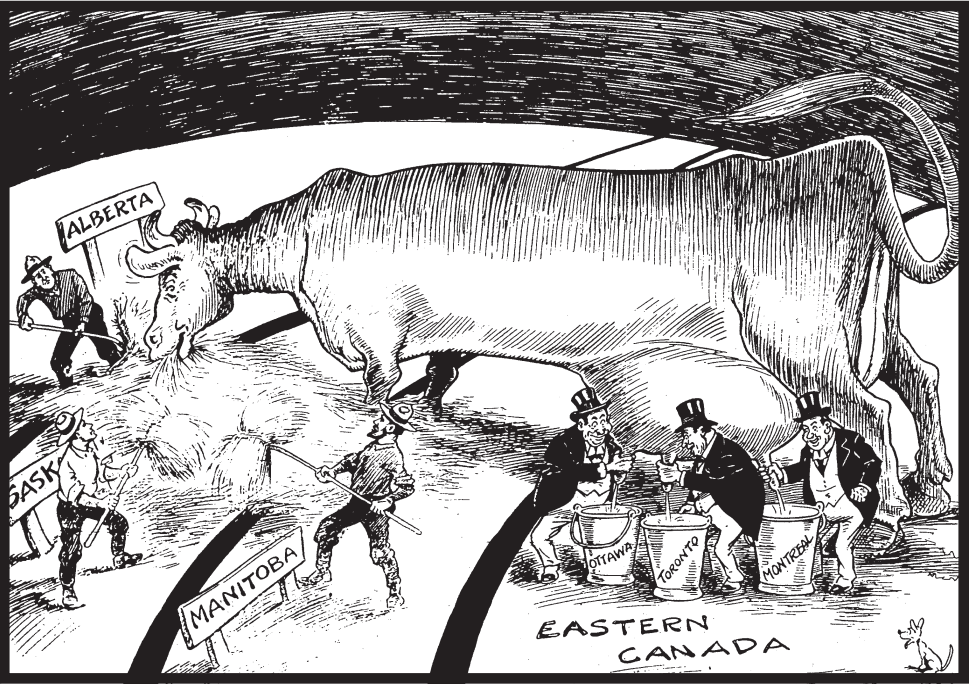
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**Doreen J. Hunter** of North Vancouver and **Mary E. Andrews** of North Saanich have co-written and published **A Man and His Century** (\$12.95) about the life of **Gerald Smedley Andrews**, a pioneer forester and Surveyor General of BC. Andrews turned 100 years old in Victoria in conjunction with the publication. According to retired surveyor **Barry Cotton**, "To the surveying profession, Gerry is still regarded as an institution, the man who charted the province through its most extensive period of growth—the post-WW II years."

Contact: Koinonia Books in Victoria

In 1915, **The Grain Growers' Guide** in Winnipeg published this cartoon of Western Canadian beliefs that Eastern bankers profited by denying farmers access to lower interest rates. It is one of nearly 370 cartoons in **Great Canadian Political Cartoons 1915-1945 (Moody's Lookout Press \$39.95)** Edited by **Charles and Cynthia Hou**. Their first volume covered 1820 to 1914.

0-9680016-4-5



Terry Julian: lion-hearted

Lions Bay. BC Lions. Lions Gate Bridge. There are more lions at the Vancouver Art Gallery, the Terry Fox statue, Cathedral Place and Carnegie Centre. Lion Island in the Fraser River. The Lions on Grouse Mountain. Royal Bank insignia lions. Lions are everywhere.

**With Lions in our Lives** (Trafford/Signature \$17.95), self-publisher **Terry Julian** has produced a lively little tome about the carnivorous quadruped with the shaggy mane that lives only in Africa, but resonates through literature and architecture. In his seventh book, Julian includes chapters on literary references, heraldry, heroes and religion.

141200953-7



## A W A R D S

# 2004 BC BOOK PRIZE WINNERS

• P.K. Page  
LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR'S AWARD FOR LITERARY EXCELLENCE

• Caroline Adderson  
**Sitting Practice** (Thomas-Allen)  
ETHEL WILSON FICTION PRIZE  
(Sponsors: Friesens & Transcontinental)

• Donald Luxton  
**Building the West: The Early Architects of British Columbia** (Talonbooks)  
RODERICK HAIG-BROWN REGIONAL PRIZE, (Sponsors: Abebooks with support from Sandhill Book Marketing & Dempsey Distribution)

• Maria Tippet  
**Bill Reid: The Making of an Indian** (Random House), HUBERT EVANS NON-FICTION PRIZE, (Sponsor: Walter & Duncan Gordon Foundation)

• Samuel Bawlf, Douglas & McIntyre  
**The Secret Voyage of Sir Francis Drake, 1577-1580** (D&M), BILL DUTHIE BOOKSELLERS' CHOICE AWARD  
(Sponsors: BC Booksellers' Association & Duthie Books)

• Philip Kevin Paul  
**Taking the Names Down from the Hill** (Nightwood), DOROTHY LIVESAY POETRY PRIZE  
(Sponsor: BC Teachers' Federation)

• Dennis Foon  
**Skud** (Groundwood), SHEILA EGGOFF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE PRIZE  
(Sponsor: BC Library Association)

• Linda Bailey & Bill Slavin  
**Stanley's Party** (Kids Can), CHRISTIE HARRIS ILLUSTRATED CHILDREN'S LITERATURE PRIZE  
(Sponsor: Anonymous)

Emceed by **Susan Musgrave**, the 20th annual B.C. Prizes gala was hosted by Lieutenant Governor **Iona Campagnolo** at Government House in Victoria on May 1st. Few speeches rose to the occasion, but the novelty of the setting was a grand compensation.

Accepting her second Ethel Wilson Fiction Prize, **Caroline Adderson** praised her publishing house for its attentiveness ("They might be a cult as well as a publisher") and she thanked the six women with spinal cord injuries who helped with her research for the novel. "It's an honour to be nominated with my fellow writers,"



Hon. Iona Campagnolo

she said. "That's the prize. The award is secondary."

**Scott McIntyre** praised his author **Samuel Bawlf's** "ten years of passion" that led to their Bill Duthie Booksellers' Choice Award and he thanked the Hon. **Iona Campagnolo** for her respectfulness, adding that the B.C. book industry "has earned its way the hard way."

Bawlf said, "It's been a long time since I've been this nervous. I accept this award with deepest thanks."

"Wow. I'm really, really surprised to have won this award," said First Nations' poet **Philip Kevin Paul**, who praised his 'poetry parents' **Lorna Crozier** and **Patrick Lane** and described his Livesay Prize-winning collection as "an el

egy to Saanich and also an elegy to my parents and to my mentor."

**P.K. Page** confessed that when she received a phone call from the Lt. Governor, her first reaction was, "Good Lord, what on earth could I have done!" She said she was particularly pleased that the first recipient of the new award for literary excellence is a poet. "Poetry, in a race with prose, always trails the field," she said.

Lt. Governor Campagnolo was praised for being the first Lieutenant Governor in Canada to sponsor a literary prize. In fact, the Lieutenant Governor's office in British Columbia has supported the annual literary medal and citations for B.C. historical writing, in conjunction with the B.C. Historical Society, since 1983. The evening marked the third time in 20 years that the gala was held in Victoria. It has been held 14 times in Vancouver and once in Penticton, in 1993.

**Maria Tippet, Dennis Foon** and **Donald Luxton** were not in attendance to receive

their prizes. Tippet was in Cambridge; Foon was in Ontario. Luxton was in Vancouver accepting the Heritage Canada Achievement Award. Compiled and edited by Luxton, **Build-**



Donald Luxton

**ing the West: The Early Architects of British Columbia** (Talonbooks) had previously won the Mark Madoff Award for Outstanding Publication by the Hallmark Society, as well as a City of Vancouver Heritage Award of Honour. [For more Awards, see *Endpapers*]

## HOW WE STACK UP AFTER 20 YEARS

SOME STATISTICS TO PONDER—WINNING TITLES FOR THE BC BOOK PRIZES SINCE 1985.  
[Excludes Bill Duthie Booksellers' Choice Award for which only B.C. publishers are eligible]

Prize	Published out of B.C.	vs.	Published in B.C.
Harris Prize	2/2 (100%)		0/2 —
Wilson Prize	17/20 (85%)		3/20 (15%)
Egoff Prize	15/18 (83%)		3/18 (17%)
Evans Prize	7/20 (35%)		13/20 (65%)
Livesay Prize	6/19 (32%)		13/19 (68%)
Haig-Brown Prize	0/20 —		20/20 (100%)
TOTALS	47/99 (47.5%)		52/99 (52.5%)

Books published by B.C. publishers have been eligible for 119 prizes. Of the Haig-Brown and Booksellers' Choice prizes since 1985, Douglas & McIntyre and Harbour Publishing have won 28 out of 40 (70%). Groundwood Books in Ontario, an affiliate of D&M, has won half of the 18 Egoff Prizes. In the first ten years, books published in B.C. won 70% of the prizes. In the second ten years, books from B.C. have won 55% of the Prizes. For a complete list of winners, on a year-by-year basis, type the word Prizes in the upper search box at [www.abcbookworld.com](http://www.abcbookworld.com).

**W**estern Canada's most indispensable librarian **Basil Stuart-Stubbs**, now retired from UBC, has received this year's Gray Campbell Distinguished Service Award for outstanding contributions to the B.C. literary community. Stuart-Stubbs' quiet accomplishments are far-reaching and legion—but little-known.

• He was instrumental in establishing UBC Press and served as the founding Chair of its Board from 1970 to 1982

• He organized the first conference of western publishers that gave rise to the Association of Book Publishers of B.C.

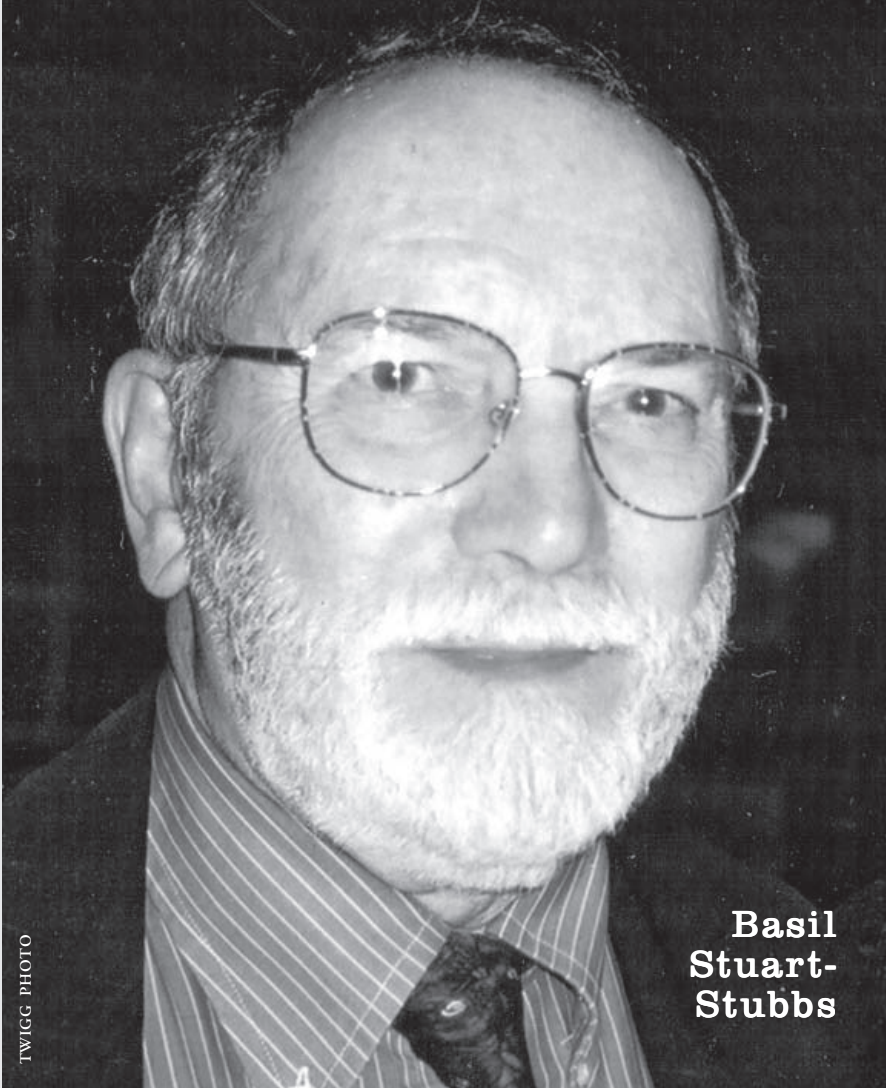
• He and bookseller **Bill Duthie** collaborated in the production of the first edition of *Canadian Books in Print*.

• He helped create the *British Columbia Library Quarterly* and the two U.B.C.-based magazines *Canadian Literature* and *Prism INTERNATIONAL*.

• He was one of the primary proponents of the Public Lending Right legislation that compensates authors for having their works in libraries.

• He was one of the founders of the Alcuin Society that provides awards for excellence in Canadian book design.

# ABOVE & BEYOND THE CALL



Basil Stuart-Stubbs

• He co-authored *The Northpart of America* with **Coolie Verner** and helped publish the rare memoir of **Ebenezer Johnson** entitled *A Short Account of a Northwest Voyage Performed in the Years 1796, 1797 & 1798*.

• He co-founded the Canadian Institute for Historical Reproductions in Ottawa.

• He conducted a major study of Inter-Library Loans in Canada in 1975, followed by another one for British Columbia in 1992.

• He served on the founding Board of the Canadian Centre for Studies in Publishing at Simon Fraser University.

• He was responsible with **Earle Birney** and **Anne Yandle** for the creation of the archival collection on **Malcolm Lowry** at UBC Special Collections, the world's foremost reference source for research about Lowry.

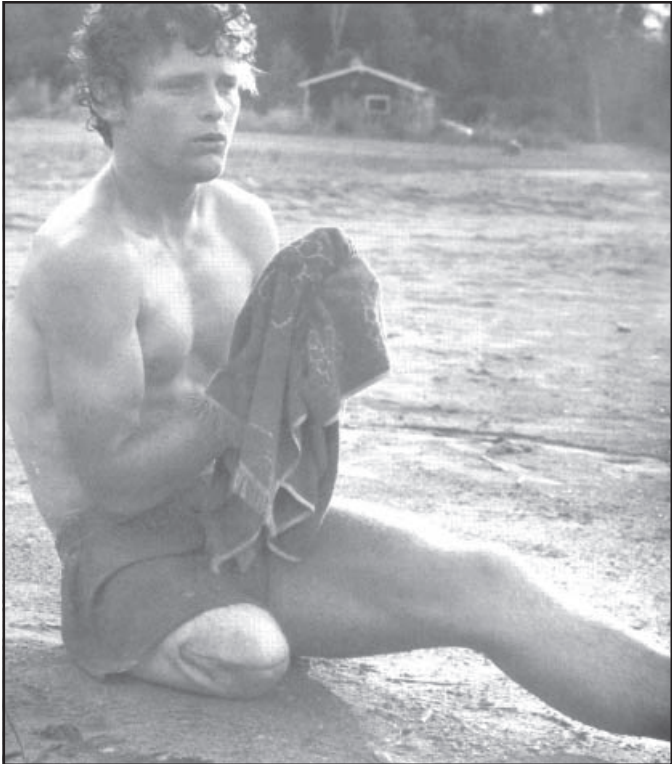
• For a dozen years he taught the only course available on publishing in British Columbia at the School of Library, Archival and Information Studies (UBC).

• Currently he is the Chairman of the Publications Committee of the Bibliographical Society of Canada.



"It's typical Basil," said publisher **Howard White**, when presenting the Gray Campbell Distinguished Service Award in Vancouver on April 15<sup>th</sup>, "that when he was notified of this award he was sure we must be looking for some other Basil and couldn't imagine what he had done to deserve such a thing. The short answer is everything."





According to Douglas Coupland, Terry Fox (shown here after a swim in Jackfish Lake, Ontario) liked to wear a particular kind of grey shorts during his marathon because they were the only ones without a logo.



## Goosing up Canada

**D**ouglas Coupland is a pop culture dumpster diver with good taste. He’s not just a terrific writer. This guy enjoys being a Canadian. And now he’s back with his **Souvenir of Canada 2** (Douglas & McIntyre \$29.95).

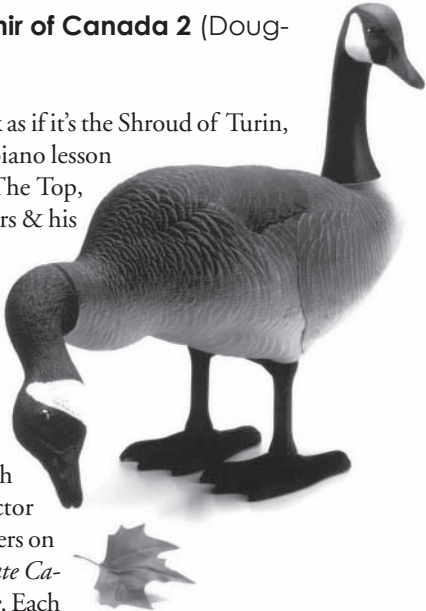
Funny & serious, he has photographed **Terry Fox**’s holey sock as if it’s the Shroud of Turin, plus a Banque Royal calendar and a Royal Conservatory of Music piano lesson book. Without the trace of a snicker, he also gives us Reach For The Top, treeplanting, Sudbury, the GST, the Bluenose, Canola, Nanaimo Bars & his own mother with her typically Canadian shelves.

About a year ago Coupland called her on a Tuesday morning and said, “Mom, I’m going to be there in a half-hour with a photographer to document your kitchen. Don’t touch anything.” His Mom shrugged and thought to herself, “Well, he does manage to feed himself by doing all this crazy stuff,” and left the kitchen unsullied. As a result, Doug’s Mom’s pantry has been recorded for posterity.

Coupland’s albums of Canadian life are art exhibits on paper with minimal pretence. **Jeff Wall** mates with a Massey-Ferguson tractor and everyone benefits. Even if it sometimes borders on piffle, it sure as heck beats those dopey *Why I Hate Canadians* books or attempts at humour on *Air Farce*. Each page is like some Lay’s potato chip ad gone artsy. Betcha can’t eat just one.

It’s all strangely moving. We are not Americans. We are not Americans. Great God Almighty, we are not Americans.

Not yet, anyway.



1-55365-043-3

Doug’s Mom, 1967



# North to Gataga

## SCRUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

Wayne Sawchuk's favourite photo is of his partner Marce.

WAYNE SAWCHUK PHOTO

**“There’s enough wildlife to fill an ark many times over.”**

**T**he wildlife population in the Muskwa-Kechika region is more abundant than any other similar-sized area in B.C. An estimated 4,000 caribou, 13,000 elk, 18,000 moose and 5,000 Stone’s sheep roam in this ‘Serengeti of the North.’

The only plains bison in B.C. live there, too. Other species include grizzly and black bears (3,500), as well as coyotes, wolves, wolverines, cougars and fur-bearers such as squirrel, mink, weasel, marten, lynx and beaver.

So maybe it’s a good thing you’ve never heard of it. Maybe you don’t really need to know that the Muskwa-Kechika has 50 roadless watersheds and it’s named after two of northern B.C.’s largest river systems. You can get to the Serengeti almost as easily. It’s about as far away from the Lower Mainland as you can get and still remain inside the province (although a drive along the Alaska Highway cuts across one corner).



Growing up near Chetwynd in a logging family, **Wayne Sawchuk** listened to his father’s hunting and trapping stories about the Muskwa-Kechika wilderness but he never went there until 1985 when he spent three months exploring its secrets on horseback.

“Traversing some of the wildest backcountry in the world,” he writes in **Muskwa-Kechika: The Wild Heart of Canada’s Northern Rockies** (Peace PhotoGraphics \$59.95), “I couldn’t escape the jarring contrast between the scarred and roaded industrial landscapes where my family worked, and the wildlife rich, pristine wilderness I visited in the all too short northern summers.”

Sawchuk eventually got out of the logging business to work his own trapline on the Gataga River. Living and working in the Northern Rockies, he started to pull together like-minded northerners—First Nations, guides, hunters, trappers, naturalists and conservationists—to join forces with **George Smith** of the Canadian Parks and Wilderness Society to preserve the Muskwa-Kechika.

These weren’t exactly urban tree-huggers. They were wolverine-huggers. The end result has been the birth of the Northern Rockies—Totally Wild campaign.

Soon Sawchuk and his partner **Marce Fofonoff** were saddling up policy makers, scientists and others for lengthy excursions into the wilderness. He says he loved to watch the veneer drop from people on these journeys. In the early ‘90s many people from this informal network joined the round table planning process. Locals working for some local

solutions. Forest companies, conservationists, commercial recreation operators, oil & gas interests and First Nations (who attended as observers) pounded the table, negotiated and finally came up with a new model for wilderness management.

Government legislation confirmed what is now the province’s largest protected area (16 parks and protected areas), surrounded by Special Management Zones for “sensitive and temporary resource extraction.” The theory is that industry is required to return the land to its natural state. An Advisory Board now acts as steward, and Sawchuk is part of that board. “It’s much like Banff and Jasper,” he says, “but without the roads and without the people.”



Sawchuk has carried a camera with him for the past 20 years. His book *Muskwa-Kechika: The Wild Heart of Canada’s Northern Rockies* chronicles how all this came about. “People need to understand what’s out there on the ground. Nothing equals a good photograph.” His images capture a wild essence in inspired ways. Fresh wolf prints glisten in a muddy medium. Achingly beautiful East Tuchodi Lake is half-shrouded in mist. Hoodoos in the Wokkpash Valley disappear on the horizon.

There’s enough wildlife to fill an ark many times over. This bounty of species and grand scale of landscape defies comprehension. When asked for a favourite photo, Sawchuk points to a more personal shot: a picture of his partner Marce. She’s seated on a hillside in the changing colours of fall. “The little colt is beside her and she has her hand on the neck of that colt. You can just feel the smooth warmth of the neck, and that for me sums up a lot of the travel in the Muskwa-Kechika, and the feeling of that bond between person and animal—and on a broader level the bond with the landscape.”

Sawchuk is cautiously optimistic about the future, but of course there are some potential problems. “In the mountains west of the Gataga, we pass huge red scars on the mountainsides, natural ‘kill zones’ advertising lead zinc deposits. The land use plans (to which the mining sector did not agree) and the Muskwa-Kechika Management Area Act recognize that mining may exploit such deposits in the future, if wilderness, wildlife and habitat can be maintained. This could be a tall order in these pristine and trackless mountains.”

As well, a road corridor has been approved for Graham-Laurier Park; techniques being used on some natural gas projects have damaged the ecosystem; and there’s been backtracking on funds for conservation science. The Muskwa-Kechika Management Area Act is an experiment in progress. “We owe it to future generations to do everything in our power to make sure it does not fail,” says Sawchuk.

0-9687363-5-1

*Mark Forsythe is host of CBC’s Almanac.*



MARK FORSYTHE