

We've got the world's longest,

east-west highway

udbury has the Big Nickel. Echo Bay has the Big Loonie. Sault Ste. Marie has a huge baseball, seemingly left behind by giants.

Not to be outdone, Wawa has a giant goose; Moose Jaw has Mac the Moose, ten metres high. White River has a marbelite statue of Winnie the Pooh clutching his honey pot.

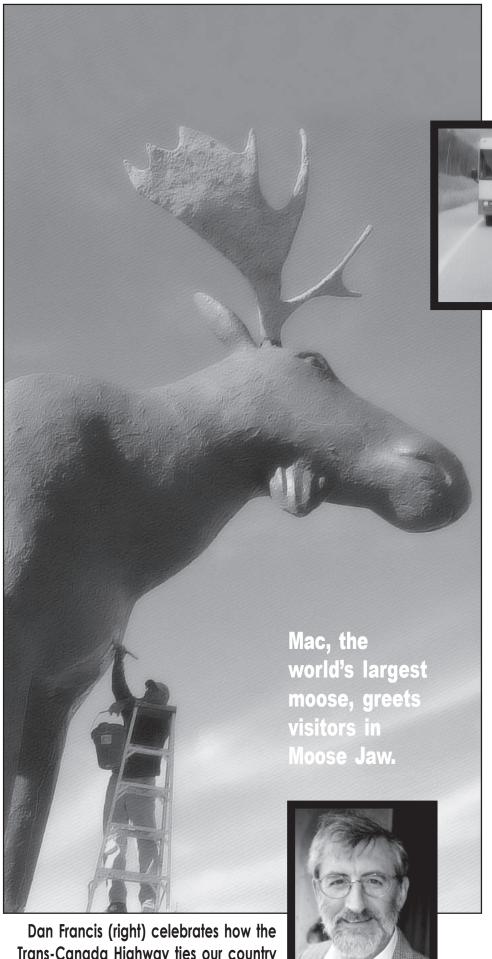
They're some of the roadside attractions in **Dan Francis**' paean to motorized transport, A Road for Canada (Stanton, Atkins, Dosil \$39.95), marketed as an illustrated history of the Trans-Canada Highway.

As Francis first discovered during his three-month honeymoon journey in an orange Volkswagen camper, Canada's other National Dream is an automotive spinal cord that stretches from Victoria to St. John's-making it twice as long as the Great Wall of China.

"Driving the Trans-Canada is a rite of passage," he recalls, "but it can also be a trial by fire." Back in the late sixties, he and his bride always parked on a slope, enabling them to jump-start the vehicle each morning. "Canada was several days wider than I had given it credit for," he recalls.

While paying heed to iconic moments—such as watching a weathered grain elevator grow larger on the horizon—Francis also explores the roadway's historic and symbolic significance. "As Canadians know from our periodic constitutional squabbles, the thread might break. Meanwhile, the highway reveals us to ourselves."

The first province to complete its share of the Trans-Canada was Saskatchewan. The highway's half-way point is Chippewa Falls in Ontario. 09732346-7-9



Beware the bisecting bison

North America's longest north-south road, Highway 97, connects Weed, California and the Yukon bor-

The Long and Winding Road (Heritage \$18.95) is Jim Couper's illustrated guide to the "pleasures and treasures" of the two-thousand-mile route that passes lava beds, bison, deserts, orchards, vineyards, forests and a fullscale replica of Stonehenge at Maryhill on the Columbia River gorge.

Founder of Canada's national cycling magazine Pedal, Couper lives within ten miles of Highway 97 in Kelowna and wrote Discovering the Okanagan in 1-894974-12-3

Fueled by blackberries

s self-described Geriatric Gypsies, A Barb and Dave Rees of Powell River hit the road in an old 27ft. motor home loaded down with driftwood, books, brandied blackberry sauce and sold their possessions as they went.

With advice on free camping and roadside survival tips on locating farmers' and flea markets, RV Canada on a Dime and Dream (\$19.95) recounts how they financed their way across Canada, starting with only \$300 in their

"It wasn't without many down-to-thewire moments," she says, "but more often it was filled with the wonderful generous people that make up our great country." 0-9736198-8-0. Info at www.abcbookworld.com

Trans-Canada Highway ties our country together in A Road for Canada.

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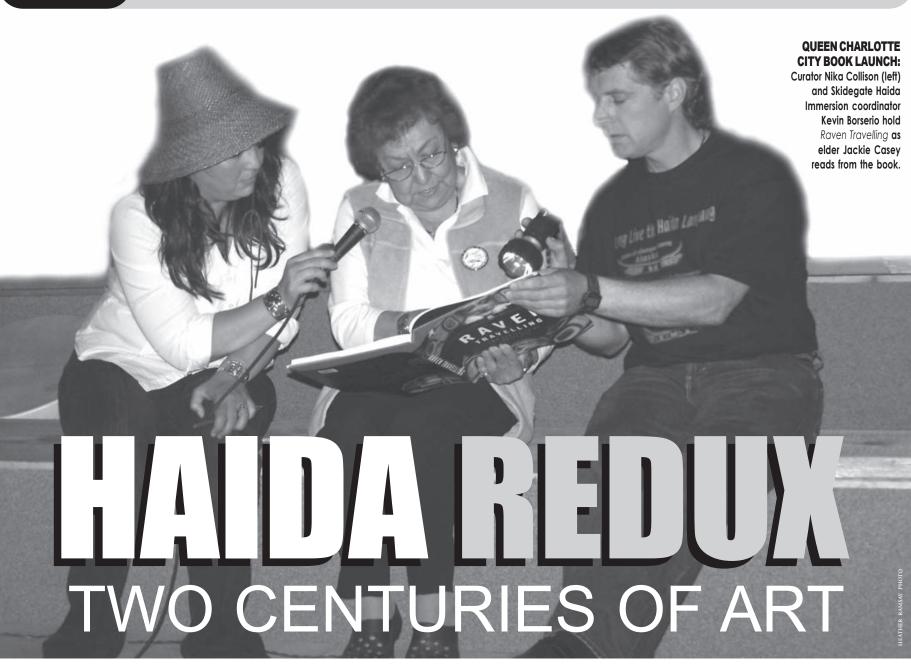
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n front of a fire pit in the Performance House at the old village site of Qay'llnagaay or Sea Lion Town, near Skidegate on Haida Gwaii, direct and indirect contributors to Raven Travelling (D&M \$65) gathered to celebrate the launch of the lavish coffee table book that coincides with a national touring exhibit of the same name that celebrates two centuries of Haida art.

The celebration commenced when the Haida version of a wild man of the woods slipped into the room, two women screamed and the creature was ceremonially drummed out of the hall. Then the emcee spoke about which bathrooms were work-

ing in the still-to-be-completed, \$25 million Haida Heritage Centre. It was a seamless mix of tradition and contemporary reality—like the book itself.

A C

For the unprecedented exhibit, now touring across Canada, gold and silver bracelets, deeply-carved feast dishes, spruce root hats, argillite pipes and silk-screen prints were gathered from museums around the world.

And like the exhibit, *Raven Travelling* strives to place a myriad of works into social and artistic contexts. How these works were collected and the role these pieces of art play in Haida society, along with the role of the artist today, are themes that swirl throughout the text.

Giitsxaa, a carver, whose work in silver graces the pages of *Raven Travelling*, and whose grand pole stands front and centre on the beach at Qay'llnagaay, explained to me how important this type of book is to young artists. "When I



started out in high school," he says, "there were five books available and they were all by **Marius Barbeau**."

Giitsxaa, 61, says he didn't choose to be an artist, he simply is one, but he envies the young artists of today. "I wonder what it would be like to start

out with all of these books and knowledge that people were trying to suppress," he said. When he was growing up in Skidegate, there were carvers but they were less visible. The potlatch ban effectively silenced the political, social and economic system of the Haida and many young people were sent to residential schools.

Artist **Jim Hart** also talks of the importance of seeing these pieces of the past. His statement, quoted in *Raven Travelling*, comes from 2002 when several Haida treasures were repatriated to Haida Gwaii.

"Our people, when they carved these pieces, they were survivors from the old sicknesses that were going around... The carvers that survived that—how they got together and worked on pieces to help record our history, and for us today to look at, to hang on to, to study, to talk about, because all that knowledge is in there. We look at [a piece], and study it, and talk to each other about it. If we're lucky, we have



Giitsxaa, a carver who grew up in Skidegate.

relatives that recognize the pieces and also know its history, even more so, and tell us the stories behind it...It's so important, the strength that comes through that."

The book features more words from the artists themselves including poems by Bill Reid and political leader Guujaaw and interviews with Don Yeomans, Isabel Rorick Robert Davidson, and Michael Nicoll Yahgulanaas.

Yahgulanaas was on Haida Gwaii to attend clan business and naming ceremonies. He lives in Vancouver, amid concrete and glass, but when he spoke he was surrounded by cedar. "I see Raven traveling," he said. "I see him flipping out." By that, he means permeations of Raven are expanding everywhere, exporting Haida sensibilities beyond Haida Gwaii.

Yahgulanaas' art is ink on paper and

the rude and funny stories he creates are rendered in a Japanese comic book style, rich with Haida symbols and imagery. "We haven't lost anything," he says. According to Yahgulanaas, the great masters of Haida art from two centuries ago are still here, as evidenced by *Raven Travelling*. "And they are still here through the names," he

Yahgulanaas notes the Haida, like the raven, are also travelling afar, gaining global recognition. "We are on the \$20 bill," he says, referring to the image of Bill Reid's Black Canoe, the original of which stands outside the Canadian Embassy in Washington, DC. "And

we have infiltrated the most militarily powerful city in the world. The Raven is about to erupt!"

Newly commissioned pieces in *Raven Travelling* include an impassioned essay by Haida Gwaii museum curator **Nika Collison**, the story of the repatriation of Haida ancestors by two key participants and advisors on the show **Lucille Bell** and **Vince Collison**, as well as a look at the evolution of Haida art by scholar **Peter Macnair**.

Elders, a precious resource on Haida Gwaii, provide a new telling of the Haida creation story in the Skidegate dialect using an alphabet they have been developing at a local language program. *Raven Travelling* is dedicated to the ancestors.

1-55365-185-5

Heather Ramsay writes from Queen Charlotte City.

CUTTING EDGE

DAVID LEE'S

THINGS YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT CHAINSAWS

ncle Ned doesn't need another hockey book about the Original Six, he can't smoke anymore, an axe is too dangerous and these days you need a goddam license to go fishing.



David Lee

So what better Yuletide surprise for an old fart, or even a young one, than, at long last, a book entirely devoted to everything you wanted to know about chainsaws but never thought to ask.

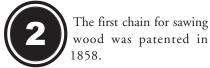
From 600-pounders powered by steam to diesel units to electric chainsaws powered by generators, David Lee has researched them all for Chainsaws: A History (Harbour \$49.95), an illustrated, critical guide to killing trees with metal for profit.

Although he's a jazz aficionado who has just written The Battle of the Five Spot: Ornette Coleman and the New York Jazz Field (Mercury Press \$18.95) Lee, a bassist who co-founded the Pender Harbour Jazz Festival, has simultaneously compiled the first-ever worldwide history of the chainsaw after moving to the Sunshine Coast where he had to maintain a wood supply for his house.

From Andreas Stihl's experiments in the Black Forest to the rise and fall of Canada's Pioneer brand, we learn the following cutting edge cocktail party ephemera.

L

Ed Gein, the real-life murderer ("massacrerer?") upon whom the movie The Texas Chainsaw Massacre was based, as well as the movies Psycho and The Silence of the Lambs, never used a chainsaw as a weapon.



The first commercially produced chainsaw was the Sector, invented by A.V. Westfelt in Sweden before the First World War and driven by a flexible shaft attached to an outboard

During WW II, Vancouver became known for producing a chainsaw called the "Timberhog." Powered by a motorcycle engine, it required two strong men to operate and could only be run while sitting level. If it was tilted,

it stopped.





In the 1950s, Vancouver was a leading producer of chainsaws, this poster advertises two models made by Industrial Engineering Limited in Vancouver.

Marilyn Monroe got her start when she was photographed for a newspaper feature on "Women Doing War-work" while working on a wartime project using McCulloch chainsaw parts.

David Conover, the US army photographer who discovered Marilyn Monroe, moved to British Columbia soon after and settled on Wallace Island near Victoria, where he wrote the bestseller, Once Upon an Island. Wallace Island is now a marine

Vancouver became a world leader in chainsaw manufacturing during WW II and held that position through the 1950s, but no longer produces any saws.

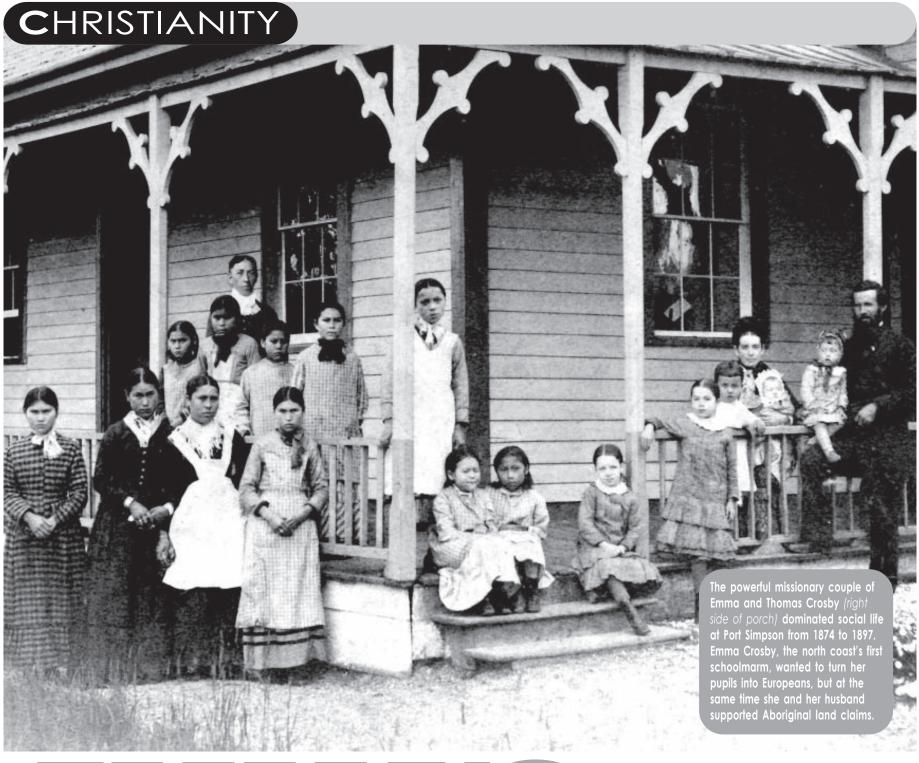
IEL (for Industrial Engineering Ltd.) an employeeowned company in Burnaby, was one of the world's leading chainsaw manufacturers in 1943-1956, producing the world's first one-man chainsaw and direct-drive chainsaw, among other innovations.

In the 1950s there were hundreds of brands worldwide. Now two European companies, Husqvarna and Stihl, have a virtual monopoly. Husqvarna, which means "house mill" in Swedish, started as a water mill in the Middle Ages, though it didn't make its first chainsaw until 1959.

Stihl, the other leading chainsaw manufacturer today, was also one of the first, having marketed its first model in 1926, but it had to start over after its factory was bombed in WWII and did not become prominent again until 1959.

Chainsaws 1-55017-380-4; Ornette 1551281236

"It rips, and cuts, it makes a horrible racket. A chainsaw is a frightening thing. I write not to glorify its terrible power but to acknowledge its place in the most sweeping revolution that technology has wrought in the 20th century—the revolution of individual empowerment."— DAVID LEE



EMANATIONS Output Outp

exhausted and sick for much of her stay on the coast, Emma Crosby lost two of her children to diphtheria, managed a boarding school for girls and wrote *How the Gospel Came to Fort Simpson* published by the Methodist Church in Toronto.

"Emma Crosby was just as convinced as her husband that their brand of religion was superior to Aboriginal spirituality," says historian **Jean Barman**, "but she was also concerned on the everyday level

for the Tsimshian people's well-being and, despite burying four of her eight children at Simpson, worked tirelessly in what she considered to be others' best interests."

LD

Jean Barman's sixth and seventh titles since 2002 are Good Intentions Gone Awry: Emma Crosby and the Methodist Mission on the Northwest Coast (UBC Press \$85), co-authored with **Jan Hare**, and Leaving Paradise: Indigenous Hawaiians in the Pacific Northwest, 1787-1898 (University of Hawaii Press \$45 U.S.), co-authored with **Bruce McIntyre Watson**.

The latter provides an exhaustive directory of individual Hawaiian-born pioneers and labourers on the

s the wife of the intrepid preacher Thomas Crosby, Emma Crosby opened the Crosby Girls' Home in 1879 in Fort Simpson to ostensibly rescue Aboriginal girls from liquor and prostitution. There is little evidence that her famous husband was much-concerned by her sacrifices—or that she expected him to be.

bia, Oregon, California, and Hawaii.

Among the more noteworthy immigrants from Hawaii, previously known as the Sandwich Islands, was **William Kaulehelehe**, the unordained Christian missionary

West Coast from 1787 to

1898, the year the Hawaiian

Islands were annexed to the

United States. It is based on ar-

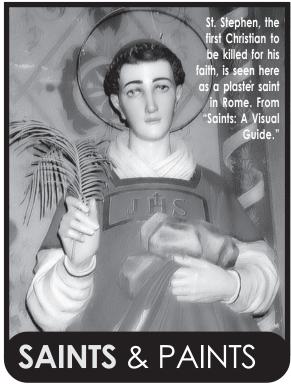
chival work in British Colum-

sent by his Hawaiian king in the 1840s to serve as "Chaplain to the Hawaiians in the Columbia." His "Owhyhee Church" was torn down about 15 years later.

Kaulehelehe was an unrealistically pious teacher who was disheartened to discover he was mostly needed to arbitrate disputes among the Kanakas, many of whom preferred to work or drink on the Sabbath. In 1862, Kaulehelehe came to Fort Victoria where he worked as a Hudson's Bay Company clerk and translator. He was buried in Ross Bay Cemetery in 1874.

"The Hawaiians have repeatedly and daily asked me to see about their trouble of being repeatedly abused by the white people without just cause," he once wrote.

Crosby 0-7748-1270-2;



A professor emeritus of Germanic Studies at UBC, **Edward Mornin** and his wife **Lorna Mornin**, a former UBC scientist, have co-written a field guide, **Saints: A Visual Guide** (Novalis \$24.95), with illustrations from both 'high' and 'low' art. Included among the more than 130 popular Catholic saints are St. Brigid, who changed bathwater into beer, and St. Olaf, the patron of Norway, who vanquished heathendom as a brutal conqueror.

2-89507-739-8

Øn

As everyone knows, dog is god spelled backwards. It was only a matter of time and dogliness before Northstone expanded its popular series of titles on spirituality (wine, gardening, mazes and art) to include **The Spirituality of Pets** (Northstone \$39) by award-winning journalist **James Taylor**, who holds an honorary Doctor of Divinity from United College (McGill).

continued on page 12

"Adderson is a superb stylist, and these are classic examples of the storyteller's art."

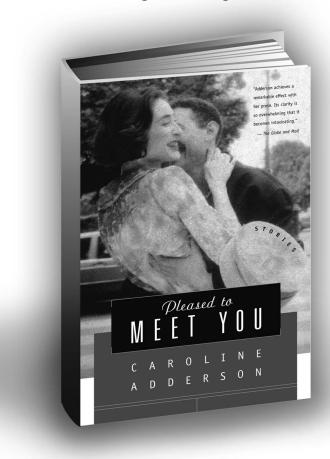
- THE VANCOUVER SUN

"engaging and enjoyable collection of stories"

- GLOBE AND MAIL

"one of the best writers to come out of this country"

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www.thomas-allen.com

CHRISTIANITY



Linnea Good is an entertainer who helps individuals and churches express their spirituality through music. Her first book is Adventures of the God Detectives (Northstone).

continued from page 11

Lorraine Milton of Kelowna has worked as a chaplain consultant in the Spiritual Care Department at the Hazelden Foundation, an alcohol and chemical addiction rehabilitation centre in Minnesota. Her book, **Step by Step to Grace:** A **Spiritual Walk Through the Bible and the Twelve Steps** (Novalis \$16.95), is a guide to overcoming addiction and dysfunctional behaviour by incorporating principles of the Bible and of Alcoholics Anonymous into treatment methods.

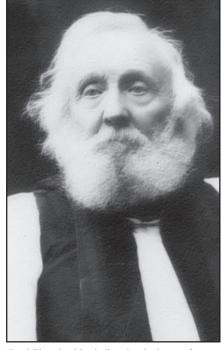
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Ø.

With a foreword by The Most Reverend **Andrew Hutchison**, Primate of Canada, **Julie H.**

Ferguson's Sing a New Song (Dundurn \$35) tells the stories of four Canadian bishops who embraced unpopular causes. Michael Ingham, Douglas Hambidge, George Hills, and David Somerville separately fought for the rights of Blacks, Aboriginals, women, gays and lesbians. Ferguson chronicles the impact these ground-breaking bishops have had on Canadian society, while delving into their personal and spiritual lives. Hers is not the first summary of the conflicts between Bishops George Hills and Edward Cridge on Vancouver Island in the 1860s and 1870s, but it will be of special interest to B.C. history buffs.

1-55002-609-





The bitter doctrinal disputes between former Hudson's Bay Company chaplain Bishop Cridge (left) and upper class Bishop Hills, "the very model of an Anglican prelate," culminated in an 1874 court case. Chief Justice Sir Matthew Begbie granted an injunction to forbid Cridge from continuing as a Church of England clergyman, whereupon Cridge joined the Reformed Episcopal Church.

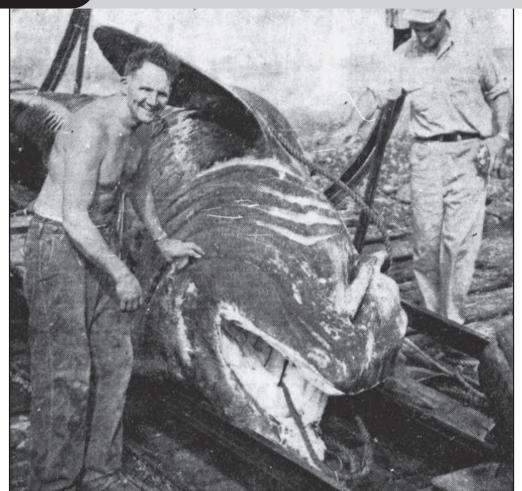
ENVIRONMENT

Super Slaughter

f the 1,165 shark-like fishes of the world, only three have been described as "supersharks" by one of the world's foremost shark experts, Leonard Compagno, author of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization's Sharks of the World. These are the white shark, the whale shark and the basking shark.

Described in 1952 as "the length of a London bus," basking sharks have been hunted almost to extinction in B.C. waters because they were long deemed a nuisance to the commercial fishing industry, mainly by getting entangled in

Scott Wallace, a Sustainable Fisheries Analyst for the David Suzuki Foundation, and West Coast mariner Brian Gisborne have written the first history of basking sharks on the West Coast, starting from their possible sighting by a member of Robert Gray's crew



A three-ton basking shark caught off Vancouver Island. Photo from Victoria Colonist, 1955.

on the Columbia, off Estevan Point, in 1791, in Basking Sharks: The Slaughter of B.C.'s Gentle Giants (New Star

Unlike its razor-toothed relatives, the seldom-studied basking shark has remained an enigma to most marine biologists. Long-time Tofino resident **Jim Darling** and an assistant managed to identify 27 individuals in Clayoquot

Sound in 1992 but the basking sharks have long since disappeared from those waters, as of 1994. Basking sharks were also formerly prevalent in Queen Charlotte Sound and Barkley Sound.

As one of only four species of the world's large, filter-feeding "elasmobranches," the million-plusyear-old basking shark maintained its girth by feeding on plankton. Nonetheless the second largest fish in the world has long been irrationally feared and condemned, variously described by B.C. newspapers as "grotesquely huge," "monster of the deep," "menace," "lazy, good-natured slob," "sleeping giant," "salmon killing monster," and "curse of fishermen."

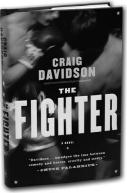
Wallace and Gisborne have compiled an appendix listing of media reports of basking sharks from 1905 to the present, with an emphasis on British Columbia and Washington State.

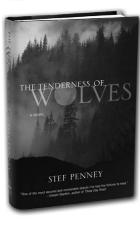
As suggested by **E.L.** Bousfield and P.H. LeBlond in their book Cadborosaurus: Survivor from the Deep, it's likely that many of the 181 documented sightings of the West Coast "sea monster" known as Caddy, or Cadborosaurus, between 1881 and 1991, were likely glimpses of basking sharks.

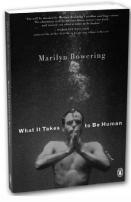
The Department of Fisheries used cutting blades on their patrol boats in the 1950s and 1960s, particularly the Comox Post, to greatly reduce the population of basking sharks. The lethal blade from the Comox Post can be seen at the Alberni Valley Museum as one of the public reminders of the placid creatures who have been vilified almost out of existence.

REASONS

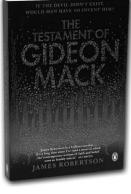
to read fiction

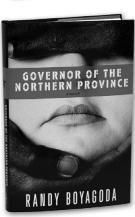


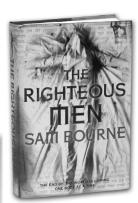


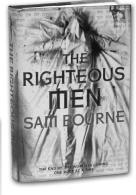












JAMES ROBERTSON



YASMIN CROWTHER



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APPI OF INTIMATE TRANSFORMATIONS (TO YOU)

"There are two types of cowboys: rodeo and ranch," says Garry Gottfriedson. "Because I am dark, people obviously see I am First Nations; they don't see me as a cowboy first."

MARK FORSYTHE

"YOU CAN'T JUST COME HERE AND LISTEN." Jeannette Armstrong's command was unequivocal—if Garry Gottfriedson was to participate in their poetry readings at the En'owkin Centre in Penticton, the province's leading school for First Nations writers, he needed to contribute more.

Knowing of Gottfriedson's deep affinity for horses, Armstrong passed along a copy of She Had Some Horses by Joy Harjo. Twenty years later, Gottfriedson still remembers the impact of reading Harjo's poetry. The imagery intrigued him immediately. Speaking from his ranch at Paul Lake, near Kamloops, he recites some of her lines without prompt-

"She had some horses who were bodies of sand. She had some horses who were maps drawn of blood. She had horses who were skins of water."

Recognizing his potential, Armstrong took it upon herself to send some of Gottfriedson's earliest writing, without his knowledge, as an application to the Naropa Institute in Boulder, Colorado. "I just started writing and didn't know it was poetry," he says. Much to his amazement, Gottfriedson was awarded a scholarship to work with Beat poet Allen Ginsberg, post-Beat poet Anne Waldman and singer-songwriter Marianne Faithful.

"I went there as this very shy bush Indian, hair down to my knees and braids," he says. "I didn't know who Ginsberg was. But I didn't hold them in awe. I think they liked me because I

wasn't following them around."

The once-shy "Indian cowboy" has since read his poetry across North America, had his work performed with a symphony on CBC radio, taught at Cariboo College and served as a councilor and consultant for the Kamloops Indian Band.

Along the Gottfriedson has published five books, the newest being Whiskey Bullets: Cowboy and Indian Heritage Poems (Ronsdale \$14.95), which has an endorsement from Joy Harjo: "This is real cowboys and Indians, not just pretend, making a trail of intimate transformation, of fierce questioning.'

Whiskey Bullets mostly looks at the duality of First Nations and cowboy culture, unravelling clichés and stereotypes. "People think cowboys aren't artispoetic,' tic or Gottfriedson chuckles. "People see them as rough, rugged and

unbreakable people. They just look at the spurs and cowboy hat. But lots of cowboys are songwriters and musicians."

The poignant and frequently humorous poems in Whiskey Bullets easily dispel the notion that Indians aren't real cowboys. "Percy Rosette was born on the Gang Ranch, was raised there, broke all their horses and became the head cow boss," says Gottfriedson. "He could barely speak English, yet he was a cowboy and is still a cowboy. People that work at Douglas Ranch are still there, generation after generation. We are cowboys. We break and train horses, know how to work cattle. We know the ins and outs of ranching."

Talk of stereotypes naturally moves to

the motion picture Brokeback Mountain.

Garry Gottfriedson performed last year at the Shuswap Writers Festival, along with bill bissett (right).

"It was a good love story," he says. "I'm not sure cowboys would be rough lovers like that. And they should have had cattle not sheep! I do know a couple of cowboys who are gay, not openly like, in Vancouver. They're not in the parade, out there marching. They're just regular guys. I guess it goes back to dismantling of stereotypes."

Despite his increasing profile in the literary world, Gottfriedson has never read any of his work to any cowboys other than his own brothers. "Gus is still a ranch cowboy; he really thinks about my work and once in a while will come to the house and is very quiet. He's a deep thinker, the kind of guy who will

and then say, 'You know this one line of your poem, it got me thinking about this and that."

In Shuswap culture, the horse is one of the animals closest to humans. "I can't go without horses," Gottfriedson says, "they're so much a part of my life; if I sold them it would be like the death of part of me. I have had so many opportunities to move to the city but I just can't leave my horses behind. I just can't get rid of my Shuswap culture."

While teaching at the Chief Atahm School in nearby Chase, Garry Gottfriedson raises quarter horses for rodeos and he manages his ranch. All of his brothers, and his father, were professional rodeo cowboys. His father won the Calgary Stampede Wild Horse Race in 1942.

"My brother was a world champion in 1963-64 when the U.S. was at the peak of racism," he says. "He was a First Nations person right in there competing and a lot of times he was robbed of points. There were people who would never let him win the Calgary Stampede. Whereas my Dad could get away with it because he looked white, and the last name is not a typical First Nations

The surname is a tad misleading. Gottfriedson's father was part Danish and part Okanagan; his mother was of French and Secwepemc (Shuswap) extraction. It is her heritage he identifies with most closely, speaking the language (as do his grandchildren) and honouring their ceremonies.

Mark Forsythe of CBC Radio often contributes profiles to BC BookWorld.





Tonto and the Lone Ranger were never exposed on prime time as fantasy in America or Canada but the viewers drooled throbbing electrical currents hallucinating reality tv

15 BOOKWORLD WINTER 2006

CHANGE FROM CHANGE FROM TO MACGYVER

BY JOHN GEARY

aving appeared in more than 130 movies and television episodes, with roles in *X-Files* and *Smallville*, **Jerry Wasserman** has simultaneously reviewed more than 1,000 plays, mainly for CBC and *The Province*.

In addition, the New York-raised Wasserman, who came to Canada in 1972, has written and lectured extensively on American blues music and Canadian theatre while teaching English and theatre at UBC.

His latest literary project is the 400th anniversary edition of arguably the first North American play, a masque performed on the Bay of Fundy by members of the colony of Port Royal on November 14, 1606, to celebrate the return of **Samuel de Champlain** from a voyage to Cape Cod.

Spectacle of Empire: Marc Lescarbot's Theatre of Neptune in New France (Talonbooks \$21.95) includes the original French script, two modern translations and an extensive historical and critical introduction.

Born in Ohio in 1945, Jerry Wasserman is an ardent Canadian nationalist who set out to study engineering, but was soon waylaid by the arts. His education stateside, followed by his immigration north, has provided him with a unique perspective on his own secondary trade as an actor.

"Canadian theatre became professional much later," he says, "whereas modern American theatre has much deeper historical roots, beginning in the early 20th century with people like **Eugene O'Neill**. Canadian theatre doesn't seriously begin until about 1967."

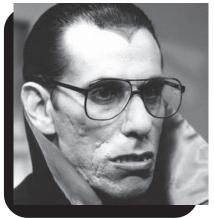
Hence Wasserman has edited a collection of plays that emanated from Vancouver's New Play Centre and he is fascinated by the obscure play that was written and produced by New France lawyer, historian and poet **Marc Lescarbot**.

First performed 400 years ago, Lescarbot's paean to empire "transmuted the work of colonialism into spectacle" as a thanksgiving ritual to mark the safe return of Champlain and **Sieur de Poutrincourt** from a journey in search of a more temperate site for their colony.

"We tend to undervalue the accomplishments of Canadian theatre artists, and here is a play that marks, in many ways, the beginnings of Canadian theatre," says Wasserman, "[that is] if we ex-



Wasserman in Mob Princess, a TV movie



Wasserman in Beans Baxter, a TV series

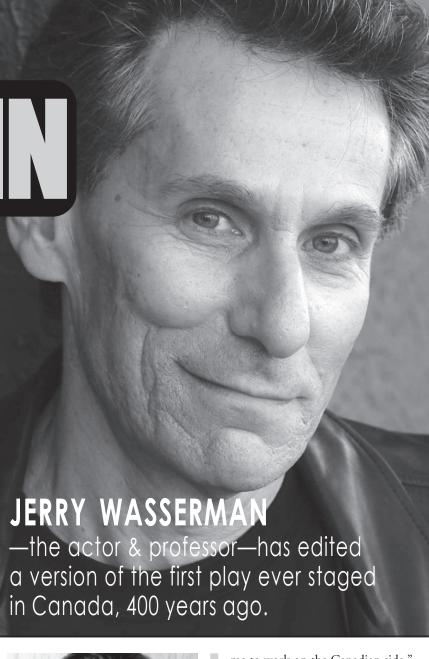
clude First Nations ritual performance.

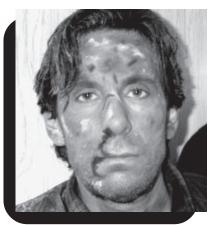
"This is the first scripted play, written and performed on soil that became Canada. In fact, you could argue it was the first North American play. It certainly provides a point of reference or origin for Canadian theatre."

Reprinted with a version of **Ben Jonson**'s *The Masque of Blackness* (1605), a contemporary English imperial spectacle, Lescarbot's masque was also used as a tool to rally the troops, to get them through a difficult winter.

"It's important for us to understand that culture has always been a very important tool by which people measure the success of their lives and help themselves get through difficult times," says Wasserman.

Wasserman's own involvement with theatre has helped him get through difficult times. When he entered university, he found he could not do physics, thus ending his dream of working in the NASA program. Around this time, he met and became enamoured with a woman involved in theatre. Having





Wasserman in MacGyver, a TV series



Wasserman in Young Blades, a TV series

never acted before, Wasserman auditioned for, and earned a role in *Leave it to Jane*, a 1930s musical, and toured around Europe for two months. He later earned his doctoral degree in English.

Given his experience and connections, Wasserman could probably write more about American drama, but he's happy focusing on theatre north of the border. "There are plenty of people to advocate for American culture, and I don't think it needs my help," he says. "But I don't think there are enough Canadians who support Canadian culture, and it's much more important for

me to work on the Canadian side."

In addition to editing books about Canadian drama and teaching young Canadian acting students, Wasserman supports local theatre on his website, www.vancouverplays.com. He started the site in 2004 when his CBC reviewing gig ended, and he decided to put reviews and other theatre information onto the web.

With **Sherrill Grace** of UBC's English department, Wasserman has also co-edited Theatre and AutoBiography: Writing and Performing Lives in Theory and Practice (Talonbooks \$29.95). As well, his two-volume anthology *Modern Canadian Plays*, now in its 4th edition, has become the standard text in its subject area.

"I think part of my job is to raise consciousness that Canada has an interesting history, maybe even a 'sexy' history," he says, "one worth knowing about. If you know history, it helps form your knowledge about contemporary life."

Wasserman is currently working on a book dealing with how Canadian theatre always struggles with the seductive power of American culture. "It's almost impossible to avoid comparing yourself to a country right beside you with a population ten times bigger," he says. "But we are getting on with it. In the last 20 years, there is a lot less worrying about how we measure up than there used to be. I think that's a good thing."

All of which probably won't interest most Canadians as much as the fact that Jerry Wasserman appears with **Will Smith** in *I*, *Robot*.

Neptune 0-88922-549-4; AutoBiography 0-88922-540-0

John Geary is a Vancouver freelance writer.



BC BookWorld: Can you pinpoint where the process for **The Blackfoot Papers** (Good Medicine \$300) began?

Adolf Hungry Wolf: Right after high school, in 1962, I was at an estate auction of an anthropology teacher where everybody wanted pottery and furniture. Nobody bid against me for one box of old photos. There were a few hundred of them, mostly old scenes of the Blackfeet, though I didn't know that at the time. There was hardly any info with the prints. I didn't know much about the Blackfeet then. I didn't have any plans to join them.

I was making my second photo-history book on railroads. It occurred to me I might do something similar with these "Indian" photos but I never dreamed it would take me 44 years. I just figured I'd get as many of the images identified as possible. By the seventies, I realized it would have to be a very large and well-done book. I'm half Swiss. [Laughter] Precision and accuracy are in the genes!

AHW: Absolutely. All through the years I envisioned one book, but reality made me split it up. Four is our special number, ceremonially. So it became four volumes. And there are 400 numbered limited editions. There are 44 single volumes without numbers, which I've been giving to those who helped most, plus my family. The first three volumes explain the tribal history, culture, lore, dancing and ceremonies, etc. The fourth one contains the biographies. It's the most popular so far. No surprise about that.

BCBW: What are some of your best discoveries you've made over the years?

AHW: The photos of people I've come to know personally. Photos from the early 1900s. Even the late 1800s in a few cases. I'm talking about elders, of course. Almost always they have never seen these photos of themselves. They were usually

How Adolf Hungry Wolf spent 44 years preparing his 4-volume history of the Blackfoot people.

taken after someone came to a Sun Dance camp, a pow-wow, or whatever. They took some shots, then went back wherever they came from. A handful of these elders are still living. All of them got free books with their photos and stories. Every time I call them they seem to be browsing, reading, finding more stuff they never knew, photos they never saw before, and people they remember.

BCBW: Do you see anybody doing similar work to what you're doing? The American filmmaker Ken Burns, for instance? **AHW:** I've never heard of Ken Burns. I don't see my work in relation to anybody else's. I still don't take much part in many book-related activities, except the Frankfurt Book Fair. And this interview. I rarely read books. I never think of myself as a loner, though that's probably what I am. At least in regards to the literary world. BC BookWorld is about the only place I can think where I might feel I belong.

BCBW: As the proverbial white guy doing Indian stuff, do you get more flak these days from First Nations intellectuals or

from the Indianology academics?

AHW: I don't know and I don't really care. My daughter Star says there have been enough hatchet jobs done over the years that I could do a book by just replying to them all. But that would be boring and useless. The last one was from some German professor. My eldest son and Star did get me to respond to some of the attacks in an upcoming autobiography, but that's mostly so my grandkids will get to hear my side of the story. There were some assassination attempts back in the seventies, but I don't have much dealings with the "Native intellectuals." I don't know what they think of me. I don't care much. I lead a couple of the most important medicine bundle rituals for various traditional families within the Blackfoot Confederacy and I do care what those people think.

BCBW: Some of your kids have started making books and films. Can you tell me about what they're up to? And where they live?

AHW: Star and her husband, who is a member of the Kootenay tribe, are now

the keepers of the Thunder Medicine Pipe bundle that Beverly and I cared for 28 years. They live in Cranbrook, near his reserve. Right now she's busy raising baby daughter Natanik, working for her husband's tribe and immersed in her cultural duties. Star was the Sun Dance woman once, over ten years ago, and she was recently the "holy grandmother" for Sun Dance for the sixth time. She ran the woman's part of the lengthy ritual, initiating the "holy woman" for the Sun Dance.

BCBW: And what about Okan, your eldest son?

AHW: He was just the "holy person" a few weeks back, for the fifth time, for a Sun Dance on the Blood Reserve. It's the most traditional and conservative of the four Blackfoot divisions. Okan and his "holy partner" have vowed another Sun Dance for next summer, and he vowed to spend the year in-between riding his Spanish mustangs through traditional Blackfoot country, from the Red River to the Yellowstone, camping

in his tipi. He normally lives in his greatgrandma's little cabin, without plumbing and electricity, on the Blood Reserve.

As we're talking, he is crossing the Rockies with five of his horses, three of them packed, from the Blood Reserve to our guiding camp which is next to Waterton National Park. He plans to document his journey with a video camera and he might try to do a book, as well. My other three kids respect our culture. They attend family ceremonies. But so far they are not leaders like those two.

BCBW: You've worked all this time without funding, but you must have had some support along the way.

AHW: The book designing was done over a two-year period with Diane Jefferson and her computer. And I have had a fantastic relationship with David Friesen at Friesen Printing in Manitoba. Without him, these books could not exist. I gave him every penny I owned in cash, which was about one-fifth of the total cost. David flew me to Winnipeg, showed me the plant, put me up. He introduced me to everyone there, then said he believed enough in my project to bring it out. He knows my debt-paying from doing business together for twenty-some years. So that's it. It's just Friesen's and me. There is no advance announcement, no planned public relations.

BCBW: Assembling that amount of material must have been equally daunting.

AHW: I felt like the conductor of an orchestra. I knew what I wanted, and Diane knew how to put my wishes into the computer. We got uptight with each other a few times, but mostly it just flowed. I did all the writing on my solar-panel-powered IBook. I would have been crazy not to. But it's packed away again. I'm back to the trusty old typewriter.

FURTHER INFORMATION:

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"This highway, may it serve to bring Canadians closer together, may it bring to all Canadians a renewed determination to individually do their part to make this nation greater and greater still, worthy of the destiny that the Fathers of Confederation had expected when through their act of faith they made it possible."

Prime Minister John Diefenbaker September 3, 1962, at the official opening of the Trans-Canada Highway

Daniel Francis

A Road for Canada

The Illustrated Story of the Trans-Canada Highway

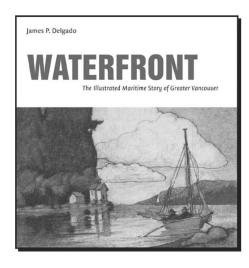


A Road for Canada – illustrated with a wealth of contemporary and historical images – traces the history of the Trans-Canada Highway, from its origins, to its present day status as a crucial artery linking the Canadian confederation.

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Brother XII's old safe in a basement in Cedar By The Sea, just north of Nanaimo

Cedar safe

Upon reading Sheila Munro's review (BCBW Autumn) of that new novel that imagines the life of Madame Zee, mistress to the Brother Twelve, I thought your readers might be interested to see the original safe in which the Brother Twelve [The Brother XII] kept some of the money that he and Madame Zee collected from his Aquarian community.

Here is a photo of my son (Jesse Matthewman) standing outside the safe in the basement of the Brother Twelve Main House in Cedar by the Sea, just south of Nanaimo, where we live. The old house was built on sandstone bedrock and is amazingly solid, even today. There have been remarkably few changes to the house since it was built around 1930. We acquired Brother Twelve's former house in June of 2005.

Doug Matthewman

Cedar by the Sea, B.C.

[An expanded version of John Oliphant's definitive Brother XII biography has been re-released by Oliphant, with many new photos, but not a picture of this safe.—Ed.]

Ireland revisited



Though I am semi-retired after 40 years with a bookshop, I always enjoy reading B.C. Book World. I notice in the advertisement on page 8 for

Alan Twigg's new book Thompson's Highway (BCBW Autumn) there is a reference to William Ireland. Shouldn't that read Willard Ireland, your province's great provincial archivist and librarian from 1946 to 1974? And the brother of the fine actor John Ireland (the first Vancouver-born actor nominated for an Academy Award).

Just thought you would like to know there are book lovers in the east who read your ads.

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21-NONE SALUTE

Twenty-one non-mothers who are skilled writers—such as **Kate Braid**, **Maria Coffey**, **Lorna Crozier**, **Maggie de Vries**, **Katherine Gordon**, **Hannah Main-van der Kamp** and **Rita Moir**— have

contributed to **Nobody's Mother: Life Without Kids** (Touchwood \$19.95), edited by **Lynne Van Luven** (above right). It provides a forum for women without children to examine their various choices and circumstances. Roughly one in every ten Canadian women is choosing not to have babies.

Written on Gabriola Island, here is the foreword to **Nobody's Mother** by CBC radio host **Shelagh Rogers**.

have just turned 50 as I write this. There are a lot of things I feel I am grasping at last: being comfortable in my own skin, beginning to feel oddly sexy at a time when Germaine Greer says women become invisible to society. I am excited about what the next act will bring. There's some mystery to it. But one thing I know for sure: it will not bring children I bear myself. And finally, I am happy with that. But it has taken a while.

The first flush of baby-love rose up in me like a primordial swell when I was in my late 20s. It seemed to arrive overnight. I felt I was swimming in that lake where women down through the ages had swum. And I needed to find a mate. (It really wasn't quite that clinical but, looking back on it now, I see it as, if not an imperative, at least some kind of directive.)

As so often happens, as soon as I stopped consciously searching, I found "the guy." If I'd had a list at the time, every box would have been checked off. He looked like Gary Cooper, he loved Mozart and Bessie Smith, he was a writer, he played hockey, he was funny (worked on the *Harvard Lampoon*!). He wrote me a letter a day for years, even when I was in the next room.

But it didn't work out with him. And just as that fact was sinking in, I had days on end when I felt fatigued, nauseated, headachey, sick to my stomach, when I had pelvic pain. And then I missed a period. I went back to him and said, "Hey, I'm pregnant," like some film-noir heroine in a last-ditch attempt to keep her man from slipping away. It didn't change his mind about us. I felt angry and sad and decided not to continue with the pregnancy.

It turned out I wasn't pregnant at all. What was growing in there were some advancing cervical cancer cells. I had the surgery and "poof," they were gone. After that, it was six-month rounds of (can we talk, sister?!) pap smears and cone biopsies. I was told I might not have been the best candidate to have children anyway because I had a severely prolapsed uterus.

understanding that they were all part of a chain of life.

I felt very unhappy for myself. I wanted in, and for a lot of reasons, I was out. No partner, bad physical prognosis, demanding job which I let consume me. Despite my outward mantle of success, I was sick at heart. And I didn't deal with it very well. Believing I

had nothing to offer them beyond my imagining of motherhood, I withdrew from some of my oldest child-bearing friends. I was openly jealous of my sister, a new mom with a different, more profound relationship with our mom. So I got to be a failure on a number of fronts: as a woman, sister and friend. And for years, I wallowed in it.

But gradually, the wave of baby-desire receded.

Then I got together with the man I would eventually marry. He already had children: one son in his 20s, a daughter in her mid-teens and a son who was 10. I felt The Wave coming

back. I wanted a child of our own.

My husband felt he already had a family, and indeed he did. I remember talking to him about the extraordinary measures I would go to, to have a child. And he would have to reverse a vasectomy. But it wasn't going to happen. I was so frustrated and hurt to recognize this last chance eluding me that I picked up a salt cellar and hurled it into a wall. It made a perfect, cellar-like indentation—a mark of my anger that I refused to cover up.

I started to work on a relationship with my husband's kids. It took us some time to get used to each other. I knew I wasn't going to step into a mothering role with them. They had (and have) a perfectly lovely woman who is, in fact, their mother. At first, I thought I would be lucky if we could be sort-of friends. It was a rough couple of years, mostly because I tried too hard to do things for them and was sickeningly nice. Fortunately, I couldn't keep it up; the more human I became, the more we started to communicate. I never, however, felt at all maternal—more fraternal than anything.

We have all warmed up to each other. I can say without reservation that I love them and I am grateful to have them in my life. But I will always wonder (and now my younger friends are having babies and raising children): have I missed out on one of the greatest experiences woman can have? Are mothers happier? Or just a different kind of happy? Are they more fulfilled?

More topped-up

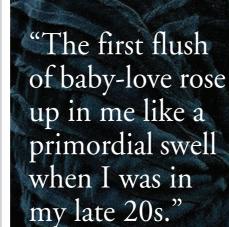
as humans? Maybe

the answers, what-

ever they may be,

lie ahead in these

pages. 1-894898-40-0



-SHELAGH ROGERS

Prolapsed. That was the word. It de-

scribed exactly how I felt, as though I

had fallen or slipped out of place, like

my uterus. And just as I was trying to

deal with this, all of a sudden almost

every woman I knew was having a

baby. I was happy for them. I

had to be. They seemed fo-

cused, serene, fulfilled. As

their worlds became

smaller, their hearts be-

came larger. Even if they

were exhausted, they

seemed to glow. And they

were swimming in that lake I

wanted to swim in, where

women could just

look at each other

with a deep, shared

COVER STORY

At the end of her previous book,

Loose Ends, Yukon-raised storyteller, bon vivant and trickster Ivan E. Coyote recalled the terrible fire that destroyed the rented East Vancouver house in which she had lived for twelve years.

At the outset of Bow Grip, her first novel, Coyote now credits her cousin for saving the contents of Bow Grip by prying the hard drive out of her melted computer.

Coyote fans who have been wondering whether she has the staying power for a longer work will be pleased to learn her fried hard drive was worth the rescue. According to our reviewer **Grant Shilling**, Bow Grip (Arsenal \$19.95) "is a heartfelt, amusing page turner—a grimy gem complete with cigarettes, loneliness, run-down motels, a lesbian love child, working class characters and a cello."

SEX & THE SINGLE FELLOW'S CELLO



Bow Grip begins in Drumheller, Alberta, where Joey Cooper is a good-hearted, forty-something mechanic and his buddy Mitch Sawyer runs an Esso. Until recently, Joey was happily married to Alison and Mitch's wife

Kathleen was a quiet kindergarten teacher. Mitch and Joey played hockey together and shared the

But Joey and Mitch share some news; their wives ran off with each other—and as is the case in a small town—everybody knows. Mitch now spends his nights in the bar of the local hotel, lamenting to anyone who will listen about his wife running off with another woman to their "onebedroom artist's loft in Calgary."

Coyote has a great ear for conversation and a keen understanding for those small moments that define who we are and offer glimpses of our humanity, moments often punctuated with a dry, observant sense of humour.

As Joey Cooper sees it: "Mitch Sawyer seems to feel that the fact that Kathleen left him for another woman is more binge-and-sympathy worthy than if she'd just run off with his brother or the postman, but I guess I don't really see it that way. My wife of five years has left me, and I pretty much don't care who she went with, all I know is that she's gone, and it's been about twelve and a half months now of looking like she isn't coming

"Drinking doesn't seem to help much either, so mostly I try and just avoid running into Mitch Sawyer. I like the Mohawk gas better anyways, higher octane, plus they got the video rental counter right there in the gas station. I've been watching a lot of movies lately."

When James, a stranger who lives in a bus on the edge of town, approaches Joey the mechanic at his garage they come to a Robert Johnson crossroads deal. Joey agrees to sell his beater Volvo in exchange for a beautiful handmade cello. Joey sees the cello as an opportunity to make some overdue changes in his life—considering his mother keeps insisting he needs a new hobby to get over the break up. Joey finds it hard to argue with his mother.

The car breaks down shortly after Joey sells it to James. Joey takes a trip out to the bus where James lives and makes a dark discovery about the reasons for its purchase. Then Joey makes another startling discovery: his wife graduated from college, while they were together, and he never knew it.

"I had never sat down at Ally's desk since I gave it to her, just like she would never have touched anything on my workbench in the garage, or opened mail with only my name on it. It was one of the things about Ally and me that I had always appreciated, that we still had private spaces and

"No rules or hassles about it, we just fell into things that way. We were both just naturally private people. Not like some couples get. Until she popped the news to me about her and Kathleen Sawyer, of course. That was the first time that her privacy turned itself into a secret."

With a strong desire to close the door on his failed marriage, and also to return some furniture, Joey hits the road and travels to Calgary where he lands at a rundown hotel straight out of a Sam Shepard play, populated with mysterious drifters offering sage advice.

Joey's eventual meeting with his ex and her new lover produces one more surprise for him, but not before he finds a cello teacher, a sympathetic shrink, insight into the furtive James and a new

Grant Shilling writes from Cumberland.

GIRLS WILL BEBOYS: With her gender-bent humour and observations, Ivan E. Coyote has quickly transformed herself into one of the most original and entertaining writers in Western Canada.

The title of her first novel **Bow Grip** refers to the Bow River in Calgary as well as the way her main character, a mechanic named Joey, learns to hold a cello bow lows an excerpt:

hat night I dragged the cello home and laid it down on the loveseat next to the front win dow in the living room, where Ally used to lay and read on rainy days. I opened the case. Inside, it smelled like an attic, or an old suitcase. The wood was deep red-brown and glowing. James or Jim had shined her up nice for me. There was also a soft rag, a bow with a sweat-worn handle, and a small tin of wax. I didn't take the cello out, just sat for a bit and stared at it. I'd have to get an instruction book out of the library. I reached over and plucked the thickest string. The body of the cello hummed a cement foundation of a note until I placed my hand on it. It felt warm, like a living thing. Like it could breathe on its own, if I could figure how to fice. Her desk was still there, a third-hand solid oak number I had found for her on our first anniversary. There was still a coffee cup sitting on the desk's faded top, the remains of its contents now dried like varnish on its bottom and sides. The cup was orange, Allyson's favourite colour. It had lime green and lemon-coloured flowers on it, like from the seventies. I think it used to belong to my parents. I think we once had the whole set. Ally had probably scooped it from Mom and Sarah's pile of yard sale stuff, when my mom bought the new set from the IKEA in Calgary. Ally loved old stuff. The first real fight we ever had was over the kitchen appliances, when we first bought this place. She loved the Harvest Gold fridge and stove set. My mom thought they were hideous and had to go. I didn't really care either way, they still both worked fine, but I let my mom talk me into thinking we needed a new stainless steel set, and that Ally would love

it. I thought Ally would be pleasantly surprised, but instead she wouldn't even let me unload them out of the back of my truck. It hadn't even occurred to me that she would prefer Harvest Gold to stainless steel.

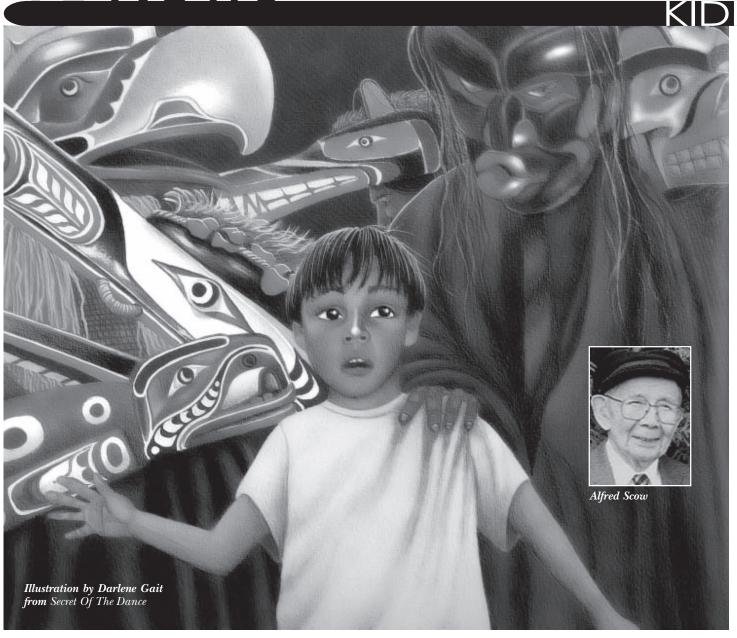
I ended up sitting through a serious lecture about how it was unhealthy for a grown man to let his mother make decisions for him, and how I was married now and that meant it was my wife's job to tell me what colour the stove was going to be, not to mention that buying new stuff when the old things weren't broken was exactly what would eventually turn the planet into one big toxic landfill, and so on. We ended up cutting a deal. I took the new fridge and stove back the next day, but we got Rick Davis to come put a new hardwood floor in the front room, in place of the orange and brown shag that Ally claimed to love. The guy at the Sears laughed at me when I showed up again the very next morning to return the new fridge and stove, explaining that

my wife was attached to the old stuff. He asked me if my wife was from the city, because the vintage look was all the rage these days in Toronto, even Calgary now. Then he tried to sell me a brand new fridge and stove that was built to look old already, from a catalogue. Ally really laughed when I told her that bit later. Said it was painfully ironic, didn't I think? What Ally doesn't know is that the old Harvest Gold stove finally kicked the bucket not a week after she split, and now I have a brand spanking new stainless steel range, right next to the old gold fridge. I still owe Rick Davis free oil changes for a year yet, in trade for part of the labour from him putting in the new floor five years ago, and he's still bitching about paying good money for a baritone saxophone collecting dust in the basement because his fucking kid decided to study political science in college instead. Meanwhile, I'm the only divorced guy around these parts who doesn't have a built-in ice cube maker. Painfully ironic, you bet.



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THE POTLATCH WATCHER

Judge Alfred Scow recalls an 'illegal' gathering at Kingcome Inlet in 1935

Secret of the Dance by Andrea Spalding, Alfred Scow with illustrations by Darlene Gait (Orca \$19.95)

ecret of the Dance by Pender Islanders Andrea Spalding and Alfred Scow, and illustrated by Darlene Gait, is a finalist for the Aboriginal Children's Book of the Year. It describes a forbidden potlatch at Kingcome Inlet in 1935 as witnessed by Alfred Scow when he was an eight-year-old boy.

Now an elder of the Kwakwa'ka'wakw Nations, Scow is a retired judge who received the Order of Canada. Born in Alert Bay in 1927, Scow sailed with his family from Gilford Island to attend the potlatch as a memorial for his grandfather.

It was especially dangerous for children to participate in such events because government officials were known to confiscate children found at illegal potlatches and remove them from their families.

Told he couldn't attend, Scow sneaked inside to watch his father dance. Alfred John Scow later became the first Aboriginal in B.C. to graduate from UBC law school and was called to the bar the following year.

In 1971, he became the first Aboriginal legally-trained in B.C. to become a provincial court judge, serving until 1994. He received an honorary doctor of laws degree from UBC in 1997. The anti-potlatch law was rescinded in 1951.

FINELY KNIT FAMILY

Yetsa's Sweater by Sylvia Olsen with illustrations by Joan Larsen (Sono Nis \$19.95)

aving married a Coast Salish man at age 17 and moved onto the Tsartlip Reserve, Sylvia Olsen learned how to make Cowichan "Indian" sweaters and operated a Cowichan sweater shop on the reserve for 16 years. Upon her return to university, she completed her Master's thesis on Coast Salish knitters and partici-

pated in the National Film Board documentary, *The Story of* the Coast Salish Knitters.

Olsen's picture book **Yetsa's Sweater** introduces the sensual art of making the sweaters to younger readers.

Yetsa, who helps prepare wool for her grandmother, is a depiction of Olsen's own granddaughter, a sixth-generation knitter. Already proficient at making Coast Salish blankets, indigenous women on Vancouver Island were first encouraged to make woollen sweaters by 19th century Scottish settlers.

1-55039-155-0



WORD PLAY

Words by Mark Ellis with illustrations by Ruth Campbell (Oolichan \$19.95)

ancouver painter **Ruth** Campbell, a graduate of the Emily Carr College of Art & Design has illustrated Mark Ellis' Words, the story of a reading-challenged child who is helped by a compassionate teacher-librarian. After the child says she can't control the way words dance around, he helps her learn how to read and also write her own stories. "Imagining the illustrations for this story," says Campbell, "I realized the characters needed to have fun. In addition, the child needed to feel like a real girl, so she became a bit like me. She has lots of freckles and pets, just as I had when growing up." 0-88982-227-1

HER NAME IS MUD

Mud Girl by Alison Acheson (Coteau \$9.95)

lison Acheson's Mud Girl is the story of Abi Jones, a lonely teenager who lives with her father in a strange house by the Fraser River, bereft of cool clothes or a mother. The odd house earns her the name "Mud Girl." Things look up during the summer before her last year of high school when Abi gains a Big Sister, lands a job cleaning houses and meets Jude, a cute guy who has a two-year-old son.

SHORT LIST

Exit Point by Laura Langston (Orca \$9.95)

Fascinated with the concept of "life after death," **Laura Langston** has written a novel for reluctant readers, **Exit Point**, from the perspective of a teenager who is killed by his own drunken driving. Guided in the afterlife by Wade, and the spirit of his grandmother, the remorseful Logan realizes he was meant to save the life of his younger sister Amy, but his life took a wrong turn, literally and figuratively.

Chasing the Moon by Penny Chamberlain (Sono Nis \$9.95)

Between 1920 and 1933, the Volstead Act in the United States strictly prohibited the production, sales and consumption of alcohol in the U.S. **Penny Chamberlain**'s **Chasing the Moon**, a juvenile novel about rum running between Victoria and Seattle, includes the most notorious B.C.-based rumrunner, Roy Olmstead, who reputedly smuggled two hundred cases of liquor into Seattle daily during the early 1920s until he was caught and convicted.

Jeremy in the Underworld by Becky Citra (Orca \$6.95

In **Becky Citra**'s Jeremy and the Enchanted Theater (Orca, 2004), illustrated by **Jessica Milne**, the protagonist travelled to Mount Olympus with an orange cat named Aristotle to save Mr. Magnus' theatre, but Zeus agreed to help only if three riddles could be solved. In the follow-up, **Jeremy in the Underworld**, also illustrated by Milne, Jeremy must travel to the underworld in order to solve one of the riddles.



Abby's Birds illustration by Sima Elizabeth Shefrin

Abby's Birds by Ellen Schwartz (Tradewind \$19.95)

Having already had a bestseller for **Michael Katz**'s Tradewind Books with Mr. Belinsky's Bagels, published in 1997, **Ellen Schwartz** has concocted another charming cross-cultural story for Katz, this time about a girl named Abby who moves into a neighbourhood and befriends an elderly Japanese woman, Mrs. Naka, who teaches her the gentle art of making origami birds. 1-896580-866



Ellen Schwartz

THE MAN WHO **NABBED** THE GREY FOX **BILL MINER**

The Lawman: Adventures of a Frontier Diplomat by Lynne Stonier-Newman (Touchwood \$19.95)

Then "gentleman bandit" Bill Miner held up CPR No. 97 near

Kamloops on May 8, 1906, his gang of three netted only \$15 for their efforts-because they robbed the wrong train. After a five-day manhunt, Bill Miner and his two colleagues were cap- MARK FORSYTHE tured near Douglas

Lake and brought to Kamloops in handcuffs.

As Lynne Stonier-Newman describes in The Lawman: Adventures of a Frontier Diplomat, a creative non-fiction history of Provincial Police Superintendent Fred Hussey, the ensuing trial revealed B.C.'s most famous crook-who spent most of his adult life in prisons—had left some crucial evidence at the scene of the crime.

Having robbed the wrong train, Miner managed to leave a leather belt on the tracks near a parcel of dynamite. Hussey cagily asked the alleged culprits to "identify who owned what from a pile of their revolvers, belts and other effects." When Miner picked up the belt that had been lying on the tracks at the robbery site, Hussey knew he had his man.

Hussey had risen through the ranks, patrolling on horseback, stage coach, train, paddlewheeler and sleigh. "He was a good listener and honest," says Stonier-Newman. "There was no hint of dipping a hand in any pot. There was a lot of that around in those days."

Fred Hussey had built his reputation as a straight shooter who loved a good horse race, especially if he was on the winning mount. Stonier-Newman decided to imagine his life for The Lawman after she inter-

23RD ANNUAL

viewed some 50 former policemen for Policing A Pioneer Province and heard many of them refer to Hussey as a legendary fig-



Drawing on archival material that includes letters and scrapbooks, Stonier-Newman reveals how a peacekeeper's job could be

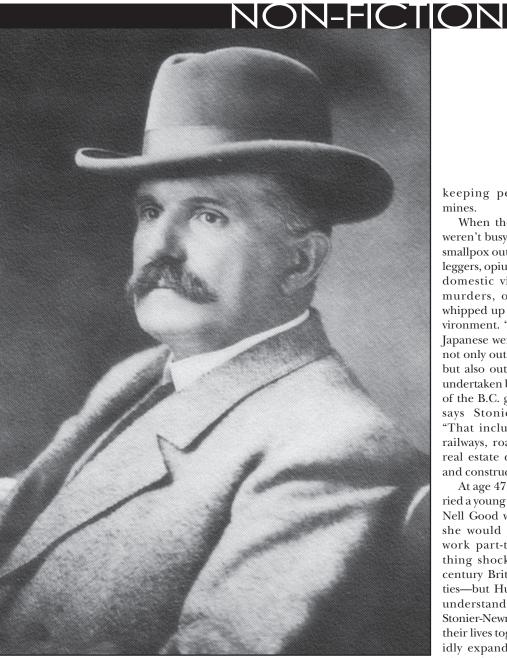
complicated in the rough and tumble world of the 1890s. New mines, canneries and logging operations were attracting men by the thousands.

When Hussey took charge of the Provincials in 1891, there were fewer than 50,000 nonnatives in B.C. Twenty years later the population had mushroomed to

The Provincials were placed in the busiest regions to anticipate problems before they happened. In Hussey's day, laying charges meant you weren't doing your job.



Lynne Stonier-Newman lives north of Kamloops at Little Heffley Lake. She was born in Quesnel where her father Gordon Nicol was the first BCPP highway patrolman in the Quesnel district from 1939 to 1941. He later served as mayor of Kamloops from 1970 to 1972.



Frederick S. Hussey was superintendent of the B.C. Provincial Police for twenty years. He had a reputation as a straight shooter.

With some prodding from Hussey, a modern police act was passed in 1904 and its contents were distilled in practical leather-bound handbooks that were to be carried by Provincials at all times. "As the superintendent, Hussey liked orders to have simple, explicit wording. He wanted the 1904 Police Act to be an instruction manual, informing a constable of what was expected of him and how he was to manage in all circumstances."

As a superintendent in Victoria, Hussey spent much of his time trying to secure resources for his "lads" who were scattered around the province. This meant going toe-to-toe with attorneys-general who were usually members of short-lived governments. Much of Hussey's tenure pre-dated clearly defined party politics and the more stable governments that fol-

At various times, as the province teetered on bankruptcy, Hussey and his men endured post-colonial variations of "restraint." At one point policemen were forced to pay for their own horse's feed while on duty, resulting in a lot of horse sales and demoralized constables.

According to Stonier-Newman, Hussey preferred to be in the field, working with his Provincials, where he developed strong relationships with First Nations leaders and showed "respect and compassion for the Kootenay miners." She credits his superior listening skills for keeping peace in the

When the Provincials weren't busy dealing with smallpox outbreaks, bootleggers, opium smugglers, domestic violence and murders, overt racism whipped up a volatile environment. "Chinese and Japanese were to be kept not only out of the mines but also out of any work undertaken by permission of the B.C. government," says Stonier-Newman. "That included all new railways, roads, logging, real estate development and construction."

At age 47, Hussey married a young nurse named Nell Good who declared she would continue to work part-time-something shocking to 19th century British sensibilities-but Hussey grew to understand and like it. Stonier-Newman imagines their lives together in rapidly expanding Victoria where their paths crossed

with the elderly Judge Matthew Begbie.

Upon Hussey's death from cancer at age 59, the Victoria Colonist recalled, "He was kind, broad-minded, thoughtful of others... always fair, always the soul of honour and justice, a big kindly, brave, manly man."

Although the dialogue in *The* Lawman can be stilted and characters need more subtlety, it's a compelling picture of a frontier province feeling its oats. The Provincials were eventually merged with the RCMP in 1950.

CBC Almanac host Mark Forsythe and Greg Dickson are inviting British Columbians to contribute to a new Almanac book project to recall the importance of the 1858 gold rush. Visit www.cbc.ca/bcalmanac and click on Gold Rush Connection.

For submission info, visit www.bcbookprizes.ca or call 604.687.2405. Submission deadline: December 1.

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE RECIPIENTS OF THE 22ND ANNUAL BC BOOK PRIZES



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APRIL 28, 2007

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR'S LITERARY EXCELLENCE Jack Hodgins

It happens all the time:

somebody reads one novel from a large publishing house and confidently pronounces it's the best Canadian novel of the year, a surefire Giller contender—because they happen to have read it.

The absurdity of such unresearched statements never seems to phase editors, or the public, who presume the reviewer must know his Atwood from a hole in the ground.

We are so awash in hype that hyperbole has become normal.

At **BC BookWorld** we have seen more than 70 new works of fiction published by British Columbians this year. We have managed to write about only 33 of them.

FROM BUD

TO WORSE

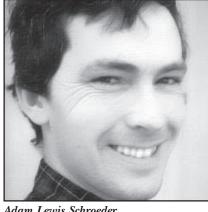
Grant Buday profiles an unsmooth grow-op operator who wishes he could grow apples instead.

Rootbound by Grant Buday (ECW \$26.95)

nlike that upbeat single Mom pot-grower in that new TV series, or the pot-cultivating British Properties matron in Douglas Coupland's new comic novel, Grant Buday's 50-year-old bankrupt and paranoid former building contractor and wannabe orchardist-turned-reluctant-potgrower in his third novel Rootbound only goes from bud to worse.

As if it isn't hard enough these days with Hydro checking everyone's electricity consumption, poor ol' Willie LeMat, a down-on-hisluck Willie Loman for the entrepreneurial new millennium, gets his first crop filched and he has no economic alternative but to grow another one and remain ever-fearful it, too, will be poached.

His daughter is pregnant by a Burmese monk, his usurious landlord is a conman and his girlfriend paints only selfportraits; meanwhile purblind losers like LeMat, trying to scrape by, are surrounded by real estate speculators making bundles from an Olympics in 2010 that has already gone way over budget. All this would be funny if only it wasn't all-too-plausible.



Adam Lewis Schroeder

Empress of Asia by Adam Lewis Schroeder Raincoast \$29.95)

Raised on an apple orchard in Vernon, UBC creative writing graduate Adam Lewis Schroeder became a teacher of creative writing at Okanagan College in Penticton partly on the strength of his first collection of short fiction, Kingdom of Monkeys, nominated for the Danuta Gleed Literary Award.

His first novel Empress of Asia evolved from his curiosity about his grandfather's generation and World War II.

At the deathbed of his beloved wife Lily in 1995, the protagonist/ narrator Harry Winslow receives the address of Michel Ney, a man who had saved his life in World War II and was assumed to have been killed by the Japanese.

Travelling to Thailand, he proceeds to investigate Michel and Lily's fifty-year-old secret, recalling his own whirlwind courtship with Lily in bombed-out Singapore during World War II. 1-55192-987-2

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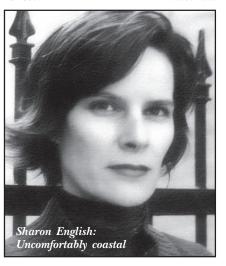
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Zero Gravity by Sharon English

As a follow-up to her first collection of linked stories, Uncomfortably Numb (Porcupine's Quill 2002), about adolescence from the perspective of a rock-music obsessed girl and her party-hard friends, Sharon English has turned to an older Vancouver crowd for Zero Gravity, a collection in which the female narrator from eastern Canada is initially unsettled by the ambiguities of West Coast manners. English presents a variety of characters who confront the complexities of urban life particular to a place of rapid growth and high transience, and the paradoxes that come from living on the edge of wilderness. Sharon English lived in Vancouver for six years, enrolling in a Ph.D program at UBC, before returning to live in To-



Innocent Until Proven Indian by Frank LaRue

Aboriginal lawyer Jesse Crowchild is a recovering alcoholic dealing with the death of his son and separation from his wife at the outset of Frank LaRue's first mystery novel, Innocent Until Proven Indian. After a realtor is found dead in a Vancouver hotel room, Crowchild discovers his best defence for the accused Jimmy Greyeyes is to find the perpetrators of the crime.

Greyeyes had a con-

frontation with the murdered realtor only hours before he was killed, and his fingerprints are on the mur-Frank LaRue: Holding court

der weapon, but Crowchild believes his client is innocent.

Greyeyes' sister was once raped by the murder victim and two of his companions, circumstantial evidence that encourages police to simplify the case. LaRue, who has written for Aboriginal publications such First Nations Drum since the early 1980s, was inspired to write Innocent Until Proven Indian after reading a heartwrenching letter that describes a rape similar to one that serves as a backdrop to 0-9735840-1-7

Absolute Honour by C.C. Humphreys (McArthur \$10.99)

A former schoolboy fencing champion who became a fight choreographer for actors, C.C. Humphreys lived in London for 12 years and came to live on the West Coast in 2006. Absolute Honour is his "riproaring" historical novel about a swashbuckling British soldier, Jack Absolute, who leaps from battlefields to bedrooms. Along the way he becomes a spy at the Jacobite Court in Rome and ends up fighting the Spanish at Valencia de Alcantra. During his 25 years as an actor, Humphreys played Hamlet and the character of Jack Absolute in Sheridan's The Rivals. His first novel, The French Executioner, was shortlisted for the British CWA Ian Fleming Steel Dagger best thriller award.

Windflower by Nick Bantock and Edoardo Ponti

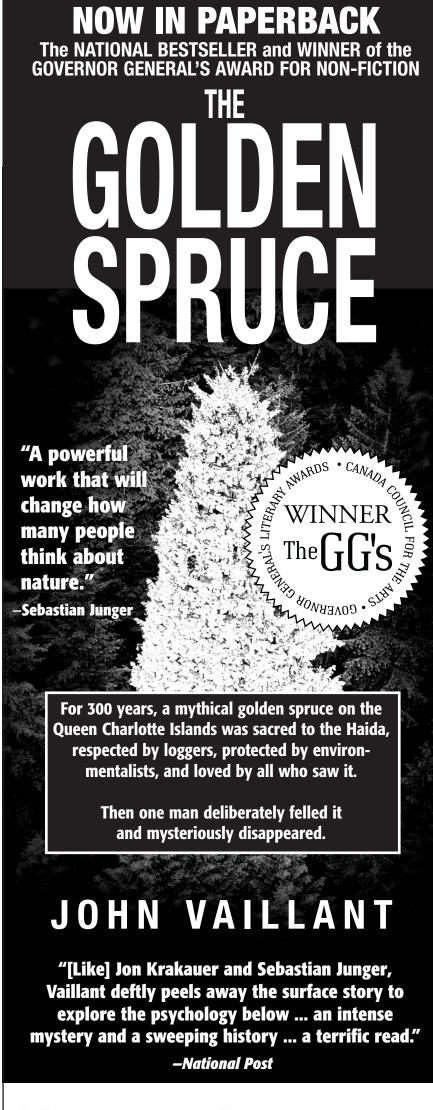
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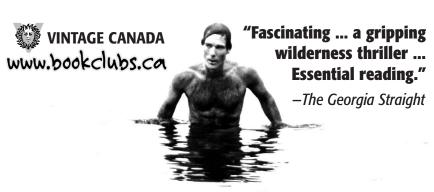
(Chronicle \$29,95)

After a combined run of more than 100 weeks on the New York Times bestseller lists, the six "Griffin & Sabine" novels by artist and writer Nick Bantock were revived by Bantock for a romantic drama at the Arts Club Theatre, premiering last October.

Simultaneously he has released Windflower, a fanciful, faux Italian tale of a strikingly beautiful caravan dancer, Ana, who flees an unwanted wedding. The action occurs in a timeless, fairy-tale zone with place names such as Capolan and

Minus Bantock's trademark array of assembled images, but illustrated with a variegated colour frieze at the bottom of each page, the text has been co-credited to Sophia Loren's son, Edoardo Ponti, who is writing a screenplay adapta-0-8118-4352-1





A TRUE STORY OF MYTH, MADNESS AND GREED



What It Takes To Be Human by Marilyn Bowering (Penguin \$26)

BY CHERIE THIESSEN

t's 1941 and Sandy Grey, a university student and air cadet, wants to enlist. When he delivers this news to his parents on Vancouver Island, his father becomes enraged and there's a violent confrontation.

Sandy's parents are religious zealots who arrange for their son to be incarcerated in an asylum for the criminally insane where electric shock treatments, lobotomies and insulin therapy are all practiced in the institute's

In Marilyn Bowering's novel What It Takes To Be Human Sandy Grey is kept in the West Wing where a caring doctor tries to get him to revisit the parentallyinflicted trauma of his childhood. Unfortunately his attendant, Pete Cooper, is a seething and nasty piece of work, prone to unprovoked attacks on his patients.

The so-called asylum is an emotional war zone. Cooper irrationally hates the articulate and challenging Sandy Grey and he's hell-bent on destroying

Staring down the barrel of Cooper's gun, Grey has an epiphany: "Every now and then we're given the gift of clarity, and I have it now. Just as the

THE MIND

Marilyn Bowering's What It Takes To Be Human owes some of its origins to the Colquitz Centre for the Criminally Insane, a Saanich facility that operated from 1916 to 1954.

essence of night is to hide, the essence of Pete Cooper is to destroy: He's a negative force, it's nothing personal; the hatred that possesses him is transcendental."

Almost all the inmates appear normal and the forces keeping them in are abhorrent. Many are more like prisoners of war than

A German, a communist, a Japanese and Russians all long for some word of their families. One young prisoner seems to have been detained merely due to his sexuality.

Evil wardens and misunderstood inmates. It sounds a little like One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest or Shawshank Redemption. But Bowering's storyline also includes sea serpents, submarines, improbable sea rescues, implausible escapes and Grey's saviour, Georgina, an older woman whose life has also been savaged by her family. Georgina's son's book, The Storehouse of Thought and Expression, focuses Grey in his writing and in his thinking.

★ What It Takes To Be Human also relates the tale of Alan Macaulay, a prisoner from forty years before, who was hanged and buried at the asylum when it was classified as a prison. Macaulay was another innocent who was destroyed by a man much like

Cooper. Grey is driven to exonerate Macaulay and to exorcise his ghost by writing the executed man's story, thereby providing a story within a story.

With over a dozen books of poetry, Bowering knows the power of words, and as an awardwinning novelist-in 1998 she received the Ethel Wilson fiction prize for Visible Worlds-she knows how to construct plot and character. It's the mark of a master that when reading this novel, you're unlikely to find it cumbersome or unwieldy unless you try to recapture it for others.

Sandy Grey is the perfect Everyman. You want the story to end well but you just don't see how it can ever happen; whenever hope arises, it seems Cooper is there to glower and to hate. But then comes a surprise dream-like ending that few writers would ever attempt.

Only a pro could write a book like this and get away with it.

Cherie Thiessen is a freelance writer on Pender Island.

RANKIN INLET FILES

Consumption by Kevin Patterson (Random House, \$34.95)

iolence and medical tragedy unhinge the community of Rankin Inlet in physician Kevin Patterson's first novel Consumption.

A local doctor, Balthazar, from New York, gets to know Victoria, who was evacuated from the north at age ten in the early 1950s for treatment of tubercu-

Marooned in a southern sanatarium, Victoria learned both Cree and English and adapted to store-bought food and southern media, but by the time she moved back to the tundra, she was estranged from the people she knew and their much-altered

Feeling oddly trapped by "internal exile," Victoria tries to raise a family but her son wants to emulate the traditional approach

taken by her grandfather. Her daughters hanker for the mainstream pop culture spawned by 24-hour sat-

hus-



ellite TV. Her Kevin Patterson

band Robertson grows distracted by new economic opportunities and her Inuit lover can only bring temporary solace. Once a legendary hunter, her father Emo has restricted himself to staying in Rankin Inlet

Only disaster can re-unite

Kevin Patterson lives on Saltspring Island and works at the Nanaimo General Hospital as a specialist in internal medicine. "From a writer's point of view, medicine and health care is the best imaginable day job," he says. "You're surrounded by pathos and get these glimpses into people's lives during crisis points." His previous fiction collection, Country of Cold, received the Rogers Writers' Trust Fiction Prize in 2003 and the first City of Victoria Butler Book Prize in 2004.



Patterson's Consumption

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WINDLEY'S ILLUMINATIONS

Home Schooling by Carol Windley (Cormorant Books \$22.95)

t isn't often I discover a writer whose writing is so good I find myself having to go back and read a sentence over again for the sheer pleasure of the language.

Happily, Nanaimo's **Carol Windley**, whose latest offering, *Home Schooling*, which was short-

listed for the Giller prize, is such a writer.

When I opened her book to the first page and came across the sentence, "There were white fawn lilies like stars fallen to earth and bog-orchids, also called can-

dle-scent, and stinging nettles, blameless to look at, leaves limp as flannel, yet caustic and burning to the touch," I just had to go back and read it again.

Set in the Pacific Northwest and Vancouver Island, Windley's stories capture the wild beauty of the coastal landscape, whether its the lush vegetation of "skunk cabbages, bulrushes, rotting trees incubating fleshy, tumor-like funguses with names like Dead Man's Fingers, Witches' Butter, and False Chanterelle," or the calm of the ocean, "the ferry's wake unspooled like a length of silk on the pale sea."

More remarkable is the way she serves up the lives of its inhabitants, recreating that restless West Coast sensibility of people who are in transition, who are experimenting, who attend wellness workshops, or establish alternate schools, or leave spouses and children behind, all in pursuit of some idealistic quest for authenticity. She does this in prose that is nuanced, precise, graceful and intelligent.



The characters in Windley's stories often find themselves dealing with the aftermath of some kind of terrible loss or tragedy. In *What Saffi Knows*, a young girl is aware of the awful truth about what has happened to a boy who has mysteriously disappeared from a nearby field. But while the search parties keep looking for him, Saffi finds herself unable to say anything about the imprisoned bird boy she has seen in her neighbour's basement.

For Saffi, telling would make it real, would lend it power, but if you don't tell maybe it's just a dream, maybe it isn't real. Here Windley is exploring the kind of magical thinking all of us are capable of when certain truths seem unbearable.

In the title story, *Home School*-

ing, the remote private school founded by Annabel's father has had to close its doors because one of its pupils has drowned on the property, leaving a shaky future for the family stranded on an isolated island. Annabel's mother, who has given up a promising career as a concert pianist to follow her husband, has loved the boy who drowned, a gifted musician, a prodigy like

herself, more than she has loved her own daughters. Meanwhile seventeen-year-old Annabel and her fifteen-year-old sister are locked in a fierce competition for the attentions of a lover they visit on alternate nights.

In this story, as in several others, families are unsatisfactory places whose members are unable to thrive within them, sharing a common space, but living parallel, almost unrelated lives.

The Joy of Life is another story in which marriage and mother-hood clash with a woman's artistic ambitions. Desiree is a painter who attends an artists' retreat in Wales in the 1950s. Soon she begins having an affair with a poet, while leaving her more conventional friend, Alex, who wants nothing more than the domestic life Desiree eschews (as well as wanting Desiree's husband).

Alex is left to look after Desiree's young daughter, who has become fixated on her kindergarten teacher. Children are often the casualties here, bearing the scars of abandonment, but they, too, are resilient enough to forge new attachments.



Despite their elegiac tone, and the themes of loss and disconnection, Windley's stories are never bleak. Love can still be found, she says, but it is rare and likely to be found in unusual places and unexpected alliances, as families dissolve and reconfigure themselves, improvising new lives, trying to reclaim some solid ground.

I think Windley says so much about the way we live now when she describes a remarriage in the story *Family in Black* as a "broken, patchily reassembled family in the early years of a century no one had yet learned to trust or had any reason to trust." There's a leap of faith involved in carrying on in such an uncertain world, and yet we do. The people in these stories do make the best of it.

When I read these stories, I was reminded of those lines from Emily Dickinson about how sometimes the only way to tell the truth is to "tell it slant." Windley is constantly reminding us that people's stories change, memory is unreliable, identity is multi-faceted and elusive, with each person "made up of innumerable past selves and these selves were hidden and unreachable."

I think that in recognizing the shifting, unreliable nature of experience and "telling it slant" Windley is getting to some larger truths.

With this collection she has achieved the mastery of form

that allows her to move her stories outward in concentric circles, to jump from the perspective of one character to another, to leap around in time and place, and throw in references to painting and poetry without missing a beat. She dazzles us with all these pyrotechnics while quietly honing in on, with deadly accuracy, some particular truth about family or loss, or art or love.

Carol Windley

nominee for

was a Giller Prize

Home Schooling.

FICTION

"The ferry's wake unspooled like a length of silk on the pale sea."

Her previous titles are the award-winning story collection *Visible Light* and the novel *Breathing Underwater*. 1-896951-91-0

Sheila Munro writes from Powell River.



Rage Therapy by Dan Kalla (Tor \$29.95)

s a follow-up to Pandemic and Resistance, Dan Kalla's Rage Therapy is a psychological whodunit about the brutal murder of a Seattle psychiatrist who specialized in anger management. A young widowed psychiatrist named Dr. Joel Ashman investigates the fatal beating of his mentor, Stanley Kolberg, as well as the suicide of a young patient, Angela Connor, a year apart. Then a second psychiatrist is murdered.

Including a subplot that detours into the sub-culture of \$&M, Rage Therapy explores doctor/patient



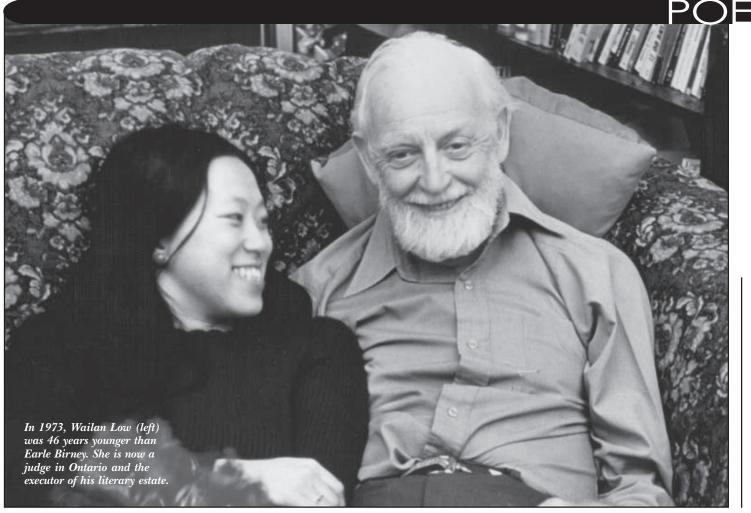
Dan Kalla

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sexual abuse from the twin points of view of the patient and a psychiatrist who is appalled by his patient's behaviour. "Pooled studies from the past twenty-five years," says Kalla, "suggest that four percent of all therapists report having engaged in sexual contact with their patients during the course of therapy.... The rates of depression, anger, sexual dysfunction and suicide are considerably higher in such patients compared to those who did not have sexual contact with their therapist."

Kalla is an emergency ward physician who graduated from UBC.

0-765-31225-5



BRINGING BACK EARLE, RESURRECTING DAVID

Eclectic, ornery, sometimes vitriolic, both old-fashioned and inventive, Earle Birney's poems, now collected anew, span his writing life from 1926 to 1987.

One Muddy Hand: Early Birney, Edited by Sam Solecki (Harbour \$18.95)

arle Birney's famous poem about the death of a hiking companion, "David," had been published twenty years before I first heard it. I can still recall the voice of Mr. Burt, my Grade 12 English teacher, reading it aloud and reading it well.

"That day we chanced on the skull and the splayed white ribs

 $Of \ a \ mountain \ go at \ under neath$ a cliff-face, caught

On a rock. Around were the silken feathers of hawks.

And that was the first time I knew that a goat could slip."

It remains visceral, the shock

of that poem; its powerful rhythm and wording as well as the unforgettable narrative about a mountain climbing fatality. It is one of the few poems in the Canadian canon that most readers of this column might recognize.



Naturally "David" has been included in One Muddy Hand, the only Birney collection currently in print, but this is a surprising book. Along with David, one might expect mostly wornout or sentimental work from an academic born more than a hundred years ago but his modernity and energy astound.

There are poems with ecological insight, others with a passion for indigenous cultures, as well as sensitive and delicate love poems.

Editor Sam Solecki has collected an amazing variety of work.

While starting out as a traditional formalist, heavy on Anglorhythms, Saxon an avid Birney, outdoorsman and hiker, continually ex-

perimented with form, shape and voice.

The work of Birney's friend and fellow poet Al Purdy (also collected by Sam Solecki) is the nearest in comparison. Both were unmistakably Canadian though that's hard to define how and why. Both were also peripatetic travelers, restless even. Poems by Birney flowed from and about Mexico, Thailand, Istanbul, Japan and Peru. Then he's in Australia or London or writing in a tavern by the Hellespont.

Birney never wrote the same poem twice. In "The Speech of a Salish Chief." taken from *The Dam*nation of Vancouver, Birney wrote of Indian baskets and the destruction of First Nations culture:

"Red roots and yellow weeds entwined themselves

Within our women's hands, coiled to those baskets darting

With the grey wave's pattern, or

Of dragonflies, you keep in your great cities now

Within glass boxes. Now they are art, white man's taboo

But once they held sweet water..."

*

Birney's last great love was a much younger woman named



Wailan Low who cared for him later when he was ill and disabled. The sequence of love poems written to and for her, many of them on her birthdays, are so intimate it feels like a blundering intrusion

to read them.

No doubt their spring/winter relationship caused a stir but to read these poems now is to sense them as a memorial of surprise and gratitude. How genuine his love for her was; one



Malcolm Lowry and Earle Birney, 1947

hesitates to use the word "sweet" because it's been so over-used and ruined by cynics.

The love poems are unaffected and unpretentious; short and deceptively slight:

"the magic flows in the wind that bends the waterlily's face to the lips of the wrinkling lake."

With wry allusions to their difference in age, Birney repeatedly sets her free, to go on after his death:

"to warm another with the same love you shone steadfast on me If sometime my shadow flits over the embers it's just to bless."

The volume concludes with about fifteen pages of Birney's prose which demonstrate his humour and the contemporary nature of his poetics.

He writes, "There's a curious

peace that comes in the intensity of practicing one's metier, an absorption that annihilates time and

In 1966, when most Canadian readers had not yet noticed Marshall McLuhan, Birney wrote, "Literature is all the more alive today because it is changing so rapidly. In fact it's adjusting to the possibility that the printed page is no longer the chief disseminator of ideas."

The prose section includes a long piece on the composition of David, the poem which ends un-

forgettably like this:

"I said that he fell straight to the ice where they found him,

And none but the sun and incurious clouds have lingered

Around the marks of that day on the ledge of the Finger,

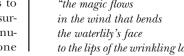
That day, the last of my youth and the last of our mountains.'

Despite more than five decades of literary activity, Earle Birney, who died eleven years ago while in his nineties, has been fading in notoriety.

Thousands of talented writers are coming out of Creative Writing programs these days, not to mention many more who are skilled poetry readers and book buyers, yet how many know it was Birney, along with UBC professor ${f Roy\, Daniells}$, who started the first Writing Workshop in Canada, forty years ago, at UBC? As it matured into the country's first Creative Writing Department, Birney was its first head.

Since then his influence on writers in this province, and in this country, cannot be over-

Every day Hannah Main-van der Kamp writes poetry and swims in the ocean.



David and other poems (Ryerson, 1942)

Now Is Time (Ryerson, 1945)

The Strait Of Anian: Selected Poems (Ryerson, 1948) Turvey: A Military Picaresque (M&S 1949; rev. 1976; 1989) Trial of A City, and Other Verse (Ryerson, 1952)

EARLE BIRNEY SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY:

Twentieth Century Canadian Poetry (Ryerson, 1953). Ed. by Birney Down the Long Table (M&S 1955 rev 1975)

The Kootenay Highlander (Four Square, 1960)

Ice, Cod, Bell or Stone (M&S, 1962)

Near False Creek Mouth (M&S, 1964)

Selected Poems, 1940-1966 (M&S, 1966)

Memory No Servant: Poems, 1947-1967 (New Books, 1968) The Poems of Earle Birney (New Canadian Library, M&S, 1969) Rag and Bone Shop (M&S, 1971)

The Bear on the Delhi Road (Chatto & Windus, 1973)

The Collected Poems of Earle Birney (M&S, 1975)

The Rugging And The Moving Times (Black Moss, 1976)

The Damnation of Vancouver (M&S, 1977)

Ghost in The Wheels: Selected Poems (M&S, 1977)

Fall By Fury & Other Makings (M&S, 1978)

Copernican Fix (ECW, 1985) Last Makings (M&S, 1991)

One Muddy Hand (Harbour, 2006). Edited by Sam Solecki

WHO'S WHO Angie Abdou by the Elk Valley River, near Fernie.

A is for Abdou

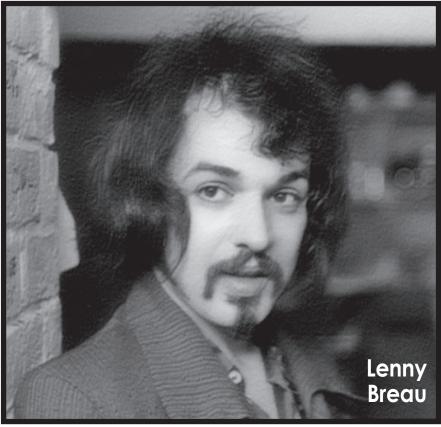
She didn't get nominated for the Giller Prize and she didn't get invited to the fancy-pants festivals (the ones where publishers are often required to cough up dough in return for having their authors selected), but **Angie Abdou** of Fernie has made an extraordinary literary debut with her collection of stories, **Anything Boys Can Do** (\$18.95 Thistledown).

The atypical title story describes a woman watching her young nephew compete in a brutal championship wrestling match, almost losing his eye. More frequently, Abdou describes young women exploring beyond traditional limitations, including monogamy. A father introduces his daughter to a golfing buddy. "This is my daughter. She's a Buddhist. *This* week."

Overall, there's an alluring combination of tomboy-ish bravado and sophisticated humour. "Why is it that nobody in GAP World ever gets a cold sore?" But there's more to Abdou than brisk asides and clever dialogue. In *Bruised Apples*, a childless and uninspired academic leaves home to work in a friend's orchard and to collect her thoughts, only to conclude her marriage is worth saving. 1-897235-12-7

B is for **Breau**

Known and idolized by Guess Who guitarist **Randy Bachman** when he grew up in Winnipeg, **Lenny Breau** died at age 43 in 1984. His body was found in a rooftop swimming pool in Los Angeles, allegedly murdered. Once dubbed "the greatest guitarist who ever



Like father, like son: Winnipeg guitar wizard Lenny Breau and his father both died in penury.

walked the face of the earth" by **Chet Atkins**, the drug-doomed multi-stylist Breau is the subject of **Ron Forbes-Roberts**' unusually comprehensive biography **One Long Tune** (Scholarly Book Services \$18.95).

With information gleaned from more than 200 interviews, conversations with the guitarist's mother, and exhaustive research in television and radio archives, the Vancouver-based music journalist and classical guitarist Forbes-Roberts has done a great service to Canadian music history by generating a lasting print monument to Breau's brilliant but tragically truncated career. Like his father before him, the Winnipeg guitar wizard Lenny Breau died in penury. 1-57441-230-2

C is for Crane

The 25 Pains of Kennedy Baines (Raincoast \$11.95), features a 15-year-old protagonist who has an annoying sister, a disappointing boyfriend, irresponsible friends and a mother who might be having an affair. Kennedy takes comfort from reading *Pride and Prejudice* while making a list of her 25 main "pains" in life. An equivalent character to **Jane Austen**'s Mr. Darcy arrives in the form of a handsome and sexually active 18-year-old from England who visits as the son of her mother's friend.

is for **Davidson**

After her ten-year stint as director of the Festival of the Written Arts at Sechelt, **Gail Bull** is passing the torch to **Jane Davidson** of Roberts Creek, formerly the General Manager of the Vancouver International Writers Festival for six years. Davidson has also been coordinator of



the Raven's Cry Management Society, assistant to the curator at the Charles H. Scott Gallery and Company Manager of the Charlottetown Festival.

is for **Edney**

Decline plastic bags. Don't overfill your kettle. Register on-line as an organ donor. Recycle your old computer. Give blood. There are thousands of small ways you can improve the planet; **Paul Edney** has spearheaded a Canadian edition of **Change the World for Ten Bucks** (New Society \$10) to encourage fifty ways to make a difference.1-55092-300-5

is for **Fifth Fest**

The mainly B.C.-based line-up for **Michael Elcock**'s fifth annual Sidney Christmas Writers' Festival, November 24-26, includes Michael Turner, Richard van Kamp, Kate Braid, Andrea MacPherson, Brian Payton, Roo Borson,

continued on next page

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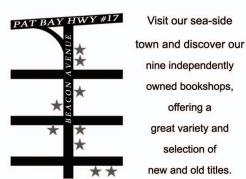
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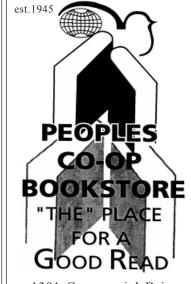
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The Department of Theatre, Film and Creative Writing at the University of British Columbia invites applications for a tenure-track Assistant Professor of Writing for Children effective 01 July 2007. For the official, published faculty posting please consult our website:

http://www.tfcw.ubc.ca/jobs.htm

Copies of the official posting can also be requested by writing to the Department of Theatre, Film and Creative Writing at 6354 Crescent Road, Vancouver BC, Canada V6T 1Z2, Attn: Request for Faculty Posting.

Application deadline: December 15th, 2006.

WHO'SWHO

continued from previous page

Maggie de Vries, Robert Hilles, Stephen Hume, Pat Carney, Ian Haysom, Bill Wolferstan, Jack Whyte, Sally Ire-



land, Amanda Hale and Lynne Bowen. See www.christmaswritersfestival.ca

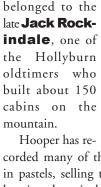
is for Griffiths

G.J. "Bus" Griffiths, author of the illustrated novel Now You're Logging (Harbour 1978), died in Courtenay on September 25, 2006 after a lengthy illness. Born in Moose Jaw and raised in Vancouver, he went to live in Fanny Bay in 1944 from Port Coquitlam where he had been logging on Burke Mountain.

Griffiths worked for decades in the logging industry, primarily as a faller. After an editor at BC Lumberman magazine encouraged him to submit comic strips about logging, his wife Margaret encouraged him to continue drawing, usually working first in pencil, then in India ink. Often referred to as a West Coast classic, Now You're Logging is his comic strip-styled novel about two young men, Al Richards and Red Harris, who learn truck-logging in the 1930s from a tough camp boss.

Griffiths also illustrated a children's book, Patrick and the Backhoe, and Bush

Poems by Peter Trower, who used to read Griffiths' comic strips when he was growing up on the Sunshine Coast.





corded many of the Hollyburn cabins in pastels, selling them to the owners, keeping them in her files, or donating them to the West Vancouver Archives. "Each cabin is photogenic," she says, "usually log-built with cedar shake roof and a signature wood pile ready for the chilly winters."

Hooper studied at the Vancouver School of Art and has exhibited her work since 1972.

is for lona

Lieutenant Governor Campagnolo attended the Fort St. James Bicentennial Homecoming Weekend in August to help launch a new public library and the re-issue of the remarkable journal kept by Americanborn fur trader Daniel Williams Harmon.

The softcover edition called Harmon's Journal 1800-1819 (Touchwood \$19.95) has been augmented by a deluxe, collectors' edition available from Harmon's great-great-grandson, Graham Ross of Saanich, who made arrangements with the daughter of W.K. Lamb to republish the hardcover and softcover editions using the version edited by W.K. Lamb, and adding an introduction by Jennifer Brown.

> For more info, see Harmon entry at www.abcbookworld.com

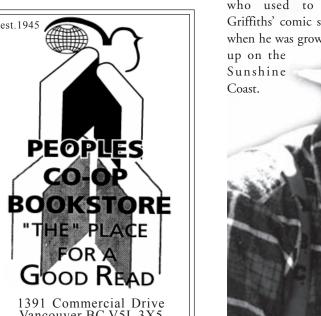
is for **Jiwa**

For Margin of Terror: A Reporter's Twenty-Year Odyssey Covering the Tragedies of the Air India Bombing (Key Porter \$24.95), Province reporter Salim Jiwa partnered with Donald J. Hauka to update Jiwa's 1985 book about the two Air India bombings with new information on the 20-year Air India investigation and the 19-month trial that resulted in a verdict of not guilty for the accused in 2005. In late April, Prime

Minister Stephen Harper announced a new public probe into the Air India bombings.

is for **Kogawa**

Prior to renovations that will turn the former Kogawa family residence in the Marpole neighborhood of Vancouver into a writers' retreat, an Open House was held on September 17 to celebrate the purchase and preservation of Joy Kogawa House at 1450 West 64th by The Land Conservancy. The organiza-



is for **Hooper**

Bus Griffiths (1913-2006)

Born in 1927, Jacqueline **Hooper** (Hugo), as coordinator of the Brock House Hikers in Vancouver, has self-published Hiking in Colour (\$18), a slim collection of 67 pastel paintings and explanatory text to depict and describe some of her favourite hiking locales around the Lower Mainland, such as Hollyburn Mountain, Belcarra Park, Stawamus Chief, Lynn Creek, Mt. Strachan and St. Mark's Summit. It opens with an image of the cabin that tion purchased the property aided by donations from 550 individuals. Best known for her novel about the internment of Japanese Canadians during World War II, *Obasan*, **Joy Kogawa** was in attendance for the celebration. Info: www.conservancy.bc.ca

is for Leier

SFU historian **Mark Leier** has examined the life and ideas of "anarchism's first major thinker" in the biography **Bakunin:** The Creative Passion (St. Martin's Press \$25.95 U.S.) "After 9/11," Leier says, "[**Mikhail**] **Bakunin** was explicitly singled out as the original theorist of terrorist violence by all kinds of pundits and analysts. It was pretty clear that they didn't understand anarchism or Bakunin, and so the book became a project to set the record straight."

is for **Moriyama**

Born in Vancouver and interned during World War II, Toronto-based architect **Raymond Moriyama** of the firm Moriyama & Teshima Architects designed the National Museum of Saudi Arabia, Ottawa's City Hall, the Ontario Science Centre and the new Canadian War Museum. With a foreword by



Adrienne Clarkson,

0-312-30538-9

his account of conceiving and building the museum is the basis for In Search of a Soul (D & M \$45).

1-55365-207-X

is for **Nancy**

After decades in a windowless downtown warehouse where she became the province's leading distributor of independent titles, **Nancy Wise** of Kelowna has relocated to fancy new digs. The new address for her Sandhill Distributing is Unit #4-3308 Appaloosa, Millcreek Park, Kelowna, BC V1V 2G9

is for Olfman

Co-edited by psychology professor Dr. **Sharna Olfman**, with a foreword by the **Dalai Lama**, folksinger **Raffi**'s Child Honoring: How To Turn This World Around (Praeger \$29.95 U.S.) is a multi-faceted overview with a chapter entitled *Honoring Children in Dishonorable Times*. It notes that Sweden and Norway ban television marketing to children under the age of 12, the province of Quebec bans marketing to children under age 13 and Greece prohibits ads for toys on television between 7 a.m. and 10 p.m. 0-275-98981-X

P is for **Porter**

Pamela Porter of Sidney has won the \$20,000 TD Canadian Children's Literature Award for The Crazy Man (Groundwood), her free verse junior novel about a Saskatchewan family in 1965. After Emaline is injured in an accident with a tractor driven by her father, he leaves Emaline and her mother to fend for themselves. To the disapproval of neighbours, Emaline's mother hires Angus, a friendly, red-haired giant from the local mental hospital, who helps Emaline overcome her despair.

is for Quail

Penticton Band member **Denise Lecoy**, provincial coordinator for the BC Ministry of Health Service's Aboriginal Tobacco Strategy "Honouring our Health," has supplied the text for **Looking After Me** (Theytus \$12.95), the story of a baby quail who learns the importance of laughing, crying, anger, hurt, happiness, standing up for oneself, fear, trust and love.

1-894778-29-4

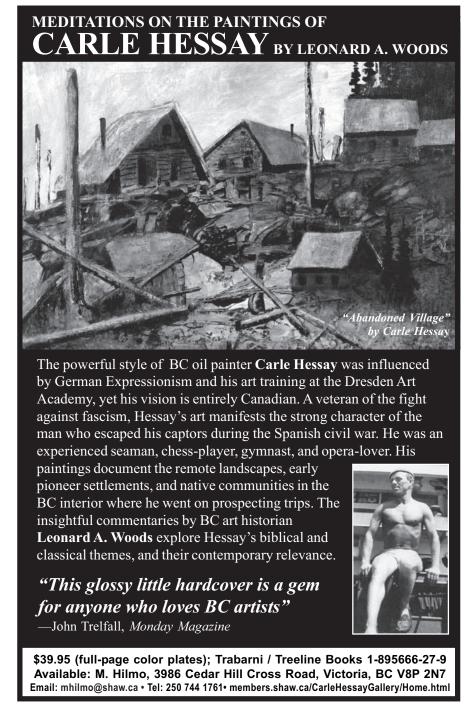
R is for **Rowe**

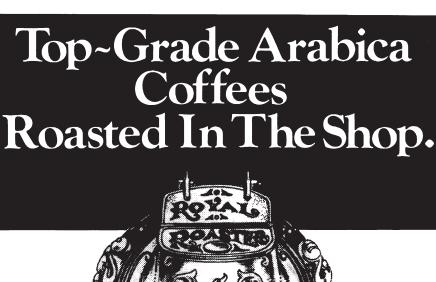
When he retired to New Denver in 1990, **Stan Rowe**, son of a United Church minister, promptly got himself arrested in anti-logging protests in New Denver's watershed. A conscientious objector during WW II, Rowe had continued on next page

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WHO'SWHO



continued from p.39 wound up teaching high school to Japanese children in the internment camp in New Denver before he proceeded to become one of

Canada's foremost ecologists. When Rowe died at age 85 on April 6, 2004, flags at the University of Saskatchewan in Saskatoon were lowered to half-mast. Rowe's posthumous collection of essays, Earth Alive: Essays on Ecology (NeWest \$24.95), edited by **Don Kerr**, brings together Rowe's writing from the last twenty-odd years.

is for **Shardlow**

Wildlife biologist **Shardlow**'s research on wild salmon has taken him down many isolated rivers and to remote bush camps near the Yukon where his affinity for the wilderness has also spawned a fascination with David Thompson. Creating bedtime stories for his two daughters inspired Shardlow's first children's book, Mapping the Wilderness: The Story of David Thompson (Napoleon \$18.95), and a condensed biography, David Thompson, A Trail by Stars (XYZ \$17.95), that incorporates some of Thompson's own writing. Bicentennial events and books will celebrate Thompson's arrival in B.C. in 1807.

Mapping 0-929141-85-7; Stars 1-894852-18-4

is for **Tafler**

A former Monday editor in Victoria, Sid Tafler has caught the self-publishing bug with Us and Them (Net B.C. Pub. Ltd. \$23.95), a memoir about his Jewish family roots in Montreal. Tafler will participate in the 22nd annual Jewish Book Festival in Vancouver, Nov. 18-23, along with several dozen Jewish authors, including Jonathan Safran Foer, who will deliver the opening night Cherie Smith Memorial Lecture. Foer's novel Everything is Illuminated received the National Jewish Book Award and the Guardian First Book Award. His new bestseller is Extremely Loud and Incredibly Close. Info: www.jccgv.com Us & Them: 0-9781017-0-7

is for You

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is for **Vancouver**

For the second time in the history of the City of Vancouver Book Award, the judges couldn't make up their mindsthe prize has been split between Jean Barman for Stanley Park Secrets (Harbour) and James Delgado for Waterfront (SA&D).

WINNING

CHOICE ON

ABORTION

How British Columbian

and Canadian Feminists

Won the Battles of the

is for Williams

Since 1989, Judith Williams has travelled along the West Coast in her two boats, Tetacus and Adriatic Sea, leading to Clam Garden (New Star \$19), an examination of Aboriginal mariculture that was informed by Klahoose elder Elizabeth Henry's descriptions of the clam terraces at Waiatt Bay on Quadra Island. Williams has looked at clam gardens in the Broughton Archipelago, Waiatt Bay and Gorge Harbour on Cortes Island to challenge the notion that pre-contact Aboriginals on the coast were exclusively hunter-gatherers.



Easily one of the most remarkable titles from and about British Columbia this year, Peter Grauer's selfpublished Interred With Their Bones, Bill Miner in Canada, 1903-1907 (Partners in Publishing

is a 600-pager that exhaustively documents and investigates the four years that the chronically inept "gentleman bandit" Bill Miner spent in British Columbia during the first decade of

\$35 plus \$10 shipping)

the twentieth century.

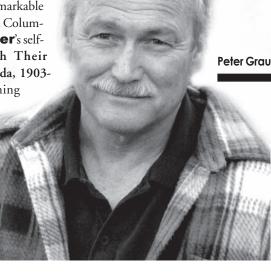
Revelstoke-born and raised, Grauer later moved to Kamloops, the town where Miner was brought to justice after a botched robbery. Visit www.billminer.ca for details. 0-9739980-1-6

is for Yoga

Yoga teacher, Ayurvedic cooking instructor, and co-founder of a Vancouver-based clothing company called lululemon athletica, Amrita Sondhi has produced a collection of contemporary vegetarian recipes derived from the holistic healing traditions of India in general, and yoga in particular, The Mod-

> ern Ayurvedic Cookbook (Arsenal \$24.95). 1-55152-204-7

> > **Peter Grauer**



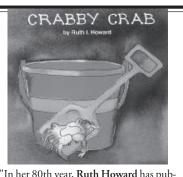
BOOK

HIKING IN **COLOUR** by Jacqueline Hooper (Hugo) **Hiking in Colour** features 67 colour pastel paintings by Hugo. These depict favourite hiking destinations of the POINT ATKINSON **Brock House**

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ISBN: 0-9780741-0-6

Book price per copy: \$18 including tax. Pastel paintings are unframed, but matted to 18 x 24 " ready for framing at \$290.



'In her 80th year, Ruth Howard has published Crabby Crab (Trafford \$9.99), a very pleasing children's book, illustrated by Helen Downing Hunter, about a shore crab that gets trapped in a red sand bucket belonging to two children digging on the beach. Taken home for show 'n' tell, the crabby crab is then replaced in the ocean. Ruth Howard worked in fisheries research and continued her appreciation of marine life from a cottage at Hopkins Landing.' -abcbookworld.com

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Robson Square Bookstore Rosewood Books Salt Spring Books

Save-On/Overwaitea

- Abbotsford

- Campbell River - Chilliwack

- Clearbrook Coguitlam - Courtenay

- Kamloops Kelowna

- Maple Ridge - Metrotown

- Mission - Nanaimo

- North Delta N. Vancouver #1

- N. Vancouver #2 - Park & Tilford - Penticton

- Prince George - Richmond

Saanich

- Surrey #1 - Surrey #2 - Vernon

- Westbank - White Rock - Williams Lake SFU Bookstore

(2 locations) Sooke Regional Museum Sorensen Books

Starfish Studio Garden Bookstore Talisman Books Tanner's Books Tanglewood Books

Talewind Books 32 Books **UBC** Bookstore **UVic Bookstore** Univ. College of Fraser Valley

- Chilliwack - Hope

Village Books Vine & Fig Books Volume II Books

- Duncan Northern Lights College - Mill Bay Wanderlust

Watermark Books Westerness Bookstore Whitby's Books White Dwarf Wildside Booksellers

Wimsey Books Words & Music **LIBRARIES**

B.C. Library Services - Alert Bay Atlin - Beaver Valley

- Bowen Island - Burns Lake

 Burton - Castlegar

- Chetwynd Cranbrook

- Creston - Dawson Creek Dease Lake

- Eastshore - Edgewater

 Elkford - Fauquier

- Fernie - Fort Nelson - Fort St. James

- Fort St. John Fraser Lake Gibsons

- Grand Forks Granisle - Grasmere - Greenwood

 Hazelton - Houston - Hudson's Hope

- Inonoaklin Valley - Invermere - Kaslo Kimberley

- Kitimat - Lions Bay - McBride - Midway

- Moyie Nakusp - Nelson New Denver - Pemberton

- Pender Harbour - Pender Island Pouce Coupe Powell River - Prince George

Prince Rupert

- Roberts Creek - Rossland Salmo

Sechelt Smithers

Sparwood Squamish

Steeples View Stewart Telkwa

Terrace Trail Tumbler Ridge

- Valemont Vanderhoof Burnaby Kingsway

- McGill Cameron Metrotown Camosun College

Cariboo-Thompson - Alexis Creek - Alaki Lake

Anahim Lake - Ashcroft - Avola

 Audio Visual Barriere Big Lake - Blue River

- Bridge Lake - Cache Creek - Chase - Clearwater

- Clinton - Douglas Lake - Clinton Lumby - Douglas Lake - Eagle Creek

- Forest Grove - Horsefly - Kamloops · Lac La Hache

- Likely - Logan Lake Lytton - McLeese Lake

- Merritt Narcosli Nazko

100 Mile House Quesnel

Roe-Sheridan Savona - Spences Bridge

- Tatla Lake - Tillicom - Wells - Williams Lake Coquitlam - Lincoln

- Aldergrove - Boston Bar - Brookswood

Saltspring Island - Chilliwack Clearbrook

- Hope

- Mission Mt Lehman - Pitt Meadows

South Delta - Terry Fox, (Pt. Coquitlam)

 Yarrow **New Westminster** North Van City North Van Dist.

- Capilano - Parkgate Okanagan - Armstrong

 Coldstream Enderby - Falkland

- Golden - Kaleden - Kelowna - Keremeos

- Naramata - Okanagan Falls Oliver - Osoyoos

- Oyama - Peachland - Penticton - Princeton

- Revelstoke - Rutland - Salmon Arm - Sevmour Arm

- Silver Creek - North Kamloops - Trout Creek - Vernon - Riske Creek

 Strathnaver Richmond Brighouse

- Shellmont Steveston Port Moody - Poirier Surrey Fraser Valley - Cloverdale Abbotsford

- Guildford - Newton - Ocean Park

- Semiahmoo - Port Kells -Strawberry Hill - Delta Pioneer - Fort Langley
- George Mackie - Whalley

UBC Library - Langley - Maple Ridge Vancouver Public Libraries - Britannia

- Carnegie - Champlain Heights - Collingwood - Downtown - Dunbar

- Firehall - White Rock - Fraserview - Hastings - Joe Fortes - Yale - Kensington

- Kerrisdale - Kitsilano Lynn Valley - Marpole - Mount Pleasant

- Oakridge - Outreach Services - Riley Park South Hill - Strathcona

- West Point Grey Vancouver Island Libraries - AB Greenwell - Alex Aitken - Alexande

- Bella Coola Bench - Brentwood/Saanich - Campbell River Chemainus

- Cobble Hill

- Comox - Courtenay - Cowichan - Cowichan Station - Cumberland - Crofton

- Discovery Drinkwater - Duncan Elem Sicamous - Elsie Miles - Frances Kelsey Summerland George Bonner

- Westbank Holberg - Winfield - Honeymoon Bay - South Bookmobile - Hornby Island North Bookmobile Khowhemun - Headquarters - Koksilah - Ladysmith Lake Cowichan

> - Maple Bay - Masset - Mill Bay - Mt. Brenton - Mt. Prevost

Manson's Landing

- Gold River

- Palsson - Parksville - Port Alberni

Havana Cafe

Isabel Creek Store

Learning Resources (Duncan)

National Library of Canada

North Vancouver Schools

Port Hardy School Dist.

Pitt Meadows School Presentation House Gallery

Sandhill Distributing

School of Journalism at UBC

Seaquam Secondary (Delta)

Schou Education Centre

SFU Library SFU Distance Education

Surrey Writers Conference

SFU Harbour Centre

UBC Creative Writing

UBC Archival Studies

'Umista Cultural Centre

Victoria School of Writing

Victoria Antiguarian Festival

School District 5

The Jazz Cellar

Jitters Cafe

La Mascotte

Limelight Video

Mayfair News

Newshound

Ridge Theatre

Ryga House

Joe's Cafe

IGA Plus

il Cafe

- Port Alice - Port Clements - Port Hardy - Port McNeil - Port Renfrew

Quadra Island - Qualicum Beach - Queen Charlotte

- Sahtlam - Sandspit Sayward - Sidney

- Sointula - Somenos - Sooke - South Cowichan - Stanley Gordon

- Tahsis - Tansor - Tofino - Ucluelet - Union Bay Wellington

- Whaletown - Woss - Yount - Zeballos

Saanich

ALSO

A.B.P.B.C.

World

Big News

BC Teachers

Federation

Calhouns

MacFalafel

Choices Market

Daystar Market

Cranbrook School

Empire Magazines

Federation of BC

Fifth Ave Cinema

Great Pacific News

Grounds for Coffee

Flag's Pizza

Green Room

Festival of the Written

Capers

Writers

- View Royal

West Vancouver

Bean Around the

University College of the Cariboo (English Dept.) Victoria Public Libraries - Central - Hutchison **Uprising Breads** UVic Writing Department - Esquimalt - Juan de Fuca Vancouver East Cultural Ctr. - Oak Bay - Nellie McClung Vancouver Media Club Vancouver Writers Festival

> Videomatica Wazubee Cafe Yoka's Coffee

> > 33 outlets North Van School Libraries 41 outlets

Delta School District

Vancouver Secondaries 18 outlets

Vancouver Elementaries

89 outlets

Haig-Brown House - Coquitlam Abbotsford Aggasiz Fleetwood

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