In the six categories for which books published outside of the province were eligible, the only hometown winner was Stan Persky for The Short Version: An ABC Book (New Star). Accepting the Hubert Evans Non-Fiction Prize on behalf of Persky, who was in Berlin, his usually talkative publisher Rolf Maurer told an audience of nearly 400 people at the Marriott Pinnacle Hotel in Vancouver, "Gosh. I'm non-plussed.

The best-crafted Book Prize acceptance speeches came from John Vaillant and James Delgado. Delgado, co-recipient of the BC Bookscour's Choice Award in Honour of Bill Dunie, for Waterfront: The Illustrated Maritime Story of Greater Vancouver (Stanton, Atkins & Dosil), recently announced his plans to resign as the Director of the Vancouver Maritime Museum, a position he has held since 1991. "In many ways Waterfront is the Maritime Museum I [had] hoped to build in this community," he said, regretfully.

Vaillant picked up his third major prize of the year for The Golden Spruce: A True Story of Myth, Madness and Greed (Knopf), winner of the Roderick Haig-Brown Regional Prize. "To be associated in any way with Roderick Haig-Brown is a great honour," said Vaillant, "to have it recognized and received locally is the greatest honour I could receive."

The smoothly-run affair included more than its usual share of surprised winners. "This is quite a shocking honour," said Tanya Lloyd Kyi, winner of the Christie Harris illustrated Children's Literature Prize for The Blue Jean Book: The Story Behind the Seams (Annick Press). Her history of blue jeans for young readers was a project suggested by Colleen MacMillan, who doubled as her thesis at the UBC Creative Writing program. "I'm quite humbled," said Barbara Nickel, accepting the Sheila A. Egoff Children's Literature Prize for Hannah Waters and the Daugh- ter of Johann Sebastian Bach (Penguin). Nickel acknowledged the influence of the UBC Creative Writing program and fellow writer Rhea Tregabov. "Wow," said Charlotte Gill, accepting the Ethel Wilson Fiction Prize for Ladykiller, a short story collection that followed her thesis at the UBC Creative Writing program. "It's amazing how nervous one can be when they haven't prepared anything."

The shortest speech [non-speech] came from Meredith Quatermain, winner of the Dorothy Livesay Poetry Prize for Vancouver Walking (NeWest Press). "I have nothing, even jotted down, to say," she said.

Some of the best lines of the evening came from New Book Prizes president Michael Hay- ward who noted publishing "is a relatively slow way to make a fortune."

Jack Hodgins ended the night on a high note, accepting the third Lieutenant Governor's Award for Literary Excellence with a typically self-effacing view of his writing career, including a tribute to his wife of 45 years, Diane, "who, when I told her what I wanted to do with my life, she married me anyway."

John Vaillant won the Roderick Haig-Brown Prize to go with his Governor General's Award for English Non-Fiction and the Pearson Writers' Trust Non-Fiction Prize.

COMING NEXT ISSUE...

Pearl Luke's second novel, Madame Zee (HarperCollins $32.95), invents a sympathetic character for the little-known mistress of Canada's most remarkable cult leader, Edward Arthur Wilson, a.k.a. the Brother, XII, the shyster who charmed and terrorized his followers near Naraimo in the late 1920s and early 1930s. John Oliphant is re-publishing his definitive biography of the Brother, XII, and Luke's novel will be reviewed by Sheila Munro in our next issue.
JIM WOLF'S ROYAL CITY: A Photographic History of New Westminster (Heritage $39.95) concentrates on resident professional photographers from 1858 to 1960, whereas A New Westminster Album (Dundurn $29.99) by Gavin Hainsworth and Katherine Freund-Hainsworth has a broader, folksy mandate. BOTH BOOKS INCLUDE THE FAMOUS “Wait For Me, Daddy” photograph taken on Eighth Street by Daily Province photographer Claude Dettloff—the one with five-year-old Warren Bernard reaching for his father's hand, running alongside a long column of soldiers, as his father, in uniform, reaches back. SELECTED BY LIFE MAGAZINE AS “PICTURE OF THE WEEK” in 1940, this iconic image ranks with the explosion of Ripple Rock, Malcolm Lowry with his gin bottle and Bannister/Landy’s Miracle Mile as one the most-seen photos from B.C.

For Royal City, archivist Jim Wolf reproduces the hitherto unheralded works of pioneers Frances George Claudet (son of eminent photographer Antoine Claudet), as well as F. Dally, filmmaker Hugh Norman Lidster, P.L. Okamura, Stephen Joseph Thompson, David Roby Judkins and others. Works by John Vanderpant and Horace G. Cox, both subjects of previous books, are also included.
Of these men, Paul Louis Okamura, originally named Tsuenoo Oyama, has perhaps the most remarkable storyline. Born in Tokyo in 1865, he was the second son of the last samurai in the Emperor's court. To avoid conscription, he was adopted into the Okamura family.

At age 26 he came to New Westminster and met Oblate Augustine Donternwill who employed him as a Profess of Drawing for his St. Louis College and also St. Anns Academy. Oyama converted to Catholicism and supplemented his income by drawing oil and crayon portraits based on photographs. He opened his first photography studio from his home on Royal Avenue in 1902 and remained working as a photographer until his death at age 72 in New Westminster.

Oyama's appendix provides a comprehensive list of New Westminster Photography Studios from 1858 to 1960 derived from the camera workers website of David Wolf. According to Mandrake's son Lon Mandrake, a science teacher in Delta, B.C. who also performs magic tricks, Falk claimed he had invented the name Mandrake the Magician coincidentally. When fact meets fiction, Phil Davis draws their character to resemble the real Mandrake. Both parties verbally agreed to cross-promote each other with the result that Mandrake the Magician became recognized throughout North America.

During his long career Mandrake entertained royalty and was compared to Houdini. Other Mandrake spin-offs included a television show, a movie and a novel. The ventriloquist Edgar Bergen included a television show, a movie and mind reading on the street. Leon and Velvet Mandrake retired to White Rock, B.C. who also performs magic tricks, Falk entertained but appreciative biography that culminates in Leon Mandrake's death at age 72 in New Westminster. A wake was held at the old Edison Theatre, the first place Mandrake worked his magic.

“Every exalted garden aristocrat has its beginnings in a wild flower and if that garden flower is left to its own devices it will sneak back to wildness.”

– Emily Carr, from the introduction.

In this never-before-published collection of 21 vignettes and short stories, Emily Carr celebrates springtime flowers and blossoms. Wild Flowers reads like a cool breeze on a warm day, the perfect refreshment for anyone who enjoys gardens, nature, spring and summer.

Available from your favourite book store or order from our distributor, UBC Press.
Not getting busted

Smuggling hashish in order to earn enough money to paint.

Elizabeth Woods

first novel, *The Yellow Volkswagen*, published back in 1971 by Simon & Schuster, is hard to find. It’s a lively, comic narrative by a woman named Tippy Peterson who mentions at the outset of her cross-Canada memoir that her outstanding features are forty inches of bust and a yellow Volkswagen.

Very much “of its time,” it’s an unusually non-prudish, zestful tale that culminates in marriage for the heroine after her amorous but not entirely satisfying adventures. Despite its tacky cover, this first novel remains noteworthy because it reflects some of the “on the road” experimentation of the so-called Free Love generation from a woman’s perspective

Published 35 years later, *Winging Home* (Ekstasis $21.95) concerns a middleaged woman, Emily Quinn, who becomes involved in smuggling hashish in order to earn enough money to paint. Once again the struggle for self-expression puts the heroine in conflict with society.

Woods explains: “I lived for a year in Rochdale College [a Toronto haven for runaways and drug dealers in the early ’70s], not too long before it was closed down. Other inmates of the place were into dealing drugs on a fairly large scale used to tell me their stories—and the rest I made up.”

"Beyond the Pale is not about drug smuggling per se; that’s just the setting, just as Vancouver and California are settings. The book is about a person’s relationship to the law, and to other people, and to oneself.”

Born in Prince George in 1940, Elizabeth Rhets Woods received her B.A. from UBC in 1961, followed by post-graduate work in psychology at Queen’s University (1961-1962) and UBC (1964-1965). She has worked on copyright and freedom of expression issues and recently attempted to launch a literary periodical, the Victoria Literary Times.

Not getting busted with society.

heroine in conflict expression puts the struggle for self-determination to earn smuggling involved in who becomes Emily Quinn, a middle-aged concern a middle-aged novel

*Beyond the Pale* (Ekstasis $21.95) concerns a middle-aged woman, Emily Quinn, who becomes involved in smuggling hashish in order to earn enough money to paint.

For instance, in Blood Sacrifice he writes:

"When I look at it objectively, giving blood to the Red Cross ought to offer little pleasure. How many people enjoy being stabbed in a sensitive fingertip to get a drop of blood for testing? Or having a big needle stuck into a vein? Or watching their blood run into a plastic bag?"

"And yet I have always found that after giving blood, my day is a little brighter. Giving blood makes me feel good. I suspect it has something to do with my abundance with someone else."

"In one sense it’s the ultimate gift. My blood, after all, is far more valuable to me than any gifts of time or money I can make. Time or money I can survive without—but not blood."

"My pint of blood comes close to the traditional ‘tithe’—it’s a fraction less than one-tenth of all the blood I have."

"But unlike money, I get nothing back for giving it, except a glass of juice or a cup of coffee. No receipts. No income-tax refunds."

"I know I’m giving it to someone who really needs my help. A beggar may use a phoney sob-story to cheat me out of money."

"I know too that my gift goes only to the person who needs it. Unlike money, none of it can be siphoned off by any intermediary for administrative or publicity expenses."

"And it’s completely anonymous. I don’t even have to cope with embarrassing ‘Thank you.’ Or the even more embarrassing lack of them."

"I guess the biggest value for me is a kind of religious symbolism. At the last supper with the disciples, before being betrayed and nailed to the cross, Jesus said, ‘This is my blood which is shed for you.’ Church members hear those words each time they share the sacrament of the last supper, whether they call it communion, Eucharist or Mass."

"So as I lie here on my back, donating to the Red Cross, I can’t help feeling that giving blood is like a sacrament. It makes His words a lot more real than sipping wine or grape juice.”

A former broadcaster, James Taylor became managing editor for the United Church Observer for 13 years, then co-founded Wood Lake Books with Ralph Milton in 1980. He lives in the Okanagan Valley, having published more than 15 books. He holds an honorary Doctor of Divinity from United College (McGill University).
The outspoken geneticist-turned-broadcaster-turned environmentalist David Suzuki recently came in 5th in CBC’s Greatest Canadian contest—the highest among living nominees. Born in Vancouver in 1936, David Suzuki grew up in Ontario after his family was interned in Slocan, B.C. during World War II.

Like many Japanese Canadians whose families had some or all of their holdings confiscated or sold, David Takayoshi Suzuki was embittered and emboldened by his unfair incarceration, seemingly intent on proving his worth to society beyond any doubt. David Suzuki studied at Amherst College and the University of Chicago, then taught at the University of Alberta. In 1963 he joined the UBC zoology department and won the award for outstanding Canadian research scientist under the age of 35 three years in a row. His educational television programs started with Suzuki on Science in 1971, leading to his long association with The Nature of Things on CBC, as of 1979.

“When I began to work in television in 1962,” he wrote, “I never dreamed that it would ultimately occupy most of my life and make me a celebrity in Canada.” As well, Suzuki hosted Science Magazine on CBC-TV and served as the first host of CBC Radio’s Quirks and Quarks from 1975 to 1979. With his wife Tara Cullis, he has since co-founded the David Suzuki Foundation and received countless honours including the Order of Canada in 1977 and the Order of B.C. in 1995.

In his second volume of memoirs, Suzuki recalls how he proposed to his second wife, Tara, on Hollyburn Mountain in December of 1972. They have two daughters, Severn and Sarika. Suzuki also has three children, Tamiko, Troy and Laura, from a marriage that ended in 1964. “My children have been my pride and joy,” he writes, “but getting Tara to marry me was the greatest achievement of my life.” Suzuki titled his first autobiography Metamorphosis: Stages in a Life (Stoddart) to echo his ground-breaking studies of mutations in fruit flies. David Suzuki: The Autobiography (Greystone $34.95) is an updated second installment, expanding on material from Metamorphosis and covering his accomplishments after age fifty.

This breezy re-run doubles as a family photo album as Suzuki rubs shoulders with close friends Myles Richardson and artist Guujjaw of the Haida; entertainers Bruno Gerussi, John Denver, Sting, Graham Greene and Gordon Lightfoot; and he travels extensively to meet world leaders who have included Nelson Mandela, Dalai Lama and the Kaíapo chief Paiakan of the Amazon rainforest. When Paiakan and his family paid a reciprocal visit to the Suzuki home in 1989, they refused to wear any western clothes that were not new, and they required new sheets, fearing diseases. The six-week visit was fraught with misunderstandings, including the misguided notion that an airplane would be purchased for their use in Brazil.

Not without a sense of humour—or vanity—Suzuki includes the naked ‘fig leaf’ photo of himself for the “Phallacies” show for The Nature of Things and wryly recalls his meetings with heavyweight thinkers Noam Chomsky and Ralph Nader. Suzuki speaks fondly of Chomsky (“He is a superstar, and it was flattering to be acknowledged so generously”) and re-tells a curious anecdote about Nader (“Ralph is a very serious and intense person”). When taken to a Lebanese restaurant in Vancouver, the puritanical Nader refused to acknowledge the gyrations of a belly dancer who approached his table, entreating him to stuff some bills into her bra. Nader kept talking, as if she didn’t exist, until the dancer left the table, unable to engage his attention in any way. “At the end of the meal,” Suzuki writes, “as we got up to leave, Ralph made no mention of the belly dancer but simply said: ‘That was a very nice meal. And no one ate too much.’”
Wilderness neophyte
SUNNY WRIGHT
describes how she
built a home near
Vanderhoof,
outwitted the RCMP
& fended off a gang
of drunken men in
her memoir,
To Touch A Dream.

Far from being a hippie, Sunny Wright yearned to get out of the rat race ever since she ran away from an orphanage at age 17. In 1969, with no clear destination in mind, and six thousand dollars in the bank, Wright and her shy best friend Betty, a fellow millworker, quit their jobs, sold their possessions and drove north in two small import pickup trucks, accompanied by a dog and Sunny’s five-year-old daughter, Lisa.

Intending to build their own cabin, they bought rifles, axes, saws, lanterns, hammers, canned goods and sleeping bags. Only trouble was, they had never even tried camping.

On the road almost a week, driving as far north as Dawson Creek, they gravitated back to Vanderhoof, exactly in the centre of the province. There, by a fluke, they stumbled upon a quarter-section of selectively logged land, sixteen miles northwest of Vanderhoof, which they bought for $4,850.

“Naming our property, A Streetcar Named Desire, was a mad scramble as the men ran over our head. They had assumed that I had fired all of my ammunition. They had no way of knowing that we had the latest model semi-automatic which held fifteen rounds. ‘Bullet number eight was aimed directly at the voice, and now I was angrier, rather than scared, and did not care if I killed one of them or not. All of us heard the shot hit the truck, and once again, there was complete silence. Into that silence, I yelled, ‘I am going to count to three, and then someone out there is going to die!’ For the next few minutes there was a mad scramble as the men ran to get into the truck. We heard someone shout in a frightened voice for the driver to, ‘Hurry up and get the hell out of here.’ Once the truck started, it still had to be turned around, during which time I emptied the seven remaining shots in their general direction. A few hit the truck as it raced past the cabin and down the driveway in a cloud of dust.”

“We learned a very important lesson that night. A gun has absolutely no value unless it is loaded.”

Sunny Wright confronted bears, skunks and pigs, rode skidoo, paddled canoes, ran a dog kennel, built a log home, learned dog sledding, faced breast and lymph cancer in her late 30s, and had a remarkable recovery after a radical mastectomy in Prince George.

Sunny Wright’s unfettered style isn’t going to get her confused with Bunny Wright, the late novelist, but it gets the job done.

A postscript: Sunny and Betty continued to raise Lisa together until Betty fell in love with a man from Fraser Lake and married him in 1979. After Lisa left to take a government forestry job, Sunny sold her dream home and moved to Sardin.
It seems that no matter what I am researching on Google, your website inevitably seems to crop up in connection with some subject related to B.C. Now this morning I came across a link to a very gracious bio of myself and a list of my books. Although I already had many novels to my credit in South Africa, I could never have made it as an unknown author, in country new to me, without your encouragement for my first non-fiction book about a strange disease, hitherto unknown to most people. Now I have my twentieth book in print. Thank you.

Marie Warder
Richmond

A friend has forwarded Michael M’Gonigle’s review of Hugh Johnston’s Radical Campus [BCBW Spring]. She thought I’d be interested in the photo of me holding a megaphone speaking to a SFU student rally. I’d be more satisfied to have been interviewed for Johnston’s book.

M’Gonigle comments that Radical Campus is more a biography of SFU than an analysis of the larger context. Without the context, the institutional record will inevitably remain superficial. Johnston arguing that support for the pursuit of everyday democracy in the university was undermined by our bottom-up militancy, as M’Gonigle reports, simply doesn’t adequately grapple with the roots of the unfolding crisis and conflict.

Those interested in some unedited words from the evolution of SFU’s activism and the larger context might be interested in my Student Radicalism and National Liberation: Essays on the “New Left” Revolt in Canada – 1964-74 (2006). These essays show the role of the anti-war and community organizing movements as precursors to the student movement, and how our activism opposing the continentalist “higher education industry” (M’Gonigle’s good phrase) helped spawn the Canadian nationalist consciousness.

I believe that M’Gonigle may be right that the war on Iraq is setting the stage for a renewed student movement which again makes the “radical connections.”

Jim Harding
Fort Qu’Appelle

Jim Harding’s other books are After Iraq: War, Imperialism and Democracy (Fernwood, 2004) and Social Justice and Social Policy (Wilfrid Laurier, 1995)—Ed.
Growing up around the pocket deserts near Oliver, B.C. George Bowering figures the warm weather in spring helps to explain his very Canadian passion for baseball.

"I never thought that baseball was a U.S. game," he writes in Baseball Love (Talonbooks $17.95). "It was a birthright. In the Okanagan sun you got your base ball stuff out as soon as the ground got softer in, say, March, and you played the summer game till apple season was over in October."

In Oliver, Bowering worked as a baseball scorekeeper and covered baseball for the local newspaper—he didn't play much baseball though. "I was afraid to try out," writes Bowering. "I had an inferiority complex and I had developed a superiority complex to protect it."

It wasn't until he reached his thirties that Bowering began to play baseball in Montreal where he was a teacher of "sorts" as George Williams University and attended Parc Jarry to watch Le Grand Orange and les Expos. Bowering's baseball teammates included novelists Clark Blaise and Hugh Hood whom he enjoyed swapping sports trivia with. Fortunately drug testing was not around in those days. "As an avant-garde poet, I felt it my duty to experiment with the available resources… One Saturday I played shortstop for the York Street Tigers shortly after consuming something called "speed." You never saw such a hyper shortstop. I was all over the field diving for balls I had no hope of reaching, backing up the play at every position you can think of."

In the 70s Bowering moved to Vancouver and became involved in his grand passion, the Kosmic Baseball League. The league was loaded with artists and writers and true to form they managed to get a grant during the swinging era of Trudeau's Liberals for softball equipment and playing time on baseball diamonds. "That, I thought, was wonderful—some civil servants in Ottawa thought a bunch of softball players were contributing as much to the local and national culture as any childcare builders or folk-music facilitators."

The league included teams with names such as the Afghani Oil Kings, Flying Dildos, and the Napoleon, an activist group who represented the Mental Patients Association and dressed in uniforms complete with an image of a hand tucked inside at least one sleeve. Bowering played for the Granville Grange Zephyrs, a collection of poets and painters from the west side of Vancouver.

Eventually the Kosmic League would evolve into the Twilight League where Bowering"grew old." As "Needle Park" in Woodland chasing balls between dog kaka, discarded condoms, high heel pumps and undies, outfielders had to keep their eye on the ball and the grass. At the age of sixty Bowering stopped playing in shorts after his daughter, playing at second base asked: "Are those your legs, or are you riding a chicken?"

In July of 2003, riding in a Volvo, Bowering went on a baseball road trip with his new love Jean Baird to plunk himself down on planks in the hot sun, to cheer on the efforts of Latino-American infielders a half century younger than he. As "a retiree in shorts and ball cap," Bowering recalls his passion for a game he has rarely written about but "thought about every day of my life." The new book Baseball Love alternates between chapters recalling that 2003 road trip and Bowering's life in baseball and its related ephemera.

Bowering and Baird travel through Canada and the United States with a distinct preference for the minor leagues. As Bowering notes: "In the twentieth century the minor leagues are becoming more interesting to everyone. The main reason for that is marketing: the major league teams are marketing themselves out of business, and the minor league teams are marketing themselves in."

The baseball road trip also provides the reader with Bowering's own Air-Conditioned Nightmare. "We did not know that Riggins, Idaho, would be our first and last site of any idiosyncratic colour, our last old cabin in the wild, or last non-chain accommodation. From now on it would be Comfort Inn or Red Roof or Holiday Inn Express at some highway exit cluster, where the eateries, too, would be signaled by tall poles with billboards on the top: Aries, Red Robin, McDonald's. Not an apostrophe in sight."

Baseball, and writers have had a long relationship. William Carlos Williams, Walt Whitman, Philip Roth, Ring Lardiner and Bernard Malamud, have all taken swings at the bat and Bowering's chapter on the subject is a near job of baseball crit lir. Bowering provides one theory as to why baseball occupies the mind of the writer: "When I was a kid growing up in the Interior of British Columbia there was no television, so Mel Par nell and the guys at Fenway Park were fiction to me."

This is a charming book about one man's love of baseball, and exhibits the same even and humorous tone that Bowering employed in his memoir Magic Life. Bowering displays all the hallmarks of a baseball fanatic's love of ball caps, statistics, names of players, minor league parks and where to find the perfect hot dog (which he claims he had at a ball game in Switzerland of all places).

What makes this book hum, baby—to remember a phrase from Roger Craig, the manager of the San Francisco Giants, pronouncing on the forkball—is its rootedness in place as real as apple picking season and as sweet as the imagination.

Many innings ago Grant Shilling published the zine Baseball Complete with Spelling Errors and covered the Vancouver Canadians for the Georgia Straight and Vancouver Magazine.
For three decades the glaciers of the St. Elias Mountains—the world’s largest non-polar icefields—kept creeping into the stories Julie Cruikshank was hearing from elderly Aboriginal women in the southern Yukon and northern B.C.

"It was a big puzzle to me," she says, "The women kept talking about glaciers as being part of their social world."

According to Tlingit and Tagish storytellers, not only do glaciers have names and take on human characteristics, they can be quick to respond to human indiscretions or be placated by quick-witted responses.

In Do Glaciers Listen? (UBC Press $29.95), Cruikshank chronicles the entanglement of natural and cultural histories pertaining to icy remnants of the last Ice Age.

Subtitled Local Knowledge, Colonial Encounters and Social Imagination, Cruikshank’s sixth book investigates encounters with glaciers, weaving indigenous oral traditions, early explorers’ tales and the work of modern scientists and environmentalists.

Whereas Aboriginals have long viewed glaciers as sentient and animate in their oral histories, Europeans have tended to see them as inanimate, and subject to measurement and scientific investigation.

As she gathered more stories from her three main informants—Angela Sidney, Kitty Smith and Annie Ned—Cruikshank began to better understand how a landscape can be sentient and responsive.

"You have to be aware and pay attention," she says, "because the landscape is in turn paying attention to the people who are living there."

Cruikshank first came to the Yukon from Ontario in the late 1960s, arriving in Whitehorse to document the impact of the Gold Rush and the Alaska Highway on the lives of Yukon women. Eventually Angela Sidney, Kitty Smith, and Annie Ned—all born before the turn of the 20th century—asked Cruikshank to record the chronicles of their ancestors, as recorded in Life Lived Like A Story.

"There is no doubting the authenticity of the voices," wrote reviewer Barry Broadfoot. "As women, they had power and they used it wisely, and through their words and Cruikshank’s skills, you will change your mind if you think the anthropological approach to oral history can only be dull.

"As Angela Sidney says, 'I have no money to leave to my grandchildren. My stories are my wealth.'"

As Cruikshank produced her books over a 30-year period, the trio of elders kept returning to glaciers in their storytelling. When she asked them why this was so, even though they no longer lived near the icy mountain ranges, they suggested the reasons were self-evident.

"We need to understand the range of stories associated with a particular place," she says. "It may help us think more broadly about these places we classify as wilderness or park."

In particular, Cruikshank explores the period when Aboriginal people were forced to move out of what is now Kluane National Park.

In 1943, after the building of the Alaska Highway, the area was protected because over-hunting had impacted the wildlife in the area. A UNESCO World Heritage site now encompasses the Canadian and American national, provincial and state parks in the area.

New discoveries are being made in melting ice patches, which are helping bring together the stories and timelines around human use of the area.

Aboriginals now organize culture camps on their territory, inviting scientists and archaeologists to come and discuss the work they do, but Julie Cruikshank suggests that although environmentalists and others may be genuinely interested in Aboriginal points of view, the importance of Aboriginal stories tends to get set aside.

She hopes her book will become an argument for the importance of connecting the different stories from different cultures.

Heather Ramsay writes from Queen Charlotte City.

17 BOOKWORLD SUMMER 2006

All BC BookWorld articles are posted online at www.abcbookworld.com
Planet U introduces a host of sustainability thinkers. One is biologist and environmentalist Briony Penn. “In biology, there is increasing emphasis on microbiology and genetics; I get fourth-year biology students who can’t tell the difference between a red cedar and a Douglas fir.”

The magic of re-embedding is that it opens the “pedagogy of place.” Penn continues: “If place becomes an actual place, then everything is pedagogy. Every decision made on that landscape affects a particular commitment to sustainability, and this will change how people learn because it’s going to affect everything they do… That value system now affects how they see the world.”

Planet U ranges between the theoretical and the pragmatic, between Derrida to the U-Pass (the bus pass students automatically receive at upward of fifty universities, whether they drive a car or not). The planetary university of the future draws on its internal expertise and is vigorously “transdisciplinary.” Already at UVic, faculty and students collaborate with Facilities Management to identify and map exotic plants for removal from the campus’s native Garry oak meadow.

Rich with photographs, cartoons, and pithy quotes, Planet U would make an excellent textbook to promote discussion—but don’t keep your fingers crossed. Planet U identifies the biggest stumbling blocks to change are the university’s own hierarchical structure and bureaucratic inertia.

Universities, as an industry, have a lot to answer to, according to Planet U, starting with our battered environment. “We cannot have a sustainable world where universities promote unsustainability,” writes Starke and McGonigle, chair of Greenpeace Canada.

The times they are a-getting cost-effective.

• The University of California has mandated a zero increase in fossil fuel consumption and all new buildings must exceed the state’s energy efficiency standard by 20 per cent.
• The University of Victoria recycles water, has installed permeable paving for groundwater recharge, and composts food waste from campus cafeterias.
• SFU has designed University City with traffic-calmed streets and a network of bike paths.
• Installing energy efficient toilets and light fixtures saved Columbia University nearly $3 million annually.
• The University of Colorado-Boulder provides 35 to 40 percent of the energy consumed by three of its buildings with wind power.
• UBC’s Centre for Interactive Research on Sustainability has been developed to produce more energy than it uses.
• Some universities are serving local food in the cafeteria. Others have adopted “sprawl containment” policies and communal “blue bicycle” programs. Dozens have sustainability officers and one has a “sweet species loss” policy.

To make their point, co-authors Michael McGonigle and Justine Starke have compiled a boldly idealistic vision of the university, outlining its evolution as an institution and delving into the tenets of bioregionalism (ie: local food production, alternative transportation, democratic governing structures).

Of the ninety oldest institutions in the world, seventy-five are universities. But while the university’s lineage reaches back over 900 years, “its role is still not well understood, its functions usually just taken for granted, its social role and potential unappreciated.”

Universities have been booming since World War II, and their impact on industry and the economy is substantial. Last year, over a million students were registered in Canadian universities. University research sustained a million jobs and contributed more to Canadian GDP than the pulp and paper or automotive industries. The University of Victoria, with a relatively small student population of 18,000, employs over four thousand people, and its economic impact on Victoria, a city of just 300,000, is $1.7 billion.

UBC is the province’s largest employer and has an economic impact of $4.6 billion. The University of Toronto is said to have an economic impact in its region larger than the GDP of Prince Edward Island.

Far removed from its religious origins, the university is stuck in what Jane Jacobs calls “credulism”—the process of producing employees rather than reflective citizens. Two-thirds of new jobs created by 2008 will require post-secondary education and already over half of the population between 25 and 54 have post-secondary degrees. Their training shapes the way we live.

In 1996, more than half of the US $100 billion gross domestic product of the Silicon Valley economy came from companies started by Stanford graduates and faculty.

Drawing on James Kunstler’s ideas in The Geography of Nowhere, the authors of Planet U note that “at the university, nowhere is evident in the spiraling acres of parking lots filled with mass-produced cars, the cafeteria food delivered via an exclusive servicing contract with a nameless multinational, and the standard-issue buildings heated and lit by energy from the void.”

Students engage superficially with the built and natural environments and their “community” has no historical context or collective power. By greening infrastructure, as well as uncovering local history, the campus becomes “re-embedded”: the university settles in to its place and this place has value; travelling the globe for conferences no longer signals importance. Paradoxically, the dream university becomes “planetary”—connected with the planet’s health and with other universities—by becoming highly localized.

In Planet U, the authors trace the history of the land beneath UVic, concluding that, like many other North American universities, it arose from colonial displacement of First Nations and the sacrifice of farmland to “suburbanism.”
A is for Abebooks

Abebooks is marking its tenth anniversary as one of the world’s most successful search engines for book sales, competing for most sales with Amazon. Founded by Rick and Vivian Pura, and Keith and Cathy Waters, the Victoria-based company provides a virtual inventory of 80 million volumes from 13,000 independent bookellers in 53 countries. Abe employs 90 people and has branch operations in Spain, Germany, the United Kingdom and the United States.

B is for Bolan

Having received a Courage in Journalism award in 1999 for her coverage of the Air-India terrorism story, Vancouver Sun reporter Kim Bolan was commissioned to write, Last Week: How The Air-India Bombers Got Away With Murder (M&S $36.99) following the acquittal of Sikh leaders Ripudaman Singh Malik and Ajaib Singh Bagri in 2005. The trial of the two chief suspects in Vancouver revealed that the Canadian Security Intelligence Service had destroyed taped telephone calls between the suspects in connection with the detonation of two bombs, on opposite sides of the globe, within an hour of each other, on two flights emanating from Vancouver on June 23, 1985, killing 29 men, women and children overall. 0-7710-1130-X

C is for Cutler

Kamloops-born Laura L. Cutler examines the emotional lives of female characters, including a lounge singer, a divorcée and an aging stripper, to reveal how much each woman has risked be-coming viewed as maladjusted in this Side of Bookmen (Turnstone $17.95), her third story collection. 0-88801-312-4

D is for Dawe

Fringe Festival theatre performer TJ Dawe has followed the texts for his humorous one-man shows, Labrador and The Slip-Knot with The Power of Ignorance (Brindle & Glass $19.95), a send-up of the self-help genre featuring Vaugen, Master Ignoramus, co-written with Chris Gibbs of Toronto. 4-07742-117-7

E is for Egoff

The B.C. Book Prizes paid a final tribute to the late Sheila A. Egoff, the children’s librarian and critic whose motto was, “the right book, for the right child, at the right time.” A mentor of Chris Gibbs of Toronto, Egoff once told Salman, “Writing is the only thing that lasts.”

F is for Fischer

Eastern Canadian photographer George Fischer offers a pictorial book titled Haida Gwaii (Queen Charlotte Islands: Land of Mountains, Mist and Myth) (Nimbus $29.95) with text by Andrew Merilees. 1-55100-506-8

G is for Goldfarb

Set in Manchester during the Victo-rian era, Sheldon Goldfarb’s first novel Remember, Remember (UKA Press $18.50) has been shortlisted for an Arthur Ellis award for best Canadian juvenile mystery. With a doctorate in Victorian literature, Goldfarb, a former UBC English professor is now archivist for the UBC Alma Mater Society. 1-55191-45-6

H is for Hayes

This year’s deserving winner of the province’s most venerable book prize, the Lieutenant Governor’s Medal for Historical Writing, presented since 1983, is the indefatigable map enthusiast Derek Hayes for his Historical Atlas of Vancouver and the Lower Fraser Valley (O&M $49.95).

I is for Jaccard

A former chair of the BC Utilities Commission, SFU’s Mark Jaccard has received the $35,000 Donner Prize for Sustainable Fossil Fuels: The Unusual Suspect in the Quest for Clean and Enduring Energy (Cambridge Press $35.95). He argues that fossil fuels can continue as a key energy source because the technological capability exists to use them without emitting pollutants.

J is for Knighton

On his eighteenth birthday, Ryan Knighton was diagnosed with retinitis pigmentosa (RP), a congenital disease marked by a progressive pathology of night-blindness, tunnel vision and eventually total blindness. In the final stage before total blindness, with only 1% of his visual field, he has published Cockeyed (Penguin $25), a memoir about his thoughts and experiences pertaining to his loss of sight.

K is for Knuttson

Tim Lander has published numerous chapbooks and a volume of poetry, with Ektraxis Editions prior to his new release, Inapropriate Behaviour (Broken Jaw Press $19). Gentle, thoughtful and articulate, he has remained an important presence on the West Coast poetry scene for sev-eral decades, mostly based in Nanaimo. 1-55191-49-9

L is for Landers

A penny whistle-playing street poet, Tim Lander is for Landers, a Whistle Player (Now or Never Publishing 0-9739558-0-5. [See abcbookworld.com for info.]

M is for Marlatt

Born in Melbourne in 1941, Daphne Marlatt grew up in Malaysia and immigrated to Canada in 1951. After writing prose narratives about Steveston and her Strathcona neighbourhood, and numerous collec-tions of poetry, most recently This Tendem Love Is (Talonbooks 2001), and a novel that has been widely adopted for university curricula, Ana Historic, she has been appointed to the Order of Canada. 0-662-21157-6

N is for Needham

Chris F. Needham has self-published a first novel about an ex-hockey enforcer, Billy Purdy, whose violent on-ice career was “prolonged by steroids and numbed by liquor.” An Inverted Sort of Prayer (Now or Never Publishing $21.95) is Needham’s attempt to re-prent “the alienation, frustration, and ultim-e futility behind this quintessential Canadian dream.” 0-979353-0-7

O is for O’Rourke

Lynn O’Rourke, art director at Victoria-based Orca Book Publishers, has won first place in the Western Regional Book Production and Design Awards for By A Thread, a children’s picture book by Ned Dickens and Graham Ross, published in 2005 and edited by Maggie devries. Continued on page 40

Kim Bolan visited the Punjab five times during the 20 years she investigated the Air India bombers, despite receiving several death threats. She will appear at this year’s Festival of the Written Arts in Sechelt. Bolan’s book has been nominated for the $15,000 Writers’ Trust of Canada’s Shaughnessy Cohen Prize for Political Writing.

Sheila A. Egoff

Kim Bolan

Tim Lander

Sheila Egoff

Daphne Marlatt

Chris F. Needham

Ryan Knighton

Mark Jaccard

Tim Lander

Daphne Marlatt

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Eligible manuscripts include poetry (8 max.) and short fiction & creative non-fiction under 5000 words. Drama, chapters of novels and journalistic non-fiction are not eligible. All manuscripts read are, of course, considered for publication. Expect to wait four to six weeks for the commentary to arrive.

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Douglas College
U is for You
You. Who just might want to know that there are more than 8,000 B.C.-related authors included at www.abcbookworld.com, but only 20 have surnames beginning with the letter U.

V is for Vissiopoulos or Vipond
Peter Vissiopoulos' Gulf Islands Cruising Guide (Pacific Marine Publishing $46.95) includes marinas and anchorages from Sooke (west of Victoria) to Comox and the southern and northern Gulf Islands in between. Anne Vipond's column 'Anne's Gunkholes' premiered in Pacific Yachting in 1992 and ran for 13 years. Co-authored with her husband Bill Kelly, their Best Anchorages of the Inside Passage (Ocean Cruise Guides $44.95) highlights more than 200 anchorages with more than 120 maps and 450 colour photographs.

W is for Walker
Picking up her Gray Campbell Distinguished Service Award for contributions to the B.C. book community, book sales rep Kate Walker, of Kate Walker & Co., stressed the cooperative nature of the industry. 'It's just amazing how many people it takes to get a book into someone's hands,' she said.

X marks the Spot
According to Robert C. Belyk in Ghosts: True Tales of Eerie Encounters (Heritage $17.95) there was a ghost at 98 East Pender Street in the Mandarin Gardens restaurant since the 1930s. Belyk cites dozens of alleged ghost visitations throughout B.C. in his fourth book on the subject.

Y is for Yorath
For those of us who don't know our garnetite from a jokulhlaup, Chris Yorath introduces the geology of Banff and Yoho National Parks in How Old Is That Mountain? (Harbour $24.95), his fourth book.

Z is for Zoltan, Twice
Both born in Hungary, Zoltan S. Kiss, a prominent architect who designed SFU's Academic Quadrangle (non Arthur Erickson), and Zoltan J. Kokai-Kunn, a prominent Vancouver engineer, have separately self-published Without A Blueprint and The Divine Spark respectively. The former recalls Kiss' forced exodus to southeast Germany in the winter of 1944-1945, and his eventual arrival in Denmark in 1945 and Vancouver in 1950. The latter records Kokai-Kunn's thoughts on major religions and their leading prophets. See abcbookworld.com for details.
Three Gems from Brick Books

Ink Monkey
by Diana Hartog
In these spare and elegant poems—not a word out of place, not an unnecessary syllable—Hartog turns a perceptive eye toward the stories of seemingly ordinary things, of overlooked moments and long-closed rooms.

Ghost Country
by Steve Noyes
“Ghost Country is not so much a book of poetry as the range-finder of an exquisite camera, in which two worlds merge to form a single, rich vision. To read this book is to walk into this vision, to breathe its air, to speak its language.”
—Terence Young

Anatomy of Keys
by Steven Price
“Steven Price... draws us into the intricacy of Harry Houdini's character, as the Master himself entered trunks, chains, a web of knots. In poem after poem, entered trunks, chains, a web of knots. In poem after poem, Steven Price combines past and present, the most important landscape, the most real.”

Jazz singer
John Lent
recites the foibles of a voracious god

BY CHERIE THIESSEN
So It Won't Go Away by John Lent
(Thistledown: $16.95)

The gluttonous, jazz-loving character of Neil Connelly in John Lent's So It Won't Go Away can never get enough out of life, no matter how much he over-indulges his desires: “Drinking, smoking, sex: a man's hands sweating, eyes bugged out in a desperate longing to be held, fuddled, stuffed, stroked. Guzzling and inhaling things in a big grab against death.” At the same time, John Lent can't get enough of Neil Connelly and his two siblings, Jane and Rick. Nine years ago he introduced this trio in Monet's Garden. Time has not been kind to the Connellys. In Lent's seventh book, the middle-aged and childless Connellys are all ex-alcaldes struggling with feelings of inadequacy and depression. They have survived their alcoholic father but it's not clear if they will survive themselves—and their disturbing similarities to one another. All three find it hard to be intimate. All have addictive personalities. All have a keen interest in modern art and literature. All three are writers who teach about writing. Neil Connelly loves jazz and Lent is himself a singer/songwriter for an Okanagan jazz trio. Neil and Rick teach at the same university where John Lent teaches much the same courses. If that last paragraph sets off an amber light of caution, well, you're only human. Philip Roth aside, most fiction writers who can only write about human. Other times Lent interjects directly, times she/he is addressed directly. Sometimes the reader is taken into a character's mind as a child, sometimes s/he is addressed directly. Other times Lent interjects directly, positioning his characters like a conductor. Frequently the act of creation itself is explored, be it music, art or literature. Cumulatively, this collection is more than a series of literary experiments and musings. It’s like John Lent is circling his narrative, studying it from all angles. Each story connects to others. Along the way we learn about Jane’s inability to find a permanent partner. We learn about Rick’s long-term marriage to a woman battling lupus. We learn about Neil’s breakup with his wife and his own subsequent break-down. It’s not cut-and-dried. Instead it’s all jumbled together, like a family that meaningfully combines past and present and future at the dinner table. Along the way, Colette, the 71-year-old mother of the three Connellys, maintains her own balancing act: “it was a matter of two landscapes: the one they were driving through, and another one, of words and names and instructions, that became a second version of the one they were driving through—a landscape of language and facts and details which she would store away and pull out whenever she needed it—one that was, in some ways, the most important landscape, the most real.” Her three children come together in an idyllic village in France at the end, and their deep affection for one another could well be the remedy they need to help resolve their problems. The narrator muses, hopefully: “Was there another way of seeing it so you could fall into it, embrace it...gobbled up by an equally voracious God?” Meanwhile, there’s nothing wrong with filling your lungs with spring air, devouring a tarte flambe, slurping down a good scotch, jamming jazz into your ear or fitting your body to another’s in an act of love. If the shoe fits, write it.

John Lent of Vernon has also released a new jazz trio CD, Shadows Moon, with guitarists Neil Fraser and Shelly Wall.

Cherie Thiessen reviews fiction from Pender Island.
Old Bones begins when a teenager finds the ruins of a very old pick-up truck in Christina Lake. After half-a-century, water levels of the lake have dropped to reveal the wreck. Curious and excited, the boy named Rudy swims out to investigate. Inside the vehicle he finds old bones.

Old Bones is called a mystery on its front cover, but New Zealand-born scriptwriter and first-time novelist Ron Chudley says he doesn’t really write mysteries.

“It appears that the publishing business always needs to categorize,” he says. “All I wanted to do was write a tale about a group of people interacting with each other.”

The local police officer, Jack, investigates the bones. He can’t find any record of a missing person in the area from fifty years ago but Jack’s partner, Margie, has a childhood memory of an old farm.

Jack plays a hunch and checks with an elderly couple who have lived in the town for most of their lives.

They, in turn, recall a school girl from long ago. Jack and Margie track her down and she reveals the identity of the skeleton, but not the full story behind why it’s there.

Jack becomes further enmeshed in a mystery when a gardener named Emily discovers more bones on her own property.

Jack’s own origins as an adopted child enter the picture. Plus there’s a gay couple, Joseph and Ray, who become integral to the plot.

So Old Bones is what might be described as fusion fiction. There’s murder, mortality, coincidences, love and redemption. It’s as much about reconciliation as it is about crime.

There aren’t any ‘bad guys’ in this story. Much of the narration is philosophical, or romantic, but Old Bones is fueled by Gothic elements.

The ‘skeleton’ angle arose from a newspaper article that Chudley read years ago, very similar to the one that starts the book.

Chudley admits he’s “constitutionally incapable” of not trying for some mystery and suspense.

“Advance Praise for Chris F. Needham’s
An Inverted Sort of Prayer

“Intriguing . . . A hard-driving plot.” Vancouver Sun

“Brilliant . . . Chuck Palahniuk without the minimalist style
A book that is uniquely Canadian.” OnceWritten.com
“A satisfying and thought-provoking read. If you want to see the literary envelope pushed, I definitely recommend it.” Allbooks Reviews

.... the best debut by a novelist this year.

Cut loose at the end of a long and violent hockey career prolonged by surgery and numbness from liquor, ex-enforcer Billy Purdy discovers that the soon-to-be-published novel of a celebrated politician’s son is in fact Billy’s father’s own, taken word for word coincidences.

As to classifying it as a mystery—it’s an indication that I have to work more, in fact so it will be.

Chere Thirion reviews fiction from Pudus Island.

Ron Chudley

Chudley’s world is a moral one, where family is important, resolutions are available and answers can be found.

Readers who love the “deus ex machina” devices of Greek plays and the mistakes idiocy that intrigue of Elizabethan comedy, will find it easy to fall between these covers. Others will have difficulty accepting the deliberately colossal coincidences.

“In the end, telling stories is what it’s all about,” says Chudley. “I just want to tell them about folks and situations that interest me.

“As to classifying it as a mystery—if that is an indication to have my work read, then so be it.”

Linda L. Richards’ second paper-

back crime novel, The Next Ex: A Madeline Carter Mystery by Linda L. Richards (MIRA, $22.00)

EX MARKS THE SPOT

The Next Ex: A Madeline Carter Mystery by Linda L. Richards (MIRA, $22.00)

Cherie Thiessen reviews fiction from Pudus Island.

Old Bones by Ron Chudley

[TouchWood Editions $12.95]

by Chris Bullock & Kay Stewart

A Deadly Little List

by Kay Stewart & Chris Bullock

(Thrace Press, $17.95) 0-89350-199-2

Wild Some Day, A Victorian Diner
by John MacEachen Gray

(Thrace Press, 344 pp, 0-97393174-2

Crooked Lake by Helen Burnside

(Cerisal Publishing, $19.95) 0-9771822-1-3

Abraham & Ethan by Tony Caporale

(Cerisal Publishing, $19.95) 0-9771822-2-1

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Theatre in British Columbia

These articles acknowledge political, social, and performative borders and examine British Columbia theatre from perspectives which pay tribute to the locating of arbitrarily imposed restrictions,”—from the Introduction

Includes essays by: Siobhan Barker, David Diamond, Peter Dickinson, Reid Gilbert, Sherrill Grace, Gabriele Helms, James Hoffman, Denis Johnston, Margo Kane, Bruce Kirkley, Richard J. Lane, Marlene Mose, Malcolm Page, Uma Parameswaran, Jen Read, Don Rubin, Rick Shimoni, Renate Usimeni and Jerry Wasserman.

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An Inverted Sort of Prayer

A Novel by Chris F. Needham

ISBN 0-9739558-0-5, 360 pages, $23.95

Available at select bookstores and

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Linda L. Richards

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FIGHTING WORDS.
I

In June 1965, after U.S. Ma-

rines helped to quash a

popular revolt against a

military junta in the Domin-

ican Republic, J.B. MacKinnon's

uncle, Arthur MacKinnon, a Cath-

olic missionary known as "Padre

Arturo," was found shot to death

in the village of Monte Plata

along with the bodies of two po-

licemen.

Those who inspected the Ca-

tolic priest's body described an

arc of bullet wounds, probably

from a machine-gun, below his

thorax, and what appeared to be

a single pistol shot at the rear of

his jaw. A young soldier claimed
to have shot all three in the course

of a gun battle.

Some 40 years later, as a young

journalist from Van-

couver, J.B. MacKinnon went to

the Dominican Republic to inves-
tigate his uncle's death. The re-

sult, Dead Man in Paradise, has

earned the 2006 Charles Taylor

Prize for literary non-fiction.

Dead Man in Paradise has

been described as murder mys-
tery, political thriller, and tra-

elogue—qualities it shares with

the best fiction of Graham

Greene who once said of a
doomed protagonist that he
"entered the territo-

ry of lies without a passport for

return."

Although Greene's novel

about Caribbean corruption and

brutality, The Comedians, was set

in the other half of Hispaniola, in

Haiti, it's fair to say both

MacKinnons entered much

the same territory when they

reached the Dominican Re-
public.

Of course we know which of

the MacKinnons returned, but

there is palpable tension in his
dual narratives as he shifts back

and forth between a first-person

account of his quest for truth

and a reconstruction of his un-

cle's final days.

At the outset, MacKinnon has

trouble explaining exactly why he

felt compelled to trace the

final steps of a relative

who died before he

was born.

His insis-
tence at the

end of the

novel is

that "I am

too late for my church, but I

have, at

least, come closer to his faith" is

not entirely convincing.

No matter; it's not about

MacKinnon. Though he is nec-

essarily omnipresent in the con-
temporary side of the story, he

is an unassuming narrator, ob-
servant and generous in atten-

tion to the Dominicans, friend

and foe alike.

As one would expect from an

award-winning travel writer,

MacKinnon also offers sharply

drawn impressions of the land it-

self, from city to swamp to moun-
tain to beach. Early on there are

a few clunky, overwrought pas-
sages, such as one in which

he steps from a bus into

"the fire that con-
sumes heaven and earth from

the moment the sun

shoulders over the horizon."

But he finds his footing.

From the

lively belly of the old city I climb

the hill to the lawns of the

National Palace, the pink dome

washed by sunlight like a shell

thrown into the sky.

Within a few blocks

the city slumps back toward de-
cay, its sidewalks jumbled and

broken, the gutters piled with

plastic and paper, funerary

mounds of lime heaped over

the road-killed dogs. At the

gle of a plaza of dying trees,

encircled in the volcanic sky

of sea to sky.

I stand once again in front of

the offices recommended to

me by General Brea Garó,

but the building is a monument

to hopelessness."

Inside he meets yet another

unhelpful bureaucrat who "has

forgotten how to smile."
The generals he meets, on the

other hand, remember how to

smile—only to announce that he

doesn't have the password.

Charlie might be a fool, a sp,
or, as one of MacKinnon's friends

learns, both.

On more than one occasion

MacKinnon is tripped up by

names. Is it Gervando Fernandez

or General Hernandez-Fernandez?

Searching for anyone related to

the soldier who supposedly con-
fessed to the killings, he is di-

tected to three towns called La

Cuaba. There is a map at the

front of the book and a chro-

nology at the back, but with so

many characters, so many

names and places, an index

would have been helpful.

Without giving away too

much, it's fair to say MacKinnon
doesn't tie up every loose end

of his uncle's death, but he

learns more about the priest's
calling and his own beings (or

defending his support for Trujillo

by remarking, "He's an SOB,

but he's our SOB."
The First Century

Union of British Columbia Municipalities: Democracy at the Municipal Act in 1914. From the province with a revised was able to pry a few concessions Eventually a Royal Commission group that launched the UBCM Stevens who spearheaded a Kamloops Mayor Charles largely the brainchild of 1905 Dominion Fair in New port that demanded Canada and the province provide a “sat- unsatisfactory way of maintaining the wives and children of persons who desert their families.” It also slammed those “who drank their money away.”

In 1929 there was a resolution to enable fire trucks to go faster than 15 mph, but only when responding to a fire. In 1969, when land was rapidly being scooped up for urban development, Richmond put forth a resolution to create an Agricultural Land Commission. When the provincial government of Dave Barrett’s NDP delivered a variation of that resolution to create the Agricultural Land Reserve, it was not fully endorsed by the UBCM. There is an account of the birth of the Municipal Finance and Assessments Authorities, lists of UBCM conventions, presidents and, yes, a 1959 banquet menu. But The First Century also provides a fascinating account of an important journey through B.C.’s shifting political and social landscape.

There are ample archival photographs—including Silverton locals posing with liquor bottles on the first day of Prohibition—press clippings and biographical profiles that flesh out how we got here. Interesting sidebars in The First Century include a profile of Peter Wing of Kamloops, the first mayor of Chinese descent in North America; and an account of RCMP support for the unpopular Secrecy restraint program of the early 1980s. Newspaper headlines from 50 years ago (about gas tax sharing) could have been written yesterday.

The Great War of 1914 drained communities of almost 56,000 men who left to fight for the empire (more than 10% of the total B.C. population). Property taxes were soon in arrears, the economy stagnated, unemployment soared. When the province and municipalities ran out of money, public works came to a standstill. This was amplified on a larger scale during the Depression. Municipalities felt helpless, some went broke (including Burnaby, Merritt, North Vancouver). All were trying to help the desperate and unemployed with varying degrees of success (Port Alberni’s cheques to the unemployed bounced).

The UBCM was in a constant struggle with the province, demanding more assistance for its citizens, and was eventually successful getting provincial and federal governments to help pay for B.C.’s 237 relief camps. They could house up to 18,000 men, one-third of the Canadian total, and were a step up from starving on the street.

By the end of the Depression there was a better working relationship between the province and its communities, with B.C. promising to take on more cost-sharing for welfare, hospitals and education. Although it took another decade, the province did come through when the economy rallied.

Then came the Bennett era. Former UBCM president Ben Marks remarked, “...there was no question that W.A.C. ran the show and Gaglardi was not far behind.”

As former mayor of Vancouver, provincial premier Mike Harcourt and Gordon Campbell have both played significant roles on both sides of the power struggle.

The tug of war between the UBCM and its masters continues. Although the UBCM can claim some significant victories, the province can still call the shots. The recent Significant Projects Streamlining Act, for instance, has enabled the provincial government to override local bylaws on matters “where the provincial interest was paramount.”

Mark Forsythe, host of Almanac on CBC Radio, has co-written The BC Almanac Book of Greatest British Columbians, with Greg Dixon.

Municipalities couldn’t easily enforce Prohibition as these Silverton locals demonstrate by posing with liquor bottles.
Ilsley’s design is to encourage clearer thinking about issues that transcend personal experience. He does so through a narrative that is both entertaining and thought-provoking. "Go figure."
EQUATORIAL AMBIGUITIES

Touching Ecuador contains an account of the hallucination that is the Galápagos, “black upon black, the gargoyles/horned, marine,” and the book’s last section has a dense, challenging duality; a lapped believer/precacher is looking for a new life in the mountains and an Everyman is travelling the world to discover “reading north depends on south and north: the idea of here discovers there.”

The Tourist arranges in the high mountain capital and begins his transition into Traveler. “I come from a country of zero degrees/with every winter a measure of mummies, windchill and toque,” New writes.

“The Tourist snaps pictures, moves on. The Traveler/ steps lightly on the line, plants feet across it, listens to the voices in the mountain air.”

Bill New writes. The Traveler walks, which is still charming after all these years. Edited by Jeff Pew and Stephen Roxborough, the poems in this collection are as varied as the contributors; high on memory, and a little uneven as poetry. The anecdotes about bissett are remarkable. If one didn’t know these poems were describing someone who is a poet/friend, one would assume their subject is a guru, shaman, spiritual teacher, therapist, prophet or heifer. The descriptive words are the elevated praise reserved for the likes of a Mandela, Ghandi, Thomas Merton and John Lennon.

Stephen Roxborough writes, “Bill’s friends are among the fortunate few shown how to play inside and out, and eventually through the strung of our universe.”

Someone please advise Nightwood Editions: anyone who wrote or spoke or heard a poem in Kislano in the late sixties should qualify for a free copy. Me please. 0-88971-210-7

Hannah Main-van der Kamp regularly reviews poetry from Victoria.

Xcellent Birds by Kay McCracken

from Touching Ecuador by Bill New

Half our clothes off, bill, Helen, and I follow Ronn under Enderby Bridge into Shuswap River

Bill says he and I are easygoing gradualists because of the way we approach the river

When we leave the river soggy clothes heavy with sand we come across four silvery

Grounded birds they stand poised on a cliff while we cluck and coo over them wondering our human questions

But these silent birds are a mystery they may be doves, I say there are 4 of us and 4 doves, offers Helen

Doves are love, says Ronn, xcellent beautiful xcellent, says bill

We all agree but later when I search my bird books, unable to identify them, I’m mystified maybe it was a group hallucination, says bill, or maybe it was the way we approached the river.

The Point by Jane Munro

Originator of Touching Ecuador, the poet Kenneth White pays a tribute to Munro’s Point No Point. In the final poem “Moving to a Colder Climate” describes how her father Raymond Southwell (a builder, came to visit the new home site and died the weekend Munro moved in. Point No Point also pays tribute to Munro’s grandfather, George Southwell, who painted controversial semi-nudes in the straps of the B.C. Legislature. Point No Point is derived from the geographical survey of the former timberlands where Munro, 62 lives. Point No Point is a technical term referring to a secondary point of land that is apparent, but doesn’t extend farther than two primary points on either side. “It’s a ten-minute walk—down the gravel drive with its mossy centre, up across the highway, a move a miracle of late flowering fall said and wind-sheltered shrub to the boathouse. This is my boathouse. On a map, it’s a prominence that’s on one side from the other. Point No Point.”

0-88982-223-9

37 BOOKWORLD SUMMER 2006
out of the game. Drawn to what is fake, Elliot is happiest tripping around Korea visiting places like Cult Fashion Mall, which boasts anything you bring to it can be made in seven days.

Four floors of sunglasses and watches, mobile phones and cameras, handbags and designer T-shirts. Everything fake or fakeable. Everything for sale. Everything vibrating in the tension, the excited blood cells, the nervously-wrapped I furnishings of monied desire."

The brothers come together again when the producer of the reality TV show, Unexpected Architecture, decides to make a series about a recently rediscovered Packer Gordon design, Story House. It will be a little like Extreme Makeover, Home Edition. He wants to film the two brothers discussing, arguing, hammering out what to do about restoring and remodelling the deteriorating structure.

Possibly Packer’s first building, Story House is an architectural conundrum tucked away in Vancouver’s downtown eastside. With its double-helix staircase, odd angles, empty hallways, and lack of a kitchen, it isn’t really a house at all, but a puzzle to be solved, a question to be answered. The brothers have to unlock its mysteries, to find out what it’s for. This they do, coming up with an ingenious idea that has spectacular and devastating results, both for the building and themselves.

With all its embellishment and detail, its eccentric characters, strange locales, and courses on architecture, Taylor’s construction is more like a bizarre cathedral than one of Packer Gordon’s sparse, modern designs.

Besides Graham and Elliot and their illustrious father, there are many minor characters. We keep shifting from one character to the next, from Pogy the boxing coach, to Rico, the underworld figure who lives in the Orwell Hotel, as well as Kieron, Elliot’s punk Russian business partner; Aivi Zweigler, the TV producer; Graham’s estranged wife Esther; and Elliot’s partner Dierdre, to mention a few. We don’t get much of a chance to focus on one particular character. More seriously, we often aren’t given a reason to care about them either.

There are constant shifts in time and place within a convoluted plot, making for a sometimes confusing narrative. Descriptions of food and fashion fads, though brilliant on their own, can be distracting, gratuitous, and take away from the context of the story.

It’s to his credit though, that Taylor has written a novel where most of the conversations revolve around the intricacies of architectural design. Only a writer of great narrative and descriptive gifts could pull it off.

Though the action is somewhat contrived, and the characters are driven by the plot rather than the other way around, the suspense and drama around what happens to the Story House carry through to the novel’s riveting and tragic ending.

Like the house it is named for, this novel asks difficult questions and provides no easy answers. How can we rediscover the simplicity and purity of art, the idea that has spectacular and devastating results? We can do so by going to the extreme of camping on the beaches of the Queen Charlotte Islands the way Graham’s wife Esther does?

Timothy Taylor poses the questions and it’s for us to find the answers.

Sheila Munro is the author of Lives of Mothers and Daughters.
When her hippie parents head for Thailand to celebrate their 30th "non-wedding anniversary" by helping to build a school, 17-year-old Hope is banished to Brooklyn. The plan had been for her to remain at the Larchberry Farm by herself. But getting caught naked in the hayloft with Orion, the tanned, hash-smoking, too-old, too-married farmer (Workers on Organic Farms) changed all that. Now she'll have to endure an entire summer living with her flaky older sister.

But then Hope meets Nat, a lanky bicycle mechanic with a big gray beard and it's hit with a sudden, bewildering crush. "Would kissing a girl be the same as kissing a boy?" she wonders. "I don't want her to let go."

Another weird thing—is that I'm hit with a sudden, bewildering crush. "Would kissing a girl be the same as kissing a boy?" she wonders. "I don't want her to let go."

With motherly advice from a lesbian couple, a timely phone call from her parents and guidance from her "guyfriend" Orion, Hope ultimately arrives at her own answers to her troubling questions. Crush is part of the Orca Soundings series for reluctant readers. Vancouver writer Carrie Mac is a story of Sylvia Stark, who settled on Salt Spring Island in 1860, discovered fully one-third of the crows who tamed the American West were black, as were many in the sixty-man staff of BC's first police force. 102098994

Treview On Tarragon Island in Niki Tate's first contribution to the "wrinkle brigade's" weekly fund-raiser calendar. The Ladies of the Forest, poses nude for a book mark exchange to promote international understanding and friendship.

Along with My Liberal is a Canel, the cover of which features children and book-tooting camels in Mongolia's Gobi Desert, Ruurs has three other new titles.

Illustrated by Jenny Emery, Animal Alphabet is a nightime fantasy and alphabet story in which a girl discovers one of her 26 stuffed animals is missing. Emma at the Fair chronicles the fourth adventure of the plucky, yet addle-brained hen, this time in the boisterous atmosphere, captured by artist Barbara Spurr, of harvest time at an agricultural fair.

And Martha Black, with cover art by well-known artist Ted Harrison, introduces the exploits of naturalist Martha Louise Mungen who gave up a well-Heeled life in Chicago for the lure of the Canadian north.

Eventually married to George Black, who was later made commissioner of the Yukon, Martha went on to receive an OBE for her work with Yukon service men during WWI and, at age 70, to become the second woman elected to Parliament.
LONDON CALLING

Jack London spent eleven months prospecting for gold in the Yukon and Alaska. In his autobiography, he wrote, “I brought nothing back from the Klondike but my scurry.”

The story of Dick North’s efforts to find and preserve a piece of literary London—as in Jack—begins one afternoon in California when he walked into Jack London’s old hangout, the First and Last Chance Saloon in Oakland.

As North explains in Sailor on Snowshoes, Jack London’s Klondike Cabin, he listened to the bartender’s tales and wondered if the shack that sheltered Jack London and his party during their Klondike winter of 1897–1898 could still exist.

From reading Jack London’s works based on his Yukon adventure—The Call of the Wild (1903), The White Fang (1906)—and the popular anthology piece “To Build a Fire,” about a man who freezes to death on the Yukon trail—Dick North decided that London’s Yukon cabin, a recurring image in his stories, seemed to embody the spirit of the writer.

Dick North got himself hired by the Daily Alaska Empire in Juneau in the early Sixties, but his editor didn’t believe a quest for the cabin would make good copy.

Not only did North establish the cabin’s location on Henderson Creek, 75 miles south of Dawson City, he listened to the bar-tender’s tales and wondered if the shack that sheltered Jack London and his party during their Klondike winter of 1897–1898 could still exist.

Dick North decided that London’s Yukon cabin, a recurring image in his stories, seemed to embody the spirit of the writer.

It was his refuge, his sanctuary, the place where he could obtain a maximum of warmth with a minimum of fuel. And it played a focal part in many of his stories. It is a symbol of a more simplistic era but not so far removed from us that we can ignore the fact that some day we may be forced to return to the same kind of humble dwelling in order to survive.

North was unconvinced by Irving Stone’s assertion in his popular biography Sailor on Snowshoes that London and a friend dismantled the cabin and made a raft out of it on which they floated downriver to Dawson City.

Dick North got himself hired by the Daily Alaska Empire in Juneau in the early Sixties, but his editor didn’t believe a quest for the cabin would make good copy.

Not only did North establish the cabin’s location on Henderson Creek, 75 miles south of Dawson City, but he made the triumphant discovery that remnants still existed not far from Stewart Island. Then he became necessary to prove that this was, in fact, the cabin that London and his companions had built.

Establishing the authenticity of the cabin was complicated; it involved arranging for tree-ring experts to cut cones from the cabin’s logs and those of nearby trees in order to date it exactly. Then North had to trace the owner of a slab bearing Jack London’s signature that had been cut from the cabin wall leaving a slash. Once that was done, handwriting experts had to confirm that the handwritten inscription that read “Jack London, miner, author, Jan 27, 1898” was actually London’s.

Fortunately, the Port Authority of Oakland, California, whose American Legion post had issued Jack London’s Klondike Merchant’s Association was housed, became enthusiastic. They contributed $17,000 to the project, of which $500 went to purchase the original slab. In 1969, when the slab was ready to be matched with the slash on the wall, they scheduled an expedition that included the actor Eddie Albert to bring it to the cabin.

The California group flew to Stewart Island and traveled 18 miles in three dog-sleds to Henderson Creek. There they witnessed the exact match between the slab and the slash, and relished the atmosphere of the cabin and the creek described in London’s stories. Since a journey by dog-sled was not easy in the melting snows of April, they also experienced on their return journey hazards similar to those experienced by London’s characters.

The project did not end there. That would have meant leaving the cabin to molder away in a spot inaccessible by most means of transportation. A unique solution was devised, whereby the Canadian and American elements of Jack London’s legacy could be honoured.

By using logs from the original cabin and adding others, duplicate structures were created to the same scale as the original. One of these was transported to Oakland, and its twin was rebuilt in Dawson City. Having already written about two mysteries of the Canadian North, The Mad Trapper of Rat River (1972) and The Lost Patrol (1978), North proves himself an old hand at creating a suspenseful narrative. But the richest part of the present book—which is an innovative blend of quest motif, mystery and travelogue—is his evocation of the Gold Rush era, the characters, animals and the landscape that provide the stuff of Jack London’s fiction.

Unraveling the life and times of Jack London, who died of a morphine overdose at the age of forty) is complicated by the fact that London was plagued throughout his short life by frauds and imposters. One of these, claiming to have traveled with him across North America, wrote a book on the putative journey.

Another man impersonating London journeyed throughout Alaska, giving birth to the enduring belief that London lived in Nome when he never actually visited that city.

Joan Givner is a novelist, critic and biographer who lives in Mill Bay.

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*The only known Klondike photograph of Jack London (seated from left) at Sheep Camp, August 1897.*

*Joan Givner is a novelist, critic and biographer who lives in Mill Bay.*
KINSELLA: Has the gender ratio for novelists changed since you published your first fiction book in 1977?

BCBW: Has the gender ratio for novelists changed since you published your first fiction book in 1977?

KINSELLA: The female-to-male ratio of published novelists has increased. The novels I’ve read in the past five years were equally divided 50/50.

BCBW: Does the old maxim ‘Write about what you know’ still apply? I don’t think ‘Write about what you know’ has ever applied.

KINSELLA: I don’t think ‘Write about what you know’ has ever applied. The best novels are works of imagination, the worst are full of autobiography.

BCBW: Do you sometimes ask yourself if there are too many books?

KINSELLA: I think there have always been too many books. Unpublished writers may whine otherwise, but nothing, absolutely nothing even remotely good goes unpublished.

Literally hundreds of books both fiction and non-fiction are published each year that go unpublished. Absurdly nothing even remotely good goes unpublished.

BCBW: The pop music industry has been ruined by the music video. Do you detect any corresponding trend towards publishing novels who ‘look good’ rather than write well?

KINSELLA: I don’t see any correlation. If looking good meant anything there would be far more well-designed covers. There are only two or three good covers a season, the rest often appear to be designed by artsy-craftsy incompetents who have no knowledge of lettering, and probably just got their first computer.

BCBW: On a provincial basis, where have most of the new novelists in England come from?

KINSELLA: Over five years Ontario writers produced 46% of the first novels submitted to the contest, followed by B.C. with 19%, Alberta with 10% and Newfoundland with 8%.

BCBW: What’s the average age of first-time novelists in Canada?

KINSELLA: I’d say it’s late 30s.

BCBW: Do you sometimes think we should place a moratorium on publishing new novelists under 35?

KINSELLA: Definitely. It’s got to be bad that for a couple of years I added my own Bottom Drawer Award for novels whose manuscripts should have remained in the bottom drawer with orange peels, cracker crumbs and condom wrappers.

The worst offenders are the publishers trying to qualify for future grants by publishing a certain number of books each year. They end up publishing anything with a pulse.

BCBW: So should everyone attending Creative Writing courses be encouraged to get jobs delivering pizzas instead?

KINSELLA: No, I’m a graduate of the University of Victoria Writing Department and the Iowa Writers’ Workshop. When I went to UVic I was like a baseball pitcher with a wonderful fastball who threw every third pitch into the stands. Bill Valgardson, Robin Skelton, Lawrence Russell and Derk Wynand coached me until I was publishing regularly by the time I graduated.

Iowa gave me two years of freedom to write, and I was beginning Shoeless Joe when I received my MFA. Only one or two bad novels came from graduates of writing programs, while several very good ones emerged, especially from the UBC Writing program, which has a phenomenal rate of published novelists.

It has always been that in a class of 15 writing students, on average only one will ever achieve any success. I do think Writing Departments should be more diligent in weeding out the obvious non-performers, but the problem is age-old; the departments get paid by the student, so anyone with diligence and a smattering of ability can get a degree, which ultimately cheapens the degrees of the talented writers.

That was my chief complaint with Iowa where I saw students use the same 60-page, unrevised manuscript they used to gain entry to the workshop as their Graduate Thesis Project.

BCBW: Are the first novels from larger publishing houses any better, or different, than the first novels from smaller publishing houses?

KINSELLA: I’d say the novels I see from Knopf Canada, Random House and Doubleday are usually quality ones. They are more consistent in quality than [ones from] the smaller publishers, possibly because they have money for better editors and proofreaders.

BCBW: If you were writing a first novel today, what small press would you send it to?

KINSELLA: I would go with Great Plains Publications, a relatively new firm out of Winnipeg. Their books are all beautiful and they give the impression that they really care about their product.

BCBW: And what large press would you send it to?

KINSELLA: I’d first try Knopf Canada.

BCBW: Can you explain to me how anyone writing or talking in Canada can pronounce, with complete confidence, that the novel they have just read is somehow the ‘best’ novel of the year when that person has likely read less than 10% of the novels published?

KINSELLA: Something like that is a judgment call. What it means is that the novel compares favorably with many excellent novels of the recent past, therefore it must be one of the best of the current crop.

BCBW: You’ve already cited Susan Juby as a ‘writer to watch.’ What other emerging first novelists have impressed you?

KINSELLA: The first year I picked the short list I was very disappointed that Lydia Kwa’s beautifully poetic yet tough-as-nails story of lesbian love and sacrifice, This Place Called Absence, did not win. I felt it was the best book of that year by a wide margin.

I very much like Open Arms by Marina Endicott, Blue Becomes You by Bettina von Kampen, The Beautiful Dead End by Clint Hunidak, and Stay by Aislin Hunter. These people are very talented and could become major players in Can-Lit.

However, my favorite first novel of all time was a runner-up in 1976 to something long forgotten, The True Story of Ida Johnson by Sharon Riis. It was summed up by Margaret Arwood as ‘...a flatfooted waitress caught in the eerie light of the Last J udgment.’ It is a novel I re-read several times a year, always finding something new.
As depicted in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, Adolf Hitler's SS (Security Squad) was not only infamous for running the concentration camps and gas chambers, and for serving as the Fuhrer's bodyguards: the world's most notorious police force also played a key role in unearthing antiquities to ostensibly prove Aryan links to ancestral greatness.

In 1935, Hitler sanctioned an obscure but powerful research arm of the SS, the Ahnenerbe—a word meaning "something inherited from the forefathers"—to uncover ancestral treasures, to reinvigorate past glories, and to please the Third Reich as a model for fairness and middle-class decency.

The "Nazi think tank" recruited scholars to invent guardropes to find and to undertake archaeological digs around the world in order to authenticate Hitler's view of Aryans as a master race (tall, blonde, and blue-eyed men and women who were the genuine of civilization).

With extensive documentation, Heather Pringle*The Master Plan: Heinrich Himmler’s Schol arship and the Holocaust* (Viking $35) unravels the little-known story of the Ahnenerbe, a ridiculous but lethal construct that used bogus science to rewire the race and justify the murder of six million Jews, intellectuals, gypsies (Roma) and others who were considered "mixed-races" from the Reich.

In 1935, Heinrich Himmler (with moustache) founded an SS research institute, the Ahnenerbe, to search for antiquities (as above) and to recreate the lost world of Germany's ancestors.

The Ahnenerbe began using prisoners as guinea pigs to measure the effects of mustard gas and typhus. When some SS members complained about the stress of shooting large numbers of women, children and babies in the Cremona, Himmler's henchmen in the Ahnenerbe conducted male testing with a male gassing wagon that could kill 80 people at once. With three male gassing wagons in the Crimea, the SS was able to kill nearly 60,000 people, mainly Jews.

Himmler's "scientists" were also keen to know how long parachuting aviators could survive in freezing waters and then be revived. Male prisoners were placed in ice-cold tanks for hours and then laid on beds where naked female prisoners were instructed to warm them up and engage in sex.

Painful sterilization experiments were also conducted on humans. Himmler's "scientists" claimed to have unearthed an ancient holy card he stole from a police officer.

Himmler devised a scheme to gain his freedom: He would offer his services to the occupying British and American forces, organizing Werwolf to fight against Communism. When this offer was rejected, Himmler swallowed a cyanide capsule during a medical examination and trip search.

Some of the Ahnenerbe scholars were arrested, tried, disgraced, exiled or killed themselves, but others enjoyed highly-respected careers. In the last chapter, Heather Pringle tracks down a 90-year-old Ahnenerbe member Bruno Berger in a quiet German town. Berger, a so-called expert in racial studies, only displayed emotion when discussing the war crime trial he had endured, mentioning about "how the law is biased."

Daring several hours of cross-examination, he was unrepentant, believing that Jews should be regarded as a mongrel race.

The Master Plan is a restrained work of reporting, without prying or exploitation, but, on page 316, Pringle cites a 1971 survey that once revealed fifty per cent of the German population believed "National Socialism [Nazism] was fundamentally a good idea which was merely badly carried out."

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*Theory*: in chief propagandist Hans Hohbiger, pedalled himself on never performing calculations and thought mathematics was "deceptive."

The Ahnenerbe's research plundered foreign museums, art galleries, churches and private homes, carrying off valuable relics and masterworks of art. But with the onset of World War II, the activities of the Ahnenerbe became far more serious.

• The Ahnenerbe began using prisoners as guinea pigs to measure the effects of mustard gas and typhus.
• When some SS members complained about the stress of shooting large numbers of women, children and babies in the Cremona, Himmler's henchmen in the Ahnenerbe conducted male testing with a male gassing wagon that could kill 80 people at once. With three male gassing wagons in the Crimea, the SS was able to kill nearly 60,000 people, mainly Jews.
• Human endurance at extremely high altitudes was tested using concentration camp prisoners in a vacuum chamber, resulting in extreme suffering and many deaths.
• Painful sterilization experiments were also conducted on humans. Himmler's "scientists" claimed to have unearthed an ancient holy card he stole from a police officer.
• Berger, a so-called expert in racial studies, only displayed emotion when discussing the war crime trial he had endured, mentioning about "how the law is biased."

Pringle, the author of "Raiders of the Lost Ark", has written an illuminating account of the Ahnenerbe and its activities, revealing the extent to which Nazi Germany's pseudo-scientific agenda was used to perpetrate mass murder.

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*Himmler*: deadly bookworm

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