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.
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 decisions 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

When 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?”

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 absent 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.”

BCBW columnist Joan Giesler 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 country, 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 to explain, “He has a briefcase and is going to someplace.” “Why does he have a briefcase?” “It’s like a desk.”

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 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.

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.”

08881-288-8

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 socks, wet with water seeping through my thin socks. Tears mixed with raindrops on my face, and I felt helpless and ashamed. The little girl said, “I jumped and this is where I landed.”

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 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 assembles 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.

After 16 years of perseverance, Michael Hetherington 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.”

08881-288-8

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.

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 assembles 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.

After 16 years of perseverance.
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 dips 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 themselves 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 saying “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 neighbor. She’s a separated stock trader fighting to retain custody of her son. A blown fuse creates darkness and the story belongs to Leo as he beats recycling trucks to the punch and savors the luxury of laundry day. “He finds a clock and winds it up, creating a major personal crisis when he forgets about it.”

“Sure, I have politics like anybody else. I say, 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.’”

“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, “it is that in the past hundred years, or even much longer than that, we have 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. The Inanimate World is never, never dull. We pull for him because he’s a sentient being like us, and we recognize his moods. Places to shit are at a premium.”

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. I just walk away.” It’s hard to fight back when you’re tired.

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

Take Care. Be Kind. Talk Back. ECW’s West Coast talents offer wisdom, wit, and will.

Careful
Jacqueline Turner $16.95 Poetry

Good Italian Girls Talk Back
Maria Colletta McClean $19.95 Memoir

Random Acts and How to Commit Them
Val Letwin, Chris Bratseth, Brad Stokes, & Erik Hanson

Cool to be Kind
Collected by Maria Colletta McClean

Cool to be Kind
Coil to be Kind

Canziana

Available at chain, online, and independent bookstores. Visit ecwpress.com for more information.

Available at chain, online, and independent bookstores. Visit ecwpress.com for more information.

28 BOOKWORLD SUMMER 2004
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, Tuc,” writes Brett in an afterword, “though the character of Congo is different and not nearly as clever, he couldn’t have existed without Tuc, who is an endless source of inspiration, and orders me to work every morning. And that’s no story.”

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.
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.

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

Anne Cameron

I am. I’ve read enough of her, of course, and she’s a woman who writes books to keep her name 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 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 hardly 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 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. Her editor 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 sympathy, 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 Taber—to embrace her own fierce brand of revolution. Despite her physical estrangement from the writing game, her teaching spirit is always meshed with good humour. 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 Taber—to embrace her own fierce brand of revolution. Despite her physical estrangement from the writing game, her teaching spirit is always meshed with good humour.

Anne Cameron
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 re-doubtable 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.

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 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 any one 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.

Joan Givner has two new books: a young adult novel Ellen Fremedon (Groundwood) and an adult novel from Dundurn Press.
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 capture 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 1968. 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 I was going to be 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 tumult in the characters in both time lines, and in resonance with 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, but 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.

— From Goodlake’s

Terence Young was part of the Manulife Financial Literary Arts Festival in Victoria.
As baby-boomers near retirement, listen for frowns. Hendrie blaring in the hallways of seniors’ housing. The Third 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 ‘close 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 home care, residential care, adult day-care and shared living services. She was 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’s clothes be stored in the room? 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 and 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 unusual. But housing can be elders 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 fall. 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.

BCBW: Are attitudes towards seniors changing?

Telford: Again 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 refusal 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 his 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?

Telford: B.C. elders don’t need to battle ice and snow. I did a study between senior centers in West Vancouver and Ehsienbico in Toronto. The center in B.C. was much more actively, independently run by the elders 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.

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?

Telford: B.C. elders don’t need to battle ice and snow. I did a study between senior centers in West Vancouver and Ehsienbico in Toronto. The center in B.C. was much more actively, independently run by the elders 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.

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 nonprofit advocacy group FORE! (Friends of Renewable Energy! B.C.), Davis explains the technical stuff. The process of changing 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 1997 to work on a village-scale microhydro project. “In the decades that followed,” he says, “I owned, operated, repaired, sold and generally footloose around with microhydro technology.” Davis lives in Victoria where he designs alternate energy systems.
A BALLOONING FRIENDSHIP

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.
On Alert

Thanks for letting us know about Pat Wastell Norris’s book about Alert Bay and West Coast fishing [High Boat]. It is surprising how many of us grew up in remote places dotting the coast. Alert Bay for me was civilization. It was like the groceries came from. On 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 logs skids. I thought it sounded like some kind of big animal.

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 Boat 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 on working.

Mike Bohner
Port Coquitlam

Pat Wastell Norris

No snapping out of mental illness

In reading the review of Jan Lars Jensen’s memoir Nervous Systems (BCBW Spring), I was shocked and dismayed to encounter some attitudes towards mental illness that don’t belong in the 21st century. To wit: “How can someone so 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 Gunnings
Port Coquitlam

Outdoor arrogance

Mark Foyette 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 danger and costs of search and rescue. Perhaps they must prove insurance coverage for that, before being allowed into the back-country.

M.L. Sathers
Kootenays

Tokyo Googling

I recently checked out your new Author Bank website from my home in Kawasakai, 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 read Japanese, Metropolitan, 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 O’Neil, Harbord, 2003). Ciao for now.

Hildi Wright Kawasaki

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 uterine parasites at the Fraser Institute is akin to waving a large bright orange banner in front of a 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.

Jan Lars Jensen

Vivien Bowers

Joe Bakan

Wallace Gagne

Rogers Pass Slide, March 4, 1910. 58 men died. Jan Lars Jensen’s father, Jack Simpson, was a young CPR apprentice working on snow-service from Revelstoke to Field. Vivien Bowers’s In the Path of an Avalanche.

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.’

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 website.

3. Of four librarians at the Environment & Parks Library, three are lost and the library is moved/denised and remains 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 Kyri’s new novel should have been entitled Truth (Orca Books).

Advertise to reach 100,000 readers.

Just call us at 604-736-4011 or visit www.bcbkworld.com

Letters or emails contact: BC BookWorld, 3516 W. 13th Ave., Vancouver, BC V6H 2S3 email: bookworld@telus.net

Letters may be edited for clarity & length.
Comox senior Verity Sweeney 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 ‘hoofer’ 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.

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.

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.

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.
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.

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.

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

Saving 20% on bestsellers & current releases for every day at Book Warehouse stores.

SILVERY SANDON in the Slocan once boasted 20 hotels, an opera house and 10,000 people. Its hydroelectric system now remains in use for five people.
Rachel 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 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 supperful and daddy 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 his1 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’d led a romantically duplicitous life. His wife Frieda is crushed; the family to believe he’s led a romantically 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.

Carla Lucchetta is a Vancouver freelance writer and television producer.

---

**THE PHOTO FINISH OF Rachel Wyatt**

Rachel Wyatt’s play *Knock, Knock* was recently performed at the Belfry in Victoria.
The conceit that creativity is more important to society than practicality is deeply entrenched. Consider, if you will, the lively guidebook author. Ineligible for grants, he or she generally spends more money, and takes more time on their work, than their scholarly peers in universities, 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 dull for anyone to offer a Best Cookbook Award, and yet hundreds of thousands of British Columbians depend on guidebooks every day—such as Jayne Seagrave’s camping guides.

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

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.

“If 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

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

Free Will
Harold Rhenisch

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.

“Obese and dark, Free Will twins Shakespeare with Fellini.” — MAREESEN ROWERING


About the author: Kathy Copeland
Kathy Copeland is the author of Camp Free in B.C., Vol II (Knowbotics $18.95) has directions to 260 free forest service campgrounds, accessible by 2WD cars and RV’s.

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

About the author: Kathy Copeland
Kathy Copeland is the author of Camp Free in B.C., Vol II (Knowbotics $18.95) has directions to 260 free forest service campgrounds, accessible by 2WD cars and RV’s.

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

About the author: Kathy Copeland
Kathy Copeland is the author of Camp Free in B.C., Vol II (Knowbotics $18.95) has directions to 260 free forest service campgrounds, accessible by 2WD cars and RV’s.

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

About the author: Kathy Copeland
Kathy Copeland is the author of Camp Free in B.C., Vol II (Knowbotics $18.95) has directions to 260 free forest service campgrounds, accessible by 2WD cars and RV’s.

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

About the author: Kathy Copeland
Kathy Copeland is the author of Camp Free in B.C., Vol II (Knowbotics $18.95) has directions to 260 free forest service campgrounds, accessible by 2WD cars and RV’s.

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

About the author: Kathy Copeland
Kathy Copeland is the author of Camp Free in B.C., Vol II (Knowbotics $18.95) has directions to 260 free forest service campgrounds, accessible by 2WD cars and RV’s.

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

About the author: Kathy Copeland
Kathy Copeland is the author of Camp Free in B.C., Vol II (Knowbotics $18.95) has directions to 260 free forest service campgrounds, accessible by 2WD cars and RV’s.

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

About the author: Kathy Copeland
Kathy Copeland is the author of Camp Free in B.C., Vol II (Knowbotics $18.95) has directions to 260 free forest service campgrounds, accessible by 2WD cars and RV’s.

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

About the author: Kathy Copeland
Kathy Copeland is the author of Camp Free in B.C., Vol II (Knowbotics $18.95) has directions to 260 free forest service campgrounds, accessible by 2WD cars and RV’s.

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

About the author: Kathy Copeland
Kathy Copeland is the author of Camp Free in B.C., Vol II (Knowbotics $18.95) has directions to 260 free forest service campgrounds, accessible by 2WD cars and RV’s.

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

About the author: Kathy Copeland
Kathy Copeland is the author of Camp Free in B.C., Vol II (Knowbotics $18.95) has directions to 260 free forest service campgrounds, accessible by 2WD cars and RV’s.

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

About the author: Kathy Copeland
Kathy Copeland is the author of Camp Free in B.C., Vol II (Knowbotics $18.95) has directions to 260 free forest service campgrounds, accessible by 2WD cars and RV’s.

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

About the author: Kathy Copeland
Kathy Copeland is the author of Camp Free in B.C., Vol II (Knowbotics $18.95) has directions to 260 free forest service campgrounds, accessible by 2WD cars and RV’s.

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

D
rawning 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-grandson Vladimir Illich Tolstoy in Cariboo to attend the opening of an exhibit at the Doukhobor Village Museum.

More than 60 poems provide vivid accounts of life in 19th century BC. The Pioneer Poets of British Columbia compiled by Jean Barman pieces together her fascinating story from interviews, family lore, and old photographs. $16 | isbn 1-55420-001-6

The birth of modern British Columbia on the Fraser River gold fields. The Birth of Modern British Columbia by Jean Barman $24 | isbn 1-55420-005-9

REVISITING THE

DOUKHOBORS

Doukhobors mostly rejected the ‘western institution of autobiography.’ In particular, 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 Tower in the Name of God—dedicated to the RCMP detachment investigating the Freedomen—caused damage as irrepairable as arson. While The Doukhobors by Ivan Avakumovic and George Woodcock

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 accept a homestead because I could not swear to fulfil our mission, and the day will soon be at hand when I 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.’”

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

‘Full of excitement, fascinating characters and colorful incidents.’ ‘A fascinating read . . . It’s the story of corruption, greed, incompetence and company politics that just happens to be true.’ — ROYAL CITY RECORD

‘Full of excitement, fascinating characters and colorful incidents.’ — THE RAIN

‘A critical and funny collection of essays that invite us to rage against the corporate machine and the insidious tendency of television to turn us into obedient consumers whose only important choices are where to spend our disposable income.’ — GUILT & QUINS $20 | isbn 1-55420-006-7

Julie Rak has explored how and why the Doukhobors most 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.”

With The Doukhobors by Ivan Avakumovic and George Woodcock

Afanasev’s memoir that he

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 | isbn 1-55420-007-5

The Old Red Shirt

Pioneer Poets of British Columbia

McGowan’s War

The birth of modern British Columbia on the Fraser River gold fields.

A Defence of Dooney’s Café and Other Non-Globalized Places, People, and Ideas

‘A critical and funny collection of essays that invite us to rage against the corporate machine and the insidious tendency of television to turn us into obedient consumers whose only important choices are where to spend our disposable income.’ — GUILT & QUINS $20 | isbn 1-55420-006-7

Brian Fawcett

Local Matters

Donald Hauka

The Old Red Shirt

Pioneer Poets of British Columbia

McGowan’s War

The birth of modern British Columbia on the Fraser River gold fields.

A Defence of Dooney’s Café and Other Non-Globalized Places, People, and Ideas
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 Ginver 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 neighbourhoods that haunt her childhood.

The rest is herstory. Make-believe.

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

Dramatic scenes are adapted from Ginver's play Mazo and Caroline, which was performed at the Saskatchewan Playwright Centre's Spring Festival in 1982.

Mazo de la Roche, the author of Janie (1927), lured in Ontario but was also a cousin to the British Columbia timber baron H.R. MacMillan, subject of her book Growth of a Man (1930).
Longing for the short of it

In his introduction to Standing on Richards (Viking $34), George Bowowering 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 (tattoos, motorcycles, fashion) and the dumbest down- picture maga 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 to the short story collection...”

Eminence gris

George Bowowering

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 U Vic and lives in Metchewsell (Blue Lake $21).

‘Confused patriot and genotoxic 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.

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

Inspired by Gulf Island life, and by the early death of her husband, Ann Eriksson’s first novel is Decomposing Maggie (Glendambo $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.

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.

The narrator searches for his severed arm in Brooke’s ultimate debut novel The Cripple and His Talismans (Raincourt $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.

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.

The Gatekeeper of Lies (Glenelumbo $18.95) is the fourth espionage thriller by Anthony Bruce, this one is set in Paris and Salt Spring Island, where he lives. The hero tries to forget the killing fields of Rwanda and Bosnia.

The Gatekeeper of Lies

Anthony Bruce

Embarcadero

Lorna Jackson

First Choice Books

www.firstchoicebooks.ca

Lorna Jackson

First Choice Books

www.firstchoicebooks.ca

Code: 07-04-05-06

Visit us on the web at www.firstchoicebooks.ca to get an instant online book quote and be sure to request our 100% Post Consumer Recycled stock!

769 43rd Street East, Saskatoon, Canada S7K 0E7
P: 306-664-4368 F: 306-664-1207 E: mail@firstchoicebooks.ca

Eminence gris

George Bowowering

www.transcontinental-printing.com

Unit 2-460 Tennyson Place,
Victoria, BC V8Z 6S8
Phone: (604) 535-8800 Fax: (604) 535-8802

BY GEORGE BOWERING

TRANSCONTINENTAL

www.transcontinental-printing.com

BY GEORGE BOWERING

32 BOOKWORLD SUMMER 2004

Lorna Jackson

First Choice Books

www.firstchoicebooks.ca

Lorna Jackson

First Choice Books

www.firstchoicebooks.ca

Transcontinental: book division offers a complete range of services based on quick deliveries, quality products and attentive customer relations. With our state-of-the-art equipment, we can handle any product from single color to multi-colour printing, in all types of binding.

Call and discuss your next project with us. Our account executive is available to assist you in finding the most cost-efficient manufacturing methods.

Transcontinental

Unit 2-460 Tennyson Place,
Victoria, BC V8Z 6S8
Phone: 250-383-6353
fax: 250-383-2247

First Choice Books

www.firstchoicebooks.ca

Get published affordably

25 Hard Cover Books from $250.00*

25 Soft Cover Books from $156.00**


** Exclusive offer: $255.00, 80 pp, perfect book, print ready file.

Get published affordably

Transcontinental: book division offers a complete range of services based on quick deliveries, quality products and attentive customer relations. With our state-of-the-art equipment, we can handle any product from single color to multi-colour printing, in all types of binding.

Call and discuss your next project with us. Our account executive is available to assist you in finding the most cost-efficient manufacturing methods.

Transcontinental

Unit 2-460 Tennyson Place,
Victoria, BC V8Z 6S8
Phone: 250-383-6353
fax: 250-383-2247
Western 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:

- 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 Alcan Society that provides awards for excellence in Canadian book design.
- He co-authored *The Northpunt 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.”

**Bolen Books**

Hillside Centre
111-1644 Hillside Ave
(250) 595-4232

Almost 20,000 square feet of reading!
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. “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 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.”

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

*POWWOW NOW*

*BC*  BOOKWORLD

Summer Issue Vol. 18, No. 2

Publisher/Writer: Alan Twigg

Editor/Production: David Lester

Marketing Manager: Jeremy Twigg

We acknowledge the assistance of the Province of British Columbia, Creative Arts.

The Canada Council for the Arts/Conseil des Arts du Canada=

BC BOOKWORLD ISSN: 0708-5405

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.

[i]BC BOOKWORLD[/i]

**POWWOWNOW**

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

H	

ere’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 ‘storage 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. No way to substantiate the credulity and shocking afterlife experiences he describes in the text.

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.

In his third bestselling installment of his own rural adventures, David Perrin tickles funny bones and tugs at heartstrings with Where Does It Hurt? (Dave’s Press $19.95).

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.
2004 BC BOOK PRIZE WINNERS

* P.K. Page
  
  **LEONARD M. SILLITOE PRIZE FOR LITERARY EXCELLENCE**

* Caroline Adderson
  
  **SITTING PRACTICE (THOMAS-ALLEN)**

* Donald Luxton
  
  **THE TELUS BUILDING THE WEST: THE EARLY ARCHITECTS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA (TALIBOOKS)**

* Maria Tippett
  
  **THE MAKING OF AN INDIAN (RANDOM HOUSE)**

* Samuel Bawlf, Douglas & McIntyre
  
  **THE SECRET VOYAGE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, 1777-1580 (D&M)**

* Caroline Adderson
  
  **AT THE JUDGE'S DISCRETION**

* Philip Ken Paul
  
  **TAKING THE NAMES DOWN (STANLEY)**

* Dennis Foon
  
  **SKUD (GROUNDWORK)**

* Linda Bailey & Bill Slavin
  
  **STANLEY'S PARTY (GROUNDDOWN)**


**HOW WE STACK UP AFTER 20 YEARS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Book Prize</th>
<th>Published out of B.C.</th>
<th>Published in B.C.</th>
<th>Percentage</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>HARRIS PRIZE</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harris Prize</td>
<td>2/2 (100%)</td>
<td>0/2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilson Prize</td>
<td>17/20 (85%)</td>
<td>3/20</td>
<td>15%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Egoff Prize</td>
<td>15/18 (83%)</td>
<td>3/18</td>
<td>17%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evans Prize</td>
<td>7/20 (35%)</td>
<td>13/20</td>
<td>65%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Livesay Prize</td>
<td>6/10 (32%)</td>
<td>13/10</td>
<td>68%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haig-Brown Prize</td>
<td>2/0 (100%)</td>
<td>20/20</td>
<td>100%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>TOTALS</strong></td>
<td>47/99 (47.5%)</td>
<td>52/99</td>
<td>52.5%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Books published by B.C. publishers have been eligible for 119 prizes. Of the Haig-Brown and Livesay Prizes, 70% from B.C. publishers have been eligible for only B.C. publishers are eligible for the Harris Prize and the Harris Prize. The Egoff Prize and the Evans Prize are for B.C. publishers only. The Livesay Prize and the Haig-Brown Prize are for B.C. publishers only. The total number of winners is 28 out of 40 (70%). The Egoff Prize and the Evans Prize are for B.C. publishers only. The Livesay Prize and the Haig-Brown Prize are for B.C. publishers only. The total number of winners is 28 out of 40 (70%).

**THE CALL**

Western Canada’s most indispensible librarian Basil Stuart-Stubs, now retired from UBC, has received this year’s Gray Campbell Distinguished Service Award for outstanding contributions to the B.C. library community. Stuart-Stubs’s quiet accomplishments are far-reaching and legen—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 Prisma International.
- He was one of the public proponents of the Public Lending Right legislation that compensates authors for having their works in libraries.
- He was one of the founders of the Acanian Society that provides awards for excellence in Canadian book design.

**ABOVE & BEYOND**

- He co-authored The Northeast 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 for Earlie 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 of Basil,” said publisher Howard White, when presenting the Basil Stuart-Stubs Award to 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).
Douglas 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.

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

The 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 bear (3,500), as well as coyotes, wolves, wolverines, cougars and fur-bearers such as squirrel, mink, weasel, martens, 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 Tutchodi 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.