

LOOKOUT

As **Richard Heinberg** recounts in **Power Down: Options and Actions for a Post-Carbon World** (New Society \$22.95), America was the world's foremost oil producer during the period when mankind evolved from ox carts to jet planes. For much of that century, USSR production of oil ranked second.

According to Heinberg, oil *discovery* in America peaked in the 1930s; its oil production peaked around 1970; but by then America had established its links with the Middle East for oil imports. Soviet oil production peaked in 1987. During the Eighties, the CIA fomented proxy wars in Soviet territories (i.e. Osama bin Laden in Afghanistan) and Saudi Arabia was persuaded to flood the world oil market with cheap oil. The Soviet Union crumbled.

The lone superpower left standing was determined to keep it that way. "If, instead of having the world's second-largest oil reserves, Iraq were the world's foremost exporter of, say, kumquats," says Heinberg, "would America be spending tens of billions of dollars to 'liberate' its citizens?"

As has been outlined in *The New Yorker*, Heinberg believes neoconservatives in the White House, such as **Paul Wolfowitz**, are implementing the Machiavellian doctrines espoused by the University of Chicago political scientist **Leo Strauss**. He believes these are dangerous people 'by any historical measure', especially when aligned with the Christian fundamentalism of **Pat Robertson**. The Democrats wouldn't be much better. And **Michael Moore** isn't even telling you the full story."

In *The Party's Over*, Heinberg resisted making public allegations about American governmental complicity in the 9/11 attacks, but having read sources such as **David Ray Griffin's** *The New Pearl Harbour*, he's now unapologetically forthright. "I find the conclusion inescapable," he says. "Persons within the U.S. government had clear foreknowledge of the attacks, and efforts to prevent those attacks were systematically thwarted on orders from higher levels."

But Heinberg's latest book is not all gloom 'n' doom 'n' paranoia. Instead he allocates the second half of *Power Down* to discussing energy and food strategies for self-limitation, cooperation and the sharing of resources.

Along the way he includes the following mini-essay.



THIS IS HOW I FEEL SOMETIMES by Richard Heinberg

Imagine yourself in the following circumstances: You have just awakened from sleep to find yourself on a tarpaper raft floating away from the shore. With you on the raft are a couple of hundred people, most of whom seem completely oblivious to their situation. They are drinking beer, barbecuing ribs, fishing or sleeping. You look at the rickety vessel and say to yourself, "My God, this thing is going to sink at any second!"

Miraculously, seconds go by and it is still afloat. You look around to see who's in charge. The only people you can find who appear to have any authority are some pompous-looking characters operating a gambling casino in the middle of the raft. In back of them stand heavily armed soldiers. You point out that the raft appears dangerous. They inform you that it is the safest and most wonderful vessel ever constructed, and that if you persist in suggesting otherwise the guards will exercise their brand of persuasion on you. You back away, smiling, and move to the edge of the raft. At this point, you're convinced (and even comment to a stranger next to you) that, with those idiots at the helm, the raft can't last more than another minute or so.

A minute goes by and still the damn thing IS afloat. You turn your gaze out to the

water. You notice now that the raft is surrounded by many sound-looking canoes, each carrying a family of indigenous fishers. Men on the raft are systematically forcing people out of the canoes and onto the raft at gunpoint, and shooting holes in the bottoms of the canoes. This is clearly insane behaviour: the canoes are the only possible sources of escape or rescue if the raft goes down, and taking more people on board the already overcrowded raft is gradually bringing its deck even with the water line. You reckon that there must now be four hundred souls aboard. At this rate, the raft is sure to capsize in a matter of seconds.

A few seconds elapse. You can see and feel water lapping at your shoes, but amazingly enough the raft itself is still afloat, and nearly everyone is still busy

eating, drinking or gambling (indeed, the activity around the casino has heated up considerably). You hear someone in the distance shouting about how the raft is about to sink.

You rush in the direction of the voice only to see its source being tossed unceremoniously overboard.

You decide to keep quiet, but think silently to yourself, "jeez, this thing can't last more than another couple of minutes! What the hell should I do?"

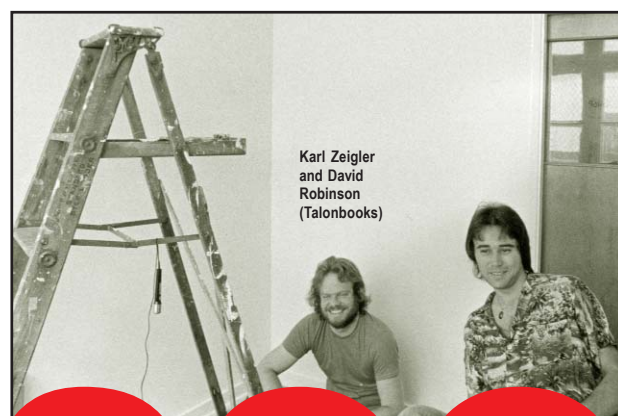
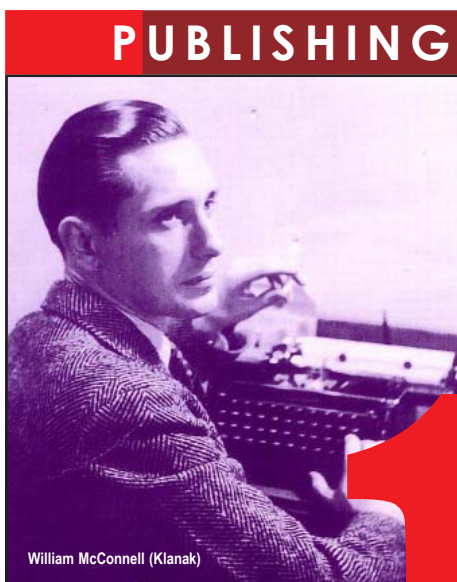
You notice a group of a dozen or so people working to patch and reinforce one corner of the raft. This, at least, is constructive behaviour, so you join in. But it's not long before you realize that the only materials available to do the patching with are ones cannibalized from elsewhere on the raft. Even though the people you're working with clearly have the best of intentions and are making some noticeable improvements to the few square feet on which they've worked, there is simply no way they can render the entire vessel "sustainable," given its size, the amount of time required, and the limited availability of basic materials. You think to yourself that there must be some better solution, but can't quite focus on one.

As you stand there fretting, a couple of minutes pass. You realize that every one of your predictions about the fate of the raft has been disconfirmed. You feel useless and silly. You are about to make the

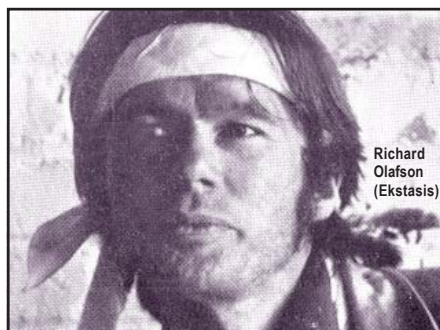
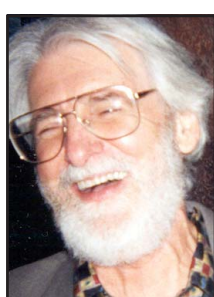
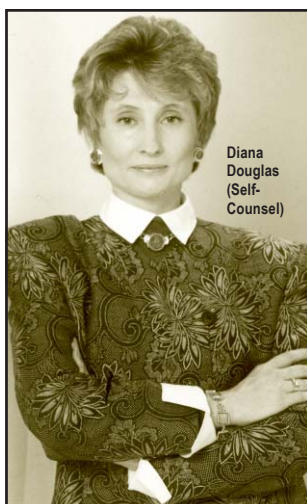
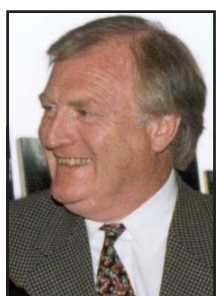
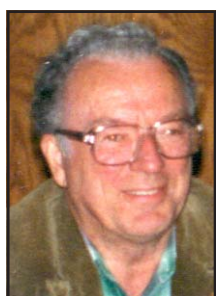
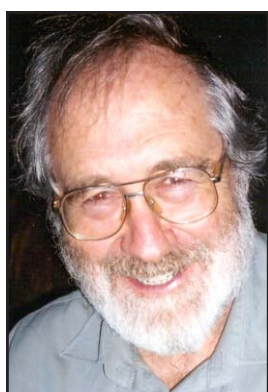
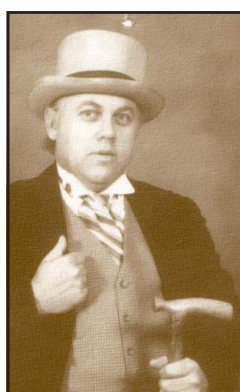
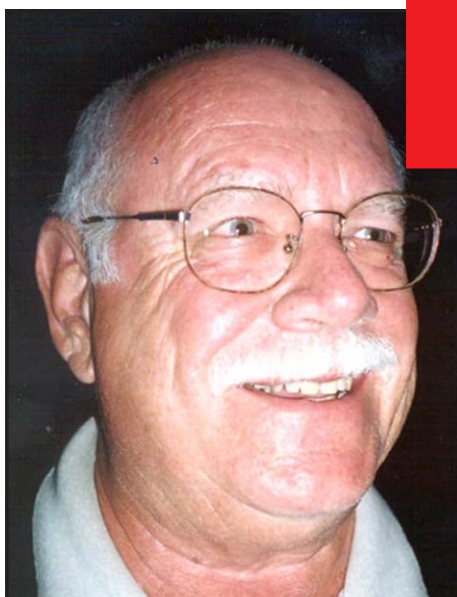
only rational deductions—that there must be some mystical power keeping the raft afloat, and that you might as well make the most of the situation and have some barbecue—when a thought comes to you: The "sustainability" crowd has the right idea... except that, as they rebuild their corner of the raft, they should make it easily detachable, so that when the boat as a whole sinks they can simply disengage from it and paddle toward shore. But then, what about the hundreds of people who won't be able to fit onto this smaller, reconditioned raftlet?

You notice now that there is a group of rafters grappling with the soldiers who've been shooting holes in canoes. Maybe, if some of the canoes and their indigenous occupants survive, then the scope of the impending tragedy can be reduced. But direct confrontation with the soldiers appears to be a dangerous business, since many of the protesters are being shot or thrown into the water.

You continue working with the sustainability group, since they seem to have the best understanding of the problem and the best chances of survival. At the same time, your sympathies are with the protesters and the fisher families. You hope and pray that this is all some nightmare from which you will soon awaken, or that there is some means of escape—for everyone—that you haven't seen yet.

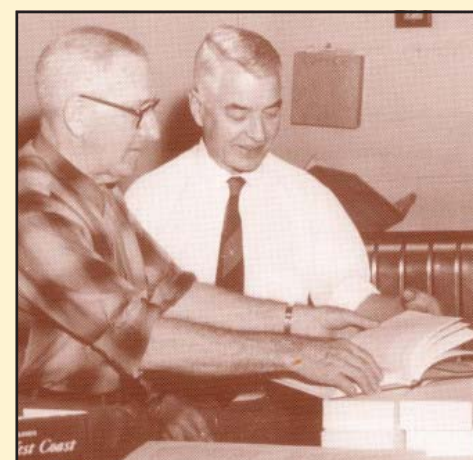


1974-2004



Pulp Press founder Steve Osborne, current ABPBC executive director Margaret Reynolds, first ABPBC director Sally Mennell, Tourism Vancouver's Rick Antonson (ex-publisher) and D&M publisher Scott McIntyre were part of the 30th anniversary celebrations for B.C. publishing.

TURNING 30: THE BOOKIES WHO THRIVE AGAINST THE ODDS



Charlie Morris (Sono Nis), at right



Dick Morris (Sono Nis)



Diane Morris (Sono Nis)

COLLECTIVELY, YOU'RE PART OF A SUCCESS STORY.

According to federal surveys, B.C. has the highest book reading rate per capita in Canada.

Recent encyclopedias of heavily populated states such as New Jersey and North Carolina sold ten times less than the Encyclopedia of British Columbia.

Our premier recently stated he wants British Columbia to be the most literate place in North America by 2010. But we've already got that gold medal.

At the core of B.C. literacy is a small community of publishers who have always received far less funding than their co-

horts in Ontario and Quebec. And at the centre of that industry is a vital organization called the Association of Book Publishers of B.C.

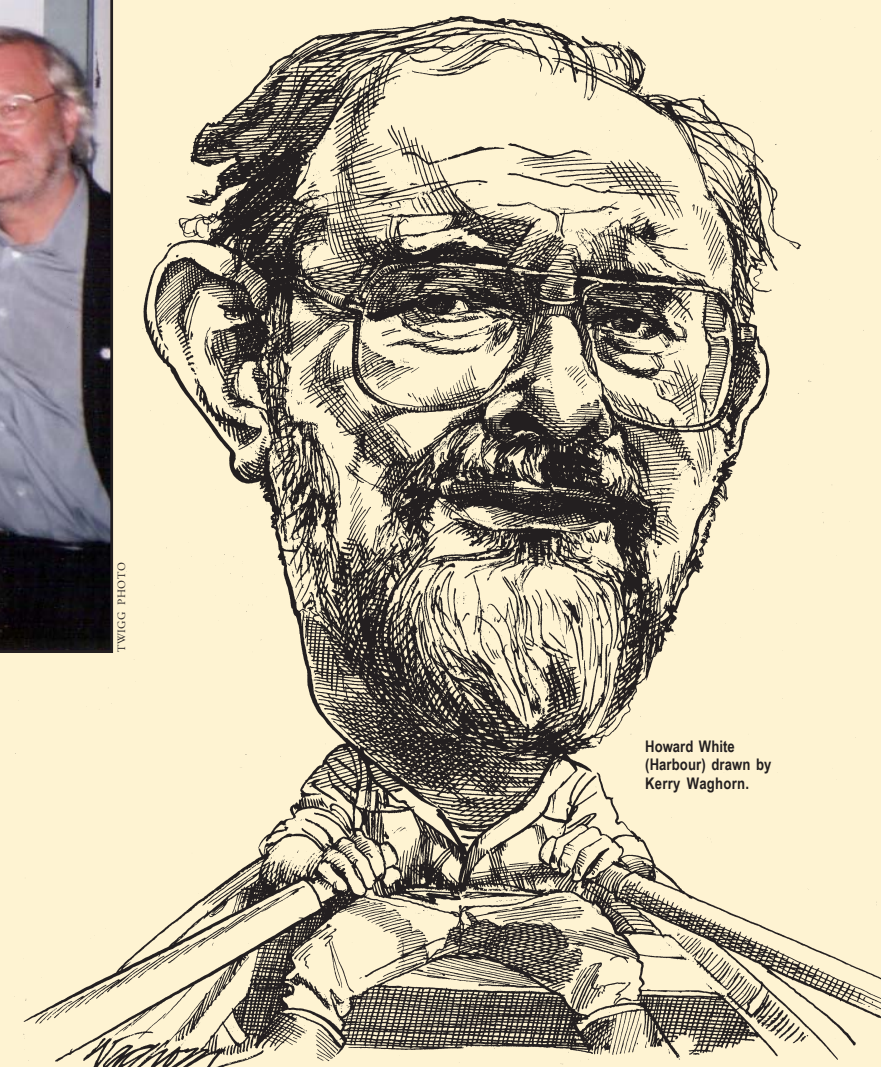
Jim Douglas (pictured on cover of J.J. Douglas Ltd. spearheaded the creation of the organization 30 years after a conference organized by UBC librarian **Basil Stuart-Stubbs**.

Today the ABPBC represents approximately 30 fulltime publishers, the newest being **Anita Large** (pictured on cover), director of Native-owned Theytus Books in Penticton.

Only a few of the pioneers (such as **Art Downs**, **Gray Campbell**, **William McConnell**, plus printers **Howard Mitchell**, **Charlie Morriss** and **Dick Morriss**) have died. It's still a young industry in a very young place.

B.C.'s trade publishers celebrated 30 years of endurance and innovation in September at a Stanley Park gathering organized by ABCBC executive director **Margaret Reynolds** and *BC BookWorld*. We're not a trade publication, but once every few decades it feels right to give the publishers their due.

For more information about the Association of Book Publishers of British Columbia, you can visit www.books.bc.ca.



Howard White (Harbour) drawn by Kerry Waghorn.



Allan MacDougall (Raincoast) drawn by Roy Petersen

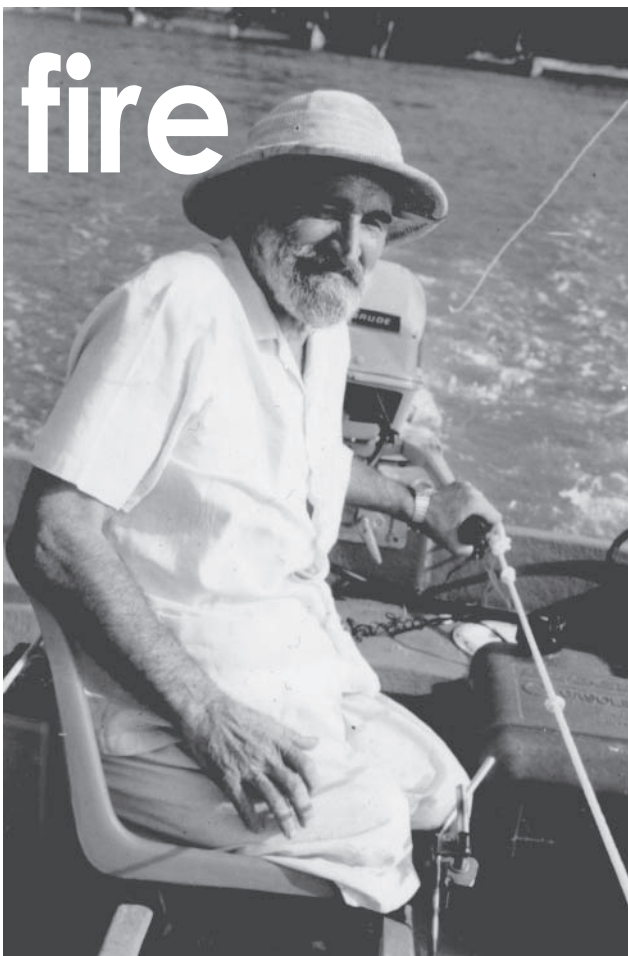
Pants on fire

According to a new biography, Welsh sailor Tristan Jones was the greatest nautical storyteller of the 20th century but nearly everything he did was based on a lie.

“He was a nobody until age 40,” says **Anthony Dalton**, author of *Wayward Sailor: In Search of the Real Tristan Jones* (McGraw-Hill \$21.94). “He essentially invented Tristan Jones, then he grew into the shell he created for himself.”

Dalton spent three years tracing how Jones chronically lied about his background and used false passports while describing his imaginary ordeals in the Royal Navy, South America and the Arctic. Nonetheless Dalton admires the man whose maritime accomplishments eventually caught up with his reputation, as he lost both his legs in the process.

A boating fanatic, Dalton lives in Tsawwassen where he keeps a 33' sloop and a self-built 21' Polynesian outrigger canoe. If you can believe *his* resume—he has led a CBC-TV documentary expedition to the salt mines of Taoudenit in northern Mali, conducted a near-fatal solo voyage by small boat around the west and north coasts of



Legless mariner
Tristan Jones aboard
his dinghy 'Little Leg
End' off Phuket,
Thailand, circa 1993.

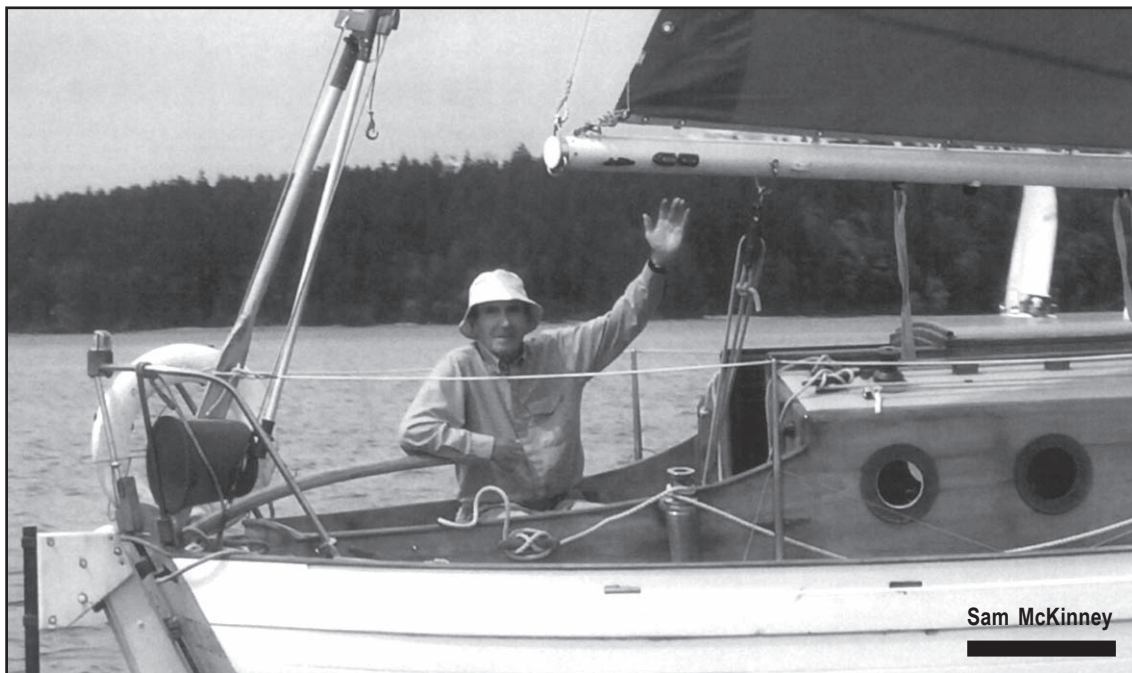
Arctic Alaska, made river expeditions with Bangladeshi naturalists in search of the Royal Bengal tiger and paddled wilderness rivers in northern Canada for the Discovery Channel.

Dalton is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society and a Fellow of the Explorers Club. He is now writing a novel about a man-eating Bengal tiger that is inspired by his frightening encounter with one—in the middle of a river.

Wayward Sailor has been released in trade paperback and Dalton has co-authored *The Best of Nautical Quarterly, Vol 1, The Lure of Sail* (H.B. Fenn \$65) with **Reese Palley**.

Dalton and **Bernice Lever** recently co-chaired the national convention of the 85-year-old Canadian Authors Association.

Wayward 0-07-144028-3; Best of 0-7603-1820-4



Sam McKinney

Captain of an invisible crew

At age 70, fortified by his pipe and the occasional glass of rum, **Sam McKinney** has emulated the voyages of Captain **George Vancouver's** charting expeditions of 1792-1794, sailing and motoring his 25-foot sailboat *Kea* between Puget Sound and the Queen Charlotte Islands.

McKinney isn't the first person to follow the paths of West Coast explorers to write a book—it's been done by **Robin Fisher, Gary Geddes, Rosemary Neering, Barry Lopez** and **Wylie Blanchet**, among others—but he's the first to give credit to an invisible crew.

“Germany's **Rudolph Diesel** invented the diesel engine and to him I am indebted,” he writes in *Sailing with Vancouver: A Modern Sea Dog, Antique Charts and a Voyage Through Time* (Touchwood \$17.95). Fascinated by the pneumatic tinder igniter that resembled a simple bicycle pump, Rudolph Diesel dedicated his life and fortune to incorporating the principle of his 'Black Mistress' into an efficient power engine.

Similarly, McKinney notes his ten-horsepower Yanmar engine was developed by the Japanese industrialist **Magokicki Yamaoka**, who saw his first diesel engine at an industrial fair in Leipzig, Germany,

in 1932. “In 1933,” McKinney says, “he developed a very small, five-horsepower engine, believing that in oil-poor Japan, a drop of fuel was equal to a drop of blood.”

McKinney is also grateful to Greek scientist **Archimedes** for the principle of leverage, Swiss physicist **Daniel Bernoulli** for his law of physics that explains the dynamics of sailing, and the French chef **Nicolas Appert** who invented the canning process in the early 19th century. “My canned dinners did become monotonous, but remembering the food choices of Vancouver's men—salt pork and beef—made them more palatable.”

Along the way Sam McKinney experimented with the anti-scurvy recipe that was given to botanist **Archibald Menzies** (an adversary of George Vancouver) by Sir **Joseph Banks**. “I wanted to see what spruce beer tasted like,” McKinney writes. “I boiled some spruce needles in water, added brown sugar, and came up with something that tasted like sweet turpentine.”

McKinney based his research on **W. Kaye Lamb's** classic *George Vancouver: A Voyage of Discovery to the North Pacific*. Maps were provided by Portland designer **Les Hopkins**. McKinney is a former research associate at the Vancouver Maritime Museum and a builder of small boats. *Sailing with Vancouver* is his fourth title, following his biography of Captain **Bligh**, who sailed alongside Vancouver to Nootka Sound under Captain **Cook**.

1-894898-12-5

ONE DEGREE OF SEPARATION FROM STEINBECK

Born in 1897, **Ed Ricketts** of California made three excursions to British Columbia in 1932, 1945 and 1946 to collect marine specimens as a mostly self-taught ecologist and biologist. With a small laboratory in New Monterey, California, Ricketts was close friends with the philosopher **Joseph Campbell** and the novelist **John Steinbeck**.

Campbell accompanied Ricketts on his first trip to the Queen Charlotte Islands in 1932; Steinbeck modeled several characters in his fiction on Ricketts, including 'Doc' in the 1945 novel *Cannery Row*. Ricketts died when he was hit by a train near Cannery Row in May of 1948. At the time he and Steinbeck had been planning a trip to British Columbia to satisfy Rickett's intention to write a book about B.C. coastal marine life to be called *The Outer Shores*. Rickett's first book, co-written with **Jack Calvin**, was about Pacific invertebrates and called *Between Pacific Tides* (1939). It was followed by *Sea of Cortez: A Leisurely Journal of Travel and Research* (1941), co-written with Steinbeck.

At age 32, Ucluelet-raised journalist **Eric Enno Tamm** has published the first biography of Ed Ricketts called **Beyond the Outer Shores** (Raincoast \$36.95). The son and grandson of commercial fishermen of Estonian descent, Tamm had started investigating Ricketts' life as a result of his research into his own hometown.

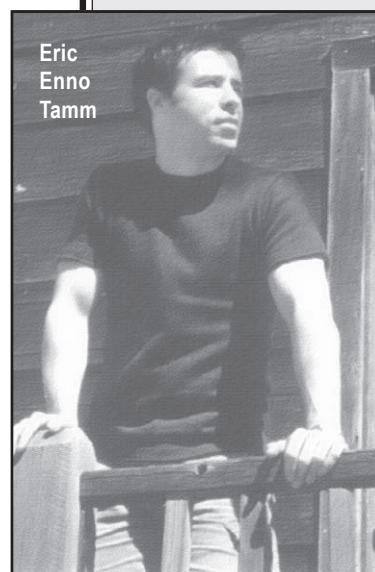
He published an article about Ricketts in the *Georgia Straight* in 1999, and continued his research into Ricketts' life while he spent several years living in Sweden. Whereas the relationship between Ricketts and Steinbeck was well-known, *Beyond the Outer Shores* provides fresh insights into the friendship between Ricketts and Campbell based on Tamm's interviews with Ricketts' son and daughter, and his girlfriend in the 1940s, **Toni Jackson**.

Tamm's history of the friendship and rivalries between

Steinbeck, Campbell and Ricketts contains a section outlining the three-month voyage made by Campbell and Ricketts around the Queen Charlotte Islands in 1932 in the *Grampus*, a small cruising vessel. At the time Campbell was escaping the wrath of Steinbeck for cultivating an affair with Steinbeck's wife, Carol.

Tamm works for Ecotrust Canada.

1-55192-733-0



Eric Enno Tamm

MARITIME

James Delgado
near the mouth of
the Columbia River
where he almost
drowned in 1987.

SOME PEOPLE

James Delgado, director of the Vancouver Maritime Museum, has toured the wreck of the *Titanic* two miles beneath the surface of the Atlantic. He has seen Pearl Harbour from the sand up and he has dived to investigate an American Civil War submarine—in Panama.

Co-host of *The Sea Hunters*, a television show syndicated in more than 170 countries, Delgado has also examined a Dutch cargo ship sunk carrying 18th century art belonging to **Catherine the Great** and found vestiges of the **Kublai Khan's** lost treasure fleet off the coast of Japan.

A veritable **Neil Armstrong** of the ocean floor, Delgado has even explored the waterfilled remains of the Third Reich's underground munitions factory in the Harz Mountains of Germany where Buchenwald prisoners lived, drilled and blasted rock in twelve-hour shifts.

But his most harrowing underwater experience, described in *Adventures of a Sea Hunter* (D&M \$35), occurred closest to home, in 1987, while investigating the hulk of the Hudson's Bay Company supply ship *Isabella*, a relic discovered near the mouth of the Columbia River more 150 years after it sank. In the same area,

WILL GO TO ANY DEPTHS TO GET HIGH



JAMES DELGADO

underwater detective

Delgado has examined the hulk of the British four-masted barque *Peter Iredale*, wrecked in 1906—and shown above.



After viewing the remains of the *Isabella*, James Delgado resurfaced to the dive boat, pulled off his mask, spat out his regulator, without first removing his weight belt. Reaching down to pull off his fins, he fumbled and fell backwards off the ladder, plummeting back to the *Isabella*.

“With the desperate strength people sometimes find in these situations, I push off the bottom with my legs and kick for the surface, my lungs burning,” he writes, reverting to TV-speak. With outstretched hands, Delgado was able to claw and scratch his way along the fibreglass hull of the dive boat, but the weight of his tank and belt dragged him back downwards again to the bottom.

“My mouth opens convulsively, and I take a breath of cold water and gag. I’m going to die, I realize, and I’m really angry.”

His dive training finally saved him. He tugged the clasp of his weight belt and it fell free. “Then I reach up to my buoyancy compensator and pull the lanyard that activates a co2 cartridge. I start to float off the river bed and remember not to hold my breath or I’ll burst my lungs as I rocket to the surface.” Pulled into a Zodiac, Delgado coughed up muddy water and eventually quipped, “Well, did I die like his men?”

For more on James Delgado and his 28 books, visit www.abcbookworld.com

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For deer life

True or False?

You're more likely to be struck by lightning than get rabies from a bat.
True. Three blood-sucking species of bats are found only in tropical rainforests and they rarely prey on humans.

True or False?

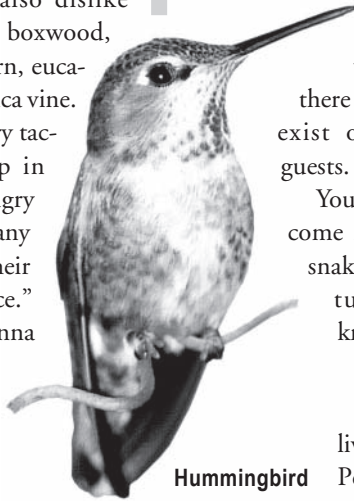
Dragonflies fly at a maximum speed of 20 miles an hour.
False. Some dragonflies can fly 40 mph, as well as upwards, sideways and backwards.

As well as 44 “ecologically sound” projects for feeding and housing the likes of bumblebees, butterflies and even bats, **Catherine J. Johnson** and her editor **Susan McDiarmid** have included lots of natural history tidbits in **Welcoming Wildlife to the Garden** (Hartley & Marks \$29.95).

Deer are the bane of rural gardeners. If you don't deter them with a barking dog, a scarecrow or an electric fence, you can plant fragrant herbs such as catmint, catnip, chives, garlic, onion, lavender, sage, spearmint, thyme, parsley and rosemary. Deer also dislike Buddleia (butterfly bush), boxwood, holly, pine, spruce, hawthorn, euca-lyptus, jasmine, lilac and vinca vine. But those are diversionary tactics, not solutions. “Keep in mind, that if deer are hungry enough they will eat almost any plant,” says Johnson, “and their tastes vary from place to place.” Translation. Unless you wanna use a shotgun...



Hummingbirds, the most popular garden guests, feed from many of the same flowers that attract butterflies. There are more than 300 species of hummers, they must feed every 10 to 15 minutes and they do not attack humans—ever. If you want to become part of the *Trochilidae* food chain with a backyard feeder, the proper proportions for sugar to water are 1:4. Make sure your feeder has a red lure. Don't use honey because



Hummingbird

it ferments too quickly and can cause a fungal infection in humming-birds' tongues. And, oh yeah, hummers don't mi-grate on the backs of geese. Skunks, rac-coons, squirrels, coyotes, neighbourhood cats and the 'friendly pigeon' aren't always welcome visitors, but there are ways to control, co-exist or capture unwanted guests. You can even learn to wel-come lizards, bees, toads and snakes. In the world of na-ture, it's not who you know, but what you know.



Catherine Johnson lives on a ten-acre farm in Pender Harbour. She's part of the Stickleback Re-covery Program on Texada Island and she was recently involved in West Nile Virus research. With an extensive section on build-ing nest boxes for birds, *Welcoming Wild-life* includes hundreds of photos and illustrations by **Edward R. Turner**.

0-88179-201-2

Candace Walker is a freelance writer in Prince George



A black-tailed deer chows down on backyard birdseed.

THE MAN FROM SHEEP CREEK

“The myth is that I’m some sort of barbarian,” says Patrick Lane. “I hate that myth.”

Patrick Lane was born in the mountain town of Sheep Creek, near Nelson, on March 26, 1939. He grew up in the Okanagan, primarily in Vernon, where he couldn’t escape from the futility of his surroundings. His father, an ex-miner, had moved to the dry Interior because he was suffering from silicosis.

“My brother Johnny got married in June because he got his girlfriend pregnant,” he told *The Globe & Mail* in 2000, “My brother Dick got married in September because he got his girlfriend pregnant. And I got married in February because I got my girlfriend pregnant.”

Lane left school to work as a labourer, fruit picker and truck driver, later becoming a first-aid man because it paid an additional 15 cents per hour. In a company town of Avola, with 150 people, he sometimes dealt with grisly injuries.

Having been a regular at Rivard’s pool hall in Vernon, he dreamed of making his living as a pool player until his teacher said he could never make it because he wore glasses. Lane decided to try writing instead. He mailed three poems to *Canadian Forum* and they were all accepted. When other poems sent to *PRISM* at UBC were rejected, **Earle Birney** nonetheless sent him an encouraging letter of praise.

Lane came to Vancouver after the death of his brother **Dick (Red) Lane**, also a poet, in 1964, due to a cerebral haemorrhage. After three children, he and his wife divorced and she married a rich man. Lane was astonished to hear the poetry of **Al Purdy**, a mentor-to-be, who later drank with him at the Cecil Hotel in Vancouver, and his course was set. With **bill bissett**

and **Seymour Mayne**, Lane began one of the first literary publishing houses in counter-cultural Kitsilano called Very Stone House Press.

In 1968, Lane was jarred once more by the random murder of his father by a customer who had a grudge against the earth moving equipment company for which his father was an employee.

In 1969 Lane moved to Trumansburg, New York to work on the *New American and Canadian Poetry* periodical. Very Stone Press became Very Stone Press in Transit for ten years.

Down and out in Toronto, Lane sold his literary papers to McMaster University for \$3,000 in 1971 and took off, wandering through South America for

three years. He almost died after being bitten by a poisonous centipede. It was one more close call, having survived several severe car crashes.

In 1972 Lane was awarded the York University Poetry Award for his book *Mountain Oysters*. Since then he was won some of the major poetry prizes in Canada including the Governor General’s Award in 1979, the Canadian Authors Association Award for Poetry in 1988 and the Dorothy Livesay Prize.



Old demons & flowery prose

Regret, guilt, violence, shotgun weddings. Thievery, carnivals, drunkenness, deaths. Former substance abuser **Patrick Lane** has never lacked for content. He has resurrected some of his ghosts in a new poetry collection called **Go Leaving Strange** (Harbour \$16.95) in which an addict strives to keep ahead of death in “Smack” and a man kills his six-year-old child in “Weeds”. But the future is far from bleak for the man from Sheep Creek. Lane’s **There is a Season: A Memoir in a Garden** (M&S \$34.95) is an uplifting non-fiction work by a man who kicked alcoholism in 1999 by taking refuge in his garden, observing his pond and flowers.

Season 0-7710-4633-2; Strange 1-55017-328-6

Having survived broken marriages and addiction to alcohol, Lane has produced more than 20 books of poetry, plus some fiction, and now lives in Victoria with fellow poet **Lorna Crozier**, also on the staff of the Writing Department at University of Victoria. The couple met at a writers’ workshop in Saskatchewan in 1976.

Fellow poet **Susan Musgrave** organized a 55th birthday celebration for him in 1994, gathering 54 poets for a commemorative volume called *Because You Love Being a Stranger*.

Since then Lane, the hell-raiser, has apparently become more of a teacher and a ruminative soul, writing evocative descriptions of wildlife of the flora variety. “Guilt,” he writes, in *There Is a Season*, “is the emotion that wastes a life.”

Patrick Lane:
not guilty

TRAILER PARK TRIBULATIONS

The death of Patrick Lane’s revered older brother Dick (aka Red), also a gifted poet, is a fundamental part of Lane’s life story. He vividly describes kicking his brother out of his trailer park home, at his wife’s urging, when they were unhappily hitched in Merritt.

“Back in the late 1950s and early 1960s while I struggled with my early poems, I lived in a trailer park in Merritt, a wretched, dusty mill town in southern British Columbia.

“My two children were three years and one year old and my young wife tried and failed daily to be happy in the miserable trailer the bank owned. I left that flaking aluminum prison each morning for a job in the sawmill, the only life I knew then, though I laboured late into the night on writing my poems. I think it was poetry

that saved me from killing myself or killing others. There were times when I sucked the steel barrel of my Lee-Enfield rifle or, worse, aimed it at a passing pickup truck. What saved my wife I do not know.

“In December 1964, there was a phone call late at night from my sister, Linda, telling me Dick was dead. I borrowed my boss’s car and drove crazily over the winding mountain roads to Vernon, where my birth family huddled, waiting for his ashes to be shipped up from Vancouver.

“In four more years I would be gone, my wife remarried and my children lost to me. After my divorce I lived in a fury. I ranged from woman to girl, friend to stranger, bar to barrio, city to village, all designed with one end in mind, to kill myself or at least kill whatever it was that daily ate me alive. I made women fall in love with me and then discarded them like chaff. Guilt, fear, self-pity, self-loathing, self-destruction, all and none of them. I remember little of those years. Much of it is blacked out by depression, alcohol, and drugs. I remember waking up in a car wreck in a snowbound field south of Prince George and wondering why I was still alive. I pried the barbed wire off the door and walked away in search of a bar.”

Selected bibliography:

Letters From the Savage Mind (Very Stone House) 1966 • *Calgary City Jail. Poster Poem 6* (Very Stone House) 1969 • *Separations. Trumansburg* (New Books) 1969 • *Mountain Oysters* (Very Stone House) 1971 • *The Sun has Begun to Eat the Mountain* (Ingluvin Publications) 1972 • *Passing into Storm* (Traumerei Communications) 1973 • *Beware the Months of Fire* (Anansi) 1974 • *Unborn Things: South American Poems* (Harbour) 1975 • *Albino Pheasants* (Harbour) 1977 • *Poems, New & Selected* (Oxford UP) 1978—winner of the Governor-General’s Award • *The Measure* (Black Moss) 1980 • *Woman in the Dust* (Mosaic) 1983 • *A Linen Crow, a Caftan Magpie* (Thistledown Press) 1984 • *For Riel in that Gawdam Prison* (Blackfish Press) 1985 • *Selected Poems* (Oxford UP) 1987—winner of Canadian Authors Association Award • *Milford and Me* (Coteau Books) 1989—poems for children • *Winter* (Coteau Books) 1990 • *Mortal Remains* (Exile Editions) 1991 • *How Do You Spell Beautiful?* and *Other Stories* (Fifth House) 1992 • *Too Spare, Too Fierce* (Harbour) 1995 • *The Bare Plum of Winter Rain* (Harbour) 2000 • *There Is a Season: A Memoir in a Garden* (M&S) 2004 • *Go Leaving Strange, Poems* (Harbour) 2004

First you must catch your American before you can sell him anything.... We cannot play golf and drink afternoon tea and expect these people to send us their money by registered mail."

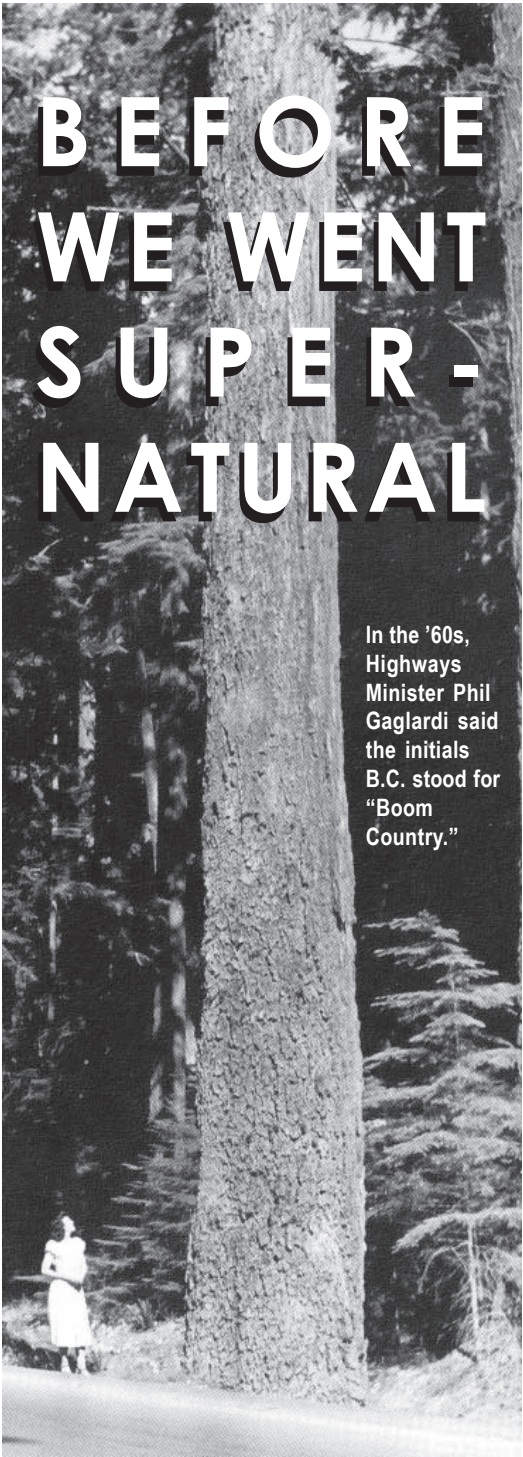
—B.C. PREMIER SIMON FRASER TOLMIE IN 1930

Apparently **Gordon Campbell** agrees. Our bid to hold the 2010 Winter Olympics was spearheaded by the premier's dynamic real estate developer friend **Jack Poole** and, like Expo 86, its legitimacy will proceed in tandem with the lure of economic growth and investment.

In the next five years, all loyal British Columbians will be called upon to their economic duty and help market our neck



of the woods to the rest of the planet. Hence the timing of Michael Dawson's **Selling British Columbia: Tourism and Consumer Culture 1890-1970** (UBC Press \$85) seems ideal. Statistics and graphs are provided, including one showing how visitors in automobiles from the U.S. increased from 270,000 in 1926 to more than three million in 1971. Negative aspects of tourism are rarely considered. Dawson's study strictly concerns the agenda of tourism marketers. *Selling British Columbia* culminates with 'Operation Daffodil', a quasi-militaristic invasion of Alberta by Chamber of Commerce types, enticing Albertans to the balmy coast with daffodils.



"Between 1920 and 1970," Dawson writes, "tourism was effectively incorporated into North America's growing culture of consumption." The state has now supplanted private industry as the prime marketing force. There are now programs to ensure taxi drivers aren't scruffy and our license plates are mini billboards proclaiming 'Beautiful British Columbia.'

Although he has permitted himself a few humorous asides, Dawson stops short of speculating how we might best collectively tart ourselves up for 2010. *Selling British Columbia* is strictly about the past, so our notion as to how we can identify ourselves as a distinctive culture—beyond scenery, the Empress Hotel, whales and totem poles—remains as fuzzy as ever.



Dawson showcases publicity materials and collects some of the terms that have been used to help attract visitors to the Pacific Northwest. These include:

- The Land of Simon Fraser
- Land of Pleasure Cruises
- Canada's Colour-Camera Country
- Evergreen Playground
- The Land Where The Apples Grow
- The World's Greatest Out Of Doors
- The Vacation Land That Has Everything
- The Switzerland of America

0-7748-1054-8

SHORT STORIES

Tales of Munrovia

Alice Munro’s collection **Runaway** (M&S \$34.99) has eight stories that reflect her dual hometowns of Comox, B.C. and Clinton, Ontario, but, as a *Quill & Quire* reviewer put it, “The many layers and richness of observation in Munro’s writing make it impossible to say that the book or even a single story is about one thing or another.” Three linked tales follow Juliet, a young teacher who visits her fisherman lover’s home the day after his wife’s funeral. In the title story, Munro keeps us guessing as to how a white goat’s disappearances relate to a couple’s unraveling relationship. The final story covers almost a lifetime in 65 pages. Munro’s work continues to be unparalleled and retains the distinction accorded her by the *New York Times*, “the only living writer in the English language to have made a major career out of short fiction alone.”

0-7710-6506-X



Alice Munro



A humour-tinged amateur sociologist, **Chris Gudgeon** is the co-owner of Something Fishy Salmon Gifts in Victoria and the biographer of two Canadian icons beyond the mainstream, folksinger Stan Rogers and poet Milton Acorn. His first collection of eleven stories, **Greetings from the Vodka Sea** (Goose Lane \$19.95), is mainly about people grappling with sex and each other, a follow-up to a non-fiction title *The Naked Truth: The Untold Story of Sex in Canada* (Arsenal Pulp, 2003). These stories include a chess-playing doctor who loses his wife to a psychologist and an adulterer who considers seducing a middle-aged woman he finds repulsive.

The title story for **J a m e s Marshall**’s collection **Let’s Not Let A Little Thing Like The End Of The World Come Between Us** (Thistledown \$18.94) was picked by the *Malahat Review* as its top story for 2004. Marshall also has the distinction of being one of the few



DAVID GILMORE PHOTO

Chris Gudgeon

people to have published a book while living in 100 Mile House, where the collection of 12 ‘edgy’ stories was launched at the Chris Harris Gallery. “Everyone you know is going to die,” he writes in ‘Like I Care’, “Everyone you’ve ever loved, ever been friends with, ever met, ever walked by on the street. They’re all going to die. Get used to it.”

1-894345-74-6



After teaching creative writing at the University of Alberta since 1990, **Kristjana Gunnars** has moved to the Sunshine Coast and used her new surroundings as the locale for her collection **Any Day But This** (Red Deer \$29.95), in which one woman realizes she belongs to a class she secretly despises. Gunnars’ recent collection of essays on writing is *Stranger at the Door*. 0-88995-311-2



With wry shades of Franz Kafka and an opening quote from Thomas Mann—“Quiet! We want to look into a soul.”—some of the stories in **Ernest Hekkanen**’s 34th title **Melancholy and Mystery of a Street** (New Orphic \$23) unfold in Italy, Switzerland, Finland and Afghanistan; others are set in his hometown of Nelson. A Finn travelling through Afghanistan on a bicycle finds himself in a folktale. A cynic attends a student art show. “On the night in question,” says the narrator, “I donned my *I Hate Art* T-shirt and headed downhill to

the gallery.” Famous Italian authors plot to win a Lifetime Achievement Award. Fantasy and reality are comfortable bedfellows throughout.

1-894842-05-7



Monte works at Stanford Orthotics, restoring people’s balance. But his own life is more than a little unstable. He’s fallen in love with Donna Rossini—or rather, with a mold of her feet. “I raised the foot to my lips, and kissed, one after the other, all of her toes... I heard—so help me—the youthful sound of her laugh.” Monte’s foot fetish turns into an unlikely correspondence in *Balance*, the opening story of **Jack Hodgins**’ 13th title **Damage Done by the Storm** (M&S \$32.99).

0-7710-4152-7



Co-founder and co-editor of *The Claremont Review*, **Bill Stenson** of Victoria has already published 15 of the 18 stories in his first collection, **Translating Women** (Thistledown \$18.95). “Not every man would find Muriel a real looker,” he writes in his title story. “That’s where the power of translation comes in. Muriel’s not the kind of woman you approach aesthetically straight on. It’s the way she flips her hair, the turn of her cheek, the pause she’s perfected before important sentences.”

1-894345-77-0

PREVIOUSLY NOTED **2004 FICTION COLLECTIONS** BY B.C. AUTHORS:
Ernest Hekkanen,
The Big Dave and Little Wife Convention (New Orphic)
George Bowering, Standing on Richards (Viking)

NOVELS

Hi, Fidel-ity

Hal Sisson’s detective novel **You Should Live So Long** (Salal Press \$10.99) once more features a humorous pair of ‘down-but-never-out superannuated sleuths’ in a free-spirited romp that doubles as a socio-political protest. This time Sissons is responding to the devastation and arrogance wrought by the United States in response to 9/11.

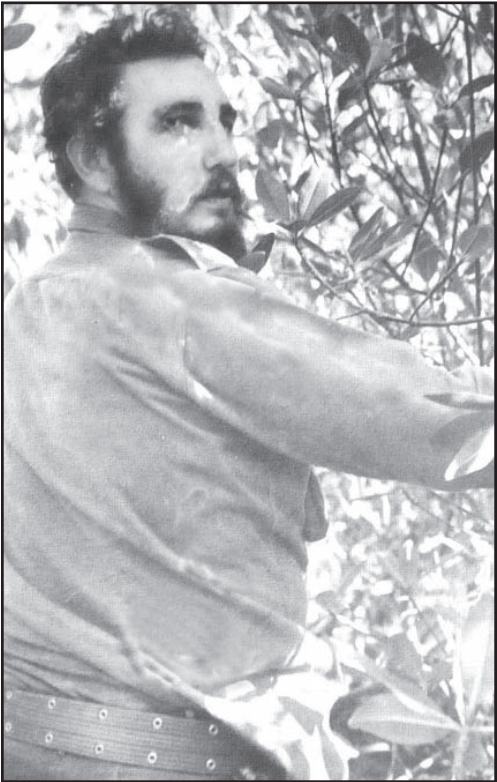
Part of the action occurs in Cuba where Fidel Castro appears as a character who, among other things, accuses the American government of having failed to forewarn the Pacific fleet in Pearl Harbour, despite advance knowledge of an imminent Japanese attack.

“Then, knowing that Japan’s surrender was imminent, they had nonetheless dropped atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki as the opening salvo in the Cold War against the USSR and China.”

Sisson includes a reading list of recommended political titles at the end of the novel.

The heroine of Anne Cameron’s **Dahlia Cassidy** (Harbour \$24.95) hasn’t been lucky in picking the fathers of her kids. “For years

she clung to the hope that she’d just been fishing in the wrong bay and if she moved around often enough, sooner or later, with or without the help of God and the angels, she’d happen upon a man who had more in mind than some friction.” As a follow-up to last year’s *Family Resemblances*, this satire on relationships is another stirring and funny portrait of a female survivor who earns her independence in a small town on Vancouver Island.



Fidal Castro: the earliest photo of him invading Cuba in 1956. “Above all, we are fighting for a democratic Cuba and an end to dictatorship.”

A Tofino coroner has his hands full when a girl known only as Sparrow is found on a beach wrapped in barbed wire. **Sweep Lotus** (Dundurn \$11.99) is the third *Elias McCann* mystery set in the Long Beach community by Vancouver Islander **Mark Zuehlke**, who doubles as a World War II historian.

In **Theresa Kishkan**’s **A Man in a Distant Field** (Dundurn \$21.99), the protagonist Declan O’Malley comes to the coast of B.C. to escape memories of his family’s death at the hands of the Black and Tans in Ireland. He’s also working on a perfect translation of Homer’s *Odyssey*. Kishkan’s first novel was *Sisters of Grass*.

The third of the *Archonate* series, **Matthew Hughes**’ **Black Brillion: A Novel of the Archonate** (Tor \$33.95) blends science fiction and fantasy and crosses Jack Vance with Carl Jung. A peacekeeper of Old Earth, Baro Harkless reluctantly joins forces with the stylish swindler Luff Imbry. Their common enemy is Horselan Gebbling, a notorious con-man who may hold the cure for the fatal ailment known as the lassitude. Hughes’ five previous titles include *Fools Errant*, reprinted for mass-market

PREVIOUSLY NOTED 2004 NOVELS BY B.C. AUTHORS:

- Tom Osborne**, Foozlers (Anvil)
- Gerry Williams**, The Woman in the Trees (New Star)
- Harold Eustache**, Shuswap Journey (Theytus)
- George Fetherling**, Jericho (Random House)
- Bill Gaston**, Sointula (Raincoast)
- Douglas Coupland**, Eleanor Rigby (Random House)
- Jack Whyte**, Clothar the Frank (Penguin)
- Eileen Kernaghan**, The Alchemist’s Daughter (Thistletdown)
- Eileen Kernaghan**, Winter on the Plain of Ghosts (Flying Monkey Press)
- Federico Morales**, The Sun Never Sets (Freedrow)
- George Szanto**, The Underside of Stones (XYZ)
- George Szanto**, Second Sight (XYZ)
- Terence Young**, After Goodlake’s, (Raincoast)
- Rachel White**, Time’s Reach (Oolichan)
- Robert Strandquist**, The Dreamlife of Bridges (Anvil)
- Joan Givner**, Playing Sarah Bernhardt (Dundurn)
- Esi Edugyan**, The Life of Samuel Tyne (Knopf)
- Ian Slater**, WW III: Choke Point (Ballantine)
- Marilyn Bowering**, Cat’s Pilgrimage (Harperflamingo)
- Barbara Hodgson, The Lives of Shadows (Chronicle)
- Des Kennedy, Flame of Separation (Insomniac)
- Annabel Lyon, The Best Thing For You (M&S)
- Allan McTeer, Red Zone (GreyCore)
- Susan Juby, Miss Smithers (HarperCollins)
- The Redemption of Ann Dupree (Ekstasis)
- Jim Jack, Justin Fowles (Trafford)
- Ann Ericksson, Decomposing Maggie (Turnstone)
- Lorna Jackson, A Game to Play on the Tracks (Porcupine’s Quill)
- Margaret Hollingsworth, Be Quiet (Blue Lake)
- Irosh Irani, The Cripple and his Talismans (Raincoast)
- Stephen Guppy, The Fire Chief (Thomas Allen)
- Anthony Bruce, The Gatekeeper of Lies (Glendambo)

release by Warner Aspect in 2001.

Lisa Smedman’s historical fantasy novel **The Apparition Trail** (Tesseract \$19.95) is set in the Canadian west of 1884 and features a Mountie named Marmaduke Grayburn who tries to solve a series of paranormal disappearances. He serves in an elite and secretive Q division founded by the legendary

Sam Steele. One of the founders of *Adventures Unlimited* magazine, Smedman has designed a number of electronic adventures and written short fiction for *Ravenloft* and *Dark Sun*, and has designed gaming products for *Star Wars*, *Indiana Jones*, *Cyberpunk*, *Immortal*, *Shatterzone*, *Millennium's End*, and *Deadlands*.

1-894063-22-8

Bill Gallaher's third historical novel of the Cariboo gold rush, **Deadly Innocent** (Touchwood \$18.95) tells of the misfortunes of brothers William, Gilbert and Thomas who followed the trail of the Overlanders in 1862 with Father Lacombe. Once the brothers reach the Rockies, their dreams go awry. Galla

1-894898-11-7

From the mean streets of Toronto to Vancouver's nightclub scene, **Shane Kennedy**'s first full-length novel **Highbinders** (Wordshack Publishing \$19.95) is a Canadian spy tale about Seth Delaney's plot to gain control of his father's munitions company *Highbinders Industrial Ltd.* Kennedy lives in Port Moody and has worked for his father's Alberta-based publishing company, Lone Pine.

1-4184-5327-7

Having grown up in Britannia during the 1940s and written a history of that former mining community on the Sea to Sky Highway, former newspaper reporter **Florida Town** has written an historical novel, **Before the Road**

Came (Bookus, unpriced), about a young girl who grows up in the isolated company town south of Squamish, after the Depression.

0-9735750-0-X

Douglas Isaac of the Fraser Valley describes his fictional work **Past, Present: Tense...** (BuschekBooks \$15) as a 91-page satirical, ironical, sometimes tragic, epic narrative, long poem. "In it a dis-spirited, contemporary urban man is snatched by the spirit of his dead, Russian Mennonite grandfather from a senior level meeting in an ad agency where he works, transformed into a medieval flying gargoyle and whisked back to the beginning of Mennonite (Anabaptist) history, the Reformation, Munster, 1534. From there the two return in time, stopping as observers, sometimes participants, at other significant moments in history. Munster, Danzig, the trek to Chortitza, Epp's mad quest for the Messiah (1889), the emigration to Canada—none are spared the author's sharp-edged quill."

1-894543-19-X

Greg Bauder's first novel **The Temptress Ariel** (Publish America, unpriced) is an unlikely love story about the sensitive Don and the streetwise Ariel, two schizophrenics who meet in a psychiatric boarding house.

1-4137-3296-8

—by Jeremy Twigg

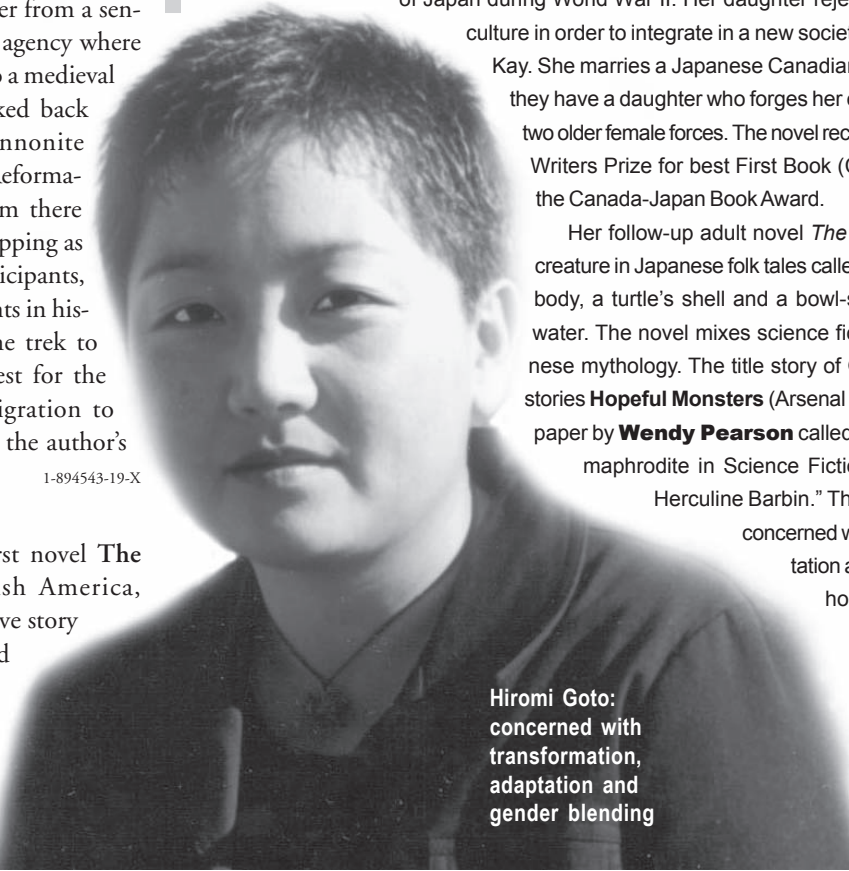
Hopeful Hiro-ines

Born in Chiba-ken, Japan in 1966, **Hiromi Goto** of Burnaby immigrated at age three. She lived on the West Coast for eight years; then moved to Nanton, Alberta where her father realized his ambition to operate a mushroom farm. Growing up she was influenced by the stories of Japan and Japanese culture told to her by both her grandmother and father.

After attending University of Calgary, she wrote *A Chorus of Mushrooms* (NeWest Press, 1994), a novel about three women in the same family in Nanton. The grandmother came to Canada at age 54 having survived a loveless marriage and the firebombing of Japan during World War II. Her daughter rejects traditional Japanese culture in order to integrate in a new society, changing her name to Kay. She marries a Japanese Canadian mushroom grower and they have a daughter who forges her own identity between the two older female forces. The novel received the Commonwealth Writers Prize for best First Book (Canada-Caribbean) and the Canada-Japan Book Award.

Her follow-up adult novel *The Kappa Child* refers to a creature in Japanese folk tales called the kappa, with a frog's body, a turtle's shell and a bowl-shaped head that holds water. The novel mixes science fiction, fantasy and Japanese mythology. The title story of Goto's new collection of stories **Hopeful Monsters** (Arsenal \$19.95) is derived from a paper by **Wendy Pearson** called "Sex/uality and the Hermaphrodite in Science Fiction, or, The Revenge of Herculine Barbin." The collection in general is concerned with transformation, adaptation and gender blending. The hopeful monsters, according to press material, "are women who will not be tethered by familial duty or the ghosts of the past."

1-55152-157-1



Hiromi Goto: concerned with transformation, adaptation and gender blending

GRAY PRIDE

Ten years ago, Baby Boomers were raising children and paying off their mortgages. Now they're managing their parents' finances and worrying more about retirement.

Sylvia Lim's down-to-earth guide *Finances After 55* (Self

By Jeremy Twigg

Counsel \$14.95) is designed to offer practical tips for the newly gray as they jog and sail and jazzercise their way towards old age.

"People today are definitely better-educated about retirement," Lim says. "Many people don't feel they have a government safety net—whether that perception is real or not—so they do more for themselves. RRSPs have become so popular that it's almost unheard of for people not to have long-term savings of some kind."

Some of Lim's clients are so well-prepared for retirement that they make the mistake of not living for today, of unduly hoarding their resources. They won't even take themselves out to see a movie. Those super-savers can take some comfort in knowing seniors in Canada are comparatively in good shape.

"We're definitely better-off than in the States," says Lim, a financial planner "because we have better social programs here. For instance, 30% of the population in the States has no health care insurance. One aspect of retirement that Canadians don't have to worry about is health insurance and prescription drugs. Our system looks after us. That's what we pay taxes for."

So it's not all gloom 'n' doom. With the combined political clout of the Baby Boomers, it's likely our nursing homes will be well-stocked with Jimi Hendrix CDs for a few more decades to come. Or, at least, that's the word from our current Prime Minister. Whether or not all provincial premiers can resist two-tiered health care systems is another matter altogether.

"Retirement requires a new mindset," Lim says. "You need to actively manage your investments, in order to generate in-

come to live off. Unlike a paycheque—which is steady—your invest-

ments can generate income one year, but they may not generate income the next.

"You have to watch your investments at all times. You have to do your homework. You have to be committed to spending time with your portfolio, or committed to finding people to help you. You shouldn't count on your pension to cover all your retirement expenses."

Not all adjustments during retirement will be monetary.

"You have to be mentally prepared,"

she says. "Have you heard of people who die because they're forced into retirement? It's because they have absolutely no idea what they're going to do with themselves.

"It's important to have a circle of friends and social activities beyond those that surround you at work. You're not going to work nine-to-

five, Monday to Friday. So are you going to be hanging around the house every day, driving your wife crazy?"

The good news is most people are better at playing the retirement game than they used to be. Often retirees take up part-time work they like and experience personal growth in retirement. Fewer and fewer people avoid making a will.

One option is to move to a different area of the province in order to maintain your standard of living on a reduced income. Yippee, Quesnel here we come. Meanwhile there are lots of government agencies such as the Canadian Association of Retired Persons (CARP) that provide seniors' discounts, two-for-one coupons and travel discounts.

Finances After 55 serves as a beginner driver's manual for the road to retirement. Proceed with caution, but don't forget to have some fun en route.

1-55180582-0

"We're definitely better-off than in the States."

Sylvia Lim:
"It's important to have a circle of friends and social activities beyond those that surround you at work."

JEREMY TWIGG PHOTO

"Aquaculture Feeds Families"
—BC Salmon Farmers' Association campaign

"Wild Salmon Don't Do Drugs"
—Georgia Strait Alliance bumper sticker

B.C. consumers may be forgiven for being confused about whether to let a farmed Atlantic salmon land on their plate. There's a blistering war of words out there. The stakes are immeasurably high.

A coalition of environmentalists, commercial fishermen and native groups argue the very future of wild salmon stocks, the marine environment and possibly human health are at risk.

"Exaggerated and misleading," says the salmon farming industry, assuring us fish farming is environmentally sound, takes pressure off fishing wild stocks and is key to revitalizing coastal communities like Port Hardy and Campbell River.

Stephen Hume, Alexandra Morton, Betty C. Keller, Rosella M. Leslie, Otto Langer and Don Staniford offer a critical evaluation of fish farming in *A Stain Upon The Sea* (Harbour \$26.95), reviewed here by Mark Forsythe.

British Columbia is the now the world's fourth largest producer of farm salmon.

Having generated 1,800 direct jobs, and another 2,000 indirect jobs in small coastal communities, fish farming is regarded by some people as an economic saviour.

Salmon farming has become the province's biggest agricultural exporter (about 15% of total agricultural production) returning more than \$600 million to the economy each year.

In 2002 the province lifted a moratorium on expansion. The industry—outlawed in Alaska—is now poised to take its open-net cage pens to the North Coast of B.C. A billion dollars of new economic activity is predicted over the next ten years.

A Stain Upon The Sea (Harbour \$26.95) arrives just in time re-ignite debate for the upcoming spring election. This collection of essays, written by six critics, is a harpoon launched at the industry and government regulators.

As conservationist **Terry Glavin** points out in the introduction, aquaculture has been with us for thousands of years, from oyster breeding to clam gardens. So what's really new? "Salmon are carnivores," he writes. "For the first time in history we're raising carnivores for food. So it is an experiment, one might say. And by so intensively interfering in the process of natural selection, by subjecting salmon to such elaborate methods of artificial selection, by genetic tinkering and by long term selective breeding, we are creating a wholly new species."



We are also tinkering with a symbol unlike any other. To many, wild salmon is the soul of British Columbia. Journalist and columnist Stephen Hume has examined the "collision between the artificial and the natural" in his piece about a trip to the Broughton Archipelago where one of the biggest recorded collapses of pink salmon occurred, in 2002. Almost four million pinks were expected to return to six local rivers, but

FARMED & DANGEROUS

Farmed salmon production has exceeded the world's wild catch since 1997.

precious few showed up. One fisherman searching for the fish called it a "watery wasteland."

It wasn't long before fishermen and local whale researcher Alexandra Morton were connecting missing salmon with fish farms in the area. Morton began testing smolts entering salt water near the farms, and reported finding them covered with sea lice (9,145 sea lice on 872 pink salmon smolts).

"I noticed bleeding at their eyeballs and bleeding at the base of the fins, which are classic symptoms of fish disease. I was horrified to see these baby fish being ravaged by these parasites," Morton writes.

The fish were being eaten alive. Department of Fisheries and Oceans (DFO) questioned her science, but the Pacific

Many fear that expansion coming near Prince Rupert will mean more escapes of Atlantics, imported stock that could muscle in on the habitat of wild stocks. One critic considers these Canadian fish "smart bombs" carrying potentially lethal biological payloads upon the wild stocks. Fish farmers are quick to respond that pathogens found in farmed Atlantics are actually indigenous to wild stocks.

Don't blame the farmed fish.

Ever since B.C.'s first fish farm was established by forestry giant Crown Zellerbach at Ocean Falls, the fortunes of salmon farming have been rising and falling. Sunshine Coast contributors Betty Keller and Rosetta Leslie provide a chronology of the ups and downs in their essay called Sea-Silver.

By 1989 the silver rush was well



Fisheries Resource Conservation Council, an independent watchdog chaired by former federal fisheries minister **John Fraser**, backed her up. Industry was ordered to fallow 11 of the 27 farms that fall to create a migration window to make smolts less vulnerable to sea lice. This partial fallowing seemed to have an effect, as significantly fewer fish were infected that year. However, DFO scientists assert there is still no study that shows a cause-and-effect relationship between sea lice on wild and farmed fish.

Hume's journey continues to western Ireland with its longer history of fish farming. He meets fisheries biologists who consider the sea lice infestation of our pinks a replay of what happened to juvenile sea trout (with similar life cycles) in their waters. One comments, "We've lost a wild sea trout angling fishery that was worth millions of pounds. Fisheries here that used to be phenomenal are now derelict."

Irish scientists are now pushing for a ban on fish farms where migrating smolts could come into contact with farmed fish. The manager of a 250-year-old fishing lodge, forced to cater to cyclists and hikers, says, "We're witnessing the death of the fishery."

According to Hume, fish farming is a divisive issue among British Columbia's First Nations. The Kitsoo at Klemtu, for example, are looking to the industry as a way to cut devastating unemployment rates of 85%. But other First Nations are vowing to fight expansion in their territory.

Alaskans are also sounding the alarm.

in B.C., operated by more than 100 companies. By 1993, "as a result of storms, disease, algal blooms and rock-bottom salmon prices, those numbers had shrunk to 80 farms operated by 17 companies, but they had become large farms and international companies." Today mostly those farms are far bigger and more automated.

A Stain Upon the Sea effectively marshals arguments against fish farming on various fronts. We hear the voices of sports fishermen worried about the future of wild salmon stocks and a \$1.5 billion dollar tourist fishing industry.

Commercial fishermen are spitting mad after seeing wild salmon runs go extinct (some fish farmers argue these commercial fishermen over-fished these very stocks), catches reduced and salmon prices hit rock bottom.

Former DFO biologist and now Director of Marine Conservation for the David Suzuki Foundation, Otto Langer skewers the DFO bureaucracy for not living up to its job of protecting wild salmon stocks and habitat. He traces this to reorganization at DFO back in 1971, "when pollution staff were taken from DFO and moved to the new Department of the Environment (DOE). This meant that people responsible for fish habitat protection were no longer responsible for the quality of the water that the fish lived in."

Langer suggests cuts to staff and industry self-policing haven't helped either. "Sadly, the environmental enforcement record goes up and down like the tide in Prince Rupert. For most of the past 30

years, DFO and DOE have failed to protect the water quality when it would conflict with the needs of the provincial government or industry." This 32-year DFO veteran sees the department in a conflict of interest: tasked with protecting wild salmon while it's simultaneously mandated to encourage development of aquaculture.



Don Staniford, a director of the Salmon Farm Protest Group in Scotland, pens a chilling chapter called *Silent Spring of the Sea* to describe a "chemical arms race" within the industry due to antibiotics, artificial colourings, antiparasitics and antifoulants. Some of these substances have polluted the ocean and can be lethal to other species like shrimp, lobster and mussels.

In Scotland an artificial pink dye used to alter the colour of salmon flesh for marketing purposes was linked to retinal damage in humans. Dichlorvis, used previously in the U.K. and B.C., has been linked to testicular cancer. Ivermectin, an in-feed treatment for sea lice, can produce severe side effects.

That did not stop Canadians from giving thousands of farmed salmon a massive drug overdose. In 2000 as many as 10,000 farmed salmon were killed at a farm in the Broughton Archipelago. A new treatment being used in trials is a new product called Slice. The catchy sales slogan is *Slice Kills Lice* but critics fear it might harm or kill other marine life.

Staniford argues, all too often, risk assessments are done after chemicals have been approved, and when a "risk assessment is finally published years later (after the targets' resistance to the chemical has made its use redundant anyway), a new chemical takes its place."



Whale researcher Alexandra Morton, the woman who's come to symbolize the fight against salmon farming, closes the book. When she first saw a net pen being towed into the Broughton Archipelago, Morton thought salmon farming might be a good thing for the area, but she soon "lost trust in the system." The government permitted farms to be located in what local fishermen considered to be sensitive 'red zones', important to wild stocks. Atlantic smolts infected with furunculosis were allowed to stay in the water at one farm, possibly posing a threat to wild stocks.

"I felt it (DFO) was working to hide the truth," she says. From her eye-witness perspective, Morton chronicles escaped Atlantics, disease outbreaks on farms and the sea lice infestation which she believes brought on the crash of the Broughton pink—confirming most of the suspicions that many British Columbians have about a high powered industry having its way in public waters.

A Stain Upon the Sea is pretty much a one-sided argument. Next year, Raincoast Books will release a book on fish farming by **Peter Robson**.

1-55017-317-0

Mark Forsythe teaches writing for media at BCIT and hosts BC Almanac on CBC Radio.

Swiss family Blanchet

More than 13 printings later, a mother's sailing memoir remains a coastal classic.

Possibly the most enduring of Pacific Northwest sailing books is **The Curve of Time** (Whitecap \$18.95) by **M. Wylie ‘Capi’ Blanchet**.

Published in 1961 when its author was 70 years old, this unlikely bestseller recalls the author’s 15 summers with her five home-schooled children aboard a 25' cedar launch, *Caprice*. The family’s June-to-October adventures are condensed into a series of sketches as if they constitute one voyage when her youngest child was three. Born in 1891 in Lachine, Quebec, Blanchet was a tomboy who upset her tutor by carrying mice in her pockets. Her High Anglican father was often mysteriously absent on world travels, disappearing for a year at a time. As Muriel Liffiton she competed for academic honours with her two sisters until, at age 18, she married **Geoffrey Blanchet** from Ottawa. Theirs was not a marriage made in heaven. Whereas her banker-husband was emotional, she could be intensely pragmatic. After he fell ill in his early 40s and retired, the couple drove west with four children in a Willys-Knight touring car. Upon reaching Vancouver Island in 1922, they serendipitously discovered a



Capi Blanchet (far right) with her children Francis, Peter, Betty, David and Joan.

long-vacant cottage designed by Samuel Maclure at Curteis Point, near Sidney. A year later they bought the one-year-old *Caprice* for \$600. Its gas engine had to be overhauled because the boat had sank during the winter. With constant tinkering, the engine would remain in use for 20 years until 1942. One more child was born, then tragedy struck. Geoffrey Blanchet died, or else he disappeared, in 1927. After he embarked on *Caprice* and stopped at nearby Knapp Island, he was never seen again. The boat was found, but not his body. The indomitable ‘Capi’ (i.e. captain

of *Caprice*) was hard-pressed to make ends meet. Each year she rented her home and set off in *Caprice* with her children for five months of exploration. The family investigated Indian settlements, canneries, marine stores, floating logging camps and traced the voyages of Captain **George Vancouver**, keeping a copy of his diary aboard. Blanchet rejected conventional notions of fashion for women and wasn’t afraid to get her hands dirty. “Engines were invented and reared by men,” she once wrote. “They are used to being sworn at, and just take advantage of you; if you are

polite to them—you get absolutely nowhere.” After World War II, Blanchet sold *Caprice* for \$700 to the owner of a Victoria boatyard. It went up in flames during repairs and never sailed again. Capi Blanchet continued live at Curteis Point after her children grew up, resisting her doctor’s advice to move. To combat her emphysema and the damp climate, she reportedly sat with her head inside her oil stove for 20 minutes each day. *The Curve of Time* began as a series of articles for *Blackwoods Magazine* in London, England, before it became a book in 1961. Its unusual title was derived from *The Fourth Dimension* by **Maurice Maeterlinck**, who viewed time as a curve. At its height, one can simultaneously view the past, present and future. On September 30, 1961, Capi Blanchet was found dead at her typewriter, having suffered a heart attack at age 70. Blanchet’s neighbour and friend **Gray Campbell** of Sidney released the first Canadian edition of *The Curve of Time* in 1968. It sold for \$1.95. [Edith Iglauer Daly has written about Blanchet in *Raincoast Chronicles*; Rosemary Neering has provided a profile in *Wild West Women*.]

1552853519

GETTING NOWHERENESS

A small book about a big place, **Unmarked: Landscapes Along Highway 16** (NeWest Press \$15.95) by **Sarah de Leeuw** reflects on lives in Tlell, Port Clements, Kitwanga, Rosswood, Fraser Lake and places that many people have never heard of. De Leeuw's poetic essays capture stories from up country communities dotted along grand river valleys, below towering mountains and across a turbulent sea—various places de Leeuw has called home. "No one believes the tales I have to tell," she writes, "the tales of balancing rocks and whales spitting on highways, of road fissures so deep that a constant stream of cement cannot fill them, tiny earthquakes always re-opening the pavement.



Sarah de Leeuw

By Heather Ramsay

Drink from the water near this fracture and your blood will be charged like a magnet; you will always return, a compass needle veering toward the magnetic north." De Leeuw has worked in a women's centre and a logging camp; as a tug boat driver and a journalist. She is now completing her Ph.D in Cultural Geography at Queen's University in Kingston. She describes her first book as a collection of essays about powerful people whose stories "are relegated to the land of nowhere."

1-896300-88-X —Heather Ramsay



Bob Burrows began working on the West Coast as a minister and captain of a United Church mission boat based at Ocean Falls in 1960. From 1981 to 1984 he was Chair of the national United Church Committee responsible for all mission hospitals across Canada, leading him to produce his history of United Church Mission hospitals, **Healing in the Wilderness** (Harbour \$26.95). 1-55017-338



As one of the foremost surveyors of northern B.C., **Frank Swannell** took many remarkable photos between 1908 and 1914. Now a former Vanderhoof teacher and president of the Nechako Valley Historical Society, **Jay Sherwood**, has culled the best of Swannell's portraits and images for **Surveying the North** (Caitlin Press \$29.95). "His photos appear in most books that cover the BC Interior in the early 20th century," says Sherwood, now a teacher-librarian in Vancouver, "yet he is seldom given more than passing credit." 1-894759-05-2

LANTERN LIT

Five Gitksan stories from the campfire to the classroom

Anthropologists and others have brought many First Nations' myths and legends to print, but increasingly traditional storytellers such as **M. Jane Smith**, a teacher at John Field Elementary in Hazelton, are writing the stories themselves.

Smith says she still hears her grandmother's voice in the stories she learned during childhood summers in a fish camp on the Skeena River—hundreds of stories that became her constant companions. "When the lantern was turned off," she says, "my grandmother would start

telling a story and sometimes you would fall asleep but you always knew that story would come around again."

During the day her grandmother would share the antics of the raven trickster or the **Naxnok** bird. When Smith's uncles and grandfather came back in the evening, she would be the one who had to tell the tale. "That is when the confidence was instilled in me," she says.

Smith hopes the stories she first learned in Sim'algaX will reach a wider audience with the publication of **Returning the Feathers: Five Gitksan Stories** (Creekstone \$13.95), a collection illustrated by Gitksan artist **Ken Mowatt**, an instructor of silk-screening and carving at the 'Ksan school in Hazelton.

Initially Smith felt uncomfortable recording oral histories passed on to her by her grandparents, but elders encouraged her, saying the stories need to be preserved and treasured like a chief's regalia. The title of her first book, *Returning the Feathers*, is a reflection of her respect, referring to feathers lost from a chief's headdress.

"When you tell a story you credit your sources and the listeners realize they are hearing a story that goes all the way into the beginning of time."

"I used to have a scientific mind," Smith says, "and thought [the stories] could never have happened . . . but when I took



M. Jane Smith:
"I used to have
a scientific
mind."

them and believed them and applied them to my life, I knew I was a story teller. I am a story teller, I come from storytellers and I want it said of me, 'she told a good story.'"

0-9684043-6-7

Hearing Suskwa voices

In 1974, 19-year-old **Jean Christian** moved to a backcountry cabin in the isolated Suskwa Valley in northern B.C. She spent 15 years there, raising three daughters with her partner.

To stave off a fear of being left alone in the wilderness, Christian deepened her meditation practice and was awakened "to a greater place within."

She began channeling voices, a process she came to call The Guidance. The guides offered wisdom to help her, and others she knew, through difficult times.

When Christian moved to Smithers, she began teaching meditation courses and offering counseling sessions. Her self-published **Cycles of Wisdom: Teachings for an Awakening Humanity** (self-published \$35) is gleaned from these sessions.

Chapters are transcribed answers to questions brought by attendees. The Guidance speaks on death:

"We offer a description of the soul in the phase after the body has died. ... This can be a most playful and wondrous time. This can also be an agonizing time depending on the consciousness of the soul and their willingness to adapt and move into who they are."

Cycles (250) 847-1915

Heather Ramsay lives in Queen Charlotte City.



Jean Christian



Surveying the
North (Caitlin)



ON THE WAGON

Douglas Hamilton reveals how favouritism and bureaucratic bungling scuttled the prohibition era and put the booze business back where it belongs—as a cash cow for the B.C. government.

Travelling B.C. salesman with booze & rifle, near Kelowna, circa 1920.

Jesus drank, turned water into wine and promised his followers they could drink wine in heaven. But Mothers Against Drunk Drivers have ample evidence to support their fears that booze is a costly and deadly element of society that requires strict sanctions.

Neither a proponent of booze nor a MADD campaigner, **Douglas L. Hamilton** has written *Sobering Dilemma* (Ronsdale \$21.95) to evaluate the evolution of liquor control laws in B.C.

Alcohol was unknown on the coast until **Captain Cook**'s arrival at Nootka Sound in 1778. Within 20 years, the maritime fur trade was well lubricated by booze, prostitution and widespread tobacco use.

When the *Boston* arrived in 1803 with a cargo of 1,260 gallons of rum and 3,000 guns, its captain didn't realize the extent to which some of the 'savages' understood English. He made the fatal mistake of insulting **Chief Maquinna**, whereupon the Nuu-chah-nulth slaughtered all but two of the *Boston*'s crew. That must have been one helluva victory party.

Hudson's Bay Company bean counters were soon complaining that Indians were "so much occupied drinking that they don't take time to either hunt or fish." This led to the first prohibition of alcohol in B.C.—for one week only in 1825—when nervous fur traders at Fort Simpson "stopt the sale of Liquor as a punishment to the Chiefs who appear very much inclined to quarrel when intoxicated."

The 'Little Emperor' of the Hudson's Bay Company, **George Simpson**,

in the name of efficiency rather than morality, tried to encourage the rationing of grog, but eventually eradication of demon alcohol for Indians was proposed from Victoria.

Governor **James Douglas** introduced the first legalized prohibition in British Columbia in 1854—and for the next 108 years, until 1962, Indians were not permitted to purchase liquor in B.C.



Douglas Hamilton has examined all manner of alcohol restrictions in British Columbia from 1854 onwards in *Sobering Dilemma*, augmenting the spade-work done by **Robert A. Campbell** in his two books and **Harold Tuttle Allen**.

Binge drinkers from the early gold fields of B.C. gave rise to Dashaway Clubs, genteel establishments that provided libraries and gymnasiums, attracting the likes of **Amor de Cosmos**, second Premier of B.C.

World War I gave rise to prohibition in Canada. In those days, prohibitionists portrayed alcohol consumption as unpatriotic. Workers had to be sober to efficiently serve the war effort and drunkards on the front lines couldn't shoot straight.

Despite the opposition of soldiers, Canadian provinces followed the lead of Prince Edward Island, where liquor had

been banned since 1901, and introduced laws, from 1917 and 1919, that radically restricted alcohol consumption.

After the province's so-called 'Purity Election' had included referenda on women's suffrage and alcohol in 1916, B.C. officially went dry in 1917, but wealthy folks could import the stuff or else obtain alcohol legally with a doctor's prescription.

As soon as the war ended, returning soldiers were keen to drown their sorrows with "God's tranquillizer." As well, most immigrants to B.C. were born in Britain and they "regarded the anti-liquor fanaticism of the Methodists and others with scepticism, even disdain."

Quebec was the first Canadian province to eliminate prohibition, in 1919, but B.C. was second, in 1921.

While prohibition was still in effect in the United States, rumrunners such as **Johnny Schnarr** made illicit deliveries by boat. "By 1924," Hamilton writes, "the trade had become highly organized, and many of today's well-known families in B.C. and across Canada made their fortunes smuggling liquor to the United States." The most notorious of the smuggling ships was the 245-foot long *Malahat*, displacing 1,500 tons. It could carry 84,000 cases in her hold with an additional 16,000 on deck.

Hamilton reports that liquor lord **Henry Reifel** made more than \$100,000 in political contributions to Liberal politicians in B.C. and his employees regularly made "contributions" to liquor store employees, but he was nonetheless dissatisfied with his level of influence in the alcohol trade.

Attorney-General **Alex Manson** had a solution to the bootlegging mess.

Five breweries were allowed to form a cartel called the Amalgamated Brewers Agency to sell exclusively to the LCB.

Indians who wanted to drink legally could do so after 1921 if they rescinded their status Indian designation and became Canadian citizens. Between 1857 and 1940, fewer than 500 did so.

Hamilton makes clear Aboriginal people metabolize alcohol at the same rate as everyone else.

"The firewater myth was the construct of Europeans who needed stereotypes based on the 'unalterable inferiority of Indians,'" he writes. "Such views provided the rationale for confiscation of lands for settlement, while at the same time eliminating the need to look for other causes of the social dislocation in the Aboriginal community."

After World War II, Native veterans who drank overseas found they were still forbidden to drink at home. Activists pointed out the hypocrisy of Canada scornfully accusing Nazi Germany of racism while it continued to subjugate its Aboriginal people.

As **Jean Barman** concludes in her introduction, "*Sobering Dilemma* reminds us of the dangers of smugness in thinking that we have the answers on behalf of others."

Most folks will drink to that.



Douglas L. Hamilton has previously written about the smallpox epidemic of 1862, the Pig War, rum-running, Typhoon Frieda and the Japanese submarine attack on Estevan Lighthouse. He and his wife live on Lasqueti Island with sheep, cows, chickens and a harpsichord.

1-55380-016-8

Halkomelem 101

Halkomelem is one of the 23 languages that belong to the Salish linguistic family. **Wayne Suttles** has prepared a grammar of the Musqueam dialect of Halkomelen entitled **Musqueam Reference Grammar** (UBC Press \$125), the fullest account of any Salish language. Suttles work on the subject began in the 1950s. There are also chapters on kinship, personal narratives and a history of the work on Halkomelem. Suttles previously edited *Coast Salish Essays* (Talonbooks). 0774810025

Including letters and journals from early converts to Christianity among the Tsimshians on B.C.'s north coast, **Susan Neylan** examines the nature of Tsimshian religious ideas both before and after the arrival of missionaries in **The Heavens Are Changing: Nineteenth Century Protestant Missions and Tsimshian Christianity** (McGill-Queen's \$27.96). She claims, "the concept of 'sin' was a revolutionary idea, with no apparent parallels in 'traditional' Tsimshian culture." 0-7735-2573-4

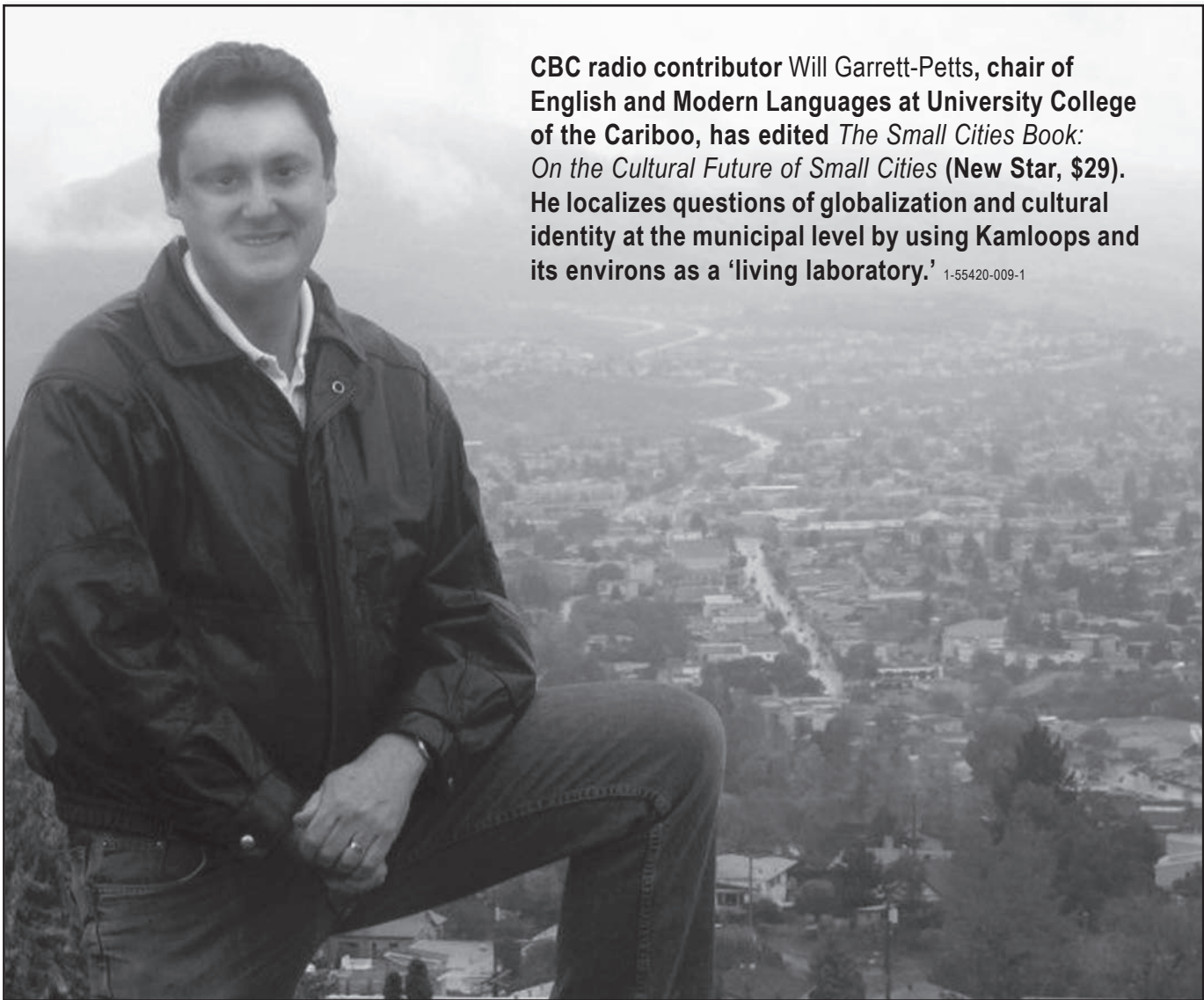
As a lecturer in the Department of Sociology and the Department of Humanities at Kwantlen College, **Kamala Elizabeth Nayar** has published **The Sikh Diaspora in Vancouver: Three Generations Amid Tradition, Modernity and Multiculturalism** (UTP \$55) which examines family relations, child-rearing and religion through more than one hundred interviews. 0-8020-8947-X

Now a member of the planning department at Cardiff University in Wales, **John Punter** has examined—favourably—Vancouver's unique approach to zoning, planning and urban design from the early 1970s to the beginning of the 21st century in **The Vancouver Achievement: Urban Planning and Design** (UBC Press \$34.95). 0774809728

Carol J. Williams' study of pioneer photographers, **Framing the West: Race, Gender and the Photographic Frontier in the Pacific Northwest** (Oxford University Press \$21.95), has received the Norris and Carol Hundley Award from the American Historical Association (Pacific-Coast). *Framing the West* almost exclusively concerns British Columbia. The photography of **Hannah** and **Richard Maynard** is most widely represented. No mention is made of *The Magic Box*, the study of Hannah Maynard's work and life that was published by **Claire Weissman Wilks** in 1980. As well, there's no bibliography to alert the reader to the the photography of **C.D. Hoy**, early Japanese Canadian photographers, **Daniel Francis's** somewhat similar study *Copying People 1860-1940*, **David Mattison's** *Camera Workers*, or Thomas Allen's *Photography of the Indian in B.C. Studies*. 0-19-514652-2



Carol J. Williams



CBC radio contributor Will Garrett-Petts, chair of English and Modern Languages at University College of the Cariboo, has edited *The Small Cities Book: On the Cultural Future of Small Cities* (New Star, \$29). He localizes questions of globalization and cultural identity at the municipal level by using Kamloops and its environs as a 'living laboratory.' 1-55420-009-1

Hyper-Heidegger

Hyper-nihilism. Virtual Capitalism. Digital Sweat Shops. Switching Flesh. These are some subjects **Arthur Kroker** investigates for his critique of "the ethical crisis of contemporary technology" in **The Will to Technology & The Culture of Nihilism: Heidegger, Nietzsche & Marx** (UTP \$24.95). According to UVic's Kroker, "**Martin Heidegger** is the theorist *par excellence* of the digital future." 0-8020-8573-3

Inventing Tom Thomson (McGill-Queen's \$39.95) by **Malcolm Lowry** scholar **Sherrill Grace** of UBC examines the life and work of painter **Tom Thomson**, the iconic figure who died in Algonquin Park due to mysterious circumstances in 1917. 0-7735-2752-4

C. Alan Bradley of Kelowna has co-authored Ms. Holmes of Baker Street: The Truth About Sherlock (U. of Alberta Press \$34.95), with **William A.S. Sarjeant**, to explore some of the female qualities of Sir **Arthur Conan Doyle's** legendary detective. 0-88864-415-9

War-blings

As a history professor at UVic, **R. Scott Sheffield** has examined how First Nations people were discussed in both administrative and public realms during World War II in **The Red Man's on the Warpath: The Image of**

the "Indian" and the Second World War (UBC Press \$85). 0-7748-1094-7

With a Masters in psychology, **Bo Filter** of Courtenay has launched a projected six-volume series that examines 'the mental illness of war' with **The Cause of Wars & Aggression: Book 1** (Global Justice Publishing \$39.95). It's dedicated to "people who think that war is incurable." After exploring the nature of aggression in his first three volumes, he plans to explore the cure of wars and aggression in the final three volumes. "The key to deci-

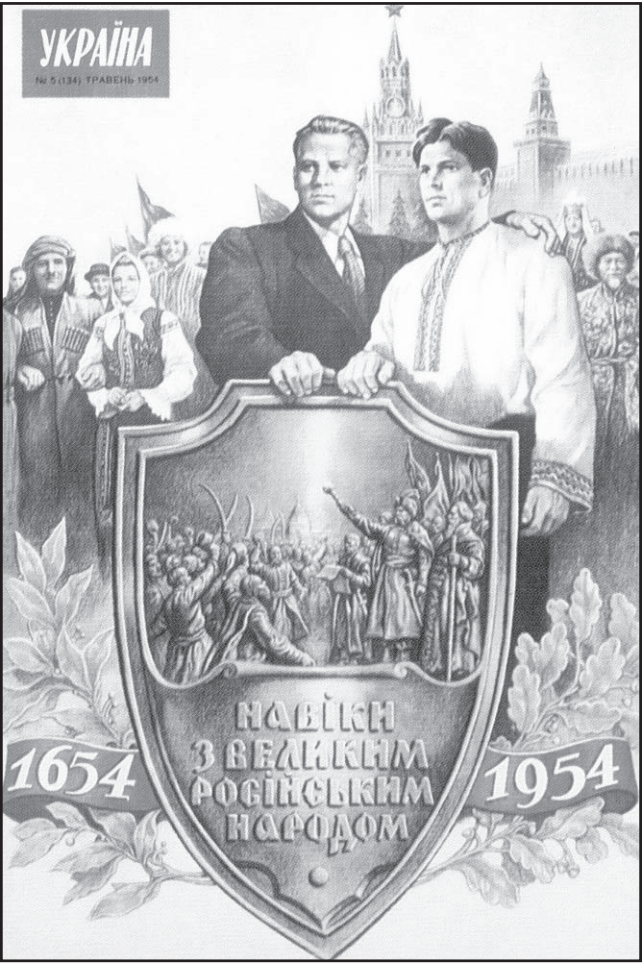


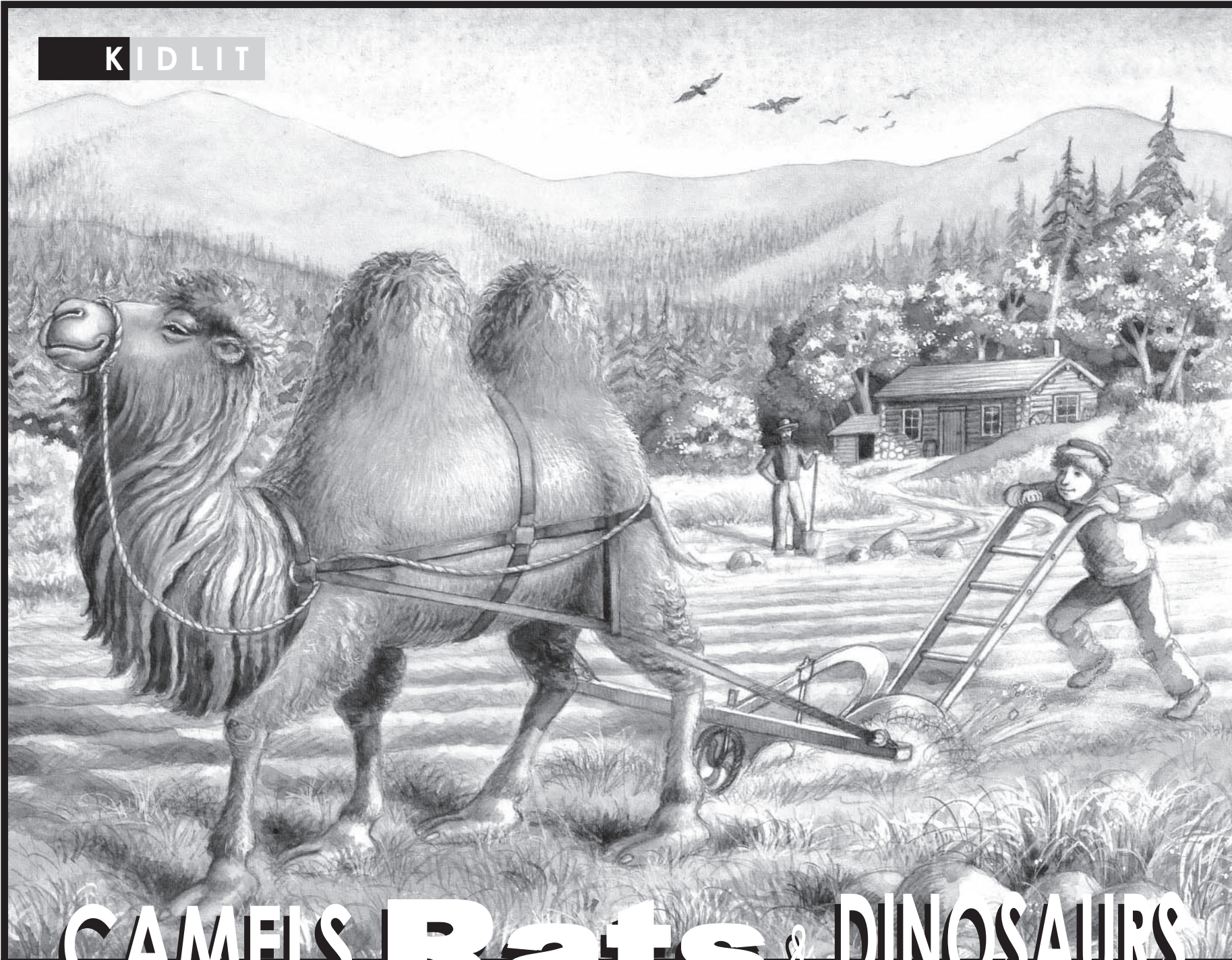
Bo Filter

The Next World War: Tribes, Cities, Nations and Ecological Decline (UTP \$27.95) in which he calls on the United Nations to convene a World Forum on Global Provisioning in order to declare 'war' on ecological decline. 0-8020-8830-9

While teaching at the Department of Germanic and Russian Studies at UVic, **Serhy Ykelchyk** has published **Stalin's Empire of Memory: Russian-Ukrainian Relations in the Soviet Historical Imagination** (UTP \$50). He examines Russian propaganda and the complicity of non-Russian intellectuals in maintaining the dominance of Russians over Ukrainians under Stalinism. Encouraged by **John-Paul Himka** at the University of Alberta, Ykelchyk wrote much of this book in his parents' apartment in Kiev in 2001. It is partially based on declassified materials from eight Ukrainian and Russian archives. 0-8020-8808-2

"Forever with the Great Russian People", a 1954 poster in *Stalin's Empire of Memory*





CAMELS, Rats & DINOSAURS

Camels stink. They frighten mules. They bite, kick, spit, and their feet are made for traversing sand, not rock-strewn roads of the Cariboo Gold Rush.

But businessman **Frank Laumeister** knew none of this when in 1862 he dreamed up the Dromedary Express. Convinced camels, with their legendary toughness and endurance, would be ideal for transporting supplies to the gold fields, he and several naïve cohorts imported 21 of the animals.

Laumeister was unaware the two-humped camels they received were, in fact, Bactrians, not the single-humped Dromedaries their venture was named for. The short-legged Bactrian, while slower than an Arabian racing dromedary, could travel much longer but that mattered not a whit to the miners who soon came to despise the foul-smelling, evil-tempered creatures. Laumeister, forced to cut his losses, simply abandoned the camels to fend for themselves in the Cariboo countryside.

In *Camels Always Do* (Orca \$19.95), **Lynn Manuel** recalls this unlikely piece of British Columbia history through the eyes of young, camel-mad Cameron who has a dream of striking it rich with his gold panning father and someday crossing the ocean to see real camels. On a trip into town, he's astonished to discover camels have come to him!

Signing on as packers to take the Dromedary Express through the rocky



LOUISE
DONNELLY

canyons of the Fraser River to the northern gold fields, Cameron and his father find themselves dealing with camel-sized problems. Always resourceful, Cameron fashions canvas and rawhide into camel shoes. He bathes the stinky creatures in rose water. In the end, Cameron can't

make the camels adapt as pack animals in the Cariboo.

Kasia Charko, who recently illustrated **Julie Lawson's** *Arizona Charlie and the Klondike Kid*, has used watercolours and coloured pencil to fabricate the rough mining camps, the vast Cariboo landscape and 21 shaggy, toothy, double-humped camels.

1-55143-284-6

Born in Manitoba and raised in the Rocky Mountains, first-time author **Gillian Davies** of Courtenay grew up in a house full of unusual pets, from snakes to raccoons, an experience she found useful in creating the dapper, urbane and charismatic character of Robertson Rat.

Grant Leier, who lives in a whimsical garden setting with

his family in Ladysmith, brings whimsy aplenty to Davies' exuberantly detailed **Robertson Rat** (Ekstasis / Cherubim \$24.95). His multi-layered, richly patterned illustrations, originally created for a solo show, playfully introduce Robertson who "dabbles in this and dabbles in that" as a rat of many talents.

Robertson Rat is a sailor, a poet, a philosopher. He's a snappy dresser, a skillful juggler, a collector of candlelabras, sumptuous tapestries and rare ginger jars. He sews, he cooks, he dances. And he has a message for young readers: Never be afraid to dream.

1-894800-53-2

"Drumheller dinosaurs rise up tall. Across the Badlands they skeleton-crawl."

Award-winning Vancouver primary school teacher and children's poet **Robert Heidbreder** takes young readers on a moonlit romp when dusty dinosaur bones rouse themselves and re-assemble to "tango, fandango and break-dance."

A storm, say the grownups, hearing the thunderous tambourine beat, but the kids know it's only the dinos drumming and dancing the **Drumheller Dinosaur Dance** (Kids Can \$17.95).

Alberta is home to Drumheller's Royal Tyrrell Museum and over 60 of

the world's 400 dinosaur species, several of which **Bill Slavin** and **Esperanca Melo** feature in their illustrations.

1-55337-393-6



Imagine being eight years old and discovering six dinosaur footprints that lead to even more startling finds, opening an entire new geographic area for dinosaur research.

Daniel's Dinosaurs (Maple Tree Press \$9.95) is the true story of how **Daniel Helm** and his friend Mark went tubing one summer's day in 2000 and chanced upon—and recognized—six shallow hand-span-sized indents in a large flat rock along a Tumbler Ridge creek bed.

In his first book for children, **Charles Helm**, a medical doctor, outdoorsman and Daniel's father, tells the story of how the boys' discovery brought not only **Rich McCrea**, one of North America's top dinosaur footprint experts, to the remote and wildly beautiful northeastern British Columbia community, but also **Philip Currie**, the Royal Tyrrell Museum's Curator of Dinosaurs.

Many more footprints were discovered, including one with a broken toe, as well as BC's first ever dinosaur skeleton which, at 93 million years old, is the oldest dinosaur ever found in Western Canada.

The author's proceeds from book sales support paleontological projects of the Tumbler Ridge Museum Foundation.

1-897066-07-4

Louise Donnelly writes from Vernon.



Gillian Davies & Robertson Rat

Pony expressed

As a young girl in Vancouver, **Julie White** first wrote about horses after her parents told her she couldn't keep a pony in their back yard. Now she lives on a horse farm in Armstrong, raising thoroughbreds for racing and jumping.

In White's first book, **The Secret Pony** (Sono Nis \$7.95), 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.

Only problem is Kirsty doesn't tell her parents. When a riding accident puts Kirsty in the hospital, she is told Lancelot must go.



Julie White

Illustrator **Cynthia Nugent**'s first young adult novel **Francesca and the Magic Bike** (Raincoast \$12.95) is a fanciful story about a ten-year-old girl who is sent to live with her bumbling, divorced father Ron Rudderless following the death of her mother.

A kindly neighbour sends 'Frankie' on a quest with a magic bike and a dog named Dan in order to obtain a family heirloom that can alter Frankie's domestic circumstances enough to satisfy the concerns of Social Services.



Sheri Radford

Nugent has also illustrated singer-songwriter Norm Hacking's tango-inspired **When Cats Go Wrong** (Raincoast \$24.95), complete with CD.

The Cost of Passage (Herald Press \$18.29) is an historical novel by **Heather Tekavec** of Langley. While struggling to raise enough money for her family's safe passage to Canada, 14-year-old Anna must fight to escape Russian civil strife between the Red Army (communists), the White Army (czarists) and a 'Green Army' led by Nestor Makhno.

In **Sylvia Olsen**'s teen novel, **White Girl** (Sono Nis \$9.95), Josie's white skin and good grades are the perfect camouflage until she turns fourteen and her mother meets 'a real ponytail Indian' named Martin. Josie finds herself living on an Indian reserve outside town with a new stepfather, a new stepbrother, and a new nickname: Blondie.

Picture Books

Forewarned not to gulp down her grape soda, Penelope burps down the house and brings six policemen rushing to the scene of the disaster in **Penelope and the Humongous Burp** (Lobster Press, \$21.95), the first picture book by

New Westminster-born and Ladysmith-raised **Sheri Radford** who works for *WHERE Vancouver Magazine*.

Jeanne Bushey

moved to Iqaluit in 1973, then onto Yellowknife, before relocating to the West Coast. For ages 4-8, her **Orphans of the Sky** (Red Deer Press \$19.95) is an Arctic story about Sister Lightning and Brother Thunder. They decide to live among the stars after they return to their camp and discover their people have left without them.

Marilynn Reynolds

of Victoria once lived on Griffith Street in the mining town of Sudbury, Ontario. It was 1947, she was seven, and her parents were separating. **Goodbye to Griffith Street** (Orca \$16.95), with winter-hued watercolours by **Renne Benoit**, is Reynolds' chance to imagine a better leave-taking than hers for John, who also lives in a small white house next to the slag heap, watched over by the mine's smoking chimneys, the "kindly giants."

John says good-bye to his friends Milo and the three Beatle Bugs, the protective smokestacks, and his dad. But awakening to freshly fallen snow the morning he and his mother are to leave, John slips outside in his winter coat and boots to say good-bye to Griffith Street.

Making his way from neighbor to neighbor he leaves each one a present and a short time later, as the taxi takes him and his mother away, a pale winter sun shines down on a street full of snow stars and snow angels.

Also Received

- Ghost Voyages III** by Cora Taylor (Coteau Books \$ 7.95) 1-55050-305-7
- Adventures in the Ice Age** by Linda Bailey & Bill Slavin (Kids Can Press \$14.95) 1-55337-503-3
- Jeremy and the Enchanted Theatre** by Becky Citra & Jessica Milne (Orca \$6.95) 1-55143-322-2
- Mormor Moves In** by Susin Nielsen-Fernlund & Louise-Andrée Laliberté (Orca \$19.95) 1-55143-291-9

*by BC authors

THE SERAFIN REVIEW:

OUT *of* SORTS

The first chapters of **Bruce Serafin's Colin's Big Thing** (Ekstasis \$21.95) recall his assimilation of B.C. culture—rural and urban, raw and sophisticated.

He experiences the pulp mill town with its simmering violence, the elite high school in the British Properties, the remote logging camp, the hippie era of Vancouver in the Sixties, and finally the university English class.

The young Serafin is creative and talented, and by his 20s he has amassed a rich store of material for the stuff of fiction. With an ear for racy speech and a talent for rendering character through dialogue, he seems to be headed towards a career as a man of letters.

A conversation with his high school friend **Alistair Fraser** at the end of the first section predicts his future:



"Bruce," he said, "Our road is failure."
 "Failure. It sounds bad," I said.
 "It'll lead us to grace."
 "It'll lead you to grace."
 "You, too. You too, man."

Serafin concludes the exchange by noting, "It didn't lead me to grace. It led me to the post office." Serafin becomes a letter sorter by taking a job at the Vancouver post office where he remains for much of his working life.

Serafin works on the graveyard shift, which he describes as a kind of underworld, in which armies of men and women toil in dehumanizing and degrading circumstances. Their efforts preserve a safe and clean world for those who produce letters, all the while remaining insulated from the conditions that make their world safe and clean. Thus the post office functions as a metaphor for the author's feelings about his relationship to the literary world.

Serafin's choice of postal work can be viewed as a gesture of renunciation. What he rejects is a literary "career" characterized by competitiveness and pretentiousness, out of touch with ordinary people, and highly derivative.

A literary journal for which he wrote in high school was marred by a plagiarized story, while his own story, "Sonny's Blues," was stolen from James Baldwin. That early sense of the writer's derivativeness is reinforced by his later contacts with writers.

Serafin's admiration for a group of Vancouver poets is soured by the exclusiveness of their small circle, and by their slavish imitation of ideas and forms imported from elsewhere. His resistance to the literary world is his way of achieving a state of grace.

Eventually Serafin finds peace in his work. His depiction of the interaction of the wide range of eccentric, alienated and heroic characters in the post office is the most compelling part of the book.

Serafin locates one possibility for honest artistic expression in the production of the alternative comic book—a medium that is minimalist, stripped of metaphor, and more visual than verbal.

He was alerted to the possibilities of the comic book as art by high school friend Alistair Fraser, a photographer, who absorbed people's stories and combined the pictures and stories into a comic strip about Mrs. Nemo, a welfare mom with five kids. Fraser's promise as an artist ended when he died at the age of 21 in a car driven by a drunken friend.

Fraser's life and work foreshadows that of the eponymous **Colin Upton** whom Serafin meets later in life. Upton articulates his artistic credo in the following words:



THIS IS THE ONLY KNOWN PHOTO OF COLIN UPTON, STRANGING A LIZARD AFTER A SUCCESSFUL CLIMB OF MOUNT NO.8 THE FRASER BUS.



Bruce Serafin edited *VR* from 1990 to 1997.

TWIGG PHOTO

"The material in mainstream American comics is so fatuous, so lacking in any real story, that you have to work hard to keep up your interest. Most of the independents I know are into storytelling—they don't have the flashy effects. I think that this has a lot to do with the influence of punk rock in Vancouver. Its influence has been huge here. With alternative comics, like alternative music, you have to SAY something. This makes it more relevant to Generation X and younger people. There's a desire for less ambiguity—so many things in modern society disguise their real message. So younger people now, their idea is, 'If you want to say something, TELL ME, don't hide it in metaphors or incomprehensible imagery that I can't understand.' I don't think this means people are ignorant. It's just that their knowledge is not about Keats."

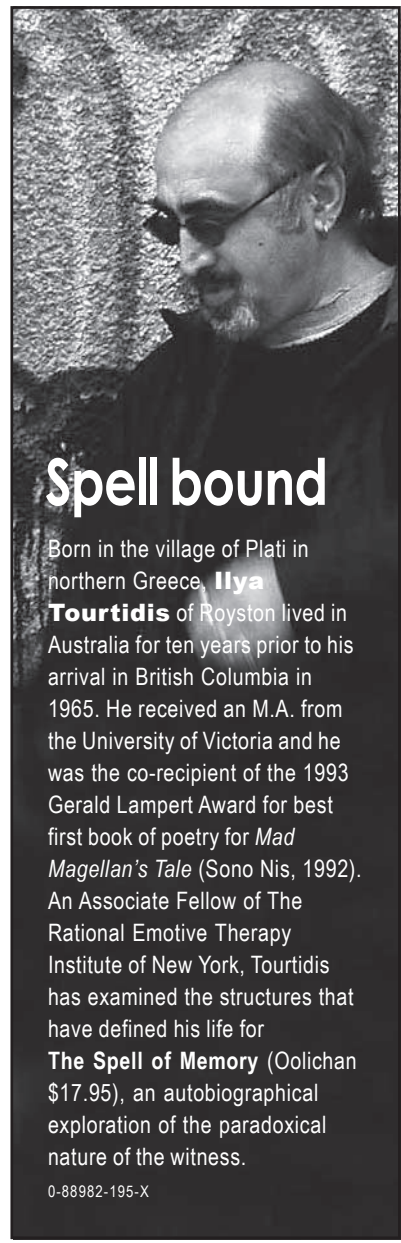
One evening, Serafin, unobserved, spots Colin moving alone

through a crowded street. He seems to personify the zeitgeist of the Vancouver Serafin knew as a young man, a "distillate of the fantastic city that I see in my dreams, a kind of compound of fog and rain and grey and darker grey clouds." At the same time Serafin is reminded of Alistair Fraser's presence in that fantastic city, walking through it as "ragged nobleman, with an expression of pitying contempt on his face."

Gradually during his years at the post office, Serafin's urge to publish reasserts itself. His essays and reviews appear in journals and newspapers, and from 1990 to 1997 he edits and publishes the *Vancouver Review*. Finally he produces this memoir, his first book. Its aim is one expressed by Colin Upton who said, "I want to produce a record of the Vancouver I know before it disappears forever."

Joan Givner writes from Mill Bay on Vancouver Island.

1-894800-26-5



Spell bound

Born in the village of Plati in northern Greece, **Ilya Tourtidis** of Royston lived in Australia for ten years prior to his arrival in British Columbia in 1965. He received an M.A. from the University of Victoria and he was the co-recipient of the 1993 Gerald Lampert Award for best first book of poetry for *Mad Magellan's Tale* (Sono Nis, 1992). An Associate Fellow of The Rational Emotive Therapy Institute of New York, Tourtidis has examined the structures that have defined his life for **The Spell of Memory** (Oolichan \$17.95), an autobiographical exploration of the paradoxical nature of the witness.

0-88982-195-X

Shifting the curtains

Dating back to the Sixties and the TISH movement at UBC fostered by **Warren Tallman, Jamie Reid's** earliest work in **I. Another. The Space Between**



(Talonbooks \$17.95) will evoke memories of heady student poetry days for some. While his TISH experiments may not pass the test of time, Reid's later political writing packs a punch, often a dada-esque one. Who else has written a good long poem on our Premier in Maui? No topic falls beyond Reid's scope, be it **Milton Acorn**, an essay on Baseball and Bowering, the IMF or **Nellie McClung**. Spanning more than four decades, Reid's selected works merge prose, concrete poetry, essays, bissett-imitations, ghazals, travel writing, political observations and homages to peers.

As a philosopher, Reid also tries to define, for himself, the depth of poetry "as a means of approaching the inexpressible, the uncertain and the unresolved. Poetry...begins at the boundary between the known and the unknown, it is the territory beyond understanding, or at the genesis point of some new order of understanding and therefore at the limits of the speakable." This is a writer who cannot be content taking an easy path ever since 1967 when he withdrew to the countryside and wrote his first book of poems, *The Man Whose Path Was on Fire*, published by Talonbooks more than 35 years ago. Reid wants poetry to serve his efforts to "shift the curtains of language and culture" to open up new emotional and intellectual perspectives. Mostly he succeeds. "Truth is not the same as beauty," Reid writes, "and never was." 0-88922-512-5

VIADUCT DEDUCTIONS

Poet, turntablist and black historian **Wayde Compton** has such prodigious talents that it's impossible to categorize his hip-hop-inspired **Performance Bond** (Arsenal Pulp \$22.95), complete with a CD of a turntable performance. The Vancouver-born author of *49th Parallel Psalm* is indefatigable in his seriousness and zaniness.

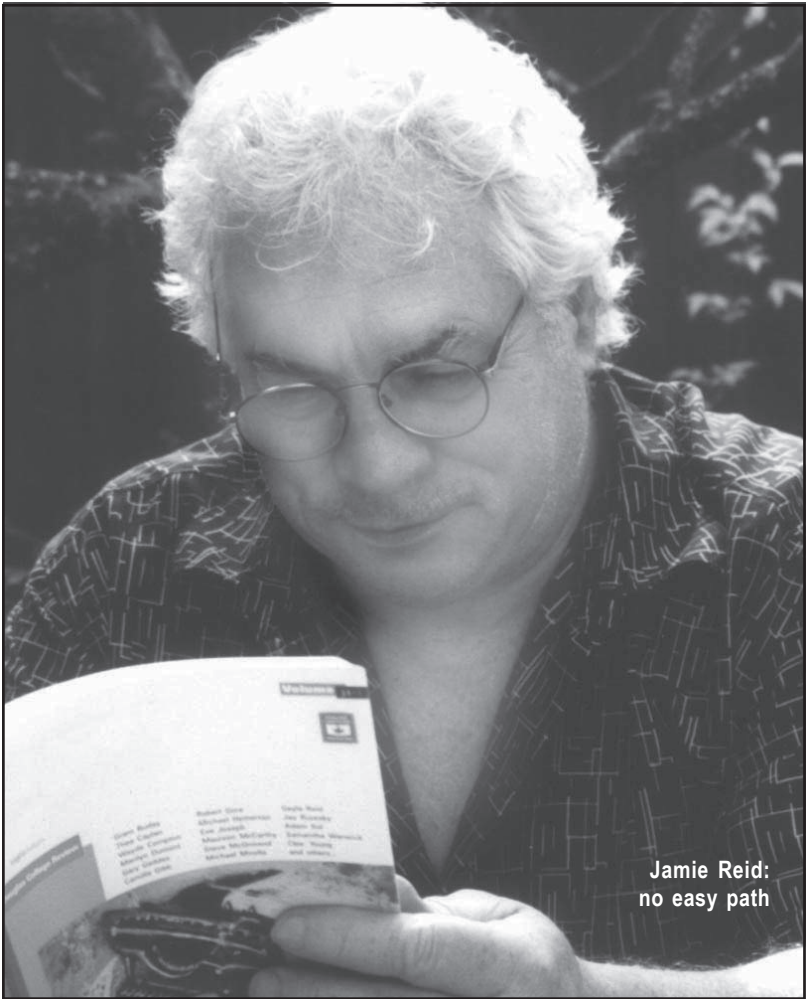
A sister has so many beads in her hair she "looks like an abacus." God restricts jazz to a bagpipe. Two winos named Digital and Analogue discuss semiotics. Of **Sidney Poitier**, Compton writes, "*You colonized England in reverse, teaching / a classroom full of Cockney racists / how to speak BBC English.*"

With compelling playfulness, Compton paints a verbal mural of non-white culture and his personal history. How many British Columbians know about a Black Moslem temple in False Creek? Or that Vancouver's black community lived mostly in a Strathcona neighbourhood called Hogan's Alley that was demolished in the Seventies to make way for the Georgia Viaduct?

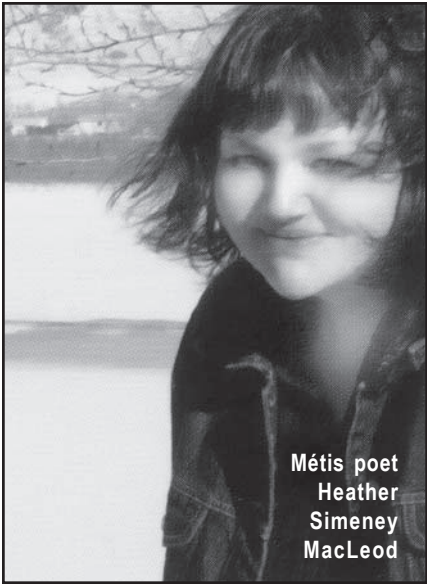
"It's a thin lane / between Hogan's Alley and self-hatred. / My ghosthood, / those old standards."

Performance Bond comes replete with oral histories, archival photos, prose poems, concrete poems, dialogues, conversations, jokes and puns of all kinds. Cumulatively Compton is more eloquent in a few lines than a binder full of Racism Commission Reports. He writes, "*and if it was heroic for runaway slaves to seep into Canada, / why is it vilifiable for Chinese migrants to hide in the belly of a dream now?*"

1-55152-164-4



Jamie Reid:
no easy path



Métis poet
Heather
Simeney
MacLeod

MUSKOX BURGERS WITH SNOW

"I used to live in the Arctic," writes **Heather Simeney MacLeod**, "a place where my Indian blood found room to live, elliptical it moved within me, solid as snow."

A member of the Métis Nation Northwest Territories, MacLeod is a poet and playwright who came to live in the Thompson-Nicola Valley during the writing and publication of **The Burden of Snow** (Turnstone \$15.95), a poetry collection in which she traces "bloodlines, trap lines and ancestral migrations from Ireland, Scotland and Russia to the British Columbia interior."

MacLeod spent some of her teenage years in Carcross, "world's smallest desert, once a glacial lake," and recalls her varied past in a prose poem called 'Ask Me Anything: Yellowknife.'

"I know how to use an ulu; I've seen an Inukshuk in the midnight sun on the Barrenlands. Ask me anything. I have eaten whitefish, pike and char; I've served muskox burgers at the Wildcat Café. I worked the dishpit before the dishwasher

went in and wore raingear and rubber boots and watched through the flapping of the screen door as Dave wind-surfed over Back Bay. I fed Tracy's dog, Bug, scraps from plates, drank coffee with Baileys through my shift and went back in the middle of the night, after the bars closed, for wine, beer, a snack. Ask me anything. I swam nude in Long and Great Slave lakes; had picnics in the cemetery. Ask me anything. I remember The Rec Hall, the worn path between it and The Range; I remember Saturday afternoon jams with Mark Bogan singing Wild Thing (Wild meat, you make a great treat; muskox, I gotta get lots)..." 0-88801-295-0

LIVESAY WINNER

Recent Dorothy Livesay Prize winner **Philip Kevin Paul** is a First Nations poet from Saanich whose **Taking The Names Down From The Hill** (Nightwood \$16.95) refers to wood chopping, stories of the Old People, deer hunting, vision questing, funerals and much more. It's devoid of sentimentality though there's keen loss: the threat of a culture's disappearance and the death of family members.

Few readers will know Saanich as intimately as Paul does but to immerse oneself in his artifice-free poems is to breathe slower and be in your own natural surroundings differently. In "The Gift of the Day," the praying place is called "the honest place." His poems can take you there.

The people went into the hills. / They went there together as one body / knowing who they were / to bring the names home.

Where are the ancestors / we keep calling ourselves?

And while the roadways were being imposed, / the crowns were cast aside and tangled / and will never be brought home / and never properly given.

However, sorrow has had its time. / The mourning must break at last. I will tell you / what they really left us. / They left us / magic in everything. 0-88971-182-8

Hannah Main-van der Kamp lives in Victoria and Lund.

ALSO PUBLISHED:

RECKLESS WOMEN (Ronsdale \$14.95) by **Cecelia Frey** 1-55380-017-6
UNDERWOOD LOG (Oolichan \$17.95) by **W.H. New** 0-88982-193-3
WITH EACH BEND IN THE ROAD (The Birches \$22.75)
by Anne J. Plotnikoff 0-9735586-0-9
CHANGING ON THE FLY (Raincoast \$18.95)
by George Bowering 1-55192-715-2
THE PEARL KING (Brick \$16) by **Catherine Greenwood** 1-894078-38-1
NOWRITE.DOC (Leaf Press, limited edition chapbook) by **John Pass**

Handy for haze

I am a children’s book reviewer with a weekly column in the *St. Catharines Standard* in Ontario. Recently I was in British Columbia and used *BC BookWorld* as my guide to purchasing books by BC authors. It’s a good thing I had *BC BookWorld* handy as staff at Chapters and also at independent bookstores were a bit hazy on who your authors were (although one helpful sales associate offered to “check the list in the back”).

Lian Goodall
Ottawa

[Booksellers can find info on 6,500 BC authors at www.abcbookworld.com—Ed.]

Doubting Drake

Your Lookout article entitled *Doubting Drake?* [BCBW Autumn] presented Edward Von der Porten’s blustering attack on Samuel Bawlf’s brilliant but uneven *The Secret Voyage of Sir Francis Drake*. His statement that “Drake never reached the coast of British Columbia” is only demonstrably true in the sense that no land with



Francis Drake

that name existed in 1579. Unmentioned by Von der Porten but quoted from extensively by Bawlf is the testimony of Drake’s young cousin John to the Inquisition on two separate occasions (May 1584 and June 1587) to the effect that “for the whole of April and May until the middle of June” the *Golden Hinde* “sailed from Guatalco (Mexico) always on a wind” first “north by northwest” and then “north by northeast” until they sighted “several islands,” then “land in forty-eight degrees, where they remained for a month and a half caulking (their vessel)” (Bawlf, 205-206).

Interestingly enough, the same sort of wide tack was taken by Captain Cook some two hundred years later after his trans-Pacific landfall off the coast of Oregon and preparatory to his landing at Nootka Sound on the west coast of Vancouver Island, at a time when the British Admiralty were still looking for the northwest passage somewhere in the vicinity of “New Albion” (s.v. “Cook, James,” *Encyl. Brit.*)

Von der Porten is of course entitled to defend his turf, although one may search in vain a map of the coast of California “near the latitude of 38 degrees” for a group of sizeable islands such as that mentioned in the accounts of Drake’s approach to New Albion, an archipelago in some accounts extending over several hundred miles, not unlike that formed by the present-day U.S. and Canadian Gulf Islands and Vancouver Island, near whose southern tip was recently unearthed an English sixpence dated 1571 (*Province*, 20 Feb., 2004).

Warren Stevenson
Vancouver

Write to:
BC BookWorld, 3516 W. 13th Ave.,
Vancouver, BC V6R 2S3
email: bookworld@telus.net
Letters may be edited for clarity & length.

Drake’s Bay

I am a reader of history, and a lover of pirates and old maps. I am also someone who has been investigating some of the 17 possible locations for ‘Drake’s Bay’ on the Pacific coastline. Arguments about the site go back to the Oregon boundary dispute of 1846.

In the 1930s American experts authenticated a brass plate found near San Francisco, attributing it directly to Francis Drake’s expedition. The lone dissenter was a B.C. surveyor named R.P. Bishop who explained how all the explorers ended up bumping into Vancouver Island. To celebrate 400 years since Drake’s voyage, this brass plate was tested again and proved to be a fake.

Members of the Drake Navigators Guild have long been proponents for Drake’s Bay being located just beyond the Golden Gate Bridge. With the coming of the internet, historian Oliver Seeler has laid waste to their arguments and as well as Samuel Bawlf’s theory outlined in his recent book *The Secret Voyage of Sir Francis Drake*.

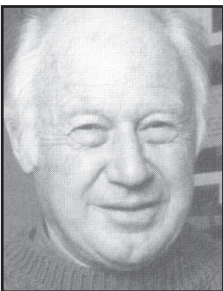
I believe the accounts that say Drake came far enough north that the rigging got stiff from the cold. Six of the seven personal accounts state Drake reached 48 degrees North near the entrance to the Strait of Juan de Fuca. An atlas printed in 1646 by Robert Dudley shows the coast up to Cape Flattery and his manuscript map shows Drake’s lost harbour north of that.

Right or wrong, Sam Bawlf’s book attempts to move the argument into Canadian waters. Edward Von der Porten’s letter was designed to prevent that. The debate continues.

Ralph Heading
Boundary Bay
(Tsawwassen)

Hey, look me over

I am writing in response to my sister’s letter, ‘Helen Smith overlooked’ [BCBW Autumn], regarding the review of the biography ‘No ordinary Mike...’ In her



Michael Smith

review of the book, Joan Givner did not mention Mike’s wife (me). This seems to have annoyed my sister Edith.

Contrary to what Edith claims, I was *not* overlooked in the book. The authors Eric Damer and Caroline Astel cover my years with Michael with honesty and sensitivity, as they do towards others who touched his life.

In essence, the authors brilliantly unfold the educational and political influences which ultimately led to Mike’s Nobel Prize.

Edith will probably feel differently once she reads the book!

Helen Smith
Vancouver

“Why do Americans pay so little attention to their poets and moralists and so much to their millionaires and generals?”—LEO TOLSTOY

HELEN MEILLEUR

1910-2004

Helen Meilleur died in North Vancouver on August 20 at age 94. She was born at Port Simpson in 1910 and grew up there on the Tsimshian reserve and on the adjacent Hudson's Bay Company lands. After careers in teaching and business, and being a wife and mother of five, at age 70 she recalled the days of her childhood for *A Pour of Rain* (first published in 1980, reissued in 2001) by researching Hudson's Bay Company records. The idea for a book had long been planted in her mind when her father, who ran the port's general store, brought home stories about the area's stockade past. *A Pour of Rain* is both a history of the fort from 1834 and a vivid memoir of a north coast childhood. Terry Glavin has described it as a classic of coast literature in company with Emily Carr's *Klee Wyck*, Hubert Evans's *Mist on the River*, and M. Wylie Blanchet's *The Curve of Time*.

—by David Stouck

YVONNE KLAN

1930-2004

Yvonne Mearns Klan died in October of 2004, a few months after her first and only book was printed, following her prolonged battle with cancer. When she was born in a logging camp near Victoria, her Dad cut the umbilical cord while her 17-year-old mother read him instructions from a St. John Ambulance handbook. An affinity for her working class origins led her to compile and edit a new survey of pioneer poets of B.C. called *The Old Red Shirt* (New Star, \$16). It contains poems and biographical notes dating back to James Anderson of Barkerville, touted as B.C.'s first published poet. Klan, of North Vancouver, was encouraged in the project by her partner Peter Trower, who contributed the introduction to her book. 1-55420-006-7



TWIGG PHOTO

FRED COGSWELL

1917-2004

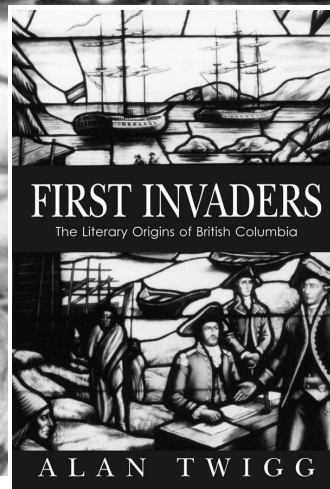
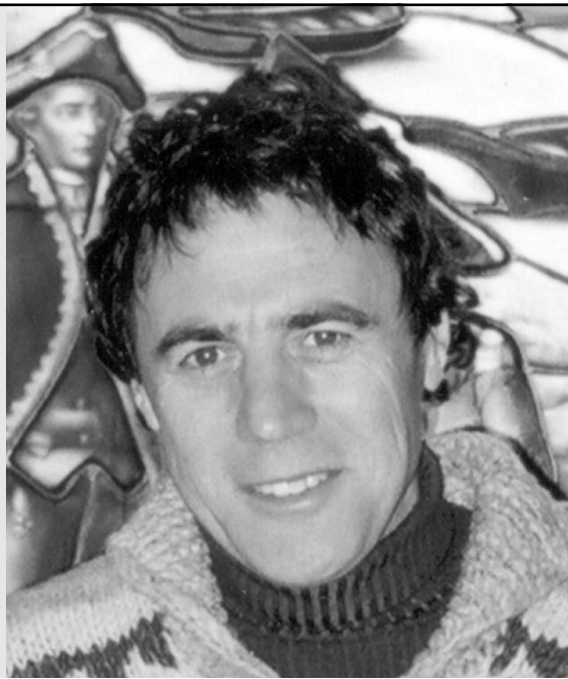
The long-serving co-founder of *The Fiddlehead* literary journal and publisher of Fiddlehead Poetry Books (later Goose Lane Editions), Fred Cogswell, died in New Westminster, B.C. on June 20, 2004 of a heart aneurysm at age 86. Born on November 8, 1917, in East Centreville, N.B., he was one of the pioneers of Canadian literature in Atlantic Canada. He wrote more than 30 books of poetry, most recently *The Kindness of Stars* (Borealis Press, 2004). Like the poets Pauline Johnson and Al Purdy, and novelist Sinclair Ross, Cogswell was not a British Columbian at heart, but he came west to live with his daughter. "I was fortunate to have known him," said SFU Special Collections director Eric Swanick, who visited Cogswell in May of 2004. "He was a prodigious scholar, a great supporter of literature, especially poetry, and a great, gentle man."

First Invaders

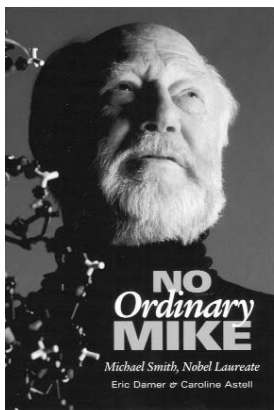
The Literary Origins of British Columbia

Alan Twigg

British Columbia's earliest authors and explorers prior to 1800 are skilfully introduced, for the first time collectively, by Alan Twigg. They include Pérez, Cook, Quadra, Malaspina, Moziño, Vancouver, La Pérouse and more than 50 others. A fascinating account of characters, events and intrigues, comprising BC's earliest literary history. Over 85 photos and maps.



ISBN 1-55380-018-4 \$21.95



ISBN 1-55380-014-1 \$24.95

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Nobel Laureate

Eric Damer & Caroline Astell

The extraordinary story of UBC professor Michael Smith who rose from humble beginnings in Blackpool, England, to become a revolutionary gene researcher, philanthropist and Nobel Prize winner.

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Harold Rhenisch

Free Will is a mastery of melody, imagery, and rhythm by one of Canada's most inventive poets. This is Rhenisch the trickster at his best.

"Obsessive and dark, *Free Will* twins Shakespeare with Fellini."
— MARILYN BOWERING



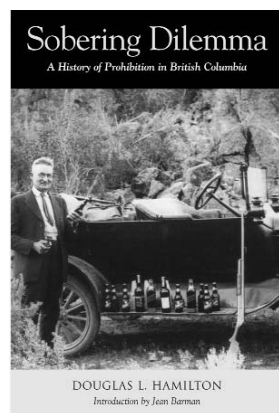
ISBN 1-55380-013-3 \$14.95

Sobering Dilemma

Douglas L. Hamilton

Introduction by Jean Barman

This fascinating history of liquor in BC focuses on the period of prohibition from 1917 to 1921. Using formerly closed police files, Hamilton traces the scandals, corruption and crime that resulted from its implementation. Includes archival photos.

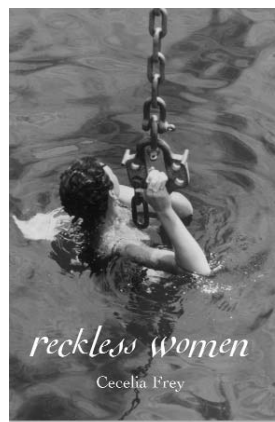


ISBN 1-55380-016-8 \$21.95

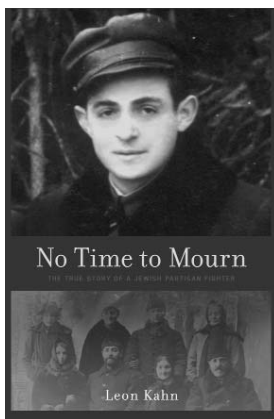
Reckless Women

Cecelia Frey

Reckless women inhabit the spaces of these poems: women who dare to travel without maps or even "a single sign," women who dare the seduction of cliff-edge leaps into deadly waters. . . .



ISBN 1-55380-017-6 \$14.95



ISBN 1-55380-011-7 \$21.95

No Time to Mourn

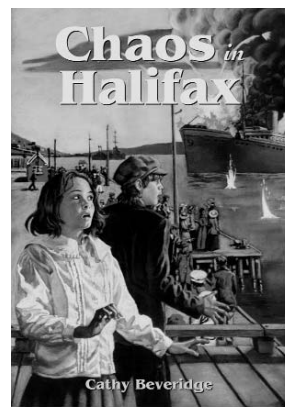
Leon Kahn

One of the few partisan fighters to write a memoir of the Holocaust, Kahn takes us back in time to those terrible years during WW II when, after witnessing the complete destruction of his village, he fled to the Polish forests to fight the German Wehrmacht at every dangerous turn.

Chaos in Halifax

Cathy Beveridge

Once again Jolene ventures back in time. With her twin brother Michael she finds herself in the midst of the Halifax explosion of 1917. When Michael attempts to change history, the twins are led to the brink of destruction. A compelling sequel to *Shadows of Disaster*.



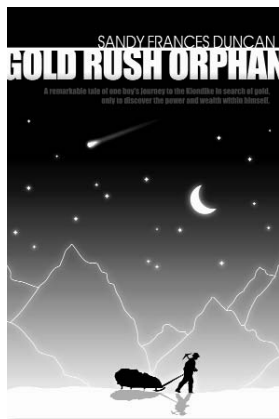
ISBN 1-55380-019-2 \$9.95

Gold Rush Orphan

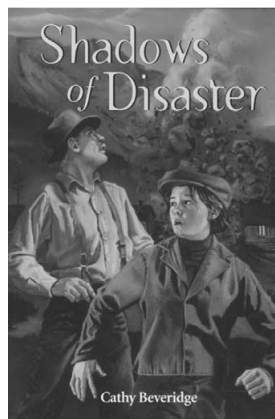
Sandy Frances Duncan

"Sandy Duncan is a crackerjack storyteller. Gold Rush Orphan says more about what it was actually like in those heady times of 1898 than history books ever say. What a great addition this is to Canadian young adult historical fiction. . . ."

— JANET LUNN



ISBN 1-55380-012-5 \$10.95



ISBN 1-55380-002-8 \$8.95

Shadows of Disaster

Cathy Beveridge

Jolene travels back to the year 1903 and finds herself in the coal mining town of Frank on the eve of Canada's deadliest rock slide. Disguised as a boy, Jolene is challenged to save herself and her grandfather from peril.



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