Edward Von der Porten is one of many naval scholars who have taken extreme objection to Samuel Bawlf’s *The Secret Voyage of Sir Francis Drake* (D&M 2003). Its marketing leads one to assume Francis Drake was the first European to reach British Columbia.

“Bawlf’s book is fantasy on the same plane as 1421, Vi- kings in Minnesota and ancient astronauts,” says Von der Porten. “Serious research has long resolved the issues of where Drake traveled in the Pacific, and British Columbia could not have been a place he visited.”

Given that Bawlf’s book received ample coverage in B.C. BookWorld and won a B.C. Book Prize, here is Von der Porten’s rebuttal to the book.

1. Bawlf brings Drake to the Northwest Coast from Guanaco, Mexico, by using distances in leagues given in the accounts of the voyage. The measurement of the league used by Bawlf is the modern league of 18,228 feet, which would place Drake on the coast in southern Washington, not Vancouver Island. However, Drake used the Elizabethan league of 15,000 feet, which would put him on the coast in southern Oregon, the latitude accepted by a broad consensus of modern scholars. Drake never reached the coast of British Columbia.

2. Bawlf states that Drake sailed 2,000 miles in 44 days along the shores of southern Alaska, British Columbia, Washington and Oregon, and made discoveries that later explorers took 20 years to work out. He allows 10 days for stops, leaving 34 days of sailing time. Traveling day and night, his average speed would have had to be 2.45 knots, or 58.8 miles per day. The Golden Hind averaged three to four knots in the open ocean in good conditions with favourable winds. Along the shore, Drake could have operated only in daylight. Allowing for contrary winds and currents, unpredictable tide races, unknown shoals and pinnacle rocks, fog, rain, and all the other vicissitudes of sailing along complex and dangerous unknown coasts and in narrow waterways, among islands and peninsulas in one of the coldest years of the Little Ice Age, his average speed could not have reached one knot in daylight—well under 20 miles per day. Bawlf’s idea that Drake explored 2,000 miles of the northwest coast in 34 days is impossible.

3. Bawlf gives Drake 44 days to explore the coast by accepting the date Drake arrived on the coast which is given in the surviving Elizabethan accounts of the expedition. This is June 3, 1579. Bawlf, however, changes the date when Drake ended his exploration and arrived at his Port of Nova Albion from June 17 to July 17. Then he changes Drake’s departure date from the port from July 23 to August 23. However, Drake visited a group of islands just after leaving his port, according to the accounts, and named them the Isles of Saint James. Saint James’ Day is July 25. So Drake did not leave the islands on August 23, and named them the Isles of Nova Albion from July 25 to August 23. Therefore, Bawlf’s idea that Drake explored 2,000 miles of the northwest coast in 34 days—the amount of time he had available to spend on exploration—is impossible.

4. The Native-American peoples Drake met were described in great detail in the accounts. Bawlf claims Drake met the peoples who inhabited the shore from southern Alaska to central Oregon: northwest-coast peoples with huge cedar canoes, split-plank communal houses and tombs. No such peoples or artifacts are mentioned in the accounts. Ethnographers have shown that the people Drake met at his port were the Coast Miwok People, a California group living at and near latitude 38 degrees north who had a completely different lifestyle than the northwest coast peoples. Drake’s chronicles could not have described the costumes, ceremonies, artifacts, words and lifeways of a people they had not seen.

5. Drake’s port of Nova Albion is given by Bawlf as Whale Cove, Oregon. This site does not have the Native Americans, the prominent white cliffs, the offshore islands of Saint James, the beach-level fortification location, explorer-period artifacts, an open-bay anchorage adjacent to the sheltered careening port, the characteristics shown in Drake’s drawing of the port, a safe location to careen the Golden Hind, or reasonable safety of entrance or exit. Whale Cove is not even mentioned in the modern Coast Pilots. Whale Cove could not have been Drake’s port.

6. Bawlf ignores most of the evidence in the accounts and early maps and claims those few pieces of evidence he deems ‘true’ have been changed following a series of ‘rules’ created by an Elizabethan conspiracy which he has decoded. Yet the accounts of Drake’s voyage have long been shown to be remarkably straightforward, detailed and accurate—notably by English scholar Michael Turner, who has located and confirmed by personal field work more than 95 locations visited by Drake. Bawlf provides no evidence to support his claim of a vast Elizabethan conspiracy.

7. Bawlf apparently is not aware of much of the modern research about Drake in the North Pacific, as his bibliography does not mention numerous publications known to most scholars of the field. These publications analyze much evidence that Bawlf does not even mention in his books. Bawlf does not deal with a large body of evidence and analysis about Drake’s voyage to the west coast of North America.

**7 Reasons why the British explorer didn’t reach British Columbia in 1579.**

Samuel Bawlf, according to Edward Von der Porten, has ignored much of the extensive evidence about Francis Drake’s visit to the Pacific Coast.

“His conclusions are fantasies built on speculation derived from hypotheses based on the thinnest of intensively manipulated evidence.”
And he be praised. The fantastical, life affirming, death defying, heart-stoppingly erratic and distinctly British Columbian story of flawed heroes, the power of belief and balmy propaganda, all for a good cause, has been gathered responsibly and well, into one reliable volume, as Greenpeace (Raincoast $39.95), by Rex Weyler, to go alongside Robert Hunter’s revamped version of events. The Greenpeace to Amchitka: An Environmental Odyssey (Arsenal Pulp $24.95), with photographs by Robert Keziere.

If Greenpeace could be made into a movie, it could only be directed by Peter Jackson as a trilogy. In the early ’70s, the environmental protest movement was Tolkien to Tolkien. Even at the time, Hunter referred to Vancouver as the Shire and he dubbed their crusty-but-trusty Captain John Cormack ‘Lord of the Piston Rings’. It all started when a bunch of boys went on a quest on a converted hauntaboy seiner. Amid the pot smoke and rhetoric, the depths of Mordor were somewhere in the Aleutian Islands.

Ben Metcalfe (the ‘Alpha Intellectual’) manipulated the world media and Bob Hunter launched his ‘mind bombs’. It was Hunter who coined the slogan Don’t Make A Wave to galvanize global fears that a tidal wave might ensue if the U.S. succeeded in detonating a 5.2 megaton hydrogen bomb in Alaska as planned.

The founder of Greenpeace more than anyone else was Jewish Quaker Irving Stowe Bennett who came to Vancouver in 1966. He didn’t sail to Amchitka because he was prone to seasickness due to inner ear infections.

Single women weren’t allowed on the first protest voyage to Amchitka simply because the old fashioned skipper of the Goddam boat and he was implacable. Hunter dubbed the trio ‘Captain Cormack’s Lonely Hearts Club Band’. At first the boys happily debated the merits of Herbert Marcuse while listening to Moody Blues and Beethoven, but they were soon perplexed because somebody on board was stealing chocolate. Frequently seasick, they worried that one of their kind was a CIA operative. For two days they escaped detection by the US Coast Guard simply because they had steered too far in the wrong direction. The captain terrorized them. The crew became divided. Mechanics vs. mystics. Canadians vs. Americans.

Jeez, did all that stuff really happen? Yes, Virginia, a bunch of guys really did get into an old fishboat in 1971 and sail towards the Bering Sea to prevent the evil Richard Nixon and the U.S. military from detonating an experimental blast 400 times greater than the one that levelled Hiroshima.

Few people recall there was a second Greenpeace vessel, the Greenpeace Too, that made it into the danger zone of Amchitka, only to have the bomb explode anyway. Just as Steve Foxy outran Terry Fox, succeeding in crossing the country on one leg, the contributions of that second (more courageous! more foolhardy!) crew are barely mentioned in Weyler’s account, or elsewhere.

The U.S. Atom Energy Commission had already detonated two previous explosions in Alaska in 1965 and 1969. Nixon eventually won the Amchitka battle of wills but he lost the propaganda war of beliefs. The largest man-made explosion in history occurred in Alaska in 1965 and 1969. Nixon eventually won the Amchitka battle of wills but he lost the propaganda war of beliefs. The largest man-made explosion in history occurred on November 6, 1971 but from those deadly ashes there arose Greenpeace, an environmental activism who were inspired by headstrong journalists Ben Metcalfe (who dismissed Metcalfe as a fraud), a whale named Paul Watson, a gutsy ac-

It all started accidentally on purpose. Once upon a very different time—when the word ecology was new—some 1950s-styled disarmament types in Vancouver, led by Jewish Quakers Irving & Dorothy Stowe and their fellow American transplants Jim & Marie Bohlen, melded with 1960s style environmental activists who were inspired by headstrong journalists Ben Metcalfe (CBC Radio), Bob Hunter (Vancouver Sun) and Bob Cummings (Georgia Straight)—the hairy, dozy and lacy of Left Coast idealism—and, literally in their wake, a save-the-planet movement called Greenpeace was born.

Along the way these visionaries were aided and abetted by Joni Mitchell, Pierre Berton & Gordon Lightfoot, a homegrown ecologist named Patrick Moore, a gutsy activitist named Paul Watson (later Moore’s nemesis), Brigitte Bardot, a heroic and stubborn sailor named Paul McGaght (who dismissed Metcalfe as a fraud), a whale named Skana, Quixotic aquarium director Paul McTaggart (later the editor of Greenpeace), W.A.C. Bennett jumped onto the bandwagon.

Rex Weyler’s book takes 600 pages to document the Greenpeace Foundation. Along the way we learn:

• The Peace symbol first emerged as a logo for the moment partially led by Bertrand Russell in Europe in the late 1940s, but the image was not copyrighted.

• Long before Marie Bohlen suggested sending a former U.S. Navy captain named Albert Bigalow, a former Peace Corps volunteer from California towards the Americans’ Enewetak Atoll, he was intercepted and arrested in Honolulu, charged with the crime of “sneaking onto” a U.S. military base.

• The Cecil Hotel Pub on Granville Street was the focal point of the counter-culture movement but Bill Darnell joined the Straight Sun in 1972 and introduced the idea of a Don’t Make A Wave Committee meeting, he said, “Peace.” Darnell offhandedly replied, “Make it a vote.”

• In 1969 Ben Metcalfe paid for 12 billboards all over metropolitan Vancouver advertising Nuclear War!

• In charge of Earth in the late 1970s, Pat and ??? Greenpeace Foundation.

• In charge of Eco
do something interesting every single day.

• In charge of Eco

BC Voice of Wood

• Nuclear War!

• Pat and ??? Greenpeace Foundation.

• In charge of Eco

BC Voice of Wood

• Nuclear War!

• Pat and ??? Greenpeace Foundation.

• In charge of Eco

BC Voice of Wood

• Nuclear War!

• Pat and ??? Greenpeace Foundation.

• In charge of Eco

BC Voice of Wood

• Nuclear War!

• Pat and ??? Greenpeace Foundation.
Robert Hunter will always be remembered as the first president of the Greenpeace Foundation and holder of the first Greenpeace membership. But he’s done lots of other stuff.

Born in St. Boniface in 1941, Hunter quit school to become a writer. In 1969, having lost most of his money in Las Vegas, he took a bus from Los Angeles to Vancouver where he lived in a skid row hotel, ate hot dogs and read Jack Kerouac and Karl Marx. He hitchhiked back to Winnipeg and worked at the Burns & Company Packing House abattoir. Noting that job, he quit only to get arrested for selling encyclopedias without a license. After one night in the Hynon Jail, Hunter managed to get a job at the Winnipeg Tribune as a copy boy.

He read Rachel Carson’s Silent Spring in 1962, then took his dreams of becoming a writer to Paris and London where he first worked in a medical library. She was a member of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. She became pregnant, they married, and they participated in the 1963 peace march to Aldermaston.

Returning to Winnipeg, he snagged a job at the Tribune as a reporter, then moved with his family to Vancouver where a second child was born in 1965. In 1969 Hunter published an experimental novel called Enbusc set in “a place of darkness, halfway between Hell and Heaven”. It was partially inspired by his experiences at the Burns abattoir. The forgettable novel earned him a Governor General’s Award nomination during a period when experimentation could be worn as a literary badge of honour. This nomination provided the credibility Hunter needed to leapfrog over senior journalists and become the “counter-culture” columnist during the days when the Vancouver Sun wanted to present a variety of viewpoints. According to Greenpeace historian Rex Weyler, “From Paul Sears, Hunter had picked up the idea that ecology was subversive because it called into question the entire philosophical foundation of Western philosophy and civilization.”

Hunter talked the talk and walked the walk. He lived on a farm in the Fraser Valley and frequently “zapped” people on the forehead, converting them to the Greenpeace Whole Earth Church. As a minister of this church, he developed credentials for believers that included the circular peace and ecology insignia.

After the ebb and flow of Greenpeace, Hunter became a columnist with the North Shore News, edited by Rex Weyler. During this period he was co-recipient of the Governor General’s Award for Non-Fiction in 1992 for Occupied Canada, about Robert Calilho, an Indian who was raised as a white.

Hunter, who now lives in Toronto with his second wife, has written at least ten other books. One of his memorable pieces about the Bangkok sex trade backfired on his career plans when he attempted to run for political office in Ontario, only to be attacked by feminists. Irvin Yalom, who had objected to Captain John Cormack’s dictum in 1971 that no single woman should be allowed to sail on the first Greenpeace vessel, Hunter suggested the crew should have been equally comprised of men and women.

Robert Hunter has re-registered his version of how Greenpeace originated in The Greenpeace to Amchitka: An Environmental Odyssey (Arsenal Pulp $24.95) with photographs by Robert Keziere. The text is partially a reprint of his two preceding books on Greenpeace from 1972 and 1979.

A former editor of Greenpeace Chronicles, Rex Weyler was a co-founder of Greenpeace International and a director of Greenpeace Canada until 1982. His photographs and essays have appeared in the New York Times, Smithsonian, Rolling Stone, New Age Journal and National Geographic. In the 1980s he helped draft legislation for BC’s new pulp mill effluent regulations,limiting dioxin release into the Georgia Strait. A co-founder of Hollyhock Educational Institute, he became publisher and editor of Shoren Vision magazine. Weyler is the author of a Native American history, Blood of the Land, and he co-edited Chop Wood, Carry Water. The simultaneous release of Weyler’s Greenpeace with colleague Robert Hunter’s book is apparently not a problem. Hunter has endorsed Weyler’s history as “a masterpiece.”

The turbulent times of Robert Hunter

Paul Spong, protagonist comic Wavy Gravy, the Pope, Jean-Paul Sartre, Dan McLeod. Yippie founder Paul Krassner and … well, there are too many tp mention them all.

Weyer’s composite history Greenpeace reads like a hip James Michener novel, replote with fabricated snippets of conversation and scientific asides. It owes much to the records and opinions of the late Ben Metcalfe and Bob Hunter, both of whom are writers who have left a trail of quotes and opinions. Hunter’s Warriors of the Rainbow appears to be the main source for Weyer’s version of that remarkable first voyage.

Weyer’s diplomatic attempt to make a definitive volume probably pulls more than a few punches, but he gives credit to the importance of some lesser-known activists such as Walrus Oakenbough and hippe Rod Warining, founder of the Rocky Racoco Theatre Company. Warining led an important (and successful) camp-in protest against plans for a hotel complex at the entrance to Stanley Park and he was the first Greenpeace victim of police brutality when he was beaten in Paris, having chained himself inside Notre Dame Cathedral. The Stowe’s key correspondents Bob Cummings is given short shrift, perhaps because Weyer arrived in Vancouver as a draft evader in June of 1972 and he wasn’t here to appreciate the extent to which Georgia Straight created the zeitgeist. Bob Cummings committed suicide in 1987, unheralded.

Similarly, Weyer’s coverage of the 1970 benefit concert omits reference to the bizarre moment when Phil Ochs, the most potent American protest singer of his era, stepped onto the stage at Pacific Coliseum and acknowledged Canada’s newly implemented War Measures Act. “Geez, I’ve never played in a police state before,” Ochs quipped, only to be booed by his audience. They came for entertainment, not politics. But by the time Hunter/Frodo, Wyler and the stalwart Moore gather in an Amsterdam bar and accept the dissolution of the Greenpeace Foundation in 1979, portraying Cormack in the process, we feel we’ve been taken on a long, magical journey, grateful for the experience. All that’s really missing is a soundtrack and an index.

The Greenpeace 1-55192-529-X; The Greenpeace to Amchitka 1-55152-178-4

The simultaneous release of Weyler’s Greenpeace with colleague Robert Hunter’s book is apparently not a problem. Hunter has endorsed Weyler’s history as “a masterpiece.”

Robert Hunter
The most notorious account of the early relations between Europeans and Indians on the West Coast is John Jewitt’s memoir of his two years as Nuu-chah-nulth Chief Maquinna’s slave at Nootka Sound on the east coast of Vancouver Island. The Adventures and Suffering of John Jewitt has never been out of print.

Chief Maquinna was the most powerful chief known to the Europeans in the late 18th century. He met Captain Cook in 1778 and later hosted the negotiations between Captains Vancouver and Quadra who represented the interests of England and Spain in 1792.

Born on May 21, 1783, John Jewitt was the son of a Lincolnshire blacksmith who wanted his son to become a surgeon. In the seaport of Hull, John Jewitt heard tales of the sea and signed on as the armourer, or blacksmith, on the Boston, a sailing ship that arrived at Friendly Cove in Nootka Sound on March 12, 1803.

Trading was undertaken amicably until Captain Salter of the Boston insulted Chief Maquinna on March 21. Salter had given Maquinna a gift of a double-barrelled rifle. When its lock jammed, Maquinna announced it was bad and needed repair. Salter, not realizing the extent to which Maquinna understood English, cursed Maquinna and gave the rifle to Jewitt for repair.

Jewitt later recorded the incident. “I observed him, while the captain was speaking, repeatedly put his hand to his throat and rub it upon his bosom, which he afterwards told me was to keep down his heart, which was rising into his throat and choking him.”

The following day the local Nuu-chah-nulth Indians took revenge. After coming aboard the Boston for a feast, they suddenly attacked and killed 25 crewmembers. John Thompson, a sailmaker, hid during the attack and was found the following day. Jewitt was struck unconscious early in the struggle and was accidentally spared.

Maquinna had observed Jewitt at his forge and recognized his value. When Jewitt revived, he had to promise to be a good slave and to make Maquinna weapons and tools. Jewitt negotiated for the life of the other survivor, Thompson, who was 20 years his senior, by telling Maquinna that Thompson was his father.

Jewitt was asked to identify the severed heads of his 25 former shipmates. The two captives were not treated harshly. Thompson, from Philadelphia, remained bitter and violent, but Jewitt set about to endear himself and learn the language.

Jewitt forged the first axes and ironworks made on the North Pacific coast. He also kept a daily journal that provided mainly favourable impressions of his captor, Maquinna. “He was dressed in a large mantle or cloak of the black sea-otter skin, which reached to his knees, and was fastened around his middle by a broad belt of the cloth of the country, wrought or painted with figures of several colours; this dress was by no means unbecoming, but, on the contrary, had an air of savage magnificence.”

On July 19, 1805, another trading brig, Lydia, approached Friendly Cove, also known as Yuquot. Jewitt hastily wrote a note to its captain detailing the murders and his slavery, begging the captain to invite Maquinna aboard, capture him and demand the release of Thompson and himself. Maquinna asked Jewitt for advice. Jewitt said it would be safe.

After the captain supplied Maquinna with an alcoholic drink, Maquinna was held at gunpoint. After much agitation ashore, Jewitt and Thompson were swapped for Maquinna. The captain also persuaded the Indians to return all items that had been taken from the Boston two years earlier.


In 2003, John R. Jewitt, a sixth-generation descendant of John Jewitt, traveled to Yuquot on the east side of Vancouver Island to meet with Mike Maquinna, a descendant of Maquinna, to mark the 200th anniversary of their forefathers’ meeting. The two men had already met on October 29, 1987 at the Vancouver Maritime Museum. 184 years after the capture, at which time the museum made available a dagger that was made by Jewitt for Chief Maquinna during his captivity.

The Adventures and Suffering of John R. Jewitt (D&M 1995) by Hilary Stewart 155054408X

—John Jewitt, captured by Chief Maquinna two centuries ago in 1803

“My heart leapt for joy at the thought of getting my liberty.”
Swiss, please

Gordon Gibson Jr. swung to the right when he joined the Fraser Institute in 1993, having previously been a federal Liberal candidate in three elections, Assistant to the Minister of Northern Affairs (1963-68), Executive and Special Assistant to Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau (1968-72) and B.C. Liberal Party Leader (1975-79).

Ten years later Gordon Campbell’s Liberal majority has radically revised welfare legislation, set into law fixed-term elections and established a Citizens’ Assembly to propose electoral reforms. The other Gordon—Gibson—approves of a little-discussed referendum, slated for May of 2005, to determine the extent to which our present political system will be overhauled, having developed the guidelines for the Citizens’ Assembly on Electoral Reform in the first place.

Echoing the reformist ideas of Swiss-o-phile Bill Vander Zalm when he was B.C.’s Municipal Affairs Minister, Gibson now urges Canadians to look to Switzerland when revamping our democracies in Fixing Canadian Democracy (Fraser Institute $19.95). According to Gordon Gibson, Canada’s federal system is “the most embarrassing system (for true democrats) in the developed western world” and health care provided only by public employees is a “ridiculous idea.”

The opinions of the corporate-funded Fraser Institute have increasingly infiltrated mainstream media, due in no small part to the persistence and intelligence of Michael Walker, one of the main interview subjects in The Corporation. The collision of opposing propagandists in The Corporation—between Walker and the filmmakers—is one of the more memorable aspects of the three-hour documentary.

0-88975-201-X

New York, New York

In 1990 Terry Gould knocked on the door of drug trafficker Steven Wong’s Vancouver home (mis-described as a ‘mansion’ in the press material) and secretly recorded their conversation for a two-part CBC TV exposé about the “destroyer of lives who became my life’s work, my life’s study, my obsession.”

Based on eleven years of research, Terry Gould’s Paper Fan: The Hunt for Triad Gangster Steven Wong (Random House $34.95) recounts the investigative reporter’s subsequent search for the ‘paper fan’ who headed the Gum Wah Gang from Vancouver in the late 1980s and early 1990s. Gould’s reporting encouraged the RCMP to investigate further, whereupon Gould was placed within a witness protection program. Wong, a native New Yorker, was arrested for his alleged role in heroin trafficking. While awaiting trial, he took out a million-dollar insurance policy, persuaded a B.C. judge to give him back his passport and fled the country.

Then the trail went cold—sort of. In 1992 Wong reportedly died in a traffic accident in the Philippines. An urn was interred in a Vancouver cemetery, but Gould—himself raised in New York City, in Brooklyn, as the grandson of a Jewish mobster—tracked Wong’s suspected activities in six countries. Gould says he almost persuaded local authorities to nab Wong on four different occasions.

Interpol has issued a Red Alert arrest warrant for Wong; Gould’s quest continues. It’s Spy vs. Spy, for real, except one guy is supposed to be dead.

0-679-31064-9
Elaine Brière first visited East Timor, in Indonesia, for two weeks in 1974.

“The Carnation Revolution had just taken place in Portugal and the imperialist Salazar-Caetano government had been overthrown.

“This was a big turning point for the people of East Timor, as they thought they would regain independence.”


“So for about two years, it seemed that all I did was print up photographs for the movement,” she says. Brière became a founding member of the East Timor Alert Network in Canada in 1986, working with Derek Evans of the Canada-Asia Group and later Maureen Davies, an Ottawa lawyer. Her film Bitter Paradise: The Sell-Out of East Timor was named Best Political Documentary at the 1997 Hot Docs Festival in Toronto.

After a 26-year hiatus, Brière returned to East Timor as a photojournalist in 2000. She has now published 64 b&w portraits and documentary images in East Timor: Testimony (Between the Lines, $45), with text by Chomsky and eight others. Some of Brière’s photos depict events at the APEC protests in Vancouver in 1997.

After a prolonged and horrific fight against the occupying troops of Indonesia’s President Suharto, East Timor gained independence on May 20, 2002. The fledgling country immediately began a new struggle—this time against Australia—over control of its petroleum-rich seabed. Australia has given formal notice that it will not participate in legal arbitration through the International Court of Justice.
The boisterous, bonnet-clad seniors known as Raging Grannies have been laughed-at, jailed, pepper-sprayed and hosed by the U.S. Navy since 1987.

Among their many ‘gigs’ and protests, they liberated a federally owned island—that was only an island at high tide—near Macaulay Point in Esquimalt in 1999.

Their occupation of the island they ironically dubbed ‘Pacifica’ protested the expropriation of NanOOSE Bay by the Department of National Defence for use by American nuclear submarines.

After an earlier literary attempt to immortalize their many appearances and campaigns failed, Alison Acker and Betty Brightwell have regrouped with project coordinator Anne Moon to deliver Off Their Rockers And Into Trouble: The Raging Grannies (TouchWood $19.95).

“Husbands come and many of them go,” conclude Acker and Brightwell, “but the Victoria Raging Grannies show no sign of fading away… And when we finally kick the bucket, just think what ornery angels we’ll make.” 1-894898-10-9

Based on Mark Hume’s Vancouver Sun series Frontier Women of B.C., Raincoast Chronicles 20: Lilies & Fireweed (Harbour $19.95) topped the B.C. Bestseller list earlier this year. He introduces the likes of Amelia Douglas, the half-Cree wife of James Douglas; Mrs. Yo Oya, the first Japanese woman to settle in Canada; and Maria Pollard Grant, the first woman elected to public office in B.C. in 1895. He introduces ‘dance hall queens’ who charged a dollar-a-dance, the first switchboard operators of British Columbia Telephones in 1898. Along the way Hume profiles modern pioneer Caril Chasens who lives at McCully Creek near Hazelton—using a gas generator to operate her computer and market her art on the internet—and discusses how the introduction of new technologies—such as the spinning wheel—changed the lives of First Nations women.

In Brenda Guiled’s novel Telling Maya (Kimae Books $22) tells “a story that’s missing in the world, about a type of woman who’s so unthinkable and dangerous to the status quo that she doesn’t even exist in stories.” Readers meet a handful of Americans as they get to know the four living generations of an ancient line of women. Their 97-year-old matriarch Maya decides that it’s time to tell her tale, to commission her autobiography. “Who will be chosen to write it? How can they keep her and her kind safe from zealots intent on destroying all trace of them? What will become of their brightest hopes and dreams?” 0-9733558-0-8
Long before the remains of missing women were found on Robert Pickton's pig farm, Mayor Philip Owen and the police were reluctant to accept that the disappearances of sex trade workers could be linked. Jamie Lee Hamilton dumped a box full of women's shoes on the steps of Vancouver city Hall—and the rest is grim history. Activists such as Hamilton, poet Bud Osborn and MP Libby Davies ultimately convinced Mayor Owen to become part of solutions in the Downtown Eastside instead of part of the problem. Having stymied the investigation for years, Mayor Owen was ironically portrayed as a hero in filmmaker Nettie Wild's riveting documentary about the Downtown Eastside. Meanwhile malcontents such as Hamilton remain stigmatized as hotheads.

Hamilton worked in the sex trade for ten years before she became a transgendered advocate for sex trade workers in the Downtown Eastside. Barb Daniel's biography She's No Lady: The Story of Jamie Lee Hamilton (Cormorant $24.95) portrays Hamilton as an imperfect heroine against a Dickensian backdrop of social decay, elevating Hamilton's presence beyond the occasional sound bite or provocative quote.

In From Witches to Crack Moms (Carolina Academic Press $57 US), Susan C. Boyd offers a feminist analysis of how the U.S. 'war on drugs' has effected the lives of women in comparison to women in Great Britain, Canada and Colombia.

According to Neil Boyd in Big Sister: How Extreme Feminism has Betrayed the Fight for Sexual Equality (Greystone $22.95), feminism was the most important social movement of the 20th century but the movement has been hijacked by self-serving radicals and academics. "Big Sister does not represent equality. She is, rather, a powerful voice at the margins of feminism, promoting division, deception and bad science." Having chaired SFU's sexual harassment tribunal, Boyd, a criminologist, warns that the prosecution process "is now well established, but with a frighteningly inadequate burden of proof and a dangerously vague test of liability." Boyd cites the Rachel Marsden sexual (non)harassment case at SFU and takes issue with the feminist view that all male sexuality is inevitably predatory.

"The point of this book is not to slam feminism or gender equality," he says, "but to consider the influence of the typically self-described radical feminists." In particular, Boyd believes "Women's studies departments—purportedly homes of intellectual inquiry—have often become vehicles for advancing a rigid agenda in a context of dubious scholarships."

Boyd's six previous titles include The Beast Within: Why Men are Violent and The Last Dance: Murder in Canada.

Snow Bodies: One Woman's Life on the Streets (NeWest $24.95) is Elizabeth Hudson's true story of prostitution and addiction in Calgary and Vancouver in the 1970s. Through an exhausting cycle of turning tricks to get high, Snow Bodies illustrates how female addiction forms the back-bone of the drug industry. "At no time was my recovery easy, neat, or clean," she recalls. "It was ten years before I stopped thinking about fixing every day. Coming off the street and then trying to live the straight life was like jumping planers and keeping the leap a shameful secret." Hudson went back to school and graduated with honours from Mount Royal College's Social Service Careers diploma program.

Elizabeth Hudson in Vancouver in the 1970s.
The passionate geography of Derek Hayes

Derek Hayes has fast become one of the most industrious writers in Canada, having produced seven large books in five years. For his first book, *Historical Atlas of British Columbia and the Pacific Northwest* (Cavendish, 1999), Hayes won the Bill Dutchie Booksellers Choice Award. “Quite frankly I had no idea that anybody in B.C. other than myself was interested in maps,” said Hayes. “Luckily there were quite a few!” Having already won three Alcuin Design Awards, Hayes designed each page of his two new coffee table books—*Canada: An Illustrated History* (D&M $55) and *America Discovered: Historical Atlas of Exploration* (D&M $65). 

**BCBW:** How did you develop your love for maps in the first place?

**HAYES:** I collected stamps as a child and I wanted to know where they all came from, hence out came the atlas. Then I got into geography academically, then city planning. I like to think that if a picture is worth a thousand words, a map must be worth ten thousand. Having said that, I would emphasize I try to write history using maps as the primary illustration. This has a wider audience than if I only wrote books about maps.

**BCBW:** Is research ever a burden?

**HAYES:** I love the thrill of tracking down information. I love the myriad of little things that you need to find in order to make your history relevant and alive. Finding out why something happened, what motivated an action or a policy, and I love discovering the original items that document them. Perhaps something signed or written or drawn so long ago, maybe under adverse conditions, and here it is in your hand! That the document survived at all is often a minor miracle.

You do, however, come to a realization that there was a lot of material that never survived, was lost or destroyed before it was considered significant. We are beholden to the historical hoarders of the past.

**BCBW:** Beyond hard work, what’s the secret to producing more than one book per year?

**HAYES:** Well, when I visit a particular library or archive, I try to collect maps for more than one book and for instance, when I was in several French archives last year, doing research for *America Discovered*, I collected maps and information for another book I have in preparation, a historical atlas of the United States. Books are often in gestation for quite a long time. The *Historical Atlas of Canada* involved three separate visits to the vaults of the National Archives of Canada [now Library and Archives of Canada].

**BCBW:** Personally, what did you get to “dis-cover” for *America Discovered*?

**HAYES:** I saw parts of the continent I hadn’t previously visited, such as the Outer Banks of Carolina and Roanoke Island. This was the site of the first attempts to found an English colony in America, promoted by Sir Walter Raleigh in the 1580s. One could easily imagine finding oneself on an unknown shore, surrounded by overwhelming numbers of not always friendly native people.

**BCBW:** How does your illustrated history of Canada differ from the historical atlas of Canada?

**HAYES:** The new book includes facets of social history, not just the main story line of mainstream Canadian history, and it’s illustrated with all manner of images, not just photos and paintings and maps, but also posters, stamps, and cartoons, and even stained glass windows and a tapestry. There are also a number of never-before-published paintings from the Winkworth Collection, recently acquired by the National Archives. It’s been a challenge to come up with the right mix of iconic and must-include images with the rarely-seen.

**BCBW:** Is there some mysterious map that you’re craving to see?

**HAYES:** I have spent an inordinate amount of time trying to track down the original maps of the Norwegian explorer, Otto Sverdrup, who discovered Canada’s Far North in 1898-1902. He claimed it for Norway. This caused a furor in the Canadian government, and a number of expeditions were sent out specifically to claim sovereignty in the Arctic. In 1930 the government did a deal with Sverdrup and the Norwegian government whereby they purchased Sverdrup’s maps and diaries for the then amazing sum of $67,000. They were able to presume Sverdrup had been working for Canada all the time and thus there could be no challenges to Canadian sovereignty in the region he discovered. But, despite an act of parliament to come up with the $67,000 (and this at the beginning of the Depression) and their significance to Canadian sovereignty, no one can find Sverdrup’s maps. The diaries were returned to Sverdrup’s family, but his granddaughter cannot recall any maps coming back. And they are not in the Norwegian National Library where the diaries are, still with their Department of the Interior stamp. Why would such important maps to Canada go missing?

I wish I knew the answer.

**BCBW:** Men are notorious for not asking for directions when they go somewhere in a car, whereas women are more sensible about asking questions and using a map. True or false?

**HAYES:** [Laughter] I really don’t know about that. I can only tell you that about 99% of the subscribers to the [now defunct] magazine about maps, *Monsieur* World, were male, and over 80% of the members of the Map Society of British Columbia are male. You’re free to draw any conclusions from that yourself. I try to be an honest and meticulous historian, not a sociologist.

Visit www.abcdkw.com for more information on Derek Hayes.
Maggie de Vries’ Missing Sarah: A Vancouver Woman Remembers Her Vanished Sister
(Penguin Books)

Maggie de Vries’ 28-year-old younger sister Sarah vanished from the corner of Princess and Hastings on April 14, 1998 in Vancouver. On August 6, 2002, police met with de Vries and gave her the news that a sample of Sarah’s DNA (from a tooth) was found by police on the Port Coquitlam property of Robert Pickton, the accused serial killer of Vancouver prostitutes. After hope was replaced by grim certainty, de Vries kept searching for answers as to how and why her sister had disappeared, leading to her heartrending memoir.

Photo of Maggie de Vries, 2003

Winner
First annual George Ryga Award For Social Awareness in British Columbia Literature.

Maggie de Vries’ Missing Sarah: A Vancouver Woman Remembers Her Vanished Sister
(Penguin Books)

Sponsored by the George Ryga Centre (Summerland), Okanagan University College. Information: jlen@junction.net

This award was presented at a gala reunion concert of UHF (Shari Ulrich, Bill Henderson and Roy Forbes) in the Vernon Performing Arts Centre on July 24, hosted by CBC’s Paul Grant. The shortlist also included Burning Vision (Talonbooks) by Marie Clements; Field Day (New Star Books) by Matt Hern and The Oriental Question (UBC Press) by Patricia E. Roy.
POETRY

Tom Walmsley’s latest offering is a sex-acted and utterly fearless riff called Honeymoon in Berlin (Anvil Press $16), a collection of poetry illustrated by Sandy McClelland. Beyond B.C., Walmsley is best known as the screenwriter for Jerry Cicciotti’s film Pari, France (1993), in B.C., he’s remembered as the author of Doctor Tin, winner of the first 3-Day Novel Contest in 1979.

Having recently changed his first name to George to honour his father, the books and ideas columnist George Fetherling has memorialized his father with An Elegy (Anvil $19.95). Combining fables, the poem traces his grandfather’s journey from the slave camps of WW II-era Poland to Canada where names on signposts say Bonaparte River and we grow to love it

Also Received:

Love is When You Both Grow: Further Observations (Brick) by Ian Ruskin 0-9739402-0-X
The Whiskey-Haired Man (Blue Angel) by Patty Archer 0-9732105-0-8
I Hate Wives (Estate) by Helie McCulloch 1-894000-19-2
Plas (Nightwood) by Joe Derham 0-88971-194-1
Hemmsington (New Star) by Peter Colby 1-55420-012-1
Blood of Angels (Thistledown) by Allen Satley 1-894345-68-8
A Garden of Anchors: Selected Poems (Oolichan $15.95) by Mari-Lou Rowly 1-894345-55-X
Notes on Leaving (Nightwood) by Joe Rosenblatt 88-8229-395-5
Grace (Blue Angel) by Patty Archer 0-9732105-0-8
Interference with the Hydrangea (Anvil $14). 1-895636-63-9
Startled Heart (Leaf Press $10) by Luanne Armstrong 0-9730243-5-6
Hammertown (Nightwood $15.95) by Joe Denham 0-88971-194-1
Go Leaving Strange (Nightwood $15.95) by Laisha Rosnau 0-88971-200-X
Notes on Leaving (Nightwood) by Lasha Roanne 0-88971-200-X
Sedimentary (Leaf Press $10) by Luanne Armstrong 0-973243-4-4
A Garden of Anchors: Selected Poems (Oolichan $20) by Joy Kogawa 0-88982-808-4
Blood of Angels (Thistledown $12.95) by K. Louise Vincent 0-88982-187-9
Small Lake with Pine Trees (Leaf Press $10) by Cornelia Horsman 0-973243-4-4
Notes on Leaving (Nightwood) by Lasha Roanne 0-88971-200-X
I Hate Wives (Estate) by Helie McCulloch 1-894000-19-2
A Northern Woman
by Jacqueline Baldwin

driving back home to the farm after celebrating a reunion with friends in Vancouver, I start to feel different just after Cache Creek. The feeling is one of extraordinary certainty as if the road has been waiting for me, rolling out before me like a welcome mat, lifting me up plateau by plateau my spirit rising with the increase in elevation. I stop near Seventy Mile House where the land spreads out to accommodate a wider sky, the deep Cariboo blue the bush pilots call a blue blazer.

I drink tea from the thermos, look around at what city people might think bleak pine trees, gravel roads and see only the beauty of it all. I place where names on signposts say Bonaparte River

on Through Hundred Mile House past Lac La Hache all the way to Williams Lake and then by late afternoon to Quesnel where the highway runs right through the centre of town. Another hour of driving and I’ll be in Prince George still more than one hundred miles from home.

I meet a friend of mine, transporting his livestock back from the auction in a long red horse trailer behind his pickup truck.

I tell him about the trip the sense of heading for somewhere really special, exciting, not just home but the unique landscape of the north. As if I am thirsting to be surrounded by this particular land

Yes, he says, I know what you mean I think about this a lot, how we get hooked on the north the rivers, the mountains, the sky how northerly people are so different from people in other places but I think it’s all about the land it draws us in, like dreaming and we grow to love it

It is the land that has taught us to love it the land doesn’t belong to us we belong to it.

[From A Northern Woman (Caitlin Press $16.95 2003) by Jacqueline Baldwin.]
A CHEQUERED CAREER: Tom Johnston's coffee table book Sports Car Road Racing in Western Canada (Granville Island $120) is a tribute to amateur racing at the Abbotsford airport (1950-1958), the glory days of Westwood (1959-1990) and other venues. Johnston, shown here winning another race, competed at more than 50 different tracks since 1962. In 2000 he suffered a serious stroke which left him unable to swallow or walk for a long time, but he overcame those setbacks to write his book.

Last year more than 2,400 fires burned 267,000 hectares of the province. Joanie Soames and Glenna Turnbull have compiled stories of individual and collective efforts to fight the fires in Okanagan Mountain Park for Touch the Flame (Northstone $18.95). Kelowna reporters Ross Freahe and Don Plant have followed their bestseller Firstsuns with Stories from the Firestorms (M&S), published from Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal. God help us.

David Nagorsen has summarized the most up-to-date information on 45 species of rodents, from the tiny Western Harvest Mouse to the toothy Crow and the Kettle (Footprint Publishing / Sandhill n.p.) on the Cowichan Peninsula.

With more than 40 books to his credit, David Suzuki has co-authored Tree: A Life Story (Greystone $28) and provided the foreword to A Stain Upon the Sea: West Coast Salmon Fishing (Harbour $26.95), a collectively written critique of fish farming practices and their development in B.C., both due in October.

The death of humility It's come to this. Calling themselves the Kindness Crew, four self-promotional young men from Victoria set out to gloriﬁy themselves in the name of human decency by travelling from B.C. to St. John's in a motorhome in 2002. "Audiences as far away as Vietnam, Sierra Leone, the Czech Republic and Saudi Arabia tuned into their interactive Web show..." These guys pose with a Terry Fox statue in Thunder Bay, spend one night with a homeless man in Fredericton, and get featured on CNN and BBC. Now they wish to retitle their antics in Cool to be Kind (ECW $19.95). We are told they will 'work their charm' in Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal. God help us.

They are: Val Litwin, who has run in a federal election. Erik Hanson, who is an accomplished surfer. Chris Bratseth, who is in Wellness Studies. Brad Stokes, who helped hisMom when she had terminal cancer.

NO IFS, ANDS OR BUTS Having left The Province to work as a freelancer, Barbara McLintock has printed Smoke-Free: How One City Successfully Banned Smoking in All Indoor Public Places (Granville Island $19.95) the story of how Victoria enacted a 100% Clean Air Bylaw that includes bars, pubs and bingo halls with a compliance rate reputedly at 99%.

The province of Thunder Bay: like a boy band without music, 2002.
Warren MacDonald has few peers in the You Can’t Keep A Good Man Down Department. In 2003 he became the first double amputee to reach the summit of Mt. Kilimanjaro, Africa’s highest peak.

A Test of Will: One Man’s Extraordinary Story of Survival (Greystone $22.95) is his memoir of an earlier ordeal in Australia when he was climbing Mount Bowen and had his legs pinned by a boulder, resulting in amputations.

Leon Kahn grew up in a Polish shtetl that was occupied by Russian troops, then by Nazis who prevented Jews from walking on sidewalks; they could only walk in gutters. Belongings were confiscated, yellow stars of David had to be worn. Most of his village’s 5,000 people were eventually killed.

At age 16, Kahn hid and watched rapes and the murders of children. He lived in the forest and gave his life meaning by fighting back. Allied forces detained him at war’s end until they could verify he was not an enemy alien. In 1948 he arrived in Vancouver as a refugee. “I spoke no English, but this did not worry me because I already spoke Polish, Lithuanian, and Yiddish and could make myself understood in Russian and German.”

Originally self-published in 1979, Kahn’s revised memoir No Time To Mourn: The True Story of a Jewish Partisan Fighter (Ronsdale $21.95) is dedicated to his 24 close relatives (including his mother, father, sister, brother and grandmother) who were killed by Nazis. Kahn worked in real estate, and died in 2003.
In 1984, a half-Vietnamese, half-French hotel keeper provided sanctuary to George Szanto and his family in a remote Mexican village.

Nearly a year later this same friend kept his promise and found the Szantos a delightful house in Tacámbaro, even helping to supply furniture and arranging the move.

The morning after they moved in, the earth moved. “We huddled, a bit scared and bewildered, in the center of the courtyard,” he says. “Walls swayed, graceful and mysterious, for more than three minutes… On the cathedral dome the clock said 7:19. It would remain 7:19 all year.”

The novel Szanto planned to write that year never materialized, but three others have since arisen after the tremors of that earthquake.

His trilogy begins at the moment the cathedral clock freezes at 7:19 and 10,000 people are killed in Mexico City.

Enchanting Mexico reveals its sinister side in Szanto’s Second Sight (XYZ, 2004). Jorge’s friend Pepe, the newly elected local mayor, has disappeared, possibly kidnapped or dead, requiring Jorge to marshal new strengths and abilities in Szanto’s other new fall release.

Instead of being surprised by Mexico, Jorge is surprised by what he has to offer Mexico to help combat corruption and upheaval in 1990.

In The Condesa of M. (Cormorant, 2001), Jorge brings his new bride and stepdaughter on a honeymoon only to feel obliged to investigate the imprisonment of a priest who has helped to open an abortion centre. This novel will be re-published by XYZ in 2005.

Malcolm Lowry’s Under the Volcano (1947), recalls Teotitlán culture from the 15th century. His The One True Man (1963) incorporates Mayan and Aztec stories to theorize that Phoenicians could have colonized North America.

George Szanto of Gabriola Island, 2004; Malcolm Lowry in Mexico, 1937.
R.

L. Stevenson's A Child's Garden of Verses was the first book I ever owned,” says Eileen Kernaghan. “and it inspired a life-long fascination with exotic, far-off places.”

Her third young adult fantasy novel, The Alchemist’s Daughter (Thistledown $13.95), is set in Elizabethan England one year prior to the invasion of the Spanish Armada. Sidonie Quince, an alchemist’s daughter, is ensnared in intrigue and magic.


Ghosts 097340120-6; Alchemist 1-894345-79-7

Greg Whyte has followed his saga about King Arthur’s father Uther Pendragon, cousin of Merlin, with Clothar the Frank (Penguin $36), the story of King Arthur’s friend and betrayer Lancelot during the reign and downfall of Rorhambus. Clothar (Lancelot) dedicates himself to reclaiming his birthright and avenging his parents’ deaths.

Move over Joyce. With junkies, unreliable cops, a reluctant groom and a mean-tempered cockatoo, Tom Osborne’s first novel Foozlers (Anvil $18) has been described as a 24-hour Odyssey (a la Ulysses) “that runs a juggernaut through the high and lowlands of Vancouver.” Disparate characters intersect with a gas station attendant and an unusual car wash operator. J.T. (Tom) Osborne is a poet who has illustrated lots of stuff and co-founded Pulp Press.

In Gerry Williams’ novel The Woman in the Trees (New Star $21), the character of Wolverine meets the young priest Black Robes in the Okanagan as The Woman in the Trees and Coyote observe and comment upon the ‘contact’ period that brought disease and devastation to the Okanagan and Shuswap First Nations. A member of the Spallumcheen Indian Band, just outside Vernon, Gerry Williams is Associate Dean at the Nicola Valley Institute of Technology and previously published a speculative fiction novel called The Black Ship (Theytus).

Wayson Choy’s sequel to The Jade Peony is All That Matters (Doubleday $33.95). Set in Vancouver’s Chinatown in the 1930s and 1940s on the brink of war, it continues the story of the Chen family, this time narrated by First Son, Kiam-Kim who struggles to embrace Chinese tradition in a foreign culture.

A Shuswap member of the North Thompson Indian Band, Harold Eustache revisits a traditional story for his forthcoming first novel Shuswap Journey (Theytus $14.95) about the abduction of Shuswap women by a neighbouring tribe during the period of early colonization. A Chief’s daughter relates her predicament as her father looks for her in the Rocky Mountains.

Eileen Kernaghan: “I think a sorcerer is more interesting than someone who is into bio-feedback.”
All the lonely people

In Douglas Coupland’s **Eleanor Rigby** (Random House $32.95), a plump and plain Vancouverite is marooned within a video rental-spiced bubble of loneliness until she forms an intimate bond with a much younger man in makeup and fishnet stockings. They strive for meaning on the strength of a medical emergency bracelet. **Eleanor Rigby** is one of several new novels that showcase characters going to extremes to make connections.

George Fetherling’s second novel **Jericho** (Random House $34.95) introduces an unconventional love triangle between an over-the-hill marijuana dealer, a wannabe West Coast therapist and a rural Alberta ingénue looking for her father in the Downtown Eastside. All three head for the hills in a stolen postal van, leading to a Quixotic, three-way crime spree. It’s **Bonnie & Clyde** for the New Millennium?

Bill Gaston’s fifth novel **Sointula** (Raincoast $34.95) concerns a middle-aged mother who exchanges her comfortable city life for a kayak in order to search for her estranged son in Sointula on the east coast of Vancouver Island. It’s where Finns-lish utopians led by Matti Kurikka had a socialist commune from 1902 to 1905. Sointula means ‘harmony’ in Finnish.

Likely to get overlooked among the Couplands, Fetherlings and Pullingers, SFU history grad **Federico Morales**, born in L.A. of Salvadoran parents, has self-published his Roth-like novel about a penis-centric young man stuck in the gulag of Richmond in **The Sun Never Sets** (Freedrow $17.95). A 21-year-old self-perceived socialist sees his father as an enemy until he has an opportunity to inherit Dad’s factory.

NEXT ISSUE:
Jack Hodgins, Alice Munro, Anne Cameron, Theresa Kishkan, Mark Zuehlke & more.
Would their first nuclear blast be the equivalent of one Halifax? Ten Halifax? Fifteen? Until then mankind’s biggest explosion had occurred in Halifax harbour on December 6, 1917.

When the Belgian freighter Imo collided with the French ship Mont Blanc carrying the equivalent of 1,000 tons of pure TNT, everything within a one-mile radius had been destroyed, shrapnel flew for our four miles and 2,000 people were killed.

Nova Scotian Hugh MacLennan used that Halifax explosion as the basis for his first novel Barometer Rising. Cathy Beveridge has done the same for her second juvenile novel Chaos in Halifax (Ronsdale $9.95).

Contemporary 12-year-old twins Jolene and Michael accompany their parents on a family trip to research the Halifax explosion for their father’s Museum of Disasters. When their grandfather discovers a ‘time crease’, Jolene travels backwards in time and befriends a family in 1917. Trouble is, Jolene’s mischievous brother follows and carelessly encourages suspicions that they could be spies. The twins consider what they can do, if anything, to save their new friends from the explosion they know is imminent.

Chaos in Halifax is about responsibilities and kinship, not a gritty history lesson. (The twins on the cover would have been blown to smithereens in reality.) Instead Cathy Beveridge evokes the birthplace of her father to explore the importance of loyalty.

Josie’s white skin and good grades were assets until her mother meets ‘a real ponytail Indian’ named Martin in Sylvia Olsen’s fourth teen novel White Girl (Sono Nis $9.95). At 14, Josie finds herself living on a reserve outside town with a new stepfather, a new stepbrother, and a new name: Blondie.

Following Raging River and Peak Survival, kayak instructor and whitewater rafter Pam Withers has a third title in her ‘Take It to the Extreme’ series for ages 12 to 16, Adrenaline Ride (Whitecap $8.95), once more featuring best friends Peter and Jake.
When Kirsty empties her piggy bank to buy Lancelot—a skinny, half-trained pony—and makes herself useful at the pony farm to pay for his board and to earn riding lessons, the only problem is she hasn’t told her parents. When a riding accident puts Kirsty in the hospital, Kirsty is told Lancelot must go. That’s the gist of Julie White’s first book, The Secret Pony (Sono Nis $7.95). The author first wrote about horses as a young girl in Vancouver after her parents told her she couldn’t keep a pony in their back yard. Now Julie White lives on a horse farm in Armstrong, raising thoroughbreds for racing and jumping.

The Lottery, a prize winning teen novel by Beth Goobie, has been sold to Fischer Verlag in Germany. Goobie’s new release is Flux (Orca $19.95), a fantasy teen novel in which 12-year-old Nellie travels to parallel worlds and discovers a conspiracy to abduct children for an experimental laboratory.

Canada produces more than 80% of the world’s maple syrup. Wally Randall of the East Kootenays has provided the photos to illustrate Megan Faulkner’s A Day At The Sugar Bush (Scholastic $6.99), an educational book for children about the gathering of syrup at the Enbridge Sugarbush Maple Syrup Festival.

Ainslie Manson and Dean Griffiths’ Ballerinas Don’t Wear Glasses won the 2003 Chocolate Lilly Award, as voted on by B.C. students… Vancouver’s Deborah Hodge has produced eight titles for a wildlife series from Kids Can Press, most recently Ants ($6.95) and Bees ($6.95), for ages four to seven…

ALSO RECEIVED:  
Cougar Cove (Orca $8.95) by Julie Lawson 1-55143-072-X
Make Mine with Everything (Orca $8.95) by Heather Sander 1-55143-308-7
Barkerville Gold (Orca $8.95) by Dayle Campbell Greitz 1-55143-306-0
Five Stars for Emily (Orca $7.95) by Kathleen Cook Waldron 1-55143-296-X
Peak Survival (Walrus $8.95) by Pam Uthens 1-55285-530-9
Down the Chimney with Googol and Googolplex (Orca $6.95) by Nelly Kazenbroot 1-55143-290-0
Perfect Man (Orca $19.95) by Troy Wilson and Dean Griffiths 1-55143-286-2
Sea Crow (Orca $19.95) by Shannon Stewart & Liz Mikau 1-55143-288-9
Writing Every Day (Pembroke $21.95) by Kellie Buis 1-55138-169-9

* prior to July 5 by B.C. authors
Hughbris in North Hatley

Few figures in Canadian literature have been more heart-wrenching than Hugh MacLennan. Although he won five Governor-General's Awards, MacLennan never had much fortune to accompany his fame as Canada's first major "non-colonial" novelist (See Malcolm, Barometer Rising and The Watch That Ends The Night). Although MacLennan has privately confided both his marriages were passionate, they were both difficult. His first wife could not have children and he ended up looking after his second wife, crippled with arthritis, during a prolonged illness. By 1979 he had taken her to Alberno Terme in Italy seven times for treatment.

Anne Coleman's I'll Tell You a Secret: A Memory of Seven Summers (M&S, $29.99) ostensibly reveals her own intimate relationship with Hugh MacLennan during the 1950s, mostly during their shared summers in the picturesque resort village of North Hatley, Quebec. In a confessional style, she relates how her emotional life became entwined with the athletic but sexually repressed classical scholar Hugh MacLennan during her teens. She's 14; he's 43. He married but he doesn't have children. Every summer their families meet at North Hatley where Anglophones play tennis and swim. When she watches him play tennis, he seldom loses. She precociously reads War and Peace and hopes to become a writer. They have long meaningful conversations. He happens to be Canada's foremost novelist in the 1950s. That's the set-up for I'll Tell You a Secret--in which Coleman is free to imagine the past however she likes because Hugh MacLennan is safely dead. She is in love with him, he is in love with her. She calls him Mr. MacLennan. She says, "I sometimes wish you were my father." Their long talks are recalled, word for word. "Tell her to save her because he recognises who she is, or who she could become. But she responds like a jilted lover and he begins to disappoint her by burrowing in his own troubles.

I'll Tell You a Secret never delivers the big reveal of its come-on title, just the bated breath. It amounts to a literary tease. A poignant figure, Hugh MacLennan remainders, chillyly alone. She sees him as bitter and sad. "It is hubris, the old sin of pride," writes Anne Coleman, whose own marriage collapses, "to imagine I could have had the power to save him... And yet I am guilty of it too." In his own way, Mr. MacLennan, does try to save her because he recognises who she is, or who she could become. But she responds like a jilted lover and he begins to disappoint her by burrowing in his own troubles.

"They conclude that, starved of the beautiful and complex rhythms of poetry, we become susceptible to the brutal and simplistic rhythms of the totalitarian slogan—or advertising jingle."—P.K. Page Acceptance Speech excerpt

On poetry by P.K. Page

"Who knows what Shakespeare did to us, with his iambic pentameter?"

"Poetry is a vitally important literary form. It's too often overlooked in this age of fast food, fast ideas, fast acts, fast living... And yet if my fast facts are correct, there are respectable psychologists who claim that, in order to develop the full powers of the mind...early exposure to metered verse is essential. "Some go even further, suggesting the reading of poetry develops pattern recognition, a sophisticated sense of time and timing, and more importantly, such positive emotions as peace and love. Now if they are correct...I have not spent a lifetime goofing around..."

"Homer and all the poets since who have told us about ourselves, told us, what's more, in curious rhythms that may have been shaping our brains. I mean this is really serious stuff! Who knows what Shakespeare did to us, with his iambic pentameter?

"Let me end by paraphrasing an article by Frederick Turner—he's a poet and a polymath—and Ernest Pottle, a German brain researcher. They deploy the rise of what they call 'Utilitarian Education', and the loss of traditional folk poetry, and claim this trend may have led to the success of political and economic tyranny.

"They conclude that, starved of the beautiful and complex rhythms of poetry, we become susceptible to the brutal and simplistic rhythms of the totalitarian slogan—or advertising jingle."—P.K. Page Acceptance Speech excerpt

Jean Howarth

"Jean Howarth, more than any other woman, stirred political thought in Canada."—Richard J. Doyle (her boss)

Born in Kelwood, Manitoba in 1917, Jean Howarth was one of four children of a Presbyterian minister. Raised in one of four children of a Presbyterian minister in the 1950s.

Howarth is remembered for a column about the declining state of 'Good Samanthaism', reportage on the collapse of the Second Narrows Bridge and a chilling description of the last hanging at Oakalla prison farm of a young gay man in 1959. In 1960, the 'sib-sister' reporter moved to Toronto to become a staff reporter for the Globe & Mail. She soon rose to the position of assistant editor and became notoriously loyal to editor-in-chief Richard Doyle, serving as his unofficial chauffeur and writing in accordance with his political views. In 1963 she began her 20-year stint as a staff reporter for the Globe & Mail, She is 18, he is 47. She attends McGill where he teaches and calls her Miss Coleman. His wife dies. Anne is slated to marry an ardent suitor named Frank, but she is retaining her virginity. She swears of sex. She wants Mr. MacLennan to save her. "I am holding Frank off," she writes, "because as soon as I give in to him, Mr. MacLennan will no longer love me."

She is 21; he is 50. Having spent most of his own teenage years in Nova Scotia, sleeping-year-round in a backyard tent, he must have sensed her own isolated despair. But he doesn't touch her. Instead he gives her this: "I think you are someone who will do something truly remarkable," he says, encouraging her to be an artist. "I can't be sure what it will be, though I know you want to write." In his own way, Mr. MacLennan, does try to save her because he recognises who she is, or who she could become. But she responds like a jilted lover and he begins to disappoint her by burrowing in his own troubles.

"I'll Tell You a Secret never delivers the big reveal of its come-on title, just the bated breath. It amounts to a literary tease. A poignant figure, Hugh MacLennan remainders, chillyly alone. She sees him as bitter and sad. "It is hubris, the old sin of pride," writes Anne Coleman, whose own marriage collapses, "to imagine I could have had the power to save him... And yet I am guilty of it still, that hubris. In some corner of my self, I still think that love, my love any way, should have had that power."

Hugh MacLennan died in North Hatley at age 83, in 1990. He was a good and compassionate man who may or may not have closely resembled the love object in Coleman's overwrought account of an older man who fails to be seduced by a teenager less than half his age. The reader is left wondering. Would McClelland & Stewart have published this same book if Hugh MacLennan was alive?

Born in Toronto, Coleman received her B.A. from McGill--where MacLennan taught her--and her M.A. in English from Bishop's University. She teaches for six years in Montreal, English district of Westmount before her 30-year teaching career in Kamloops at the University College of the Cariboo. She now lives in Victoria.