A 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 long-power 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 ex-

capital, you’re convinced (and even comment to a stranger next to you) that, with those

policies espoused by the University of Chicago political scientist Leo Strauss, he believes 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 Purry’s Over, Heinberg resists making public allegations about American governmentality 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 con-

clusion 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-limi-
tation, 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!”

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 peo-

designed for escape—for everyone—that you haven’t seen yet. 

ple 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 amaz-

ingly 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 occupants survive, then the scope of the impending tragedy can be reduced. But direct countermeasures (i.e. the 9/11 attacks). But Heinberg believes 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.
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 Encyclopaedia 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 counterparts 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 Morris and Dick Morris) 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.
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. None-theless Dalton adores 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 Taoudeni in northern Mali, conducted a near-fatal solo voyage by small boat around the west and north coasts of

Captain of an invisible crew

A t 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 his ten-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 re-membering 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 botanists Archibald Menzies (an adversary of Joseph Campbell) and the novelist John Steinbeck. Campbell accompanied Ricketts on his first trip to the Queen Charlotte Islands in 1932; Steinbeck modeled several charac-
ters 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. Ricketts’ 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 pro-
vides 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.
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’s Isabella, a relic discovered near the mouth of the Columbia River more 150 years after it sank. In the same area, Delgado has examined the hulk of the British four-masted barque Peter Feddai, wrecked in 1906—and shown above.

After viewing the remains of the Isabella, James Delgado surfaced 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 compensator and pull the lanyard that activates a co2 cartridge. Without first removing his weight belt. Reaching down to surfaced to the dive boat, pulled off his mask, spat out his regulator, and found vestiges of the Kublai Khan’s lost treasure fleet off the coast of Japan.

For more on James Delgado and his 28 books, visit www.abcbookworld.com
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, eucalyptus, 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 hummingbirds, they must feed every 10 to 15 minutes and they do not attack humans—ever.

But there 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…

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 it ferments too quickly and can cause a fungal infection in hummingbirds’ tongues.

And, oh yeah, hummers don’t migrate on the backs of geese. Skunks, raccoons, 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 welcome lizards, bees, toads and snakes. In the world of nature, 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 Recovery Program on Texada Island and she was recently involved in West Nile Virus research. With an extensive section on building nest boxes for birds, Welcoming Wildlife includes hundreds of photos and illustrations by Edward R. Turner.
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 husband, who later went bankrupt. Lane was appointed a mentor-to-be, who later became more of a hell-raiser, has apparently become more of a teacher and a ruminationist, 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.

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 plus some fiction, and now lives in Victoria, and his course 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.

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

Patrick Lane

and Seymour Mayne. Lane began one of the first literary publishing houses in counter-cultural Kiralinola 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.


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 five 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 aluminium prison each morning for a job in the sawmill, the only life I knew, then, I thought I lived a life of luxury, in a trailer pulled 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, 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 blanked 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 pissed out the barbed wire off the door and walked away in search of a bar.”

Selected bibliography:

Letters From the Savage Mind

Mountain Oysters

How Do You Spell Beautiful?

Poems: New & Selected

The Bare Plum of Winter Rain

The Sun has Begun to Eat the Earth

The Buddha's Gift of Caligraphy

How Do You Spell Beautiful?

Seymour Mayne


Susan Musgrave

There In a Season

In There Is a Season, "is the emotion that wastes a life."

Patrick Lane: not guilty.

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, and his course University for $3,000 in 1971 and took off, wandering through South America for five 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 aluminium prison each morning for a job in the sawmill, the only life I knew, then, I thought I lived a life of luxury, in a trailer pulled up from Vancouver.

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How Do You Spell Beautiful?

Poems: New & Selected

The Bare Plum of Winter Rain

The Sun has Begun to Eat the Earth

The Buddha's Gift of Caligraphy

How Do You Spell Beautiful?
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 agendas of tourism marketers.

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

“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.

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**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 fisherman who loses his wife to a psychologist and an adulterer who considers seducing a middle-aged woman he finds repulsive. *0-88995-311-2*

**The title story for**

*James 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 people to have published a book while living in 100 Mile House, where the collection of 12 ‘edge’ 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.”

**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 *Strangers at the Door*.”

**With wry shades of Franz Kafka and 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).

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 help me—the youthful sound of her laugh.”

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

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.”

Previously noted 2004 Fiction Collections by B.C. Authors:

-Ernest Hekkanen, *The Big Dove and Little Wife Convention* (New Orphic)
-George Bowering, *Standing on Richards* (Viking)
Hi, Fidel-ify

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 supernumerary sleuths' in a free-spirited romp that doubles as a socio-political protest. This time Sisson 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.

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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.”

—by Jeremy Twigg

**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. Gallaher is a musician in Victoria.

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.

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.

Douglas Isaac of the Fraser Valley describes his fictional work *Past, Present, Tense...* (BuschekBooks $15) as a 91-page satirical, ironic, 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.”

**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.

—by Jeremy Twigg
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 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—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 supersavers 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 income. Unlike a paycheque—which is steady—your investments 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.

Sylvia Lim: “It’s important to have a circle of friends and social activities beyond those that surround you at work.”
Farmed & Dangerous

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

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

A coalition of environmentalists, commer- cial fishermen and native groups argue the very future of wild salmon stocks, the marine envi- ronment and possibly human health are at risk. “Exaggerated and misleading,” says the salmon farming industry. As fish farm- ing is environmentally sound, takes pressure off fishing wild stocks and is key to revitalize coastal communities like Port Hardy and Campbell River.


British Columbia is the now the world’s fourth largest producer of farmed 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 prov- incial government’s biggest agricultural export (about 15% of total agricultural production) returning more than $600 million to the economy each year.

In 2002 the province lured a mora- torium on expansion. The industry— outlawed in Alaska—is now poised to take its open-net cage pots 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 de- bates 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 essay, salmon aquaculture has been with us for thou- sands of years, from oyster breeding to clam gardens. So what’s new? “Salmon are carnivores,” he writes. “For the first time in history, they are eating parasites for food.” So it is an experiment, one might say. And so by intensively in- terfering in the process of natural selec- tion, by subjecting salmon to such intensive management and 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. Do many wild salmon is the soul of British Columbia. Journal- ist and columnist Stephen Hume has ex- amined the “collision between the artificial and the natural” in his piece about salmon farming in Broughton Archi- pelago where one of the biggest recorded collapses of pink salmon occurred, in 2002. Almost four million pink were ex- pected to return to six local rivers, but precious few showed up. One fisherman searching for the fish called it a “wattery wasteland.”

It was long before fishermen and local whale researcher Alexandra Morton were connecting missing salmon with fish farms in the area. Morton be- gan testing smolts entering salt water near the farms, and reported finding them covered with sea lice (0.145 sea lice on 872 pink salmon smolts).

“I noticed bleeding at their eyelids and bleeding at the base of the fins, which are classic symptoms of fish dis- ease. I was horrified to see these baby fish being ravaged by these parasites,” Morton writes.

The fish were being eaten alive. De- partment of Fisheries and Oceans (DFO) questioned her science, but the Pacific Fisheries Resource Conservation Coun- cil, an independent watchdog chaired by former federal fisheries minister John Fraser, backed her up. Industry was ordered to pull 13 of the 27 farms that fall to create a massive kill, and the smolts less vulnerable to sea lice. This par- tial fawolling seemed to have an effect, as significantly fewer fish were infected that year. However, DFO scientists assert there is still no study shows that causes a cause-effect relationship- ship between sea lice on wild and farmed fish.

Hume’s journey continues to western Ireland with its longer his- tory of fish farming. He meets fisheries biologists who con- sider the sea lice infestation of our pink’s a replay of what happened to juvenile sea trout (with simi- lar life cycles) in their waters. One com- ments, “We’ve lost a wild sea trout angling fishery that was worth millions of pounds. Fisheries here that used to be phenomefatal 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 hik- ers, 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 Katara at Klemtu, for example, are looking to the industry as a way to cur devestating unemployment rates of 85%. But other First Nations 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 terri- tory.

Alaskans are also sounding the alarm. Many fear that expansion coming near Prince Rupert will mean more escapes of Atlantics, imported stock that could become an invader to one’s 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 on, and 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 Slic. The catchy sales slogan is Slic Kills Lice but critics fear it might harm or kill other marine life.

Stanford argues, all too often, risk as- sessments are done after chemicals have been approved, and when a “risk assess- ment is finally published years later (af- ter the targets resistance to the chemical has made it 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, shares an essay with Mark Forsythe in the book.

When she first saw a net pen be- ing towed into the Broughton Archi- pelago, 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 lo- cated in what local fishermen considered to be sensitive ‘red zones’, important to wild stocks. Atlantic smolts infected with farmed parasites 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-wit- ness perspective, Morton chronicles es- caped 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 it’s 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.

Mark Forsythe teaches writing at media at BCIT and hosts BC Almanac on CBC Radio.
Possibly the most enduring of Pacific Northwest sailing books is *The Curve of Time* (Whitescap $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 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 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 *Blackwood’s 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*.]
LANTERN LIT
Five Gitxsan 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 Naaxhr 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 Gitxsan Stories (Creekstone $13.95), a collection illustrated by Gitxsan 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 listener realizes they are hearing a story that goes all the way into the beginning of time,” Smith says, “and thought the stories could never have happened...”

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

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.”

Jean Christian

A small book about a big place, Unmarked: Landscapes Along Highway 16 (NeWest Press $15.95) by Sarah de Leew reflects on lives in Tegl, Port Clements, Kitanga, Rossewood, Fraser Lake and places that many people have never heard of. De Leew’s poetic essays capture stories from up country communities dotted along grand river valleys, below lowering mountains and across a turbulent sea—various places de Leew 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.”

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 Leew 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 “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.”

De Leew 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.”

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-X

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 librarian in Vancouver, “yet he is seldom given more than passing credit.” 1-894759-05-2

By Heather Ramsay

Bob Burrows

Jean Christian

Surveying the North (Caitlin)

Cycles (250) 847-1915
Jesu 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 (Ronsonal $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 1,200 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 sufficiently served the war effort and drank 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 tranquilizer.” As well, most immigrants to B.C. were born in Britain and they “regarded the anti-liquor fanaticism of the Methodists and others with skepticism, 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 Ralfel 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 resided in, or 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 elimi- nating the need to look for other causes of the social disharmony 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, Typhoons Frieda and the Japanese submarine attack on Esquimalt Lighthouse. He and his wife live on Lasqueti Island with sheep, cows, chickens and a harpischord.
Halkomelem 101

Halkomelem is one of the 23 languages that belong to the Salish linguistic family. Wayne Buttel has prepared a grammar of the Musqueam dialect of Halkomelem entitled Musqueam Reference Grammar (UBC Press $125), the fullest account of any Salish language. Buttell’s work on the subject began in the 1980s. There are also chapters on kinship, personal narratives and a history of the work on Halkomelem.

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 $27.95). She claims, “the concept of sin” was a revolutionary idea, with no apparent parallels in ‘traditional’ Tsimshian culture.

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

Now a member of the planning department at Cardiff University in Wales, John Hunter has examined—the 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).

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 Noms and Carol Hundlebury 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 life and that which was published by Claire Weissman Wilks in 1980. As well, there is no bibliography to alert the reader to the photography of C.D. Hoy, early Japanese Canadian photographers, Daniel Francis’s somewhat similar study.

Copying People 1860-1940.


CBC radio contributor Will Garrett-Patts, 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.’

“I realize that delusion underpins the base components of aggression.”

Roy Woodbridge, president of Woodbridge & Associates, an environmental consulting firm in Vancouver, and he’s the author of 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.

“While teaching at the Department of Germanic and Russian Studies at Uvic, Serhyy Y kelchyk 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, Y kelchyk 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.

“For ever with the Great Russian People”, a 1954 poster in Stalin’s Empire of Memory.
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 after. 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 mattered not a whit to the miners who soon came to despise the foul-smelling, double-humped camels. In his first book for children, Charles Helm, a medical doctor, outdoorsman and Daniel's father, tells the story of how the boys' discovery of 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 of dinosaur bones rouse themselves and reassemble to "tango, fandango and breakdance." 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.

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 rubbing 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.

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**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.

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.

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 Iqualuit 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.

**Marilyn 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 $16.95) 1-55143-291-9

*by BC authors*
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.”

“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 their snobbishness and ignorance. It’s just that their knowledge is not about Keats.

“Younger people now, their idea is, ‘If you want to say something, you have to work hard to keep up your interest. Most of the independents I know are into storytellering—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 pining 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.

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“I want to produce a record of the Vancouver I know before it disappears forever.”

Serafin amply fulfills that goal.

Joan Givner writes from Mill Bay on Vancouver Island.
POETRY

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 didactic 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 Bowlering, the IMF or Nellie McClung. Spanning more than four decades, Reid's selected works merge prose, concrete poetry, essays, bisent-immitations, 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." *#002152

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. A sister has so many beads in her hair she "looks like an abacus." God restricts jazz to a bagpipe.

"My ghosthood, those old standards." 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."

Jamie Reid: no easy path

MUSKOX BURGERS WITH SNOW

"I used to live in the Arctic," writes Heather Simeoney 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 North-west 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 ax, I've seen an Inukshuk in the midnight sun on the Barrenslands. Ask me anything. I have eaten whitefish, pike and char; I've served muskeg burgers at the Wildcat Cafe. I worked the dishshift before the dishwasher went in and wore variegated and rubber boots and watched through the flapping of the screen door as Dave wound-snared over Back Bay. I fed Tracy's dog. Bug. soup from plates, drunk cofee with Baileys through the shift and went back in the middle of the night, after the bars closed, for wine, beer, a smoke. Ask me anything. I was made in Ung and Great Slave lakes; had picnics in the century. 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; muskeg, I gotta get less...)." *#001139

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? Ask me anything. I remember Saturday afternoon jams with Mark Bogan singing Wild Thing (Wild meat, you make a great treat; muskeg, I gotta get less...)."

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

ALSO PUBLISHED:

RECKLESS WOMEN

("Brindle $19.95") by Cecilia Frey 1-50380-017-6
UNDERROWD LOG

("Brindle $17.95") by W.H. New 1-50380-018-4
W.H. NEW

("Brindle $19.95") by W.H. New 1-50380-019-2
WORLD ON THE ROAD

("Brindle $22.75")

CHANGING ON THE FLY

("Brindle $18.95")

THE PEARL KING

("Brindle $18.95") Catherine Greenwood 1-50380-38-1
NOWRITE.DOC

(Leaf Press, limited edition chapbook) by John Piasz

Wayde Compton: more eloquent in a few lines than a binder full of Racism Commission Reports.

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Wayde Compton: more eloquent in a few lines than a binder full of Racism Commission Reports.
Handy for haze

I am a childre'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").

Liz Goodall

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

Doubting Drake

Your Lookout article entitled Double- ing Drake? [BCBW Autumn] presented Edward Von der Porten's blistering 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 that name existed in 1579.

Unmentioned by Von der Porten but quoted 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 Guatcale (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

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

( Township)

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 review of the book, Helen 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 sensitiv- ity, 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

Write to:

BC BookWorld, 3516 W. 13th Ave.,
Vancouver, BC V6R 2S3
e-mail: bookworld@telus.net

Letters may be edited for clarity & length.

—LEO TOLSTOY
HELEN MEILLEUR
1910-2004

Helen Meilleur died in North Van-
couver 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 busi-
ness, and being a wife and mother of five,
at age 70 she recalled the days of her
childhood for A Pour of Rain (first pub-
lished in 1980, reissued in 2001) by re-
searching Hudson’s Bay Company
records. The idea for a book had long
been planted in her mind when her fa-
thor, who ran the port’s general store,
brought home stories about the area’s
history of the fort from 1834 and a vivid
memorial 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 Blachter’s The Cave
of Time.
—by David Stueck

YVONNE KLAN
1930-2004

Yvonne Me arts Klan died in Oc-to-
ber 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 Victo-
ria, her Dad cut the umbilical cord while
her 17-year-old mother read him instruc-
tions from a St. John Ambu-
 lance handbook.
An affinity for her
working class ori-
gin led her to
compile and edit
a new survey of
pioneer poets of
B.C. called The
Old Red Shirt (New Star, $16). It con-
tains poems and biographical notes dat-
ing back to James Anderson of
Barkerville, touted as B.C.’s first pub-
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ing back to James Anderson of
Barkerville, touted as B.C.’s first pub-
lisher. Klan, of North Vancouver,
to become a revolutionary gene
researcher, philanthropist and
Nobel Prize winner.

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 Ca-
radian literature in Atlantic Canada. He
wrote more than 30 books of poetry,
including his memoirs of a north coast
childhood for A Pour of Rain (first pub-
lished in 1980, reissued in 2001) by re-
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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 Blachter’s The Cave
of Time.

First Invaders
The Literary Origins of British Columbia
Alan Twigg

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

No Ordinary Mike
Michael Smith, Nobel Laureate

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

No Time to Mourn
Leon Kahn

One of the few partisan
writers to fight as 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.

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 bawdy times
of 1898 than history books ever
say. What a great addition this is
to Canadian young adult
historical fiction. . . .
— JANET LUNN

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. . . .